

"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."

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ABSTRACT

The thesis sets forth Dorothy Richardson's ideas on socialism and literature, either as explicitly stated or as suggested in her writings, and emphasizes the strong link that in her view must and does exist between art and life.

Part One, chapter I, presents Dorothy Richardson's ideas as expressed mainly in her articles and reviews, on socialism and anarchy, on the role of women in the new social order, and on the social implications of the feminine consciousness. Chapter II describes her views on the substance and aesthetics of social reform revealed in her reviews of the works of socialistically oriented writers, finding that aesthetics may suffer in the practicalities of socialist change. Chapter III shows that these ideas on the social order and the role of men and women in it are basically those set forth in Pilgrimage.

Part Two, chapter IV, presents Dorothy Richardson's theory of the art of reading as analogous and complementary to the art of writing. Chapter V presents her view of the novel as a psychological portrait of the author. Chapter VI applies the theoretical ideas of the two preceding chapters in exploring the explicit and implicit similarities to Emerson that Dorothy Richardson's consciousness reveals through Miriam, the main character of Pilgrimage.

Part Three, chapter VII, discusses the initiation of Miriam's

quest for a sense of personal reality in the face of unavoidable psychological and social pressures, while chapter VIII emphasizes as her solution of this dilemma, her developing critical and aesthetic sensibility, and growing absorption with literature as the revealed consciousness of the author. Chapter IX shows how these theoretical views and their practical application in Pilgrimage contribute to the multiple significance of the pilgrimage metaphor.

Part Four, chapter X explores both the nature of the creative consciousness as it reveals itself in its depiction of reality in the novel, and Dorothy Richardson's dissatisfaction with traditional realism revealed particularly in Pilgrimage. Chapter XI investigates her views on time, memory, history, the relationship of the annual cycle to the individual consciousness, the paradox of being and becoming, the source and repository of reality, and the involvement of eternity in temporal time. Chapter XII finds that her refutation of the "stream of consciousness" metaphor is the result of her rejection of any view that is fundamentally evolutionary, whether social or scientific, as ignoring life's essential and immutable reality apprehensible to the human consciousness.

INTRODUCTION

In 1957, at the age of eighty-four, the last of the major innovators of the modern English novel died. Dorothy Miller Richardson outlived Proust and Joyce by many years. Both the French and the Irish novelists died within their literary time -- that period now critically designated as Modern. Both lived to see a critical and scholarly machinery develop around their work. But Dorothy Richardson outlived the critical interest and enthusiasm that greeted the early novels of her life's work, Pilgrimage. She already had a secure but underrated position in the history of modern literature as the first English novelist writing in a manner that came to be called the stream of consciousness, a phrase to which she had strong objections. She was working coincidentally with Proust; and Pointed Roofs, the first of Pilgrimage's twelve published "chapters" as she called the separate novels, appeared in 1915, the year before Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man was published in book form.¹ Her work is unlikely to produce a critical mystique such as surrounds Proust, Joyce, Eliot, or Yeats. However, until there is a general awareness of the quality of her mind, the direction of her ideas, and the diversity of her interests, she will remain little more than a footnote in the criticism of the modern novel.

1. A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man was serialized in The Egoist, February 1914 - September 1915. It first appeared in book form in 1916.

In the half century of Dorothy Richardson's writing career, she published twelve novels and, in addition, three chapters of a thirteenth; five book-length translations and several shorter translations from German and French; two books on the Quakers; some one hundred and thirty-five essays, articles and reviews, of which about fifty were on or related to dentistry or dental health, and about twenty-five on the art and social implications of the cinema. She also published more than thirty sketches and short stories, as well as a few short poems. Her work appeared in The Dental Record, The Little Review, Poetry, The Adelphi, Vanity Fair, Close Up, The Transatlantic Review, Life and Letters, Art and Literature, and Fortnightly Review, as well as in the obscure radical periodicals, Ye Crank and Focus. Her subjects were equally diversified; they included socialism, feminism, general and dental health, dental and medical science, world affairs, Quakerism, the films, literature, and always, the art of life.

Viewed as a whole, Dorothy Richardson's work expresses a social commitment rare among the English literary avant-garde. She is remarkably strong emotionally and spiritually; she is convinced of her intellectual and aesthetic position. Though sharing the period's major literary preoccupation with the inner life of characters, she shows no interest in depicting neurotic, nihilistic, alienated, frustrated, perverted, or pseudo-sophisticated tendencies as do some of her contemporaries. Above all, what confuses a number of her critics is her affirmative outlook, paradoxically linked to

a qualified rejection of superficial social pressures. This outlook, based upon traditional principles of individual worth and responsibility, is the result of an inner stability and illumination. The unusual qualities of abundant vitality and conviction in contrast to the twentieth century artist's general preoccupation with moral decay may be responsible, in part, for the critical neglect of her work.

Dorothy Richardson was not primarily an experimenter. What she sought to do in the novel was to develop a highly individualistic approach, to perfect a personally satisfying intellectual and aesthetic style and method. Although she was a pioneer of a new technique, nearly a quarter of a century elapsed before all twelve parts of Pilgrimage appeared. During this period, the technique, if not entirely abandoned, came to be adapted as a specific device rather than as an inclusive mode. On the whole, critics left Dorothy Richardson conspicuously alone. The lapse of time between the publication of the separate "chapters" of Pilgrimage upset for the reader the continuity essential to a chronologically conceived and developed novel. To recognize the overall design of an as yet incomplete work, as well as to analyse the pattern of each individual part and its relationship to the whole, would require either a prodigious memory in a long-lived critic, or constant, faithful rereading. As to this last requirement, there is no evidence that critics, other than Dorothy Richardson's personal admirers, were sufficiently interested to do so.

Criticism which is conditioned mainly by the aesthetic approach may fail to appreciate the variety of internal and external activity contained in Pilgrimage. The dual nature of the action -- that is, objective and subjective, physical and mental, intellectual and emotional -- ^{is} ~~are~~ integral to both the novel's narrative and ideational structure. In this way, the technique is pushed to its farthest coherent limits, while still embodying material that otherwise might seem inimical to the subjectivity inherent in sensual and mental processes. The world Dorothy Richardson creates has an objective reality to which she insists we attend. Yet the objective observation, for example, of time's continuity, and the subjective awareness of existence and experience removed from all concepts of time, are not conflicting ideas, but serve to affirm and confirm one another.

In order to show how Dorothy Richardson's conception of subjective and objective reality in life and art shapes her social and aesthetic views, and how these views inform her work, the following plan, in four main parts, has been adopted. So that her views might not be obstructed, particular care has been taken to present them as fully as possible with a minimum of critical argumentative interference.

Part One, "Socialism: The Joining of Hands," stresses the important role socialism plays in the early years of Dorothy Richardson's writing career. While socialism may be objectified as a political and economic ideology proposing specific reforms in the

social order, for her, as indeed for others of this persuasion, particularly the early Fabians, socialism is akin to a religious experience, and as such has important subjective implications. Regarded in this way, its reforms, motivated by a personal enlightenment, would perfect the human condition in aesthetic as well as in social terms. The continuous narrative use Dorothy Richardson makes of Fabian socialism in Pilgrimage, under the fictive name Lycurganism, is vital to the intellectual content of the novel. Correlative ideas about the relationship of men and women, emphasizing the difference between the masculine and feminine consciousness, are seen to be central to her work, having both social and aesthetic significance.

Part Two, "Innocence of Eye: The Creative Consciousness," deals with the relationship of the reader, writer, and book within the literary experience. Dorothy Richardson sees the novel as a psychological portrait of its author which the reader in his contemplative role, apprehends through the created world of the book. Her close attention to the writer's attitude towards the actual world as well as to the created world of his novel influences her views on the creative consciousness and the reader's apprehension of it. At the same time, the shaping forces of her own consciousness emerge, many of her attitudes bearing a marked and acknowledged affinity with those of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Part Three, "Apprenticeship," shows the clear pattern in the first five novels of Pilgrimage, of Miriam Henderson's awakening

consciousness of intellectual and creative worlds, and her determined quest for a satisfactory means of aesthetic expression. The "pilgrimage" increasingly comes to mean the journey of the artist, not only to self-realization, but more practically, to the discovery of his unique creative form and expression.

In Part Four, "The Fountain of Consciousness," Dorothy Richardson's views on the nature of consciousness are discussed. By an examination of the later novels of Pilgrimage and miscellaneous essays, the quality of the feminine consciousness and its capacity to apprehend reality in spatial rather than in temporal terms are further elaborated. Time and timelessness, crucial concerns of the modern writer, are accepted by Dorothy Richardson as mutually compatible and collaborating aspects of existence and experience in life and art. However, unlike Bergson, she maintains that reality, the essential element in phenomena, is apprehensible by the human consciousness. The senses and the intellect, on the one hand, are affected by and respond to flux; through their action we become aware of process or the state of becoming. The reflective consciousness, on the other hand, using the material of memory, apprehends the perpetual present of experience; through its action we are aware of immutability and the state of being. Rejecting the concept of creative evolution as descriptive of reality, Dorothy Richardson maintains that reality resides in the intrinsic changeless center of being, of which the synthesizing capacity of the feminine consciousness makes us aware.

Great literary art is the result of a supreme encounter of intellect and imagination, bringing into intimate contact the profoundly reflective and creative qualities of the artist's consciousness and unconsciousness in moments of equilibrium. "Literature," Dorothy Richardson tells us, "is a product of this stable human consciousness, enriched by experience and capable of deliberate, concentrated contemplation."¹ In producing a book, she says elsewhere, literary genius supplies mankind with "the domestic pet among the arts," whose close and companionable relationship to the reader makes it "humanity's intimate. . . . It is mobile and companionable, allowing itself to be carried in the pocket to the ends of the earth."² Always for Dorothy Richardson the comprehensive view of the art-life collaboration prevails. The harmony of existence and the perpetual present of recollective experience are affirmed by the contemplative human consciousness. The abundant variety of art is testimony to the changelessness of human genius.

Not in the utter nakedness of the pendulum swing, and not in the sharp equality and opposition of action and reaction, but in mankind's glorious stability do we find the explanation of the coming and going of the fruits of genius, of the way they appear and disappear, have their day and apparently cease to be; until the cessation proves to have been no more than night leading to another day.³

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1. S. Kunitz, ed., Authors Today and Yesterday, 562.
 2. John Austen and the Inseparables, (1930), 13.
 3. "The Return of William Wordsworth," The Adelphi, New Series, I, 3 (December, 1930), Review Supplement, XVI-XIX.

PART ONE

SOCIALISM: THE JOINING OF HANDS

CHAPTER I

THE ODD MAN AND THE ODD WOMAN

Socialism and socialist points of view are persistent in much of Dorothy Richardson's work. Her socialism, like that of many other democratic socialists of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, is unorthodox, undoctrinaire, and fundamental to her conception of human relationships. It finds natural aesthetic expression in her creative writing, where what she has called Lycurganism — her fictional term for Fabianism — plays an important part in the narrative of Pilgrimage and in the development and revelation of the major characters of the novel. Though instances of outright propaganda for social reform may be found in her early essays, articles and reviews, her emphasis throughout the body of her work is consistently upon social unity and strengthened individuality. She is suspicious of politically motivated social action which attends only to superficial changes in the environment. Her vision of socialism is less economic than aesthetic, less social revolution than social revelation. The conflict between the community and the self persists in Pilgrimage where its resolution becomes a series of social disruptions and reconciliations necessitated by the

innumerable encounters of active life. Socialism as Dorothy Richardson would like it to be has the quality of a religious experience, and having a spiritual source, it is a powerful force in her thought and art.

The discussion of socialism's role in Dorothy Richardson's work presents her ideas as expressed mainly in her articles and reviews on socialism and anarchy; on the role of women in the new social order and the social implications of the feminine consciousness; and on the substance and aesthetics of social reform in the work of certain writers. Finally, these ideas are shown to be basic to the views expressed in Pilgrimage on the social order and the role of men and women in it.

I

During the first five months of 1907, Dorothy Richardson entered into a paper debate with a correspondent of Crank.¹ In five epistolary articles she proceeded to answer his attack on socialism which he began in November of the previous year under the pseudonym "Odd Man". These brief "Odd Man" articles contain the nucleus of Dorothy Richardson's socialist views which are further modified and enlarged in her subsequent work, particularly in articles on woman's place in society, and most interestingly and fruitfully, in Pilgrimage.

1. Charles Daniel published this anarchist review to which Dorothy Richardson contributed articles and book reviews on socialist subjects. The periodical appeared under various titles: The Crank: An Unconventional Magazine, Ye Crank, Ye Crank and The Open Road, and The Open Road. Henceforth, they will be referred to collectively as Crank. However, in footnotes precise distinctions will be made where necessary.

Dorothy Richardson's first article reduces the "Odd Man's" criticism to six points, followed by her rebuttal.¹ To the attack's first point, that socialist leaders will eventually become the new privileged class, she argues that although individual genius in whatever field it may show itself will be recognized under socialism, such leadership will live in harmony with the community because "it will be manifestly impossible for any section of the community to constitute themselves a 'ruling class' -- such a grouping can only exist side by side with individualistic enterprise buoyed up by an exploitable proletarian class" (31). Thus, she first emphasizes the cooperation of responsible individual genius with society.

To the "Odd Man's" second argument, that while capitalism is private robbery, socialism is nothing more than state robbery, she replies with an acute appraisal of the capitalist swindle. For governments to take over from the builders of deceptive "model" environments for the good of all is not burglary; it is restitution to the people of their own wealth:

It is true that Socialists preach against the iniquity of private robbery; they have seen that individualist enterprise leads inevitably to the degrading sop of the model factory and the model lodging, to the gilded cage of the Garden City or to Packing Town.

Now, to take over, for purposes of restitution, the means of production, to expropriate the idle rich, to abolish the proletarian class which alone makes individualist burglary possible (and not only possible, but inevitable) cannot with any semblance of mental or moral integrity be called burglary. (31)

Since we can see how poor the means and how great the cost of

1. "The Odd Man's Remarks on Socialism", Ye Crank, V, 1 (January 1907), 30-33.

municipal enterprises are in our present system, argues the "Odd Man" in his third point, why put all power into the state's hands? The reasons for our present municipalities' pathetic and ineffectual social reforms, counters Dorothy Richardson, are that "they are run by individualist employers of labour and by money lenders," in other words, by capitalists for their own profit. This façade of social reform, therefore, is no reflection of true state socialism.

The "Odd Man's" fourth point concerns education. He observes that socialists may preach the yielding of "personal independence to the State," but do not always in practice do so; for example, there is a prominent socialist who "advocates State education, and will not let his children be educated by the State" (30). Dorothy Richardson replies that this merely proves the inadequacies of present state schools, and is a good indication that since socialists are well aware of the present system's faults, these would be corrected under socialism.

The fifth argument is directed against socialism's "pseudo-co-operation" which the "Odd Man" suggests is merely a poor substitute for capitalism's competition, regarded by the socialist as "the root of all evil." In defence, Dorothy Richardson agrees with the view that such competition is a manifestation of the struggle for existence, now no longer necessary. The subtler aspects of man's nature, capacities, and abilities need development. There must now be a new reading of the struggle for existence on a higher level "under the regulation of rational, ethical, and

artistic ends and ideals."

The final point, that "State Socialism is soulless", calls forth Dorothy Richardson's positive view of human spirituality (33). Even when ^{she was} particularly interested in Fabian socialism, her position was based not on outward manifestations of change through works, but on an inner spiritual illumination finally allowed to issue forth, an interior condition of man which only recently had found the means of showing itself in the social environment:

The ideals that are developing in relation to modern socialistic thought seem to me a testimony to the indomitable spirituality of humanity. (33)

The opening article, therefore, makes the following points: Responsible individual genius will be recognized by, and take an appropriate and harmonious place in the community. Socialization is restitution to the community of what rightfully belongs to it. Superficial social reform will no longer be regarded by politicians as politically and personally profitable. The state educational system will be of the highest standard. With economic security guaranteed under socialism, a higher level of intellectual and aesthetic development is possible. These points are elaborated in the subsequent exchanges with the "Odd Man".

In February, Dorothy Richardson enlarges on several of these points while replying to the "Odd Man's" December 1906 discussion of state socialism.¹ He continues, she says, to confuse pseudo-socialism in a still capitalistic world with what is to be the real

1. "Socialism and Anarchy: An Open Letter to the 'Odd Man'," Ye Crank and The Open Road, V, 2 (February 1907), 89-91.

thing. The subject of the article is socialism and anarchy, and the argument proceeds from what she calls "Mr. Bernard Shaw's misunderstanding of the word 'Anarchy'" and "Mr. H.G. Wells applying the term Anarchy to law-protected individualist trading"¹(90). That two such eminent socialists should misuse the word, however, is no ^{reason for} ~~cause to~~ ^{infer} attack socialism, any more than one can "attempt to disprove Christianity on the ground that there are eminent divines who are hazy as to the meaning of Buddhism." This attractive analogy is typical of Dorothy Richardson's presentation, but more than indicating her wit, it inadvertently underscores the religious nature ^{of} that Fabian socialism ~~offers its followers.~~

She goes on to suggest that if anarchists could present a true definition of their beliefs so that there would no longer be "these misconceptions in high places," anarchy might indeed be a better alternative for society than socialism. The "Odd Man" defines anarchy as "the non-recognition of human authority and obedience to Divine authority," but also asserts that "man has always and will always instinctively or intuitively yield to the influence of natural leaders." This combination of ideas seems contradictory, as Dorothy Richardson immediately points out. As an expression of the anarchist position, it resembles Thoreau's when in Civil Disobedience he addresses the Abolitionists:

1. " . . . Shaw considers Robinson Crusoe in his prison of solitude as representing the extremest possibility of Anarchy" (90). Dorothy Richardson's review of H.G. Wells, The Future in America appeared in the same issue, 95-99. Wells uses the term anarchy in the way suggested by the quotation above in The Future in America, 164, as Dorothy Richardson notes.

I do not hesitate to say, that those who call themselves Abolitionists should at once effectively withdraw their support, both in person and property, from the government of Massachusetts and not wait till they constitute a majority of one, before they suffer the right to prevail through them. I think that it is enough if they have God on their side, without waiting for that other one. Moreover, any man more right than his neighbors constitutes a majority of one already.

And, like the "Odd Man's" admission that man yield to natural leaders, Thoreau continues:

I was not born to be forced. I will breathe after my own fashion. Let us see who is the strongest. What force has a multitude? They only force me who obey a higher law than I. They force me to become like themselves. (801)

It is the last sentence that carries the message of social evolution. The anarchic principle is satisfied with the development of the individual's moral capacities by analogy with those "who obey a higher law" (an imitation-of-Christ impulse), for then the single instance of change, a one-man revolution, has occurred. When such single instances are multiplied in society, and bring about particular changes in the economic and political patterns, the one-man revolution becomes a social movement. Dorothy Richardson is argumentative on this point, for the "Odd Man's" position is actually similar to her own. The "Odd Man" recognizes as she does that natural leaders do arise and that men will follow them. She accepts the idea of a metaphysical impulse in man, as well as the possibility that man can and will express this impulse in some outward form: "if your Divine authority is going to express itself in terms of natural leaders, I cannot see that it differs fundamentally from

1. The Works. (798)

modern Socialism" (91). In Pilgrimage Miriam says virtually the same thing. She is describing the periodical for which she writes; it is the fictional counterpart of Crank.

"I write about socialism in an anarchist paper."

"The Impossibility of Anarchy?"

"No. That anarchy and socialism are the same in spirit. Only that socialists think they can define the future and anarchists know they can't." (The Trap, III: 495)¹

The February issue carried a reply from the "Odd Man" to Dorothy Richardson's January article, to which she responded in March with an article on the subject of motherhood.² This article introduces a subject of paramount importance in her writings, woman and her role in society. Pilgrimage itself can be read on one level at least as the portrait of a woman in what has been, until very recently, a man's world. In the Crank article, Dorothy Richardson refutes by exaggeration the false picture of the socialist state's "family" destroyed by the communal raising of children through "the endowment of motherhood."

The opponents of Socialism seem to carry in their minds a picture of the State keeping its adults in promiscuous herds in barracks and in the form of a sublimated policeman swooping down on the newly born infant, tearing it from its mother's arms, labelling it and forthwith dropping it into an automatic rearing machine. (147)

This Huxleyan image introduces her exposure of such error.

Socialism makes the mother a civil servant of a high order, thus

1. All references are to Pilgrimage, (New York: Knopf, 1938), 4 vols. Roman numerals refer to the volume; arabic numerals refer to the page.

2. "Letter to the Odd Man," Ye Crank and The Open Road, V, 3 (March 1907), 147-149.

insuring her and her children against financial and other difficulties which the husband might face:

She will be personally responsible for the welfare of her family, her children will be hers in trust, neither personal property, nor playthings.

Because of her economic independence and her clear responsibility to her family, her horizons will necessarily be broadened through her contacts with the world outside the home. Social art, "the art of life," is paramount, and is the art of women. The world itself, then, will be incorporated into the life of the family: "in the end she will make of the whole world a home". (148).

Dorothy Richardson's "Last Word to the Odd Man about Socialism," in April, is the most significant article of the group.¹ In it she clearly indicates that her socialism is a state of mind, an illumination, a spiritual experience. It is anarchy of the most sublime order, and probably the most workable means to social change because it deals with the smallest unit, the individual, rather than the multitude for whom social reform without commitment to that reform, coming as it does from an outside source, is bound to cause confusion, resentment, and resistance. The March issue of Crank saw Mrs Mary Everest Boole's entrance into the debate with a plague-on-both-your-houses attitude. In her opinion neither Dorothy Richardson nor the "Odd Man" knew very much about the subject in general, and less about socialism brought ~~usually~~ into practical existence through the education of children by "the real 'Boole method' of vitalizing brain"; that is, the use of "pure high Logic

1. Ye Crank and The Open Road, V, 4 (April 1907), 180-182.

[which] is on the side of pure true Socialism" (146). Dorothy Richardson's reaction to this is one of hilarity. That Mrs Boole regards the "Odd Man's" knowledge of socialism's development as somewhat superior to her own confirms her thesis that it is not "a system of palliatives dealing empirically, like an ignorant doctor, with the evils of competitive Industrialism, while leaving the disease of the soul, the idea that keeps alive competitive industrialism, unchallenged" (180). While Mrs Boole and the "Odd Man" seem to be in agreement that socialism is merely superficial in its treatment of society, Dorothy Richardson asserts that it "is not a movement, or at any rate only very incidentally a movement."

Primarily it is a state of mind. The meaning that there is in that expressive phrase "getting Religion" applies to Socialism, one GETS Socialism. (180-181)

From initial self-concern one moves to larger universal involvement. In this phase wealth is not desired in and for itself, but "as that which satisfies desire" (181). It is at present impossible to know precisely what the practical aspects will be, "what shape" it will take. She emphasizes the need for the idea to take hold first, although particular social reforms are constantly being advertized by socialists without much success in winning converts. Even those who suffer under the old order are not especially affected by the practical changes which are now constantly used as weapons against socialism itself.

Dorothy Richardson realizes that this is precisely what has been happening in the debate to which she now calls a halt, for although

seeming to be in disagreement, she and the "Odd Man" are indeed similarly motivated. By this time the "Odd Man" has labelled himself a Thearchist. The introduction of "a new WORD" arouses "pity and dismay" in Dorothy Richardson, who points out with mock drama how fragile the idea behind action is, and how easily distorted by definitions and discussions:

One feels your idea behind all you have written and said, but now that you try to express it in a formula one seems to see it standing far away on the horizon mocking you, and you, still inspired by your idea, are left with the word you have brought forth on your hands, and all round you are people on platforms, people writing in newspapers, people talking at debates: "The Thearchist claim," one hears them say, and then your voice in reply: "No, NO, that's not it in the least, we are not that sort of people at all — we feel, we believe — — — —." "Oh, but surely," someone retorts, "only last week at Essex Hall, a prominent representative Thearchist said —" and then there's the ever recurring struggle to disentangle the idea — to distinguish the dream in all the disconcerting clamour of the business. Still, I shall hope to read next month about some aspects at any rate of the Thearchist state of mind. (182)

The exaltation which is conspicuous in this article is the result of the meeting of minds, or better, spirits which she feels acutely. The "lamp-lit dawn" in which she is composing her article, and the concluding sentence, "Meanwhile I subscribe myself yours, in a peaceful interval of exaltation and luminosity," are early appearances of recurrent conditions and sensations she is to record in similar phrases in other essays, and which Miriam experiences in Pilgrimage.

With sincere good will and a pleasant if not original sprightliness of language, Dorothy Richardson finally concludes her

part in the debate.¹ She attempts to allay the "Odd Man's" fears that socialism means the loss of individuality. On the contrary, she maintains, it will free man's soul from materialism and commercialism which "prevents any kind of harmony between being and doing" (238). The individual's "inner light," a phrase that immediately calls to mind her Quaker interest, and that appears constantly in one form or another in the essays and Pilgrimage, will "force him to act according to the inner light of the majority." The metaphor she uses to describe the millennium is a William Blake omnibus:

This fact, once recognized, even a municipal tram becomes a symbol, a chariot of fire whirling gloriously along the embankment with Joy for chauffeur, and Hope conducting. (238)

Hard upon this image comes a more homely one with which Dorothy Richardson, in a sly parenthetical observation, gets in the last triumphant word:

As far as "The Odd Man" alone is concerned, I appear not altogether to have failed. He no longer entirely repudiates Socialism — he has gone so far as to take her by the hand and marry her to Anarchism — with the result that he is now standing sponsor to their little babe, which he has named Thearchy — Thearchy, the Rule of God or Universal Goodwill — is her whole name.

Well, I am delighted — and now surely over the cradle of his small god-child (who is so charmingly like her mother), we may join hands and recognise at least our identity of consciousness and purpose. (238-239)

There emerges from these exchanges a pattern consistent with Dorothy Richardson's social views⁽²⁾ expressed in her subsequent work. Much of her socialist theory seems today to be naïve in the face of the sometimes world-shaking practical application of a more

1. "Theocracy and Socialism," Ye Crank and The Open Road, V, 5 (May 1907), 237-239.

militant form of socialism as the way of life and belief in other countries. Some of her arguments in the "Odd Man" articles beg the question or are merely argumentative. But basic to her position is the assertion of man's responsibility to do the very best in the most honest way for himself and thereby not only for the greatest number, but for all society. Socialism elicits a response akin to a religious experience, its emphasis being on the unity of mankind with strengthened individuality. Dorothy Richardson holds that the socialist movement is concerned not merely with outward symptoms of reform, but with an alteration of the total viewpoint, so that the motion of reform comes from within man himself through the illumination of his mind. She reveals by this a sensitivity to realities by her refusal to accept merely superficial changes at the expense of the inner man. In regard to the female sex, for example, the change occurring within the individual and reflected in society as a whole will finally bring about a newly raised status for the woman both within the family and beyond its confines in larger areas of activity, so that, being no longer financially dependent upon her husband, she will find broader intellectual and social horizons in a society finally hospitable to the change -- in other words, an "open road" for the "odd woman."

2

The "art of life", the social art, the art of arts, is woman's art."¹ This proposition is fundamental to Dorothy Richardson's views on the relationship of the sexes. That her attitudes undergo no apparent change over the years, although her ability to argue her

1. "Letter to the Odd Man," Ye Crank and The Open Road, V, 3 (March 1907), 148.

position is refined, makes the examination of some of her later writings especially fruitful at this time by detailing what is mainly suggestive in the remaining Crank articles.

Dorothy Richardson never fought the early twentieth century feminist battle along orthodox lines. By not accepting a one-sided view of woman's place in society -- either the traditional opinion that her place was in the home, or the militant feminists' doctrine that her place was as an equal partner in the man's world -- she could argue with equal effectiveness from a social and political position, or from a psychological position. She generalizes that women as a rule have never exhibited major alterations of activity during the progressive emancipation of European man. The fact that women have not changed ^{does} ~~is~~ not indication ^{the} ~~of~~ subjugation of an inferior or weaker personality to a stronger one, but is the inevitable result of a different personality responding in its own way to progress. The claims of the feminists perverted the true reasons for the apparent backwardness of women. Their suggested remedies were not designed to realize women's unique potential, but to alter that capacity so that it more and more resembled that of men. This attitude was a slander on the special qualities of women and fostered unnatural, self-defeating remedies that would make women resemble men in thought as well as in action.

In September 1917, The Ploughshare,¹ a Quaker periodical, published Dorothy Richardson's "The Reality of Feminism," a review of four books dealing with different aspects of feminism. In

1. The Ploughshare, New Series, II, 8 (September 1917), 141-146.

discussing an earlier work by the American feminist Charlotte Stetson, she emphasizes an important point of the "Odd Man" debate — that "The world must become a home."

They must now advance in a body, boldly and consciously, taking their old rank as producers, administrators, doing the world's housekeeping in the world. In order that they may do this, "homelife" as we know it, must be reorganised. The millions of replicas of tiny kitchens and nurseries, served by isolated women, must disappear. The world must become a home. In it women will pursue socially valuable careers, responsible to the community for their work, assured by the community of an economic status clear of sex and independent of their relationship to any specific male. (243)

Before the division of the emancipated woman's interests into the areas of labor and politics, the earlier conflict in feminist ranks proceeded from the fallacy that all women's problems were environmental and therefore easily apprehended.

During the first few decades of its existence, English feminism was the conscious acceptance by women of the diagnosis of the cynics and an attempt to deal with this diagnosis by placing upon environment the major part of the responsibility for feminine "failings." It declared that the faults of women were the faults of the slave, and were due to repressions, educational and social. Remove these repressions, and the failings would disappear. (241)

The solution of advanced education made one thing clear at once: these feminists were concerned with only a small proportion of the female population, namely the more affluent classes. Dorothy Richardson points out that this solution more firmly entrenched class distinction by a further division of women into two groups:

Feminists of both sexes devoted themselves to securing for women educational and social opportunities equal to those of men. The "higher" education of women was their watchword,

the throwing open of the liberal professions their goal, and the demonstration of the actual equality of women and men the event towards which they confidently moved. It followed that only a very small number of women was affected. Only one class of women, the class well-dowered by circumstance, could be counted upon to supply recruits for the demonstration of the intellectual "quality" of women. This feminism was, therefore, in practice, a class feminism -- feminism for ladies. In principle much had been gained. The exclusively sexual estimate of women had received its death-blow. But it soon became apparent that academic education and the successful pursuit of a profession implied a renunciation of domesticity. The opening heaven of "emancipation" narrowed to the sad and sterile vista -- feminism for spinsters. From that moment public opinion see-sawed between the alternatives of discrediting domesticity and of dividing women into two types -- "ordinary" women, who married, and "superior" women, who did not. (241-242)

Although highly critical of such simple classifications, Dorothy Richardson's sympathies lie with the reorganizers, provided that they take into account the specific differences between masculine and feminine natures and between the quality of their minds. The environmental feminists are frequently misunderstood because it would seem that by their interest in freeing woman from the social and economic restrictions of her traditional role as wife and mother only, they "see life shorn of roses and turned into a workshop." By emphasizing only the supposed rupture in domestic serenity, these critics proclaim their lack of faith in womanhood and in humanity. True feminism, she maintains, never underestimates women, "although both its reasoning and its demands make it appear that they regard women as potential men, obstructed by the over-elaborated machinery of the home" (244). All the arguments that minimize the capacities and abilities of women are refuted by recognizing that what is demanded of women to prove their equality

with men is against their nature to perform:

the fact of woman remains, the fact that she is relatively to man, synthetic. Relatively to man she sees life whole and harmonious. Men tend to fix life, to fix aspects. They create metaphysical systems, religions, arts, and sciences. Woman is metaphysical, religious, an artist and scientist in life. Let anyone who questions the synthetic quality of women ask himself why it is that she can move, as it were in all directions at once, why, with a man-astonishing ease, she can "take up" everything by turns, while she "originates" nothing? Why she can grasp a formula, the "trick" of male intellect, and the formula once grasped, so often beat a man at his own game? Why, herself "nothing," she is such an excellent critic of "things"? Why she can solve and reconcile, revealing the points of unity between a number of conflicting males — a number of embodied theories furiously raging together. Why the "free lance," the woman who is independent of any specific male, does this so excellently, and why the one who owes subsistence to a single male is usually loyally and violently partisan in public, and the wholesome opposite in private? And let him further ask himself why the great male synthetics, the artists and mystics, are three-parts woman? (244-245)¹

Within Christianity itself the exclusion of women from active participation in the "aristocratic" churches has caused in Dorothy Richardson's opinion, "the present bankruptcy of the church." In this she agrees with Canon B.H. Streeter who expressed this view in his Woman in the Church,⁽¹⁹¹⁷⁾ but she does not support his reasons for now seeking to make a place for them. Although women might indeed improve the potency of the church, Canon Streeter suggests they could not be admitted to priesthood because they lack the divine principle. In discussing the book, Dorothy Richardson points out that the weakness in Canon Streeter's position is his neglect

. . . of the fact that a male priesthood, having usurped authority and driven women from the early position of

1. This last suggestion, the attribution of the feminine consciousness to the artist and mystic, is a persistent theme in Dorothy Richardson's work, and is discussed in Part Three^{217, 218, and} and Part Four, ~~below~~ 243-319.

workers side by side with men, ordained priests equally with men by the laying on of hands, immediately reinstated her, enthroned above them as the Queen of Heaven. The Hebrew Jehovah, imagined as male, could not satisfy them. The deifying of Mary was an unconscious expression of their need to acknowledge the feminine element in Godhead. Canon Streeter is the male Protestant, caught in the Protestant cul-de-sac "he for God only, she for God in him." (245)

The Quakers, on the other hand, acknowledging woman's importance "did not dare to deny her her human heritage of divine light and bravely took in the dark the leap of admitting her to full ministry." They found an equal place for her in keeping with the early, but now neglected, conception of the church as "an integral part of social life." Their recognition of the Divine-human fact of womanhood is a truer form of feminism, Dorothy Richardson asserts, than that of the environmentalists.

The distinctive role of woman based on her particular nature is the subject of several articles and reviews of which this is an early example. Dorothy Richardson sets forth the differences between male and female as results of their different consciousness: masculine consciousness as analytic, feminine consciousness as synthetic. The analytic consciousness is bound, aggressive, systematic, and scientific, while the synthetic consciousness is unshackled, serene, harmonious, and intuitive:

A fearless constructive feminism will re-read the past in the light of its present recognition of the synthetic consciousness of woman; will recognise that this consciousness has always made its own world, irrespective of circumstances. It can be neither enslaved nor subjected. Man, the maker of formulae, has tried in vain from outside, to "solve the problem" of woman. He has gone off on lonely quests. He has constructed theologies, arts, sciences, philosophies.

Each one in turn has stiffened into lifelessness or become the battle-ground of conflicting theories. He has sought his God in the loneliness of his thought-ridden mind, in the beauty of the reflex of life in art, in the wonder of his analysis of matter, in the curious maps of life turned out by the philosophising intellect. Woman has remained curiously untroubled and complete. (246)

The relationship between the sexes must undergo a change in order that the pattern of domestic existence may be compatible with a changed world. Dorothy Richardson suggests that in future man as combatant will be forced to find new means of self-realization. Woman whose harmonious capabilities have had till now only limited expression will find new and welcome recognition:

[Man] has hated and loved and feared her as mother nature, feared and adored her as the unattainable, the Queen of Heaven; and now, at last, nearing the solution of the problem, he turns to her as companion and fellow pilgrim, suspecting in her relatively undivided harmonious nature an intuitive solution of the quest that has agonised him from the dawn of things. At the same moment his long career as fighter and destroyer comes to an end; an end that is the beginning of a new glory of strife. In the pause of deadly combat he sees the long past in a flash. He had ceased in principle to be a fighter before the war. With the deliberate conscious ending of his rôle of fighter, with his deliberate renunciation of the fear of his neighbour will come the final metamorphosis of his fear of "woman". Face to face with the life of the world as one life he will find it his business to solve not the problem of "woman" who has gained at last the whole world for her home, but of man the specialist; the problem of the male in a world where his elaborate outfit of characteristics as fighter, in warfare, in trade, and in politics, is left useless on his hands. (246)

The difference between the sexes as manifested in worldly accomplishments is further elaborated in three essays published in Vanity Fair. In "Talent and Genius," subtitled "Is Not Genius Actually Far More Common than Talent?" Dorothy Richardson sets

forth a convincing argument for the affirmative.¹

Carlyle, "that irritable man of genius who brushed the problem away," and whose definition of genius "is an infinite capacity for taking pains," was really defining not genius but "talent, which is something far rarer."

But in regarding genius as ordinary, Carlyle was right. If anything can be called ordinary, genius can. To say that genius is universal, that we all have it more or less, is to give utterance to a truism that has never had a night out. But more specifically, we may assert that genius is very ordinary and talent rare; that genius exists potentially in every woman and is sometimes found in men; that many men and a few women have talent. (118)

Since the special ability of men is to do, they are the creatures of talent; since that of women is to see, they are the creatures of genius; since "Genius is helpless without talent," the blending of the two is essential if the vision is to be communicated and the accomplishment is to be meaningful. When the accomplishments of women take on an analytic masculine quality, as is inevitable when they are trained and encouraged along masculine lines, feminine genius is subverted.

The feminine intelligentsia, the product of fifty years "higher education", are usually brilliant creatures. There is a great show of achievement in the arts and sciences to their credit. Almost none of it bears the authentic feminine stamp. Almost the whole could be credited to men. But this blind docility, so disastrous to women, and still more disastrous to the men who mould them, is a phase already passing. Feminine genius is finding its way to its own materials. (120)²

1. Vanity Fair (New York), XXI, 2 (October 1923), 118; 120.

2. Cf. "Women and the Future," Vanity Fair (New York), XXII, 2 (April 1924), 40; "There is abroad in life a growing army of man-trained women, brisk, positive, rational creatures with no nonsense about them, living from the bustling surfaces of the mind; sharing the competitive partisanship of men; subject, like men, to fear; subject to national panic; to international, and even to cosmic panic."

Dorothy Richardson recognizes the immediate need for women active in the modern world. The utilization by men of the "dynamic power" woman represents, and which has been largely neglected, will result in a richer life for all.

In life, as in art, our achievements are born of the marriage of genius and talent. The driving force behind success is genius. The name of the firm is Vision & Practical Ability, Inc.

The personal records of great public men almost invariably reveal feminine genius in the background. Yet, so far in our history, it is obvious that the balance has been weighted on the side of talent. That specialist knowledge, the ability to do, has been divorced from wisdom, the ability to see. It is not for nothing that men have been defined as those who look without seeing and women as those who see without looking. Again and again civilization, that proud achievement of the talents of men, getting ahead of vision, has led with monotonous reiteration, down to disaster. Each picture has been proudly hung, but the surrounding household has been wrecked in the process. And though nothing is more foolish than to cry up one sex at the expense of the other, and to imagine that the single genius of woman will "save the world", it is perhaps not quite unreasonable to suppose that the vicious circle will be broken by the inclusion, in public affairs, of the dynamic power that has been, so far, almost universally short-circuiting in the home. (120)

While the suggestion that some little woman is the real force behind the powerful tycoon is recognizably a cliché, Dorothy Richardson is really after something far more basic in the relationship of the sexes. She is suggesting that the unique qualities of the feminine consciousness is not ~~exploited~~ ^{utilized} upon by the practical male in the public sphere. Man's ~~neglect~~ ^{reluctance to} in allowing women to put to full use their particular abilities in the world at large is the result of an unfortunately misdirected sentimentality.

Symbolic of the mistaken masculine view of woman is the typical

reaction to Leonardo da Vinci's painting^{of the Mona Lisa}. The subtitle of Dorothy Richardson's essay "Woman and the Future" is "A Trembling of the Veil Before the Eternal Mystery of 'La Gioconda'" [sic]. The essay centers on woman as the subject and object of masculine aesthetics in art and life. The unfavorable reaction to the modern day emerging female emphasizes man's latent yearnings for woman's "mystery and inscrutability." Yet while responding instinctively to these qualities in da Vinci's painting, most people fail to comprehend its significance. They are unaware, says Dorothy Richardson, that "she is centered, unlike her nearest peers, those dreamful, passionately blossoming imaginations of Rossetti, neither upon humanity nor upon the consolations of religion" (39). What is not seen is the situation behind the picture: the artist as a man — of genius certainly — who worked in an environment, an atmosphere created by the woman he had painted many times before, so that her "essential womanhood," becoming known to him was finally transmittable to canvas. Thus Dorothy Richardson's point not only emphasizes the idea that the art of woman is the art of life, but that art itself shares with woman her particular reality; that is, in the essence of an aesthetic subject lies its reality, and having grasped this inherent reality, the artist must make it issue forth from his work.¹

Among modern artists, Dorothy Richardson singles out D.H. Lawrence and Augustus John as foremost in their "attempts to

1. The problem of depicting reality in the novel is another important theme in Pilgrimage, and at the same time of vital concern to Dorothy Richardson in writing the novel. See below, Part Four.

resuscitate man's ancient mystery woman, the beloved-hated abyss . . .

Perhaps they are nearer salvation than they know" (39). The

"womanly woman" is distinct from the masculinized or the parasitic female. Her consciousness derives from her unchanging centrality.

Her responses, whether emotional or intellectual, do not issue "from the bustling surfaces of the mind."

For the womanly woman lives, all her life, in the deep current of eternity, an individual, self-centered. Because she is one with life, past, present, and future are together in her, unbroken. Because she thinks flowingly, with her feelings, she is relatively indifferent to the fashions of men, to the momentary arts, religions, philosophies, and sciences, valuing them only in so far as she is aware of their importance in the evolution of the beloved. It is man's incomplete individuality that leaves him at the mercy of that subtle form of despair which is called ambition, and accounts for his apparent selfishness. Only completely self-centered consciousness can attain to unselfishness — the celebrated unselfishness of the womanly woman. Only a complete self, carrying all its goods in its own hands, can go out, perfectly, to others, move freely in any direction. Only a complete — self can afford to man the amusing spectacle of the chameleon woman. (40)

The relationship between the two sexes is circumscribed by the direction and speed of man's development: only when he moves forward can she. But what is significant for the world of the emerging woman is her capacity for harmonious change while maintaining untouched a central core of certainty in her own identity:

When man announces that the tree at the door of the cave is God, she excels him in the dark joy of the discovery.

When he reaches the point of saying that god is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth, she is there waiting for him, ready to parrot any formula that shows him aware of the amazing fact of life.

And it is this creature who is now on the way to be driven out among the practical affairs of our world, together with the

"intelligent" woman; i.e., with the woman who is intelligible to men. For the first time. Unwillingly. The results cannot be exactly predicted. But her gift of imaginative sympathy, her capacity for vicarious living, for being simultaneously in all the warring camps, will tend to make her within the council of nations what the Quaker is within the council of religions.(40)

The forces of unity and peace increasingly at work in the world have altered the role of man. The way of the world is undergoing a change. Masculine supremacy is diminishing, and in what may well be an ironic parody on the older view expressed by Congreve's Millamant, it is the man who is likely to be diminished into a husband for the good of both.

The achievements of women are conspicuously few in areas generally recognized as significant by society. In "Women in the Arts" Dorothy Richardson outlines the "Eternal Conflicting Demands of Humanity and Art."¹ She explains the seemingly minor contributions of women in the following way: Science, until recently, has been inaccessible to woman because of her educational limitations. Religion has "set her above it, crowned Queen of Heaven," but found no significant place for her in the activities of the temporal church. In art her contribution is still minimal. There are two major reasons for such modest accomplishments: first, that even in the best of circumstances the demands on her attention are heavy; second, and of greater importance, ambition is not woman's driving force as it is man's. Ambition is a masculine quality and when it takes the form of personal ambition, that is, the desire for personal

1. "Woman in the Arts," Vanity Fair (New York), XXIV, 3 (May 1925), 47; 100.

recognition it is "the subtlest form of despair."

And it is a form of despair to which men are notoriously more liable than are women. A fact that ceases to surprise when one reflects that, short of sainthood, a man must do rather than be, that he is potent not so much in person as in relation to the things he makes. (47)

Man's object is to do, not to be. And the requirements for doing are quiet and solitude, if not in the environment, at least in a mind free from preoccupations. Men can and do free themselves at any cost so that their genius may find expression. The traditional social attitudes perpetuated by men about woman, such as chastity, economic dependence and motherhood, together with her involvement in "the swarming detail that is the basis of daily life," are obvious barriers to her emergence into fields requiring extensive training and prolonged concentration. Where she does enter she is again confronted by masculine traditions. Woman is accused of failure on the one hand, and inability on the other, to accomplish what her accusers and detractors make impossible for her to do. The arrangement of modern domestic life wastes the force of women by not realizing their capabilities and by not modifying existing traditions to allow these capabilities free expression.

Art demands what, to women, current civilization won't give. There is for a Dostoyevsky writing against time on the corner of a crowded kitchen table a greater possibility of detachment than for a woman artist no matter how placed. Neither motherhood nor the more continuously exacting and indefinitely expansive responsibilities of even the simplest housekeeping can so effectively hamper her as the human demand, besetting her wherever she is, for an inclusive awareness, from which men, for good or ill, are exempt. (100)

The practical arrangements envisioned by socialism to permit

women's special faculties fuller development had great personal appeal for Dorothy Richardson, who saw women's economic dependence as a major force binding them to men's will. In response to "Modern Marriage," an essay in The New Adelphi (March 1929) by Middleton Murry and Carruthers Young, which attempted to prove male supremacy in marriage, she replied with "Leadership in Marriage."¹ The Murry-Young essay suggests that because the husband is outward directed, he is naturally destined to be the leader rather than the wife whose attention is to the "inward world." Her "abundant vitality," "the quality of her defective concentration, her state of being 'all over the place'," must be directed by the more controlled mind of the man, while he, in turn, is being revitalized by her. Dorothy Richardson rejects the authors' Jungian distinction between persona and anima with the qualification that no one can be certain which of the two forces directs the other. In an oblique analogy reminiscent of the wisdom of the Loathly lady, she reveals the immemorial secret "of even the meekest of these would-be obedient wives . . . Let a man think he rules and you can do as you like with him" (346). Most men are controlled by circumstances, and therefore cannot be the leaders that custom says they should be. Those others who are not so closely restricted control rather than lead; and it is through economic control that they fashion their wives into caricatures of themselves with the result that everyone, especially society, loses. The unity of life is a concept which Dorothy Richardson consistently maintains in her approach to the relationship between man and woman.

1. The New Adelphi, II, 4 (June-August 1929), 345-348.

Nowhere is it man alone or woman alone, but ideally each on his own terms according to his own nature; nor fraudulently adopting a new disguise for coercive purposes, but combining their unique qualities and abilities of body, mind, and spirit for mutual good.

In March 1932, Dorothy Richardson wrote "Continuous Performance: The Film Gone Male," for Close Up.¹ The essay not only synthesizes her view of the masculine and feminine consciousness, but presents in brief her theory of memory as an essential feature of her technique in fiction. Through her examination of memory, the explicit social difference between the psychology of men and women as she understands it can be best determined.

Memory may be regarded in one of two ways: It may be regarded as a single track of events, sensations, impressions in chronological time, being precedent to the present moment, such accumulation recurring to the passive consciousness.

Memory, psychology is to-day declaring, is passive consciousness. Those who accept this dictum see the in-rolling future as living reality and the past as reality entombed. They also regard every human faculty as having an evolutionary history. For these straight-line thinkers memory is a mere glance over the shoulder along a past seen as a progression from the near end of which mankind goes forward. (36)

This reservoir of accumulating flux is distinct from what she designates as memory proper. Memory proper is to be regarded as the accumulation adhering to immutable truths. Such truths are unable in themselves to move in time. Inarticulate in themselves, however, they are dependent on temporal events to make them comprehensible in

1. Close Up, IX, 1 (March 1932), 36-38.

the phenomenal world.

• • • memory proper, as distinct from a mere backward glance, as distinct even from prolonged contemplation of things regarded as past and done with, gathers, can gather, and pile up its wealth only round universals, unchanging, unevolving verities that move neither backwards nor forwards and have neither speech nor language. (36)

Thus memory of the first sort is a horizontal evolutionary expression of flux; while memory of the second sort is a spatial accumulation within flux. Masculine memory may be compared with a linked chain; feminine memory with an aggregate adhering to a vital nucleus. Man's consciousness is an arrangement in time, woman's in space. The symbols associated with the sexes might here be emphasized: masculine memory results from that which has issued forth, and feminine memory results from what has been gathered in. The distinction between the two kinds of consciousness is easily recognized in, for example, the synthetic expression of Molly Bloom's soliloquy.

The error in regarding woman as having a passive consciousness has supported the traditional western theory that she is herself passive. The theory is further strengthened by the inability of woman to communicate verbally with much effect: "Chatter, chatter, chatter, as men say. And say also that only one in a thousand can talk" (36). But women, unless they have adopted the masculine attitude, do not regard speech as the best means of communication. Their consciousness, as Dorothy Richardson describes it, arranges itself around "unevolving verities that . . . have neither speech nor language."

• • • women, who excel in memory and whom the cynics describe as scarcely [*sic*] touched by evolving civilisation, are humanity's silent half, without much faith in speech as a medium of communication. Those women who never question the primacy of "clear speech," who are docile disciples of the orderly thought of man, and acceptors of theorems, have either been educationally maltreated or are by nature more within the men's than within the women's camp. Once a woman becomes a partisan, a representative that is to say of one only of the many sides of question, she has abdicated. (36)

The "womanly woman" whom men still "regard with emotion not unmixed with a sane and proper fear . . . may talk incessantly from the cradle onwards, [*but*] when driven by calamitous necessity [*is*] as silent as the grave" (36). Vocal sound acts as her protection; she uses speech to keep hidden her vulnerable being from the analytic mind of the male. Here Dorothy Richardson, as so often in her writing, stresses the feminine "awareness of being, as distinct from man's awareness of becoming." Throughout Pilgrimage Miriam is constantly confronted by the threat to her being, her contained identity — sufficient, unique, and changeless within the movement of time — not only through the male characters, but in her own developing analytic and critical abilities. What saves her is the eternal female ability to face in all directions at once, to recognize her commitments, not through dogmatic assertions, but through a response to a central core of unshakable conviction.¹

1. For a detailed discussion of memory, time, being, and becoming in Dorothy Richardson's discursive writings and in Pilgrimage, see below, Part Four.

CHAPTER II
REVIEWER AND CRITIC

Dorothy Richardson's career as a reviewer for Crank enabled her to express her own socialist views while developing her critical judgment through literary exposition. All her work for the magazine, therefore, is part of a practical apprenticeship in journalism, adapted to her particular creative disposition through experimentation in the art of the critical review. These early pieces are marked by a conscious determination to engage the prospective reader's attention and interest by presenting the book in a favorable light, so that while the reviewer's personal tastes and opinions are apparent, they do not obliterate the qualities of the book. At times, an ironic tone is a clue to her reservations about the book. A favorable emphasis on the author's choice of subject rather than on presentation frequently indicates that she regards technique or interpretation as faulty.¹ All the books she reviewed for Crank have either direct or implied social relevance, so that these brief critical essays demonstrate an already strongly individualistic and aesthetic attitude.

In a review of Edward Carpenter's Days with Walt Whitman for

1. For example, "Nietzsche," The Open Road, New Series, I, 5 (November 1907), 243-248.

the August 1906 issue of Crank, Dorothy Richardson explored the seemingly paradoxical combination of social unity and heightened individuality.¹ She regards Whitman as a prophet, "not a preacher or founder of a gospel, no reformer, but a seer, the modern embodiment of the loving universal spirit, heralding and welcoming the birth of a new era," (261). For her, Whitman exemplifies unity and individuality. He is, after all, the singer of "The Song of the Open Road" who "celebrates" everyone by celebrating himself. The evolution of man himself and society in general is moving towards a resolution of the paradox of individual and social commitment.

It is a good book. Good heartening reading for those of us to whom Whitman is the poetic expression of the most significant feature of our time -- the conscious movement towards an unprecedented unity for humanity, together with an unprecedented differentiation; for those who believe that the upward growth of mankind is best to be aided by an insistence on the individual wills of the units which compose it, and equally for those who believe in the joining of hands and the bending of a common will towards the common weal. Most of all, perhaps, for those who can only be born from the union of these two opposites:--

"One's self I sing, a simple separate person,
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-masse." (262-263)

Besides further defining her social outlook, the reviews Dorothy Richardson wrote for Crank were experiments in technique as well. "The Reading of 'The Jungle'" in the September 1906 issue is a little study in irony.² The public's reaction to Upton Sinclair's exposé is treated at first in a sketch which broadly capitalizes on

1. The Crank: An Unconventional Magazine, IV, 8 (August 1906), 259-263.

2. The Crank: An Unconventional Magazine, IV, 9 (September 1906), 290-293.

the limitations of a certain supposedly literate segment of the British population. Dorothy Richardson outlines three typical attitudes towards the book: First, that it is true because "That sort of thing inherent in the Yankee character; couldn't happen over here -- and there you are, you see!" Second, that it is a "mere piece of cheap journalistic sensationalism -- worse than Zola -- ought to be suppressed." And third, that what it says is dreadful, depressing, "but what can one do?" (291). Dorothy Richardson agrees that it is "a dreadful book -- the revelation of gigantic fraud, of monstrous and varied corruption." Yet what is the result, to what action has the public been aroused? Only "to obtain not a sweeping away of corruption -- but wholesome food, in tins." Her ironic tone and sense of outrage at how easily the point of the book is missed or, what amounts to the same thing, avoided, is mitigated only a little by the realization that people on the whole react only to things directly related to themselves and those close to them. When the ordinary man is called upon to imagine the condition of others physically remote from himself, whom he neither knows nor cares for, he can muster only the most superficial sympathy:

The abortion, therefore, of the main thesis, this driving of public opinion on to a secondary issue, has been -- with the assistance of the daily press -- inevitable, and it has meant failure. Among the people at large the book has achieved nothing. (292)

There is a clear implication of a cooperative conspiracy to maintain things as they are, while attempting superficial "improvements" instead of basic ones.

While the ordinary man's limited imagination makes him prey to the evils exposed by Upton Sinclair, the book itself is deficient in that same quality. Through the publication of new facts, the book strengthens socialism's practical argument against capitalism, but its imaginative deficiency limits its appeal as socialist literature. However, H.G. Wells's fiction demonstrates how "one rises from the reading quickened and stimulated, strong in the conviction that things are modifiable and shall be modified (though one does not always wish them modified along the lines he indicates)" (293). Sinclair's book does not have this effect. Although it is vivid, it is also tortuous for the reader because of its great and horrible detail. The reader is too much aware of the author's physical attitude in the book, "sitting, as it were, in the background with clenched teeth, holding himself in, ominously calm, but full of bitterness and condemnation — acid, unqualified" (293). Social reform requires more than the revelation of corruption; it requires affirmative and constructive views, not only "rage and clamour." Dorothy Richardson concludes her criticism in a manner directly suggestive of what she wrote later in the April 1907 letter to the "Odd Man" ("in a peaceful interval of exaltation and luminosity"). The review ends on an insistent note for an aesthetic reconstruction of the social order, "to build away from the darkness towards the light, towards beauty, and ever towards more perfect beauty" (293).

While Dorothy Richardson's formula for social evolution may be expressed in the same terms as Joyce's Scholastic aesthetics, it

derives, nevertheless, from her private point of view of society. For her, socialism in itself contains an aesthetics of life, shaping human existence towards a "more perfect beauty." Thus, wholeness (unity) plus harmony (cooperation) plus radiance (inner light and individuality) equals beauty (of the individual life and the social order). Although both Sinclair's and Dorothy Richardson's economics lie left of center, they represent two very different approaches. Sinclair is typical of the socialist whose view is conspicuously devoid of aesthetic consideration, while Dorothy Richardson is part of the Tory-anarchist faction typified by Ruskin and Tolstoy. Indeed, in Pilgrimage, Miriam is characterized as a Tory-anarchist by Hypo G. Wilson, a character based on H.G. Wells.¹ Although in the review of The Jungle, Dorothy Richardson contrasts Wells's creative approach to spreading the doctrine of social reform with Sinclair's muck-raking, Wells is closer to Sinclair than she realizes. Later on, in subsequent reviews and in Pilgrimage, her insight becomes keener.

In these early years of the twentieth century, the lines between the factions in the movements of the left were just becoming clear. In the Fabian Society the struggle between the two factions represented by Wells on the one hand and Shaw on the other was underway. In 1903, Wells joined the Society under the sponsorship of Shaw and Wallas. His personal dynamism, his popularity as a writer,

1. Deadlock, III: 151; Revolving Lights, III: 253. For a discussion of this point in Pilgrimage, see below, Chapter III.

and sincerity as a socialist were undeniable, but he was far from being universally loved. His origins were always obvious both to himself and to everyone else. Beatrice Webb noted in her diary in 1902:

Wells is an interesting though somewhat unattractive personality except for his agreeable disposition and intellectual vivacity. His mother was the housekeeper to a great establishment of 40 servants; his father the professional cricketer attached to the place. The early association with the menial side of a great man's establishment has left Wells with a hatred of that class and of its attitude toward the lower orders.¹

On the other hand, there was no such stigma attached to Shaw, with whom, oddly enough, Dorothy Richardson had more in common as a "Tory-anarchist," a sometime vegetarian, and an anti-vivisectionist. Although both sides seemed to be waging the same war, the Wells faction inclined to an external assault, while the Shawian group sought to work on the inner man whose "sin could be conjured away by vegetarianism, by the avoidance of stimulants, by chastity, and by intellectual fervor."² But Wells's revolutionary tactics were no more effective nor even as practical. His Samurai, who were to be the new ruling class, albeit evolved, responsible, just and humane, never seemed to materialize, nor could the conditions be contrived to make their evolution possible.

Wells himself saw this very clearly: after his Fabian fiasco he described how his theory of revolution by Samurai hung in the air, and he could not discover any way of bringing it down to the level of reality. At the very time when he was failing, Lenin, under the stresses of a more pressing reality, was steadily evolving an extraordinarily similar scheme, the

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1. Anne Fremantle, This Little Band of Prophets: The British Fabians, 154.
 2. Ibid., 156.

reconstituted Communist party. Sir Henry Slesser, a devoted, pious Christian convert and Fabian, put his finger in his autobiography on the fatal flaw — the real Fabian fault. The Fabians were trying to achieve a Socialist society without the abrogation of existing conventions, he explained. The world in which they believed was one potentially good. Of sin and the fall they reckoned nothing. They were eschatologists waiting for the kingdom, and working hard for it; they saw it close at hand, in the chaste form of a garden city.¹

If Slesser² is correct in his interpretation of the Wellsian theory, we can easily see the difference between Wells's approach and Dorothy Richardson's. Although both views embody the idea of universal goodness, hers is not so naive as to suggest that all men are immediately so, but rather that they are perfectible through the stimulation of an innate but as yet unrealized capacity. She is under no illusion that goodness necessarily follows from full bellies and healthy bodies. Whereas many Fabians denied sin and held with Herbert Spencer that "Evil is merely the non-adaptation of an organism to its condition,"³ Dorothy Richardson revealed later in Pilgrimage a sporadic but strong Puritan pre-occupation with the dark side of human nature.

"Down with the Lords" in the May 1907 issue of Crank is a review of Morrison Davidson's Book of Lords to which Dorothy Richardson reacts in a now familiar manner.⁴ Like The Jungle, this

1. Ibid.

2. Sir Henry Slesser (Schloesser) was the Fabian lawyer who drew up the Fabian Tract 171, "The Nationalization of Mines and Minerals Bill," introduced into the House of Commons, July 9, 1913. It represented "uncompromising 'State Socialism'." A.M. McBriar, Fabian Socialism and English Politics, 114. Slesser was also one of the main provincial lecturers for the Fabians before World War I. Ibid., 182.

3. Anne Fremantle, op. cit., 156

4. Ye Crank and The Open Road, V, 5 (May 1907), 257-261.

book makes its "appeal to resentment" (260), and while she declines to discuss the effectiveness of such an appeal, she is critical of any attack based on malice. The venomous tone of much of the book manifests itself in its attack on all aristocracy. It "hisses at one from time to time throughout the book -- always there is the imputation of deliberate malignancy in the aristocrat qua aristocrat, and the result, of course, is that one finds oneself stretching out protecting hands to shield him from these unjust blows" (261). Again an aesthetic inclination governs her attitude towards the "upper classes," and her Toryism is shown to be an equal partner to her socialism.

One reflects that there is no human being who is quite so perfect a human being as a really well done aristocrat necessarily, and one deploras the fact that Mr. Davidson did not strengthen his case by generously admitting this. (261)

There is an almost Platonic and certainly a Shavian quality to the emergence of such an ideal form of man. With her usual attempt to find some common meeting-ground on which to conclude, she agrees that the book's main point, of reforming Parliament through the popular election of all representatives, is a constructive idea. Therefore, "one may go away happy in the conviction that what Mr. Davidson desires of us is soundness in relation to his main thesis, and not that we should go through life foaming at the mouth at the mention of a coronet" (261).

Dorothy Richardson is not sympathetic to reformers motivated by vindictiveness. She is not in the camp of those who see "Modern

Civilization as a Monstrous Misfit." Several years later in "Slavery," a review of The Road to Freedom by Josiah and Ethel Wedgwood, she emphasizes certain of the book's points which reflect her own views.¹ She applauds the Wedgwoods for not wasting time on specific and superficial social evils, for not proposing yet again, the best rules for guaranteeing "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and for not advocating a total revolution. The jargon and the methods of a systematic socialism have long since lost what little appeal they had for her. The reasonableness of the Wedgwoods' book reflects her own private idea of social reform, for "both the method of the Socialistic Servile State and of Anarchy -- besides being fundamentally pessimistic, fail to find either in their assumptions or their suggested ameliorations any support in humanity's experience of itself" (14). Because the book deals not with symptoms but with the causes of social ills, "the inevitable result of certain false assumptions," (Dorothy Richardson's emphasis), she finds great compatibility with the approach. "Constructive" utopian societies "framed on the personal tastes and ideals of its author and limited by the moral developments and scientific knowledge of that particular date [are] useless." Such formulations deny human progress and become the means of enforcing a curb on the individual's development. Not only is the "ordinary citizen" caught, but even more pathetically, the "administrative specialist" finds himself at the mercy of his own system. This view approaches that of anti-utopists like Aldous Huxley and George Orwell. Indeed, Orwell's double-think precisely describes the forecast made here for the ordinary citizen and the governing

1. Plain Talk (July 1913), 13-14.

official alike. Since a completely organized state is neither compatible with nature nor encouraging to progress, the "peaceful revolution" urged by the Wedgwoods and echoed by Dorothy Richardson must concentrate on prevention rather than treatment of ills already manifest. Dorothy Richardson endorses the prophecy in The Road to Freedom that an Oceania is inevitable unless courageous action is taken to correct the imbalance which certain practices of modern western civilization has created:

"There are blind alleys in nature which are entered when any system is brought to work so perfectly that divergence from it and advance beyond it, become impossible. The community of bees is such a one It may require a hopeful temerity to face a peaceful revolution now, by resolutely restoring the land to the people; it will require more courage to face that blind revolution which may come if the discordant elements break loose; but it will need a courage without hope to face the world as it may be preserved, so doctored and so disciplined that no revolution is any longer possible." (14)

As a reviewer Dorothy Richardson always tries to establish some area of agreement and understanding between the author and either herself or the reading public. Even when she herself is sympathetic, she takes into account attitudes her readers might have that would put them in opposition to the book reviewed. For example, in "A French Utopia" she creates a character "who never reads fiction."¹ Nevertheless, she prevails upon him to read Gabriel Tarde's utopian novel, Underground Man. Finally, through conversation the content and meaning of the book emerges, and at the same time its merits and defects are pointed out.

In explaining some of Tarde's ideas to the character in her

1. "A French Utopia," Ye Crank and The Open Road, V, 4 (April 1907), 209-214.

review, Dorothy Richardson creates a very useful sounding board over which she has complete control; but in no sense does she allow herself to win every round. Her character argues that Tarde should not have used the form of fiction, least of all fantasy:

"Why all these Utopias -- these writers making imaginary worlds under impossible conditions out of our everyday humanity? Why don't they come out into the open and say what they mean, and make their criticisms directly instead of indirectly, and construct their Utopia at home?" (210)

She in turn describes herself as helpless to explain that direct exposition distorts the idea one wishes to convey, that the meaning can emerge only through the indirectness of images and the play of life. She reluctantly agrees with Tarde that socialism neglects "the aesthetic life and the universal propagation of the religion of truth and beauty" (213). On this point, of the socialist's aesthetic deficiency, lies the fundamental difference between her view of social reform and that of socialists like Wells.¹ Caught by her own apprehension of this fault, she pictures herself as the ineffectual apologist:

"Ah well, it is, you see, after all," I said rather lamely, "only fiction, and besides, Tarde wrote before Socialists had developed art groups." (214)

With ironic detachment, she has placed herself in a fiction, writing about herself from both inside and outside, showing the conflict in her own affiliation with socialism. Nor does she let herself off easily, for the fictional reader's final remark turns the argument back on itself, underscoring Dorothy Richardson's belief in fiction's

1. Cf. Bernard Bergonzi, The Early H.G. Wells, 1 and passim.

ability to convey truth:

"Fiction? No," said my friend, turning away. "It's all fact from beginning to end, in spite of his apologies and grimacings -- it's truth -- it's his very soul's truth," he added quietly. (214)

In the previous year, Dorothy Richardson had reviewed other utopian fantasies: Walter Walsh's Jesus in Juteopolis and Arden Shire's The Amazing Witness in October, and H.G. Wells's In the Days of the Comet in November of 1906. Both of the October reviews deal with books that have an ironic religious orientation. "Jesus in Juteopolis" deals with conditions in the textile cities, and describes through simple statement of facts the appalling conditions of the jute workers into whose midst a Christ-like figure is introduced,

. . . rebuking in high places, making friends with publicans and sinners, and preaching brotherly love; and, moreover, the minimum wage, the citizenship of women, the right of children to a wholesome youth and to education; preaching, in fact, the more modest demands of socialism, and reaping hatred and fear, and finally, a violent death, betrayed in the end by a half-frenzied so-called social democrat, who fails to make him take the head of an armed rising of Labour against Capital.

Dorothy Richardson's faith, probably misplaced, in the present state of morality is stronger than the author's, for she "cannot agree with Mr Walsh that such a teacher appearing to-day is mobbed to death." She takes every opportunity to affirm the best human qualities, even when these seem as yet to be only potential. Nevertheless, she is not blind to the thin line which separates the good from the evil in

1. "Jesus in Juteopolis," The Crank: An Unconventional Magazine, IV, 10 (October 1906), 331-332.

man.

The Amazing Witness is a satiric reply to a book which pictured the immorality the world would descend to if the Resurrection were disproved.¹ Arden Shire responds ironically by assuming the position that the Resurrection has been conclusively proved, and then describes the world plunged into "fanaticism, persecution, and terror" as a result. When finally the fraud has been revealed, the world recovers and progress, halted under ecclesiastical power, resumes. In both the Walsh and Shire reviews, Dorothy Richardson emphasizes the operation of organized Christianity in retarding social progress while supporting the evils of the corrupt established order; in the Wells review, she underscores man's religious instincts.

Dorothy Richardson's review of In the Days of the Comet² stresses the spirituality that must underlie reform, a declaration that "the Kingdom of Heaven . . . is neither 'here' nor 'there,' but within the human heart" (373). Wells, she says, has finally "discovered humanity." Anarchy in a world changed by impending disaster is conditioned by love's "goodwill." Here, as in her review of Vallance Cook's Should Socialists be Christians, religion is shown to be not only internal experience, but the link between man and the universe as well. "Religion, that infinitely varying universal constant [is] the relationship which every human being

1. "The Amazing Witness," ibid., 332-334.

2. "In the Days of the Comet," ibid., IV, 11 (November 1906), 372-376

severally conceives to exist between himself and the universe."¹

Another somewhat deflated utopia Dorothy Richardson reviewed was Wells's The Future in America.² She finds that the book captures the atmosphere of America without excessive detail, "making . . . a great spacious picture" as artistically satisfactory "in quality to that afforded by, say, the inimitable self-sufficient pastel studies of Mr. Henry James" (95-96). But the book's purpose is not merely to render atmosphere or state conditions, but rather to describe the American Vision, and for this reason it "essentially . . . is a metaphysical study." The review gives Dorothy Richardson the opportunity to examine a national impulse from the outside, to reflect on the social direction of a multitude from which she is geographically removed. While much of what she says is strongly derivative from Wells's book as the nature of review generally demands, a substantial amount of her own reconstruction of America is to be found in the selection and ordering of the material. This "study of American life as an expression of American Will and Purpose," based on "the premise that the destiny of a nation rests ultimately . . . upon spiritual . . . and not primarily upon material factors" (96), examines with objectivity the physical representations of America to get at its spirit, to probe within the nation's mind. She commends Wells for maintaining the critical distance which is later to become of major aesthetic importance to her own creative work.

1. "Notes about a book purporting to be about Christianity and Socialism, Ye Crank and The Open Road, V, 6 (June 1907), 314.

2. "The Future in America," Ye Crank and The Open Road, V, 2 (February 1907), 95-99.

From Wells's intimate contact with Americans there emerges the conviction that the American Will is qualitatively fine and active, but there is no concrete plan of how to achieve the greatness for which America is certain she is destined. The prevailing mental attitude is composed of "a belief in automatic progress" and the "divine right" of capitalism even when its abuses are apparent. Socialism, "the mouse which is pitting itself against the lion of American confidence and heedlessness" (98), is fighting a courageous but, at the moment, limited, if not futile battle. Although here Dorothy Richardson depends in large measure on Wells's impressions, she shows especially in Pilgrimage an instinctive recognition and comprehension of the reality in the American Dream, at least as it is expressed by its most articulate and creative exponents, Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman. Even in this review, she isolates a passage from Wells's book which has many analogues in creative experience, but which is particularly significant in a book about America, reviewed by someone who is shortly to record a similar experience.¹ She inadvertently selects a passage in which Wells, whether consciously or not, echoes Whitman's poem, "When I heard the learn'd astronomer." In the "By the Roadside" section of Leaves of Grass, Whitman writes of the stultification of his mind and senses in the artificial environment of the lecture hall where a talk on astronomy is in progress, while outside the heavens, themselves silent and eternal, await him and 1. In "The Open Road," The Open Road, New Series, I, 3 (September 1907), 153-158, discussed at length in Part Four, Chapter XI. See also, Part Two, Chapter VI.

to which he turns when the lecture becomes unbearably tedious.

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
 When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
 When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and
 measure them,
 When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with
 much applause in the lecture-room,
 How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
 Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
 In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
 Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

Wells's analogous experience which Dorothy Richardson introduces as "a characteristic fantasy" relates directly to his work as a writer, and touches on not only the creative or imaginative character of his books, but on their social implications as well. From the wealthy book-collectors' dinner-lecture, Wells, filled with misgivings about his role in life, escapes disheartened and depressed into the Boston streets. He had been in the company of men whose literary interests lay in the possession of old and rare books, not in the creation of new ones; in the old manifestations of culture, not in its continuing development. However, his faith in the evolutionary nature of culture is restored by seeing in a shop window a contemporary book he much admires:

"I found myself by some accident of hospitality one evening in the company of a number of Boston gentlemen who constituted a book-collecting club. They had dined, and they were listening to a lecture on Bibles printed in America. It was a scholarly, valuable and exhaustive piece of research. The surviving copies of each edition were traced, and when some rare specimen was mentioned as the property of any member of the club, there was decorously warm applause. I had been seeing Boston, drinking in the Boston atmosphere all day. . . . I know it will seem an ungracious and ungrateful thing to confess (yet the necessities of my picture of America compel

me), but as I sat at the large and beautifully ordered table, with these fine rich men about me, and listened to the steady progress of the reader's even unrheterical sentences, and the little bursts of approval, it came to me with a horrible quality of conviction, that the mind of the world was dead, and that this was a distribution of souvenirs. Indeed, so strongly did this grip me that presently upon some slight occasion, I excused myself, and went out into the night. I wandered about Boston for some hours trying to shake off the unfortunate idea. I felt that all the books had been written, all the pictures painted, all the thoughts said -- or at least that nobody would ever believe this wasn't so. I felt it was dreadful nonsense to go on writing books. Nothing remained but to collect them in the richest, finest manner one could. About midnight I came to Messrs Houghton and Mifflin's window and stood in the dim moonlight peering enviously at piled copies of Izaak Walton and Omar Khayyam, and all the happy immortals who got in before the gates were shut. And then in the corner I discovered a thin, small book. For a time I could scarcely believe my eyes. I lit a match to be surer. And it was: 'A Modern Symposium' by Lowes Dickinson beyond all disputing! It was strangely comforting to see it there -- a leaf of olive from the world of thought I had imagined drowned for ever." (98-99)

The appearance of this book which created a new mood in Wells obviously had a significant effect on Dorothy Richardson, for she sought it out for review the following month.¹ A Modern Symposium had an important part to play at this stage of her writing career. Dickinson's book, first published in 1905, is in the form of a discussion by a diversified group of men on the subject of western civilization in general and of modern society in particular. The thirteen participants in the symposium represent a wide variety of opinion within two general areas, that of active politics and that of humanistic pursuits. The symposium concludes with statements made by artist-visionaries in the persons of a Quaker, and a man of

1. "A Sheaf of Opinions: Lowes Dickinson's 'A Modern Symposium'," Ye Crank and The Open Road, V, 3 (March 1907), 153-157.

letters who is the poet-philosopher. Dorothy Richardson's enthusiasm for the book is borne out by her confession that she "read the book at a gulp, carried along by delight in the manner of the presentation of each point of view" (154). The speakers are a Tory, a Liberal, a Conservative, a socialist, an anarchist, a professor, a scientist, a journalist, a business man, a poet, an aristocrat, a Quaker, and a writer. The book's significance to the larger aspects of Dorothy Richardson's work lies in the remarkable similarity between its characters and Miriam's various attitudes and activities in Pilgrimage. Thus, A Modern Symposium is coincidentally prophetic of certain phases of Dorothy Richardson's own life and that of her major character.

CHAPTER III
SOCIALISM IN PILGRIMAGE

1

Dorothy Richardson's views about social reform are neither omitted from her creative work, nor relegated to an inferior position in her larger aesthetic concern. Pilgrimage explicitly details all the features of Miriam's social progress, not merely as superficial activity designed to create incident and dialogue in the novel, but as an important part of character construction and development. On the practical level, her contact with anarchism and socialism gives her the opportunity of beginning a writing career. Furthermore, she is introduced into a new world of thought and action, and finds herself among personalities of whose existence she hardly had been aware. She now examines social reform theories, not in isolation through sophisticated exposition, but as part of a character's natural disposition towards such reforms within daily experience.

If there can be two types of objectivity they are shown here. In the essays, Dorothy Richardson attempts to convince not only by logical argument, but by a highly individualistic and subjective use of irony and wit in the midst of an apparently objective presentation. She is mainly discursive, but we are immediately confronted with her

opinions and interpretations coming to us in her own voice. In the novel, a greater distance is maintained between Dorothy Richardson and the heroine, Miriam, who carries the arguments forward. The filtering of socialistic ideas through the creative process gives them a more rarified impersonality, so that they function not as theories for their own sake as in the essays and reviews, but as the means for revealing a quality of the character's mind as well as the concerns of the society in which the character lives.

It is a critical error to look merely at the correspondences between the events in Dorothy Richardson's own life and those in the novel. Such correspondences are certainly there. But how they are now newly used, what they finally mean, should be the major consideration. In her review "A French Utopia," Dorothy Richardson explicitly says that imaginative writing, fiction, through its ability "to convey a sense of the inevitableness of images and indirections for the expression of the underlying, the real things of life" (210) is the best, possibly the only, way of giving life to the idea without the distorting effect of mere words. There is also the objectivity that comes with the passage of time so that the significance of an actual event becomes clear, and its place in the construction of the novel can be determined.

Miriam's social revolution is a private one, a one-man revolution, as rooted in individuality as Dorothy Richardson's own. She is "pure-Tory" (Deadlock, III: 151); "Britannia" and

the "British Constitution," "a Tory and an Anarchist by turns" (Revolving Lights, III:253). But Miriam is not fully aware of these qualities in herself until they are pointed out to her; she recognizes, if sometimes reluctantly, their applicability. Her individuality is her strength, that which allows her to go her own way whenever she can extricate herself from the personal entanglements her sense of responsibility frequently demands. And her individuality is her only guarantee that she will never be caught inextricably in temporal involvements on the surface of life. This is particularly striking in her conversation with Michael Shatov, the young Russian Jew, who introduces her to the world of Russian literature and culture, to social revolution, and who encourages her talent for translation and for critical writing. They are in a London park on a weekend afternoon in spring. After an interval of reverie on the green prospect which acts restoratively upon her mood, the conversation revives, revealing the individuality which Miriam values above all else.

She lifted her eyes cautiously, without moving, to take in the wide belt beyond the stretch of grass. It was perfect. Full spring complete, prepared and set there, ungrudgingly, demanding nothing but love; embanked between the sky and the grass, a dense perfect shape of various pure colour, an effect, that would pass; but she had seen it. The sharp angle of its edge stood out against a farther, far-off belt of misty green, with here and there a dark maroon blot of copper beech.

"Whatever happens, as long as one lives, there is the spring."

"Do not be too sure of this."

"Of course, if the world suddenly came to an end."

"This appreciation of spring is merely a question of youth."

"You can't be sure."

"On the contrary. Do you imagine for instance that this old woman on the next seat feels the spring as you do?"

Miriam rose, unable to look; wishing she had come alone; or had not spoken. The green vistas moved all about her, dazzling under the height of sky. "I'm perfectly sure I shall always feel the spring; perhaps more and more." She escaped into irrelevant speech, hurrying along so that he should hear incompletely until she had firm hold of some far-off topic; dreading the sound of his voice.

The flower-beds were in sight, gleaming in the gaps between the tree trunks along the broad walk. Ragged children were shouting and chasing each other round the fountain. "I must always here think," he said, as they passed through the wicket gate, "of this man who preaches for the conversion of infidels, Jews, Christians, and other unbelievers."

She hurried on preparing to face the rows of Saturday afternoon people on the chairs and seats along the avenue, their suspicious English eyes on her scrappy, dowdy, out-of-date English self and her extraordinary looking foreigner. Her spirits lifted. But they must be walking quickly and talking. The staring self-revealing faces must see that it was a privilege to have converse with any one so utterly strange and far away from their English life. (Deadlock, III: 148-149)

In this portion of the conversation certain features are conspicuous. Miriam and Shatov are directed by two differing impulses. She responds primarily to conditions and situations that lie outside social contacts, the only human element found in her response being herself; it is the spectacle which elicits the reaction, not the personalities composing it. She sees, but does not seem to be aware of the social implications of the ragged children nor the old woman seated nearby. Their appearance in the scene does not elicit from her a cry against an affluence which would allow children to go ragged or women to grow old in loneliness.

Shatov, on the other hand, responds initially to humanity and is constantly aware of human relationships. This is not to say that he suffers any loss of individuality. On the contrary, he is in his person and manner far more distinctive than Miriam, as she herself observes, and his mere presence by her side lends her "scrappy, dowdy out-of-date self" an interest she otherwise would not have; even in this, Miriam is markedly subjective. Shatov's individuality is unconscious, a natural part of his internal and external life, something over which he does not agonize; Miriam's individuality rests on an inner conviction in the face of her acute awareness that her external appearance is like that of the multitude, the "mediocre majorities," representatives of which she and Shatov are passing at the present moment, and from whom she wishes to seem clearly apart.

The conversation begins again with Miriam expressing her *lack of* ~~dis~~interest in a preacher mentioned by Shatov.

"I'm not interested in him," she said as they got into their stride.

"Why not?"

"I don't know why. I can't fix my thoughts on him; or any of these people who yell at crowds." Not quite that; but it made a sentence and fitted with their walk.

"It is perhaps that you are too individualistic," panted Mr Shatov. There was no opening in this for an appearance of easy conversation; the words were leaping and barking round her like dogs.

But she turned swiftly, leading the way down a winding side path and demanded angrily as soon as they were alone how it was possible to be too individualistic.

"I agree to a certain extent that it is impossible. A man is first himself. But the peril is of being cut off from his fellow creatures."

"Why peril? Men descend to meet. Are you a socialist? Do you believe in the opinions of mediocre majorities?"

"Why this adjective? Why mediocre? No, I would call myself rather one who believes in the race."

"What race? The race is nothing without individuals."

"What is an individual without the race?"

"An individual, with a consciousness; or a soul, whatever you like to call it. The race, apart from individuals, is nothing at all."

"You have introduced here several immense questions. There is the question as to whether a human being isolated from his fellows would retain any human characteristics. . . . has the race not a soul and an individuality? Greater than that of its single parts?"

"Certainly not. The biggest thing a race does is to produce a few big individualities."

"The biggest thing that the race does is that it goes on. Individuals perish."

"You don't know that they do."

"That is speculation; without evidence. I have the most complete evidence that the race survives."

"It may die, according to science."

"That also is a speculation. But what is certain is --- that the greatest individual is great only as he gives much to the race; to his fellow creatures. Without this individuality is pure-negative." (III: 149-150)

Although Shatov has not explicitly stated the reason behind his championship of the race, of man en masse, Miriam should be quite aware of it. His evidence that the race survives while individuals perish is the history of his own Jewish race. When Miriam uses Emerson's phrase, "Men descend to meet,"¹ as though human contact were a diminution of solitary man's perfection, Shatov's response affirms his personal and historical conviction that the whole of the race, his majority of human beings, is greater than the sum of the individuals who compose it. When the Divine promise was given for the continuation of the world as long as a remnant of the Jewish 1. "The Over-Soul", The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, vol. II, 278. Cf. also "Self-Reliance," ibid., vol II, 60-62, 70-71. The influence of Emerson is discussed at length below, Part Two, Chapter VI.

race existed, the Covenant was made with a single individual as representative of that race. In this context Shatov's sense of personal commitment to "his fellow-creatures" is far more Christian, at least existentially so, than Miriam's. Through him, she is about to face herself as the reflection of her nation; she is about to see herself as the symbol of her race, containing as an individual the best and worst features of Britannia.

"Individuality cannot be negative."

"There speaks the Englishwoman. It is certainly England's highest attainment that the rights of the individual are sacred here. But even this is not complete. It is still impeded by class prejudice."

"I haven't any class prejudice."

"You are wrong; believe me you have immensely these prejudices. I could quite easily prove this to you. You are in many ways most exceptionally, for an Englishwoman, emancipated. But you are still pure-Tory."

"That is only my stamp. I can't help that. But I myself have no prejudices."

"They are so far in you unconscious." He spoke with extreme gentleness, and Miriam looked uneasily ahead, wondering whether with this strange knowledge at her side she might be passing forward to some fresh sense of things that would change the English world for her. English prejudices. He saw them as clearly as he saw that she was not beautiful. And gently, as if they were charming as well as funny to him. Their removal would come; through a painless association. For a while she would remain as she was. But even seeing England from his point of view, was being changed; a little. The past, up to the last few moments, was a life she had lived without knowing that it was a life lived in special circumstances and from certain points of view. Now, perhaps moving away from it, these circumstances and points of view suddenly became a possession, full of fascinating interest. But she had lived blissfully. Something here and there in his talk threatened happiness. (III: 150-151)

This is not only Shatov's personal picture of Miriam. Hypo G.

Wilson, writer, critic, militant socialist, scientifically

oriented intellectual, and soon to become her lover sees her in

the same way. In Revolving Lights he is trying to convince her to put her socialist ideas to work by writing about socialism. Miriam argues against joining organizations: "Every one will be socialist soon; there's no need to join societies" (III: 252). As the conversation begins to lose its direction, she steps on to a footstool "to get out, back, away from the wrong turning into the sense of essential expression."

"That's admirable. You could carry off any number of inches, Miriam. You only want the helmet and the trident. You're Britannia, you know. The British Constitution. You're infinitely more British than I am."

"Foreigners always tell me I am the only English person who understands them."

"Flattery. You've no idea how British you are. A mass of British prejudice and intelligent obstinacy. I shall put you in a book."

"Then how can you want me to be a socialist? I am a Tory and an anarchist by turns."

"You're certainly an anarchist. You're an individualist, you know, that's what's wrong with you."

"And what's wrong with you?"

"And now you shall experiment in being a socialist."

"Tories are the best socialists."

"You shall be a Tory socialist. My dear Miriam, there will be socialists in the House of Lords." (III: 253-254)

Miriam helps Wilson to construct his picture, for she has recognized through Shatov's gentle instruction the truth of what he says. Whereas at first she was resentful of Shatov's characterization, now she is psychologically supported by her newly symbolic personality. Later, in Dawn's Left Hand (IV: 179), she distinguishes between herself and the Lycurgan socialists by calling herself a "Tory-Anarchist."

Shatov could easily find an example of Miriam's basic self-concern

and susceptibility to prejudice. In an earlier scene, he is walking her to work early one morning, singing with "a deep joyfulness . . . his booming song." Although fully appreciating his total lack of self-consciousness, Miriam was keenly aware "that there was no room for singing more than below one's breath . . . in the Euston Road in the morning" (Deadlock, III: 137). They approach a group of lounging workmen, and she "composes herself to walk unconcernedly" by them. Her feelings are understandable; she cannot help being somewhat disconcerted, knowing that this time the singing "would rouse them to some open demonstration." It takes the form of verbal abuse: "Go 'ome," she heard, away behind . . . 'Blooming foreigner'; close by, the tall lean swarthy fellow, with the handsome grubby face. That he must have heard. She fancied his song recoiled, and wheeled sharply back, confronting the speaker, who has just spat into the middle of the pavement." The Britannia in her comes immediately to the fore, and ~~the~~ she stands before the abusers as defender of the persecuted.

"Yes," she said, "he is a foreigner, and he is my friend. What do you mean?" The man's gazing face was broken up into embarrassed awkward youth. Mr Shatov was safely ahead. She waited, her eyes on the black-rimmed expressionless blue of the eyes staring from above a rising flush. In a moment she would say, "It is abominable and simply disgraceful," and sweep away and never come up this side of the road again. A little man was speaking at her side, his cap in his hand. They were all moving and staring. "Excuse me, miss," he began again in a quiet, thick, hurrying voice, as she turned to him. "Miss, we know the sight of you going up and down. Miss, he ain't good enough for ya." (III: 138)

Miriam is herself defenceless when prejudice is turned into a

personal compliment. Bigoted words and actions are lamely excused. The staunch individualist is made a party to bigotry because she is more flattered by the reasons given for the attack on Shatov, than outraged that the attack should have come at all.

"Oh," said Miriam, the sky falling about her. She lingered a moment speechless, looking at no one, sweeping over them a general disclaiming smile, hoping she told them how mistaken they all were and how nice she thought them, she hurried away to meet Mr. Shatov waiting a few yards off. The darlings. In all these years of invisible going up and down . . .

"Well?" he laughed, "what is this?"

"British workmen. I've been lecturing them."

"On what?"

"In general. Telling them what I think."

"Excellent. You will yet be a socialist." (III: 138)

One could not ask for a better example of Dorothy Richardson's extraordinary ironic control of very personal material than this last exchange between the two characters, after Miriam's social responsibility towards her fellow man, and a close friend at that, has taken such an unfortunate and ineffectual turn. It points directly towards Miriam's Lycurgan-Fabian involvement that takes up much of her time and thought. Indeed, the example represents Dorothy Richardson's view of the boundless good feelings, naivety, and personal susceptibilities that typified the Fabian socialists during the first decade of this century. Miriam's involvement with their counterparts, the Lycurgans in Revolving Lights, is anticipated in this earlier incident.

Miriam is neither inhuman nor superhuman; her weaknesses are clear to Shatov, and now are becoming clear to herself seen

through his eyes.

He seemed to see people only as members of nations, grouped together with all their circumstances. Perhaps everything could be explained in this way . . . All her meaning for him was her English heredity, a thing she seemed to think the finest luck in the world, and her free English environment, the result of it; things she had known nothing about till he came, smiling at her ignorance of them, and declaring the ignorance to be the best testimony. That was it; he gave her her nationality and surroundings, the fact of being England to him made everything easy. There was no need to do or be anything, individual. It was too easy. It must be demoralizing . . . just sitting there basking in being English . . . Everything she did, everything that came to her in the outside world turned out to be demoralizing . . . too easy . . . some fraud in it. . . . But the pity she found herself suddenly feeling for all English people who had not intelligent foreign friends gave her courage to go on. Meanwhile there was an unsettled troublesome point. Something that could not be left.

"Perhaps," she said, "I dare say. But at any rate, I have an open mind." (Revolving Lights, III: 151-152)

This bit of self-knowledge is unquestionably true. Miriam is receptive, quick to recognize in others what corresponds to the impulses and ideas in herself, and acutely sensitive to differences which she can typify with great clarity. However, her open mind does not prevent her from rationalizing situations when necessary, as she does when breaking off her engagement to Shatov. She takes this action because like Thomas Hardy's Angel Clare, she cannot adjust to the fact that Shatov has had sexual experiences in the past. Since there is no malignant Providence in Pilgrimage, Shatov, unlike Tess, does not go to his doom. What has really been going on in Miriam's mind is a struggle against her inability to overcome her own aversion towards living a Jewish life, although

Shatov is ready to give up his faith for her, or what is more significant psychologically, of having Jewish children. It is no accident that Miriam assumes an ascetic masculine role similar to Angel Clare's in this analogous situation. A strong sense of class, inverse snobbism, social reform, idealism, emancipation and free thought, colored by a Puritan disposition are characteristics common to both. But there is an affirmative urge in Miriam that is not in characters like Angel Clare. It is an assertiveness of self to the point of self-sacrifice, more akin to that spirit working in Tess, and is both Hardy's and Dorothy Richardson's personal testimony to man's uniqueness as a species.

"Do you think that the race is sacred, and has purposes, superman, you know what I mean, Nietzsche, and that individuals are fitted up with the instincts that keep them going, just to blind them to the fact that they don't matter?"

"If one must use these terms, the race is certainly more sacred than the individual."

"Very well then; I know what I think. If the sacred race plays tricks on conscious human beings, using them for its own sacred purposes and giving them an unreal sense of mattering, I don't care a button for the race, and I'd rather kill myself than serve its purposes. Besides, the instincts of self-preservation and reproduction are not the only human motives. They are not human at all." (152)

2

Through Hypo Wilson's influence, Miriam finds herself among organized socialists. The Lycurgan Society of the novel is the Fabian Society, and Dorothy Richardson's descriptions of the

personalities and activities of Fabian socialism in the first decade of the twentieth century makes the novel a storehouse for social and literary historians and biographers. Shaw and the Webbs are there, and Wells both as himself and fictionalized as Hypo G. Wilson. Included in the panorama of social reform and reformers are Russian revolutionaries, English anarchists, militant suffragettes, journalists, pamphleteers, vegetarians, proponents of free love, Mrs Boole, Jesus Christ, Henry George, Unitarianism, and the Jewish Question.

The irony in Dorothy Richardson's choice of name for the society in Pilgrimage brings out the conflicting personality of the early Fabians -- the puritan character of leaders like Shaw and the Webbs against the free-wheelers like Wells. The name Lycurgan is derived from Lycurgus, a Spartan king and law-giver who resisted the worship of Bacchus. Fabian is derived from the name of the Roman general Fabius Cunctator, whose manoeuvres against Hannibal were based on caution and delay. Their name typified the Fabian philosophy of means, as Wells's impatient attacks bear out. This philosophy was combined with their determination to bring out the spirituality and holiness in humanity through the Spartan examples of Beatrice Webb, "who thought sin could be counteracted by living, as she did, on six ounces of food a day, working unceasingly, and constantly attempting prayer," or of Shaw, who "thought sin could be conjured away by vegetarianism, by the avoidance of stimulants, by chastity, and by intellectual

fervor.¹

Miriam sees the Lycurgans against the background of her own life as secretary to a successful Wimpole Street dentist, and that of her Tansley Street boarding house in Bloomsbury. The Lycurgans, then, can be viewed in some measure apart from her daily concerns and the concerns of people outside their special circle. They sat in their

. . . flatly echoing hall, . . . the busy planning world of socialism, intent on the poor. Far away in tomorrow, stood the established, unchanging world of Wimpole Street, linked helpfully to the lives of the prosperous classes. Just ahead, at the end of the walk home, the small isolated Tansley Street world, full of secretive people drifting about on the edge of catastrophe, that would leave, when it engulfed them, no ripple on the surface of the tide of London life. (Revolving Lights, III: 233)

However, the aim of the Lycurgans is not to convert the poor to socialism, but to convince those of their own class of their latent socialistic persuasion:

. . . conservatives are the best socialists; being liberal-minded. Most socialists were narrow and illiberal, holding on to liberal ideas. The aim of the Lycurgans, alone amongst the world's socialists, was to show the English aristocracy and middle classes that they were, still, socialists. (III: 240)

Behind all her efforts to catch the Lycurgans' exuberance and optimism, their sense of destiny, was the nagging suspicion that their brand of socialism contained a critical fault in both aims and means which she could not long ignore. There was an aloofness, a social distance, between the Lycurgans and those they

1. Anne Fremantle, op. cit., 156

professed to care and work for that forever would keep them from accomplishing their aims.

There was in Lycurgan meetings some sort of reality, either coming from the platform or, more often, from irrelevant things rising in her own mind as she sat surrounded by so many speculative minds.

But tonight she would not reach unconsciousness of her surroundings. . . . Already in advance, these ideas looked like a mere caprice of her leisure hours, a more or less congenial background of thought upon which presently might emerge a sudden enlargement of her own life. More and more lately they had been growing to mean things shared with Hypo, bright with life because they were his, and for the same reason suspect, suspect because of his unrivalled expressiveness, a faculty that might be turned with equal conviction in a quite opposite direction.

. . . This world of clear ideas summoning mankind to follow like an army, seemed again, as when she had first met it, to contain a trick, to be too clear, too hard, too logical to embrace the rich fabric of life. She experimented in unthinking it; and a silence fell on many of the flagrant cruelties of civilization. They lost their voice. Their only educated, instructed voice. The Lycurgans were a league to arrest cruelties. But a cold, cynical, jesting league, cold and hard as thought, cynical as paganism and cultivating a wit that left mankind small and bleak, in a darkness where there was no hope but in intelligent scheming. Even the women. The Lycurgan women were all either as hopelessly logical as men, or methodically pink. And the men; the everlasting prize-fight, the perfect unsociability underlying their cold ideas. Except for one or two. And they were idealists, blind with the illusion that humanity moves with one accord. (The Trap, III: 474-475)

Not only do Miriam's speculations on Lycurgan activities in relation to her own afford an insight into the quality of her mind, ~~but~~ they also help to determine her direction in life. The Lycurgan "phase" is, therefore, important to the structure of the novel as a whole, because it allows Miriam to bring forth from the interior of her mind those impulses, desires, and attitudes which

might not otherwise find concrete expression. She reaches a crisis through her associations which simultaneously affects her private as well as her public life. While testing her own ideas against orthodox Lycurganism, her thoughts take on intellectual as well as imagistic depth and clarity, and her critical abilities are sharpened. The Society presents her with a training ground for developing a sensitivity of perception of human motives. She begins to combine these strengths in her writing made possible through her affiliation with the Lycurgans and like-minded people. The Society exposes her to a world of celebrities, and Miriam finds herself in the actual or intellectual company of G.B. Shaw, H.G. Wells, Sidney and Beatrice Webb (the Redferns in Pilgrimage), and Charles and Florence Daniel (the Taylors in Pilgrimage). She rejects the convention of marriage for the experience of adulterous free love with Hypo Wilson, although his wife Alma is her close girlhood friend. Anabel, a young French girl who becomes intimately involved in Miriam's life and who eventually marries Shatov, is first attracted to her by overhearing her engaged in a conversation on socialism. Whole chapters are constructed around socialist gatherings, and it is in these settings that Miriam makes major decisions arising directly from her reaction to the environment.¹ Even the year of the action of Dimple Hill, 1908, can be determined from its Lycurgan chapter when Wilson announces his resignation

1. For example, Revolving Lights (III: 233ff), The Trap (III: 487ff), Dawn's Left Hand (IV: 174ff), Clear Horizon (IV: 338ff), and Dimple Hill (IV: 548f).

from the Society.¹

To examine these chapters is not only to survey Dorothy Richardson's own intellectual involvement in problems of social reform and its effect on depicting that of her major character. Of greater interest is the study of the complexities in handling character, subject, and environment simultaneously through interior and exterior observation governed by a single motif. The scene of the Lycurgan party in The Trap (III: 487-497) is a useful example because its complexity is typical of the multi-leveled meaning of the novel. The chapter contains the explanation and resolution of the metaphorical title The Trap. Of considerable historical interest is the account of the atmosphere and personalities of the Lycurgan-Fabian Society. But even more important it serves as an excellent example of Dorothy Richardson's method. We move in and out of Miriam's mind and watch the effects that her senses have on her thoughts through direct observation, conversation, contemplation, associative memory, analogy, sensations of sight, sound and touch, self-revelation, and decision. The unifying activity, one based on a common purpose and interest, is a Lycurgan party, which becomes the controlling metaphor of the chapter.

Dependent upon this metaphor are analogous situations and scenes that arise in Miriam's mind, already influenced by her

1. Wells resigned from the Fabian Society in September 1908; see Anne Fremantle, op. cit., 164. Also H.G. Wells, Experiment in Autobiography, II: 661.

pre-occupation with a marriage proposal. Her sense perceptions of the party and the anxiety aroused by the need to decide about the proposal dispose Miriam to a particular train of thought that is shaped by the party-wedding motif. The diction, mood, and attitude of the opening paragraphs are Prufrockian, and the combination of party and marriage proposal make the analogy significant in the study of both Dorothy Richardson's technique and Miriam's personality. The rejected opportunity for marriage leads Miriam to thoughts of exogamy, thence to Christ's first miracle at the Wedding at Cana, where things homely and near-at-hand are transformed. Miriam, therefore, is examining her physical surroundings, in addition to her relationship to the man to whom she must give her answer. Exogamy applies to her, for she must refuse the marriage offer; the life she imagines as the wife of this man, although typical of her class, is not what she means at all. This in brief is the pattern of thought; the movement of both mental and physical action intertwine and affect one another more intricately, and a closer examination of the chapter reveals this.

This time the Lycurgans are gathered not to reform the world, but to recreate themselves. Socialism here has become Society. The gathering assumes the importance of prototype for any social occasion, and Miriam's musings on it give a varied picture of the scene, as well as an evaluation of its effect on the individual:

The enclosed light of a party. People transformed.
All wearing the air of festival. All wandering about with

happy eyes, expectant; the eyes of the beginning of a party. All but a few. At every party there were those few.

And at this party, very soon almost all were like the few. For a while they had gone in and out of the three rooms as if looking for something that was about to reveal itself. Something they know is there and are always seeking. (III: 487)

With an acute psychological understanding of the individual units that constitute any similar social occasion, Dorothy Richardson presents through Miriam's thoughts a commentary on this microcosm from which the nature of social intercourse might be deduced.

Something very joyous. The joy of a party is the newness of people to each other, renewed strikingness of humanity. They love each other, to distraction. Really to distraction. Before they fall into conversation and separate.

A large party. More than large enough and varied enough, as the crowd thickens, to represent the world. Whatever that is. And because, at least by sight, all are known to each other, each one's quality already tested, expectation is baffled. A few go on seeking, will go all the evening, looking forth from themselves as if sooner or later the gathering would assume a single shape and perform a miracle.

This must be true of all gatherings, of all except religious meetings. The strangeness, and the hopes aroused by strangeness, are illusions. Mirages arising wherever people gather expectantly together. The few who at parties have not the glint of expectation in their eyes are those who know this. Some are cynical. Some enduring. One or two ignore people as persons. See them only as parts of a process. (III: 487)

The expectancy of a meaningful encounter which fills one at the start soon gives way to boredom or, in a few, to endurance born of good manners. The guests are mainly indistinguishable from one another. As long as people depend on the illusion that outside themselves, in others, lies wonder and uniqueness, and

continue in these social pursuits, they will never know themselves.

It is true, then, though town life hides that fact, that individual life cannot begin until the illusion of wonderful people presently to be met is vanquished. The whole world, all the scattered people brought together and made known to each other, would soon be like this party, each tested and placed. Even the best of them known as limited. (III: 487)

This is a Prufrockian analysis of the party, and what follows heightens the similarity. More than Miriam's thought process is revealed here. Dorothy Richardson's presence is clearly felt gathering into sharper focus the spectacle before the character's eyes, and filling her mind with specific detail and general observation, in the same way that Eliot controls Prufrock in the dramatic monologue. The pace and diction is, in frequent instances, like Eliot's. The small circle which is the individual's life will reflect the quality of that life, and can supply ample and worthy variety if seen through fresh eyes.

Then domestic life, troglodyte life, is the severest test of quality. The coming to the end of the charm of strangeness. Of exogamy. The making terms and going on, or the hard work of silently discovering near things afresh. Re-thinking them. Keeping them near, as strange things are at first near, and, like strange things, beloved. (III: 488)

The troglodyte image is analogous to Eliot's "pair of ragged claws/Scuttling across the "floors of silent seas," to whom the mermaids, after "the hard work of silently discovering near things afresh," would become "beloved." While Prufrock knew the way to meaningful individuality, of the two, only Miriam has the courage to pursue it.

The triggers of the thought process at work in this section are not difficult to see. Given the setting and the class of the Lycurgan guests, J. Alfred Prufrock's world is naturally called to mind. But Miriam's world, the time of the novel, pre-dates the publication of Eliot's poem; yet the similarities are too striking to ignore. The solution may lie not in what Miriam could have been thinking about, but rather in what Dorothy Richardson was using in The Trap, published in 1925, eight years after Prufrock and Other Observations. Miriam's thought process begins with the Lycurgan party, but moves on to specific kinds of parties, namely weddings. Prufrock's contemplated marriage proposal and his anguished rejection of ~~such~~ an ~~exotic~~ alteration in his life is expressed in the hermitic crab image, and leads to his final alienation from the mermaids who can only reject or ignore him as he is. The word exogamy in The Trap picks up this suggestion which occurs at the end of Prufrock, moving the marriage metaphor into a new area of exploration. Given the setting and time in The Trap, it is chronologically impossible that Miriam should think about Eliot's poem, but Dorothy Richardson need not be so technically confined and can make the poem a suggestive analogy in order to emphasize the meaning of the event. The reading of the passage to this point, based on the poem, can be expressed in this way: Man, like Prufrock, cannot face close scrutiny of himself, nor accept intimate ordinary details of his society as unique and miraculous. Neither is he heroic enough to search for uniqueness elsewhere on

his own initiative. He ought then to be forced to do so, just as the practice of exogamy forces men to marry outside their tribe.

The associations continue with the extension of the marriage motif in a parallel, but now heroic direction.

"What have I to do with thee?" Yes. But that was a man who had a message for every one in the world and very little time to get round with it. Not the voice of one who is weary of the near in space and time and hopes to find the distant more appreciative.

Yet even he demanded a personal allegiance. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." What is love? Who can interpret commandments? They all stood round adoring, begging for explanations and instructions. Perhaps he meant, "You admire what I am. Take my hints. You will find out the rest." (III: 488)

The passage includes the words of Jesus to his mother at the Wedding of Cana where he performs his first miracle, that of changing water into wine.¹ Dorothy Richardson is still concentrating on the main theme of this section of The Trap -- that confronted by the

1. The words also appear in two poems by William Blake: "To Tirzah," Songs of Experience, ll. 4 and 16; and "William Bond," in the Pickering Ms., l. 28. All the poems in this manuscript were published in 1906. The notable similarities of Miriam's thought patterns with those in "To Tirzah" include Jesus's words to his mother at the wedding at Cana; the birth of a child from a marriage union; the shackled senses, like Prufrock's, which are not able to "discover near things afresh"; the alteration of physical limits to expanded individuality, as analogous to Miriam's contemplation of Jesus as individualized hero; the rejection of the mother for greater individuality based on personal conviction of, and dedication to spirituality; the separation into sexes with the departure of spiritual innocence, resulting in the conflict between male and female. "William Bond," too, deals with marriage and the return to a state of union and delight through selfless giving of oneself. William speaks the words to Mary, his betrothed, just before the release from traditional religious bonds unites them. Joyce too quotes Blake's "William Bond" in A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, 294-295.

lures of society and the world the individual may easily succumb unless law or personal strength intervenes. The wedding party at Cana incorporates and unifies the following thoughts to this point: the Lycurgan party scene; the unheroic Prufrockian attitude; exogamy, alluding as well to the Old Testament injunction against this practice; and the imitation of Christ as the new hero.

The Lycurgan party to which Miriam's attention now returns is in direct contrast to her meditation on Christ's lesson: that it is the individual's responsibility to shape his own life on what he recognizes to be the best principles. The people at the party are expecting to undergo a change, but one brought about by an external agency:

Wandering eyes were growing rarer, though still new-comers arrived and toured hopefully. Groups were forming of people masked, or visibly bored, sustaining the familiar. Wit, surrounded, was hard at work. Here and there rival theorists were audible, disarmed by the occasion and affably wrangling. And every one, even the schemers circulating girt and keen, or wearing the veil of nonchalance, waited now for the gathering to do something of itself. For here, for good or ill, in the circling Lycurgan year, was a party, and every one counting on at least a moment's distraction.
(III: 488)

Miriam's adaptation of a tone, not unlike Pope's, when she says "Wit, surrounded, was hard at work" echoes other ironic treatments of similar scenes. Her observations of this group of people, now well-known and loved as familiar things are loved, is not cruelly critical. The Lycurgans are creating a new testament of social evolution; in their midst, as in the biblical analogy, are

individuals whose dedication acts as example to the others:

How intolerable with its challenge, its throwing back the self empty on to the self, and its revelation of the weariness of selves, would be the whole spectacle, but for here and there a figure of sincerity bearing the burdens of the rest, drawing nerve-poisoning influences from the air.

Full, the rooms were now. A moving bright maze of people and amongst them many strangers, guests. A leaven of the unthinking world, as the Lycurgans were the leaven that was to drive through the world of thought. But the strangers were not the zest of the meeting. Now that they were here, with their bearing of eager curiosity or amused polite deference being introduced, talked to, some already the centres of arguing groups, it was through the familiar figures that life seemed most strongly to flow. Again as in family life; the quality of the familiar showing clearest under the beam of an alien light. (III: 488-489)

The coming together of the strange and the familiar, united in the festivities by necessity, is an exogamous situation, containing the miraculous ingredient of contrast. Those who at first seemed so unattractive, so lacking in distinctiveness, are now transformed in Miriam's eyes.

This analysis of the opening paragraphs of the chapter indicates the close relationship between the events, characterization, philosophy, and technique of Pilgrimage. The social engagement is one representation of the trap of the title. Caught by her own desire to be like others of the world -- "doing good works," being a socially graceful and successful modern hostess, -- Miriam involves herself in a life opposed to her natural inclinations that carries her increasingly further away from the solitary pilgrimage she must make in discovering the real purpose of her life. The temptations of social life are hard to resist,

particularly when they are offered by those whom she loves and admires. Try as she will, the surface of life where she might avoid the pain of intimate involvement offers no foothold, and its loneliness is far worse than the difficult and not always peaceful solitude she forsakes.

At the party is her own invited guest, Dr. Densley, the successful and attractive Harley Street physician who has asked her to marry him. He is completely at home in the social world, and looks upon it and all of mankind with the warmest and gentlest feelings. A social occasion brings out the best in him:

Tall and lean and swiftly graceful in all his movements. Yet padded. A lean tall firmly-padded baby. The slight rotundity of his slenderness, like his bantering man-of-the-world society talk, was the radiation of his substantially nourished mind. His mind spoke from his broad unconscious brow. Serene and attentive between his frivolous words and friendly curling hair. A Harley Street brow. Calm where all these Lycurgans were irritable. And in his shapely nose, slightly blunted, like so many professional noses, was the cause, or the expression, or his interest in philosophy. Flirtatious interest, in the intervals of listening for the ever-changing gossip of science and accepting, because they bore out his own kindly experience, the statements of evangelistic religion. (III: 492)

Miriam sees the impossibility of a life with Densley because the power and desire to discriminate, totally lacking in him, would always put them at odds. She had more in common with certain more perceptive Lycurgans than with this man "and his indiscriminate social happiness" (III: 493). She ^{sees a} ~~envisions~~ life with Densley in the comfortable, well-ordered world of the successful professional man, and she knows in advance that in his world of middle class

luxury, fashion, and surface concerns she would be a liability.

She looked round for people upon whom he might exercise his social graces. Who would give him what he needed to keep him at his glowing best. But there were none here of his kind. None who rushed thoughtlessly through ready-made evolutions. Refusal to accept these evolutions at their surface value he would see only as uncharitableness.

Alone together, he and she might make terms. But in his ready-made social surroundings they would at once be antagonists. The so much less sociable, so much more discriminating socialists became suddenly dear, the salt of the earth. They were, after all, little as she knew them, her own people. She thought with them, was ready to act with them. They, and not those others, were her family. (III: 490)

In imagining the domesticity she will have to assume in the environment Densley finds congenial, she realizes that she could never play the part required of her.

Conversation of this type, comfortably fed and arm-chaired men discussing in the presence of deferential wives, was the recreation of his less frivolous leisure. And for the rest, fashionable dinner-parties, opinions about the latest plays and the latest novels, scandals, the comparing of notes about foreign travel, hotels and so on — always the same world, always shut in however far away, with the same assumptions, not about life, for these people never thought about the fact of life, only about the details of living, and about behaviour. His world was ready-made, and clearly now as she watched him for the first time from afar and socially surrounded, she saw that if she went into that world she would fail him; fail just where a rising doctor's wife must be a tower of strength. (III: 493)

Exogamy becomes Miriam's law, for she puts aside any thought of a marriage within the traditions of her family and class.

The marriage motif now applies directly to Miriam. Having decided to reject Densley's proposal because they can never truly understand one another, she assumes the attitude of the woman in the Prufrock poem, whose words "That is not it at all, That is not

what I meant, at all," apply to her own attitude towards the life that might await her. What choice remains to her? Again we are returned to the thought associations in the opening part of the chapter. There are the two alternatives of free love and celibacy. So far as celibacy is concerned, two forms are implied: an affirmative imitation of Christ or a reflection of personal ineffectuality as, for example, Prufrock.

Farewell to Densley is farewell to my one chance of launching into life as my people have lived it. I am left with these strangers — people without traditions, without local references, and who despise marriage, or on principle disapprove of it. And in my mind I agree. Yet affairs not ending in marriage are even more objectionable than marriage. And celibates, outside religion, though acceptable when thought of as alone, are always, socially, a little absurd. Then I must be absurd. Growing absurd. To others, I am already absurd. . . .

Free-lovers seem all in some indefinable way shoddy. Born shoddy. Men as well as women. Marriage is not an institution, it is an intuition. Marriage, or sooner or later absurdity. Free-love is better than absurdity. (III: 495)

Miriam's dialectic resolves itself into what appears to her to be the only way out of the trap. The compromise of free love far from relieving her of doubt, only heightens her sensitivity to those about her at the party who have emancipated themselves in this way: "Yet the free-lovers dancing there seemed both sadness and mockery."

It seems mockery for these people with their brains full of ideas and their bodies decked in protests, to dance. . . .

People from South Place, gravely circling.

"That's not dancing, it's the Ethical Movement."

Shaw. The darling. Religiously enduring. Coming to Lycurgan gatherings as others go to church. (III: 496)

In the end, Miriam decides on a modified form of free love when she takes Hypo Wilson for her lover.

In the circle of clasped hands during the final moments of the party, Miriam's vivid perception of the Lycurgans and her empathic union with them results in a miraculous change in herself. The isolated individuality so precious to her is shattered, and without any essential loss she becomes, like the "I" of Whitman's poetry, one with the world.

The ring, made by those who remained, extended when their linked hands were stretched at arm's length, all the way round the large room. These people were part of the crowd that had stood shouting the refrains of the folk-songs led by the woman on the estrade with the determined voice. Seen thus they had seemed threatening, inhuman; an *édition de luxe* of the noisy elements in a street crowd. And more threatening, because they were driven by ideas. The massed effect of djibbêhs and tweeds and dress-suits, bellowing, was of a wilful culture banded together in defiance of a world it could not see.

But now, standing ringed round the room with linked hands they were charming. Innocent; children linked for a game, dependent on each other. In the midst of them, somehow in the centre to which all their faces were turned, was something beyond the reach of socialism. It sounded even in the dismal notes of Auld Lang Syne with its suggestion of mournful survival from a golden past. 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. (III: 496)

The passage also foreshadows Miriam's communal and individual religious experiences among the Quakers in Dimple Hill. In no sense has she lost her personal identity; she feels as embarrassed as others do in singing with "unusually opened mouths." But in the halting, uneven sound of her own voice she recognizes an analogy to the unsatisfactory pattern of her life and of those to whom she now

feels so closely bound: "She heard her own voice within it and felt as she sang how short and wavering and shapeless was her life, and short and wavering even the most shapely lives about her" (III: 497).

The mood of unity and understanding is rudely interrupted in the final moments of the chapter with the breaking of the circle, symbolically emphasizing Miriam's impression of the uncertain symmetry of life and anticipating her own official break with the Lycurgans.¹

As the dismal refrain was lifting its third monotonous howl there came from behind her, where a door opened on to a cloakroom, a woman's voice, angry, deep, and emphatic, like an ox roaring at a gate. Her hand was torn from her nearest companion's and the newcomer was in the ring singing with stern lustiness below a hat askew. The last words of the song echoed round the room upon the might of her voice. (III: 497)

The symbolism of the ring is obvious, and relates directly to the marriage metaphor. The break in the circle of clasped hands is further symbolic, not only of Miriam's later resignation from the Lycurgans, but of the end of her love affair with Wilson, an ardent Lycurgan at the moment. The experience of unity derived from the circle and the resultant humane illumination leads eventually to Miriam's Quaker phase.

1. In Dimple Hill, both Miriam and Hypo Wilson indicate that they are resigning from the Lycurgan Society. In their conversation Miriam compresses her reasons, indicated more fully in earlier passages:

"I am sending in my resignation."

"Wise Miriam. So am I. Retiring from futility."

"Not so much futility as blindness. You see them as standing still, marking time. I feel they are marching, in increasing battalions, in the wrong direction." (IV: 548-549)

Although Miriam's dissatisfaction with Lycurgan socialism is basically spiritual, she is also in practical disagreement with their aims. From her earliest discovery of Quakerism to the time when she finds great spiritual compatibility with the Friends during her stay at the Roscorla farm in Dimple Hill, the instinctive socialist in her seems to be satisfied by the harmony of Quaker life. Nevertheless, Miriam's socialistic attitude towards practical matters of trade, rent, land ownership, and wealth contributes to the reasons for her being eased out of the Quakers' inner circle, while the animosity it arouses in the Roscorlas shows how far she is from finding in an already established tradition, a convenient niche for her curious combination of ideas and attitudes. In conversation with a Quaker intellectual visiting the Roscorlas, Miriam utters the "fatal remark" which turns her into a "kind of a monster." While they are discussing trade and commerce, many associated thoughts about the Stock Exchange and "the iniquity of dealing in money" occur to her:

. . . so long as any one was starving it was wrong to have even a post office account; a mean little nest-egg.

"Money ought not to be saved."

Only that. Just an encircling statement for him to think over. . . .

Ensnared in meditation, Mayne had not noticed the quality of the stillness about the table. Its lively disapproval had reached and wakened her with the force of a blow. Full realization of enormity had come before she looked up to see the flush upon Alfred's pale face, Rachel Mary's discomposure, Richard stern and stormy, with clamped lips.

All eyes averted, save those of Mrs Roscorla, whose wide depths, as they gazed across the table, held hatred as well as scorn. (Dimple Hill, IV: 531)

Miriam's utterance is more timely than fatal, for it reveals a facet of the Quakers she had not seen before. If they had misunderstood her, their lack of charity towards her separated them at once. If their stress on personal frugality meant their desertion of universal responsibility there was no common meeting ground between them. The circle of Friends around the table, in harmony and unity one moment and broken easily the next, was no stronger than that of the Lycurgans.

3

The evolving pattern of Miriam's practical socialism is based on certain convictions which Lycurganism does not support, and as her confidence in her ability to judge and communicate her judgments grow, she moves further away from the Society. At the same time her desire for independence asserts itself with a renewed emphasis on individuality. In Clear Horizon two forms of social service are rejected: the religion-oriented social work of Selina Holland, whose growing dependence on Miriam becomes burdensome; and the aggressive scientific and technocratic socialism of Hypo Wilson. The differing viewpoints of Miriam and Wilson are briefly stated in a conversation when he is "wondering whether, against one's principles, one has to invent, for Miriam, a special category."

"Everybody is a special category."

"Even for an inexorable individualist, isn't that a little ---"

"Excessive? Not more than the individuality of individuals. Within society. Within socialism, if you like. But socialism, I believe now, is not something that has to be made to come, but is here, particularly in aristocratic England, as plain as a pikestaff. But it's a secret society, with unwritten laws that can't be taught. Inside these laws, the individual is freer and more individual than anywhere else."

"Socialism won't come of itself. It has to be written about and talked about --- everywhere. Now the Lycurgan, if you like, is trying to be a secret society. That's what we've got to bust up."

But it couldn't be written about unless it existed. And talking about it makes people suspicious. And makes one begin to doubt. Anything that can be put into propositions is suspect. The only thing that isn't suspect is individuality." (Clear Horizon. IV: 327-328)

Because organizations can only partially satisfy the interest and enthusiasm of the individual, they have no lasting meaning for Miriam. But for Hypo they are the necessary means to an end, and are to be thought of only as such, with no greater purpose. Miriam's insistence on total effect as the result of complete involvement in living is directly stated in their continuing discussion.

There are so many directions one can move in. You see, there are so many societies. Each with its secret. And whenever one, whatever it calls itself --- because, mind you, even the different social classes are secret societies --- seems likely, or is said to be seeming likely, to get everything into its own hands, I feel, no matter how much I admire it, that something is going wrong. And since, except in spirit, one cannot join all the societies with equal enthusiasm, one cannot whole-heartedly join any. Because all are partial, and to try to identify oneself with one is immediately to be reminded, even reproached, by the rightness of the others. Besides, the people inside the societies suspect you unless you appear to despise the other societies. Which in a way you must do if you are going to do

anything. You must believe that you, or your group, are absolutely right and that everybody else is walking in darkness. That is what makes life so fearfully difficult if you have got out of your first environment and the point of view that belonged to it. I'm willing to be electrocuted. But only altogether, not partially. Only by something that can draw me along without reservations."

"I believe you capable of devotion, Miriam. It's one of your attractions. But you evade. And you're a perfectionist, like most young people. But all this admirable young loyalty and singleness of purpose must attach itself somewhere, or fizzle wastefully out." (IV: 330-331)

Fragmentation, whether in the social or personal order, is a refutation of the integrity of existence and the unity of men. Accepting fragments and separations on the organizational level while expecting such organizations to unite men in some kind of brotherhood is fallacious. For Miriam, reality is not evolutionary, that is, becoming; reality is central, unchanging essence, Reality is being. The awareness of this essential presence in oneself and recognition of it in others constitutes the unchanging reality underlying flux. When this metaphysics is applied to social evolution, the distinctive quality of Miriam's socialism is clear. A better world for the succeeding generations must not be a different world, although changes in its superficial structure will occur.

. . . I can see that new world in all sorts of ways. But it must also be the same world, to be real to me. It's finding the same world in another person that moves you to your roots. The same world in two people, in twenty people, in a nation. It makes you feel that you exist and can go on. Your sense of the world and of the astonishingness of there being anything anywhere, let alone what there seems to be turning out to be, is confirmed when you find the same world and the same accepted astonishment in someone else. . ."

"Wherever two or three are gathered together" — by anything

whatsoever -- there, in the midst of them, is something that is themselves and more than themselves. (IV: 333)¹

Given this position, the world and mankind can have, at any given moment, what the reformers only dream of as future events.

Wilson of course objects. His argument, stemming from his scientific disposition of thought and masculinely aggressive will to do, to change, to accomplish, accepts reality as flux without which there is no existence. Therefore, his socialist reality is expressed in a socialist movement and as social progress.

"What we've got to go on to isn't in the least, thank heaven, the same world. Life, especially speeded up, modern life, if we're to get anything done, doesn't, dear Miriam, admit of intensive explorations of the depths of personalities. I doubt if it ever did, even in the spacious days when quite simple people got much more of a show than any one can get to-day. People used to sit confronted, in a world which appeared to be standing still, and make romantic journeys into each other. That sort of attitude lingers and dies hard. But to-day we are on the move, we've got to be on the move, or things will run away with us. We're engaged in a race with catastrophe. We can win. But only in getting abreast and running ahead."

"Running where?"

"Away from the wrong sort of life-illusion, Miriam. If we don't, any one who chooses to look can see, plainly, what is upon us." . . .

"As plain as the nose on my face." And away, out there, the lovely, strange, unconscious life of London went on, holding the secret of the fellowship of its inhabitants. If these should achieve communal consciousness, it would never be the kind he represented and seemed to think the world might be coerced, by himself and his followers, into acquiring.
(IV: 334)

Miriam argues that the final harmony of the world lies not in

1. This passage owes more to Emersonian Transcendentalism than to the Sermon on the Mount as is apparent by the transference of Christ's words from their religious context to the social order.

institutions changed by injunction, but in men unchanged from what they are in essence, illuminated from within by that essential reality of which they seem at the moment not entirely aware.

Such an affirmative social view is rare among the English writers of the twentieth century. Far from being a Sunday school attitude, it takes into account human failure, not as accident nor conveniently, as the absence of good, but as wilful aberration that overcomes the lasting and immutable. Human social responsibility is not calculated on the greatest good for the greatest number, but on the particular need in the particular instance. Miriam's concerns rest on the individual, and therefore on herself as well. When she pauses in her private pilgrimage to become involved in the lives of others, her decision is made, if sometimes reluctantly, as a response to the immediate condition; it is not based on preconceived social formulae. Her social consciousness is existential, not dogmatic. Although Miriam is tempted by the companionship of social circles and societies, she refuses to abandon her long range objectives:

Whenever I am reminded of things I should like, playing games, dancing, having access to music and plays, I feel that if I were to make efforts to get these things the incidental prices would rob me of what I want more. Fighting and clutching destroys things before you get them; or destroys you. (Clear Horizon, IV: 330)

Yet she is more than intuitively disposed to social action; she actively seeks it in her early Lycurgan phase. When confronted by dependence, she fulfils her role as long as possible, or finds a

better solution. Her attitude is unmarked by collectivism, although she has a singular appreciation for the aesthetics of community as a social grouping having a unique shape. Miriam, the Tory-anarchist, will give you the shirt off her back, but she will never share it with you.

Dorothy Richardson's is not the tragic view, for if it were, such existential entanglements would conclude with a Faulknerian or Conradian tragic impact. Although hers is not the dark pessimistic mind of Mark Twain, her heroine on pilgrimage is more in the tradition of Huckleberry Finn, whose initially reluctant but deeply compassionate involvement is the gauge of his growth in time, and of the quality of his never changing being. Nevertheless, Miriam is no Panglos, nor is Dorothy Richardson. This is not the best of all possible worlds.¹ We live in an unnatural world, and its fallen

1. See "Comments by a Layman," The Dental Record, XXXIX, 6 (June 1919) 214-216. Dorothy Richardson wrote for this monthly professional journal from 1912 to 1922. During the war years, 1915-1919, her series, "Comments by a Layman," appeared regularly. Upwards of fifty articles, signed and unsigned, are known to have appeared in the Record. They deal with a variety of subjects related to the developing science of dentistry. She was well qualified to write about dental problems both from the professional as well as layman's viewpoint, having been employed as a dental secretary for ten years (1896-1906) by a Harley Street dentist. (See the unpubl. diss., New York University, 1961, by Gloria Glikin, "Dorothy Richardson's Pilgrimage: A Critical Study," pp. 70-71.) Towards the end of her years as a dental secretary, she was already publishing in Crank. The Dental Record articles show a developed expository style well suited to journalistic purposes, unencumbered by the scientific jargon frequently found in material designed to inform the public. Her object is to dispense information to those associated in some way with the dental profession on subjects that are peripheral to the actual techniques of dentistry, but which are related to the subject as a whole: the relationship of diet to dental health; developing standards of training in other countries; conflicts

state is witnessed by the chicanery of politics, the inequability of economics, the uncertainty of health, and even the pangs of child-birth. The dark side of the human heart is illuminated by the glint of gold, and the dark side of human nature is motivated by the economics of self-interest. The following excerpt from her brief discussion of gold as power is a striking analogue to the image of Orwell's ominous spreading chestnut tree where "I bought you and you bought me."

• • • the commonest use of gold has been for barter and exchange. There it has been all-powerful. Almost. Here and there it has been challenged. But so far, nearly always, men have been, and still are, bought and sold. This sounds like a gospel of despair until one reflects that at any rate we know, at last, what we are doing; all of us more or less, and no longer a rare soul here and there, know increasingly the meaning for humanity at large, of economic pressure. No man may blame his neighbour. We are all within the gilded cage, more or less.¹

The total impact of Dorothy Richardson's socially oriented articles and essays, representing the considered opinion of a sensitive, perceptive, humane, and mature intelligence, is neither diminished nor diluted by the aesthetic demands of creative writing. Her ideas are not evolving during the process of writing, but are already tested and fixed. Only their fluidity and application are seen as evolutionary, not the basic premises. Dorothy Richardson

of interest between various branches of dental practices as, for example, between dentists and dental mechanics; reports on books and articles in foreign languages having particular interest for British dentists; oddities and anecdotes relating, if even obliquely, to dentists, garnered from diverse sources; the place of women in dental practice; the socialization of dentistry; the nature of science and scientific investigation; and the war's effect on dentistry, health, and life generally.

1. *Ibid.*, XXXVIII, 5 (May 1918), 215.

is already approaching middle age when she begins her career as a writer, and experimentation in ideas as well as form is a luxury which neither interests nor tempts her. Her search for the appropriate form in fiction is glimpsed in her more creative anecdotal essays; but in the main they indicate a developing finesse in handling her materials with greater efficiency and effect, just as the individual novels of Pilgrimage show an already established sense of fitting expression for the stages of Miriam's developing awareness and growing maturity. Dorothy Richardson's socially oriented articles are, therefore, not the romantic, revolutionary flights of a youthful rebel, but the result of a natural inclination of thought and feeling towards an undogmatic socialism, combined with the practical and diversified life experience of a mature woman aware of, and active in, the events of her own time.

PART TWO

INNOCENCE OF EYE: THE CREATIVE CONSCIOUSNESS

CHAPTER IV
THE ROLE OF THE READER

1

In Dorothy Richardson's miscellaneous writings there are only a few brief pieces devoted to the aesthetics and techniques of the novel. Even these are highly individualistic and impressionistic in expression.¹ Nevertheless, during her long writing career, substantial material on the theory of literature was incorporated either implicitly or explicitly in what she wrote. As a result, sufficient detail emerges about her attitude towards the genre, her problems in finding her own method of expression, and her practical application of literary and non-literary experience. In sketchy autobiographical data secured from her with great difficulty by a few anthologers and critics, in her own critical reviews, and in Pilgrimage itself, the ideas shaping her art and her approach to creative writing become clear. Like her social consciousness, her

1. As I have already indicated in the Introduction, in order to present Dorothy Richardson's views, many of which are subjectively initiated, I have endeavoured to avoid critical comment or dispute with these views. Where her critical attitudes to other writers or ideas seem, on the surface, to be either unorthodox or erroneous, I have interpreted or explained them as arising from her total aesthetic and social view.

aesthetic vision is intuitive and consistent; it undergoes no major alteration, but is refined through experience and discipline, and given full expression in Pilgrimage. Because the initial step into the world of literature is through reading, this activity, raised to the status of a creative art, analogous and complementary to the art of writing, is given close, serious attention by Dorothy Richardson.

In a brief discussion for an anthology of writers' opinions in 1921, Dorothy Richardson indicated the qualities and compositional elements of the experimental novel during the immediate post-World War period.¹ Her review of romance and realism shows marked reservations about both traditional approaches, although there is an implied preference for romance. While a romance may be fantastic and allegorical, to readers it "will still afford . . . in the hands of a master, the vast recreation of vicarious living, expansion of consciousness, ennoblement, or a wholesome despair." Realism, on the other hand, dealing as it does with the average conditions of the average man, "perpetually redescribing character, and the movement of events, perpetually reconstructing environment," is scientifically and sociologically oriented. Typical characters, timeless events, and "vast stage" of action are realism's conspicuous features. The novel's new form is the result of the reaction against both traditional romance and realism. The "new" novel, as Dorothy Richardson calls it, will be concerned with an individualized

1. The Future of the Novel, 90-91.

character in his particularized environment, but character and setting will be realized through the interplay of his awareness of his own existence and that of the world. The character's specific consciousness of the astonishing fact of existence unites realism with romance, and is the basis of a unique aesthetic experience for both writer and reader.

The third form of the novel, still in its infancy, whose exponents are unable to accept either the demons and fairies of romance or the "facts" of "nature-study" as adequate accounts of the world, and place their emphasis on the individual, whether "average" or exceptional, will continue to hold writer and reader at home in the universal marvel of existence. It may be described either as a reaction from realism, though within it realism finds its fullest aesthetic development, or as a new birth of romance; romance at last become real and brought home to stay. For just as it is realism at its fullest aesthetic development, so also it is romance in its simplest, truest form. Where it reaches its aim, it weaves for the reader the eternal romance of his own existence and demonstrates that aesthetic recreation is to be had not only by going far enough out, but also by coming near enough home. (91)

The novel of the future for which "only rough outlines have been drawn," will be rooted in the individual and directed towards the individual. Fidelity to individuality of character will prevent the formation of rigid rules of classification. On the whole, Dorothy Richardson expects the novel of the future to contain what she regards as the best features of the traditional novel.

It may be that the immediate development of the more recent experiments will produce an old-pattern, three-volume novel with the unities holding sway as never before, in its midst one person, one spot of earth, one moment of time. But the possibilities are various, and as they are worked out the new form will be found to be, not in opposition, but related to, throwing into relief, sometimes amplifying and interpreting, what has gone before. (91)

Furthermore, she sees the novel of the future as intensifying certain qualities of traditional fiction: the limiting of attention to the specific consciousness of characters and exploring it in depth; highlighting the character's individuality rather than his universality -- in other words, giving the utmost emphasis to the particularities of consciousness without regard to their general application to the rest of mankind. The reader would become involved in terms of his specific experience in life, rather than as generalized man. As usual, he would supply another dimension to the work, but now, and ideally, the new dimension would result from a more profound contemplative activity. In any aesthetically satisfying reading experience, the character's consciousness recreated within the reader's consciousness involves the reader in a creative act analogous to the writer's. But the novel of the future demands that the multiple consciousness resulting from a successfully maintained unity of the reader, artist, and work be sufficiently diversified, complex, and individualized to probe deeply and examine specifically both objective and subjective reality. The traditional relationships of writer, reader, and novel are called into intenser activity. For Dorothy Richardson, the "new" novel, as she calls it, will be the supreme example of fusion between the author's art and his vision, transmuting the particularities of traditional realism by depicting the internal and individualized capacities of the character, and eliciting the most concentrated internal and individualized response from the

reader. By approaching romance and realism freshly, the "new" novel will avoid the naivety of allegorical timelessness or sociological timeliness, as well as fantastic exceptionality or psychological averageness.¹

Dorothy Richardson's study of technique was most rewarded by her reading of Henry James and Joseph Conrad, both of whom she regarded as "Amongst the novelists my men-gods."² However, their shortcomings lay in their confining focus on character, and in James especially, in a narrowly circumscribed view of the world. Her discontent with the traditional novel is dramatized throughout Pilgrimage, for it is not until Miriam comes upon The Ambassadors that she discovers a satisfactory method, a perfected style. James's limitations lie in his persistent and interfering presence through the very technique that is designed to render him invisible.

This man was a monstrous unilluminated pride. And joy in him was a mark of the same corruption. Pride in discovering the secrets of his technique. Pride in watching it labour with the development of the story. . . .

But the cold ignorance of this man was unconscious. And therefore innocent. And it was he after all who had achieved the first completely satisfying way of writing a novel. If this were a novel. There was something holy about it. Something to make, like Conrad, the heavens rejoice.
(The Trap, III: 409-410)

1. Cf. May Sinclair's comments on the novel's evolving form. Ibid., 87-89. She recognizes both Dorothy Richardson's and James Joyce's method as best illustrating the development of the "synthetic psychological novel." She presents her views in greater detail than Dorothy Richardson, but they are essentially the same. Reader involvement with the consciousness of the character through which the reality of the created life is directly experienced, without the filtering agency of a perceivable creator, "provides a more thorough-going unity than any other, for there is nothing more fundamental than the unity of consciousness." The phrase "the new novel" was used, of course, by Henry James in 1914 for the title of his well-known essay on contemporary writers, such as Conrad and Wells.

2. Louise Morgan, "How Writers Work: Dorothy Richardson," Everyman, (October 22, 1931), 400

Although James's point of view set Dorothy Richardson on the way to reaching her own creative method, she continued to have reservations about his vision of his created world. In 1921 she explores the problem of material and technique in a very brief review of a novel showing a marked Jamesian influence.¹

Nearly as much attention is paid to James as to the book's author. Her criticism is particularly directed towards James's attitude rather than his technique. His is a "shut-in world of advantageously-placed people, guests in a hotel whose being and smooth running are taken for granted." From this image of his created world it is only a step for her to visualize him metaphorically in the actual world.

I saw James conceiving his masterpieces in a vast submarine tank; a kindly octopus with a gentle, penetrating eye, encircling his victims only to examine and let them go. He mistook his tank for the ocean of life, and when, at the last, its exquisitely encrusted walls were battered and perforated, he recoiled after one horrified glance at the outer immensities, to recover as far as he might, his sense of beautiful enclosure.²

1. "The Perforated Tank," *Fanfare*, I, 2 (October 15, 1921), 29; a review of E.B.C. Jones, *The Singing Captives*.

2. See the suggestion for the metaphor's origin made by Joseph Prescott, "Seven Letters from Dorothy M. Richardson," *The Yale University Library Gazette*, XXXIII, 3 (January 1959), 102-111: "The image may have been inspired by James himself; cf. 'The Middle Years' in *The Novels and Tales of Henry James*, New York Edition, XVI (1909), 81: He dived once more into his story and was drawn down, as by a siren's hand, to where, in the dim underworld of fiction, the great glazed tank of art, strange silent subjects float" (105n). Of this review, Dorothy Richardson apparently recalled only the reference to James, "naughtily comparing him to an octopus in a sub-marine tank which he mistook for the universe" (105).

A superficial similarity exists between Dorothy Richardson's and H.G. Wells's views about James. Yet she regards James, along

When in 1938 she wrote the Foreword to the omnibus edition of Pilgrimage, reviewing the development of the new form of the novel of which her own was in the vanguard, James was again described with a wit in no way meant to detract from her admiration of his style. Nevertheless, it emphasizes her consistently held resistance to the narrowness of his vision.

. . . the role of pathfinder was declared to have been played by a venerable gentleman, a charmed and charming high priest of nearly all the orthodoxies, inhabiting a softly lit enclosure he mistook, until 1914, for the universe, and celebrated by evolving, for the accommodation of his vast tracts of urbane commentary, a prose style demanding, upon the first reading, a perfection of sustained concentration akin to that which brought it forth, and bestowing, again upon the first reading, the recreative delights peculiar to this form of spiritual exercise." (I: 11)

The "spiritual exercise," the reader-writer unity of consciousness in the creative experience, plays a prominent part in Dorothy Richardson's work. Her inner eye had always been on the author of any book she read, and this preoccupation with the techniques and attitudes of other writers during her early journalistic period was hardly surprising. In the Crank reviews her

with Conrad, as her "men-gods" among novelists. James's technique is an admitted influence on her own approach to the novel. See below, Part Four, Chapter 10. One is reminded of William James's plea in a letter addressed to his brother (May 4, 1907), "your method seems perverse: 'Say it out, for God's sake' they cry, 'and have done with it'." William James's good-humored description is not unlike Dorothy Richardson's characterization of Henry James. Both are affectionate criticisms compared with Wells's attack in Boon: "It is like a church lit but without a congregation to distract you, with every light and line focused on the high altar. And on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely there, is a dead kitten, an egg-shell, a bit of string."

sensitivity to the mood of the writer at the time of writing enabled her to depict him in the act of creation, conveying the sense of having made contact with his very being.¹ This highly personal critical method is basic to Dorothy Richardson's own experience as a reader, as a reviewer, and as a creative writer.

During this period when her theories of critical technique were being formed through the practical experience of an "apprenticeship in the pages of a vivid, if obscure, anarchist monthly,"² two reviews are particularly pertinent. The first of these is a review of Vallance Cook's Should Socialists Be Christians, in which Dorothy Richardson presents a theory of the art of reviewing, and thereby of reading and criticism, important to the understanding of her creative work and thought.³ The problem presenting itself to the reviewer is one of approach: what is "the best way of dealing with a book when it falls to one's lot to bring it to the notice of readers" (311). Two possibilities suggest themselves. The first is to deal exclusively with the book's content, to say what the book is about: "This is a book about a man who lives in a hollow tree on Salisbury Plain, and has written down all his thoughts; and this is about a woman who killed people,

1. See especially, "The Reading of the Jungle," The Crank: An Unconventional Magazine, IV, 9 (September 1906), 293; "Down with the Lords," Ye Crank and The Open Road, V, 5 (May 1907), 261; "The Future in America," ibid., V 2 (February 1907), 96. See above, Part One, Chapter II.

2. "Beginnings: A Brief Sketch," Ten Contemporaries, ed., John Gawsworth, 195-198.

3. "Notes about a book purporting to be about Christianity and Socialism," Ye Crank and The Open Road, V, 6 (June 1907), 311-315.

and made them into sandwiches" (311). This approach is non-critical, presenting "in the simplest possible language what there is in a book materially" (312). It was the method favored by Crank's editor Charles Daniel, and frequently followed by Dorothy Richardson.

The second plan is to deal critically not only with the book's form and content, but what is more important, with the author's mind and attitude. This approach would "allow one's self to say, the man who wrote this book was obviously both blind and dunderheaded, do not attach the slightest importance to anything he says, and proceed to substantiate one's attitude by dealing with his, to criticise the book, in fact" (311). Dorothy Richardson favors this qualitative method, for she can now examine the very consciousness of the author, regardless of the material content of his book. The better method, then, is "to regard it (let me whisper that there is only one way of regarding a book), as a psychological study of the author, and deal with it as such" (311). She means by the psychological study of the author the quality of thought and prevailing attitudes, preferences, and prejudices, either consciously or unconsciously revealed by him in his book. She does not imply clinical analysis of his subconscious life. The writer's consciousness, illuminated by what, how, and why he has written, emerges to the reader's consciousness so that the perceived attitude towards the subject is precisely understood.

The second important review, of A.R. Orage's book on Nietzsche,

is an early example of the practical application of her theory.¹ The review opens with a retelling of the tale of the tumbler who offers his acrobatic performance as a gift to the Virgin. The acceptance of the gift by the holy presence is sensed by the monks who are surreptitiously observing him. The event emphasizes to them the individuality necessary even in matters of the spirit, which brings forth the best expression and clearest revelation of the self. The tale is used as a reviewer's parable; the search for the consciousness of the author and its discovery, illuminated in his attitude intuited from the book, are what the reviewer seeks to communicate. The material of the book, like the acrobatics in the legend, is a means to this end, not an end in itself. It would be an error to suppose that if the author's creative consciousness is perceived, the book is automatically first-rate. What may be revealed is a consciousness limited or confused or hampered by incomplete verbal expression.

. . . nothing is clearer to the reader of this book than that Mr. Orage has found himself -- has found for the present the source for him of life and rejoicing in the mind of Friedrich Nietzsche. And it has made him fruitful after his kind. He has attempted to show forth, to tell us what it is that he has seen -- what is this great thing, this dominating impression of his inner life, this radiance which has overwhelmed him; and he succeeds in conveying to us his own sense of the immensity of that which he has witnessed. He is

1. "Nietzsche," The Open Road, New Series, I, 5 (November 1907), 243-248. The critical writings of A.R. Orage, editor of The New Age from 1908 to 1921, "insist steadily on the critic's duty to distinguish decisively between the first-rate and the second-rate, and they employ both crushing irony and also close poetic analysis." John Holloway, "The Literary Scene," The Modern Age, ed., Boris Ford, 88-89.

like unto a man who has just seen a wonder pass down the street, and comes in hurried and excited testifying to nothing so clearly as the fact of his own intense perturbation. He is bewitched by what he has seen, and can do nothing but gesticulate. (245)

Orage, as a critic examining Nietzsche, is like the spectators to the miracle of the tumbler, who only sense the divine presence, yet understand the meaning of its coming as underscoring the uniqueness of the human soul and its expression. Again like the spectators, he is unable fully to articulate his understanding of Nietzsche's vision, but the message with which he is inspired radiates through "many pages of intellectual gold dust" (245).

In a book like Orage's that is particularly author-, rather than subject-, centered, Dorothy Richardson's theoretical approach is most clearly seen. The strengths and weaknesses of both the book and the author are implicitly or explicitly indicated. The rare occasions when the reader's attention is allowed to focus on Nietzsche and which release him from the enveloping enthusiasm of Orage's consciousness are "like clear maps interleaving a treatise on geography" (246), and this is achieved through direct quotation from Nietzsche's works. The effect of the author's presentation of Nietzsche as "the greatest 'European event since Goethe,' 'thundering and lightening,' with 'Superman as his goal,'" is unintentionally mitigated by the philosopher's own words, revealing him also as "quiet and gentle, luminous and tender." Orage does not fully realize that what has truly inspired him is Nietzsche the "poet, clear eyed and articulate." Since Dorothy Richardson is

writing a critical appraisal of a critical appraisal, she is justified in examining the quality of the author's mind, and takes the opportunity of applying her theory of the writer-reader-book relationship. Where the author is so much in evidence, the reader has a difficult task in approaching the book's intended subject. As a result, the work is a "complete revelation of Nietzscheanism" in Orage's terms, but fortunately "does not . . . altogether obscure Nietzsche" (248).

2

The specific creative consciousness of the artist is transmitted in his work to a sensitive audience capable of a recreative response to his art. Both Dorothy Richardson's theoretical views and her practice indicate that the reviewer-critic's response to the novelist's consciousness as revealed in the imagined world of his novel should be analytic and critical. But the initial process by which any reader joins forces with the novelist in recreating the imagined world is synthetic, not analytic. In attempting to recapture the precise impression of character, event, and setting that the novelist has and seeks to transmit, demands are made upon the reflective capacity of the reader. The non-analytic attitude seeks the exactness of impressions rather than their meaning or even the novelist's ideas derived from the effect of his own impressions. Analysis which she sees as the masculine faculty, separates the reader from the

work, and thereby from the creative unity essential to the primary contemplation of the work. Synthesis, the feminine faculty, combines through cooperation, the three disparate elements of the aesthetic experience — creator, creation, beholder — for each becomes part of the other two while maintaining an independent and unique existence.

The contemplative phase allows no critical intrusion on the part of the reader. Particularly in reading aloud vocal expression is ideally to be avoided, because expression is comment. This further refinement, designed to keep before the reader in the primary contemplative phase the shape and sound that the work itself has, is formulated by Miriam in The Tunnel. She overhears Mrs. Orly, the wife of one of the dentists for whom she works, reading aloud at tea. Not only is the work itself kept intact by Mrs. Orly's reading, but her own view and way of life is implicit in her method, without overpowering the text. Mrs. Orly's method tells much about herself, while letting the book speak for itself.

The sound of reading came from the den — a word-mouthing, word-slurring monotonous drawl — thurrah-thurrah-thurrah; thurrah thurrah . . . a single beat, on and on, the words looped and forced into it without any discrimination, the voice dropping uniformly at the end of each sentence . . . thrah. . . . An Early Victorian voice, giving reproachful instruction to a child . . . a class of board-school children reciting. . . . extraordinary to read any sort of text like that . . . but there was something in it, something nice and good . . . listening carefully you would get most of the words. It would be better to listen to than a person who read with intelligent modulations, as if they had written the thing themselves; like some men read . . . and irritatingly intelligent women . . . who knew they were

intelligent. But there ought to be clear . . . enunciation. Not expression -- that was like commenting as you read; getting at the person you were reading to . . . who might not want to comment in the same way. Reading, with expression, really hadn't any expression. How wonderful -- of course. Mrs. Orly's reading had an expression; a shape. It was exactly like the way they looked at things; exactly; everything was there; all the things they agreed about, and the things he [Mr. Orly] admired in her . . . things that by this time she knew he admired. . . . She was conscious of these things . . . that was the difference between her and her sister, who had exactly the same things but had never been admired . . . standing side by side exactly alike, the sister like a child -- clear with a sharp fresh edge; Mrs. Orly with a different wisdom . . . softened and warm and blurred . . . conscious, and always busy distracting your attention, but with clear eyes like a child, too. (II: 61-62)

The method of reading is feminine, the effect unaggressive, unqualified, uncritical.

In contrast to this method is dramatic reading where the personality of the reader forces itself upon the attention of the audience. This technique serves to magnify the reader, destroying the harmonious relationship essential to the contemplation of the work. It prevents any inter-penetration of the multiple consciousness engendered by the cooperative imagination. Men, and intellectually masculinized women, given the analytic, assertive character of their consciousness, are most often the offenders.

A man's reading was not reading; not a looking and a listening so that things came into the room. It was always an assertion of himself. Men read in loud harsh unnatural voices, in sentences, or with voices that were a commentary on the text, as if they were telling you what to think . . . they preferred reading to being read to; they read as if they were the authors of the text. Nothing could get through them but what they saw. They were like showmen. . . . (II: 261)

The problem in the cooperative phase is the intelligent mind's predilection for analysis, and it is a problem faced by reader and writer alike. But the point at which the artist turns from judging the actual world and begins fashioning his imagined world, is that point where the reader can forgo analysis, comprehending through contemplation what is being created. This demands of both writer and reader an "innocence of eye." The phrase occurs in Dorothy Richardson's answer to a questionnaire on the artist's relationship to and involvement in contemporary life.¹ She says that she feels no compulsion to write directly or indirectly on current states of affairs. However, this does not mean that art is irrelevant to the life of the times. Overcoming temporal limits, art pertains directly to life by engaging the meditative capacity of man in the creative experience:

. . . the relevance of "art," of all kinds and on all levels, to "existing conditions," at all times and in all places, resides in its power to create, or arouse, and call into operation (but not to direct -- that is the business of ethics) the human faculty of contemplation. In other words: while subject to the influence of a work of art, we are ourselves artists, supplying creative collaboration in the form of a reaction of the totality of our creative and constructive and disinterested being rather than with our partial, which usually means interested and calculating being. The contemplation fostered by art is, like the eye of the artist, innocent. In so far, therefore, as art tends to cultivate, in humanity, innocence of eye, it operates upon "states of affairs."

Reading, then, is a real experience; that is, it coincides with the apprehension of reality as a private, immutable

1. "The Artist and the World To-Day," ed., Geoffrey West, The Bookman (London), May 1934, 94.

unqualified state. It resolves the paradox of progressive action in time through the continuous contemplation of the reality presented to the reader. Apprehension of the reality underlying the created world by the reader's consciousness, itself separate and distinct, brings about the awareness of the writer's consciousness as well. The synthesis of the three-fold consciousness brings into existence a new state, profoundly aesthetic and creative, in which there is a realization of self, artist and work, simultaneously one and distinct.

CHAPTER V
THE SEARCH FOR THE AUTHOR

1

The consciousness of the writer is what the novel primarily reveals. Dorothy Richardson makes this point again and again, beginning as we have seen in her June 1907 review for Crank, and continuing wherever the occasion allows in other essays, articles, and in Pilgrimage. In 1948, when she was nearly seventy-five years old, she wrote again in some detail on the emergence of a psychological picture created by the novelist of himself.¹ The essay ranges broadly over the modern novel, while generalizing about the especially prolific category of detective fiction. The device of the essay is the imagined effect the modern novel and its readers would have upon Jane Austen "could she come among us to-day." The essay grows out of Jane Austen's own "impassioned defence of the novel" in Northanger Abbey: on the one hand, against "the reviewers [who] abuse such effusions of fancy at their leisure and over every new novel . . . talk in threadbare strains of the trash with which the press now groans;" and on the other hand, against the apologetic novel reader's "general

1. "Novels," Life and Letters, LVI, 127 (March 1948), 188-192.

wish of decrying the capacity and undervaluing the labour of the novelist, and of slighting the performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them" (188). These same readers have acted without embarrassment and with much pride, to being found "engaged with a volume of the Spectator." Dorothy Richardson suggests that although the attitude towards supposedly superior reading material has not changed, the material itself has. In place of the characteristic romances of the earlier age is the modern detective novel, read universally, even if somewhat apologetically, by the more cultivated, while in place of the Spectator is "a novel by Proust, Joyce, or Virginia Woolf" (189). Not only does Dorothy Richardson affirm the ascendancy of the novel in the twentieth century, ~~but~~ she goes on to stress the scope of its explorations of the world and human experience, so that even through a judicious selection of "to-day's detective stories you have experienced invaluable conducted tours" (190). The implication is that the development of the novel has lent greater artistic significance to what is generally regarded as a sub-literary form. In the hands of talented writers like Sayers and Innes, detective stories "turn out to be novels indeed: 'performances which have genius, wit, and taste to recommend them.'"

Genius, wit, and taste derive from the novelist, are reflected in his novel, and evoke these qualities in the reader. Every novel is a "conducted tour" into "the personality of the author who, willy-nilly, and whatever be his method of approach,

must present the reader with the writer's self-portrait." Whatever technique he may employ in presenting his material, "he will reveal whether directly or by implication, his tastes, his prejudices, and his philosophy. . . . it is, the revealed personality of the writer that ultimately attracts or repels." Dorothy Richardson's search for the author is based on this principle.

Certain conditions either simplify the search or make contact with the author difficult or incomplete. When the novelist's vision coincides with the reader's so that recognition is immediate, a total and willing cooperation results. Where the reader's response is antipathetic to the author's vision, the masterliness of presentation may win at least his qualified collaboration.

An unchallenged masterpiece, a miracle of collaboration between genius and talent, will be explored as it makes its way down the centuries, by generation after generation of entranced tourists, even by those in utmost revolt against the vision of the conductor; but, for these last, will never gain the wholehearted allegiance secured by conductors whose personality, while breaking none of the bonds of artistic orthodoxy, carries the tourist far beyond the selected bounds. And, indeed, in the interest of such vital company, even violations of the dogmas of artistic orthodoxy will either remain unnoticed or, if they are perceived, will be readily condoned. (191)

Dorothy Richardson immediately insists that by revolt against the novelist's vision she does not mean resistance to the subject of the novel. She is in "no sort of agreement with readers who scorn all novels save those that are either openly or inferentially

social, moral or religious treatises." As she says, she is concerned here only with the novelist's vision, not his material.

The study of her work indicates that what she calls the artist's vision is four-fold: the reality created by the imagined world; the novelist's attitude towards his imagined world; the response he tries to elicit from his reader to his imagined world; and the technique through which the novelist examines, evaluates, and presents his material to the reader. Of these factors, Dorothy Richardson particularly stresses the novelist's attitude because of its immediate impact on the reader, and its effect in transmitting the meaning of the novel.

However we elect to regard "the novel," whether with the eyes of the high-priest we consider it as predestined to remain within a framework for ever established or, with the prophet, see its free development implied from the beginning, the novel will remain a tour of the mind of the author, the decisive factor his attitude towards phenomena. (191)

Thus, the significant relationship between the author and the reader is established essentially in this way: The novel is a psychological portrait of the author's conscious mind. This consciousness is a coalescence of the author's perception and recreation of life made meaningful in two ways: by his attitude towards his own creation, and by his disposition towards the actual world reflected in his work. The reader senses or intuits the author's consciousness. By analogy, the sensibility and pellucidity of the novelist elicits a complex response from the reader's consciousness: his recognition and understanding of

the created world; his more penetrating awareness of himself and his relationship to the actual world. The reader and writer are joined by this central contemplative core of consciousness. Having achieved rapport with the author's vision, the expanded consciousness of the reader begins to reflect on the author's attitude towards his vision. The reader's reflection becomes comparative -- his own attitude as against the author's. Ultimately, the reader, reacting in this manner to the author, will recognize the truth or reality of the vision, or reject it as false.¹

The union of reader and writer is psychologically based and philosophically argued; on the surface, it appears to have little to do with technique. However, it lies at the center of Dorothy Richardson's theory of literature -- a theory which delineates the principals and their relationship, as well as the source and effect of literature.

Literature is a product of [the] stable human consciousness, enriched by experience and capable of

1. Cf.: "According to [Dorothy Richardson], the rendering of consciousness in a work of fiction is the portrayal of life. We may infer that, this being true, the coherence and meaning of the data of consciousness as they are integrated within attitudes or beliefs about the world and the self imply the meaning and coherence of the novel. The process of such integration is a process in time; hence, the psychic development of an individual toward discovery or fulfilment may be the purposive control of the novel. The reality communicated is the reality of felt experience, itself meaningful only in terms of the deeper self discovered." Caesar Blake, Dorothy Richardson, 16.

deliberate, concentrated contemplation. Is not this consciousness the sole link between reader and writer? The writer's (and the reader's) brain may be "on fire," his imagination may construct this and that, but the contemplative center remains motionless. Does not the power and the charm of all literature, from the machine-made product to the "work of art," from the book which amuses or instructs to the one which remakes the world and ourselves (why do we recognize it?) reside in its ability to rouse and to concentrate the reader's contemplative consciousness?

The process may go forward in the form of a conducted tour, the author leading, visible and audible, all the time. Or the material to be contemplated may be thrown on the screen, the author out of sight and hearing; present, if we seek him, only in the attitude towards reality, inevitably revealed: subtly by his accent, obviously by his use of adjective, epithet, and metaphor. But whatever be the means by which the reader's collaboration is secured, a literary work, for reader and writer alike, remains essentially an adventure of the stable contemplative human consciousness.¹

2

What is Dorothy Richardson's experience as a reader? What responses did other writers arouse in her? How did her rejection or affirmation of other artists' visions confirm her own? We have already seen how effectively she presented the intuited consciousness of the writer in her reviews for Crank² and from her references to Henry James. In each instance her contact with the writer results in deliberate subjective appraisals. In her essays these are largely explicit, while in Pilgrimage, through the medium of Miriam's consciousness, they are generally

1. S. Kunitz, ed., Authors Today and Yesterday, 562

2. See especially "Days with Walt Whitman," "The Reading of 'The Jungle,'" "Notes about a book purporting to be about Christianity and Socialism," and "Nietzsche."

impressionistic. During the early period of work on Pilgrimage, Dorothy Richardson was understandably preoccupied with the nature of the novel as communicated vision through subjective technique. Thus, her examination of the artist at work has an important place in much of her writing at this time. The earlier parts of Pilgrimage, from Miriam's exposure to the world of literature as a serious reader, to her growing realization of her writing talent, contain interludes of increasing length on the subject of writers and writing. In these, Miriam probes for the essence of literary art through the vision revealed by technique. When she has finally determined why she is either satisfied or disappointed in a work, she has confirmed her own theory and is a step closer to finding her own method of creative expression. In Revolving Lights, the tension of the search is considerably lessened, and the way becomes increasingly clear. Her subjective preoccupation with the general problems of other writers is displaced by discursive analysis and greater concentration on the development of her own talent.

During the 1920's, Dorothy Richardson was writing Revolving Lights, The Trap, and Oberland, the seventh, eighth, and ninth "chapters" of Pilgrimage. They deal with the period of Miriam's growing resolution to abandon her entanglements in London, particularly her job as dental assistant, which have steadily obscured the reality, purpose, and direction of her life. The period culminates in a winter's fortnight holiday described in

Oberland. To Miriam's consciousness, this hiatus becomes a still point in time, demanding contemplation and reflection. The expansion of consciousness thus effected opens the way to the next period of her life marked by her growing involvement in the literary world, the acceptance of the writer Hypo G. Wilson as her lover, and her increasingly serious literary apprenticeship. Thus, in October 1923, Dorothy Richardson's discussion of Gustave Flaubert in the Vanity Fair essay "Talent and Genius," is especially significant to her ideas about literature and the writer.¹

Dorothy Richardson explicitly criticizes Flaubert for the failure of his art. His disproportionate concern with form, and the determined application of what had better been left as theory, mar much of his limited production. She unqualifiedly admires only two of his short stories where his obvious genius as a master of form is transmitted by his talent as a writer.

Of the lack of balance between talent and genius in the individual, there is a painfully perfect example in a man whose work is a permanent battle-ground of doctrinaires, Gustave Flaubert. Lack of balance is always comic, to the spectator. But comedy is tragedy standing on its head. And the comedy of Gustave Flaubert is like all other comedies, exasperating the spectacle of needless tumult.

Flaubert's genius was a passion for pure form. It gave birth to the now famous stylistic dogma of statement without commentary. But his magnificent talents, his infinite capacity for taking literary pains, were too much for him. His lifelong struggle leaves us Salammbô a pure exotic and one of the sacred books of the aesthetes; Saint Antoine,

1. See above, Part One, Chapter I, Section 2.

his masterpiece manqué, a grand conception reduced to nullity by too much scholarliness; Madame Bovary, a study from a living model chosen for him by brother artists to keep his literary genius within bounds, and chosen later by the reading public to represent him. Here his genius and his talent run neck and neck, and his friends stand justified in their choice. But an examination de haut en bas of a "small soul" is not great literature.

Then there is the neglected document of the Education Sentimentale, the unfinished cynical extravaganza, Bouvard et Pécuchet and three short stories, two of which, St. Julien and Un Coeur Simple, are miniature masterpieces, perhaps the most perfect miniatures in literature. They stand also the decisive test of great literature; the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein. (120)

Yet in criticizing his work, she is concentrating on the man -- on his inclinations, his method, his disposition to his art. To the world at large only objectively interested in the result of the artist's experience, the production of "two small masterpieces" might be a sufficient indication of Flaubert's ability. But to another writer, and to Dorothy Richardson in particular, both objectively and subjectively involved in the art and craft of the novel, and concerned with the apprehension of the artist's conscious experience, the reason for Flaubert's failure is more important. She maintains that his failure is a result of the defects of his consciousness. His view of life is faulty and frequently obscures his genius.

One man, two small masterpieces. What more, it may be asked, is needed? But one cannot get away from the pity of the limitation of Flaubert's production, from the waste of his life, the vanity of his sufferings. With the whole document before us in his most self-revealing letters, his letters to George Sand, the trouble is insipidly lucid. His loathing of humanity, his continuous depression, his lauding of his martyrdom

to the skies, all cry aloud his mishandling of his genius.(120)

Certain of Dorothy Richardson's particular predilections are conspicuous in her evaluation of Flaubert. For example, she blandly solves his "problems" as man and artist, by asserting that the salutary effects of a woman's influence would have freed him from his masculine pre-occupation with analysis, since the feminine synthetic consciousness is itself creative and unifying. Even George Sand whose abilities as a writer were limited would have served to restore the balance necessary to his art.

George, she who was all genius and precious little talent, might have freed him if she had been younger and had had him for a while under her thumb. She would have cured his spinsterish inability to leave his work alone, to refrain from niggling over it until it went stale on his hands. As it was, she sat amongst her family and friends at Nohant, pouring out her novels on the backs of envelopes and tradesman's bills, and begged him to refrain from bitterness, to come out into life and enlarge himself. It was his method, not his life, that needed enlarging. "Try," he writes to George, "to have a great deal of talent, and even genius if you can." Try to have genius. These words epitomize his life. (120)

Dorothy Richardson may be overstating her point for journalistic purposes, but her antipathy towards Flaubert's view of life and art is fundamental. Her criticism arises from her distrust of an inflexible aesthetics that turns art into a religion, and the artist into its priest. Instead of enhancing humanity and human experience, such a view exploits the human situation for egocentric ends, that is, for the glory of the priest and the product of artistic endeavor. The relationship of society to art is a basic problem in Dorothy Richardson's aesthetics. Hers is a

broadly conceived and democratic view. For example, in the series of articles she wrote on the films for Close Up, she was a convincing apologist for this new popular art form, without sacrificing any diminution in so-called elevated aesthetic taste. She saw art as one means of salvation amongst many; that lives other than those devoted to art were equally valuable and not to be denigrated. Her comments on the films -- the art of the future, the social art, as she calls it -- reflect her aesthetics and help to explain her approach to, and judgment of Flaubert and the art-for-art's-sake cult.

I was reminded also that the Drama, for instance, the Elizabethan drama, became Great Art only in retrospect. Worship of Art and The Artist is a modern product. In the hey-day of the Elizabethan drama the stage was despised, the actor a vagabond and a low fellow. . . .

The battles and the problems of those who trust life are not the same as the battles and problems of those who regard life as the raw material for great conflicts and great works of art. But only such as regard the Fine Arts as mankind's sole spiritual achievement will reckon those who appear not to be particularly desirous of these achievements as therefore necessarily damned.¹

Even when avowing that art is her own particular "way of salvation," she firmly asserts the rights, and indeed the inherent virtues of the non-artistic and the inartistic:

Let us by all means confess our faith. In this case faith in Art as an ultimate, a way of salvation opposed, though not necessarily contradictory, to other ways of salvation, Religion, Ethics, Science rather existing independently and though aware of them regarding them only as making for the same borne by different routes. And if at once we have to remind ourselves that life is an art, and the evangelist, moralist and big man of science all imaginative artists,

1. "Continuous Performance: Pictures and Films," Close Up, IV, 1 (January 1929), 56-57.

well that is a pleasant holiday for our minds that so easily grow a shade too departmental. Art by all means. Let us live and die in and for it. But when we condemn the inartistic let us beware of assuming aesthetic excellence as always and everywhere and for everyone the standard measure. If we feel we must condemn popular art let us know where we are, know that we are refusing an alternative measure and interpretation of the intercommunications we reject.¹

Dorothy Richardson writes neither critically nor creatively with a scholar's temperament. Unlike Flaubert, and even James, she mistrusts analytic dissection in the artistic or critical process because it prevents the transmission of immediate impression. It is brain-consciousness not self-awareness. The technique may be impartial, but the assertion of the author's will rather than the cohesiveness of his imagination will be stamped upon his work. Yet Dorothy Richardson could combine her subjective approach to literature with a closely reasoned analysis.

In a review, "Mr. Clive Bell's Proust,"² she deals with both author and subject in a similar but more sophisticated way than in her review of Orage's Nietzsche. In spite of her insistence on the unity of impression that a book makes on the reader's consciousness, she invariably separates the artist's vision from its technical impression. Here, she isolates the two in both Bell and Proust, "since it is possible to be a most ardent Proustian without seeing life in Proustian terms, so also is it possible to be an ardent admirer of Mr. Bell's essay and at the

1. "Continuous Performance: The Thoroughly Popular Film," Close Up, II, 4 (April 1928), 48.

2. In The New Adelphi, II, 2 (December 1928-February 1929), 160-162.

same time to repudiate his philosophy" (160). Bell, whose aesthetics and view of life are Proustian, has achieved in his study a singular perspective on a monumental contemporary figure already surrounded by much critical commentary. The very nature of Proust's discursive and analytic method prompted him "before his work was completed . . . to discuss such comments as were already available." He would have much appreciated Bell's essay with its "inconclusiveness, comparable to that of a good summing up at the end of a debate." For all of Bell's close and sympathetic reading, however, he misses the very nature of Proust as a working artist by concentrating on a formal and therefore distorting presentation of his philosophy of life and art. Bell sees Proust as a creator perfectly controlled by a philosophy "that was ever at hand to remind him, that the one wholly good gift the gods have given men is death"; a philosophy, metaphorically rendered by Dorothy Richardson, that results in seeing "life's end as a tottering alone and aghast upon the summit of the piled-up, unique, uncommunicable years" (161). Bell is convinced that his is a true picture of Proust's critical mind; by consistently adhering to his philosophy, Proust saves himself "from nauseous egotism or sprawling optimism. . . those messy pits into which most modern creators -- Dickens, Hugo, Balzac, Dostoievsky -- have fallen." But there are two Prousts, Dorothy Richardson argues, as there are always two aspects of the creative

imagination: "the hard-headed Proust," philosophically and critically influenced by Huxleyan science and Bergsonian psychology, seeking to abstract and understand the laws that govern a phenomenal world in which pain and fear exist; and the other Proust who allows his creative genius to modify his theoretical views for the sake of the practical problems of writing. In this light, the flexibility of the artist's temperament, his willingness to abandon philosophical principle in order to be true to his art, prevents Proust from totally abandoning himself to existential nihilism as Bell suggests. The conflict in the artist between the analytic mind and the creative imagination may be personally destructive, but it may also act as catalyst.

To this grave dictum [that death is the gods' wholly good gift to man,] all who have, with woeful undesired release at hand, attended the ultimate matinée, emerged to face at last the prolonged reverberations of the whole stupendous achievement and presently looked back at the final picture not only with other eyes than Proust's, but also with that spare pair Proust had that were so eminently capable of ignoring the exigencies of artistic consistency (the pair he used for his criticism of creative art and for his specification of his private theory of aesthetics to the which, had he remained its faithful adherent, would have been due the loss of a masterpiece) may reasonably object that Proust never brought himself to regard death as a wholly good gift, and that this failure was at once his tragedy and his inspiration. His whole undertaking, the reduction of phenomena to their laws -- the laws, that is to say, of science and psychology to date as taught, for him, by Huxley and by Bergson -- was, in his view, man's only way of escape from life's pain, and escape, by the same token, from the fear of death, but not from the resentful loathing which, he tells us, he cherished to the end. And it is possible to maintain that he would gladly have gone on indefinitely with his great game. (161)

An artist who, in his work, propounds a philosophy of life

offers nothing more than his opinion, and while his role as creator may be exempt from argument, as philosopher-critic he leaves himself open to close critical scrutiny: " a philosophy of life is never more than a statement of opinion, and that when it comes to statements of opinion the sacred anonymity of art is out of place." He is answerable for his ideas, not his vision; that is to say, we are justified in inquiring in depth into why he thinks as he does, but not why he sees as he does. His thought, that is, his ideas, conceptions, and theories, when applied not only to his created world but to the actual world as well, evokes our similar faculties of analysis, evaluation, discussion, and debate. True, his vision, the rendered impression of phenomenal reality transformed by imagination and attitude into a new life existing independently from its creator, calls upon the contemplative reflective faculties.

Art . . . is a collaboration between the conscious and the unconscious, and the artist at work is more than himself and outside the law. But an opinion offered to the world as a straight tip is another matter, and calls at once for a demand for the naming of the stable. As to Proust, artist, giver of life, unprecedented exacter of conscious and unconscious collaboration from the reader, we need know nothing. As to Dickens and Co., artists, receivers of unconscious collaboration, givers of life, nothing. But as to Proust, explicit pessimist, and Dickens & Co., explicit optimists, we have the right, before swallowing their findings, to know a great deal. (161)

Nevertheless, more is required than the answers supplied by biographical details to the questions that arise from the artist's philosophy of life. The moments of detachment essential to

artistic achievement and to life itself, when it is possible for evaluation to occur, are fleeting at best. These moments represent an effort to halt process in order that the imagination may focus on what is unchangingly real: "the matter of man's attitude towards life can never be had for the reason that he is not himself in full possession of it until the moments of the final detachment which possibly make astonished artists of us all. Short of this even, it is to be remembered that a man survives his completed work, if only by hours, and is . . . still changing." Optimistic and pessimistic attitudes are complementary, modifying each other even in individuals predominately of one or the other temperament. If, indeed, Proust was unable "to read his work aloud without shrieks of laughter," the whole purpose and meaning of his art and artistry take on new significance, offering "material . . . for volumes of cross-examination" (162). Bell suggests "that Proust deceived himself in trying to believe that art was an ultimate," and offers "his own surprisingly feminine definition of life as 'people'" as the view Proust basically had. The opposition between the two views may be superficially resolved, and Dorothy Richardson attempts to do so on Bell's behalf by suggesting, without conviction, that Proust's art-for-art's-sake pose was necessary for the sake of his philosophy:

It is possible . . . that his constantly reiterated assertion of his total indifference to his pauvres mortes was a tour de force, a half-deliberate pushing aside of

the main obstacle in the way of the triumphant emergence of his thesis: that everything is deception. For, without the support of this perfection of alienation, the thesis immediately falls to the ground. (162)

If, however, Proust did indeed view humanity solely in terms of its utility to the artist, and not as the profoundest expression of life itself, Bell's determination to justify Proust at all costs blinds him to the writer's obvious defect:

It is also conceivable that [Proust] did not deceive himself, that he did actually come to regard humanity as worthless except as material for art. This role, indeed, on returning from a prolonged search for any sort of justification for the existence of the unfortunate dead who themselves were not artists, he explicitly bestows upon them.

Given Proust's mind and method, absolute certainty about the reason for his attitude is impossible. However, there is no difficulty in determining what his attitude was, and what it reveals about his consciousness. First, his indifference is typically masculine in that it is the result of intellectual rather than imaginative detachment. Second, by falsely assuming that intellectual detachment is the mark of the artist, Proust turns him primarily into a reasoning man. Finally, Proust's alienation, for all the logical and aesthetic reasons offered to explain it, is the inevitable consequence of an incomplete personality:

But of one thing we need have no doubt: if Proust actually achieved and sustained the ultimate perfection of a very usual masculine indifference claimed by him not only for himself but as existing in all reasonable men, then his arraignment of life is but the pathetic revelation of a psychic deficiency that was never compensated. (162)

3

Dorothy Richardson's division of the artist's mind into intellectual and imaginative categories is more than a critical convenience. Her resistance to the scientifically oriented intellect is based on her suspicion of the generalized, facile solutions it offers to the highly individualized complexities of existence. Yet, in spite of her consistent criticism of the ascendancy of the analytic faculty in certain writers, she admires them for their abilities, their design, and their aesthetic intention.¹ In matters of technique, she finds frequent occasion for approval, even where she rejects the writer's attitude. Her comments on Aldous Huxley's novels illustrate her talent for the effective transmission of a subjective response by the use of metaphor. She thereby recreates the impression his work has made on her, and illuminates the artistic, moral, and substantial environment of his imagined world.

As a literary artist, Aldous Huxley never fails to enchant me. I delight in the firmness and clarity of his prose and in his grotesques. But I am always a little depressed by the lighting of his canvasses, uniform and giving to each in turn the curious darkling quality sometimes to be observed in paintings by workers in stained glass, suggesting execution under water rather than by the light of day. A remembered landscape, if focussed within the mind rather than at a distance, even though that distance be no further than the other side of a small table, undergoes the same modification.²

1. During the period 1930-34, Dorothy Richardson enjoyed a substantial reputation as a German and French translator. She admired Proust's work sufficiently to apply to his publishers for the right to translate The Past Recaptured, but Chatto and Windus chose Stephen Hudson for the project. See Gloria M. Glikin, op. cit., 45.

2. "Novels," Life and Letters To-day, XV, 6 (Winter 1936), 188-189.

Her examination of Huxley's technique is an opportunity for a brief reiteration of what comes to be one of her own solutions, influenced by Henry James, to the problem of communicating reality and immediacy in the novel -- the elimination of the author's voice. The barrier raised by Huxley between the reader and the world of his novels prevents direct contemplation; his insistent tone directing the reader's attention in the manner of an over-zealous tour director, leaves little opportunity for reflection. This directive method may be the writer's defence against revealing too much of himself, but it draws attention to his defects in selection and interpretation. His selection, therefore, is not organic; it does not serve the aesthetic and substantial requirements of the novels. Instead, it is governed by his persistent thesis that humanity can only move forward by the intelligent application of scientific findings.

In the work of Mr. Huxley . . . a screen [is] interposed between the reader and the presented realities in the form of a sarcastic commentary whose temper varies sufficiently little from book to book to justify its attribution to a single mind. While tending to reduce the narrative to carefully selected and brilliantly documented case-notes, it serves perhaps, like the obscenities of the whole-hearted medical student, to conceal the shock undergone by lacerated feelings as well as to express youthful exuberance. And the source of my trouble is not, I believe, to be found in fear of the collapse under the lash of satire, of anything I hold venerable, but rather in a particular kind of discomfort. For though a rich feast may reward the effort of following the operations of a trained mind exceptionally attentive to the labours of the sciences, even awareness of this same mind's congenital docility to their provisional findings and of its consequent hesitancy in questioning the surmises founded thereon, cannot mitigate

the distress attendant on the spectacle of short-circuiting, of ceaselessly recurrent close-shaves past points of departure towards less superficial interpretations of reality.

In Mr. Huxley's world, both intelligence and knowledge, the factual knowledge to be acquired in standing by and taking note, are necessary to salvation, and it is just because his conning-tower is so well equipped as to telescope and microscope, radio, plus television apparatus and an inclusive set of gramophone records, that first-class entertainment emerges thence. (188)

Dorothy Richardson greets Eyeless in Gaza with "astonishment" at the change in technique which allows her to share directly, without author-intervention, the "passionate meditation" of the main character. But she cannot accept Huxley's view of the world, for while the novel's orientation is spiritual and religious, and the hero appears to learn the importance of love and peace, the author sees the world as basically chaotic and illusory. Huxley sees a better order only in the scientific and sociological sense. For him, love, which should accompany spiritual enlightenment, is a desirable goal rather than a perpetual reality: "it is a tenuous impersonal quality potentially existent in humanity and to be cultivated into reality and adequacy by means of a conscious control of self-ended, anti-social instincts. Love as conceived of by an evolutionary biologist. But still love, moving the spheres as well as inhabiting the heart of man" (189).

Dorothy Richardson has little patience with the veneration of the artist-qua-artist. Although she acknowledges a literary debt to Henry James, and explicitly demonstrates a profound affinity with Ralph Waldo Emerson, her attitude is better described

as enthusiasm rather than awe. She is acutely aware of how human the artist is, and how vulnerable to the scrutiny of others. The processes and quality of his mind, the nature of his personality, the strengths and weaknesses of the proffered vision, are all exposed in his work.

CHAPTER VI

THE EXPANDING CONSCIOUSNESS: THE INFLUENCE OF RALPH WALDO

EMERSON

Two writers, both of them American, were major influences on the technique and thought of Dorothy Richardson. Reading Henry James she discovered how to position herself in terms of her subject, carrying point of view a step further to coincidence of view. Of major significance to her thought is Ralph Waldo Emerson; he is the writer most frequently discussed in Pilgrimage.¹ Through the character of Miriam, Dorothy Richardson clearly shows the coincidence between her own attitude towards existence and Emerson's. During the early years as teacher and then governess, Miriam already exhibits a similar consciousness before actually reading Emerson. Therefore, her introduction to Emerson is not discovery but recognition. From the first, Miriam intuitively knows Emerson. Her search for the author in this instance is rewarded by a complete union. Only in Dimple Hill does she indicate a growth beyond Emerson into higher creative and imaginative

1. H.G. Wells, fictionalized as Hypo G. Wilson, may be regarded as the single exception. Direct references to the actual Wells also occur, thereby separating the public figure from the fictionalized character who plays so intimate a role in Miriam's life.

dimensions he did not achieve. Realization of Emerson's place in Pilgrimage is the clearest way to an understanding of Dorothy Richardson's own consciousness, as well as that of her main character. Through discourse and incident, the Emersonian interludes underscore social, philosophical, and aesthetic elements in Dorothy Richardson's thought, while affording insights into Miriam's developing consciousness. Ironically, this distinctively English novel describes in large measure the development of Emerson's American Scholar in the person of Miriam. All the phases Emerson outlines in his essay are found in her development: the necessity for solitude as a means of preparing the mind and spirit of the individual to participate in the world; the concentration on minutiae as clues to the truly significant activities of life; the individual as microcosm; the importance of nature and its relationship to the individual; the vision of the world soul and the transformation of the world through such vision.

In reading Pilgrimage our focus is on the apparent movement of life. The wonder of living arises from observing and reflecting upon its nature in solitude. Like other solitary adventurers, Miriam's greatest joys are found when she has fled within herself; she finds herself most alive when she is most still. Her exercise is to intensify and prolong these moments at the risk of being carried out of life altogether by their increasing strength. She knows that this internal center of stillness cannot be altered

from without by anyone or anything, that she can continually return to it for self-renewal. This conviction is also fundamental to Emerson's scholar:¹

The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason; it is for you to know all; it is for you to dare all this confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. (American Scholar, I: 114)

This claim — that the world is nothing, that the man is all — might seem at first to remove one from the concerns of daily life. If solitude is the means of self-realization, is it not likely that only one's self will be realized and nothing of life? Both Emerson and Dorothy Richardson deny this. Life cannot be shut out, even if one wished to do so, for within the consciously probing individual, life pulses incessantly: "The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future" (American Scholar, I: 113); " . . . if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him" (I: 115). Similarly, Miriam's reaction to the empty assertion that equates life mainly with external activity, that "Life's got to be lived,"² and that "Mere existence isn't life,"³

1. Quotations from Emerson's works are taken from The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Centenary Edition, 12 vols., (Boston and New York). References are given immediately following quotations as essay, volume number, and page.

2. Revolving Lights, III: 377.

3. Dawn's Left Hand, IV: 238.

is to state that "Most people have too much life and too little realization. Realization takes time and solitude."

I'm not one of those people who boast that outsiders see most of the game. I hate that. And it isn't true. What is true is that certain outsiders, I don't say I'm one of them, see all the game. I believe that. People who have never, in your sense, plunged into life. (Dawn's Left Hand, IV: 238)

And again:

I don't really resent, even when something happens to remind me of the things I seem to be missing, if any one can really miss things -- I mean I still believe that things come to people. (Dawn's Left Hand, IV: 330)

Therefore, the ordinary details of life form much of the material of Pilgrimage, and here again Dorothy Richardson follows Emerson in embracing the common.

. . . I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into to-day, and you may have the antique and future worlds. What would we really know the meaning of? The meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan; the ballad in the street; the news of the boat; the glance of the eye; the form and the gait of the body; . . . let me see every trifle bristling with the polarity that ranges it instantly on an eternal law; and the shop, the plough, and the ledger referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing; -- and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber-room, but has form and order; there is no trifle, there is no puzzle, but one design unites and animates the farthest pinnacle and the lowest trench.

. . . Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote. The near explains the far. The drop is a small ocean. A man is related to all nature. (American Scholar, I: 111-112)

The important combination of transient mundane events and permanent inner experience informs the whole of Pilgrimage. Beginning in Pointed Roofs, Miriam's references to the mystical

experience of inner light anticipates her success in its achievement among the Quakers in Dimple Hill. As a result of the awareness and experience of illumination, she attains a new perspective on the conduct of her personal life and on her relationship to others. Much of this is Emersonian; his essays verbalize what her imagination and intuition have already affirmed:

In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else tomorrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.
(Self-Reliance, II: 45-46)

Dorothy Richardson responds to Emerson in the way he says all must respond to great works; that is, in recognition of like views.

Furthermore, she reinforces his injunction to declare what we know to be true lest we merely acquiesce to what others have the courage to say.

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men, — that is genius. . . . A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages.
(Self-Reliance, II: 45)

The illumination of "your private heart," "the gleam of light which flashes across [the] mind from within," is a view of love which informs not only sexual passion, but the universe and the mind. It makes a loving God within the order of things and the

order of men. At a lecture on Dante, Miriam becomes attentive to the poet's voice underlying the speaker's:

How did this man know that it was wrong to imagine affection if there was no affection in your life, that dreaming and brooding was a sort of beastliness. Love was actual and practical, moving all the spheres and informing the mind. . . . That was the truth about everything. . . . How could humanity become more loving? How could social life come to be founded on love? How can I become more loving? I do not know or love any one but myself. It did not mean being loved. It was not anything to do with marriage. Dante only saw Beatrice. . . . This man believes that there is a God who loves and demands that man shall be loving. . . . It was the truth about everybody, "the goodwill in all of us". . . . If you keep quite quiet and gentle, asking for nothing, not being anything, not holding on to anything in your life, nor thinking about anything in your life, there is something there . . . behind you. That must be God. . . . (Interim, II: 354-56)

Here, Miriam looks back across the centuries into the eyes of Dante "as into the eyes of a friend," in a manner directly recalling Emerson's "Jove nods to Jove from behind each of us" (Over-Soul, II: 278). Yet in this sudden illumination the resurgence of her Puritan ancestry is apparent, and logically enough, from this emerges her growing Quaker-influenced preference. In an effort to discover where God is, Miriam finds him only partially in various philosophies and sects. She asks, as Emerson does, "Where are Christians?" (Interim, II: 358).

The inner light which Miriam experiences has its roots in her response to nature. It begins in early childhood when she experiences the sense of invisibility while as it were, her inner ear becomes attuned to the communal voice of the natural world. "It was as if in a moment a voice would come from the clustering

lime-trees or from the cluster of stars in the imagined sky" (Backwater, I:219). Dorothy Richardson's descriptions of the onset of such communication and identity is Emersonian. The heart and mind are illuminated by the inner light of the outer world, bringing with it an independent joy of recognition, and becoming identified with a private and secret sanctuary. In childhood and adolescence, Miriam cannot articulate the meaning of these experiences, she can as yet only know them intuitively. Her inability to speak meaningfully of them is part of her frustration in human society, and causes her to be overwhelmingly impatient with others.

It would be impossible to speak to any one about them [these contacts with nature] unless one felt perfectly sure that the other person felt about them in the same way and knew that they were more real than anything else in the world, knew that everything else was a fuss about nothing. . . . She would want to explain in some way, . . . I never feel tired, not really tired, and however I behave I always feel frightfully happy inside. . . . But I hate everybody. (Backwater, I:317-318)

The secret she shares with inanimate things, with her physical environment and only in rare moments with people, speaks to her out of the "flump flump of the invisible sea;" but people's voices, "the weary round of words and ugly laughter" destroy it.¹ Her experience of illumination, as Emerson teaches, devolves from identity with nature. "The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of nature. Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, Night and her stars.

1. Cf. also the closing lines of "The Love-Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," particularly "Till human voices wake us, and we drown." Mood, diction, and image are remarkably similar.

Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows" (American Scholar, I: 84-85). So Miriam, in a moment of solitude, at last feels the west wind of her earlier years, the experience of which has been stored in her memory, actually coming in through her window. She re-experiences "the escape into the tireless unchanging center; when the wind was in the west. . . the west wind brought her perfect happiness and always, like a sort of message, the certainty that she must remain alone" (Revolving Lights, III:330). It is "an unseen power in communication with every single soul" (Dawn's Left Hand, IV:228).

This predilection for solitude in no way implies a detachment from life. Solitude is a preparation for, and a continuing balm to action. Solitude must be prepared for with courage, perhaps greater courage than that required for action in the physical world. The action of solitude results in what Emerson calls the active soul which "sees absolute truth and utters truth, or creates" (American Scholar, I: 90). Man must be his own prophet and creator, not simply a vessel filled by the genius of others. The individual is faced with two sets of truths: those of the outer world, the world of men; and those which inform the inner man, which comes to him through "the far-off remembering of the intuition" (Self-Reliance, II:68).

For Dorothy Richardson as for Emerson this last is the higher truth.

There are two layers of truth. The truths laid bare by common sense in swift decisive conversations, founded on apparent facts, are incomplete. They shape the surface, and make things go kaleidoscoping on, recognizable, in a sort of general busy prosperous agreement; but at every turn, with every application of the common-sense civilized decisions, enormous things are left behind, unsuspected, forced underground, but never dying, slow things with slow, slow fruit. . . . The surface shape is powerful, every one is in it, that is where free will breaks down, in the moving on and being spirited away for another spell from the underlying things, but in every one, alone, often unconsciously, is something, a real inside personality that is lured away from the surface. In front of every one, away from the bridges and catchwords, is an invisible plank, that will bear. Always. Forgotten. Nearly all smiles are smiled from the bridges. . . . Nearly all deaths are murders or suicides. . . . (Deadlock, III:181-182)

Together with these two sets of truths two fears present themselves.

These must be overcome, for to succumb to them would indicate cowardliness rather than psychological or social strength.

The first fear is that of loneliness.

The only real misery in being alone was the fear of being left out of things. It was a wrong fear. It pushed you into things and then everything disappeared. Not to listen outside, where there was nothing to hear. In the end you came away empty with time gone and lost. To remember, whatever happened, not to be afraid of being alone. (Interim, II:321)

Such solitude is ecstatic, and even at times somewhat demonic;

There was no thought in the silence, no past or future, nothing but the strange thing for which there were no words, something that was always there as if by appointment, waiting for one to get through to it away from everything in life. 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. It would be there if you had just murdered someone. It was only there when you had murdered everybody and everything and torn yourself away. Perhaps it was evil. One's own evil genius.

But how could it make you so blissful? What was one, what had one done to bring the feeling of goodness and beauty and truth into the patch on the wall and presently make the look of the distant world and everything in experience sound like music in a dream? (Interim, II:322)

The second fear arise from dedication to personal freedom through solitude, and again recalls Emerson's assertion:

What I must do is all that concerns me. . . . It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude." (Self-Reliance, II:53-54)

Freedom is costly to the person fully alive and sensitive to the responsibilities of being human. "Why does being free give a feeling of meanness?" Miriam asks. "It is only by the pain of remaining free that one can have the whole world round one all the time" (Deadlock, III:19-20). In order to save ourselves this pain we seek shelter in others instead of meeting it head-on and conquering it. "Emerson would have hated me," Miriam decides, for she in her weakness has hidden from the fight at the expense of others. "If you have ever failed anybody you have no right to speak to any one else. All these years I ought never to have spoken to anybody. 'If I have shrunk unequal from one contest, the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself if I then made my other friends my asylum'" (Deadlock, III:20). So for Dorothy Richardson as for Emerson,

Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential
Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without

the heroic mind. The preamble of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. . . . The world, — this shadow of the soul, or other me, — lies wide around. . . . I pierce its order; I dissipate its fear; I dispose of it within the circuit of my expanding life. (American Scholar, I:95)

Miriam's pilgrimage is filled with all of Emerson's instructors:

"Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom" (American Scholar, I:95). At eighteen she already understands the importance of inner strength reflected in outward activity and relationships. As a teacher, when not much older than some of her pupils, she is torn between her strong emotional need to give into their passionate adoration, and her equally strong intellectual respect for them as people, "as equals and fellow-adventurers," imparting knowledge to them not "as if they were possessions of her own . . . [nor] claiming a knowledge superior to their own. 'The business of the teacher is to make the children independent, to get them to think for themselves, and that's much more important than whether they get to know facts.'" (Backwater, I:333). Miriam envisages her pupils, and people generally, as islands, but not necessarily estranged from one another. They must be ranked so as to confront the common spectacle: "She had discovered that the best plan was to stand side by side with the children in face of the things they had to learn" (Backwater, I:333).

These words recall Emerson's passage on participation in the world.

I run eagerly into this resounding tumult. I grasp the hands of those next me, and I take my place in the ring to suffer and to work, taught by an instinct that so shall the dumb abyss be vocal with speech. (American Scholar, I:95)¹

1. Cf. also Dorothy Richardson's implicitly symbolic use of the ring image in Pilgrimage, discussed in Part One, Chapter III, Section 2, above.

Not only does Dorothy Richardson affirm as practical pedagogy that "The scholar is he of all men whom this spectacle most engages" (American Scholar, I:85), but goes on to elaborate Emerson's application of this to human relationships in general: "Every day, men and women, conversing --- beholding and beholden." Long after her experience as a teacher Miriam restates what has become her confirmed view of the inability of most people to make meaningful contact with one another.

Why, that is what I ceaselessly want to know, do all these people, either at home or abroad, sit confronted?
 Everywhere, people should be side by side, facing the spectacle, meeting in it. Confronted people can't meet more than once, you know. (Dawn's Left Hand, IV:534)

People move one variously and intermittently and, in direct confrontation, there is nearly always a barrier. (Clear Horizon, IV:368)¹

At a Quaker meeting, Miriam achieves identification with living people when superficial personality has been overcome through a mutual development and sharing of an inner spiritual experience. She feels "the sense of everlastingness is about one all the time. And the sense of indestructible individuality. With any one of them, such a moment would be possible" (Dimple Hill, IV:515).

The sense of everlastingness is possible only as a spiritual

1. Dorothy Richardson's resistance to physical confrontation is apparent in her personal life. Vincent Brome in "A Last Meeting with Dorothy Richardson" recounts the following: "Suddenly she told me the ritual of the parallel chairs. Marriage, she said, was endangered by that 'iron confrontation' which placed the wife sitting opposite the husband year in, year out. Every possible device to escape that kind of continual proximity which could, in the long run, choke, had to be employed." See The London Magazine, VI (June 1959), 30.

experience, never with everyone all the time in practical human relationships. It is only possible to sustain this inner identity and transport it into daily communication with a very few. When this does happen, "we are conscious mainly of each other, of something unchanging and trustworthy far away within the personal depths. Such a moment, with man or woman, is a spiritual experience, moving body and soul" (Dimple Hill, IV:515-516).

Miriam's determination to make moments of stillness an active part of her life, and to find outward verification of her inner certainties brings her to Quakerism where she finds, for the first time, a "shared religious life." Here, two major Emersonian ideas are confirmed. The first is, "It is one soul which animates all men," just as "It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars" (American Scholar, I:108). For Dorothy Richardson this knowledge is accompanied by the sense that "One is exalted and luminous" (Dawn's Left Hand, IV:228). Emerson's second idea pertinent here is the entanglement of man in the "web of God."

There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find, — so entire, so boundless. Far too as her splendors shine, system on system shooting like rays, upward, downward, without centre, without circumference, — in the mass and in the particle, Nature hastens to render account of herself to the mind. (American Scholar, I:85)

Miriam experiences this communication when, looking up, she sees "a patch of bright colour in a golden light so vivid." The "bridge" anticipated in Deadlock is complete.

. . . the rapture that had seized and filled her emptied being at the first sight of it still throbbed to and fro between herself and that far point upon the ridge, and still she felt the sudden challenge of that near, clear vision, like a signal calling for response; and like a smile, of amusement over her surprise.

"I know . . . At last I know! I have seen the smile of God. Sly smile." (Dimple Hill, IV:420)

Miriam's thoughts just prior to this experience are entirely conditioned by Emerson. The setting is the countryside, and here Miriam surveys with both the inner and outer eye the world as Emerson depicts it. What she sees, what she thinks, and what she remembers of conversations about Emerson are here recorded. The passages are extensive, and, significantly, the closer we come to the end of Pilgrimage the more of Emerson we find explicitly and critically discussed. Miriam is sitting in "a cherished spot" within a "magic angle at the edge of the world, seeming at first so desolate and so unknown, a solitude indefinitely available" She recalls a conversation with Hypo Wilson about nineteenth century writers, ^{particularly} ~~that centered around~~ Emerson, the implication of which was "that the prestige of these last-century figures was at once enviable and beyond their deserts." This attack elicited Miriam's response that "Emerson saw everything. The outside, as well as the inside things you Wilson don't believe in."

"Saw life steadily and saw it whole," he said instantly . . . Yes, life in those spacious days stood still enough to be looked at, comfortably, from solidly upholstered arm-chairs. Everything was known and nothing was ever going to happen any more. The stillness, dear Miriam, was so deep that a book appeared almost audibly. There was no end of space for it to

expand in and it did its own publicity, multiplying itself across the literate regions of the globe. All these chaps, you know, your Arnolds and Emersons and Carlyles, all the prominent men in that stagnant old world, had no end of a show. There they sat, a few figures, enthroned and impregnable; voicing profundities. No one will ever get such a show again."

The spaciousness, he felt, had been unfairly squandered on the wrong people. For him, their profundities, going the round uncensored by science, were nothing more than complacent, luxurious flatulence, disguised in leisurely, elegant phraseology.

But was Emerson ever consciously a great man? He could lose himself watching the grass grow, and would never have called delight in the mere fact of existence "a turnip emotion." He saw that commerce was dishonest and calculating, but accepted the market-place as well as the shrine, while Hypo detested the one and suspected the other. But Emerson, with a private income and a mystical consciousness, remained unperturbed. (Dimple Hill, IV:417)

Wilson's subjective attack is not without its effect. When Miriam's thoughts center on Emerson the man, a new, faintly derisive note is struck. The ensuing impressionistic reconstruction of Emerson in his own environment is reminiscent of Melville's alleged portrait of him in The Confidence Man, chapter 36.

A stately house, within the serene immensity of New England, and all his needs supplied, he was for ever free, once he had decided that the sacraments were a gracious ceremonial and retired upon a life of cultured contemplation, to read and meditate and exchange long, leisurely letters with other meditators all over the world. A slender, but not an austere figure, arm-chaired, behind whose rather hawk-like profile sat the determination to exclude all but accredited invaders and remain, thought in hand, aloof from even his nearest relatives. Detached, in order to be able to focus. Rising, moving across the room to a cliff of books, taking down a volume, reading, with held-in eagerness, a swiftly discovered passage, replacing the book and turning again towards the well-known chair, his place on the invisible battle-field, pausing on the way, window-lit, to gaze nowhere, with thin, flexible lips firmly set, below keen eyes smiling delighted

welcome for a thought-link forming itself within the serenely tumultuous mind.

Did he keep it in one place, or did he move from room to room the book wherein he set down, under appropriate headings, the crystallization of his thought the moment they appeared, until there stood, ready to hand, the material of the essays? (Dimple Hill, IV:418)

As she penetrates more deeply into the inner world of her thoughts and intuitions, she becomes increasingly prepared to recognize the essential nature of the outer world. Her mental and spiritual preoccupations are inspired by the book she is reading in her customary manner of plunging in here and there. While the name of the book is not stated, it may be assumed on the evidence of her thoughts that it is by or about Emerson. Her reactions to what is meaningful in the book recalls Emerson who says that the second "great influence into the spirit of the scholar is the mind of the Past" (American Scholar, I:87). For "Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it [the world around] issued, so high does it soar, so long does it sing" (88).

. . . she became aware of her surroundings and of herself once more peering forgetfully into a book, seeking light amongst recorded thoughts. Yet those bringing her the greatest happiness, the most blissfully reassuring confirmations, had been found in the books of men who, professing thought and its expression to be secondary activities, had nevertheless spent their lives thinking and setting down their thoughts. Percipitating doctrine. If they really believed what they so marvellously expressed, would they go on turning out elegant books? (Dimple Hill, IV:419)

As her consciousness sharpens, even the words on the page grow clearer. Her heightened perception is extended to the scene around

her which she recognizes is akin to Emerson's world. Finally, there comes the total awareness of the life force in all things, and she "sees" the sly smile of God. The world is transformed by the momentary radiance:

. . . she saw upon the jocund, sympathetically listening grass-blades at her feet a vestige of the vanished radiance and looked thence into her mind and found there, bathed in its full light, the far-off forgotten world from which she had fled and, with a glance at the sunlit trees, turned to run and seek it there. (Dimple Hill, IV:420-421)

Similarly for Emerson, the experience of nature and God need not be second-hand revelation.

The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? (Nature, I:3)

Dorothy Richardson, through Miriam's experience, answers these questions in Emerson's spirit: I can and I do. It is with the same grateful surprise that Miriam's emptied being is filled as the newly formed bridge pulsates between her and the distant point of light. She is a readied receptacle of life analogous to Emerson.

When I watch that flowing river, which, out of regions I see not, pours for a season its streams into me, I see that I am a pensioner; not a cause but a surprised spectator of this ethereal water; that I desire and look up and put myself in the attitude of reception, but from some alien energy the visions come. (Over-Soul, II:268)

Miriam's argument that life, although seemingly fragmented, is indeed a perfect wholeness, and that man and what he perceives are united, is demonstrated in her re-entrance into the world of

daily existence. But now this world, the people in it, even the material objects which are part of it, are themselves transformed in her sight. Although distinct in themselves, they are seen as united and elevated into holiness.

Joy checked and held her as she flew up the rising ground, stilled for a moment her craving for the sight of a human form, turned her running to a dance, swung her arms skywards to wave to the rhythm of her dance and pulled upon the very air that it might lift her.

Scarcely touched, the upturned faces of the many flowers took no harm.

Approaching the solitary house, she went quietly. Between her and the luminous human multitude welcoming her from far, familiar surroundings grown as new and as strange as was every step of this oft-trodden little pathway, between her and . . . the unknown sharer of the transfigured earthly life, quietly going his way amongst those distant friends, there waited in the battered old house, as within a shrine, the first of the new, heaven-lit humanity, a part of her own being, confidently approaching its end. (Dimple Hill, IV:421)

Thus, the result of much of Miriam's past explorations culminating in this mystical experience confirms for her Emerson's assertion of the eternal One:

. . . that Unity, that Over-Soul, within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other; that common heart of which all sincere conversation is the workship, to which all right action is submission; that overpowering reality which confutes our tricks and talents, and constrains every one to pass for what he is, and to speak from his character and not from his tongue, and which evermore tends to pass into our thought and hand and become wisdom and virtue and power and beauty. We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal ONE. And this deep power in which we exist and whose beatitude is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and perfect in every hour, but the act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the

object, are one. We see the world piece by piece, as the sun, the moon, the animal, the tree; but the whole, of which these are the shining parts, is the soul.

(Over-Soul, II;268-269)

Emerson's thought underscores Miriam's code of freedom and self-reliance. He confirms her sense of integration as a person with the consciousness of all existence. Furthermore, she delights in his prose. He is perfect reading. He is a writer of English who knows everything; no continental could really appreciate him, she maintains. She uses a volume of Emerson's essays to teach English to Michael Shatov, although she thinks "it would have been better to try something more simple, with less depth of truth in it. Darwin or Shakespeare."

Emerson. Emerson would be perfect reading; he would see that there was an English writer who knew everything. . . . He must read Emerson; one could insist that it was the purest English and the most beautiful. If he did not like it, it would prove that his idea that the Russians and the English were more alike than any other Europeans was an illusion. (Deadlock, III:23)

The reading of Emerson is to be a test. If Shatov sees in Emerson the same depths that she sees, he and Miriam will be brought closer together in the appreciation of the writer.¹

"What is Emerson?" He inquired . . . "I do not know this writer." His reared head had again the look of heady singing, young, confronting everything, and with all the stored knowledge that can be given to wealthy youth, prepared to meet her precious book. If he did not like it, there was something shallow in all the wonderful continental knowledge; if he found anything in it, if he understood it at all, they could meet on that one little plot of equal ground; he might even understand her carelessness about all other books.

1. Dorothy Richardson occasionally uses dialect spelling in Michael Shatov's speeches at this point in Pilgrimage. See, also, Part Four, Chapter 10, Section 1.

"He is an American," she said. . .

"A most nice little volume," he demurred, "but I find it strange that you offer me the book of an American."

"It is the most perfect English you could have. He is a New Englander, a Bostonian; the Pilgrim Fathers; they kept up the English of our best period. The sixteenth century."

"That is most interestink," he said gravely, turning the precious pages. "Why have I not heard of this man? In Russia we know of course their Thoreau, he has a certain popularity amongst extremists, and I know also of course their great poet, Vitmann. I see that this is a kind of philosophical disquisitions."

"You could not possibly have a better book for style and praseology in English, quite apart from meaning."
(Deadlock, III:26)

Shatov's introduction to Emerson is a triumph. "First I must say you," he said . . . "that your Emerson is most-wonderful." . . . Her own lonely overwhelming impression was justified" (Deadlock, III:40-41). Miriam is so convinced of Emerson's persuasive power of expression that his ideas, immediately apparent to everyone, could change the course of men's lives by altering the way they look at the world.

"Well, I always feel, all the time, all day, that if people would only read Emerson they would understand, and not be like they are, and that the only way to make them understand what one means would be reading pieces of Emerson."
(Deadlock, III:41-42)

She is nevertheless aware of what he calls "the chills and contradictions" one encounters in reading him, similar to those within herself. "He isn't a bit original," she says, "when you read him you feel as if you were following your own thoughts."

"He understands everything." He is more the poet than the philosopher; " a most remarkable quality of English, great dignity and with at the same time a most perfect simplicity," Shatov agrees (Deadlock, III:41).

Moreover, she sees and confronts the same problems which baffle Emerson. They are the problems of the artist who must see through the pretensions of the world, a world which continues "plastic and fluid in the hands of God." (American Scholar, I:105) Troubled by man's abandonment of the inner dream for the false glories of history's lures — power and money — she again echoes Emerson, who says:

I believe man has been wronged; he has wronged himself. He has almost lost the light that can lead him back to his prerogatives. Men are become of no account. Men in history, men in the world of to-day, are bugs, are spawn, and are called "the mass" and "the herd."

. . . Wake them and they shall quit the false good and leap to the true, and leave governments to clerks and desks. (American Scholar, I: 106, 107)

Dorothy Richardson's words are marked by a lyrical intensity in expressing the same concern for the self selling itself short:

Out in the world life was ceasing all the time. All the time people were helplessly doing things that made time move; growing up, old people growing onwards . . . Young men died in advance; it was visible in their faces, when they took degrees and sat down to tasks that made time begin to move; never again free from its movement, always listening and looking for the stillness they had lost. . . . But why is the world which produces them so fresh and real and free, and then seizes and makes them dead old leaves whirled along by time, so different from people alone in themselves when time is not moving? People in themselves want nothing but reality. . . . Silence is reality. Life ought to be lived on a basis of silence, where truth blossoms. . . .

Life would become like the individual; alive . . . it would show, inside and out, and people would leave off talking so much. Life does show, seen from far off, pouring down into stillness . . . Perhaps people who don't take part don't fear death? The outsider sees most of the game; but that means a cynical man who does not care for anything; body and mind without soul. Lying dead at last, with reality left unnoticed on his dressing-table, along the window sill, along the edge of things outside the window. . . .
 (Deadlock, III: 188-189)

Clearly Miriam's sympathies are overwhelmingly with Emerson. Nonetheless, she is critical of certain limitations. Dorothy Richardson carefully and consistently allows Miriam her special prejudices and subjective responses even when the character may appear somewhat ludicrous in holding on to them. By this scrupulous attention to simulating free character reaction and expression, she supports our sense of the integrity of the characterization. Since an important means of creating psychological tension in the novel is through the character's resistance to the particularized analytic masculine mind, we are finally reminded that, perhaps unfortunately, Emerson is a man. He is sketchily characterized in Dimple Hill. Besides being a poet and mystic he is also male, which immediately limits his awareness of the inner life of people. He is fair-haired like herself. "That is important. The fair-haired people invented scepticism. Philosophical scepticism. Philosophy of the cut-off-from-the-roots ideas." This scepticism is Western. "Particularist. Vikings. Not the Latins. Whose scepticism is quite different. Formal and jocular" (Dimple Hill, IV, 533). Indeed, it may well be that Emerson represents Miriam's masculine

aspect, thereby accounting for her sensitivity towards any criticism, other than her own, directed against the writer.

Her admiration for Emerson makes Miriam vulnerable to attack. By using Emerson as a weapon against her, Miriam's young friend Amabel makes very clear her petulant and, until now, hidden resentment: "You know, Mira, we find Emerson trite," she says, referring to herself and her new husband Michael Shatov. Miriam immediately understands that these hurriedly spoken words are meant to show that now Amabel's views take precedence over her own, for Shatov who had for so long loved and admired her has at last broken even intellectually with her: "So much for your Emerson, and Michael, who used so enormously to admire him, agrees with me. In place of your Michael, who has ceased to exist, another has come into being." Although Miriam's first response is shock and anger, her devotion to, and respect for Amabel, forces her to reconsider her own view, and "looking quietly back to Emerson, looking at his quality . . . for the first time fully in the face," Miriam sees the old image disappear. She now sees "his scholarly urbanity perpetually checking his poetic insight, keeping within decorous bounds what, unleashed, might have reached to ecstasy" (Dimple Hill, IV:545).

This is a sound subjective judgment, but it is no intellectual pleasure to Miriam to have made it. She has identified her way of thought with Emerson's into early middle life. The acknowledgement of his limitations plunges her mentally and emotionally "down and

down to share the agony" which Amabel initiated. However, Miriam never remains emotionally or intellectually defeated for long, although there may be conditions attached to her Yea. Her final assessment is that "Emerson is luminous. Amiable, reasonable, humanistic; incomplete" (Dimple Hill, IV:545). Her own completeness lies in more specific and intensely creative areas of the imagination.

PART THREE

APPRENTICESHIP

CHAPTER VII

EARLY SELF-EXPLORATIONS

1

Pilgrimage provides a continuous record of an individual's response to literature and the literary artist, surely the longest to be found in the English novel. Miriam's latent and explicit identification with the attitude of Emerson and her gradual exploration of literary method culminating with Henry James, present a philosophical and theoretical exploration in the practical terms of the novel form. Miriam's developing knowledge about books and her attitude towards their creators suggest that they are also Dorothy Richardson's at parallel stages of her life. Since it is clear from her work that she regards the writer as first of all a human being and not a god, her response to him through his work is neither distant nor mysterious. Although the heavens may rejoice at the magnificence of its own creature's creation,¹ Dorothy Richardson's human joy is aroused because of a fellow man's achievement. So in The Tunnel, Miriam dismisses a friend's reverential attitude towards writers as "wistful hero worship," "raving about certain writers . . . as if she did not know they

1. Revolving Lights, III:276; The Trap, III:410.

were people" (II:81).

Miriam invariably associates books with memories of her adolescence at home. When she is troubled by the need to evaluate a situation and come to a decision, she reaches back in memory to books seen or read, making them the stimuli for recreating homely, reassuring scenes of the past. The immutability of books are a constantly available anchor to memory and thought. Therefore, as Miriam conjures "up a vision of the backs of the books . . . at home," many of them reflecting her father's interest in history and science, she becomes more tranquil. From the titles come fragmentary impressions.

Iliad and Odyssey . . . people going over the sea in boats and someone doing embroidery . . . that little picture of Hector and Andromache in the corner of a page . . . he in armour . . . she, in a trailing dress, holding up her baby. Both, silly. . . . She wished she had read more carefully. She could not remember anything in Lecky or Darwin that would tell her what to do . . . Hudibras . . . The Atomic Theory . . . Ballads and Poems, D.G. Rossetti . . . Kinglake's Crimea . . . Palgrave's Arabia . . . Crimea . . . The Crimea. . . . Florence Nightingale; a picture somewhere; a refined face, with cap and strings. . . . She must have smiled. . . .
(Pointed Roofs, I:168)

Finally, two books speak to her consciousness through their recalled physical shape and texture. Her abandonment to the pull of memory brings release from present time and tension. The journey into her thoughts stimulated by the books, introduces two levels of consciousness, each surrounding an image, one actual, the other creative, of the attendant woman. On the first level is her mother, beautiful, momentarily comforting, like the "tranquil moonlight" of

the actual scene, but like moonlight, lacking substantiality.

Motley's Rise of . . . Rise of . . . Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic. . . . Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic and the Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family. She held to the memory of these two books. Something was coming from them to her. She handled the shiny brown gold-tooled back of Motley's Rise and felt the hard graining of the red-bound Chronicles. . . . There were green trees outside in the moonlight . . . in Luther's Germany . . . trees and fields and German towns and then Holland. She breathed more easily. Her eyes opened serenely. Tranquil moonlight lay across the room. It surprised her like a sudden hand stroking her brow. It seemed to feel for her heart. If she gave way to it her thoughts would go. Perhaps she ought to watch it and let her thoughts go. It passed over her trouble like her mother did when she said, "Don't go so deeply into everything, chickie. You must learn to take life as it comes. Ah-eh if I were strong I could show you how to enjoy life. . . ." Delicate little mother, running quickly downstairs clearing her throat to sing. But mother did not know. She had no reasoning power. She could not help because she did not know. The moonlight was sad and hesitating. Miriam closed her eyes again. (I: 168-169)

Shutting out outer stimuli and moving more deeply into herself, Miriam reaches the second level, the imagined world of books. As reconstructed by her consciousness it has greater reality, is more shapely even as associated ideas and isolated images than the first recollection, because it is formed memory — an imaginative creation based on an original impression upon her consciousness — and is not merely a remembered scene or event. The result is an impression of an impression, an embryonic experience in a form of artistic creation. The scene is again domestic, the source of comfort again a woman; but this impressionistic reconstruction of historical persons, their relationship to one another and to the world is concrete and substantial. As a meditation on a recalled impression

it is more subtle, detailed, objective, and creative than Miriam's memory of her mother.

Luther . . . pinning up that notice on a church door.
 . . . (Why is Luther like a dyspeptic blackbird? Because the Diet of Worms did not agree with him) . . . and then leaving the notice on the church door and going home to tea . . . coffee . . . some evening meal . . . Käthe . . . Käthe . . . happy Käthe. . . . They pinned up that notice on a Roman Catholic church . . . and all the priests looked at them . . . and behind the priests were torture and dark places . . . Luther looking up to God . . . saying you couldn't get away from your sins by paying money . . . standing out in the world and Käthe making the meal at home . . . Luther was fat and German. Perhaps his face perspired . . . Eine feste Burg; a firm fortress . . . a round tower made of old brown bricks and no windows. . . . No need for Käthe to smile. . . . She had been a nun . . . and then making a lamplit meal for Luther in a wooden German house . . . and Rome waiting to kill them. (I: 169)

Miriam's progress in literature begins undramatically and haphazardly. At home she sat "at the open window in the dining-room, reading Lecky and Darwin and bound Contemporary Reviews" (I: 16). Her sister Harriett's books, the titles of which, "Ungava; a Tale of the North, Grimm's Fairy Tales, Wings and Stings, Swiss Family Robinson, made her laugh." Among her own books were The Voyage of the Beagle, Scott's Poetical Works, Villette, Longfellow, the "Holy Bible with Apocrypha," Egmont. (I: 22-23) Her parents took The Times: "Her mother read 'the leaders' in the evening . . . and her father would put down his volume of Proceedings of the British Association; or Herbert Spencer's First Principles, and condenscendingly agree" with his wife's favourable reactions (Backwater, I:234). But until Miriam was eighteen and teaching in London she "never had a newspaper in her hand" (235).

At seventeen, she takes an English teaching post in Hanover in an attempt to lessen the financial difficulties at home, and is confronted with the pedagogical problems of method and material. Through recollections of her own recent studies at a progressive school, we learn of her exposure to Browning and Ruskin (Pointed Roofs, I: 80-81), French, logic, and psychology, "that strange, new subject" (79). She recalls the enthusiasm of her teachers in wanting the pupils to learn, understand, and above all to see: one whose "faintly wheezy tones bleating triumphantly out at the end of a passage from The Ring and the Book, as he lowered his volume and bent beaming towards them all . . . for response;"; another "explaining a syllogism from the blackboard, turning quietly to them, her face all aglow, . . . Do you see? Does anyone see?"; the French master, "dreaming over the things he read to them, repeating passages, wandering from his subject, making allusions here and there" (79-80). Her own earlier education seemed now to have been particularly humane.

She had learned to read in Reading without Tears, and gone on to Classical Poems and Prose for the Young, her arithmetic book instead of being a thin cold paper-covered thing called Standard I, had been a pleasant green volume called "Barnard Smith," that began at the beginning and went on to compound fractions and stocks, . . . no bits from Piers Plowman and pages of scraps of words with the way they changed in different languages, and quotations, just sentences that had made her long for more . . . "up-clomb" . . . "the mist up-clomb!" (Backwater, I: 235)

From the pattern set by her former teachers, Miriam, in part, derives her own. Teaching English in Hanover, while as yet

knowing little German, makes her especially conscious of the form and use of language, as well as the problems of showing its distinctive qualities through literature. She is faced with teaching from the didactic Victorian stories for children which together with Sandford and Merton "she and Harriett had banished and wanted to burn in their early teens" (54). However, her German pupils seem satisfied with these books. More important than the experience of teaching for which she shows a marked talent, two new literatures become available to her through her improved French and newly acquired German.

Increasingly, books become a way of life for Miriam. At Banbury Park, in the North London school where she takes her second teaching post, her reading becomes more diversified, her passion for literature more intense. Although clearly governed by Victorian attitudes, her interests lead to greater emancipation of her literary tastes. Backwater, the second "chapter" of Pilgrimage, dealing with Miriam's year and a half at Deborah, Jenny, and Haddie Perne's school, conveys the penetrating gloom and dinginess of North London as an atmospheric reflection of growing family difficulties at home from which she finds relief in music and books. A book -- its title, author, size, and texture, as well as its content -- is the agency for her spiritual and imaginative explorations. Like the Hanover school, the Perne's school supplies little but "serious" books for its pupils. The "only story-book amongst the rows of volumes which filled the

shelves in the big schoolroom" was The Story of Adèle, while Miriam's dressing table supported three Bibles. But the school library also contained Fleurs de l'Eloquence:

Shiny brown leather covered with little gold buds and tendrils, fresh and new although the parchment pages were yellow with age. The Fleurs were so short . . . that curious page signed "Froissart" with long s's, coming to an end just as the picture of the French court was getting clear and interesting. (I:226)

Moreover, "that other thing," The Anatomy of Melancholy was included in the collection.

Fascinating. But it would take so much reading, on and on forgetting everything; all the ordinary things, seeing things in some new way, some way that fascinated people for a moment if you tried to talk about it and then made them very angry, made them hate and suspect you. Impossible to take it out and have it on the schoolroom table for tea-time reading. (226)

A major portion of chapter III in Backwater is devoted to Miriam's impressions and reflection on some of these books. They are more explicitly detailed than those of Pointed Roofs, and provide not only recreated or newly created scenes conditioned by her reading, but cause her to reflect on the actual world around her. In and out of her associated ideas is the strong influence of the books, emphasized by the school's custom of tea-time reading. Miriam is alone, waiting for the summoning bell, savoring just sparingly the library's only "story-book" lest she "be wasteful" by reading it in her room. The possibilities of reading the Anatomy have just been mentally reviewed. Her thoughts now turn to the Pernes's practice of reading and their choice of material. The evolution of her thoughts from the Anatomy and back again to it, creates a picture

in miniature of the shaping forces, past and present, on Miriam's character.

What had made the Pernes begin allowing tea-time reading? Being shy and finding it difficult to keep conversation going with the girls for so long? They never did talk to the girls. Perhaps because they did not see through them and understand them. North London girls. So different from the Fairchild family and the sort of girls they had been accustomed to when they were young. Anyhow, they hardly ever had to talk to them. Not at breakfast or dinner-time when they were all three there; and at tea-time when there was only one of them, there were always the books. How sensible. On Sunday afternoons, coming smiling into the schoolroom, one of them each Sunday — perhaps the others were asleep — reading aloud; the Fairchild family, smooth and good and happy, every one in the book surrounded with a sort of light, going on and on towards heaven, tea-time seeming so nice and mean and ordinary afterwards — or a book about a place in the north of England called Saltcoats, brine, and a vicarage and miners; the people in the book horrible, not lit up, talking about things and being gloomy and not always knowing what to do, never really sure about Heaven like the Fairchild family, black brackish book. The Fairchild Family was golden and gleaming.

The Anatomy of Melancholy would not be golden like The Fairchild Family . . . "the cart was now come alongside a wood which was exceedingly shady and beautiful"; "good manners and civility make everybody lovely"; but it would be round and real, not just chilly and moaning like Saltcoats. The title would be enough to keep one going at tea-time. Anat — omy of Mel — ancholy, and the look of the close-printed pages and a sentence here and there. The Pernes would not believe she really wanted it there on the table. The girls would stare. (p226-227)

Because The Anatomy of Melancholy would not be acceptable on the tea-table, she would try Dickens. But not all of Dickens was readable. This could be determined from the titles, some of which were suspect. One of the pupils is reading Nicholas Nickleby.

Just the very one of all the Dickens volumes that would be likely to come into her hands. Impossible to borrow it when Nancie had finished with it. Impossible to read a book

with such a title. David Copperfield was all right; and The Pickwick Papers. Little Dorritt /sig/ -- A Tale of Two Cities -- The Old Curiosity Shop. There was something suspicious about these, too. (227)

The tantalizing world of The Story of Adèle is far removed from Miriam's immediate surroundings. Although the book holds "some secret charm," its physical appearance anticipates a significant experience. The realized difference between the false picture of human existence conveyed in a shallow book, and actual existence understood through direct apprehension of the world, begins Miriam's search for what is true in literature, particularly in the novel.

Continuing in her thoughts to move from the book before her to the general physical surroundings, curious relationships and correspondences register on her consciousness. Yet she is unaware of how the book's stiff, worn covers and faded ornamentation are qualitatively like the room's coarse furnishings. The aversion Miriam feels towards the room is somewhat mitigated by the book, deceptively enhanced by the reflection of the sunlight upon it.

Adèle -- The Story of Adèle. The book had hard, unpleasant covers with some thin cottony material -- bright lobelia blue -- strained over them and fraying out at the corners. Over the front of the cover were little garlands and festoons of faded gold, and in the centre framed by an oval band of brighter gold was the word Adèle, with little strong tendrils on the lettering. There was some secret charm about the book. The strong sunlight striking the window just above the coarse lace curtains that obscured its lower half, made the gilding shine and seem to move a whole wild woodland. The coarse white toilet cover on the chest of drawers, the three Bibles, the little cheap mahogany-framed looking-glass, Nancie Wilkie's gilding hand-glass, the ugly gas bracket sticking out above the mirror, her own bed in the corner with its coarse fringed coverlet, the two alien beds behind her in the room, and the repellent washstand in the far corner became friendly as the

sun shone on the decorated cover of the blue and gold book.
(227-228)

Dorothy Richardson works very carefully in this section of chapter III to show how the sensitive, but incompletely awakened consciousness of Miriam does not yet realize that the beauty of the physical book rests upon an illusion. That curiously the full illumination of the sun does not reveal the actual shabbiness of the book, but ironically masks its defects by highlighting only its superficial decorations. The room, however, having no comparable decoration to capture and direct the attention away from the reality of its worn and utilitarian appearance is cruelly revealed by the vivid light. The seduction of the superficial decoration of the book is made to work on Miriam's consciousness as she looks into the world created in the story. It is a fairy-tale world, yet it resembles her memories of the enclosed garden of her childhood and unbounded nature beyond it.¹ Again Miriam's attention is drawn from the fictional to the actual scene, but now to a larger apprehension of the natural world outside the window. The illuminated garden of the book bares analogous resemblance to the actual view.

Miriam closed the book and turned to the dazzling window. The sun blazed just above the gap in the avenue of poplars. A bright yellow pathway led up through the green of the public cricket ground, pierced the avenue of poplars and disappeared through the further greenery in a curve that was the beginning of its encirclement of the park lake. Coming slowly along the pathway was a little figure dressed bunchily in black. It looked pathetically small and dingy

1. See also Dorothy Richardson's short stories: "The Garden," The Transatlantic Review, II, 2 (August 1924), 141-143; "The Visitor," and "The Visit," Life and Letters, XLVI, 97 (September 1945), 167-181.

in the bright scene. The afternoon blazed round it. It was something left over. What was the explanation of it? As it came near it seemed to change. It grew real. It was hurrying eagerly along, quite indifferent to the afternoon glory, with little rolling steps that were like the uneven toddling of a child, and carrying a large newspaper whose great sheets, although there was no wind, balled out scarcely controlled by the small hands. Its feathered hat had a wind-blown rakish air. On such a still afternoon. It was thinking and coming along, thinking and thinking and a little angry. What a rum little party, murmured Miriam, despising her words and admiring the wild thought-filled little bundle of dingy clothes. Beastly, to be picking up that low kind of slang -- not real slang. Just North London sneering. (228)

Endless summer does not exist outside the window. The "little bundle of dingy clothes" holds Miriam's attention to the actual by being made the focal point of the scene. From the fantasy about Adèle in her garden, Miriam is roused to more penetrating attention to the actual world. She sees in detail and conveys through her consciousness the essence of what she perceives; not only its physical form, but the attitude, expression, and atmosphere surrounding and evoked by the figure against the background. Miriam is a spectator, but also the imaginative creator of what is directly unperceivable to the physical eye.

Goo-- what a rum little party, she declared aloud, flattening herself against the window. Hotly flushing, she recognized that she had been staring at Miss Jenny Perne hurrying in to preside at tea. (229)

The entire passage illustrates the paradoxical compatibility between objectivity and subjectivity; that is, material which is subjectively assimilated, interpreted, and projected in and through consciousness, becoming independent of particular personal

involvement. It is an example of how to be subjective in an objective way, emphasized by the final sentence describing Miriam's recognition of who the "rum little party" really is. Until this point, the material of her perception and the thoughts stimulated by her perception affect her consciousness so that the self is involved in the experience in a super-personal way. Recognizing the figure, Miriam becomes self-conscious, personally aware through specifically directed emotions. Her reactions are based on custom and previous conditioning; detachment is lost. Consciousness is revealed by implication, as the material passing through it is shaped and colored; the state created by this experience is markedly integrated. Self-consciousness reveals isolated aspects of the personality in response to external stimulation; it is a conditional state. The responses are determined by the effect of the social or physical environment on the individual. They make clear, sometimes painfully, where the individual ends and the rest of the world begins. Self-consciousness impairs the unity of existence which consciousness takes for granted. So Miriam is cut off from the creative contemplation of the spectacle in two stages following immediately upon one another: the first is her self-consciousness about the use of slang;¹ the second is her recognition of Jenny Perne. Here again Dorothy Richardson's meaning is in her method. The elements that constitute the entire passage -- Miriam's

1. Miriam, when together with her younger sister Harriett, often falls into slangy speech, a habit which she periodically resolves to break.

interest in books for themselves; her sense of the as yet unaccounted for failure at truth in many books; the non-analytical awareness of the real versus the actual world, together with her relationship to each; her unpremeditated exercise in the capture and imaginative rendering of perception as a prelude to eventual literary expression; the continuous exposure of her consciousness and external reactions, revealing her personality; the subtle movement of time during the interlude itself — all are fused through Dorothy Richardson's technique.

2

A conflict between conventional religious attitudes and Miriam's literary imagination begins to take on major importance. To the Pernes, particularly to Miss Haddie, Miriam is "an independent young woman," "something new — a kind of different world" (I:260), whose humanistic orientation could do with more orthodox control. Even at this stage, Miriam views God solely in his aspect as Creator. The Son as Saviour is a contradiction of Divine responsibility for the creation. She rejects this stage of the Divine in its humanized form as Christ. Moreover, she questions the usefulness of the human life of God in the person of Christ as an example to the human creation.

"How can people, ordinary people, be expected to be like Christ, as they say, when they think Christ was supernatural? Of course, if He was supernatural, it was easy enough for Him to be as He was; if He was not supernatural, then there's nothing in the whole thing."

"My dear child!" /said Miss Haddie/ "I'm dreadfully sorry ye feel like that. I'd no idea ye felt like that, poor child. I knew ye weren't quite happy always; I mean I've thought ye weren't quite happy in yer mind sometimes, but I'd no idea — eh, eh, have ye ever consulted anybody — anybody able to give ye advice?"

"There you are. That's exactly the whole thing! Who can one consult? There isn't anybody. The people who are qualified are the people who have the thing called faith, which means that they beg the whole question from the beginning. . . .

"Well, I'm made that way. How can I help it if faith seems to me just an abnormal condition of the mind with fanaticism at the one end and agnosticism at the other?"

"My dear, ye believe in God?"

"Well, you see, I see things like this. On one side a prime cause with a certain object unknown to me, bringing humanity into being; on the other side humanity, all more or less miserable, never having been consulted as to whether they wanted to come into life. If that is belief, a South Sea Islander could have it. But good people, people with faith, want me to believe that one day God sent a saviour to rescue the world from sin and that the world can never be grateful enough and must become as Christ. Well. If God made people he is responsible and ought to save them." (259)¹

Miss Haddie attempts to win Miriam to a less controversial view by means of Preparation for Holy Communion. The book is more seductive to Miriam's spirit through her imagination than any conversation or orally delivered argument. As though to a conditioning stimulus, she becomes totally receptive to the experience. The moments following her receipt of the book are intensely subjective, and as vividly perceptive of present, past, and imaginative time as the Adèle

1. Miriam's scepticism on this point undergoes some modification. See her meditation on Jesus' role at the Wedding of Cana, discussed above, Part One, Chapter II, Section 2, when the essence of Christ's temporal existence rather than its historical importance as a temporal event is stressed. In Dimple Hill, however, her mystical apprehension of the Divine is in its aspect as creator.

interlude. She and Miss Haddie are brought into more intimate physical contact through the giving and receiving of the book. "The smooth soft leather slipped altogether into Miriam's hands and she felt the passing contact of a cool small hand and noted a faint fine scent coming to her from Miss Haddie's person" (261). In the single sentence, Dorothy Richardson introduces the book physically, and completes the picture of Miss Haddie created by Miriam's intermittent attention to details of her person and dress during their conversation. Again the contents are the secondary part of the experience of a book: "In her own room she found the soft binding of the book had rounded corners and nothing on the cover but a small plain gold cross in the right-hand corner. She feasted her eyes on it as she took off her things." The shock of finding it to be Preparation for Holy Communion causes her first, and instinctively, to hide "it in her long drawer under a pile of linen," and then more calmly to "put it, together with her prayer-book and hymn-book, in the small top drawer." The appreciation of Miriam's personality is enhanced by the humor and truth of her reaction. Following upon the lengthy meditation and conversation on religion, and the anticipation aroused by the book, the moment is a skilfully employed anti-climax.

Eventually, Miriam does open the book. She is struck first by the fact that the book is written by someone still living; therefore, this is Miriam's first exposure to "contemporary" literature of any sort. Her growing excitement about the contents

arises from the novelty of reading about religious matters from a contemporary, and therefore perhaps more sympathetic point of view. Here begins Miriam's approach to a book through its author.

It struck her as extraordinary that a book should be printed and read while the author was alive, and she turned away with a feeling of shame from the idea of the bishop, still going about in his lawn sleeves and talking, while people read a book that he had written in his study. But it was very interesting to have the book to look at, because he probably knew about modern people with doubts and would not think about them as "infidels" -- "an honest agnostic has my sympathy," he might say, and it was possible he did not believe in eternal punishment. If he did he would not have had his book printed with rounded edges and that beautiful little cross . . . Line upon Line and the Pilgrim's Progress were not meant for modern minds. Archbishop Whately had a "chaste and eloquent wit" and was a "great gardener." A witty archbishop fond of gardening was simply aggravating and silly. (261-262)

Miriam's confrontation with religion in terms of sin, cleansing, reconciliation, and salvation creates a physical and mental rigidity. Could "the sense of her body with its load of well-known memories . . . be got rid of?" While this might be possible, the difficulties of presenting her new self to friends and family are insurmountable.

Those you met would find out the change; but all the others -- those you had offended from your youth up -- all your family? Write to them. A sense of a checking of the tide that had seemed to flow through her finger-tips came with this suggestion, and Miriam knelt heavily on the hard floor, feeling the weight of her well-known body. The wall-paper attracted her attention and the honeycomb pattern of the thick fringed white counterpane. She shut the little book and rose from her knees. Moving quickly about the room, she turned at random to her wash-hand basin and vigorously rewashed her hands in its soapy water. (263)

This simple symbolic action causes Miriam to reflect that the "Englishman . . . puts a dirty shirt on a clean body, and the

Frenchman a clean shirt on a dirty body."

The episode has wider significance than its place in Backwater suggests. At least three elements anticipate developments in subsequent "chapters" of Pilgrimage. The first is an outgrowth of Miriam's initial embarrassment in confronting living writers in their works. In Revolving Lights, when she is drawn into the literary circle surrounding Hypo Wilson, she is both repelled and fascinated in a more sophisticated way, not so much by living writers, but by the fact that they use living people in their novels. Among Wilson's house guests is a woman novelist, and he has been reading proofs of her latest novel. Miriam's reaction is a pleasant irony on Dorothy Richardson's biographical liberties in the creation of Pilgrimage.

She had put people in. . . . People he knew of. They joked about it. Horrible. . . . She gazed, revolted and fascinated, at the bundle of pages. Someone ought to prevent, destroy. This peaceful beauty. Life going so wonderfully on. And people being helplessly picked out and put into books. . . .

That was "writing"; from behind the scenes. People and things from life, a little altered, and described from the author's point of view. Easy; if your life was amongst a great many people and things and you were hard enough to be sceptical and superior. But an impossibly mean advantage . . . a cheap easy way. Cold clever way of making people look seen-through and foolish; to be laughed at, while the authors remained admired, special people, independent, leading easy airy sunlit lives, supposed, by readers who did not know where they got their material, to be creators. (Revolving Lights, III:342)

But Miriam asks to read the proof herself in order to meet the author at first hand: "She was to meet her. See unfold her

before her eyes in the pages of the book." However, she finds the truth of life is again missing, even in books by living authors about contemporary subjects. The actual life of Wilson's guest, whether alone "grilling" in her "little London eyrie," or clutching "at the fading reverberations" between herself and Hypo, is an extension of the narrow consciousness and abortive imagination revealed in her book.

She is like the characters in her book, direct, swift, ruthless, using any means. . . . She saw me as a fool, offered me the role of one of the negligible minor characters, there to be used by the successful ones. She is one with her work, with her picture of life. But it is not a true picture. The glinting sea, all the influences pouring in from the garden, denied its existence. It was just a fuss, the biggest drama in the world was a fuss in which people competed, gambling, every one losing in the end. Dead, empty loss, on the whole, because there was always the commission to be paid. Life in the world is a vice; to which those who take it up gradually became accustomed. Her eyes clung to the splinters of gold on the rippling blue sea. Dropped them, and she was confined in the hot little rooms of a London flat. If Miss Prout was not enviable, so feared her lonely independence, then no one was enviable. (348-349)

The effective transmission of reality, therefore, has nothing to do with contemporaneity. Character, plot, dialogue may all be reproductions of the actual; but if the writer's apprehension of the actual is limited only to physical properties or casual relationships, while remaining insensitive to essential qualities, to what constitutes the uniqueness of existence, the spectacle created as his imagined world is as deficient in reality as his view of life. The solution to the problem of conveying reality through literature, particularly the novel, is not to be found in

the simple device of offering a thinly disguised reproduction of the actual.

The problem has a more intimate significance in Backwater, where Miriam begins to realize the difficulties in communicating her ideas and feelings to others. While reading Preparations for Holy Communion, she contemplates the possibility of a change in her life. She would then be required to inform her family and friends of her decision and its results. The second element that continues to be developed throughout Pilgrimage may be expressed as a question: How can Miriam present her experience convincingly? Concluding that she cannot convey her own reality to others in a form as simple as a letter, and being as yet incapable of full verbal expressiveness, she abandons any inclination towards religious conversion.

Conveying the reality of person and situation increasingly becomes a literary problem as Miriam matures. Verbal articulation of the seen and felt is not the whole answer to the problem of communicating the self. It must combine with objective selection, thereby indicating a degree of honesty in regard to one's self. Contemplation of one's self as spectacle is being objective about one's subjective state. As described in Deadlock, one of the stages towards accomplishing this objectivity is through voices other than one's own. Here Miriam realizes that her ideas are expressed in borrowed words; the thoughts that lie most deeply in her, representing what is really and uniquely herself, cannot find

expression in an original and personal way. The frustration of her active mind makes her aware of what underlies her attitude towards the ideas of others. Acknowledging that she is in an intellectually negative phase, she examines ideas solely through negative argument, regardless of her personal feelings about them. The method is effective as an exercise in objective-subjective compatibility. At the same time, Miriam becomes more critical of the disorder and imprecision of her own thoughts. Words are the weak link between her ideas and their expression, for though her mind sees vividly in images, she cannot translate the mental images into verbal ones.

Far away below her clashing thoughts was something she wanted to express, something [Shatov] did not know, and that yet she felt he might be able to shape for her if only she could present it. 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. None of them expressed the underlying thing. . . .

[Shatov's] mind was steady. The things that were there would not drop away. She would be able to consider them . . . watching the effect of the light of other minds upon the things that floated in her own mind; so dreadfully few, now that he was beginning to look at them; and all ending with the images of people who had said them, or the bindings of books where she had found them set down. . . . Yet she felt familiar with all points of view. Every generalization gave her the clue to the speaker's mind . . . wanting to hear no more, only to criticize what was said by pointing out, whether she agreed with it or no, the opposite point of view. (Deadlock, III: 76-77)

Shatov's special talent is the illumination of his conversation and descriptions by a consciousness so palpable, yet impersonal, as to

make Miriam at one with him in regarding the spectacle his words evoke, while at the same time aware of herself and her own thoughts in an unself-conscious way. In another form it is the experience of the innocent eye.¹

The world of literature and philosophy he brings to Miriam is equally balanced by that of humanity, and so the enriched material of her mind makes the creative play of her imagination more meaningful. Perfect compatibility is established between the two characters, with Miriam as a cooperating, contemplative, and reflecting spectator to Shatov's imaginatively recreated scenes. The association is a variation on Dorothy Richardson's theory of the reader-writer-book relationship, integral to Pilgrimage in that it further demonstrates the practical operation of the expanded consciousness and the creative imagination on the actual world.

She smiled encouragingly towards his talk, hurriedly summoning an appearance of attention into her absent eyes while she contemplated his glowing pallor and the gaze of unconscious wide intelligence, shining not only towards her own, but also with such undisturbed intentness upon what he was describing. She could think later on, next year, when he had gone away leaving her to confront her world with a fresh armoury. As long as he stayed, he would be there, without effort or encouragement from her, filling her spare hours with his untired beauty, drawing her along his carefully spun English phrases, away from personal experiences, into a world going on independently of them; unaware of the many scattered interests waiting for her beyond this shabby room, and yet making them shine as he talked, newly alight with rich superfluous impersonal fascination, no longer isolated, but vivid parts of a whole, growing more and more intelligible as he carried her further and further into a life he saw so distinctly, that he made it hers; too quickly for her to keep account of the inpouring wealth. . . .

1. See above, Part Two, Chapter IV, Section 2.

She beamed in spacious self-congratulation and plunged into the midst of his theme in holiday mood. She was in a theatre, without walls, her known world and all her memories spread, fanwise about her, all intent on what she saw, changing, retreating to their original form, coming forward, 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. The momentary sound of her own voice in the room, encouraging his narrative, made no break; she dropped her remarks at random into his parentheses, carefully screening the bright centres as they turned one by one into living memories. . . . (III: 77-78)

Thus, Miriam learns by repetitive example, enlarged experience, and increasing practice, how the link between thoughts and words may be strengthened and the product infused with a paradoxically dual reality: that which is essential to the creation, and that which is essential to the self. Associated technical problems of literature are to depend on these earlier years of Miriam's apprenticeship. Later, translations, reviews, essays, articles, sketches, and finally the novel, while introducing questions unique to their type, share in this — that Dorothy Richardson and Miriam as her alter ego (truly her "second I") approach all these forms in terms of imaginative literature upon which the creating mind must be brought to bear either as instrument or as originator, or as both.

The final element in the passage from Backwater is expressed by the ritual washing of hands. But the traditionally symbolic action also has a specific narrative function in Miriam's reflection on the familiar characterization of the Englishman as one who puts "a dirty shirt on a clean body." Indeed, soap becomes a familiar

part of Miriam's fresh starts, whether of a new day or of a new phase of life. Finally in Oberland it is given eulogistic treatment. The cake of English soap Miriam purchases in a Swiss shop is a link with home and a symbol of the fusion of time.

As if from the bright intense sunlight all about her, a ray of thought had fallen upon the mystery of her passion for soap, making it so clear in her mind that the little ray, and the lit images waiting for words, could be put aside . . .

It was not only the appeal of varying shape and colour, or even of the many perfumes each with its power of evoking images: the heavy voluptuous scents suggesting brunette adventuresses, Turkish cigarettes, and luxurious idleness; the elusive and delicate, that could bring spring-time into a winter bedroom darkened by snow-clouds. 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. But all great days had soap, impressing its qualities upon you, during your most intense moments of anticipation, as a prelude. And the realization of a good day past, coming with the early morning hour, is accompanied by soap. Soap is with you when you are in that state of feeling life at first hand that makes even the best things that can happen important not so much in themselves as in the way they make you conscious of life, and of yourself living. Every day, even those that are called ordinary days, with its miracle of return from sleep, is heralded by soap, summoning its retinue of companion days. (Oberland, IV: 62-63)

Besides its simple function in the narrative, its appearance serves as increasingly familiar guideposts to Miriam's development. In instances where washing is particularly emphasized, as in Oberland, the action symbolically echoes the dirty shirts on clean bodies of Backwater. In Backwater, the clean body represents the perpetually luminous core of Miriam's consciousness, the source of

her personal reality, which makes all reality lying outside herself recognizable. The dirty shirt is not the unwholesome article the saying implies. It represents Miriam's unchanging identity, her vision of herself, unaffected by self-deceptive or self-destructive fantasy; It is her old, well-worn, sometimes dingy self. Therefore, Miriam puts on her own identity again, and rejects the tempting new one as unnatural to her. Unobtrusively, the motif prevades Pilgrimage. Miriam's distinct Englishness,¹ together with her experimentation with other actual or imagined professional, political, or social identities, continually dramatize the whimsical comparison she makes in Backwater.

Time and again Miriam learns the same lesson from different experiences — that inevitably one must discard what is false to one's nature and purpose no matter how desirable it may appear to be. For the moment, her determination to hold on to the real at all costs finds expression in mental images and instinctive symbolic actions underscored by the prevailing gloom of Backwater's setting. At the same time, in images of real life's wear and tear, she chooses the more difficult path.

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. (Backwater, I:320)

1. See above the discussion of Miriam as Britannia, Part One, Chapter III, Section 1.

CHAPTER VIII

EARLY LITERARY EXPLORATIONS

1

Miriam's pilgrimage through literature begins in the spirit of a physical and mental adventure. The depression created by North London and the Pernes's school at Wordsworth House lifts under the influence of the books she begins to read clandestinely. Miriam's awakening to this new experience occurs in the spring of the year like many other significant changes in her life. She discovers the treasures of the "Circulating Library, 2d. weekly," and selects a novel by Mrs. Hungerford from the collection of books, some of which are already known to her. Her modest choice, secreted in her room, is the first of many yet to come, leading in time to the "Red-bound volumes of Ouida on the bottom shelf [which] had sent her eyes quickly back to the safety of the upper rows" (Backwater, I:281). Miriam's Victorian attitudes are clearly marked. Although determined to free herself from narrow fears and prejudices, and remembering "her father's voice saying that Ouida was an extremely able woman, quite a politician," Miriam's embarrassment in asking for the books might be disguised if "she could pretend she did not know anything about them" (I:281-282).

Her self-consciousness is heightened by the influence and example of the school. Late hours spent reading novels instead of preparing lessons adds to her superficial sense of guilt. "Secret novel-reading" was an unconfessible sin, but the joy of her solitary reading late into the night refuted the claim "that sin promises a satisfaction that it is unable to fulfil."

. . . she found when the house was still and the trams had ceased jingling up and down outside that she grew steady and cool and that she rediscovered the self she had known at home, where the refuge of silence and books was always open. Perhaps that self, leaving others to do the practical things, erecting a little wall of unapproachability between herself and her family that she might be free to dream alone in corners, had always been wrong. But it was herself, the nearest most intimate self she had known. And the discovery that it was not dead, that her six months in the German school and the nine long months during which Banbury Park life had drawn a veil even over the little slices of holiday freedom, had not even touched it, brought her warm moments of reassurance. It was not perhaps a "good" self, but it was herself, her own familiar secretly happy and rejoicing self -- not dead. Her hands lying on the coverlet knew it. They were again at these moments her own old hands, holding very firmly to things that no one might touch or even approach too nearly, things, everything, the great thing that would some day communicate itself to someone through these secret hands with the strangely thrilling finger-tips. (I: 282-283)

The transition from Miriam's rediscovered identity to the physical awareness and latent promise of her hands develops fluidly. The acute sense of self while reading brings her attention to her hands lying in view upon the bed-clothes. In a lengthy passage, they are described in and for themselves, and as characteristic projections of Miriam's personality.

Holding them up in the gaslight she dreamed over their wisdom. They knew everything and held their secret, even from her. She eyed them, communed with them, passionately trusted them.

They were not "artistic" or "clever" hands. The fingers did not "taper" nor did the outstretched thumb curl back on itself like a frond. . . . They were long, the tips squarish and firmly padded, the palm square and bony and supple, and the large thumb-joint stood away from the rest of the hand like the thumb-joint of a man. The right hand was larger than the left, kindlier, friendlier, wiser. The expression of the left hand was less reassuring. It was a narrower, lighter hand, more flexible, less sensitive and more even in its touch — more smooth and manageable in playing scales. It seemed to belong to her much less than the right; but when the two were firmly interlocked they made a pleasant curious whole, the right clasping more firmly, its thumb always uppermost, its fingers separated firmly over the back of the left palm, the left hand clinging, its fingers close together against the hard knuckles of the right.

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. Loving her, someone might come to tolerate them. . . . But they were her strength. They came between her and the world of women. They would be her companions until the end. They would wither. But the bones would not change. The bones would be laid unchanged and wise, in her grave. (I: 283)

At least three important elements in the description and interpretation of Miriam's hands are fused in the passage. The first draws attention to Dorothy Richardson's meticulous care in avoiding symbols that do not function organically in the narrative. The hands are examined as things in themselves, as well as in relation to Miriam. Usually, hands are the parts of our body we recognize 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 distinctively ours; their imprint is unique. Great achievement has the mark of the master hand. Thus, everything relating to Miriam's self will be expressed to the outer world through the "secret hands with the strangely thrilling finger-tips." They are to become the physical instruments by which the imagination will reveal itself. Therefore, as the second element, they suggest the artist's hands, but they are not conventionally romanticized as delicate or artistic in appearance. Miriam's hands are substantial, varied in characteristics, and paradoxical.

Finally, the meditation on hands brings to the surface and isolates the persistent motif of the hermaphrodite. Dorothy Richardson's discussions of the nature and place of woman in her periodical writings, as well as in Pilgrimage, are frequently suggestive of the imaginative and creative harmony that result from this state. While the psychological significance of Pilgrimage is important, the more clinically oriented view would be inclined to explain the state in sexual terms. However, the essence of the novel demands an interpretation in psychological terms of a more philosophical and aesthetic nature. In Pilgrimage, the hermaphrodite image represents the synthetic (feminine) and analytic (masculine) qualities of the creating intellect. Aesthetically, it embodies the harmony between talent (selection, execution: masculine), and genius (inspiration, intuition: feminine), as discovered through critical comprehension of the creative process. Moreover, the

hermaphrodite image represents an inextricable fusion of vision and form, when the experience and the expression — the artist's vision and its literary form — are discovered to be one, through contemplation of the created product.¹

Miriam's capacity to discriminate becomes enlarged during this early period. Through her random reading, she grows more adept at distinguishing the personally real from the desirable fantasy. She rejects the romanticized, prejudiced gentility of Rosa Nouchette Carey's domesticated women, "with firm happy lips being good and going to church and making happy matches for other girls or quietly disapproving of everybody who did not believe just in the same way and think about good girls and happy marriages and heaven, keeping such people outside. Smiling, wise and happy inside in the warm" (I: 284). Miriam's frustration at not being able to verbalize precisely what she thinks and feels about this trivial portrayal of life is emphasized by the image of her mocking hands.

What an escape! Good God in heaven, what an escape!
Far better to be alone and suffering and miserable here
in the school, alive. . . .

Then there'll be whole heaps of books, millions of books I can't read — perhaps nearly all the books. She took one more volume of Rosa, in hope, and haunted its deeps of domesticity. "I've gone too far." . . . If Rosa Nouchette Carey knew me, she'd make me one of the bad characters who are turned out of the happy homes. I'm some sort of bad unsimple woman. Oh, damn, damn, she sighed. I don't know. Her hands seemed to mock her, barring her way. (I: 284)

1. See above the discussion of Dorothy Richardson's articles on masculine and feminine consciousness relating to the artist; Part One, Chapter I, Section 2, and passim.

In contrast to the narrow insipid world of Rosa Nouchette Carey is the elegant, leisured, romantically coincidental world of Mrs. Hungerford. Miriam's appetite for her novels is insatiable: "She read them eagerly, inspirited;" and, "the single word 'Hungerford' on a cover inflamed her." She recognizes her own fantasies in these books, fantasies about a gracious, comfortable life in beautiful, ordered surroundings, her physical person reflecting an analogous beauty, proportion, and grace (Backwater, I: 284-285). It is a way of life she experiences in childhood, then as governess to the Corrie children in Honeycomb, and is offered later by Dr. Densley's marriage proposal in The Trap.

Miriam has been reading with the surface of her imagination. She reconstructs the manners of life depicted in these novels, and indeed, there is little else in them. The novels are enriched only through her complementary fantasies. Real reading, contemplation and reflection on what the book offers, does not come until Miriam finds sufficient courage to begin Ouida. She read "Under Two Flags: "until three o'clock and finished the volume the next night at the same hour, sitting upright when the last word was read, refreshed." For the first time, contact between her inner life and the world of the book is uninterrupted. The two realities flow imperceptibly and without hindrance from one to the other. Unity of the reader and writer has been established through the book. Reading Ouida confirms Miriam's independence and reinforces her sense of personal uniqueness. She develops a Lawrencian appetite for "strong bad

things,"

The mere sitting with the text held before her eyes gave her the feeling of being strongly confronted. The strange currents which came whenever she was alone and at ease flowing to the tips of her fingers, seemed to flow into the book as she held it and to be met and satisfied. As soon as the door was shut and the gas alight, she would take the precious, solid trusty volume from her drawer and fling it on her bed, to have it under her eyes while she undressed. She ceased to read her Bible and to pray. Ouida, Ouida, she would muse with the book at last in her hands. I want bad things — strong bad things. . . . It doesn't matter, Italy, the sky, bright hot landscapes, things happening. I don't care what people think or say. I am older than anyone here in this house. I am myself. (I: 286)

In spite of Miriam's intense fulfilment in reading these novels, she is in effect still responding to the lure of the book in personal terms; her reactions are typically adolescent. The state of mind produced by any of these books carries over into actual life. She sees people as characters in novels. But she is now truly convinced that there is more to life than this present backwater, and that a vital part of that life is the reality of reading.

2

The realization that her reading is a search for the author comes to Miriam during her employment as governess in the Corrie household. In Honeycomb, she attempts to compare her response to a book with that of other readers. Most readers are inclined to regard only the narrative aspect of novels:

. . . this annoyed her, and impatiently she wanted to tell them that there was nothing in it, nothing in the

things the author wanted to make them believe; that it was fraud, humbug . . . they missed everything. They could not see through it, they read through to the happy ending or the sad ending and took it all seriously. (Honeycomb, I: 383-384)

Miriam is groping towards intellectual objectivity in her approach to a book. Her problem is how effectively and efficiently to verbalize her personal and subjective response. She has begun to read with the creative imagination of the writer she is to become when she perceives that the reality of a book lies not so much in its specific ingredients, but rather in the emergent reality of the author's consciousness; that the unity and order of the book controlled by the author's consciousness, even if that consciousness is limited, creates a greater harmony in which reality can be glimpsed, than the fragments composing actual life.

She struggled in thought to discover why it was she felt that these people did not read books and that she herself did. She felt that she could look at the end, and read here and there a little and know; know something, something they did not know. People thought it was silly, almost wrong to look at the end of a book. But if it spoilt a book, there was something wrong about the book. If it was finished and the interest gone when you know who married who, what was the good of reading at all? It was a sort of trick, a sell. Like a puzzle that was no more fun when you had found it out. There was something more in books than that . . . even Rosa Nouchette Carey and Mrs. Hungerford, something that came to you out of the book, any bit of it, a page, even a sentence --- and the "stronger" the author was, the more came. That was why Ouida put those others in the shade, not, not, not because her books were improper. It was her, herself somehow. Then you read books to find the author! That was it. That was the difference . . . that was how one was different from most people. . . . I have just discovered that I don't read books for the story, but as a psychological study of the author . . . It was rather awful and strange. It meant never being able to agree with people about books, never liking them for the same reasons as other people. . . . But it was true and exciting. It meant . . . things coming to you out of books,

people, not the people in the books, but knowing, absolutely, everything about the author. She clung to the volume in her hand with a sense of wealth. Its very binding, the feel of it, the sight of the thin serrated edges of the closed leaves came to her as having a sacredness . . . and the world was full of books. . . . It did not matter that people went about talking about nice books, interesting books, sad books, "stories" — they would never be that to her. They were people. More real than actual people. They came nearer. In life everything was so scrappy and mixed up. In a book the author was there in every word. (I: 384)

A reader need never hesitate to enter a book at any point in much the same way as he begins an association in actual life; it is not necessary to know immediately nor chronologically everything that has occurred before the encounter. The metaphor of the tourist-traveller is implicit: the reader enters the book and looks "innocently about," absorbing impressions, recording them upon a receptive, non-critical memory, discovering the essence of the whole through heightened sensibilities, and finally synthesizing the experience through a consciousness united with the author's. Dorothy Richardson, writing about Finnegans Wake, a novel which lends itself admirably to her method of reading, enjoins the reader to "Really release consciousness from literary preoccupations and prejudices, from the self-imposed task of searching for superficial sequences in stretches of statement regarded horizontally, or of setting these upright and regarding them pictorially, and plunge, provisionally, here and there; enter the text and look innocently about."¹

1. "Adventure for Readers," Life and Letters, XXII (July 1939), 45-52. See also "Novels," Life and Letters To-Day, XV, 6 (Winter 1936), 188: "Confidently, therefore, braced to endure incidental discomforts, and following my usual habit of beginning the reading of a book either in the middle or at the end, I turned to the final chapter of Eyeless in Gaza . . . "

On the important role readers of the modern novel have, Dorothy Richardson has the support of James Joyce. Reading is an art complementary to the art of writing. She reads the fifth section of Finnegans Wake, "Annah's 'untitled mamafesta memorializing the Mosthighest' . . . as a Critique of Pure Literature and an Introduction to the Study of James Joyce."

The impact of this chapter, a fulfilment of the author's prescription -- "Say it with missiles, and thus arabesque the page" -- is tremendous, its high purpose nothing less than the demand that the novel shall be poetry. (49)

By judicious editing of this section of Finnegans Wake, Dorothy Richardson reconstructs Joyce's instructions to the reader. Three injunctions are especially pertinent to her own novel:

"To concentrate solely on the literal sense or even the psychological content of any document . . . is . . . hurtful to sound sense." (50)

We are urged also to be patient, to avoid "Anything like being or becoming out of patience." (50-51)

". . . it is not a misaffectual whyacinthinous riot . . . it only looks as like it as damn it . . . cling to it as with drowning hands, hoping against hope all the while, that by the light of philophosy . . . things will begin to clear up a bit one way or another within the next quarrel of an hour." (51)

Thus, in a literary period when the author is trying to refine himself out of existence, Dorothy Richardson continuously emphasizes a concentrated awareness of him in his every word, by apprehending the initial impression made on his consciousness by experience, and its transmission to hers through his work. Aesthetically, she is concerned, not with what he thinks about the

experience, but how he receives the impression (that is, how he intuitively), how he recaptures the primary intuition in memory, and how he recreates it in language. The essay on Finnegans Wake indicates that the whole work and any of its parts are regarded as distinct unities, allowing the reader freedom of movement within the book. The "new" novel, pre-figured by Joyce's, Proust's, and Dorothy Richardson's work shares with poetry the capacity to absorb the reader at any point. In a brief description of the modern novel's evolution, Dorothy Richardson traces the change of focus from the convention of the story to the examination of reality through the hero's observation and experience, as anticipated by Goethe in Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship, and developed by Henry James. Concurrently, poetry underwent an alteration of objective from the expression of romantic idealism to the delineation of psychological reality: "certain of our poets have now, for decades past, produced short stories rather than lyrics and, in place of the epic and fore-shadowed by The Ring and the Book, so very nearly a prose epic, have given us . . . the modern novel" (46). The new novel is a product of the poetic process. Its effect on the consciousness of the reader brings him immediately into the experience and apprehension of the artist. Like poetry, the cohesiveness of the work is independent of its parts, and each part is a unity in itself.

The proof, if proof be needed, of the transference may be found in a quality this new novel, at its worst as well as at its best, shares with poetry and that is conspicuously

absent from the story-telling novel of whatever kind. Opening, just anywhere, its pages, the reader is immediately engrossed. Time and place, and the identity of characters, if any happen to appear, are relatively immaterial. Something may be missed. Incidents may fail of their full effect through ignorance of what has gone before. But the reader does not find himself, as inevitably he would in plunging thus carelessly into the midst of the dramatic novel complete with plot, set scenes, beginning, middle, climax, and curtain, completely at sea. He 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. (46-47)

All literary artists, therefore, are writing about themselves of necessity. However, in the case of modern novelists like James, Proust, and Joyce, their style is imbued with their very being: their novels are self-portraits in more than an auto-biographical sense. These writers have made their style their matter, by successfully rendering experience through themselves; in their novels they talk with themselves, not about themselves. This is particularly demonstrable with James who, like Yeats, continually revised earlier work in order that it should be as he had become.¹

. . . while every novel, taken as a whole, shares with every other species of portrayal the necessity of being a signed self-portrait and might well be subtitled Portrait of the Artist at the Age of -- where, in the long line of novelists preceding these two, [Proust and Joyce] save, perhaps, in Henry James as represented by the work of his maturity, shall we find another whose signature is clearly inscribed across

1. See also James Thorpe, "The Aesthetics of Textual Criticism," PMLA, LXXX, 5 (December 1965), 479-480

his every sentence? (47)¹

Along with Dorothy Richardson, these are writers of super-biographies. Their novels are autobiographical not only in terms of matter, but of expression. The style of the older novelists exhibited an incidental relationship, at its best a suitable one, to their matter. The style of the new novelists is organic; it functions intrinsically with the content. They write out of a reaction to their own reactions; their works are effusions upon effusions. Like Dorothy Richardson, Joyce Cary's description of the artist is typical of the modern writer's absorption with creative process in Romantic terms:

. . . all great artists have a theme, an idea of life profoundly felt and founded in some personal and compelling experience. This theme then finds confirmation and development in new intuition. The development of the great writer is the development of his theme -- the theme is part of him and has become the cast of his mind and character.

1. Earlier, in "About Punctuation," The Adelphi, I, ii (April 1924), 990-996, Dorothy Richardson had written about James's distinctive use of punctuation: "Of the value of punctuation and, particularly, of its value as pace-maker for the reader's creative consciousness, no one has had a keener sense than Mr. Henry James. No one has more sternly, or more cunningly, secured the collaboration of the reader. Along his prose not even the most casual can succeed in going at top-speed. Short of the casting off of burdens, the deep breath, the headlong plunge, the sustained steady swimming, James gives nothing at all. To complete renunciation he offers the recreative repose that is the result of open-eyed concentration. As aesthetic exercise, with its peculiar joys and edifications, the prose of James keeps its power, even for those in utmost revolt against his vision, indefinitely. It is a spiritual Swedish Drill. Gently, painlessly, without shock or weariness, as he carries us unceasing, unceasing, over his vast tracts of statement, we learn to stretch attention to the utmost. And to the utmost James tested, suspending from the one his wide loops, and from the other his deep-hung garlands of expression, the strength of the comma and the semi-colon. He never broke a rule. With him, punctuation, neither made, nor

. . . the great writer does not need material and the greater number of events are of merely passing interest to him.
(Art and Reality, 105, 106)

In the essay on Finnegans Wake, Dorothy Richardson traces the creative process of the new novelist to Wordsworth's definition of poetry, taking care to note the distinction between objective and subjective responses to memory.

Having defined poetry as "the result of passion recollected in tranquility" (the opening words are here apologetically italicized because, though their absence makes the definition meaningless, they are almost invariably omitted), Wordsworth goes on to describe what happens when the poet, recalling an occurrence that has stirred him to his depths, concentrates thereon the full force of his imaginative consciousness; how there presently returns, together with the circumstances of the experience, something of the emotion that accompanied it, and how, in virtue of this magnetic stream sustained and deepened by continuous concentration, there comes into being a product this poet names, with scientific accuracy, an "effusion." (45)

Recollection, then, is the subjective source of imagination. A synthesis occurs of primary experience and its restoration in memory, and of the subjective impression of a remembered experience and its objective expression in art. The resulting "effusion" is a synthesis of the multiple aspects of memory, and becomes itself a new source of creative inspiration.

created, nor begotten, but proceeding directly from its original source in life, stands exactly where it was at its first discovery. His text, for one familiar with it, might be reduced, without increase of the attention it demands, to the state of the unpunctuated scripts of old time. So rich and splendid is the fabric of sound he weaves upon the appointed loom, that his prose, chanted to his punctuation, in an unknown tongue, would serve as well as a mass — in D minor." (992-993)

In Wordsworth's own case, the product can itself become the source of further inspiration, and the presence upon the page of offspring set beneath parent and duly entitled "Effusion on Reading the Above," affords a unique revelation of the subsidiary workings of an emotion tranquilly regathered.(45)

Now the writer becomes his own reader, contemplating and reflecting upon his creation. The interaction of the author's present consciousness with the one revealed in his own work results in a re-inspiration and a new effusion. James, Proust, Joyce, and Dorothy Richardson write out of a reaction to their own reactions, effusions upon effusions, so that their art becomes the impetus for further creation. The process, seemingly fluid, continuous, and expansive, is, however, self-limiting. The writer who is dependent upon the recreation of experience through recaptured impression as the source of his art, is in a paradoxical position. His art, enjoying the total absorption of the artist into itself, takes on his particular limitations. Both he and his creation are captives of his specific consciousness, that is, of how and what he has perceived, preserved in, and restored to memory, and then re-experienced. The novelist who finds his material outside his particular experience, presenting it in an essentially descriptive and reportorial manner, is less likely to run dry.

Dorothy Richardson's reservations about James and Proust have already been indicated. Similarly, while agreeing with Wordsworth's delineation of the creative process, she has reservations about his attitude. In a brief article, "The Parting of Wordsworth and Coleridge: A Footnote," for The Adelphi in May 1924, she compares

his consciousness with Coleridge's. Although Coleridge's spiritual and philosophical depths far exceed Wordsworth's, had they been left to each other, both would have flourished under reciprocal influence. The perpetual presence of Dorothy Wordsworth, however, worked against them. In this novel interpretation, Dorothy Richardson depicts their relationship in psychologically human terms by stressing the exhausting influence of the woman whose reaction to the natural world was "pure delirium."

. . . the melancholy that besets these two poor dear men in their ultimate solitude, is a spectacle unendurable unless one reflects that things are never so bad with us as we think, never nearly so bad as we say. That it is easier to approach and to figure forth despair than to reach it. Wordsworth never, for all his complaints, came within sight of it. Coleridge did. Yet his plight is less pathetic than the other's. For he knew where to find the Kingdom of Heaven. Had lived within it. And falling, knew that he fell. For him, too, there was always at hand the gentle asylum of the damaged mind, mild madness. Wordsworth never got beyond illumination, ecstatic melting into the beauty of things seen. And into all these shallow things he poured his deep imaginings; never purged and shaped his being with thought, and was left yearning backwards towards the bliss of childhood. In vain. Enconced in resignation, he saw about him a world emptied of the glory of the dream. His memories remained merely memories.

. . . I cannot be perfectly sure that the rupture between Wordsworth and Coleridge was inevitable; cannot escape the belief that these two, who proved too small for unsupported effort, might have become, and grown in becoming, not one the disciple of the other, but each the other's disciple; if they had been left alone. But they were not left alone. There was no chance for this marriage to arrange itself. It was never one to one, but always two to one. There was always Dorothy.
(1107-1108)

To make her point, blame is heaped upon Dorothy Wordsworth, who in all innocence, and fulfilling her own nature Dorothy Richardson suggests, overpowered her brother by holding him to a vision he had

unwittingly or reluctantly outgrown.

For the maiden, however, there was no forest-lover but William. And for William, hers, no doubt was, up to a point, inspiring company. It is even possible, as many have averred, that she it was who made him see. At the least, if we accept to the full his retrospect of his early intensity of vision, it is clear that she, the stronger, grasped, shared, presently outdid and finally stereotyped it; keeping his nose to the grindstone of raptures. Small wonder that the two together were too much for Coleridge. (1108)

In comparing Dorothy Wordsworth with Dorothy Richardson's "womanly woman," the synthesizer, the still point in the male-female union, it is clear that she lacks just those fundamental qualities. The effect of her enthusiasm on Coleridge was disastrous. By an imaginative use of anecdote, Dorothy Richardson creates a picture of the trio that serves as a parable of the parting.

A sample story of his sufferings is written between the lines of the record of a tour in a cart, a series of carts, I cannot remember, but anyhow there was a cart, and close quarters, through Ireland in spring or summer. What Ireland in her verdure can be, there is much poetry to try to tell us. To Dorothy it must have been pure delirium. And stillness was not in her. It is not difficult to imagine and perhaps not very difficult, since she knew not what she did, to forgive her incessant response, her dynamic, pitiless ardours. Prompted by her, Wordsworth, no doubt, chanted too. Together, they made poor Coleridge ill. Finally, so ill that he had to be dropped; at an inn, to rest.

But it was not bodily rest that Coleridge needed. The moment he escaped from that cart he was cured. His deep-flowing strength, that had ceased from him beneath the rays of a soul worn for ever on the sleeve, returned most sweetly and the broken man, alone, went swiftly and lustily down through Ireland, to the puzzlement of his friends, on foot. (1109)¹

1. Dorothy Richardson's description of Dorothy Wordsworth is entirely subjective and therefore appears to be highly prejudicial. For the purpose of emphasizing the relationship between the two men, Dorothy Wordsworth's obvious intellectual and poetic qualities are ignored and her enthusiasms exaggerated. Indeed, it is arguable that Dorothy Wordsworth had the capacity for such "dynamic, pitiless ardours" that Dorothy Richardson attributes to her.

Dorothy Richardson's application of Wordsworth's poetic theory to the creative process of the new novel as having greater pertinence than the historical evolution of the form, is another side of her attempt to erode linear time for both reader and writer. Just as the new novel seeks to overcome its limitations through its form, so does the artist by the apprehension of himself through his own consciousness. In addition, the artistic creation and its contemplation, although experienced in time, exhibit a unity and capacity that are independent of time. Similarly, immediate experience, whether in active life or through contemplative attention, exists perpetually in enhanced form outside time, in memory. Miriam passes through the state of romantic idealism in its simplest, most subjective and unverbilized form, at the Pernes's Wordsworth House in the backwater of North London, where the dark days are made tolerable mainly through memories and fantasies of sunlit gardens. But experience is again immediate in Honeycomb, and the following passage from this third part of Pilgrimage is a serious parody of the Wordsworthian oasis in the midst of life's stress that Dorothy Richardson depicts in "The Parting of Wordsworth and Coleridge."

The firmer control Miriam learns to exercise in objectifying her thoughts and feelings gives her a new dimension of experience. Her intense and seemingly limitless capacity for emotional response is further enhanced by a developing ability to re-experience the emotions, and the conditions which arouse them, by transmitting them outside herself in word and picture. Thus she becomes a complex

unity of observer, meditator, interpreter, creator, contemplator of her own creation, new interpreter, and so forth, in the perpetual condition of re-experience. She learns the artist's trick of being beside herself in a sane way. The link is established between the inner reality of self and the outer reality of the actual world, for in affirming the reality of subjective experience, the phenomenal world which initiates the subjective response also becomes real.

Miriam insists on a reality in things outside herself corresponding to that within her. Her most significant reason for rejecting traditional realism in literature is its depiction of the visible surface of life and its causal relationships. This superficial pattern turns life into linear experience: "Life is not a mask, it is fair; the gold in one's hair is real" (Honeycomb, I: 392).

Miriam's immediate goal is to re-actualize the experience of phenomena after initial perception in a new way -- through her own consciousness. For her, books are psychological studies of their authors; that is, portraits of their consciousness. Thus, books are the reality of their authors:

. . . a book was . . . a dance by the author, a song, a prayer, an important sermon, a message. Books were not stories printed on paper, they were people; the real people; . . . "I prefer books to people" . . . "I know now why I prefer books to people." (Honeycomb, I: 384)

The barrier erected by convention or emotion that usually exists between people disappears between reader and writer. The writer is then immediately and impartially accessible, unless he assumes the moralist's pose typical of actual life.

. . . saying things were sad or glad did not matter; there was something behind all the time, something inside people. That was why it was impossible to pretend to sympathize with people. You don't have to sympathize with authors; you just get at them, neither happy nor sad; like talking, more than talking. 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. (I: 335)

The firmer analysis of her feelings about literature enables Miriam to harness her responses to phenomena with greater objectivity, giving them a new existence outside herself. Her sister Eve's request for letters describing her experiences marks the beginning of Miriam's efforts to order and shape her perceptions and responses in words designed to convey them precisely to another person. While the intrusion of associated and peripheral thoughts and emotions mars the union and concentration Miriam wishes to achieve, her reveries become increasingly orderly and illuminating as they move through more numerous levels of consciousness. The process of fixing her recalled perceptions in some visual form is accomplished through clumsy attempts at painting in watercolors. Her painting is physical and imaginative therapy. Her hands which have until now felt the limitations of expression begin to release stored creative energy. They work in unison with the movement of her inward recollecting imagination to produce before her physical eye the scenes stored in her memory. Although the result on paper bears little resemblance

to the vision of her imagination, Miriam is able to enter totally into a creative experience that becomes the vital center of her life.

She filled sheet after sheet with swift efforts to recall Brighton skies -- sunset, the red mass of the sun, the profile of the cliffs, the sky clear or full of heavy cloud, the darkness of the afternoon sea streaked by a path of gold, bird-specks, above the cliffs above the sea. The painting was thick and confused, the objects blurred and ran into each other, the image of each recalled object came close before her eyes, shaking her with its sharp reality, her heart and hand shook as she contemplated it, and her body thrilled as she swept her brushes about. She found herself breathing heavily and deeply, sure each time of registering what she saw, sweeping rapidly on until the filled paper confronted her, a confused mass of shapeless images, leaving her angry and cold. Each day what she had done the day before thrilled her afresh and drove her on, and the time she spent in contemplation and hope became the heart of the days as April wore on. (I: 430)

Obviously, Miriam's major talent is not in painting, nor does she think in terms of pictures depicting the surface or "mask" of life. Her art lies in the communication of reality suffusing phenomena, yet at the same time distinct from it. Language becomes the medium of expression; the material continues to be the records of memory. She can now eliminate the reproduced physical picture, and proceeding directly to the contemplation of the selected material of her mind, render it in words.

She spent the evening writing to Eve, asking her if she remembered sea scenes at Weymouth and Brighton, pushing on and on weighed down by a sense of the urgency of finding out whether, to Eve, the registration of impressions was a thing that she must either do or lose hold of some thing essential. She felt that Eve would somehow admire her own stormy emphasis but would not really understand how much it meant to her. She remembered Eve's comparison of the country round the Greens' house to Leader landscapes -- pictures, and how delightful it

had seemed to her that she had such things all round her to look at. But her thoughts of the great brow and downward sweep of cliffs and the sea coming up to it was not a picture, it was a thing; her cheeks flared as she searched for a word -- it was an experience, perhaps the most important thing in life -- far in away from any "glad mask," a thing belonging to that strange inner life and independent of everybody. Perhaps it was a betrayal, a sort of fat noisy gossiping to speak of it, even to Eve. "You'll think I'm mad," she concluded, "but I'm not."

When the letter was finished, the Newlands life seemed very remote. She felt a touch of the half-numb half-feverish stupor that had been her daily mood at Banbury Park. She would go on teaching the Corrie children, but her evenings in future would be divided between unsuccessful efforts to put down her flaming or peaceful sunset scenes and to explain their importance to Eve. (I: 431)

Like the earlier watercolors, her first verbal efforts are clumsy, but the slow determined pilgrimage in literature is clearly begun.

CHAPTER IX

THE EMERGING METHOD: THE WRITER AS PILGRIM

The titles of a number of Dorothy Richardson's miscellaneous pieces, like her novel, are drawn from the metaphor of the journey: "Towards the Light," "The Open Road," "The Parting of Wordsworth and Coleridge," "The Return of William Wordsworth," "Excursion," "Haven," "The Man from Nowhere." Pilgrimage's fourth and fifth parts, The Tunnel and Interim, together with the different settings suggested by the titles of the other parts, continue the pattern. The metaphor enlarges our comprehension of Dorothy Richardson's views on several levels, particularly if the journey is regarded as a quest for primary understanding as well as for practical accomplishment.

Her early articles exploring socialism, and the persistent attention she gives to Miriam's socialist affiliations and activities in Pilgrimage, establish the importance of a special quest for a reformed social order. That organized socialism does not offer an entirely satisfactory solution in no way diminishes the considerable part that the quest for enlightened social and political responsibility plays in Miriam's and, indeed, in Dorothy Richardson's life. The nature of any quest is essentially spiritual.

Like many caught up in the reform fervor of the times, Dorothy Richardson saw socialism as a spiritual exercise preparing the way for practical reform. It was a directive to man's mind from the best part of his nature, transforming his outlook and his aspirations in relation to his fellow men, and establishing a social religion of union and brotherhood on all practical levels. The visionary socialist's quest sweeps all mankind along with him until, at last, his plan for a better and higher level of existence is achieved. The religious imagery associated with the elevation of man is marked in the review, "Towards the Light," for the December 1907 issue of The Open Road. In this review of F.E. Worland's Love: Sacred and Profane, Dorothy Richardson addresses the reader as though he were Everyman, calling him from his journey in life to pause in order to explore the book with her.

Rejoice with me over this good thing. A good thing concerning you to the uttermost, concerning that by which you and I live and move and have our being.

Stay at least a moment and glance at it, for it is faithful. . . .

. . . indeed I cannot expect you to be drawn aside to come and look just because I wave a hand and shout joyously. So I will tell you in inadequate snatches something of what there is here by the roadside for you to possess if you will . . . (304-305)

The "book [is] about love -- every kind of love, or better, every aspect of that love which is one love," a compendium of the most important contributions on the subject by a variety of people in different times.

Again and again in human history the constant underlying spiritual truths of this phenomenon have been perceived and expressed — inspired from the conscience, from, as it were, the "air," from the living fabric of human experience. Again and again the golden stairway has been reached and ascended, and the vision testified. And our author has sought out lovingly and with diligent sympathy these past wayfarers, and has heard and understood their words. (305)

Dorothy Richardson goes on to explain how the pilgrims of the past are the vanguard of the present. Mankind, of whom the reader called momentarily aside is representative, is continuously striving towards the ascendent eternal vision of multifarious love. But the movement is hindered by frailties that limit the individual's comprehension. The author of the book having learned from the past, and having himself "seen the light," performs the supreme act of Platonic charity by directing his fellow pilgrims' eyes "towards the light" in imagery recalling Plato's myth of the cave.¹

The author then has looked round on the world of to-day and seen the pilgrimage still undertaken by us all one by one in the feebleness and the force of our several personalities, and has seen how many there be who are pressing bravely forward at this moment with bandaged eyes. Eyes bandaged by the silence around them, by half truths, and by expedient insincerities. (305)

Resuming the journey, reader-pilgrims will now see life through awakened sensibilities conditioned by a new understanding:

. . . they will discover that they are here and now in the midst of all their miseries able to set their feet in the path which leadeth into all truth, and conduct will take care of itself; once the divine principle grasped, once the light in their hands, they will be able to go on their way rejoicing. (308)²

1. Dorothy Richardson mentions particular interest in Worland's chapter on Platonic love, 307-308.

2. Dorothy Richardson is aware that her prose style here is marked by a seemingly excessive spiritual sprightliness verging on cliché:

The relationship of the pilgrimage image to Dorothy Richardson's work on Quaker history and belief further confirms its importance to her in communicating the progressive development of cultural and personal history. The co-mingling of various metaphorical levels of pilgrimage finds coherent expression in her monograph on the Quakers published in 1914, The Quakers Past and Present. The book describes, analyzes, and evaluates Quakerism with erudition and understanding. Pertinent here is Dorothy Richardson's interpretation of the role of literature as the cultural heart of Christianity.

Of the first, literature in Christianity, she implies more than she actually says in the book. She does emphasize that the early Quakers' rejection of the scriptures as primary revelation represents an attitude in their development that is later amended to give historical and doctrinal support to what she calls the "imitative mass" -- those followers not having the mystical genius of the original founders -- needing a plan to follow and an external structure to strengthen them (47; 52). Her description of the anguished progress of George Fox during the years of his private quest for spiritual illumination recalls for us his inability to find the consolation of former days in the words of the Bible, and the journal

"I find myself in writing of it inclined to strong adjectives in my endeavour to express its quality with any measure of forcefulness. Lucidity, pellucid clarity of thought and similar phrases come into one's mind, and then one falls back upon the simple fact that it is a faithful report of inspired truth and is content to have these words heartily misunderstood so long as you will test the record for yourselves." (307)

record of his experiences in his own words. The passages from Fox's Journal that Dorothy Richardson quotes express his experienced unity with God in a "love, which was endless and eternal, and surpasseth all the knowledge that men have in the natural state, or can get by history or books"; (9) a unity which alters the very nature of his view of the physical world so that all creation is renewed in his sight. The traditional view of God embodied and perpetuated by the literature of the Bible was to be re-evaluated in terms of the living experience of direct apprehension. Thus, the "God of the Quakers . . . was no literary obsession coming to meet them along the pages of history . . . but a living process, a changing, changeless absolute, a breath controlling all things, an amazing birth within the soul" (11-12). Their rejection of the notion that all prophesy and revelation were completed for all time with the Bible opened avenues of inquiry into areas now associated with the higher criticism. Therefore, the "Bible held for them no unfeebing spell." (12)

Dorothy Richardson's article, "A Note on George Fox," published seven years later in The Adelphi (July 1924), elaborates this point while enlarging the discussion of her views on the importance of the literary manifestations of Christianity. Here may be seen not only an ardent explication of Quaker revelation, but the subjective, intuitive method at the heart of her aesthetics. This essay is an extensive footnote to the description in her earlier book of Fox's "call to all men to see their creeds in the light of the living

experience which had first produced them," that was "pure and original within each of them, the light which wrote the scriptures and founded the churches" (9-10). She recognizes the curious paradox underlying George Fox's illumination: that while he denied precedence to the scriptures in bringing him closer to an immediate apprehension of God, he did not admit the important part the Bible, "a product of literature," played in "his own illumination." The pilgrimage culminating in illumination undertaken by Fox and the early Quakers had its origin in "a Bible-soaked England." Their rejection of the written word did not dissipate the overwhelming permeation of the living cultural theology of seventeenth century Puritan England, a "circle of ideas that was around them more closely than the air they breathed, so that promptings were ready-made in them, the promptings of God as lived in the life of Christ" (148). But when the surrounding society underwent cultural modifications from which Quakerism kept itself apart, adhering in its middle period to a narrow Puritanism, it became increasingly apparent that there was a need for an intellectual content within "the persistent framework of Quaker culture" (149). The intellectual content necessarily took its form in words, as exegesis on Quaker belief and practice, and in a return to the Bible seen in relation to the light in the individual and to the witness of his own life.¹

1. Dorothy Richardson takes into account the schism within Quakerism between the Bible-oriented faction and those adhering more closely to the non-doctrinal, inspirational pattern of the founders. While she regarded modern Quakerism in its social manifestations as a leaven to the world's conscience and an edifying example of Christian behavior, she rightly saw the dangers faced by the Society of Friends in having become what she called "a Protestant Ethical Society, with mystical traditions and methods . . . organizing necessarily in the interest of conduct as an end." The Quakers Past and Present, 92-93

An example of a literary and therefore aesthetic experience informing the soul of man, and infusing the whole of his outward activity with the harmony and purpose created by the truth revealed to his consciousness without intellectual probing, is the relationship between the Quakers and the Bible. Although they are acutely "aware, even while they speak and write, of the danger of words," their very lives are testimonies to the living experience of Christ's words in the Sermon on the Mount, in that "Almost every secular reform of modern times originated as a small experiment made by the Society of Friends, a leap in the dark, taken in the face of precedent, experience, expediency, evidence, and all the rest of it" (150). Her reasoning of the Quaker position is that God, knowledge of whom is inspirational rather than intellectual, resides in the spirit of man and does not depend upon externals for self-revelation. However, since the outer world is related to the inner life of the individual as a member of the larger community, and since phenomena undergo relevant transformations when perceived by the inner illumined eye, responsibility of action in the world takes on a Christ-like quality, of which the original historical demonstration is recorded in the Bible.

And these people have lived with a book. They have enthroned the Bible by putting it in its place. Unthink the Bible and you unthink the Quakers; you unthink Christendom. Christendom is those who try to live more or less Christwards. Urged from within and without. (150)¹

1. Once again, Dorothy Richardson extracts from her subject the same points she associates with Emerson: Their background is linguistically and theologically sixteenth and seventeenth century reform Protestantism, that reform being both social and religious.

In her book on the Quakers, Dorothy Richardson speaks of the "chasms of metaphor" avoided by the religious "mystic upon his pilgrimage" (36). Yet in her article seven years later, the life of Christ has become the metaphor of divinely sanctified human existence, and the Sermon, in spite of its chasms of metaphor, the practical plan for daily life. Indeed, the very impetus of Christian belief and action derives from both the Word and the word.

. . . Christendom has largely been kept going by literature. Thanks to literature the challenge of Christ reaches many people. And now and again astonishing things happen. They happen when, like Francis, men take Christ at his word. Against such the Church itself, even the Church that claims absolute external authority, is powerless. Fox was persecuted because he defied the Church, did not recognize his debt to its safeguarded words, to the Church as a teaching body, a casket of books. (150)

Ultimately then, even those Quakers constituting the imitative mass must be "ready to travel along the way trodden by all their predecessors" (93), who like Fox returned "to the world from his lonely wanderings" (16), and like other "pilgrims who pass one by one along the mystic way" (71).

Since in Dorothy Richardson's view all men are engaged in pilgrimage, it is worthwhile distinguishing between the quality In both cases, she makes a literary and linguistic point in that Bible-soaked England was exposed to the best English. The impetus of both Emerson and the Quakers is from a personal relationship to the rest of the world, supported by their return to literature to back up their views. Thus, both hold that primary experience is not literary, but the relationship of the individual to the rest of the world, and is spiritually based on an inner enlightenment. Only after that does it become literary. Finally, the individual has priority; in his inner life he expands to include all experience and all life.

and intensity of the light which illumines their way. In The Quakers Past and Present she creates three categories by dividing mankind according to its relative capacities for, and experience of, inner illumination. The first is composed of ordinary men, "most of us," for whom the periods of intuitive perception of the coherence, and thus the reality of existence, are "intermittent, fluctuating, imperfectly accountable, and uncontrollable." The second category is that of the artist, who experiences a "perpetual communication with his larger self," that is, the consciousness in the state of contemplative synthesis. Nevertheless, while enjoying a profounder inner vision than ordinary men which he can communicate to others, he is held within the phenomenal world by his senses "whose rhythm he never fully transcends."

His thoughts are those which the veil of sense calls into being, and though that veil for him is woven far thinner above the mystery of life than it is for most of us, it is there. Imprisoned in beauty, he is content to dwell, reporting to his fellows the glory that he sees. (34)

Again she depicts the artist in Romantic terms, and perhaps a small "r" is here more appropriate. But this category, holding an intermediate position between ordinary man and the third division, that of the religious mystic, is made to represent exclusively the mystical process of imagination, the immediate forerunner of creation. In this way at least three degrees of mystical experience stand out from the many refinements that are psychologically possible.

The fullest penetration through the veil of the senses to the

stable synthesizing force of consciousness is accomplished by the "religious genius, as represented preeminently by the great mystics," who are "making a journey to the heart of reality, to winning the freedom of the very citadel of Life itself" (35). The route and goal of the journey are selective and precise, for while they may share in some measure a communicative capacity with the artist, the religious mystics exhibit stringent controls over sensory experience and superficial intellectual directives. Their pilgrimage is towards what is already known, "a setting forth to seek something already found — something whose presence is in some way independent of the normal thinking and acting creature, something which has already proclaimed itself in moments of heightened consciousness — in the case of the religious temperament at 'conversion'" (35).

These broadly sketched distinctions made by Dorothy Richardson underscore her persistent attempts to describe the aesthetic experience without binding art and the artist to definitions. She implies that for the artist the difficulty in achieving the intensity of religious mysticism, focussed as it is upon the one goal of the vision of God, is intensified by the diffusion of his imaginative energies to encompass a variety of intuitions about the many facets of sensual, intellectual, and spiritual experience. Further compounding the difficulty is the artist's need to shape his "perpetual state of illumination" into communicable form, thereby translating a spiritual experience into sensory and

intellectual terms. Because the artist thinks in terms of expression, he is immediately tripped up by "the first step" towards the conversion experienced by the religious mystic:

Silence, bodily and mental, is necessarily the first step in this direction. There is no other way of entering upon the difficult enterprise of transcending the rhythms of sense, and this, and nothing else, has been invariably the first step taken by the mystic upon his pilgrimage. Skirting chasms of metaphor, abysses of negation and fear, he has held along this narrowest of narrow ways. (35-36)

In summarizing Dorothy Richardson's idea of feminine reality as subjective, as "felt experience," Caesar Blake inadvertently points to the difference between the artist's mystical experience and that of the religious mystic: "The reality of God no less than the reality of a door is its felt presence in the subject."¹ Indeed, both God and door may be parts of the artist's subject, each requiring equal care in rendition. And perhaps, in some ways, the experienced reality of the door may be more difficult to communicate than that of God. In Dorothy Richardson's scheme for the major categories of mystical experience, the artist regarded in this special way appears to occupy a pivotal position.²

In this way Dorothy Richardson establishes the artist as chief

1. Caesar Blake *op.cit.*, 80-81.

2. The artist's production, assuming his is a literary talent, constitutes the repository of the progressive development of a culture, as for example, that of the Christian Church embodied in scripture -- the Church is "a casket of books." The application of this view to the role of the artist in other areas of creative expression may justifiably be made.

pilgrim, acting as informed and compassionate guide to the accompanying multitude in explorations of the treasures of phenomena and consciousness. The motif persists in other articles. In "The Return of William Wordsworth," a review for The Adelphi (December 1930), the poet is called "a progressive pilgrim" (xix). The earlier "Parting of Wordsworth and Coleridge"¹ describes an actual journey while implying an aesthetic and spiritual pilgrimage. Characters may also be metaphoric travellers, as is J.D.Beresford's hero Bledloe in All or Nothing. In her review of this book Dorothy Richardson writes, "many readers will find him a helpful fellow-pilgrim."² But while the multitude is engaged in a universal journey, literary art requires analogous pilgrimages with specific goals. For the reader of novels the quest is "a tour of the mind of the author, the decisive factor his attitude towards phenomena."³ For the writer, the quest is in finding his own form for expressing his own consciousness. Thus Dorothy Richardson's description of the novel as "a conducted tour" clarifies the roles of those involved in the literary pilgrimage: The author is the tour's organiser, conductor, and chief pilgrim; the readers are the tourists, or pilgrims if more seriously engaged in the experience of art; the author's consciousness is the touring center, his apprehension of reality the major attraction and the object of

1. See above, Part Three, Chapter VIII.

2. "Portrait of an Evangelist," The New Adelphi, I,3 (March 1928), 270.

3. "Novels," Life and Letters, LVI, 127 (March 1948), 191.

contemplation.

The writer's search for his own form is another pilgrimage that seems at the outset to be solitary, but is soon found to be a journey among fellow artists. In describing her own early experiences in writing Pilgrimage, Dorothy Richardson says that at first she thought she was travelling on a "lonely track"; but with the appearance of the work of Joyce, Proust, and Virginia Woolf, the "fresh pathway" became "a populous highway."¹ The metaphor, it may be recalled, is applied to Henry James in "the role of pathfinder." The use of the metaphor in Pilgrimage unifies the social, spiritual, and aesthetic development of Miriam, and unites Dorothy Richardson's views within a single work.² As Miriam moves progressively deeper into the experience of literature, her attitude towards books and writers is modified. Reading itself has become a quest (The Tunnel, II:279). At the same time her attempts at writing introduce her to the basic problems of style and matter. Shatov had thrust her into a larger world of thought and vicarious experience through philosophy and literature, exposing her to

1. Foreward to Pilgrimage, I: 9-12.

2. For the discussion of Dorothy Richardson's socialism, see above Part One. For the discussion of the aesthetic theories, see above Part Two. Cf. also Caesar Blake who treats Pilgrimage as an explicit expression of the Mystic Way. John Cowper Powys, Dorothy M. Richardson, and Joseph Warren Beach, The Twentieth Century Novel, Ch. XXXI, recognize philosophical and spiritual depths in the pilgrimage metaphor. Gloria Glikin, op. cit., regarded the novel as an autobiographical chronicle in which the author relived her own pilgrimage through Miriam, a view which Powys anticipated years before and rejected as superficial.

cultural manifestations until then unknown to her. Hypo Wilson's influence turns Miriam's attention to highly localized and personally experienced concerns: she becomes a member of the distinctively British Lycurgan Society; her attempts at writing increase her introspection; love finally becomes a physical experience. Both Shatov and Wilson have the analytic masculine consciousness that Miriam deplores. But Shatov's expansive humane intellectuality is more compatible with her imagination. Through him, she discovers Quakerism, and lives for a time with his Quaker friends, the Roscorlas. On the other hand, Wilson's scientifically oriented intellect is in conflict with Miriam's frequently mystical preoccupations. In spite of fundamental differences in mind and spirit, his recognition of her special abilities, together with his encouragement and practical assistance in her writing efforts give her much needed moral support. In a conversation with Wilson, Miriam discloses her early attempt at professional writing. In the following passage, Dorothy Richardson re-introduces from Backwater the non-intrusive "hand" symbol of the communicating artist.

"You know you're awfully good stuff. You've had an extraordinary variety of experience; you've got your freedom; you ought to write."

"That is what a palmist told me at Newlands. It was at a big afternoon 'at home'; there was a palmist in a little dark room sitting near a lamp; she looked at nothing but your hands; she kept saying 'Whatever you do, write. If you haven't written yet, write, if you don't succeed go on writing.'"

"Just so, have you written?"

"Ah, but she also told me my self-confidence had been broken; that I used to be self-confident and was so no longer. It's true."

"Have you written anything?"

"I once sent in a thing to Home Notes. They sent it back but asked me to write something else and suggested a few things."

"If they had taken your stuff you would have gone on and learnt to turn out stuff bad enough for Home Notes, and gone on doing it for the rest of your life."

"But then an artist, a woman who had a studio in Bond Street and knew Leighton, saw some things I had tried to paint and said I ought to make any sacrifice to learn painting, and a musician said the same about music."

"You could work in writing quite well with your present work."

. . . "Pieces of short prose; anything; a description of an old woman sitting in an omnibus . . . anything. There's plenty of room for good work. There's the Academy, always ready to consider well-written pieces of short prose. Write something and send it to me." (The Tunnel, II: 128-129)

Reading as quest begins with Miriam's search for self-expression in literature. Analyses of language, style, characterization, idea, and attitude become as important to her in the process of reading as her own subjective response. She formulates questions about literature as a craft, seeking to understand through comparative analysis the uniqueness of different languages, and how this is exploited by various writers. At the same time, her inclination towards instinctive unselfconscious creation is intensified.

. . . you can do anything with English . . . making it sing

and dance and march, making it like granite or like film and foam. Other languages were more simple and single in texture; less flexible. . . . Miriam recalled her impressions of the authors she knew. It was true that those were their effects and the great differences between them. How did he come to know all about it, and to put it into words? Did the authors know when they did it? She passionately hoped not. If they did, it was a trick and spoilt books. Rows and rows of "fine" books; nothing but men sitting in studies doing something cleverly, being very important, "men of letters"; and looking out for approbation. If writing meant that, it was not worth doing. English a great flexible language; more than any other in the world. But German was the same? Only the inflections filled the sentences up with bits. English was flexible and beautiful. Funny. Foreigners did not think so. Many English people thought foreign literature the best. Perhaps Mr. Wilson did not know much foreign literature. But he wanted to; or he would not have those translations of Ibsen and Björnsen. German poetry marched and sang and did all sorts of things. Anyhow it was wonderful about English — but if books were written like that, sitting down and doing it cleverly and knowing just what you were doing, and just how somebody else had done it, there was something wrong, some mannish cleverness that was only half right. To write books, knowing all about style, would be to become like a man. Women who wrote books and learned these things would be absurd and would make men absurd. There was something wrong. It was in all those books upstairs. "Good stuff" was wrong, a clever trick, not worth doing. And yet everybody seemed to want to write. (The Tunnel, II: 130-131)

Miriam's attention centers on specific writers; generalities about their effect no longer suffice. To recapture in some highly personal way the essence of an aesthetic experience is to come close to the artist's process. For example, an unsuccessful attempt at precision in communicating her objective thought as well as her subjective response shows Miriam groping towards an understanding of Shakespeare. She proceeds by recalling the physical environment, recreating in her mind from the materials of memory the events at the theater. During the reconstruction of the performance,

fragments of remembered conversations of an even earlier period intrude themselves, but do not destroy the unity of the memory. Associations of a personal nature and subjective judgments follow. The return to the actual scene enhances the confusion and dissatisfaction she has experienced in her mind.

What was Shakespeare? Her vision returned to her, as she brooded on this fresh problem. The whole scene of the theater was round her once more; she was sitting in the half darkness gazing at the stage. What had it been for her? What was it that came from the stage? Something — real . . . to say that drove it away. She looked again and it clustered once more, alive. The gay flood of the streets, the social excitements and embarrassments of the evening were a conflagration; circling about the clear bright kernel of moving lights and figures on the stage. She gazed at the bright stage. Moments came sharply up, grouped figures, spoken words. She held them, her contemplation aglow with the certainty that something was there that set her alight with love, making her whole in the midst of her uncertainty and ignorance. Words and phrases came, a sentence here and there that had suddenly shaped and deepened a scene. Perhaps it was only in seeing Shakespeare acted that one could appreciate him? But it was not the acting. No one could act. They all just missed it. It was all very well for Mag to laugh. They did just miss it. . . . "Why, my child? In what way?" "They act at the audience, they take their cues too quickly, and have their emotions too abruptly; and from outside not inside." "But if they felt at all, all the time, they would go mad or die." "No, they would not. But even if they did not feel it, if they looked, it would be enough. They don't look at the thing they are doing." It was not the acting. Nor the play. The characters of the story were always tiresome. The ideas, the wonderful quotations, if you looked closely, at them, were every one's ideas; things that everybody knew. To read Shakespeare carefully all through, would only be to find all the general things somewhere or other. But that did not matter. Being ignorant of him and of history did not matter, as long as you heard him. . . . It was the sound of Shakespeare that made the scenes real — that made Winter's Tale, so long ago and so bewildering, remain in beauty. . . . The afternoon had been wasted trying to express her evening, and nothing had been expressed. The thought of last night was painful now. She had spoiled it in some way. (The Tunnel, II: 179-180)

As yet Miriam has not discovered an external form that would not destroy an internal experience by its expression. However, she does suggest the direction her judgment of Shakespeare will take, and a little later in a passionate interior monologue, she evolves a personally satisfying apprehension of the world created in The Merchant of Venice. She sees two major conflicts in the play. The first, Christian against Jew, gives rise to two series of speculations: one concerning Antonio's and Shylock's relative guilt ("was it not just as wrong to get into debt and raise money from the Jews as to let money out on usury?"); and the other about different attitudes towards love.

Polished lustful man, with his coarse lustful men friends. Portia and Nerissa were companions in affliction. Beautiful first of all; as lovely and wandering and full of visions as Shylock, until their lovers came. Hearn was right. English lovers would shock any Japanese. Not that the Japanese were prudish. According to him they were anything but . . . they would not talk as Englishman did, among themselves, and, in mixed society, in a sort of code; thinking themselves so clever; any one could talk a code who chose to descend to a mechanical trick. (II: 187)

The imposition of man's will upon woman constitutes the second conflict of the play. The characterizations of Portia and Nerissa are sound only when the women are separated from the men. Portia's triumph over the male sex lies in winning her case by outwitting man-invented law. In examining Portia's role, Miriam recognizes the paradoxical masculine-feminine duality of her own nature. The hermaphroditic image which seems now to contradict and frustrate Miriam's quest for realization of a feminine consciousness through

art, recalls the earlier meditation on the creativity latent in her hands in Backwater.

Portia was right when she preached her sermon -- it made everyone feel sorry for all harshness -- then one ought not to be harsh to the blindness of men . . . somebody had said men would lose all their charm if they lost their vanity and childish cocksureness about their superiority -- to force and browbeat them into seeing themselves would not help -- but that is what I want to do. I am like a man in that, overbearing, bullying, blustering. I am something between a man and a woman; looking both ways. But to pretend one did not see through a man's voice, would be treachery. Nearly all men will hate me -- because I can't play up for long. Harshness must go; perhaps that was what Christ meant. . . . The Christians were so self-satisfied; going off to their love-making; that spoiled the play. Their future was much more dark and miserable than the struggle between the sensual Englishman and the wily Jew. The play ought to have ended there, with the woman in the cap and gown pleading, showing something that could not be denied -- ye are all together in one condemnation. . . . She ought to have left them all, and gone through all the law courts of the world; showing up the law. (II: 187-188)

Miriam interprets Portia's failure to live up to the sentiment of her sermon and being "quite complacent about being unkind to the Jew," as symptomatic of Shakespeare's general attitude towards women.

There was no reality in any of Shakespeare's women. They please men because they show women as men see them. All the other things are invisible; nothing but their thoughts and feelings about men and bothers [sic]. Shakespeare did not know the meaning of the words and actions of Nerissa and Portia when they were alone together, the beauty they knew and felt and saw, holy beauty everywhere. Shakespeare's plays are "universal" because they are about the things that everybody knows and hands about, and they do not trouble anybody. They make every one feel wise. It isn't what he says, it's the way he says all these things that don't matter and leave everything out. It's all a sublime fuss. (II: 188-189)

Miriam feels that she has made an important personal discovery anticipated earlier by her dissatisfaction with the popular

romantic novels, in that even Shakespeare leaves unsaid everything that matters -- all the individualized thoughts, emotions, responses, that make characters more than general human principles. She revolts against the fundamental sameness of western thought, in its blindness to the reality of existence known to the feminine consciousness. After dipping into a twelve volume edition of Great Books, Miriam longs to "burn all the volumes; stop the publications of them" (II:219). She resolves to abjure books and men, since books reflect only the masculine mind at the expense of feminine reality (II: 221). Now while these extreme reactions may be attributed to youthful exaggeration, they are too fundamental to the general disposition of Dorothy Richardson's thought to be dismissed lightly or impatiently. The sociological and political bias towards feminism is only a superficial manifestation of what is certainly a psychological and aesthetic position in regard to the masculine-feminine paradox in personality and art. Miriam's explorations are preparatory to finding a means of communicating an aspect of reality at best only hinted at in literature.

The dramatic form introduces Miriam to particular problems and their solutions: how scenes standing in isolation from one another can carry the whole meaning of the play in capsule form, yet be harmonious units within the total framework; how the reality of the background may be reflected in setting and character;

how dialogue, superficially the language of ordinary man, creates overtones that highlight a play's meaning and suggest the background. These techniques partially satisfy Miriam's search for a method that will not interfere with the interacting unity of reality on all levels in a literary work. She finds them successfully employed by Ibsen. Her reading of Brand assumes the form of a mental journey during which she moves from the physical present into the supra-time and -space of the play. By an unobtrusive use of the journey motif, emphasizing Dorothy Richardson's deftness at handling symbolic material in integrated narrative action, Miriam is moved into and out of her meditation.

Miriam has stopped for coffee at an A.B.C. before continuing to her room where she is to meet her sister Eve. Her engrossment with the play she is reading causes her to lose her way, so to speak, in the vastness of Ibsen's Norway, and she returns to the Tansley Street boarding house only just in time for Eve's hasty farewell.

Miriam ordered another cup of coffee and went on reading. There was plenty of time. Eve would not appear at Tansley Street until half-past. In looking up at the clock she had become aware of detailed people grouped at tables. She plunged back into Norway, reading on and on. Each line was wonderful; but all in a darkness. Presently on some turned page something would shine out and make a meaning. It went on and on. 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. It was all one book in some way, not through the thoughts, or the story, but something in the author. People who talked about the book probably understood the strange thoughts and the puzzling hinting story that began and came to an end and left everything as it was before. The author did not seem to suggest that you should be sorry. He seemed to know that at the end everything was as before, with the mountains all round. (Interim, II:382-383)

Miriam's apprehension of the author's attitude enables her to understand that there is a separate intended meaning for the reader or spectator; that the author's perspective remains more comprehensive unless the reader is prepared to reach beyond the play's intellectual and narrative levels to the creative consciousness that conceived them. The meaning of the play is to be sought in the distance the author has established between his characters' attitude towards their world and his own attitude towards the created world, as well as his attitude towards the actual world as he perceives it. Ibsen's created world assumes a quality of realism that surprises Miriam in that the timeless vigor of the physical setting is so pervasive, it is even reflected in the mental acuity of some of the characters.

The electric lights flashed out all over the A.B.C. at once. Miriam remained bent low over her book. Only you had been to Norway, in a cottage up amongst the mountains and out in the open. She read a scene at random and another and began again and read the first scene through and then the last. It was all the same. You might as well begin at the end. In Norway, up among the misty mountains, in farms and cottages looking down on fiords with glorious scenery about them all the time, are people, sitting in the winter by fires and worrying about right and wrong. They wonder, but more gravely and clearly than

we do. Torrents thunder in their ears and they can see mountains all the time even when they are indoors. Ibsen's Brand is about all those worrying things, in magnificent scenery. . . . people read books by geniuses and look far-away when they talk about them. They know they have been somewhere you cannot go without reading the book. (II: 383)

Miriam is aware that Ibsen's ideas are not original, but she is neither interested nor academically equipped to objectively trace his philosophical debts. Rather she bases her subjective argument on the fact that although he is an artist, he is first a human being. "He is exactly like every one else, thinking and worrying about the same things." Those who regard him as "improper" fail to realize their own indetical concerns. Ibsen's genius lies in his instinctive grasp of the persistence of reality underlying phenomena, and in his ability to show its suffusion in men and things. His work synthesizes reality without self-consciousness.

The life in the background is in the people. He does not know this. Why did he write it? A book by a genius is alive. That is why Ibsen is superior to novels; because it is not quite about the people or the thoughts. There is something else; a sort of lively freshness all over even the saddest parts, preventing your feeling sorry for the people. Every one ought to know. It ought to be on the omnibuses and in the menu. . . . What is genius? Something that can take you into Norway in an A.B.C. (II: 384)

In this way, a created work becomes the vehicle moving Miriam forward in her quest for the underlying reality of the artist's consciousness. The contemplative state expands consciousness, thereby liberating the imagination and unifying existence which, if objectified, appears to be merely fragments of reality. Ideas are common property. Synthetic vision is the true mark of genius.¹
 1. See above. Part One, Chapter I, Section 2; and Part Two, Chapter V, Section 2, for discussions of "Talent and Genius."

More than a decade before Interim, Dorothy Richardson had created in "Towards the Light," the metaphoric pattern for describing the contact between reader and writer as a revitalizing and transforming interruption of a major journey. When Miriam finally leaves the A.B.C., her appointment with Eve is no longer in her mind; her new perspective is too broad for the details of her actual existence to be noticed. It is a sympathetic if somewhat ludicrous figure who drifts homewards. Ironically, her absorption into Ibsen's "real" world excludes the actual world if only for the moment; the aesthetic experience of identity with the author and his creation has made Miriam's unfolding consciousness richer and her awareness more acute.

Walking along Oxford Street with a read volume of Ibsen held against you is walking along with something precious between two covers which makes you know you are rich and free. She wandered on and on in an expansion of everything that passed into her mind out and out towards a centre in Norway. . . .

She arrived at Tansley Street as from a great distance, suddenly wondering about her relationship with the sound of carts and near footfalls. Mrs. Bailey was standing in the doorway seeing someone off. Eve. Forgotten. (II: 384)

These excursions to find reality in literature end more frequently in frustration. Miriam rejects novels because they omit what is real, namely the specific consciousness of the characters. The drama is more often successful because it must deal continually with and through its characters. Yet underlying Miriam's irritable attacks on writers who fail her by their limitations is a grudging admiration of the fact that they at least have been able to create a

world, even if an imperfect one, through language. In a mental outburst against George Meredith and male novelists, she reveals not only her own longing to write, but her realization that the craft might well require the application of that analytic masculine intelligence she amply has, but continuously rebels against.

Meredith was partly Celtic. That was why his writing always felt to be pointing in some invisible direction. He wrote so much because he did not care about anything. Novelists were angry men lost in a fog. But how did they find out how to do it? Brain. Frontal development. But it was not certain that that was not just the extra piece wanted to control the bigger muscular system. Sacrificed to muscle. Going about with more muscles and a bit more brain, if size means more, doing all kinds of different set pieces of work in the world, each in a space full of problems none of them could agree about. (II: 443)

The conflict between Miriam's objectifying and synthesizing capacities can only be resolved through art. In 1929, Dorothy Richardson replied to a questionnaire sent by the editors of The Little Review which had serialized Interim.¹ Asked, "What is your attitude toward art today?" she replied, "Regret on behalf of literature in so far as it allows the conjecture of science to stand for thought and of 'art' in so far as it is slick, clever, facile and self-conscious."² Dorothy Richardson's reaction against the rigidities of a scientific approach to human experience reaffirms her personal humanity-oriented view, and emphasizes her insistence that literature reflect the reality of subjective

1. Interim appeared in each issue published from June 1919 through May-June 1920.

2. The Little Review Anthology, ed., Margaret Anderson (New York, 1953), 349-350; 374.

experience. Thus, anything cut off or considered apart from humanity is unreal. Experienced reality is a condition necessarily occurring within man; when objectified it becomes fixed and dead. So to the question, "What is your world view?" Dorothy Richardson replies, "That humanity is the irreducible minimum of life, and affirms it by denying the existence anywhere in 'life' of anything corresponding to what it finds in itself." The individual's awareness of existence other than his own is the first step towards realizing his personal identity as something distinct from life as a whole.¹

While the reality of collective existence is known through subjective experience, the sensed reality about oneself as unique, separated from the rest by spatial boundaries of the physical body, begins when the individual becomes aware of external reality. This primary awareness is a spontaneous intuitive perception, neither dependent on nor arising from the operation of the intellect.

We all date our personal existence from our first conscious awareness of reality outside ourselves. And this awareness is direct and immediate, preceding instruction as to the nature of the realities by which we are surrounded. Instruction and experience can enrich and deepen but can never outdo or replace this first immediate awareness. It recurs, in different forms, thruout [sic] life.²

This is distinctly Romantic theory, but for Dorothy Richardson it

1. As early as 1910, Dorothy Richardson made this point in "The Human Touch," a letter to The Saturday Review, CIX, 2849 (June 4, 1910) 724: "Humanity is distinguishable as such exactly in its relation to something other than itself, and only there."

2. S. Kunitz, ed., Authors Today and Yesterday, 562.

evolves from actual experience. Recalling her early childhood in an autobiographical sketch, she writes:

Being born in Berkshire should mean early acquaintance with woods and hills and rivers. It meant these things for me. Long before their names were known to me they had given that first direct knowledge which instruction and experience can amplify and deepen, but can never outdo. . . .

Berkshire was also a vast garden, flowers, bees and sunlight, a three-in-one, at once enchantment and a benevolent conspiracy of awareness turned towards a small being to whom they first, and they alone, brought the sense of existing. . . . Just as a window in Oxford chapel, I believe Oriel, seen when I was six years old, extended within itself forever, so that at once one escaped those who mysteriously had brought one to this opening into reality and proceeded alone on and on, into that window, knowing it had no end.¹

The consciousness² intuited knowledge of the endlessness of reality is another dimension of the pilgrimage metaphor. Certain of the reality of external existence, the world is transformed, "revealing 'people' as fellow-guests in wonderland (either unaware of their state and therefore hateful, or aware and therefore themselves inexhaustible and comfortably not to be troubled about) . . ."² The whole passage seeks to capture directly the quality of child wonder. Later, Dorothy Richardson writes objectively about these early experiences, emphasizing her continuing wonder at the fact of existence:

From the first I hated, and whenever possible evaded, orderly instruction in regard to the world about me. Not that I lacked the child's faculty of wonder. In a sense, I had it to excess. For what astonished, and still astonishes, me more than anything else was the existence, anywhere, of

1. "Beginnings, A Brief Sketch," Ten Contemporaries, ed., John Gawsworth, (1933), 195-196.

2. Ibid., 196.

anything at all. But since things there were, I preferred to become one with them, in the child's way of direct apprehension which no subsequent "knowledge" can either rival or destroy, rather than to stand back and be told, in regard to any of the objects of my self-losing adoration, this and that.¹

Life, then, is "the ultimate astonisher,"² and the writer is the guide to its variety: for there is "the survival and increase, in the writer, of wonder and of joy, (many other strong emotions competing but never quite prevailing)."³ Pilgrimage consistently supports this view in that while other passions intrude into the action of the novel occasionally, the "wonder" and "joy" of its artist, whether implicitly Dorothy Richardson, or explicitly Miriam, pervades the whole.

1. "Data for Spanish Publisher," ed., Joseph Prescott, The London Magazine, VI, 6 (June 1959), 15. Dorothy Richardson prepared the material in 1943.

2. Ibid., 19.

3. S. Kunitz, ed., op.cit., 562.

PART FOUR
THE FOUNTAIN OF CONSCIOUSNESS

CHAPTER X
FEMININE CONSCIOUSNESS: "LIFE IN ITS OWN RIGHT AT
FIRST HAND"

Miriam's feelings of dissatisfaction with novels in general arise from what she maintains are their inadequate or faulty representations of reality. If the novel seeks to convey life in terms of its characters and their world, even if these characters are affected by their limitations of awareness and experience, what is lacking in the presentation to cause a sense of omission? Are there areas of existence and experience so fundamental to human life that their absence from the novel renders this art form incomplete and thus inadequate as an expression of reality? The aesthetic problems arising from Miriam's intuitions about the essence of reality and its expression in the novel have two main sources: the failure of technique in rendering reality in fiction and her view of the nature of reality itself.

1

Miriam's love affair with the novel is, in the clichés associated with the fiction of romantic love, tempestuous and eternal. After the initial passion that marks her early reading

comes a quick satiety caused not only by inconsequential subject matter, but by revealed attitudes and unrevealed truths about existence and experience -- thus about life itself. Creative literary discourse, as for example Emerson's, is found to be more satisfying. Although her friendship with Hypo Wilson brings her into the commercial and professional circles of writers, it is from Michael Shatov that she receives the initial and important stimulus to closely inspect the craft and scope of fiction. He presents her with the challenge of Tolstoi's and Balzac's realism against what he calls the "literary preciosities" she exhibits in reading and re-reading Maeterlinck, even if only to improve her knowledge of French: "This mystical philosophy is énervant. There are many French books you should read before this man. Balzac for instance'" (Deadlock, III:128). He also wants her to read Tolstoi, and she finally does so under his enthusiastic and vocal direction in the main reading room of the British Museum.

Miriam begins her relationship with Shatov as his English teacher, but it is immediately evident that she will learn more from her pupil than he from her. She offers him Emerson as the textbook of language and life; in return, Shatov brings her Russia, Germany, and France in the works of their greatest creative writers. The first intrusion of his own teaching of literature brings out Miriam's never quite abandoned schoolmistress manner, disguising an as yet tentatively striving intellect to form concise verbal equivalents of basically subjective but sound reactions.

"Of course I have heard of Tolstoi."

"Ah, but you shall read. He has a most profound knowledge of human psychology; the most marvellous touches. In that he rises to universality. Tourgainyeff is more pure Russian, less to understand outside Russia; more academical; but he shall reveal you most admirably the Russian Aristocrat. He is cynic-satirical."

"Then he can't reveal anything," said Miriam. Here it was again; Mr. Shatov, too, took satire quite unquestioningly; thought it a sort of achievement, worthy of admiration. Perhaps if she could restrain her anger, she would hear at least in some wonderful explanatory continental phrase, what satire really was, and be able to settle with herself why she knew it was, in the long run, waste of time; why the word satirist suggested someone with handsome horns and an evil clever eye and thin cold fingers. Thin. Swift was probably fearfully thin. Mr. Shatov was smiling incredulously. If he went on to explain, she would miss the more important worrying thing. Novels. It was extraordinary that he should. . . .

"I don't care for novels. . . . I can't see what they are about. They seem to be an endless fuss about nothing. (Deadlock, III:45)

Miriam's response is neither trivial nor wilful. She is engaged in a struggle for creative expression which is to become the focal point of her life. She has neither the personality nor the desire for a casual flirtation with art, nor the financial wherewithal for the dilettante's approach. Her "Literary preciosities" are a phase in the refinement of her critical sensibilities after the discouragement of finding only a distorted reality in both fiction, even Tolstoi's and Balzac's, and in the analytic scientific writings of Spencer, Huxley, and Darwin.

"Someone will discover some day that Darwin's conclusions were wrong, that he left out some little near obvious thing with big results, and his theory, which has worried thousands of people nearly to death, will turn out to be one

of those everlasting mannish explanations of everything which explain nothing. I know what you are going to say; a subsequent reversal of a doctrine does not invalidate scientific method. I know. But these everlasting theories, and men are so 'eminent' and important about them, are appalling; in medicine, it is simply appalling, and people are just as ill as ever; and when they know Darwin was mistaken, there will be an end of Herbert Spencer. There's my father, really an intelligent man, he has done scientific research himself and knew Faraday, and he thinks First Principles the greatest book that was ever written. I have argued and argued but he says he is too old to change his cosmos. It makes me simply ill to think of him living in a cosmos made by Herbert Spencer." . . .

"I think it's Huxley who makes me angry with Darwinism. He didn't find it out, and he went swaggering about using it as a weapon; frightfully conceited about it. That Thomas Henry Huxley should come off best in an argument was quite as important to him as spreading the Darwinian theory. I never read anything like his accounts of his victories in his letters." (III: 111-112)

She has read a great deal since the circulating library days in North London, but there are gaps of which she becomes increasingly aware. Moreover, she is neither academically nor scholarly critical in her evaluations. A literary neophyte at twenty-five, her response is colored by a personal view of life, native to her consciousness; a view dependent upon no outside source, and only encountered in her reading of Emerson:

She wanted to explain that she used to read novels but could not get interested in them after Emerson. They showed only one side of people, the outside; if they showed them alone, it was only to explain what they felt about other people. (III:128)

Nevertheless, under Shatov's urging Miriam begins to explore the craft of fiction by rendering into English a German translation of some stories by Andreyeff. The event ^{summarizes} ~~captures~~ the literary

experience. Miriam begins as reader in contemplation of the work; that is, she participates as spectator through the passive process of intuitive awareness and subjective response. The stories synthetically fuse her experience of them with the pattern of her daily life. At the same time she begins to understand them subjectively as strongly contrasting with her complex but monotonous daily activities.

For days she read the first two stories in the little book, carrying it about with her, uneasy amongst her letters and ledgers unless it were in sight. The project of translation vanished in an entranced consideration at close quarters of some strange quality coming each time from the printed page. She could not seize or name it. Both stories were sad, with an unmitigated relentless sadness, casting a shadow over the spectacle of life. But some spell in their weaving, something abrupt and strangely alive, remaining alive, in the text, made a beauty that outlived the sadness. . . . The strange beauty in the well-known sentences that yet were every time fresh and surprising, was an unshareable secret. Meanwhile the presence of the little book exorcized the everyday sense of the winding off of days in an elaborate unchanging circle of toil.

. . . when at last suddenly in the middle of a busy morning, she began turning into rounded English words the thorny German text, she eluded his inquiries and hid the book and all signs of her work even from herself. Writing she forgot, and did not see the pages. The moment she saw them, there was a sort of half-shame in their exposure, even to the light of day. And always in transcribing them a sense of guilt. . . . It was in some way from the work itself that this strange gnawing accusation came, and as strangely, each time she had fairly begun, there came, driving out the sense of guilt, an overwhelming urgency; as if she were running a race. (III: 139-140)

When the actual process of translation begins, Miriam develops a three-fold method. Her first step is to make a literal translation from the German into English. In this way the intricacies and

mysteries of the two languages emerge. Subtleties of thought and expression in one language give hitherto unsuspected insights into the other. Highlighting the psychology of language are the difficulties encountered when the literally rendered word or phrase imprecisely conveys the shades of meaning of the original so that the idea or emotion is distorted.¹ Words in one language are seen to be unalterably fused to their distinct meaning, and precise verbal equivalents in another language cannot always be found.

There was no longer unalleviated pain in the first attack on a fresh stretch of the text. The knowledge that it could, by three stages, laborious but unchanging and certain in their operation, reach a life of its own, the same in its whole effect, and yet in each detail so different from the original, radiated joy through the whole slow process. It was such a glad adventure, to get down on the page with a blunt stump of 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. (III: 142)

Miriam's adventure in language begins with the realization that when we think verbally our ideas are shaped by the words available to us. For this reason, words in themselves may imprecisely convey other levels of mental experience as well.

The metaphor of the stream which Dorothy Richardson employs refers to the language of the text, to the flow of words. The 1. In a review, Dorothy Richardson is critical of an inept translation from the Spanish, which is, she says, "in the raw first stage . . . of the literal transcript . . . Idiom and construction both remain in the Romance form of the original untouched." "A Spanish Dentist Looks at Spain," The Dental Record, XXXVIII, 8 (August 1918), 345.

intellect which only seeks to render literally the words of one language into the words of another may do so at the risk of confusion and imprecision. Only below the literal level lie the solutions to the problems of differentiated meanings and the expression of both verbal and non-verbal experience which literature seeks to communicate. These impulses which give coherence to the shapelessness and aesthetic meaninglessness of the literal translation lie beyond the analytic level of intellect. The second step, then, is the most difficult because of the persistent struggle of the intellect to remain totally on the verbal level, stubbornly seeking verbal equivalents, while the contemplative faculty still searches for the original impulse that caused the words to be used in the first place. The first two steps in the process, then, are (1) to move from the literal verbal expression of one language into that of the other; and (2) to penetrate the verbal level of the original language to its non-verbal content in order to bring forth this content in the verbal terms of the other language.

The vast entertainment of this first headlong ramble down the page left an enlivenment with which to face the dark length of the second journey, its separate single efforts of concentration, the recurring conviction of the insuperability of barriers, the increasing list of discarded attempts, the intervals of hours of interruption, teased by problems that dissolved into meaninglessness, and emerged more than ever densely obstructive, the sudden almost ironically cheerful simultaneous arrival of several passable solutions; the temptation to use them, driven off by the wretchedness accompanying the experiment of placing them even in imagination upon the page, and at last the snap of relinquishment, the plunge down into oblivion of everything but the object of contemplation, perhaps ill-sustained and fruitful only of a fury of irritated exhaustion, postponing

further effort, or through the entertaining distraction of a sudden irrelevant play of light, turned to an outbranching series of mental escapades, leading, on emergence, to a hurried scribbling, on fresh pages, of statements which proved when read later, with clues and links forgotten, unintelligible; but leading always, whether directly in one swift movement of seizure or only at the end of protracted divings, to the return, with the shining fragment, whose safe placing within the text made the pages, gathered up in an energy flowing forward transformingly through the interval, towards the next opportunity of attack, electric within her hands. (III:142-143)

The third step is the fusion of objective and subjective values through the manipulation of the work to give an aesthetic unity to what was once a shapeless mass in order that the text's flow of words, now formed into a new language, moves easily and fluently. At the same time, the way in which verbal problems are resolved by the translation of the text at the deeper non-verbal level reveals the quality of the translator's consciousness in synthesizing beyond the word -- at the heart of language -- the meaning and experience of the work.

The serene third passage, the original banished in the comforting certainty that the whole of it was represented, the freedom to handle until the jagged parts were wrought into a pliable whole, relieved the pressure of the haunting sense of trespass, and when all was complete it vanished into peace and a strange unimpatient curiosity and interest. She read from an immense distance. The story was turned away from her towards people who were waiting to read and share what she felt as she read. 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, so that by no one in her sight or within range of any chance meeting with herself might it ever be contemplated. (III:143)

Finally, Miriam is both the casual reader and the translator

as reader, contemplating her work objectively and subjectively.¹ On the one hand, she evaluates the merits of the complete text; on the other hand, she re-experiences in memory the progress of the work and, by associative thought, the events of her life during the interval.

Coming between her and the immediate grasp of the text were stirring memories; the history of her labour was written between the lines; and strangely, moving within the whole, was the record of the months since Christmas. On every page a day or group of days. It was a diary. . . . Within it were incidents that for a while had dimmed the whole fabric to indifference. And passages stood out, recalling, together with the memory of overcoming their difficulty, the dissolution of annoyances, the surprised arrival on the far side of overwhelming angers. (III: 143)

These literary labors are attacked with an intense concentration marked by a dissolved sense of chronological time. They draw upon a creative vitality Miriam only suspects she possesses. The recreative action that the challenge of the word brings alters the aspect of her daily existence, making each day an adventure of the imagination and the intellect marked by discoveries about her own capacities and abilities.

1. Elsewhere Dorothy Richardson speaks of the translator in the following way: "An author can hardly come forward with suggestions as to the manner in which his book should be read. A translator may do so without apology. For in regard to a book that has yielded its treasure with increasing fulness during his successive journeys through its text, he feels something like the inhabitant of a landscape who knows how it is to be seen at its best. . . ."

"And he is moved to confront the reader who has reaped the very great deal that is to be found in a first reading, beg him to recover a little from his immediate reactions and read again."
 "Translator's Foreward," Jews in Germany by Josef Kastein, (London, 1934), XIX, XX.

. . . they would arrive suddenly in her mind, thrilling her into animation, lighting up some remote part of her consciousness from which would come pell-mell, emphatic and incoherently eloquent, statements to which she listened eagerly . . .

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. During the engrossing incidents of her day's work she forgot them completely, but in every interval they were there; or not there; she had dreamed them. (III:141)

Only upon conclusion of the work is Miriam aware of the pressure of time. Analogous correspondences to time moving occur to her when she sees future possibilities of enlarging upon her finished work through additional translations of Andreyeff's stories. Miriam's desire to maintain her buoyant mood takes on a poignant urgency when she becomes aware at last of the passage of the days. The apprehension of time during her inner experience of the work is in sharp contrast to clock time. This sense of time passing, explicit in the stream metaphor of this section, is further emphasized in its application to chronological time.

There was no weariness in this second stretch of labour. Behind her lay the first story, a rampart, of achievement and promise, and ahead, calling her on, the one that was yet to be attempted, difficult and strange, a little thread of story upon a background of dark thoughts, like a voice heard through a storm. Even the heaviest parts of the afternoon could be used, in an engrossed forgetfulness of time and place. Time pressed. The year was widening and lifting too rapidly towards the heights of June when everything but the green world, fresh gleaming in parks and squares through the London swelter, sweeping with the tones of spring and summer

mingled amongst the changing trees, towards September, would fade from her grasp and disappear. (III:144)

The visible renewal and revitalizing of the earth in spring is analogous to the burgeoning of Miriam's creative intuition taking outward and visible form in language. But while the unfailing diminution of nature's fecundity is inevitable as the year turns into autumn, Miriam remains certain of the perpetual generation of the creative experience. It is "the green world" in floodtide (inspiration and contemplation), and fruition (synthesis and craft), which she makes the perpetual present of her creative inner life. While this moment in the year is quickly altered by the passage of time, its analogous moment in the mind undergoes no alteration; here it is stable, unified, synthetic, and permanent, contemplating the impulses, ideas, emotions, sensations, memories, impressions -- the verbal and pre-verbal -- that constitute the materials of the mind. Thus, the consciousness is the non-judicial experiential agency through which the time- and space- conditioned fragments of actual life -- the disparate physical, mental, spiritual, and emotional activities -- are fused into personality. Although Dorothy Richardson is writing impressionistically about a particular literary experience, her emphasis is on the vividness of existence on levels beyond what we are normally aware of in daily life. The contrast between the profoundly felt life of the consciousness and the cumulative superficial details of actual life to whose stimuli and activity we are responsive more by conditioning than understanding,

is a doubtless analogy to general human experience. Although as Dorothy Richardson maintains this intense apprehension by the consciousness is characteristic of the artist, the novel dealing with life as experienced by human beings of all sorts should contain clear and organic intimations of this reality; that is, realism must express the character's reality of self.

That which is generally associated with the term realism is descriptive of literary method; what Dorothy Richardson emphasizes is the lack of inner reality in realism. Reality is qualitative, internal, psychological, and essential. If we accept with Thoreau that men lead lives of quiet desperation, we might say that realism is the documentation of quiet desperation or of desperate things; and while desperation is an internal state, its documentation necessitates concentration not upon that state, but upon its external effects and manifestations. We might say that a state is palpable -- that is, felt apprehension -- while its manifest effect is tangible -- that is, sense apprehension.

The method of conventional realism is distinguished by the documentation of a thesis either explicitly or implicitly in the novel. It is as though one lived one's life solely to make a point. Thus, characters in such novels exist and act to provide evidence in support of the thesis. This scientific approach of hypothesis and accumulative supporting data vitiates with its divisive superficial detail the synthesizing nature of the individual's apprehension of reality. In this sense, conventional

realism is dramatized thought, and as Miriam emphatically tells Shatov, "Thought is a secondary human faculty, and can't lead any one, anywhere." (Revolving Lights, III:312) Her pronouncement is inspired by the contemporary realism of H.G. Wells. Wells "makes phrases and pictures." Later, although suggesting that Wells's social awareness is deeper than James's or Conrad's, Miriam knows that "all his books are witty exploitations of ideas." (Dawn's Left Hand, IV: 239) Arnold Bennett, the realist, documents; George Eliot, the novelist of ideas, "writes like a man"; women novelists, converting their personal experiences like romantic love into fiction through what Wilson miscalls creative imagination, elicits Miriam's contemptuous retort, "Ah, imagination. Lies." Fantasizing more aptly describes what Wilson designates as creative imagination, and is so understood and therefore rejected by Miriam.

Initially, Miriam's discovery of Henry James's The Ambassadors brings a profound appreciation of his method. She immediately absorbs his developed point of view into her own aesthetic experience. For the first time she finds a way already marked which corresponds to some partly formed intuition of her own:

She glanced through the pages of its opening chapter, the chapter that was now part of her own experience; set down at last alive, so that the few pages stood in her mind, growing as a single good day will grow, in memory, deep and wide, wider than the year to which it belongs. She was surprised to find, coming back after the interval of disturbed days, how little she had read. Just the opening pages, again and again, not wanting to go forward; wanting the presentation of the two men, talking outside time and space in the hotel bedroom, to go on for ever. And

presently fearing to read further, lest the perfection of satisfaction should cease.

Reading a paragraph here and there, looking out once more to two phrases that had thrilled her more intimately than any others, she found a stirring of strange statements in her mind. A strange clarity that was threatening to change the adventure of reading to a shared disaster. For she remembered now, having hung for a while over Waymarsh's "sombre glow" and "his attitude of a prolonged impermanence," that she had already read on into the next chapter, that something had happened, so bitter as to have been pushed from her mind. And yet her mind had been at work upon it. It had happened with the coming of Maria Gostrey, and had culminated, at the dinner-party, in her red neck-band. Disappointing. Yes. Here she was again, drawing on her gloves and being elaborately mysterious. (III:408-409)

But while the effect on Miriam of James's method remains informing and vital, his superficial penetration of character and misdirected concentration on surface detail cause her to reject him as a model. Conrad moves her differently. Except for the infrequent jarring intrusion of his own voice, his world is generous in individual human grandeur. His books enhance existence.

Youth . . . and Typhoon. . . . Oh, "Stalked about gigantically in the darkness." . . . Fancy forgetting that. And he is modern and a good writer. New. They all rave quietly about him. But it was not like reading a book at all. . . . Expecting good difficult "writing," some mannish way of looking at things, and then . . . complete forgetfulness of the worst time of the day on the most grilling day of the year in a crowded Lyons's at lunch-time and, afterwards, joyful strength to face the disgrace of being an hour or more late for afternoon work. . . . They leave life so small that it seems worthless. He leaves everything big; and all he tells added to experience for ever. It's dreadful to think of people missing him; the forgetfulness and the new birth into life. Even God would enjoy reading Typhoon. Then that is "great fiction"? "Creation"? Why these falsifying words, making writers look cut off and mysterious? Imagination. What is imagination? It always seems insulting, belittling, both to the writer and to life. He looked and listened with his whole self — perhaps he is a small pale

invalid — and then came "stalked about gigantically" . . . not made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding . . . and working his salvation. That is what matters to him. In the day of judgment, though he is a writer, he will be absolved. Those he has redeemed will be there to shout for him. But he will still have to go to purgatory; or be born again as a woman. Why come forward suddenly, in the midst of a story, to say they live far from reality? A sudden smooth complacent male voice, making your attention rock between the live text and the picture of a supercilious lounging form, slippers, a pipe, other men sitting round, and then the phrase so smooth and good that it almost compels belief. Why cannot men exist without thinking themselves all there is? (Revolving Lights, III: 275-276)¹

Obviously, Conrad's vision is more satisfying to Miriam than James's. Although James's sustained technical genius plays an important part in her study of the novel, she makes discoveries in Conrad that are especially pertinent to relating external reality to character. "The way to see a sunset is to be indoors. Oblivious. Then . . . just a ruddy glow, reflected from a bright surface. . . . The indirect method's the method. Old Conrad," (Revolving Lights, III:353).

Yet neither writer manages to overcome the too obvious projection of power over character and incident. Their omniscience is manipulative, and so it becomes omnipotence. This appropriation of power over their created worlds strips from its people precisely

1. Cf. Joseph Conrad, Typhoon, section III: "The gale howled and scuffled about gigantically in the darkness." Dorothy Richardson's admiration of Conrad's image is further emphasized by its reappearance in what was to have been the thirteenth part of Pilgrimage, only three chapters of which were published serially: ". . . the fiery blaze of its Dimple Hill's northernmost woodlands in afternoon sunlight, their misted gleam when a strong south wind drives across them the gigantically stalking wraiths of fine rain . . ." "Work in Progress," Life and Letters, XLIX, 104 (April 1946), 26.

that freedom which is the essential feature of the real as distinct from the actual. That is to say, the modus operandi of consciousness is not conditional nor analytic, nor governed by intrusive forces which may alter it. Consciousness remains fixed before or within the changing images, impulses, and ideas upon which it reflects, undergoing no alteration in itself, but ideally becoming increasingly aware of itself through contemplation of what is experienced. The limitation of consciousness depicted in the novels of even such masterly writers as Conrad and James is a brake on the reader's apprehension of a character's reality.

"Even as you read about Waymarsh and his "sombre glow" and his "attitude of prolonged impermanence" as he sits on the edge of the bed talking to Strether, and revel in all the ways James uses to reveal the process of civilizing Chad, you are distracted from your utter joy by fury over all he is unaware of. And even Conrad. The self-satisfied, complacent, know-all condescendingsness of their handling of their material. . . . The torment of all novels is what is left out. The moment you are aware of it, there is torment in them. Bang, bang, bang, on they go, these men's books, like an L.C.C. tram, yet unable to make you forget them, the authors, for a moment. It worries me to think of novels. And yet I'm thrilled to the marrow when I hear of a new novelist. (Dawn's Left Hand, IV:239)

The world in novels is literally an enclosed one from which there is no escape. Its characters are tied to each other, or to the background, or to both, with a determinism their creators may philosophically not hold. Yet the very nature of the novel in the hands of omnipotent writers closes to both characters and readers avenues of escape into those realities inherent in consciousness' inner experience. The Russian novelists sometimes come close to achieving this penetration into the inner reality of character.

Tolstoy? Shedding darkness as well as light. Sad, shadowed sunlight, Turgenieff. Perfection. But enclosed, as all great novelists seem to be, in a world of people. People related only to each other. Human drama, in a resounding box. Or under a silent sky.

Something was pressing eagerly up beneath the realization of being blessedly free to keep the printed page awaiting full attention for as long as she likes; Raskolnikov. Boxed in, but differently. Travelling every moment deeper and deeper into darkness; but a strange Russian darkness, irradiated. Dostoievski does not judge his characters? Whatever, wherever, they are, one feels light somehow present in and about them; irradiating. . . . (Dimple Hill, IV: 416)

She saw Raskolnikov on the stone staircase of the tenement house being more than he knew himself to be and somehow redeemed before the awful deed one shared without wanting to prevent, in contrast to all the people in James who knew so much and yet did not know. (Dawn's Left Hand, IV: 239)

2

Dorothy Richardson's bias against the "resounding box" novel is prominent even in the few instances where she discusses the nature of her work. In 1943, she wrote a biographical essay for a projected but never realized Spanish translation of Pilgrimage.¹ She explained how, when beginning the actual writing of her novel, she found her critical discontent with all forms of the novel to date a serious impediment to her progress. Having regarded the novel in terms of the reader-critic, she was clear about what she believed to be its formal faults, but had as yet no reason to work out her own practical remedies. Beginning her own work brought 1. The essay was finally published in the year following Dorothy Richardson's death. "Data for Spanish Publisher," ed., Joseph Prescott, The London Magazine, VI, 6 (June 1959), 14-19.

immediacy to the problem by removing it from the realm of subjective and critical irritation to that of hard analytic but highly personalized concentration:

The material that moved me to write would not fit the framework of any novel I had experienced. I believed myself to be, even when most enchanted, intolerant of the romantic and the realist novel alike. 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 charm 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 present telling his tale. Still more so when he imagined, as did Flaubert, that in confining himself to "Constatation" he remained imperceptible. In either case, what one was assured were the essentials seemed to me secondary to something I could not then define, and the curtain-dropping finalities entirely false to experience. (19)

If inner reality is what is left out, not through selective omission, but some more basic lack of awareness or skill on the part of the writer, how can it be infused into the created illusion of external reality? Design and execution must become fundamental concerns because the canvas is to be fuller than ever, every part of it crammed with life, each part equally valuable and interesting not only for its relationship to the total design, but in and for itself. Imagined in terms of painting, it is the opposite of the point of light conception where everything is established solely to lead to, to enhance, the point. Light must suffuse the whole canvas, even where darkness is depicted; the dim or the less essential is ideally never executed by muddiness. Further, the relationships of parts must be organic to the subject, so the

background or setting is not merely conveniently but vacuously picturesque. Its suitability should mean more than enhancement; it should expand not bind reality. Thus, the complete utilization of the available space implies intensive as well as extensive expansion. To regard such a picture is to be free to begin anywhere, to move by indirect control over and into the whole or any part of it, instead of being visually and irritatingly blocked by impenetrable gloom, and led with conspicuous intention to a single illuminated moment. Such darkness is in itself pointless, its existence incomplete, unsatisfying and meaningless, for it must be regarded solely as serving the ends of the point of light. The mind is like the fully working canvas; consciousness is saturated and stretched. Then a novel should be like the mind or like the intensive and extensive design, meaningful everywhere, complete in itself in every part, not dependent on preceding or following event or explanation for understanding, and neither rigidly nor superficially focussed on a predetermined end.

Implicit in this suggested analogy to what Dorothy Richardson seems to be saying about the novel, is the idea of freedom for characters. The emancipation of the people of created worlds marks her approach to the novel. It also concentrates her view of imagination and will. In Pilgrimage Miriam regards the term imagination with suspicion. She uses the word either as equivalent to "making things up," or in a more developed form as similar to

what Coleridge calls the fancy.¹ But both definitions fall short of what Dorothy Richardson would wish us to understand by the total meaning of the word. Although her conception of the inter-operation of the will and the imagination seems to coincide at first glance with Coleridge's definition of the fancy, it is actually very different because of the emphasis she places upon the crucial role that consciousness plays in the creative act. Indeed, portions of Pilgrimage portray precisely fancy rather than imagination in the construction of certain portions of Miriam's thought processes. It must be emphasized, however, that fancy is here being employed for its psychological validity as descriptive of one of the ways the human mind sometimes works, and also as a method of rendering such operation. Yet nowhere does Dorothy Richardson indicate that this is how the artist works. The imagination and the will are complex, and their various levels of meaning and operation require definition if her view of the creative experience is to be understood. In fact her conception of the consciousness is similar to the operation of Coleridge's secondary imagination: "It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to recreate: or where this process is rendered

1. "Fancy . . . has no other counters to play with but fixities and definites. The fancy is indeed no other than a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space; while it is blinded with, and modified by that empirical phenomenon of the will, which we express by the word Choice. But equally with the ordinary memory the Fancy must receive all its materials ready made from the law of association." Biographia Literaria in Complete Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge ed., Shedd, Vol III, 364.

impossible, yet still at all events it struggles to idealize and to unify. It is essentially vital, even as all objects (as objects) are essentially fixed and dead."¹ Any literary art that seeks as its objective the expression of reality through the rendering of life must therefore delineate individual consciousness, and such consciousness has affinity with what Coleridge calls the primary imagination: "the living power and prime agent of all human perception."²

With this in mind, a close examination of Dorothy Richardson's essay, "Resolution,"³ in which she seeks to explain the relationship of will and imagination, serves to establish discursively her disposition towards the creative experience, particularly as it relates to the novel. She distinguishes three broad categories: (1) "people, sometimes called strong-minded, who can, within limits, carry out whatever they resolve"; (2) the more "imaginative who, as a group, cannot be said to be distinguished for power of will, to do more than merely imagine"; and (3) the majority who "belong somewhere between the two extremes, leaning rather to the one or the other." Little definitive attention is given to the second category. Although Dorothy Richardson does not name anyone specifically

1. Ibid.

2. Ibid., 363.

3. In Purpose, I, 1 (January-March 1929), 7-9. This periodical is a continuation of Focus to which Dorothy Richardson also contributed. Both periodicals were published by Charles Daniel of the earlier Crank magazines. The essay's starting point is a discussion of the period of time between Christmas and New Year's Day during which resolutions are traditionally made.

in describing her categories, it is safe to assume that if the first category is to be applied to writers, she might very well include Henry James. Her scattered comments about him support this contention, for even the diction is familiar because of its association with her attitude towards him as the "high priest of nearly all the orthodoxies", "a monstrous unilluminated pride."¹ In the essay, she develops her description of "these self-knowing, self-reverencing, self-controlling people whose three virtues can indeed lead their lives to sovereign power."

They are masters in the houses of their own personal affairs. They say I will, this or that, or I will not, thus or so, and behold it cometh to pass just as they say. None can withhold admiration from this splendour of self-control. But it is possible to remark of many persons of this sturdy moral quality --- though not, of course, of all --- that they are lacking on the imaginative side, and that herein lies part of their strength. (8)

What does she mean by resolution? She poses the question herself, and attempts not a definition of the term, but rather an exploration of "how the process works in ourselves." She is dealing, then, with the broad second category of people, the majority between the two extremes. This majority is further reduced to those who are to some degree aware of something in themselves that is independent of the conditioned reactions or causal relationships of life, and which is responsive to the control of the individual in whom it resides. Beginning typically with a subjective reaction to that "salty, Saxon phrase . . . making up one's mind," as "for

1. See above, Part Two, Chapter IV, section 1.

the English, perhaps, preferable to the elegant abstract Norman 'resolution,'" she remarks on the authoritative support of modern psychology's "newest contrivance for getting the better of oneself" -- auto-suggestion. She further explains that generally speaking, modern psychology appears to emphasize the power of the imagination over the will, in that "if battle be engaged between the will and the imagination the latter invariably wins." She maintains that the word "will" used in this way does not take into account at least two fundamental ideas associated with it. The word regarded as resolution is suppressive; it "suggests a relatively single and negative setting of the will, a somewhat steely hardening." On the other hand, if the word is regarded metaphorically, as making up one's mind, it produces a unifying aesthetic and creative response:

. . . "making up one's mind" brings a mental picture of a positive process, something akin to that of a craftsman dealing with a medium, a chemist combining elements, an artist laying down the main lines of a composition. It suggests inspiration, perhaps long prepared, but coming suddenly into consciousness to be grasped and carried into effect. It suggests the bringing of will and imagination into collaboration. (8-9)

While Dorothy Richardson applauds psychology's "tribute" to the power of the imagination, she draws attention to the "concentration of will required to fashion and hold the image in place." Thus, even when imagination is regarded as fancy, or even superficially as fantasizing, the associated action of the will is implicit; "the presence of the will [*is*] in all acts of imagination."

The will, however, safe even from the devil, is prey to self-will: "when self-will, as opposed to will, rears its head, let it hit first and go on hitting." Here a further refinement is made by describing will, the shaping and inspiring correlative to imagination, as opposed to self-will. Self-will is the result of an erroneous conception of role: "Of yourselves ye can do no good thing is true for artist, scientist, and everyday humanity as well as for the religious." The conflict, then, is not between imagination and will, but between will and self-will. The difference between will, perhaps better designated for greater clarity, as the creating will, and self-will may be explained in the following way: The creating will is the guardian of the imagination not its master; "our business, in this matter of making resolutions, is to get the will to keep an eye upon the imagination." As the shaping principle, the creating will "is pure and incorruptible and free. It can move, and its feeblest movement towards the image it has set up strengthens at once that image and itself." From this it is clear that the imagination provides the material for the creating will. The material of the imagination comes from both internal and external experience. The inter-operation of the will and the imagination results in a consolidation of experience within the reflective consciousness. And this contemplative synthesis is reality. When the image of this synthesis is created it has an existence of its own, and as such it exists as something to be contemplated in and for itself. Of greater importance to art, it

is capable of existence outside the mind. In this instance, the energies of the creating will are directed towards bringing the image into actual existence.

On the other hand, when the "self-knowing, self-reverencing, self-controlling" will manifests itself, contractions of imagination are inevitable, either in the primary instance of inner formulation, or in later attempts at external formulation. The object of self-will is the expression and projection of the thinking and calculating self. The object of the creating will is the actualization of the image it has itself fashioned within the consciousness, and which it now holds in place for the consciousness to newly contemplate. Its object, therefore, is the expression and projection of the contemplating and feeling self. The product of self-will is marked by self-consciousness, and exhibits extrinsic prescribed boundaries, rather than intrinsic organic design.

In applying these views to the novel, we can see that there is a clear distinction between representing life as the novelist "imagines" it to be, and in representing "life in its own right at first hand." Dorothy Richardson explains it in the following way:

The woman-consciousness is, I think, an utterly different type, and has been but little expressed. Most women writers exploit sex or sex-humour and have an eye on the interest of the male reader. I put Jane Austen as an artist up in the sky above everybody, but even she exploits her sex-humour. . . . The Brontës "exploit their sex-eroticism." . . . My phrase for what the woman-consciousness tries to express is, I suppose, "life in its own right at first hand."¹

1. In Louise Morgan, "How Writers Work: Dorothy Richardson," Everyman, (October 22, 1931), 400. Cf. Clear Horizon, IV: 264: ". . . her sense of the sufficiency of life at first hand."

When the novelist "creates" experience, he makes it up in his own image -- it is the action of self-will. His voice and will are in constant evidence. Domination of character and incident is the conspicuous feature of his work. But it is a domination through power, not through knowledge. If characters are so soundly formed as to convince of their reality, and so of an inner sphere of experience crucial to the formulation of their personality, and if this sphere is ignored through indifference or ignorance by the author, then obviously the characters know more, experience more, than their "creator" is aware. The imposition of the writer's self-will upon the will of his characters merely shows us that he is omnipotent, but not that he knows anything really about them, nor that he trusts his creation removed in any degree from his manipulative control. Thus, a novelist may be a thoroughgoing determinist in art and not in philosophy. Dorothy Richardson's insistence on freedom for characters recalls Percy Lubbock's comment in The Craft of Fiction about Thackeray's method:

It is as though he never quite trusted his men and women when he had to place things entirely in their care, standing aside to let them act; he wanted to intervene continually, he hesitated to leave them alone save for a brief and belated half-hour. It was perverse of him, because the men and women would have acquitted themselves so strikingly with a better chance; he gave them life and vigour enough for much more independence than they ever enjoyed. (103)

Dorothy Richardson's intention is to make realism intensive as well as extensive¹ through the revelation of the character's

1. Cf. Dorothy Richardson's comments on the "new" novel in "Adventure for Readers," discussed above, Part two, Chap IV, Section 1.

consciousness over which the author must not exhibit direct control. That the character has a free will and is entitled to its expression is explicit in her view of fictive consciousness, and implicit in her consideration of the novel as a whole. Miriam's reactions bear this out as well:

. . . comedy and tragedy equally left everything unstated. No blind victimizing force could account for the part of the story they left untold, something that justified the sentimental books they all jeered at . . . Blind force could not soften and illuminate. There was something more than an allurements of "nature," a veil of beauty disguising the "brutal physical facts." Why brutal? Brutal is deliberate, a thing of the will. They meant brutish. But what was wrong with the brutes except an absence of free will? Their famous "brutal frankness" was brutish frankness, showing them pitifully proud of their knowledge of facts that looked so large, and ignorant of the tiny enormous undying fact of free will. Perhaps women have more free will than men?

It is because these men write so well that it is a relief, from looking and enduring the clamour of the way things state themselves from several points of view simultaneously, to read their large superficial statements. Light seems to come, a large comfortable stretching of the mind, things falling into an orderly scheme, the flattering fascination of grasping and elaborating the scheme. But the after reflection is gloom, a poisoning gloom over everything. (Revolving Lights, III:275)

In depicting this freedom, Dorothy Richardson recognizes the special significance of James's contraction of point of view as an appropriate technique. The character is entitled to privacy, not the author. She wants to free the novel from all comment; to create, but strike no attitude towards what is created; to allow the characters themselves within the created world freedom from situations and encounters arranged and developed, not by them, but by the author. This would give to the characters the illusion of

privacy, removed from the examining eye or even the recording intelligence of the author. Thus, Dorothy Richardson, like Henry James and James Joyce, seeks to create the most thoroughgoing illusion in fiction by eliminating the author. Yet of the three only she successfully hides her art, which is perhaps the main reason for her critical neglect.

When Dorothy Richardson began to write Pilgrimage, her ideas and intuitions finally crystallized into a method. She explained what happened in the following way:

I had put down a mass of stuff, and used none of it. I must make a monstrous confession. I was feeling that everything that men had written to date, was somehow irrelevant. Amongst the novelists my men-gods had been Conrad and James. They stood very high in my sky. But for years I felt that in a special way there was unsatisfactoriness, an irrelevance about all of them. . . .

When I first began writing Pilgrimage, I intended to take on in the usual way. Then in Cornwall, in solitude, when I was focussing intensely, I suddenly realized that I couldn't go on in the usual way, telling 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.

Only Miriam was there, not only to describe, but to think, to know, l. Louise Morgan, op.cit., 400. Cf. also Dorothy Richardson's striking description of her initial attempts at writing the novel in the Foreward to Pilgrimage: "Since all these novelists happened to be men, the present writer, proposing at this moment to write a novel and looking round for a contemporary pattern, was faced with the choice between following one of her regiments and attempting to produce a feminine equivalent of the current masculine realism. Choosing the latter alternative, she presently set aside, at the bidding of a dissatisfaction that revealed its nature without supplying any suggestion as to the removal of its cause, a considerable mass of manuscript. Aware, as she wrote, of the gradual falling away of the preoccupations that for a while had

to see, to feel, to realize, to conceptualize; in other words, to experience totally. And in this way the "new" novel begins to approach the method of poetry as Dorothy Richardson indicated it would. The single voice in both Pilgrimage and in a poem is itself an illusion, but not a falsification or limitation of reality. The character in the novel like the speaker of the poem is primarily in dialogue with himself. Both are striving to know what they think by seeing what they say. So they contemplate and evaluate their own experience. They are extended the same privilege enjoyed by their creators of being beside themselves in a sane way.

dictated the briskly moving script, and of the substitution, for these inspiring preoccupations, of a stranger in the form of contemplated reality having for the first time in her experience its own say, and apparently justifying those who acclaim writing as the surest means of discovering the truth about one's own thoughts and beliefs, she had been at the same time increasingly tormented, not only by the failure, of this now so independently assertive reality, adequately to appear within the text, but by its revelation, whencesoever focused, of 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" (I: 9-10). See also, Part Two, Chapter IV.

CHAPTER XI

INDIVIDUAL FOCUS: "THE UNCHANGING CENTER OF BEING IN
OUR PAINFULLY EVOLVING SELVES"

Typical of the aesthetic temper of the period, Dorothy Richardson was ~~hyper~~^{very}-conscious of the problems created by the literary expression of time. Because of her strongly mystical tendency, she sought for and found stability in the midst of time's seemingly relentless movement. Reflective of the feminine consciousness, the unmoving core which is the essence of all things in existence is conceived of in spatial terms completely removed from the influence of time's movement.

Dorothy Richardson's investigation of time and timelessness caused her to consider certain correlative ideas: the levels and functions of individual memory and collective memory (history); the relationship of the annual cycle to the individual consciousness; the paradox of being and becoming; the source and repository of reality; and the involvement of eternity in temporal time. She reveals her views on these subjects in essays published by Charles Daniel: an early essay, part of her regular contribution to The Open Road; and a series of occasional essays published twenty years later in Focus. Similar ideas form integral parts of the

narrative, psychological, and philosophical levels of Pilgrimage.

1

As early as September 1907, Dorothy Richardson experimented thematically with the concept of time.¹ The title itself is an early clue to the conception of Pilgrimage. A close study of the essay reveals a double pattern controlled by the title, which itself acts metaphorically as the essay's theme.

Briefly, the essay is the result of an obligation for a book review promised for the September issue of The Open Road. The editor's reminder finds her on holiday in Sussex, without books, savouring "the joy of mere passive inspiration." Having given a generalized picture of her physical and mental state, she puts off the critical problems of reviewing until she "shall be conscious once more of opinions and points of view" (154). At this point, the essay moves into the immediate matter of importance, using past, present, and future time; history; personal recollection; and social comment in its structure.

The physical setting is described in a swift sketch:

For the present, I seem to have something to say of triumphant, of vital importance -- for to-day is, just this morning here by the sea, more keenly than ever the first of days -- the eternal miracle seems to transcend all barriers -- sky and sea, and whirling sea-mews, the sweep of grassy flower-starred cliff down to the water's edge, the tender outline of the distant Downs away across the harbour all quickened and smiling in the morning light, seem so startlingly to be but a garment, a shadow. (154)

1. "The Open Road," The Open Road, New Series, I, 3 (September 1907), 153-158.

The description compares the prospect before her to the freshness and wholesomeness of the first creation, and to the constant recreation of sea, sky, and land: "The first of days — the eternal miracle." However, what the eye perceives — phenomena — is not the reality which has created the scene, but a covering, a reflection of that reality — "a garment, a shadow." Already at work are two principles of Dorothy Richardson's thought and art: the analogy of the minute, homely experiences and perceptions of the present moment to the seemingly limitless expanse of the past; and the enduring vitality which is the unchanging essence within the phenomenal, objective world about us.

From the external environment the essay moves into the contexts of memory. What is recalled is in startling contrast to the scene just described and ironic in intention. The vitality of the present environment is juxtaposed to the staleness of the recollected scene:

. . . there comes to my mind a picture — the picture of a London lecture hall, high and airless, of a sea of London faces — young nearly all of them, and all of them stimulated. Not thinking, not living, not in any sense being just then, but existing in a state of mental irritation and excitement — held by a voice, the voice of the man on the estrade, a small, owl-like, astonishingly bright-eyed little man with a shock of dust-coloured hair, and the voice, impoverished and rasping, gossiping of the results of his pokings and scavengings with hoe and muck-rake . . . (154-155)

The abundant movement in the picture which her physical eyes see is contrasted with the stagnation of the recalled scene. The lecture hall is airless, although high like the sky. The "sea" is composed of young London faces, their stimulation stemming not

from any vitality of their physical being, but only from the artificial quickening of mental processes. In place of the "grassy flower-starred cliff" they are confronted by "a shock of dust-coloured hair." The physical conditions of the lecture hall are re-experienced in a new way, and a new significance attaches, not to the subject of the lecture, but to the social order:

Sitting here now in the full tide of middle life, I grow hot and shamed to think that even now, in all the education markets of the Western world, this kind of thing is still going on. Poor little monomaniacs of paid lecturers! Poor helpless young auditors! And how funny, how FUNNY in the distance they appear, all these heated people! (155)

Now a third principle emerges from the application of this recollection to the world as it is: Knowing does not come from the artificial exercise of the organ called the brain. Only in stillness and equilibrium can the instants of illumination and inspiration inform man:

All of them one day (even perhaps the lecturers) will see and know; there will be for each and every one of them moments of inspiration, moments will come sooner or later when they will control their restless, helpless brains: will be still and will know. And so they pass away from my vision, these anxious peering, starved faces. (155)

From this didactic prophecy the essay returns to the present. Some time has elapsed, for there is a change in the tide. The setting is now described in terms of how it will appear in the immediate future, incorporating the element of youth from the first description of the world's newness as comparison, and the second description of the young London audience as contrast. Dorothy Richardson also places herself immediately in all these scenes

through all the phases of their development: her own participation in the artificial London "sea" of faces, her presence now in "the full tide of middle life," and her immediate perception of the rising tide of the sea before her:

The tide is coming up, and with it a freshening wind; and presently the water will be beating all round this little spit of land, and all the way up the harbour it will spring and splash over the low sea wall; and this afternoon, when the tide is full, the village boys will come out and bathe, and shout to each other, and sailing boats will put out and will dance in the sunshine upon the waves, and later on the evening light will come and touch into more perfect beauty all this peaceful place. (155-156)

The essay studies time by means of comparisons and contrasts on several levels. It creates the effect of time-linkage in a carefully connected series of allusions. For example, the "peaceful place" of this present moment is contrasted to its past history, thereby joining this section to the recalled lecture whose subject also appears to have been past history, namely archeological exploration:

Battles have raged here. All along this coast Briton and Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, have left their mark; and later on this little harbour in particular became a byword -- a place of insecurity and terror. It was chosen and beloved by pirates -- fierce men speaking strange tongues, who plied their trade up and down the British Channel. This spot especially was favoured by the Turks, who constantly came over from Tunis in large numbers, landing and plundering whole villages, carrying away with them, says one old record: "All the little treasure of the people," and not infrequently the people themselves, into bondage.

These "extraordinary evils," the writer tells us, were inflicted upon the country for the space of at least two hundred years, and during that time "very many Englishmen, seeing that piracy was so much more profitable than honest trading," joined the Turks, and went into business with them,

crossed over the water with them, and settled in Tunis, returning at intervals to assist in attacking and plundering their countrymen, and carrying off slaves in large numbers. (156)

Gradually the subject builds to immediate social relevance and concludes with satiric bite:

Piracy is more profitable than honest trading. The old chronicler lets slip this majestic spiritual truth without, apparently, any consideration of its implications.

Piracy for him was a romantic episode finished and blended with the smiling repose of that which is behind. It was not possible for him to see that piracy, the strong, civil, cultivated growth was being planted under his very eyes. We know it now; we know that all profitable trading is piracy, and cannot by any possibility be honest. We all know this to be true, recognise the truth when we meet the facts, and one great day — sometimes one is tempted to dream that even now that day is drawing near — we shall all rise up and act upon our knowledge. There are, let us rejoice that there are, as a testimony of the stoutness of the human heart, more pirates in the world to-day than ever before — determined, resourceful, and entirely unscrupulous in bearing their part. (157)

A short generalized analysis of modern capitalism, with reference to past history and law, is given an affirmative tone by the introduction of an ameliorative prophetic voice. The present-past-future historical pattern containing in latent form the images of the earlier passages can be shown in the following way: The present form of piracy, modern capitalism, is a development from England's past victimization by and complicity with the Turkish pirates who came and went by sea, first taking the English by force and finally by agreement. The future alteration in conditions will come on a tide of enlightenment, a sea-change, bringing with it a refreshed society. The ancient English law offers its protection even now.

These historic waters which Dorothy Richardson overlooks will receive in that very afternoon's tide (the immediate future), the village boys (analogous to those at the lecture), re-creating themselves.

Profitable trading cannot be honest, sings our daemum, our human intelligence and goodwill; and the chorus swells, undeniably the chorus swells, and presently it will fill all the land with its music, and we shall find means. It is an inherent truth, we can play no tricks with it. We cannot say: Trade for profit may be honest — used to be honest in the beginning — only modern commerce has grown corrupt. It is a truth that was early recognized by those who framed laws; from time immemorial a merchant has been bound to carry on his transactions before witnesses. In England this was laid down in the law of Ina, and a very little later it was enacted that no man shall make a purchase beyond twenty pennies outside the city gate — such a bargain shall take place within the town in presence of the portreive or some other person of veracity.

Scattered about over all early legislation are similar sporadic attempts at the organisation of industry, and it is fascinating reading at this date with the full flower of industrial commercialism under our eyes. (157-158)

This last passage concludes the main portion of the essay. The brief final paragraph emphasizes the metaphor of the essay's title, "The Open Road," by subtly emphasizing the continuity of events in time stretching both forward and backward in imagination, memory, and anticipation, indicating the means by which momentary freedom from chronological and physical bounds may be achieved.

My Turks have carried me a long way, but the path is prescribed from Turk to Trust. There is no escape. We can dream now idly and pleasantly of the fierce Turk. His victims do not call to us here and now for help. And he appeals — appeals to the lawless old pirate, the human heart and its eternal desire.

The constant use of and emphasis on things in motion, even the process of knowing rather than knowledge itself, in no way contradicts Dorothy Richardson's principle of stillness at the core of things. In the essay all things involved in motion -- sea, sky, grass -- are like moving garments which define what is beneath, behind, or within physical manifestations; that is, all phenomena are shaped and illuminated by an internal stillness and radiance.

Certain elements of "The Open Road" essay are found again in Pilgrimage.¹ The setting of the essay is also that of Dimple Hill (IV:420), where Miriam experiences a similar moment of identity with the essence of the material world: "I have seen the smile of God. Sly smile." This echoes the "outline of the distant Downs . . . all quickened and smiling in the morning light." Dorothy Richardson's keen awareness of England's historic past and the strong sense of her own Englishness are prominent features of her novel. The important part social concern plays in the essay is also found through^{out} Pilgrimage, particularly during Miriam's Lycurgan phase. But in the essay, it is more akin to an unaffiliated social reform based on human conscience and ability rather than on the coerciveness of law.²

1. See, for example, Miriam's attendance at various lectures in London: the McTaggart lecture in Deadlock, III:157ff; the Lycurgan meetings in Revolving Lights, III, passim; Clear Horizon, IV:338-351.

2. Cf. "If I knew what they [laws] were I should like to break them." Deadlock, III:113. Shatov, however, has pointed out that England, through law, has led the civilized world (III:112).

2

In 1928, Focus published a number of essays in which Dorothy Richardson discussed problems related to the passage of time and the synthesizing action of the consciousness that perceives it. Each essay was composed specifically for the month in which it was to be published. Through description of the natural world and her subjective responses to these perceptions, she reveals her philosophical and aesthetic position, and gradually there emerges a coherent view of her ideas on being, becoming, time, stasis, memory, composition, and art. The following discussion of this series of essays, therefore, summarizes some of Dorothy Richardson's more important ideas.

The series begins in May with "The Queen of Spring."¹ In this essay, Dorothy Richardson stresses the permanence of life implicitly in the movement of the seasons, in that the yearly cycle includes in any one season the promise of its future return or the memory of its past presence. In this way, any time, past or future, is indelible in the present moment. With a sentimental flourish, she passes quickly over the six centuries from Chaucer's poetic May ecstasies, his "meadows and woodlands, inhabited by fairies as well as by 'birdes' and 'flowers'" (260), to their destruction by modern science. So the naiveté and lyricism that once welcomed spring gave way before the onslaught of the scientific mind; and,

1. Focus, V, 5 (May 1928), 259-262.

"Flowers abloom in the spring became for the cynic merely a naive display of sexual organs" (261). But the major blow to man's sensibilities was the destruction by the evolutionary theory of his sense of personal stability. Scientific evolution catapulted the idea of flux, of becoming, into the central position in man's idea of himself. To Dorothy Richardson this was false doctrine because it ignored the basic experience of the individual:

[It] cast across the minds of men a shadow darker than the illusions it had swept away, the shadow of its insistence upon the evolutionary aspect of everything under the sun, a shadow that in due course reached the sun itself. Everyday humanity was left to make its choice between denying the deductions of science and being whirled headlong into the dizzying conception of a universe devoid of stability, existing only at the price of an eternal becoming. (261)

With the advance of psychology's study of man came the assertion of an unchanging core within him. Dorothy Richardson interprets the findings of psychology as affirming the "collaboration between the spirit of man and the outspread scene, not only that beauty is in the eye of the beholder and the kingdom of hell and heaven within ourselves, but that there is within us an unchanging center of being" (262). Given the authority of science, these conclusions are neither more nor less than those of mankind generally:

"Millions of humankind all down the ages have . . . found their own way to this center and named it by various names, finding it ultimately as inexpressible as the beauty of nature." Nature, therefore, is a reflection of ourselves. The response of pleasure with which we greet the spring is reflective of the pleasure in ourselves. The response to spring is a salutation to the center

of our own being.

. . . we know that we are greeting our own reflections. And though still we tend to seek nature in solitude and, if thwarted, to declare that every prospect pleases and only man is vile, we know that what greets nature's perfection is the unchanging centre of being in our painfully evolving selves and that her joy and glory has its ultimate dwelling-place within us -- within the spirit of the very man who obstructs our view. (262)

The "unchanging center of being" and "our painfully evolving selves": Is there any way of reconciling these two supposed contraries? Dorothy Richardson's general view suggests that to the consciousness, these seemingly irreconcilable states are not contraries; that the synthetic consciousness finds no difficulty in absorbing through contemplation the continuity of experience as well as its essence. To the consciousness all is one. Flux is apparent only to the analytic mind since its constructing thought processes are dependent upon progression. The consciousness is spatially cumulative; that is, it reveals itself more and more through awareness. Through contemplation the consciousness becomes increasingly illuminated as space might be, whereas analytic thought forms linked associations, each a development of what precedes it; thus, there is a sequential accumulation of ideas in time. So we speak of a train of thought, a line of reasoning.

Both faculties, consciousness and intellect, assuredly operate in man. Linear time itself is translated spatially within man in the form of memory, and in the June essay, "Anticipation," Dorothy

Richardson explores the three divisions of time in terms of memory.¹ She explains that whereas man rejects pessimism as a view of life, he does become suspicious of optimism with growing maturity. Because of her own generally optimistic outlook, which she declares is and has always been the attitude of the majority of mankind, she keeps her eye on the future, more with pleasurable

1. Focus, V, 6 (June 1928), 322-325. Ten years earlier, Dorothy Richardson wrote of the distinction between linear and spatial conceptions of memory in relation to an actively or contemplatively directed life. Her statement brings together a number of points already discussed. "Some little time ago there appeared in the pages of Scientific Progress a long and excellently connoted essay on the desirability of substituting 'life' direct, first-hand energizing experience, for interest in life, thinking and writing about life, interested contemplation of what has been achieved and so forth. There is no doubt that there are instances in which this is the soundest of sound advice. It is in one sense always and universally true. Every day, every moment is in a sense a new creation. Only he who lives and reconquers his freedom every day is truly alive and free. It is possible to go on living limply by proxy until it is too late to live at all. Even then, however, the moment of realization is the moment of entry into life. And some forms of 'contemplation' are in themselves a most active and positive form of life. The distinction between the active and contemplative mode of being is older than 'the saints.' Life, individual life, is unique and unprecedented; but there is continuity too. And individual life and experience without knowledge of 'the past' would be a very lame unilluminated affair. Knowledge of the past, the work of those who have contemplated and chronicled, have made poems and pictures and stories, is the communal memory and is thereby not past, but alive and creative in human consciousness to-day. It is the characteristic vice of the intellect to see the past as a straight line stretching out behind humanity like a sort of infinite tail. In actual experience it is much more like an agglomeration, a vital process of crystallization grouped in and about the human consciousness, confirming and enriching individual experience, living unconsciously in individual nerve-cells (we apologize for this term if the nerves have no cells) and consciously in individual intelligence, thanks and thanks only to Records. But records are of no use to one who has not yet lived at first hand. That is why book learning is so bad for the young. The ideal human type is perhaps he in whom action and contemplation are perfectly blended." "Comments by a Layman," The Dental Record, XXXVIII, 8 (August 1918), 351;

anticipation than with trepidation. But she rejects the view which holds that anticipation is "reality's larger half." Emphasis on the reality inherent in anticipation satisfies

. . . the coward in us all, for it serves to rob fear of some of its evil power. But it is surely a noxious saying to be going about in the guise of a philosophical generalisation, unchaperoned. It is noxious even when recognised as melancholy masquerading in the garb of wisdom. (323)

Anticipation is the memory of the future in that it constructs a world reflective of ourselves. Anticipation, therefore, is a sign of something within ourselves which recognizes the part of ourselves that is mortal. The disappointments attendant upon unrealized anticipation are the consequences of a misdirected idea of reality's source. Reality's greater half is not in anticipation, but in the recollective and contemplative attention we bring to bear on the moments of experience, and through this synthesizing action, remake into the image of our consciousness. The implication of Dorothy Richardson's stated views are, then, that memory is a crucial ingredient of reality, but does not in itself constitute reality. Understood as recalled data, memory has not even the vitality of our senses' original perceptions. Only through the contemplation of the contents of memory is reality perceived. The time-
accumulated store of memory and the time-controlled unfolding of

Cf. also Proust's description of memory in a geological image: "All these memories, following one after another, were condensed into a single substance, but had not so far coalesced that I could not discern between the three strata, between my oldest, my instinctive memories, those others, inspired more recently by a taste or 'perfume', and those which were actually the memories of another, from whom I had acquired them at second hand -- no fissures, indeed, no geological faults, but at least those veins, those streaks of colour which in certain rocks, in certain marbles, point to differences of origin, age, and formation." Remembrance of Things Past, I: 143.

memory in the mind meet in the spatial dimension of consciousness.

Continuing the theme of anticipation and memory, the July essay, "Compensations," bears particular relevance to the composition of Pilgrimage as a work that looks back on youth from the vantage point of middle life, when the store of memories not contemplatively experienced before are now fully realized:¹

. . . with this full-blown month of July it is only between whiles that we can forget the approach of summer's end. It is the month that brings each year a small shock akin to the larger shock of entering middle-life and attaining for the first time a clear view of the end that in youth was invisible and too remote to claim attention.

Awareness of ultimate dissolution is a normal faculty of middle-life. Death, hitherto a rumour, a mystery threatening, in our moments of thoughtfulness, those elders who are central in our lives but not at all concerning our freshly launched selves, comes clearly into sight and takes its place as an accepted certainty. (3)

The permanent message of this time of year at last becomes clear to the reflective consciousness. The consciousness has not moved towards this knowledge; it has always possessed it. But the certainty and acceptance of maturity create an illumination greater than the understanding of youth. It is as though we, through our consciousness, stand still at the center of the circling year, while the seasonal intervals come again and again into our increasingly comprehending view.

Middle age also disposes the individual to attitudes of optimism or pessimism. The earlier anticipation of the optimist has been displaced by hope. Dorothy Richardson expands on the

1. Focus, VI, 1 (July 1928), 3-7.

"ship of life" metaphor: The "provender," the "supplies waiting to be taken on board now," are different from those of youth. Neither has youth accurately anticipated the nature of the middle period nor the understanding that it brings.

The middle-aged pessimist's view is "the Arthur Schopenhaueresque revolt against the degradations of declining life, against enfeeblement and the inexorable humiliation of physical dissolution, a doctrine that sees death as 'the ultimate, foul, dun and grinning knave' in wait for the fool who must now recognise himself as the dupe of the life-force, and is by no means lightly to be brushed away" (4). This view of a capricious vital force that repays the ingenuous anticipations of youth with decaying mental and physical faculties is clearly not Dorothy Richardson's, who asserts that life is not a trick, and that to be a cynic, or even a satirist, is to miss life's meaning. Even here in these sometimes over-written essays, her sense of the delicious mystery and wonder of life predominates. Life is neither malicious, indifferent, nor capricious; it is profoundly ordered, but not ordained. Ideally this represents what Dorothy Richardson might wish the art of the novel to be.

The extremes of optimism and pessimism contain in themselves useful reservations:

. . . freakish fancy . . . is apt to note in the optimist more than a touch of self-satisfaction and a certain breezy boisterousness much more than a little suggestive of hidden uncertainty, and to bid the pessimist beware of counting too optimistically upon dissolution, even the least

pleasant form of dissolution his imagination can devise. (5)

Both views are incomplete in themselves. Neither "cheerful resignation" nor "despairing suicide" are adequate solutions. The optimist's and pessimist's law of compensation is erroneously adopted from scientific observation and forced into the improper role of describing human existence. Human life is perpetually cumulative. One set of experience does not displace any other set. Individual life carries the entire accumulation of the past. Our attitude towards the present is shaped by our store of the past:

. . . philosophy, in taking over "the law of compensation" from the most exact of the abstract sciences and applying it to life, removed it from its proper context and used it to define that which cannot be defined by the metaphors of any science whatsoever, but ceaselessly escapes. Any attempt so to define ignores the cumulative quality of life and particularly of individual life. Popular proverbs come sensibly nearer to reality. "When one door closes another door opens" runs an ancient saying that indeed looks remarkably like a statement of the law of compensation until we reflect that the person before whom the fresh door is opening carries forward all he held in the chamber of life whose door is closing, and carries it forward no longer as unobserved current coin but as achieved possession. We who are looking a little ruefully upon summer's coming disarray, should we even perceive it were not the loveliness of the earlier time stored up within us? (5-6)

There is certainly nothing new in the idea that the mature consciousness is richer than the youthful one. But taken in the context of her work and that of her major contemporaries, the idea is new in that it becomes the novelist's subject and approach: that the mature individual has more than the knowledge and understanding that conditioning by experience provides; that the reflecting consciousness reveals in addition to the meaning of

experience the quality of those time-locked experiences; that the sense of chronological and horological time seems to accelerate; that experience in time undergoes expansion only in reflective memory. Yet Dorothy Richardson's concerns do not end here. The future holds the intensifying illumination needed to expand these materials of the past, while the present is the coming together of time's divisions to form a unity of experience and existence through the medium of the consciousness. The Tunnel supplies an excellent example of this idea. As an image, the title itself evokes this view of time: The light towards which Miriam moves is the future; she is aware of it because it lights her way. As she moves closer to the end, the light increasingly illuminates the particular place she is in at any given moment. Looking back, the shadows are not so dark and the plan of the tunnel is more clearly seen as the light floods in from behind her. The tunnel image unites experience in time and in memory with the sense of self:

You know in advance when you are really following your life. These things are familiar because reality is here. Coming events cast light. It is like dropping everything and walking backwards to something you know is there. (II:13)

This is the young Miriam in whom the undefined anticipations of youth are marked. But the tunnel image is also another representation of the pilgrimage itself, and enforces the difficulty of following a direct course if the tunnel itself is convoluted. Thoughts are the irritants that delay the passage by obscuring the light of intuition. Not only do they interrupt the process of

self-realization, they inhibit immediate action and divert ordinary attention. Like Hamlet, Miriam is a protesting victim of thought, but she aspires not only to action, but to the expression of her being. Therefore, she is concerned with the now. Since reality does not become, but is perpetually, the present moment ideally must not be ignored nor dissipated by the effect of diversionary thought upon the faculties of perception and intuition. To feel one's perceptions is to give full measure to the present experience, and so store in memory the complete material for future reflection. The following passage is a comprehensive example of how Dorothy Richardson fuses chronological and mental time, memory and reminiscence, subjective and objective thought, scientific observation and impressionism, characterization and setting. Miriam is assisting in the dental treatment of a patient.

No other dentist was so completely conscious of the patient all the time, as if he were in the chair himself. No other dentist went on year after year remaining sensitive to everything the patient had to endure. No one else was so unsparing of himself . . . children coming eagerly in for their dentistry, sitting in the chair with slack limbs and wide open mouths and tranquil eyes . . . small bodies braced and tense, fat hands splayed out tightly on the too-big arms of the chair, in determination to bear the moment of pain bravely for him. . . . She wandered to the corner cupboard and opened it and gazed idly in. But none of them knew what it cost. . . . "I think you won't have any more pain with that; I'll just put in a dressing for the present" -- she was Lady Cazalet again, without toothache, and that awful feeling that you know your body won't last . . . they did not know what it cost. . . . if he saved his nerves and energy and money by doing things less considerately, not perpetually having the instruments sharpened and perpetually buying fresh outfits of sharp burs. The patient would suffer more pain . . . a dentist at his best ought to be more delicately strong and fine than a doctor . . . like a fine engraving . . . a surgeon

working amongst live nerves . . . and he would look different himself. . . . I mustn't stay here thinking these thoughts . . . it's the evil thing in me, keeping on and on, always thinking thoughts, nothing getting done . . . going through life like — a stuck pig. If I went straight on, things would come like that just the same in flashes — bang, bang, in your heart, everything breaking into light just in front of you, making you almost fall off the edge into the expanse coming up before you, flowers and light stretching out. Then you shut it down, letting it go through you with a leap that carries you to the moon — the sun, and makes you bump with life like the little boy bursting out of his too small clothes and go on choking with song to do the next thing deftly. That's right. Perhaps that is what they all do? Perhaps that's why they won't stop to remember. Do you realize? Do you realize you're in Brussels? Just look at the white houses there, with the bright green trees against them in the light. It's the air, the clearness. Sh — If they hear you, they'll put up the rent. They were just Portsmouth and Gosport people, staying in Brussels and fussing about Portsmouth and Gosport and aunt this and Mr. that. . . . I shan't realize Brussels and Belgium for years because of that. They hated and killed me because I was like that. . . . I must be like that . . . something comes along, golden, and presently there is a thought. I can't be easy till I've said it in my mind, and I'm sad till I have said it somehow . . . and sadder when I have said it. But nothing gets done. I must stop thinking, from now, and be fearfully efficient. Then people will understand and like me. They will hate me too, because I shall be absurd, I shan't be really in it. . . . There was a stirring in the chair and a gushing of fresh water into the tumbler. Why do I meet such nice people? One after another. "There," said Mr. Hancock, "I don't think that will trouble you any more. We will make another appointment." Miriam took the appointment book and a card to the chair-side and stayed upstairs to clear up. (II: 41-43)

The Focus essays give Dorothy Richardson an opportunity to present systematically her ideas on life's internal and external processes. The calendar year is like a panorama which passes around the spectator, while the familiar phenomenal world, gradually being altered by the passage of time, is analogous to the spectator's existence. The still-point within the moving year

and beyond the reach of action forced by chronological time, is the moment of enlightenment. With the cessation of process, of becoming, comes a new knowledge of self.

In "Decadence," the September essay, Dorothy Richardson expands her ideas on mental process.¹ September is an ambivalent month: "externally September is decadence visible," and the "wave of life so urgent in the spring, so triumphant in summer's heyday, is steadily retiring" (132). Yet nature insures that the cycle of the seasons is continuous. While the expansion and diminution of vitality may effect our total outlook, each phase is analogous to some personal state, and as such has certain qualities that distinguish it. For Dorothy Richardson, decadence is that state in which a physical action or perception becomes the material of meditation. Experience and meditation upon that experience cannot occur simultaneously.² In immediate action or perception, man is more than himself; that is, he is enhanced by what he does or sees beyond his physical limits. His activity or perception is an extension of himself. Furthermore, because he is acting or perceiving totally, he is united with his activity or perception. When such activity or perception ceases, he can think about it. The ability to feel experience is not the only faculty implied here. It suggests that the results of the mature mind's deeper reflection

1. Focus, VI, 3 (September 1928), 131-134.

2. This is a popular view of modern existentialism. When applied to art, it is seen to follow the same ideas that Wordsworth propounds in the Preface to the Lyrical Ballads, and in such poems as Tintern Abbey, Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, and Resolution and Independence.

will be more highly generalized and universalized than the highly individualized particulars of the less mature consciousness.

The consciousness now examines the self and the experience as separate entities. It seeks to find, and indeed does find, the principles behind the method and purpose of existence. Dorothy Richardson supplies the following example:

A possible illustration, taken from modern life, of the difference between periods of spontaneous activity in national, artistic, or individual life and periods of the decline of effective activity, is to be found in the experience of a man taking a ski-run. During the run he is not in a state of reflection. He is, if he be at the height of his ski-running efficiency, using his acquirements to the utmost; is, as it were, in an eternity, tasting the full joy of his chosen form of felicity. He is living to the utmost of his powers. The run completed he becomes a thinker, enters into his harvest of reflections, his decadence, and, if such be his bent, he can now consider and philosophise upon what he had been through. The point is that he cannot at one and the same time experience and reflect upon his experience. During the run he was himself and yet not himself, more than himself, caught up into an eternal way of being. At its end he is once more conscious of himself as an apparently separated entity, is in a state of decadence and of the enlightenment that accompanies it. (133)

The doer is the artist fusing himself to his work. The thinker is the philosopher, "for what is philosophy but wisdom after the event?" In other words, the artist knows because he is; the philosopher knows because he thinks.

In greater detail than in "compensations," Dorothy Richardson goes on to stress the unity of existence and the perpetuation of accumulating experience. In life, nothing takes the place of any other thing, but each is added to the total, and is available through

recollection and reflection. Life, therefore, is enrichment. Nevertheless, if the expansion and contraction of vitality are viewed as separate and opposite entities rather than as complementary states, an evaluation can be made of them as basic principles of existence. In "The Queen of Spring," the May essay, she showed that expansion may be regarded as a constant becoming and, as such, is totally involved in the process of growth and temporal activity preceding complete realization. In the October essay, "Puritanism," she examines the phase of contraction.¹ Puritanism, she says, is an unsatisfactory basis for civilization; indeed, she continues, "it is dangerous."

In its necessary suspicion of art, its repudiation of all the human faculties that are not directed to the production of the minimum of needful things, its "simplification" of life in the interest of the cultivation of the higher altitudes of morality, it enters upon a path that would lead in the end to sterility and to the death of the very faculties it most ardently cherishes. (197)

Fortunately, nothing in experience exists in isolation, but is part of the continuity of life. Therefore, the recession of vitality is characteristic of certain seasons of the year, as well as of certain elements in mankind. In an airy oversimplification, Dorothy Richardson traces artistic descent in a line of sober, solid citizens:

But, like October, [Puritanism] bears within itself the undying seed of a renewal. Investigating the histories of those richly expanding blossoms of humanity, the great artists, we find not infrequently that they are the ultimate fruit of a long line of austerely living ancestors. Not from the loins of the loose livers and the gadflies

1. Focus, VI, 4 (October 1928), 195-198.

dancing in the sunlight of summery ease and plenty, but from amongst the October chills of stern laborious lives most often do those come forth who supply the deepest of our social needs, the need for the superfluous. (197-198)

Dorothy Richardson's firm hold on the principle of cooperation between seeming contraries extends even to the physical and political forces of actual life. "Peace," published in November, relates nature's necessary periods of activity and dormancy to the intervals of international war and peace.¹

Peace and war belong to each other inseparably. . . . Human association, whether between nations or between individuals, is in part a tension. It may be many other things. But, whatever else it is, always at the same time it is a tension. And the Irishman who said he would rather be fighting than lonesome was wiser than perhaps he knew. (261)

While war may be regarded as a strange prophylactic against loneliness, her reasoning is not hard to follow. A November peace, desired as an end in itself, leads to death:

Peace, like war, is an incidental. Sought as an end in itself, it is of little account, and may bring about in an individual, in a nation, a state of being worse than any conflict; a perpetual dim November slumber, leading not to renewal, but to death. (262)

The December essay, "Post Early," specifically returns to society as we know it.² By examining the customary preparations for Christmas, Dorothy Richardson shows how easily we move through the three divisions of time in our daily lives. The close analogy between actual patterns of temporal experience and the intimate experience of the self are to her sufficient practical

1. Focus, VI, 5 (Nov, 1928), 259-262.

2. Focus, VI, 6 (December 1928), 327-331.

justification of her psychological views. Observing the human capability for living towards a future time anticipated by past experience, and for allowing that future to shape and color the present, she links even the most commercialized activities to her theoretical ideas.

Unless he avoid the sight of newspaper, circular, poster and shop-window, no citizen of to-day can escape having the seasons of his year thrust upon him in advance of their time.

There is of course an enormous number of people -- all those in positions of public responsibility, all managers of businesses, all manufacturers, all farmers -- who are bound always to live, mentally, in the next season, or the next year, or five, or fifty years as well as in to-day. And to some extent all of us who are not children live all the time in relation to the future, to that future experience has taught us clearly to envisage, and to one also whose features are veiled. (327)

We live, she says, all too frequently in the future. Even through advertising or fashions is "the day after to-morrow perpetually dangled before our eyes" (328). The continuous "onslaught of futures," however, need not prevent the full appreciation of the immediate moment because, as she has already emphasized, the future is implicit in the present. She regards Christmas as the year's turning point from which it is possible to look meaningfully both back and ahead: "Christmas extends laterally in both directions" (331). Christmas, then, is the still-point and the informing principle of the annual cycle. It is an external vantage point made available to man in historical time. Therefore it undergoes no change, but all time that leads up to the historical Coming and

proceeds from it is united in the single event. Historically, the birth of Christ is that future anticipated in all past experience finally becoming the present. Becoming and being, time and eternity, are seen to be only apparent, not actual contraries.

Christmas, then, is the consciousness of the year. In practice, the unalterable character of Christmas is guaranteed by elevating it above the natural cycle of seasons and investing it with ritual. As a festival, Christmas is traditionally the joy of the year. By analogy, then, human consciousness is the site of human joy because of its comprehensive and unifying faculty.

In virtually all other instances, Dorothy Richardson has specifically pointed out the multiplicity inherent in temporal experience and its underlying immutable reality. Yet in this essay, she limits herself to certain superficial distinctions mainly concerning methods of observing the festival. Even in Pilgrimage, the eternal fact of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection are not inherent in Miriam's attitude towards Christmas, although she does insist that at least for her the fact of Easter is implicit in the Good Friday observances.¹ However, Miriam gradually does come to regard Christmas as a pivotal point in the year. She had earlier felt that Christmas was an end beyond which nothing could be known. The new year "was waiting far off, invisible behind the high wall of Christmas." (Interim, II:312) The landscape of the year was obstructed by a barrier over which it was impossible to see.

1. Clear Horizon, IV, 348. See below the discussion of the Good Friday church service, Part Four, Chapter XII.

The room was full of strange dim lights coming in through the stained-glass door of the little greenhouse. She pushed open the glass door, turning the light to a soft green, and sat sociably down in a low chair, her hands clasped upon her knees, topics racing through her mind in a voice thrilling with stored-up laughter. In her ears was the rush of spring rain on the garden foliage, and presently a voice saying, "Where are we going this summer?" . . . As she moved to the door she saw the garden in late summer fullness, the holidays over, their heights gleaming through long talks on the seat at the end of the garden, the answering glow of the great blossoms of purple clematis hiding the north London masonry of the little conservatory, the great spaces of autumn opening out and out, running down, rich with happenings, to where the high wall of Christmas again rose and shut out the future. (II: 312-313)¹

However, in Deadlock, Christmas takes on the quality expressed in the Focus essay. At first Miriam is inclined to ignore its festiveness, having suddenly come upon it without the usual demanding preparation of former years.

1. Earlier in an unsigned sketch, Dorothy Richardson used a similar phrase: "the high dividing ridge of Christmas," in "Lodge Night," The Saturday Review, CX, 2873 (November 19, 1910), 642. Cf. also her suggestive description of December as "the heart of the year," and as "the flaming summit of the year," in the signed sketch "Across the Year," ibid., CXII, 2930 (December 23, 1911), 796. In this sketch, she describes an experience of the consciousness just roused from sleep on a December night. Its contemplation of the circling year transforms the person into a pilgrim who is finally confirmed as to "the imminent end of [his] quest" (795). "Wakening some night at the goal of your journey into the darkness and with deep hours ahead, you may see for a moment the flaming summit of the year. You may, if you care, accept the flashed challenge and set your feet upon the steep uplands lying between the year's end and the bleak plateau of March. You may pass in a dream along the high-hung valley of April and up May's winding pathway to the height. There you may watch the serene swing of widespread days and see the sunlight on earth's brimming goblet; you may feel the swift touch of twilit nights across the June meadows. . . . The night stirs and is silent. You relinquish your visions. They pass and are blotted out in the flowing darkness. You are left, full awake, cradled and secure at the heart of the year" (796). Thus, within the contemplative space of the consciousness and at the heart of the year, flux and stasis are simultaneously experienced.

Three months ago, Christmas had been a goal for which she could hardly wait. It had offered her, this time, more than its usual safe deep firelit seclusion beyond which no future was visible. . . . But having remained during the engrossing months, forgotten, at the same far-distant point, Christmas now suddenly reared itself up a few days off, offering nothing but the shadow of an unavoidable interruption. For the first time, she could see life going on beyond it. (III: 85)

With Christmas no longer a goal which tended to make it conclusive, it suddenly encompassed by its enforced leisure the total experience of flux and stasis.

But the afternoon she came home with four days' holiday in hand, past and future were swept from her path. Tomorrow's journey was a far-off appointment, her London friends remote shadows, banished from the endless continuance of life. She wandered about between Wimpole Street and St. Pancras, holding in imagination wordless converse with a stranger whose whole experience had melted and vanished like her own, into the flow of light down the streets; into the unending joy of the way the angles of buildings cut themselves out against the sky, glorious if she paused to survey them; and almost unendurably wonderful, keeping her hurrying on pressing, through insufficient silent outcries, towards something, anything, even instant death, if only they could be expressed when they moved with her movement, a maze of shapes, flowing, tilting into each other, in endless patterns, sharp against the light; sharing her joy in the changing same 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. (III: 85-86)

Dorothy Richardson is more inclined to regard the Crucifixion as an historical accident than as an eternal event designed for man's salvation. Her "theology" conforms mainly to her view of Jesus as artist: Divine salvation is to be gained not from the accident of Jesus's death, but from his verbal creations, from "the hints thrown out by that great genius and great lover in his sly, smiling

parables." The communicable and joyous secret of existence is shared by all who open their consciousness to that of creation, as Miriam does in Dimple Hill when she finally is witness to God's sly smile, and as Dorothy Richardson suggests is possible in the Focus essays and in "The Open Road."

Miriam's pilgrimage, as the title of the novel suggests, has been made over a path with varying difficulties, but opens, like memory and consciousness, when she finds her way as a creative writer on to a broadening highway, an open road. In the Foreward to the 1938 omnibus edition of Pilgrimage, Dorothy Richardson describes metaphorically how in the quest for her own art form her lonely track was discovered to be a populous highway. This open road, then, has particular relevance to her own life, work, and thought as well as analogically to history and social progress.

CHAPTER XII

THE FOUNTAIN AND THE STREAM: BEING AND BECOMING

Since 1918, when May Sinclair wrote an appreciation of the first three parts of Pilgrimage, the phrase "stream of consciousness" has been consistently applied to Dorothy Richardson's work.¹ Adopted from William James's figurative description on observing that "memories, thoughts, and feelings exist outside the primary consciousness,"² the phrase was used by May Sinclair in an attempt to describe Dorothy Richardson's method of depicting reality from within the character, and to protect the novel against critical attacks against its seeming formlessness. The novel, she says, is the heroine's "stream of consciousness going on and on." Furthermore, Dorothy Richardson's perfect control of her material demonstrates her refinement of technique to the point where distinctions of "art and method and form" are no longer discernible:

1. May Sinclair, "The Novels of Dorothy Richardson," The Egoist, V (April 1918), 57-59. The essay was originally written for The Little Review with an additional introductory paragraph, and published in The Egoist in the same month; The Little Review, IV, 12 (April 1918), 3-11.

2. Principles of Psychology, I, 239. "Consciousness, then, does not appear to itself chopped up in bits. Such words as 'chain' or 'train' do not describe it fitly as it presents itself in the first instance. 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" (239).

To me these three novels show an art and method and form carried to punctilious perfection. Yet I have heard other novelists say that they have no art and no method and no form, and that it is this formlessness that annoys them. They say that they have no beginning and no middle and no end, and that to have form a novel must have an end and a beginning and a middle. We have come to words that in more primitive times would have been blows on this subject. There is a certain plausibility in what they say, but it depends on what constitutes a beginning and a middle and an end. In this series there is no drama, no situation, no set scene. Nothing happens. It is just life going on and on. It is Miriam Henderson's stream of consciousness going on and on. And in neither is there any grossly discernible beginning or middle or end.

In identifying herself with this life, which is Miriam's stream of consciousness, Miss Richardson produces her effect of being the first, of getting closer to reality than any of our novelists who are trying so desperately to get close.

Dorothy Richardson always resisted the stream of consciousness metaphor as a wholly inaccurate comparison to the action of the consciousness.¹ After examining its implications, she declared it to be false to her own experience. From her discussion of the phrase in Authors Today and Yesterday, it is clear that she never regarded the phrase as descriptive of technique.

1. Cf. Robert Humphrey, Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel, 1-7, who, as a recent literary critic, also finds the phrase "a loose and fanciful term" because it is "doubly metaphorical; that is, the word 'consciousness' as well as the word 'stream' is figurative, hence, both are less precise and less stable." He suggests a comparison with an iceberg: "Let us think of consciousness as being in the form of an iceberg — the whole iceberg and not just the relatively small surface portion. Stream-of-consciousness fiction is . . . greatly concerned with what lies below the surface." He accepts Henry James's spatial metaphor, "chamber of consciousness." (See "The Art of Fiction," The House of Fiction, ed., Leon Edel, 31.) Humphrey concludes that "Consciousness . . . is where we are aware of human experience."

She rejects the appropriateness of the image that the metaphor depends upon, and so is intolerant of its use as a convenient label for all psychological novels; that is, for those novels attempting to depict reality mainly or wholly through the interior life of the characters:

. . . What do I think of the term "Stream of Consciousness" as applied, in England, to the work of several modern novelists? Just this: that amongst the company of useful labels devised to meet the exigencies of literary criticism it stands alone, isolated by its perfect imbecility. The transatlantic amendment, "Interior Monologue," the [sic] rather more inadequate than even a label has any need to be, at least carries a meaning. (562)

She then emphasizes the stable and expansive qualities of the human consciousness:

Definitions of consciousness vary from school to school and are necessarily as incomplete as definitions of life. The only satisfactory definition of a man's consciousness is his life. And this, superficially regarded, does seem to exhibit a sort of stream-line. But his consciousness sits stiller than a tree. "The mind" may be or may become, anything from a rag-bag to a madhouse. It may wobble continuously or may be more or less steadily focused. But its central core, luminous point, (call it what you will, its names are legion) the [sic] more or less continuously expanding from birth to maturity, remains stable, one with itself thruout [sic] life. (562)

"Literature," she continues, "is a product of [the] stable human consciousness, enriched by experience and capable of deliberate, concentrated contemplation."

Dorothy Richardson was always meticulous in her use of words: Metaphors must be approached with care and formulated with discretion and precision.¹ Indeed, she cautions against the indiscriminate

1. See, for example, Quakers Past and Present, 36.

application to human existence of metaphors dependent upon nature as their source. "Metaphors are tricky animals," she writes, "and especially so are those drawn from blind natural phenomena and applied, in all their native sufficiency and insufficiency, to man, who alone amongst natural phenomena has the power of self-contemplation."¹ Yet as a writer, she can hardly avoid metaphor, nor does she want to. Instead she, like the foremost of her contemporaries, is re-examining words as the creative and critical means towards fresh invention. Metaphors easily become clichés, and conventional critical preoccupations carelessly divert what may have been incisive inspired expressions from their original contexts. The critics are doubly culpable when they perpetuate a metaphor which, in its very inception, is a misapplication of phenomenal activity to the nature and functioning of the human consciousness.

She comments ironically on the "stream of consciousness" phrase on two occasions. Summarizing the critical reception of her own and other contemporary novelists' work, she writes:

Phrases began to appear, formulae devised to meet the exigencies of literary criticism. "The Stream of Consciousness" lyrically led the way, to be gladly welcomed by all who could persuade themselves of the possibility of comparing consciousness to a stream. (Foreward to Pilgrimage, I:11)

Ten years later, she describes to a resurrected Jane Austen her novel's inadvertent part in firmly establishing the phrase in the critical vocabulary:

1. "Man Never Is. . . , " The Adelphi, New Series, I, 6 (March 1931), 521.

Sooner or later [Jane Austen] would inevitably encounter the label supplied by the critics for the group of novels so deeply bewildering her: The Stream of Consciousness, and might possibly discover its origin: the borrowing, for the purpose of summarizing the work of a writer she found both novel and interesting, by Miss May Sinclair from the epistemologists, of this more than lamentably ill-chosen metaphor, long since by them discarded but still, in literary criticism, pursuing its foolish way.

If this metaphor is erroneous in conception and application, Dorothy Richardson is quick to suggest others that more closely approximate her conception of the consciousness. It should again be emphasized that she is not primarily a symbolic novelist; that while she is a strongly imagistic writer, she does not resolve the images into clearly defined symbols. Rather she relies on the impressionistic value of images to function organically in her novel. As Robert Humphrey points out, her imagery "is concrete, not abstract; and it is reflective, not dramatic."² When the image created by the metaphor falsifies the intended comparison, the metaphor must be rejected. Dorothy Richardson had already asserted that human "consciousness sits stiller than a tree." Exactly two years after her death, an article appeared in which she is quoted as having said:

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.³

1. "Novels," Life and Letters, LVI, 127 (March 1948), 189.

2. Op. cit., 78.

3. Vincent Brome, "A Last Meeting with Dorothy Richardson," The London Magazine, VI, 6 (June 1959), 29.

While the term merely may serve critical convenience, and as such be of minimal importance in regarding literary art, nevertheless, as a metaphorical conception it carries the full impact of implicit comparison, which when associated with a work, implies that the work has, as its basis, a view compatible with the metaphor. If we seek to understand Dorothy Richardson's work and thought, we cannot inflict critical terminology upon her that she so clearly indicates is misleading. Therefore, in describing Pilgrimage, it would be an error to call it a stream of consciousness novel as many critics have done. What we may say is that it is a psychological novel depicting reality through the feminine consciousness. On the other hand, in describing the phenomena of existence — including the passage of time, the construction and use of language, the verbal expression of ideas and feelings, the associational processes of thought — we are justified in using words like flux, flow, stream, as appropriate metaphorical equivalents. However, in speaking of the consciousness we require metaphors that indicate expansion without movement or change. We therefore must regard consciousness in spatial terms without the usual correlative of time.

In addition to the metaphors of tree, pool, sea, and ocean, Dorothy Richardson suggests an alternative to stream. In 1952, she said that "fountain of consciousness" might more accurately describe her concept.¹ Of course, the image of the fountain and its
 1. Shiv K. Kumir, "Dorothy Richardson and the Dilemma of 'Being versus Becoming,'" Modern Language Notes, LXXIV, 6 (June 1959), 499.

symbolic meaning is not new. It is used by Henri Bergson,¹ by whom she maintains that she was never directly influenced. She makes it clear that her development as a writer was informed by the aesthetic spirit as well as the philosophical and psychological temper of the time.² Whereas Bergson asserts the fluidity and alteration of apprehensible reality, Dorothy Richardson argues for its stability and changelessness. Furthermore, the élan vital for which Bergson's fountain is the image, cannot be apprehended in and by itself; on the other hand, the mystical orientation of Dorothy Richardson's view allows the individual to have direct and intimate knowledge of the force lying at the very core of life.

The dialectic of being and becoming lies at the heart of Dorothy Richardson's aesthetics and troubles Miriam throughout Pilgrimage. Both Dorothy Richardson and Bergson posit an necessary core from which life flows, but for her this core is apprehensible and is the only zone where reality exists. Bergson applies the concept of apprehensible reality to the actual, the phenomenal, the intellectual, and the products of the physical

1. See Évolution créatrice in Oeuvres, 705.

2. Kumor quotes from a letter Dorothy Richardson wrote to him: "I was never consciously aware of any specific influence;" but she adds, "no doubt Bergson influenced many minds, if only by putting into words something then dawning within the human consciousness" -- a realization of experience as a process of ceaseless becoming." Ibid., 495. Cf. also "Dejection: An Ode" (ll. 45-46):

I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

or mental energies. Dorothy Richardson would say that the inherent reality of the external world is perceptible to the consciousness through the mediation of the senses. Like James Joyce, she holds that experience contains innumerable epiphanies. Moreover, these are recognized as a result of our awareness of our own being; that is, by means of momentarily curtailing the transitional nature of certain experience in order to intuit the immutable lying outside ourselves.

A dramatic instance of conscious personal unity occurs in Clear Horizon, and Miriam approaches the experience with understandable awe. She is emerging from what might be called a state of suspension in confronting external reality:

. . . this strange cold trance . . . was now asserting itself as central and permanent, and sternly suggesting that the whole of the past had been a long journey in a world of illusion. Supposing this were true, supposing this cold contemplation of reality stripped of its glamour were all that remained, there was still space in consciousness, far away behind this benumbed surface, where dwelt whatever it was that now came forward, not so much to give battle as to invite her to gather herself away from this immovable new condition and watch, from a distance, unattained, the behaviour of the newly discovered world. (IV: 296)

The process of metamorphosis, of which she is totally aware, occurs during a concert she attends with Michael Shatov. The kaleidoscopic values of the setting are important, for the multiplicity of the components enhance the paradox of isolated individuality within strongly patterned relationships, and underscore as microcosm the world of humanity and human creativeness. The metamorphosis motif is continuous throughout the section in idea and imagery.

To prove to herself that she could ignore the metamorphosis, act independently while it went its way to no matter what final annihilation of every known aspect of her external world, she lifted her eyes to turn towards Michael with an appearance of sociability and to murmur something, anything, the first thing that should occur to her, and became aware that her lips were set and her eyebrows lifted above eyes that had left the shadow and had not yet travelled far enough in his direction to call him into communication and were now drawn to a space that opened before her in the air between herself and her surroundings, while the enterprise that had started them on their journey was being arrested by a faint stirring, far away below the bleakness produced by the icy touch of external reality, of interest and wonder.

Even now, with life stripped bare before her and all its charm departed, wonder, with its question, was still persisting. It seemed to call upon her acceptance, for courage not so much to steel herself against the withdrawal of the old familiar magnetic stream as to push on, in spite of its withdrawal, to the discovery of some new way of being.

Leaving Michael undisturbed by a remark that in any case must be almost inaudibly murmured and would bring a response by no means inaudible, she turned her eyes at last upon the surrounding scene: the sea of humanity gathered in a darkness which all the importance of cunningly arranged illumination was powerless to disperse; the distant platform foliage-fringed, the grey, grimed boards of its unoccupied portions, which to-day she noticed for the first time, pallid beneath the lights clustered above, whose radiance, falling upon the white-breasted beetles of the orchestra, was broken by a mosaic of harsh shadows. (IV: 296-297)

The continuity of experience in time superficially resembles a flow; but when absorbed by the consciousness, remembered instances of experience undergo expansion. In juxtaposition to Miriam's contemplated recollection is a freshly intuited sense of the immutable and independent reality that is her own being. She oscillates between actual and familiar surface perceptions and the unfolding mystery of her own identity. Through metamorphosis she is becoming what she is.

The process of following the pattern [of the music] brought the movement of time once more into realizable being and, while she travelled along it, even to the accompaniment of music stripped to its bones and robbed of its penetrating power by this chill preoccupation with its form alone, she hoped that the fragment of courage with which, just now, she had urged herself forward, might be gathering force.

But the movement of time, because she was consciously passing along the surface of its moments as one by one they were measured off in sound that no longer held for her any time-expanding depth, was intolerably slow. And so shallow, that presently it was tormenting her with the certainty that elsewhere, far away in some remote region of consciousness, her authentic being was plunged in a timeless reality within which, if only she could discover the way, she might yet rejoin it and feel the barrier between herself and the music drop away. But the way was barred. And the barrier was not like any of the accountable barriers she had known in the past. It was not any abnormal state of tension. It was as if some inexorable force were holding her here on this chill promontory of consciousness, while within the progressive mesh of interwoven sounds dark chasms opened. (IV: 297-298)

In her present chrysalis state she cannot be nourished materially.

Nourishment comes as a consequence of human genius through her responsive recognition of an external perfection opportunely encountered by her expanding consciousness: A musical phrase triggers an intensely apprehended revelation of the self.¹

1. While the appearance of the musical phrase recalls Proust, we see that Dorothy Richardson does not use it as a trigger to memory. Miriam's reflection upon the phrase results in a form of spiritual ecstasy, and as such the event is more closely analogous to Joyce's aesthetic of epiphany. However, in Dawn's Left Hand, (IV: 229-230), the sudden intrusion of a musical phrase does encourage memory; but more importantly, it arouses in Miriam both a sense of the future and an intense appreciation of the sound for its own sake in the present. The difference between Dorothy Richardson and Proust on this point may be clarified by Joseph Frank's analysis of the nature and effect of Proustian revelation: "Each such experience, Proust tells us, is marked by a feeling that 'the permanent essence of things, usually concealed, is set free and our true self, which had long seemed dead but was not dead in other ways, awakes, takes on fresh life as it receives the celestial

The increase of this sense of unfathomable darkness perilously bridged by sound that had, since it was strange to her, the quality of an infernal improvisation, brought, after a time, the fear of some sudden horrible hallucination, or the breakdown, unawares, of those forces whereby she was automatically conforming to the ordinances of the visible world. Once more she raised her eyes to glance, for reassurance, at Michael seated at her side. But before they could reach him, a single flute-phrase, emerging unaccompanied, dropped into her heart.

Oblivious of the continuing music, she repeated in her mind the phrase that had spread coolness within her, refreshing as sipped water from a spring. A decorative fragment, separable, a mere nothing in the composition, it had yet come forth in the manner of an independent statement by an intruder awaiting his opportunity and thrusting in, between beat and beat of the larger rhythm, his rapturous message, abrupt and yet serenely confident, like the sudden brief song of a bird after dark; and so clear that it seemed as though, if she should turn her eyes, she would see it left suspended in the air in front of the orchestra, a small festoon of sound made visible.

No longer a pattern whose development she watched with indifference, the music now assailing her seemed to have borrowed from the rapturous intruder both depth and glow; and

nourishment brought to it.⁶ This celestial nourishment consists of some sound, or odor, or other sensory stimulus, 'sensed anew, simultaneously in the present and the past.'⁷ [Proust's words to this point may apply equally to Dorothy Richardson. It is in the application of this experience to the sense of time that the difference lies.] Joseph Frank continues: His [Proust's] imagination could only operate on the past; and the material presented to his imagination, therefore, lacked any sensuous immediacy. But, at certain moments, the physical sensations of the past came flooding back to fuse with the present; and, in these moments, Proust believed that he grasped a reality 'real without being of the present moment, ideal but not abstract.'⁸ [Dorothy Richardson invariably stresses the sensuous appeal of the present moment as part of initial experience]. "Spatial Form in the Modern Novel," Critiques and Essays in Modern Fiction, ed. John W. Aldridge, 47.

Dorothy Richardson does use sound to trigger memory in her sketch, "Strawberries," The Saturday Review, CXIII, 2956 (June 22, 1912), 778-779: "Straw . . . berries . . . English straw . . . berries!" It pierces like an arrow to the heart of memory, releasing a tide that sweeps away London lying tortured under the midday sun, and carries you out of the harbour of your enclosing room."

confidence in an inaccessible joy. But she knew the change was in herself; that the little parenthesis, coming punctually as she turned to seek help from Michael who could not give it, had attained her because in that movement she had gone part of the way towards the changeless central zone of her being. The little phrase had caught her on the way. (IV: 298-299)

Miriam's certainty that her pilgrimage is headed in the right direction is purchased at considerable cost. Her old self and its memories are shattering. She feels accused by the external world of which she has been only superficially a part. At the same time, she is determined no longer to hamper the emergence of her own reality.

But from within the human atmosphere all about her came the suggestion that this retreat into the centre of her eternal profanity, if indeed she should ever reach it again, was an evasion whose price she would live to regret. Again and again it had filled her memory with wreckage. She admitted the wreckage, but insisted at the same time upon the ultimate departure of regret, the way sooner or later it merged into the joy of a secret companionship restored; a companionship that again and again, setting aside the evidence of common sense, and then the evidence of feeling, had turned her away from entanglements by threatening to depart, and had always brought, after the wrenching and the wreckage, moments of joy that made the intermittent miseries, so rational and so passionate and so brief, a small price to pay.

With a sense of battle waged, though still all about her, much nearer than the protesting people, was the chill darkness that yet might prove to be the reality for which she was bound, she drew back and back and caught a glimpse, through an opening inward eye, of a gap in a low hedge, between two dewy lawns, through which she could see the features of some forgotten scene, the last of a fading twilight upon the gloomy leaves of dark, clustered bushes and, further off, its friendly glimmer upon massive tree-trunks, and wondered, as the scene vanished, why the realization of a garden as a gatherer of growing darkness should be so deeply satisfying, and why these shadowy shrubs and trees should move her to imagine them as they would be in morning light. And why it was that only

garden scenes, and never open country, and never the interiors of buildings, returned of themselves without associative link or deliberate effort of memory. (IV: 299-300)

Miriam's metamorphosis is the "opening of the inward eye," the final unfolding of the consciousness to complete spatial absorption of reality, free from the linear constructs of the rational or associative faculties of the mind. The birth-thrust is into the self. The physical organs of birth have been translated into the imagery of nature: Miriam is moving towards her birth from the uterine sea of humanity in which she has been developing. The birth canal is through the "gap in a low hedge, between two dewy lawns." In The Tunnel, the action of going backward to be born is already expressed. The future event illuminates the present and indicates direction. An example of this in The Tunnel is the scene in which Miriam takes possession of her room on first coming to London to take up an independent life. Clear but unobtrusive birth imagery pervades the description. Miriam has finally cut herself loose from her family. As a consequence of severe mental depression, her mother has committed suicide by cutting her throat. Severance of the figurative umbilical cord is complete in idea and image. Miriam enters upon a new life and rediscovers the perpetual reality in herself.

She closed the door and stood just inside it looking at the room. It was smaller than her memory of it. When she had stood in the middle of the floor with Mrs. Bailey, she had looked at nothing but Mrs. Bailey, waiting for the moment to ask about the rent. Coming upstairs, she had felt the room was hers and barely glanced at it when Mrs. Bailey opened the

door. From the moment of waiting on the stone steps outside the front door, everything had opened to the movement of her impulse. 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. 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 am back 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 here. (II: 13)

In Clear Horizon, Miriam's experience at the concert enhances her appreciation of the phenomenal world.¹ The transference of the sense of permanence to the natural world, usually regarded as undergoing perpetual change, has shown her that here too mutability is only a surface manifestation.

Driving through her question came the realization that the "green solitude" recommended by Hypo and spurned because every imagined leaf and grass-blade had looked so dreary when thought of in the presence of his outlook on life, might yet be hers perforce. His adroitly chosen words now offered their meaning, free from the shadow of his oblivions. For him such a solitude might be just one of the amenities of civilized life, very pleasant and refreshing and sometimes unspeakably beautiful, pathetically beautiful, a symbol of man's sporadic attempts at control of wild nature, in a chaotic world hurtling to its death through empty space.

Presenting itself independently of his vision, it opened its welcoming depths. Inexhaustible. Within it, alone, free from the chill isolation that had returned to her spirit this afternoon, she would somehow sustain, somehow make terms with what must surely be the profoundest solitude known to human

1. Narrative values are always implicit in Dorothy Richardson's use of imagery. At the time of the concert during which Miriam has a direct apprehension of self, she believes she is going to have Hypo Wilson's child. The birth imagery serves as a continuing link between the narrative, psychological, and philosophical levels of the section.

kind. Twilight, trees and flowers, the first inhabitants of a future into which, until this moment, she had cast no investigating glance.

. . . she had lived suspended in a dream to which no thought could penetrate. Here, shut away from life's ceaselessly swarming incidents, her mind was moving forward to meet the future and picture its encroaching power, its threat to every stable item in her existence, to life itself. (IV:300)

The fountain of consciousness, therefore, suggests intrinsic form and creativity stemming from a discernible source lying at its heart. By emphasizing depth and spatial unity, the metaphor also implies a formal wholeness: the fountain is a composition of many individual particles coming back on itself. There is no ambiguity about this metaphorical description of the consciousness in Pilgrimage. Miriam's growing ability to articulate it is an important motif in the novel. Even at the risk of a momentary death, it is not until time stops that all the parts constituting personality — that is, memories of former experience as though of former selves — can come together: "When people die, they must stop. Then they remember." In Deadlock, Miriam recounts an accident she suffered under the wheels of a dray:

There was a moment of absolute calm, indifference almost. It came after a feeling of hatred and yet pity for the wheel. It was so awful, wet glittering grey, and relentless; and stupid, it could not help going on. . . .

. . . The thing is that you don't go on feeling afraid. . . .

. . . In the moment you are sure you are going to be killed, death changes. You wait, for the moment after. (III: 83-84)

The whole movement of life stems from an unmoving center. The center

is unaffected by what issues from it, but its issue is dependent for existence on the changelessness of the core. This conception of the fountain-consciousness underlies the following description of immutability at the heart of flux:

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. (III: 188)

The exploration of flux and the immutable moment becomes increasingly central. In Dawn's Left Hand, a casual but intensely felt encounter elicits the following description of the mechanism of psychological time. Miriam is leaving the clubrooms of a women's association after some stimulating conversation. For the first time she meets Amabel, who becomes intimately involved in her life and eventually marries Shatov.

Down the street, where immediately the long continuous distances of past and future opened within the air, the scene slipped into line with the series of momentary encounters staged by the club. The quality of that moment's exchange was complete in itself. Followed up by a definite appointment, it would have robbed this evening light and the evening streets of their power to evoke the continuous moment that was always and everywhere the same. (IV: 175-176)

The persistent evocation of the future in daily life encourages our sense of mutability. It removes definition from the present moment, making a present event incomplete even in memory: "Moving away from it unhampered, she was already losing its features, seeing it as a confirmation of the quality of the long afternoon . . ." (IV:176)

Later, in Clear Horizon, the instrumentality of memory in preserving

the moment is shown interacting with, and responsive to, interior and exterior time. The stillness of memory is juxtaposed to the linear presentation of ideas by a lecturer at a Lycurgan meeting.

The incident had sprung forth unsummoned from its hiding-place in the past where all these years it had awaited the niche prepared for it partly by yesterday's evening on the balcony, which had taken her unawares back into the time when going to church, even at the risk of being upset by the parson, was still a weekly joy, and partly by the influence of this man whose spirit was an innocent reproach to feigned interest. Just as for this last hour she had sat unparticipating and yet glad to be present, so, on that far-off day, she had sat and knelt and stood, singing, without experiencing any emotion that in the opinion of a sound churchman would have justified her presence. But not without uneasiness. The gladness she was now remembering had arrived during the moment after the unknown parson suddenly broke off his discourse to appeal, in his everyday voice, quietly, to his congregation, to every member of it, to cease attending to him as soon as anything he said should rouse a response, or a train of thought, and to spend the remainder of the time in private meditation.
(IV: 346-347)

The associative levels of memory are regulated by the interior clock. From exterior time and event, interior equivalents are created. Their invocation sets in motion memory's flux. So Miriam moves abruptly from the remembered figure of the clergyman corresponding to the Lycurgan lecturer, to other events experienced on the past day. Memory isolates and defines experience by excluding many contingent particulars. The process of association extends memory back into its own created time sequences, while simultaneously all associational links are reflected upon by the consciousness. Through memory, Miriam re-experiences past illuminations about herself.

Recalled by this central figure, the whole of that far-off midday stood clear. She was walking across the common to church, alone between those who had started early and those who were going to be late, feeling strong and tireless and full of the inexhaustible strange joy that had come with this sixteenth year and that sometimes seemed to assert its independence . . . To-day as she walked, suitably clad in her oldest clothes, quietly through the noon stillness under a rainless grey sky, it seemed to have the power of banishing for ever all that came between her and what she wanted to be whenever she reached down to the centre of her being. And then, half-way between home and church, as she watched the flower-dotted grass move by on either side of the small pathway, she felt an encroaching radiance, felt herself now, more deeply than she would on the way home from church with the others, the enchanted guest of spring and summer. They were advancing upon her, bringing hours upon hours of happiness, moments of breathless joy whether or no she were worthy, whether or no she succeeded in being as good as she pined to be. 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. (IV: 347)

Miriam is recalling a Good Friday service she attended when she was a girl, and relives the moment when she comprehends the operation of eternity within historical time. She cannot ignore the eternal fact of Easter inherent in Good Friday. On the emotional level, she tries to separate the historically chronological events from their simultaneous and perpetual occurrence in eternity as she believes orthodox Christianity does. Her experiences are so intensely subjective that the total participation of the self in the sensual, psychological, and spiritual complexity of the occasion prevents her having a conventionally objective and rational response.

. . . these people were gathered to feel sad and she tried in vain to experience sadness, being aware only of the welcome unusual deep quietude and the lovely colour of the drapery over the altar frontal, pure violet deep and fresh; glowing in the sunless grey light, drawing the eyes into its depths, foretelling the Easter blossoming of this same scene into flowers and sunlight. And even the Good Friday hymns, beautiful in their sadness, moving slowly in minor key over only a few tones and semitones, and the punctuating of the intervals of silence by the Words from the Cross brought only a sense of pathos from which, Easter having happened for good and all, joy could not be excluded. (IV: 348)

Miriam reacts to the rational constructs of socialism in the same way. The accumulating logical arguments and planned attacks against the existing social order are another instance of mobility regarded as the sole definition of life.

And just as on that day the quiet, exceptional little parson had made her realize that she would never be able completely to experience the emotions of orthodox Christianity, so, this evening, it was a modest and sincere little Socialist who had confirmed her growing conviction of being unable to experience the emotions that kept Lycurgan socialism on its feet. Throughout his discourse, as her mind wandered about on its own territory, she had had the sense of being confined by him, within the room where the others were building up a clear relationship with the world and using their minds as repositories for facts supporting the theory they had accepted in regard to it, in a private confessional wherein at last she was fully perceiving herself disqualified. (IV: 348)

Her passionate resistance to the idea of flux as the basis of existence -- as the explanation or scientific rationalization for change, and especially for social change -- finally determines her break with Hypo Wilson.

. . . she knew that she would gladly sacrifice his companionship and all that depended therefrom for the certainty of seeing his world of ceaseless "becoming" exchanged for one wherein should be included also the fact of "being", the overwhelming, smiling hint, proof against all possible tests, provided by the mere existence of anything, anywhere. (IV: 361-362)

Being and becoming are not independent of one another. The only certainty there is when faced by the mutability of the actual world is the fact that life is. This indisputable fact gives rise to the sense of permanence within flux. Furthermore, man is aware of flux only because a stable, unmoving core exists within him. This center of being, of immutability, requires much close attention by the individual if the movement it inspires is to reflect the source. Theoretically, Miriam resolves the paradoxical conflict in this way:

Being versus becoming. Becoming versus being. 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. Therefore it is certain that becoming depends upon being. Man carries his bourne within himself and is there already, or he would not even know that he exists.
(IV: 362)

On the practical level, she makes the following resolutions to foster and preserve her being: Since logical, objective, "clear" thought undermines the spatial unity of being, she decides, "I'm never going to think any more" (IV: 408). Yet "between her and her bourne" are old and continuing commitments.

Significantly, the unification and emergence of Miriam's sense of her true identity occurs among old associations in North London. Her life since the days at the Pernes's school (Backwater), to her final departure from London (Dimple Hill), is connected with the home of a former pupil, Grace Broom. Miriam's return to Grace has obvious symbolic value within the narrative structure. The feminine Grace as priestess, and her home as temple, replace the masculine priest and church, emphasizing Miriam's mystically pagan inclination

towards a spatial conception of being. In addition Grace Broom and the unchanged setting of her home are the static receptacles of Miriam's life, and over the years, she periodically returns to the permanence and stability they represent.

On countless week-end visits, on Christmas Eves, and at Easter and Whitsun holidays, reaching their remote doorstep with what had seemed the last of one's strength, one had punctually felt, hearing the tick-tock of footsteps approaching along the tiled passage and seeing the door open upon one or other of them, or upon all three come eagerly out to welcome, the beginnings of renewal and the ability to share, if only for the first evening, as a beatific convalescent, the family relish, rich and racy, of the ritual of daily life and its recurrent rewards that brought, to each moment of the day and into each corner of the rather dark small house, the radiance of festival achieved or imminent. (IV: 405)

As the physical center as well as ritualistic center of return, Grace's home restores equilibrium to Miriam's life through the rediscovery of her essential self. Within the repose of this stable environment, the kaleidoscope of external events resolves itself into meaningful patterns.

. . . when she and Grace were left alone, all that she had told in response to gently eager questioning, was lit, for herself as well as for Grace, by an unquenchable radiance.

No one else, sitting there at the table, could embody so long a stretch of the past. All the years from Wordsworth House days onwards lay embalmed in the treasure-house of Grace's faithful memory. Inseparable, too, from the sight of her, a visible background of dissolving views freed from their anchorage in space and time, was Grace's home, in the stateliest of whose upper rooms the whole of one's life, as known to oneself, was stored up.

. . . in the stately, old-fashioned spare room at Banbury Park, itself a retreat from the superficially dynamic world of external change and new ideas . . . one had seen one's life from afar, whether with quiet or with fevered mind, as part of a

continuous reality whose challenge came, directly, to oneself and whose hidden meaning, just because at times it was so unbearably disturbing, was secure and was what at other times made each distant detail suddenly miraculous. From no other spare room could she have seen the world as it had opened before her in that first moment of realized freedom. With no other companions could she have remained, throughout the days preceding this setting forth, with all her surface being sound asleep and her essential self looking forth upon its own, so long withheld and now at last accessible. (IV: 406-407)

The accretion of innumerable associations -- the result of experience in time -- impeded the emergence of the true self. In place of the original instinctive knowledge of one's own intrinsic being is the convenient adaptation of personality to external contingencies. Miriam's return is not to childhood innocence, but to a reassertion of the self in its primary manifestation as the center of being, no longer altering according to the multitudinous demands of becoming:

. . . as she stood . . . before the wide mirror in which hitherto had been reflected her image entangled with a thousand undetachable associations, she saw only her solitary self, there had come that all-transfiguring moment during which in the depth of her being she had parted company with that self, masquerading under various guises, with whom she had gone about ever since leaving home, and joined company with the self she had known long ago. (IV: 407)

Dorothy Richardson, like Bergson, conceives of two forms of memory: memory resulting with repetitive experience, that is, from conditioning; and memory resulting from single and unique experiences. In addition, however, she does not entirely dismiss the notion of former existences, memories of which may persist in the consciousness. The many selves that experience causes us to become in one lifetime may be compared to innumerable incarnations.

The imaginative exercise of supposing a release from life as presently experienced will bring one "into possession of an immense number of lives."¹ Recollection, in either case, would be "quite unlike the earthly sense in which a single past shows itself extending backwards in a line of years." Realization of the past means full consciousness. An individual's multiple lives or years of a single life "would stand as it were compressed, grouping and regrouping according as he moves within his consciousness of them now this way and now that." The effort required to recall former habitual activities or perceptions chronologically is greater than that required to recall "single incidents, presenting themselves, in an order that pays no respect to chronology and with an importance that is independent of any recognizable scheme of values."

A direct confrontation of the being-becoming paradox occurs in Dorothy Richardson's brief contribution to The Adelphi, entitled "Spengler and Goethe: A Footnote."

Goethe: "The Godhead is effective in the living and not in the dead, in the becoming and the changing, not in the become and set-fast; and therefore, similarly, the reason (Vernunft) is concerned only to strive towards the divine through the becoming and the living, and the understanding (Verstand) only to make use of the become and set-fast."

Spengler: "This sentence comprises my entire philosophy." Which is to say that the entire philosophy rests upon distinguishing, absolutely, between being and becoming and calling the one "death" and the other "life". A useful distinction for the making of maps and charts.

1. R. Theobald (pseudonym for Dorothy Richardson), "Why Words?" The Adelphi, III, 3 (August 1925), 206-207.

That is all. And the value of the map or chart depends upon the traveller's acceptance of the chart-maker's definition of the where and the whither. Are there travellers who recognize being as death and becoming as life? Who can separate them? Who can separate them from that which no metaphor can contain?¹

The masculine, divisive, categorizing consciousness sees the interrelationship of all things in terms of dialectic, forcing one side into opposition with the other. Therefore, all things, including man himself, is seen as in a state of constant change. The turmoil of existence is mistakenly equated with reality, when flux is, in fact, only that condition of life made know through sense data and intellect. A man sees "Humanity, the civilizations, . . . like a series of becomings."

His sense of being is relatively small. Hence his good passion for becoming. But it is a good passion for the half of the story he most clearly perceives. The good passion that is the generator of his "ambitions," creeds, philosophies, arts, sciences, and religions. Also of his panics, personal, national, international, and even cosmic panics. His sense of life as an endless becoming of which he is the prophet, of which Goethe was one of the greatest prophets, is his good common sense. But his conviction that life is nothing but becoming is his "set-fastness," his death -- or would be if, humanly speaking, he were all there is. Being is freedom. (311-312)

Dorothy Richardson concludes by emphasizing equally both being and becoming as indissoluble partners in life: "Look after the being and becoming will look after itself. Look after the becoming and the being will look after itself." But this balance between the two only indicates the importance of each in general human experience. It has already been sufficiently emphasized that for the feminine

1. The Adelphi, IV, 5 (November 1926), 311.

consciousness, in contrast to the masculine, the sense of being is more pronounced. Reality does not reside equally in the states of being and becoming. In Clear Horizon, we have seen already that Dorothy Richardson no longer strikes a balance between the two.¹

Clearly the difference between Dorothy Richardson's view and Bergson's is fundamental. Just as she rejects scientific and social evolutionary theory as too facile, as ignoring the essential core of life, she also rejects Bergson's theory of creative evolution by implication. Obviously inclined towards traditional metaphysical conceptions of being, she is even critical of those who seem to her to be denying the very foundation of their personal belief in the immutability of reality. For example, in a review of a study of Spengler by a Quaker historian, she comments again in the same vein as in her Spengler-Goethe article, on the disposition towards the evolutionary character of existence at the expense of an unchanging reality.² While appreciating Spengler's imaginative historical reconstructions, she diametrically opposes his pessimistic determinism. But the author of the book under review falls victim to that determinism which in Dorothy Richardson's hands, takes on a light-hearted resemblance to the Serpent in the Garden: "he is caught in its toils. Again and again in his entranced reiteration

1. Clear Horizon, IV: 362.

2. "Man Never Is . . .," The Adelphi, New Series, I, 6 (March 1931), 521-522.

of the Spenglerian formula of life as 'becoming' he denies the essence of the Quaker faith" (522).

Dorothy Richardson's quiet battle of the metaphors intensifies our understanding of what is central to her thought. She does not compromise her conclusions that favor being as the source and repository of life. Immutable reality resides in being and is apprehensible by the consciousness, while our practical understanding tells us that certain experiences are dependent on, or are consequent to, chronological time through the interaction of physical and intellectual perception. This view is persistent in all of her writings and its imaginative rendering in Pilgrimage gives the novel philosophical cohesiveness. Dorothy Richardson's depiction of reality in ontological terms reinforces what she persuades us to regard as the truth about the inner life.

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The first section of the bibliography, Writings of Dorothy M. Richardson, is arranged in chronological order. Entries that do not clearly indicate type or are not signed are classified as follows:

- A -- article
- D -- dialogue
- E -- essay
- I -- initialled
- L -- letter
- N -- novel
- P -- poem
- R -- review
- S -- sketch
- SS -- short story
- T -- translation
- U -- unsigned

Eleven novels of Pilgrimage were published as separate volumes. These are not included in the bibliography, but the dates of their original publication in England are as follows:

Pointed Roofs, 1915

Backwater, 1916

Honeycomb, 1917

The Tunnel, 1919

Interim, 1919

Deadlock, 1921

Revolving Lights, 1923

The Trap, 1925

Oberland, 1927

Dawn's Left Hand, 1931

Clear Horizon, 1935

Dimple Hill, the twelfth novel, was published only in the four volume edition of Pilgrimage (1938), in London by J.M. Dent, and in New York by Alfred Knopf. The edition published by Knopf is referred to throughout this thesis. In 1946, three chapters of a thirteenth part of Pilgrimage were published as "Work in Progress" in Life and Letters (see below, I: Writings of Dorothy M. Richardson: 1941-1946).

Bibliographical research on Dorothy Richardson's work, begun by Joseph Prescott, and substantially enlarged by Gloria Glikin, accounts for the discovery of many unsigned sketches and articles (see below, II: General Bibliography). Dorothy Richardson's Private Papers are now at Yale University.

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