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THE MAKING OF A STREAM-OF-CONSCIOUSNESS NOVEL:
A STUDY OF DOROTHY RICHARDSON'S PILGRIMAGE

by

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INTRODUCTION

Dorothy Richardson's *Pilgrimage* is generally considered the first stream-of-consciousness novel; yet little attempt had been made to analyze this novel until 1955, when Leon Edel wrote *The Psychological Novel, 1900-1950*. Previously, only Harvey Eagelson, in 1934, and E. M. Reisel, in 1939, had made efforts to do more than evaluate Miss Richardson's work. Between 1955 and 1959, however, several important articles have been published.

The most important of these articles was written by Shiv Kumar on Dorothy Richardson's philosophy. His article led me to look at *Pilgrimage* with the eye of a philosopher; another book, Robert Humphrey's *Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel*, treated *Pilgrimage* as a novel in the stream-of-consciousness tradition from the technical angle and directed my attention toward the book in this vein. Leon Edel had suggested that Dorothy Richardson had gotten the idea of portraying the mind of a single character through the whole of the book from Henry James. I began to wonder where Miss Richardson's subject matter came from; an article edited by Joseph Prescott published in 1959 gave the first extensive biographical information on Miss Richardson's life; upon re-reading the article by Prescott I realized that it was almost a synopsis of the action in *Pilgrimage*. 
This is where my thesis began; and from there I have tried to show how Dorothy Richardson created her stream-of-consciousness novel. The first chapter of this work surveys the criticism of Miss Richardson's novel from 1915 to 1959 and describes Miss Richardson's theories about what a novel should be. The second chapter draws the parallels between Dorothy Richardson's life and the fictional life of Pilgrimage's heroine, Miriam Henderson. The third chapter demonstrates why Pilgrimage can be considered a stream-of-consciousness novel. The fourth chapter shows how Miss Richardson's philosophy in Pilgrimage is directly related to her theories about the novel and particularly suited to the techniques of stream-of-consciousness.
CHAPTER I
CRITICAL BACKGROUND: WHAT THE CRITICS SAID:
WHAT MISS RICHARDSON ATTEMPTED

Even a casual reader perusing the criticism of the nearly fifty years since Dorothy Richardson published the first "chapter" of her Pilgrimage could not help noticing that for the most part the dicta had been negative. In fact, one could almost say that it began with the introduction to Pointed Roofs, the first volume of Miss Richardson's published series. Here May Sinclair described Miss Richardson's method:

Obviously, she must not interfere; she must not analyze or comment or explain. Rather less obviously, she must not tell a story, or handle a situation or set a scene; she must avoid drama as she avoids narration. And there are some things she must not be. She must not be the wise, all-knowing author. She must be Miriam Henderson [the heroine of the Pilgrimage]. She must not know or divine anything that Miriam does not know or divine; she must not see anything that Miriam does not see. . . . She is not concerned, in the way that other novelists are concerned, with character. . . .

This was in 1915, the year of publication. By 1918, when two more chapters were in published existence, Miss Sinclair first applied the term stream-of-consciousness to a literary work and concluded:

In this series there is no drama, no situation, no set scene. Nothing happens. It is just like life going on and on. It is Miriam Henderson's stream of consciousness going on and on. And in neither is there any discernable beginning or middle or end.
To most readers of the time this would be enough to make them think twice before entertaining an idea of reading Miss Richardson's book. However, if there is a certain air of condescension in the praising of a new book's technique instead of its subject matter, H. G. Wells soon rectified the situation by doing the opposite: in 1917, he negated the presentation of the subject matter.

We have in England a writer, Miss Dorothy Richardson, who has probably carried impressionism in fiction to its furthest limit. I do not know whether she will ever make large captures of the general reader, but she is certainly a very interesting figure for the critic and the amateur of fiction. In *Pointed Roofs and Honeycomb*, for example, her story is a series of dabs of intense superficial impression; her heroine is not a mentality, but a mirror. She goes about over her facts like those insects that run over water sustained by surface tension. Her percepts never become concepts. Writing as I do at the extremest distance possible from such work, I confess I find it altogether too much — or shall I say altogether too little — for me? 

Wells was, at this point in his career, very close to the peak of his popularity and the general newspaper reviewers of the time continued to reiterate, in one way or another, what he had already written.

In 1919, Katherine Mansfield, the short-story writer, criticized Miss Richardson for not selecting her data more carefully. Miss Mansfield wrote that in *The Tunnel*, the fourth volume in the series, Dorothy Richardson had let Things just happen one after another with incredible rapidity and at break-neck speed. There is Miss Richardson, holding out her mind, as it were, and there is Life hurling...
objects into it as fast as she can throw. And at the appointed time Miss Richardson dives into its recesses and reproduces a certain number of these treasures -- a pair of button boots, a night in Spring, some cycling knickers, some large, round biscuits -- as many as she can pack into a book, in fact. But the pace kills... We do not mean to say that those large, round biscuits might not be in the light, or the night in Spring be in the darkness. Only we feel that until these things are judged and given each its appointed place in the whole scheme, they have no meaning in the world of art.

This trenchant criticism was reinforced the following year (1920) when writing of Interim Miss Mansfield said: "Darting through life, quivering, hovering, exulting in the familiarity and the strangeness of all that comes within her tiny circle, she leaves us feeling, as before, that everything being of equal importance to her, it is impossible that everything should not be of equal unimportance."4

If in the three critics presented so far, Miss Richardson's work has been accused of having respectively (1) an unusual technique and the suggestion of dull subject matter, (2) interesting subject matter but presented in a dull manner, (3) a poor selection of data, Lawrence Hyde added to the faults a weak philosophy of life. Writing, in 1924, in The Adelphi II magazine, he noted that for "Dorothy Richardson reality is a particularly evasive thing. To get down to it she must go farther along the path of unflinching description than anyone before."5 "Miriam is handicapped in her efforts to pierce to the significance
of life by a curious limitation which always serves to prevent her escape from the mental cell. And "the understanding of them [supernatural laws] would provide her [Miriam] with a real instead of a false basis of life, changing her present condition of despairing bewilderment into one of serenity." All in all Hyde found the reading "disappointingly negative."

In 1931 John Cowper Powys wrote the first completely positive evaluation of Miss Richardson's work. After the ninth chapter had appeared and no new notice of future "work in progress" had been given, Powys assumed that volume to be the last and wrote a forty-eight page monograph on the series. Almost as if he were trying to make up for the mass of negative criticism that had already been printed by others, Powys lavished extraordinary praise on the heroine of the series, Miriam Henderson; to a degree which must seem excessive even to the most ardent Richardsonian admirers. He compared Miriam, to her credit, with such renowned literary creations as Hamlet, Faust, Wilhelm Meister, and the work of Marcel Proust. But more important he showed some keen insight into Miriam's character -- the first, in my knowledge, to do so -- when he suggested that Miriam was the projection of the female quest for experience. Dorothy Richardson was a "pioneer in a completely new direction. What she has done has never been done before. She has drawn her inspiration neither from
man-imitating cleverness nor from narcissistic feminine charm but from the abyss of the feminine subconscious." And he suggested what already seemed to be true and would continue to be so for at least the next thirty-five years: "it is a queer and significant thing that you either love Dorothy Richardson's writings deeply, quietly, intimately -- like a large and yet minutely-detailed landscape by Hobbema -- or you just find them 'dull.'" Powys's monograph, however, was written more in the style of panegyric than anything else, and though his insights were often keen and enlightening, they were for the most part set among an excess of compliments. The reader not only has to ferret the insights out, he must do what Powys never did and that is to explain them. It was partly because of this, I think, that most other critics considered his book on Dorothy Richardson more a gentleman-author's compliment than really serious criticism.

The next year, 1932, Joseph Warren Beach published his now famous *The Twentieth Century Novel*, containing a chapter on Dorothy Richardson. His writing was an attempt to describe the contents of *Pilgrimage* although Beach readily admitted that he was basing his comments "on the first three [novels], which are much the most charming and interesting, as well as being more significant in an account of the experimental novel of to-day." Beach's way of describing Miss Richardson's work was almost as impression-
istic as he claimed Miss Richardson's was. Most of his comments on the first three volumes are intelligent and well-taken but Beach seldom defends them with any extensive evidence. This may be due to the lack of space in a book that takes up over forty authors and says something intelligent about each of them. Beach's most important point was the suggestion that the heroine of Pilgrimage is on a search for a symbolic "little coloured garden," and again that she is on a pilgrimage "to some elusive shrine, glimpsed here and there and lost to view." This point as well as others of his will be taken up as this paper proceeds; but it is important to notice that in the end, Beach's evaluation of the novel is an intimation that it is too digressive, too vague, and much too long.

Harvey Eagleson's generally excellent discussion of the novel in 1934 also concludes with a negative criticism inherent in the title of his article "Pedestal For Statue." He finds the novel guilty of being inconsequential and inconclusive as it then stood. It should be remembered that the collected version was not completed until 1938; but because of the basic structure of Pilgrimage and of Eagleson's argument, one has the feeling that his opinion would not have changed:

... each successive volume of Pilgrimage merely adds detail to the first picture. This elaboration of the original, delicately and beautifully as it may be done, does not carry in itself sufficient cause for being. One
feels rightly that it is elaboratization to no end, because there is no end. Trite as the statement may be, it is no less true that a work of art must have a beginning, a middle, and an end. And it is there that the flaw in Miss Richardson's work is to be found. Pilgrimage is only a vast beginning. That Miss Richardson has something to say is patent, but that she says it repetitiously is equally evident. That she has elements of the highest greatness must be clear to any reader of discernment, but that she cannot arrive at greatness until those elements are focussed upon end rather than endlessness, must ever be a condition of her artistic status. Pilgrimage is the monumental pedestal for a statue of heroic size, but the statue is missing.

I have quoted Eagleson's somewhat lengthy conclusion because his article has had wide influence. Commentaries found in such diverse places as those in Edward Wagenknecht's Calvaceade of the English Novel (1947) and Joseph Prescott's article in the Encyclopedia Britannica (1958) echo Eagleson's summary.

Frank Swinnerton's comment in The Georgian Scene (1935) has also been often repeated in one guise or another. His commentary on the book is not particularly penetrating but its conclusion deserves to be reproduced in any short summary of Dorothy Richardson criticism for its well-turned phrases as well as its influence. The sharpness of his phraseology has probably caused it to be reproduced so much. Swinnerton had found the nine volumes of writing "a marvelous feat of memory, of reproduction," but if he were asked if they were anything more, he would have to answer "that somewhere between volume one and volume ten there comes
a moment in which one wishes that Miriam had died young, or that she had moved through life at a less even and ample pace." Ellen Fitzgerald, in 1937, agreed with Swinnerton when she wrote in *Life and Letters* that "the reader must anchor where he can, build the whole from fragments dropped anywhere . . . We feel our way, we are not guided."  

When *Pilgrimage* was finally collected for the first time in 1933, E. M. Maisel took a paragraph of his review space to survey the past criticism of Dorothy Richardson's work. It should be remembered that Alfred Knopf, Miss Richardson's American publisher, had earlier published eight single volumes of *Pilgrimage* but finally had ceased to do so when the book did not sell. There is no doubt that Knopf admired the chapters, and when Miss Richardson's book was collected and published in England, he ordered the plates from that country and brought out *Pilgrimage* in a four-volume set, beautifully bound, as a prestige novel. By this time Knopf probably knew this novel would never become a best-seller, but, nevertheless, he had placed the comments of the most complimentary reviewers on the book's cover. There one could find statements by Powys, Rebecca West, an anonymous reviewer of the *New York Times*, Sir Hugh Walpole, Ruth Suckow, and Swinnerton. E. M. Maisel looking at these and remembering the past twenty-four years, stated:
For the past twenty-four years these twelve novels have offered some readers an experience unlike that of any other work in contemporary fiction. To her devotees Dorothy M. Richardson has been the dispenser of an art as rare and subtle as it has been dependable in the hodgepodge of literary trends. To her critics she has been the source of just one more critical confusion. They have found her totally lacking in humor and chiefly notable for her humor; doomed to oblivion and destined for immortality; profoundly difficult and within average comprehension; impossibly unrealistic and graphically accurate; pre-War in her sentimentality and post-War in her Freudianity. One generalization is safe: in the whole range of modern literature no other production has called forth such a mass of contradictory criticism as Dorothy M. Richardson's "Pilgrimage."

Maisel then elected to join the group who found Pilgrimage "one of the most amazing achievements of our time." This, it should be noted, was after he had written one of the most penetrating studies the book has ever had. Several of Maisel's points will be taken up later in this study.

In 1939 Horace Gregory also went on record as saying Pilgrimage was one of the "superlative examples of realistic art in English fiction." But then he suggested something that no one has as yet taken seriously. Gregory argues that Dorothy Richardson did not like the term "stream-of-consciousness" and that he does not think the book a stream-of-consciousness novel. Nor is Dorothy Richardson to be identified with Miriam Henderson. He assumes that Pilgrimage is not yet complete even though it has been collected into four volumes. From this he is persuaded
to think that Miriam "is not fictive" but that she "is a seeing eye" by which Miss Richardson can make subtle but profound comments on life. He sees Dorothy Richardson's commentary as part of the "cultural heritage" in English thinking which has its source in Samuel Johnson, that Miss Richardson's theme "is one of education and the search for reality in a world that spans the end of one century and the first quarter of the next." What the argument comes down to is that Pilgrimage is not really fiction at all but an extension of the Spectator-Tatler-Rambler and Lives of the Poets tradition in English writing.

Though Mr. Gregory is correct in his assumption that the collected Pilgrimage was not Dorothy Richardson's last word on Miriam Henderson, the conclusion of his argument is not really justifiable and is contradictory of the opinion that Pilgrimage is a "superlative" example of "realistic art in English Fiction" (my italics). If Miriam Henderson is not "fictive," how can Pilgrimage be fiction? Furthermore, if one should follow Mr. Gregory's lead Dorothy Richardson would be considered a critic instead of a novelist. He himself would like to see her treated as such.

It was not until after the close of World War II that new criticism of Pilgrimage could be found again with any sort of regularity. William York Tindall in Forces in Modern British Literature (1946) followed the lead of Frank
Swinnerton's comment in 1935 and reiterated its conclusion as stated above. Edward Wagenknecht restated Harvey Eagleson's position of 1934 as his own in 1947. Robert Glynn Kelly, however, both in his Ph.D. thesis and in an article printed in the Pacific Spectator (1954) wrote the most blistering attack against Miss Richardson's work as it had ever received until that time. Kelly was of the opinion that Pilgrimage "dramatizes the search for an unsophisticated, unthinking clarity of vision: a state of primal wonder" . . . "a life of the mind but not thought" whose logical extremes, if taken to their end, was an abandonment of communication.

If, in 1955, Melvin Friedman did not take such a violent view of Pilgrimage as Kelly's, his conclusion in The Stream of Consciousness: A Study in Literary Method was almost the same. He said, "one could easily anthologize successful passages in Dorothy Richardson in one thin volume." The same year, however, one of the more discriminating champions of Dorothy Richardson, Leon Edel, took a dissimilar viewpoint. Edel was ready to acknowledge the difficulties in reading Pilgrimage. He had found the book difficult the first time. Even two decades later he "found once more that" his "interest lagged"; that he "had to force" himself "to absorb the contents of each page." It was only after he had realized that he could see the characters of the book only through Miriam's eyes that this
novel began to be interesting. When he had asked the male students of his graduate seminar how they had felt about seeing the world of Pilgrimage through only an adolescent girl's eyes, they too had said they "resented being maneuvered by Dorothy Richardson into the mind of an adolescent girl." The only readers, in fact, that Edel had encountered who had read the book through on the first try had been four women — three of the four, literary artists of one sort or another and the other, a graduate student in his seminar. They could make the empathic identification with the character of the heroine without any conscious effort, and almost immediately, which Edel as a male reader could not. In 1958 Edel summarized this view succinctly when he wrote the literary epitaph to Miss Richardson's career in Modern Fiction Studies. Miss Richardson had died at the age of eighty-five in 1957 and Edel, looking back first at her career and then at Pilgrimage, found that:

By the tenets of the 'new criticism' the novel fails as a work of art because we become involved in the so-called 'affective fallacy'; that is, we find ourselves discussing the reader as much as the work, his empathy with the single character and his capacity to enter into the novel. Since the work is written from the 'inside' one either is able to move into the heroine's consciousness or is incapable of reading — or 'experiencing' — the book. This would seem to be the long and short of it. But as for Edel himself — he had been able to meet the requirements of empathy and was willing to say to others
that

... if the challenge is met and the empathy achieved, Dorothy Richardson offers us, on certain pages, a remarkable emotional luminosity — as well as, historically speaking, a record of the trying out of a new technique, the opportunity to examine a turning point in the modern English novel. There is a distinct possibility that a new generation of readers — if there will continue to be readers at all — may truly discover Dorothy Richardson for the first time. 

It only remains now in bringing this short survey of Dorothy Richardson criticism to a close to record the remarks of Grace Tomkinson and Rachel Trickett, who have written as late as 1959.

Part of Edel's hypothesis for a successful reading of Pilgrimage, it has been seen, is the necessity for the reader to be able to become empathic with the heroine. It is interesting that both Misses Tomkinson and Trickett claim to have made the jump and yet have very different attitudes toward the book. Miss Tomkinson's essay is written in more of an elegy-form than anything else. Somewhat like Mr. Edel, Miss Tomkinson laments the fact that Miss Richardson had lived to see herself forgotten as a novelist in her own time while Proust and Joyce went on to become famous. She records her own excitement in reading the chapters as they first came out, but now concludes that "we may still be a little too close to it [Pilgrimage] to appraise accurately Miss Richardson's contribution to fiction." Then Miss Tomkinson goes on to say:
And following Miriam's reveries through the whole twelve 'chapters' is an achievement not everyone would be anxious to repeat. Yet one reading is not enough. The books may be profitably opened at random, like a volume of poetry, to reveal some striking phrase or paragraph that gives a sharpened intensity to one's own experiences. They will never be devoured to see 'what happened next,' but they do offer the thoughtful reader a rewarding series of impressions, so vividly realized and communicated that his own life is enriched.35

Miss Trickett is not quite so excited about it all. The content of her article "The Living Dead—V" published in June of 1959 is almost anticipated by its title. She finds Miss Richardson's book shapeless, faulty, and at times exasperating, but also having a "clumsy vitality" and an intensity and integrity of its own.36 She feels that Miss Richardson is attempting to explore a woman's sensibility but that she is a propagandist and a passionate sentimentalist.37 This causes Miriam to have "things represent the true center of her existence" so that she "never achieves inner serenity." The "moments of truth" that Miriam occasionally finds have "unintentionally comic results." Thus, for Miss Trickett, Pilgrimage via Miriam is "not, after all, a search for truth, but a search for identity, a journey into the self from which there is no way back."38 "Sensitivity is always counted the inevitable virtue of women writers. But in spite of the delicacy of her impressions, Dorothy Richardson often seems almost insensitive. . . ."39
Earlier in the article Miss Trickett had thought Dorothy Richardson had a "sense of the mundane poetry of common perception" and in conclusion she thinks:

By the side of Pilgrimage, Virginia Woolf's novels, with their beauty and formal skill, their far greater aesthetic power, seem scarcely feminine at all. In the last resort this is the measure of Virginia Woolf's superiority, but Dorothy Richardson's deliberate limitation; her fanatical devotion to the woman's outlook, is her unique claim on our attention, and, by its very completeness secures her a place among the writers whose work survives. 40

One is almost tempted to agree with E. M. Maisel's somewhat exaggerated comment on Miss Richardson's book that "in the whole range of modern literature no other production has called forth such a mass of contradictory criticism as Dorothy M. Richardson's 'Pilgrimage'" and leave it at that. But there are several side remarks that one can draw from these highlights of Richardson-criticism. The comments of the critics may be broken up into two main camps, those of the professional novelists and those of the professional or amateur readers (professors, literary critics, friends of Miss Richardson). Of the first group it is interesting to note that H. G. Wells, who wrote the introduction to Frank Swinnerton's book, was also a friend of Miss Richardson and the propagator of a different kind of novel than she: the thesis novel. Both May Sinclair and Swinnerton, though critically negating Pilgrimage, were influenced by its technique and wrote at least one book each that could be called "stream-of-
consciousness or has its tendencies. Ruth Suckow, who later praised Pilgrimage, has also written what might be called feminist fiction and was also a good friend of Miss Richardson's. It might then be argued that all of these professional novelists might have had their own kind of art in the back of their minds when reading Pilgrimage. Wells disliked the book for the "filmy" way of presenting the material. He would have the subject matter presented in a more straightforward way. Miss Sinclair used Miss Richardson's technique in Mary Oliver without discarding a plot. Miss Sinclair would say that the addition of plot to Miss Richardson's technique was an improvement. Samuel Chew, at least, thinks so. Swinnerton, in the same pages that he praised Miss Sinclair and Rebecca West over Miss Richardson, finds the heroine dull, and she is, compared with Swinnerton's psychological studies of characters from the seamier sides of life. As far as Miss Suckow is concerned, Miss Richardson wrote in one of her letters to Joseph Prescott that Miss Suckow's The Folks was one of her "treasures." An important feature of The Folks is the presentation of a young person. Miss Suckow herself has written that Miss Richardson's "presentation of the material of consciousness" is "precise and flawless." It seems reasonable to suggest that a creative artist may try to find the work of a contemporary what he himself is doing in his own writing. Some of this, it seems to me, is
reflected in the critical writings of the novelists mentioned above.

Of the other critics it may be said that most of them found *Pilgrimage* inconclusive in one way or another: Hyde found this true of its philosophy, Beach of its lack of continual interest to him, Gregory of more chapters to come, Eagleson of structure, Fitzgerald of its plot, Kelly and Friedman of its communicative possibilities. Of the most positive and persuasive of the Richardsonian admirers, Leon Edel, one might check his empathy hypothesis on the last two women critics who have written on *Pilgrimage*. They have different conclusions from each other and both would differ with Mr. Edel. He might, in return, argue that they are not empathic enough but his argument would then seem to become circular and center around himself: Edel deciding who is empathic or not or how much. Frankly then, any further evaluative criticism, it seems to me, would probably complicate the matter even more than it is now.

This study, then, will "study the stars by approaching them": that is, it will be an attempt to demonstrate how Miss Richardson went about making *Pilgrimage*; her approach to the subject matter, the technique in handling it, and the philosophy involved; to show that Miss Richardson was trying to fuse these three elements -- in her mind -- for the first time; and that these elements brought
together became, what may be, the first stream of consciousness novel in English.

When Dorothy Richardson gathered together the twelve parts of Pilgrimage into a four-volume collected edition in 1938 she wrote a Foreword to the series. Though she offered no theories about her work — for her the experiment sufficed in itself — she did consider herself as a writer in the tradition of realism. In Les Forces Humaines Balzac, Miss Richardson thought, had translated his youthful plan for a near-total description of mankind into a great cluster of novels with types instead of individuals. But the "power of a sympathetic imagination, uniting him with each character in turn, gives to every portrait the quality of a faithful self-portrait, and his treatment of backgrounds, contemplated with an equally passionate interest and themselves, indeed, individual and unique" gave to Balzac, in Miss Richardson's eyes, the title of father of realism.

And at the same time as Dorothy Richardson began to write, Arnold Bennett in England could be called the follower of Balzac and the heir of realism. Though less deeply concerned with the interplay of human forces, Bennett did, as far as Dorothy Richardson was concerned, try to portray with complete fidelity the lives and adventures of inconspicuous people. Both, however, had not completely succeeded; Dorothy Richardson could not discern
an articulate creed in the writings of either of them. It was true that Balzac had tried to represent a relatively concrete and coherent social system and that Bennett had engaged himself in the description of a society showing signs of disintegration. Both had begun the "turning of the human spirit upon itself," but they were realists by nature and unaware of the fact. Their successors had believed themselves to "be substituting, for the telescopes of the writers of romance whose lenses they condemn as both rose-coloured and distorting, mirrors of plain glass."

In the meantime there was another class of writers who had sprung up. These were indeed realists but of another kind. They had impeached the realistic novel as description of life without romantic colors and made it a novel of satire and protest. This she could not do, yet there was another choice.

Since all these novelists happened to be men, Miss Richardson decided to write a "feminine equivalent of the current masculine realism." As she began to write, something new and strange happened to her:

Aware . . . of the gradual falling away of the preoccupations that for a while had 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, whence-ever focussed, 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.43

This "contemplated reality" was begun as the first pages and then the first chapter of Pilgrimage in 1913. At the time that name was already being used for another book, and the title of the first chapter became "Pointed Roofs" when the novel was published in 1915. During the preoccupation with the manuscript Miss Richardson felt that the first chapter was "written to the accompaniment of a sense of being upon a fresh pathway, an adventure so searching and, sometimes, so joyous as to produce a longing for participation. . . ."44 This resulted in the character of the heroine, Miriam Henderson, and, more particularly, the consciousness of Miriam being portrayed.

As J. D. Beresford, one of Miss Richardson's friends and first admirers, noted in the very beginning, this method was newly invented although many other novelists before Dorothy Richardson had told stories through the consciousness of one of their characters. Here the author identifies herself with consciousness of Miriam Henderson so closely that "We see nothing, feel nothing except through Miriam's senses . . . The ebb and flow of Miriam's consciousness touched now and again to vivid response, at other times somewhat drearily aware of the limitations of
physical experience, is the sole agent of the author's experience. What Beresford means then is that although the narrative is unfolded in the third person, the illusion is of a complete immersion in the first person singular.

Miss Richardson, in 1938, looking back at what she had made, decided that she had been influenced by a manifesto printed in *Wilhelm Meister*. Here Goethe seems to define the subjective novel:

In the novel, reflections and incidents should be featured; in drama, character and action. The novel must proceed slowly, and the thought-processes of the principal figure must, by one device or another, hold up the development of the whole. . . . The hero of the novel must be acted upon, or, at any rate, not himself the principal operator . . . Grandison, Clarissa, Pamela, the Vicar of Wakefield, and Tom Jones himself, even where they are not acted upon, are still retarding personalities and all the incidents are, in a certain measure, modelled according to their thoughts.

Length, slowness, reflection, and recollected incident would seem to Dorothy Richardson the proper features of the novel's way of presenting reality. Henry James is acknowledged as a forerunner of subjective realism but in a very limited way.

Finally, however, 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 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. 47

What could be learned from James was that he kept the "reader incessantly watching the conflict of human forces through the eye of a single observer, rather than taking him, before the drama begins, upon a tour amongst the properties, or breaking in with descriptive introductions of the players as one by one they enter his enclosed resounding chamber where no plant grows and no mystery pours in from the unheeded stars..." 48

This was Miss Richardson's last direct word on the subject, but there is a more complete statement of her feelings and thoughts in another form in "Dawn's Left Hand," the tenth chapter of Pilgrimage. Here Miriam Henderson is talking to Hypo Wilson, a noted writer, and he suggests that she too become an author. At the mention of the word "novel" Miriam can think of "only a pleasant, exciting, flattering way of filling a period of leisure and thereby creating more leisure." But even if a novel could have social and cultural importance she had felt that "about them all, even those who left her stupefied with admiring joy, [there] was a dreadful enclosure." She could see Raskalnikov and his importance because he was both aware of what he was and was not; this "in contrast to all the people in James who knew so much and yet did not know."
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 Strother, 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 condescendingness of their handling of their material. Wells seems to have more awareness. But all his books are witty exploitations of ideas. 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.

What male novelists seem to lack is what Miriam thinks ought to be written in as the most important part of the novel. Dorothy Richardson too set out to make up to herself for the disappointment she felt with most other novels. They were too often fragmentary and partial. The traditional form of plot represented a characteristically masculine manipulation of facts to a preconceived pattern. James and Conrad displayed this lack of humility; Wells was more an essayist than a novelist. As for the women writers: George Eliot "writes like a man" and Jane Austen wrote to please men. What is important to Miriam is to get rid of the all-knowing author: "yet unable to make you forget them, the authors, for a moment."

The single point of view to which Dorothy Richardson and Miriam Henderson cling as so important is presented as Miriam's consciousness in Pilgrimage. The reader gets
a completely objective view of Miriam's mind and everything else is seen subjectively through Miriam's eyes.

Yet if Miss Richardson is somewhat elliptical in her praise of Henry James and gives more credit to Wilhelm Meister in her Foreword, "The Trap," the eighth chapter of Pilgrimage yields an important and significant bit of information. Perhaps unconsciously, Dorothy Richardson tells us where she got the idea for effacing the identity of the author as an omniscient figure. The point is worth following in some detail.

In this portion of Pilgrimage, Miriam Henderson is moving into a new apartment. In the midst of this action the reader and Miriam come upon a book. Miriam makes constant allusions to this book, which has come to make a profound impression upon her thought; yet she never names it.

Her forgotten book was lying on the table.
The book that had suddenly become the centre of her life. . . . She took it in her hands, felt it draw her again with its unique power.51

The movers arrive to take her things to the new apartment, but she is still absorbed by the book.

The men could, must, manage without supervision.
For the second time, during which they stood listening as though she had not spoken before, she pointed out the things which were to be taken, and sat down with the book.52

She surveys the volume and its letters of gold on a red cover, and remembers how she found it in the subscription
library among rows of well-known names of books and writers.

And then this book, for all the neutrality of its title and of the author's name; drawing her hands, bringing, as she took it from the shelf and carried it, unexamined, away down the street, the stillness of contentment. She could, so long as the men remained, get no further. Within the neat red binding lay the altogether new happiness.

There follow more details of the moving and then a return to the volume:

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.

The title is never given but the astute observer soon realizes what Miriam has been reading. For:

Reading a paragraph here and there, looking out once more for the 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'...

We realize it is Waymarsh and Strether in the hotel at Chester. Miriam has been excited about reading The
Ambassadors, by Henry James. The description of James by Miriam should be duly noted in contrast to Dorothy Richardson's portrayal of him as a "charming high priest of nearly all the orthodoxies" in the Foreword to Pilgrimage:

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. The deep attention demanded by this new way of statement was in itself a self-indulgence. ... 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.56

The statement in the Foreword about the "charming high priest" is contradicted by the characterization of James as the author of "the first completely satisfying way of writing a novel" who had found "this new way of statement." What Dorothy Richardson had discovered -- as Leon Edel has since pointed out -- was what James called the point of view: a method of revelation of the story in which the situation and characters are illuminated through one or several minds.57 The significance of this is obvious in the face of Pilgrimage where everything is seen through the heroine's eyes.

But there is more. In the passage quoted above concerning masculine novelists Miriam Henderson and Dorothy Richardson intimate that what these men left out were whole areas of feeling. In the last passage quoted Miriam
questions if The Ambassadors were really a "novel." That is, Miriam had never seen a book like this and what was especially important was the psychological viewpoint.

In "Honeycomb," the third chapter of Pilgrimage, Miriam makes the discovery that she reads books for a different reason than most people. It is not the plot that interests her nor, more particularly, the characters but the psychology of the author.

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 sort of a trick, a sell... Then you read books to find the author! That was it. That was the difference... that was how one was different from most people... 

She later goes on to say: "I don't read books for the story, but as a psychological study of the author." Books come to mean to her "not the people in the books, but knowing, absolutely, everything about the author... In life everything was so scrappy and mixed up. In a book the author was there in every word." She embroiders this. "If only she could make Eve see what a book was... a dance, the author, a song, a prayer, an important sermon, a message. Books were not stories printed on paper, they were people; the real people...

Books take on a deeper significance if the reader
realizes that he is making direct contact with the author's consciousness. He is communicating with the very essence of another human being, and in a way that was impossible in any other form: for "the author was there in every word." But if in "Dawn's Left Hand" novels are a thing of character and not plot to Miriam Henderson, then the psychology of the author as a behind-the-scenes-character can be considered the next step in "Honeycomb" if we put the two statements next to each other.

What would interest Miriam more would be a book which would not tell a story so much as show men and women as they really are most of the time when they are not facing a crisis. The books Miriam had read so far did not do this. In "Revolving Lights," the seventh chapter of Pilgrimage, she considers the matter.

But in all the books about these people, even in novelettes, they even described it, sometimes so gloriously that it became more than people; making humanity look like ants, crowding and perishing on a vast scene. Generally the surroundings were described separately, the background on which presently the characters began to fuss. But they were never sufficiently shown as they were to the people when there was no fussing; what the floods of sunshine and beauty indoors and out meant to these people as single individuals, whether they were aware of it or not. The 'fine' characters in the books, acting on principle, having thoughts, and sometimes, the less likeable of them, even ideas, were not shown as being made strong partly by endless floods of sunshine and beauty. The feeble characters were too much condemned for clutching, to keep, at any price, within the charmed circle.59
A point of view; emphasis on character; a study of the mind of a character -- or better -- of the mind of the author; in the midst of everyday life showing whole areas of feeling never described before; these would be in the perfect novel for Miriam. One step further would make it all complete. In "Dawn's Left Hand" Hypo Wilson tells Miriam: "Women ought to be good novelists. But they write best about their own experiences. Love-affairs and so forth. They lack creative imagination." Miriam counters: "Ah, imagination. Lies." Creative imagination to Miriam would be reconstructing the consciousness of an author with all the elements cited above. And apparently this is also true for Dorothy Richardson.

In an article entitled "Novels" in Life and Letters published in 1948 Dorothy Richardson confirms in her own person all of Miriam Henderson's beliefs.

And is not every novel a conducted tour? First and foremost 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. He may face his audience after the manner of a lecturer, tell his tale, interpolate the requisite information, descriptions, explanations; or, walking at his side, letting the tale tell itself, come forward now and again to make a comment or drive home a point; or, remaining out of sight and hearing may, so to speak, project his material upon a screen. In either case he will reveal whether directly or by implication, his tastes, his prejudices, and his philosophy. And thus it is, the revealed personality of the writer that ultimately attracts or repels.61

Miss Richardson's own method is best described by her in
the phrase "remaining out of sight and hearing . . . project his material upon a screen." But further on she begins to recount once more in her own person what Miriam Henderson had previously said. Dorothy Richardson, too, embroiders this.

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. . . . Today there are novels wherein the interest of any single part is no longer dependent for the reader upon exact knowledge of what has gone before or upon a frothy excitement . . . as to what next will happen. Such novels may be entered at any point, read backwards, or from the centre to either extremity and will yet reveal, like a mosaic, the interdependence of the several parts, each one bearing the stamp of the author's consciousness. . . . And every . . . novel remains a tour guide and tourist, whether congenial or at variance, engaged in a collaboration whose outcome is immeasurable.

Miss Richardson's ideas about reading a novel would coincide with those of Leon Edel's women literary artists who read Pilgrimage as one full of "intensities"; to be entered at any point in the book. Moreover, Miss Richardson condones the idea which she followed in writing Pilgrimage. She as author agrees wholeheartedly with Miriam Henderson as heroine in both the method of writing a novel and why and how one should be read. This then should suggest to the reader, if it has not done so before, what Miss Richardson's own technique was in creating Pilgrimage.
In the last citation there is an emphasis on reading for the author's consciousness. In 1933 in an article in *Authors Today and Yesterday* Miss Richardson seems to have anticipated this remark and expanded it more fully.

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, throughout life.

Literature is a product of this stable human consciousness, enriched by experience and capable of deliberate, concentrated contemplation. Is not this consciousness the sole link between the 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, only in the attitude towards reality, inevitably revealed: subtly by his accent, obviously by his use of adjective, epithet, and metaphor. But whatever be that 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 consciousness.

This, then, was the beginning. Dorothy Richardson reading James came upon the point of view, found out why she read
books, and decided to make one herself. But it is far more complex than that, as one can see; and even reduced to the most simple terms there remains to be shown how the first stream-of-consciousness novel was made. For if women write best about themselves as Nyo Wilson suggests, and Dorothy Richardson and Miriam Henderson agree on the foundations of this "new" novel, the next step is to see how Dorothy Richardson's and Miriam Henderson's character and consciousness became fused as one and to what degree.
CHAPTER II
THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE NOVELIST
AND HER CHARACTERS

In the Winter Issue of the Yale Review for 1922, J. Middleton Murry wrote,

In the years 1913 and 1914 three significant books calling themselves novels, made an unobtrusive appearance. In France Marcel Proust published Du côté de chez Swann, (recently translated into English as Swann's Way); in America the Irishman, James Joyce, published A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man; in England Dorothy Richardson published Pointed Roofs. These books had points of outward resemblance. Each was in itself incomplete, a foretaste of sequels to come. Each was autobiographical, and within the necessary limits of individuality, autobiographical in the same new and peculiar fashion. They were attempts to record immediately the growth of a consciousness. Immediately; without any effort at mediation by means of an interposed plot or story. All three authors were trying to present the content of their consciousness as it was before it had been reshaped in obedience to the demands of practical life; they were exploring the strange limbo where experiences once conscious fade into the unconscious.

For a time after Murry's article had been published Joyce's book was looked upon as a prelude to Ulysses and as such highly autobiographical. Edmund Wilson secured this argument when he pointed out certain resemblances between Joyce's artist-hero, Stephen Daedalus and Joyce himself. However, in the last few years commentators have shown that Joyce may have used himself as the basis for
the Daedalus figure but that he sometimes expanded certain personal characteristics or diminished them beyond the point of obvious recognition; thus in effect creating an almost totally fictive protagonist in the character of Daedalus. Proust always refuted the idea that his book was autobiographical. Though commentators have shown that there are autobiographical tendencies in *Remembrance of Times Past*, they have recognized the fact that Proust often changed his real-life figures (sometimes even changing their sex) into fictional characters. But what about Dorothy Richardson's *Pilgrimage*? Critics, from the beginning and up until recent years, have hinted that *Pilgrimage* must be autobiographical because it is written about a woman by a woman. Yet as late as the publication of Leon Edel's *The Psychological Novel* there is no more than suggestion. Mr. Edel takes it upon himself to defend Joyce's and Proust's creations as imaginative works because of their autobiographical backgrounds; but he does no more than suggest that if Miss Richardson's book turns out to be autobiographical the argument he is using for Joyce and Proust would defend her also.² This chapter will try to show in what ways Miss Richardson uses autobiography in *Pilgrimage* as the next step in her creation of the first stream-of-consciousness novel.

The collected volumes of Dorothy Richardson's work, like the principal work of Proust, consists of one long
novel divided into twelve separately published installments with the general title *Pilgrimage*. Like *Remembrances of Times Past*, it is concerned with the spiritual or mental adventures of one character, observed, however, directly and, not in retrospect, as with Proust. But there, on the whole, the resemblance to Proust's work ceases. Miss Richardson had fully developed her manner, completed, and published the first volume of her novel by approximately the time the first volume of Proust's work had appeared. The first chapters, at least, show no influence or even knowledge of the novels of either Proust or Joyce.

The principal character of *Pilgrimage* is a young woman, Miriam Henderson. It is her mental reactions to various stimuli upon which our attention is focussed. Miriam is presented to us objectively in the sense that the author gives us her thoughts directly and without comment. All the other characters and the events of the story are given us subjectively. There is no straight narrative in which the author tells us about events and people (in such places in the novel where it might be argued that an omniscient author can be seen the detail is very limited in quantity). All we can know about Miriam's environment must be inferred from what she thinks about it. And all of Miriam's thoughts are not given to us. Her thoughts are recorded as our own might be, without explanation. When for instance, we think of Bob or Max, we think of them as Bob or Max, and not as
Bob, the Australian, the stoop-shouldered, middle-aged man who lives at the West End of London, who likes china, who is often bored at his club, who is a moderate drinker, etc., etc. These are details which would be of great assistance in clarifying our thoughts for anyone who might see them directly recorded, but which, if our thoughts were directly recorded, would not be found there.

So with Miriam Henderson. As Harvey Eagleson has pointed out, Miriam may meet a person or think of a person once which we the readers may never see or hear of again. For example, on the second page of the first chapter of *Pilgrimage* ("Pointed Roofs") is this: "There was nothing to look forward to now but governessing and old age. Perhaps Miss Gilkes was right . . . Get rid of men and muddles and have things just ordinary and be happy." She then adds: "You can be perfectly happy without anyone to think about. . . . 'Wearing that large cameo brooch — long, white, flat-fingered hands and that quiet little laugh. . . .' The piano-organ had reached its last tune." There we are. The passage in itself is self-explanatory but who was Miss Gilkes: a friend, a teacher, a governess? We may suppose she is a teacher, for Miriam had just been thinking about school, but we never know. That is all there is of Miss Gilkes. We have not heard of her before; we never hear of her again. Miriam Henderson may have thought of her again; she probably did, but Miss Richardson
has not chosen to give us those thoughts.

Fundamental as this method is to the realism of the stream-of-consciousness novel, it cannot help resulting in a certain amount of obscurity for the reader. This difficulty is immediately apparent when one attempts to summarize what little plot the twelve chapters of *Pilgrimage* contain. If plot is defined as external action, the novel has almost none. One finds himself unconsciously saying "apparently Miriam did this or that," because as all the events of the story must reach the reader second hand through the thoughts of Miriam and therefore can only be inferred, the reader must do considerable guessing and consequently cannot speak with assurance. This is particularly true on first reading; one concentrates on what Miriam thinks and feels about what she does or does not do rather than on her mere act of doing: but most readers can only see the wholeness of the novel when the many disparate facts have been gathered.

This is why Joseph Frank can say that stream-of-consciousness novels are "re-read" not just read. In rereading one has a heightened awareness of what was at first not so much a reading of the book as an exploration of its content. Such a lack of concern for externals can be seen in the summary of the plot which follows (dates of publication follow the individual "chapter" headings):
"Pointed Roofs" (1915)

Harriett, Miriam, Eve, and Sarah Henderson are four sisters belonging to an English family of the upper middle class. They live with their father and mother in a pleasant suburban home. At the time the story opens the Henderson household is faced with a crisis. Mr. Henderson has lived all his life on an inherited income. He has been chiefly concerned with being a gentleman and has paid little attention to where his income came from. Suddenly, for reasons which are not made clear, he finds himself practically without any money at all. The girls find some way of taking care of themselves. Harriett is about to become engaged to Gerald, who seems to have a comfortable income. Miriam and Eve decide to become governesses. Sarah is to remain at home with her parents. Miriam, seventeen years old, goes to Germany to teach English in Fräulein Pfaff's private school for girls in Hanover. She has the double purpose of supporting herself on the small salary which she earns and of learning German the better to equip herself for returning to England as teacher. She struggles at first with loneliness and nostalgia, but soon finds herself interested in the girls, her teaching, and above all music, which is given a new meaning to her by the Germans. Unconsciously she attracts slightly Fräulein Pfaff's lifelong friend, Pastor Lahmann, and at the end of the school year the Fraulein, jealous, dismisses her.
"Backwater" (1916)

Miriam returns to England and obtains a position as resident teacher at Wordsworth House, the Misses Perne's school in London. The year she spends there is uneventful. She forms a friendship with two of the girls, Grace and Florrie Broom, which is to continue throughout Pilgrimage. She discovers the novels of Ouida and reads them voraciously. She loses "Ted" because she is attracted to "Max," who goes to New York and dies there. Her work greatly pleases the Misses Perne, who urge her to stay on with them, but at the end of the year, dissatisfied for no very clear reason (a suggestion of ennui and the feeling that Miriam cannot really communicate with students who do not want to learn is put forth), she leaves Wordsworth House.

"Honeycomb" (1917)

Miriam takes a position as a governess with the Corries, who have an elaborate place in the country. Here, for the first time, she finds herself surrounded by luxury and introduced to fashionable society. The Corries, Mr. Corrie in particular, make a friend of her. She goes home to Harriett's wedding to Gerald. She is forced to give up her position with Corries and take her mother, who is dying from cancer, to Brighton.

"The Tunnel" (1919)

After the death of her mother, Miriam decides to give
up teaching. Harriett is happily married; Eve has for some time been governess for a wealthy family, the Greens, in Wales. (What becomes of Mr. Henderson is never made clear.) Sarah also had married. Miriam feels that she is now free to live her life as she wants. She finds herself a position as secretary and assistant to a group of dentists, the Orlys, father and son, and Dr. Hancock, who have a clinic in a house on Wimpole Street. She takes an attic room in the boarding house of Mrs. Bailey on Tansley Street. In this position and at the boarding house of Mrs. Bailey she is to remain for several years. The Orlys are kind to her, treat her as one of the family; Mr. Hancock takes her out to lectures and theatres, and through him she meets a crowd of London's minor intellectuals. She forms a friendship with two bachelor girls, Jan and Mag. She renew a friendship with an old school friend, Alma who is now the wife of a rising literary man, "Hypo" Wilson. The Wilsons have a charming house in the country by the sea, and Miriam goes to them for weekends. She also, for a time, finds herself burdened with a former friend of Eve's, an impecunious and tubercular nurse, Eleanor Dear. Eleanor Dear is one of those people who take from everyone but never give. She fancies every man in love with her. Called to attend Miss Dear (as a charity patient) is a young Doctor Desnley, who is to become a life long friend of Miriam. Miss Dear, after futilely trying to get a young rector to marry her, disappears from the novel for a time.
"Interim" (1919)

Nothing in the nature of plot can said to occur in this chapter. It is, as the title suggests, an interim. The chapter is largely devoted to Miriam's reactions to the boarders at Mrs. Bailey's. Eve decides to leave the Greens and have a florist's shop in London, but after a try at it she returns to Wales.

"Deadlock" (1921)

A young Russian Jew, Michael Shatov, comes to live at Mrs. Bailey's. He falls in love with Miriam. He interests her in Russian literature, in socialism, in writing. She makes some translations of Andreyeff. She becomes engaged to Shatov but cannot decide to marry him because he is a Jew. In this chapter we discover suddenly and without explanation that Harriett and her husband have lost their money and are keeping a rooming house in the suburbs. Eve has again left the Greens and is keeping a shop of her own near Gerald and Harriett.

"Revolving Lights" (1923)

Miriam spends much of her spare time with a group of socialists calling themselves Lycurgans. Although she remains friends with Shatov, she has broken off her engagement to him because he became the lover of Eleanor Dear. (This important event, like the death of Mrs. Henderson, occurs between novels.) Miriam's visits to the
Wilson's have continued, and at the close of this book we realize that Miriam is in love with "Hypo" Wilson.

"The Trap" (1925)

The elder Mr. Orly retires from business, and Mr. Hancock, now married, sets up an office of his own. Miriam remains his secretary. Although she is still poor, her financial condition seems somewhat improved. Her salary has been increased and, under the stimulus of "Hypo" Wilson, she has begun to write literary reviews, thus adding to her income. She leaves Mrs. Bailey's and takes a two-room flat in Flaxman Court with a middle-aged social worker, Selina Holland. She joins a women's club where she entertains friends at tea and dinner. She sees a great deal of Dr. Densley. She quarrels with Miss Holland and returns to Mrs. Bailey.

"Oberland" (1927)

Feeling nervous and tired from overwork and from the emotions of her growing affair with Wilson, Miriam, urged on by Dr. Densley, takes a two weeks vacation in Switzerland. Here she has a spiritual awakening which is to bring her the "freedom" she has sought all her life and never found. "And then, with the suddeness of a rapid river, her coming freedom flowed in upon her, carrying her outside this pleasant enclosure towards all that could be felt to the full only in the solitude amongst things.
whose being was complete, towards that reality of life that withdrew at the sounding of a human voice."

"Dawn's Left Hand" (1931)

She returns to London. Dr. Densley asks her to marry him. She refuses him and becomes Wilson's mistress.

"Clear Horizon" (1935)

Amabel becomes an ardent Lycurgan. With Amabel Miriam attends a meeting of this socialistic group. Knowing that she will be arrested if she participates, Amabel still takes part in a socialist "militant" demonstration. She spends the night in jail. Amabel meets Michael Shatov and falls in love with him. Miriam continues with her book reviewing and prepares in her own mind how a book, particularly a novel, should be written. Miriam decides to become separated from "Hypo" Wilson as her lover, because she disagrees with his philosophy and he will not change it. Sarah, her sister, becomes very ill; has an operation; and begins to recover.

"Dimple Hill" (1938)

Miriam goes to visit the home of some Quakers, the Roscorlas. While there she becomes enamored of their son, Richard. She trims berry stems and collects berries on the Roscorla farm with Richard. She visits a Quaker meeting and becomes deeply interested in Quakerism. Miriam returns to London where Amabel has just married Michael.
Shatov. Miriam decides to go to Oberland above Lake Geneva to rest and think.

This concludes the summary of the twelve-chapter collected edition of Pilgrimage. In 1946 Dorothy Richardson published "Work in Progress" in three sections in Life and Letters To-day magazine, which is a continuation of Pilgrimage. It too is incomplete in that there are no definite conclusions drawn at the end. A summary of the three sections is as follows:

Miriam writes a letter to "Dick." Here she tells him of her activities every day. Miriam "writes" every morning and then Miss Hancock comes into Les Lauriers, the garden of the villa, and reads to her while Miriam sews. At present she is reading Mrs. Ward's Halbeek of Bannisdale. Then Miriam recalls a "great tea-party" at Miss Lonsdale's for the Bishop during the winter of 1908-09. It was during this time that Miriam met "Jean." Miss Jean Sclater is described as not being a "college-trained, Eucken-reading, Kierkegaard-reading young missionary-in-the-making." However, both Miriam and Jean are deeply interested in Quakerism. Miriam goes to visit Sally and Bennet, who now have a son, William. Having planned to visit the newly-married couple, the Shatovs, who had recently moved into a new home, Miriam goes to see Michael and Amabel before going back to London. The Shatovs are worried that Miriam's deep interest in Quakerism might lead her to become a missionary.
Dorothy Richardson was -- as Edward Wagenknecht calls her -- one of the worst self-advertisers on record. For many years the only biographical information she gave out was limited to the fact that she was born in Berkshire, but she would not state the date of her birth. Her formal education ended at seventeen. She had been a teacher and a clerk and had made translations and written criticism. In private life she was Mrs. Alan Odle, wife of the artist.

From even such a cursory examination of the life of Dorothy Richardson, E. M. Maisel noticed parallels between her and the life of her heroine, Miriam Henderson. Maisel noted:

'Dorothy Richardson' and 'Miriam Henderson' are names of six syllables, ending phonetically alike, with the accent on the first and third syllables in each. Both Miriam and her author are haunted by childhood memories of the garden. They are both compelled to seek their livelihood in early years, and both teach abroad, at home, in school and family; they both take clerical work in London. They both review for literary periodicals. And there are other points of isomorphism in their vegetarian and anti-vivisectionist predilections, their interest in Jewish problems, their concern with the art of translation, and their connection with Quakers. To read an interview of Miss Richardson's is to understand at once the complaints of those who criticize Miriam's dialogue as improbably strange and the eulogies of those who praise it as scrupulously faithful to life. It is simply the way Miss Richardson talks. Finally, the relationship between Miriam Henderson and Dorothy M. Richardson is apparent in the identity of their central experience of life. They are both mystic.

Though some of Maisel's points seem tenuous, no one could
deny some of his basic suggestions, such as the clerking, translating and book-reviewing. Yet other novelists have used autobiographical material as a foundation on which to raise fictional structures. Thackeray makes references to India; Dickens to London; Conrad of the sea. None of the three could be accused of writing strict autobiography. Commentators have shown that each of the three has distorted certain actual incidents for the needs of making cohesive fiction. This could be the case with Dorothy Richardson, even if in 1942 a description of her in *Twentieth Century Authors* noted that "she is short and stocky, with abundant graying hair, near-sighted blue eyes, and a wide mouth full of quiet humor and sweetness," which would be a near-perfect description of Miriam Henderson in her late middle years. In "Pointed Roofs," in answer to a question of Pastor Lahmann Miriam Henderson states:

"I have a severe myopic astigmatism."

Some conversation passes between the two in the same passage and then Pastor Lahmann says to Miriam:

"And sensitive to light, too. You are vairy, vairy blonde, even more blonde than you are now, as a child, mademoiselle." Miss Richardson did not distort the facts. In an article called "Data For Spanish Publisher," edited by Joseph Prescott and published in *The London Magazine* in June, 1959 an autobiographical sketch of Dorothy Richardson was
presented. The essay had been written by Miss Richardson at an earlier date (1943) and sent to Prescott on January 3, 1951 to provide biographical information for an article on Dorothy Richardson which Prescott was preparing for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. In an accompanying letter Miss Richardson wrote, in part:

Always so far, save on one occasion, I have refused data. I gave in on behalf of the publisher of a translation who was, I felt, both plucky and ill-used. The translation, speculatively made, had been banned on account of the 'social subversiveness and atheism' of the first volume, probably the only one the Spanish censor had troubled to read. On the intervention of the British Council, the ban was lifted and I could hardly refuse the help appealed for by the enterprising publisher.

*Pilgrimage* was never published in a foreign language, but the data of Miss Richardson's life read like a synopsis of *Pilgrimage* told through the eyes of Miriam Henderson. Citing such a long passage as the one that follows may be highly unusual but the quoted matter is of great importance to the central position of this argument (I document Miss Richardson's statements about herself with their exact parallels in *Pilgrimage*: *Pilgrimage* = P; Autobiography = A):

A. My birth, towards the end of last century (in May 1873), bringing my parents their third daughter, was a disappointment to both of them, and my father, perhaps because I proved wilful, and sometimes quite unmanageable, early acquired the habit of calling me his son.

On the way to Germany Miriam Henderson thinks about her father and the rest of the family:
P. The snow man they both made in the winter —
the birth of Sarah, and then Eve ... his studies and book-buying — and after five years her
own disappointing birth as the third girl, and
the coming of Harriett just over a year later. ... 13

A. Finally there were four daughters spending their
very happy childhood in a spacious, large-gardened
house near one of the loveliest reaches of the
Thames and not far from the ancient university
town of Oxford, whence elderly sages, visiting
my father, would occasionally appear in our midst.
Inheriting the whole of my grandfather's consider¬
able business, my father had sold it and settled
down to a life of leisure as an amateur of most
of the arts and a deeply interested spectator of
the doings of science, never missing a gathering,
at home or abroad, of the British Association for
the Advancement of Science, of which he was a
member. 14

On the way to Germany Miriam Henderson thinks about her
father and recalls:

P. He used to come home from the City and the Consti¬
tutional Club and sometimes instead of reading
The Times or the Globe or the Proceedings of the
British Association or Herbert Spencer, play Pope
Joan or Jacoby with them all, or table billiards
and laugh and be 'silly' and take his turn at
being 'bumped' by Timmy going the round of the
long dining room table, tall in the air; he had
taken Sarah and Eve to see Don Giovanni and
Winter's Tale and the new piece, Lohengrin. No
one at the tennis-club had seen that. He had
good taste. No one else had been to Madame
Schumann's Farewell ... sitting at the piano
with her curtains of hair and her dreamy smile
... and the Philharmonic Concerts. No one
else knew about the lectures at the Royal Insti¬
tution, beginning at nine on Fridays. ... No
one else's father went with a party of scienti¬
fic men 'for the advancement of science' to
Norway or America, seeing the Falls and the
Yosemite Valley. No one else took his children
as far as Dawlish for the holidays, travelling
all day, from eight until seven ... no espla¬
nade, the old stone jetty and coves and cowrie
shells. ... 15
A. Although his epicureanism, since his forbears for generations had been stern Puritans, was both fastidious and firmly disciplined, the spectacle of his existence nevertheless defined life to my dawning intelligence as perpetual leisure spent in enchanting appreciations.  

In Holland Miriam's father has a conversation with a Dutchman. While this is happening Miriam thinks about her father:

P. There could be no doubt that he was playing the role of the English gentleman. Poor dear. It was what he had always wanted to be. He had sacrificed everything to the idea of being a 'person of leisure and cultivation.'

A. My mother's life, too, was leisurely. Her ample staff of devoted oldfashioned servants loved and never left her unless it were to depart into marriage. She came of a long line of west-country yeoman landholders and although for the greater part of her life a semi-invalid it was she, our saint, who tried to make me see life as jollity, and, unconsciously, fostered my deep-rooted suspicion of 'facts' and ordered knowledge.

P. Miriam thinks about her 'mother's illness' as she prepares to go to Germany.

A. 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 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. These objects were chiefly the garden, as known to me when one was about, the woods, the sky, and sunlight.

At one time Miriam thinks:
P. She remembers that she had dreamed her favorite dream — floating through clouds and above tree-tops, and villages. She had almost brushed the tree-tops, that had been the happiest moment, and had caught sight of a circular seat round the trunk of a large old tree, and a group of white cottages.

A. 'Education,' therefore, came to me at first in the guise of a destroyer whom secretly I defied. At the age of five I attended for a year a small private school and willingly learned to read, fascinated by the variety of combinations of letters and fired by the challenging irregularities of our unphonetic English spelling. All else went in at one ear and out at the other. When I was six, things began to move and I recall, as if it were yesterday, the day when my life seemed to come to an end. We left our home. For two years, on account of my mother's health, we lived on the south coast in a hired house with alien furniture. The local school made no impression beyond increasing my ability to read and write. But the sea was there, though only the channel sea in place of the boundless Atlantic of our summer holidays. It was there, day and night.

Miriam recalls

P. her mother's illness, money troubles — their two years at the sea to retrieve ... the disappearance of the sunlit red-walled garden always in full summer sunshine with sound of bees in it, or dark from windows ... the narrowing of the house-life down to the Marine Villa — with the sea creeping in — wading out through the green shallows, out and out till you were more than waist deep — shrimping and prawning hour after hour for weeks together ... poking in the rock pools, watching the sun and colours in the strange afternoons ... 

A. From this unhomely home where, on an unforgettable night, I woke from a dream sobbing with the realization that one day my parents would die, and feeling suddenly very old, we moved to the edge of one of the most charming of London's south-western suburbs, to a home that became for me, from the moment we turned in, from a wide roadway line with pollarded limes
and drove up the approach between may-trees in bloom and swept round past a lawn surrounded by every kind of flowering shrub, to pull up in front of the deep porch of a friendly-faced, many-windowed house, a continuous enchantment; save when, by some apparently unprovoked outburst of wrath and resentment, I had scared and alienated all my family.²³

In "Backwater" Miriam recalls the same dream.

P. . . . two forgotten incidents flowed past in quick succession; one of waking up on her seventh birthday in the seaside villa alone in a small dark room and suddenly saying to herself that one day her father and mother would die and she would still be there and, after a curious moment when the darkness seemed to move against her, feeling very old and crying bitterly; and another of standing in the bow of the dining-room at Barnes looking at the raindrops falling from the leaves through the sunshine. . . .²⁴

The first page of "Pointed Roofs" contains the description of the suburban home.

P. The top landing was quite dark and silent . . . [Miriam] moved to the nearest window. The outline of the round bed and the shapes of the may-trees on either side of the bend of the drive were just visible. . . . The sense of all she was leaving stirred uncontrollably as she stood looking down into the well-known garden. . . . Out in the road beyond the invisible lime-trees came the rumble of wheels. . . .[my ellipses]²⁵

A. Until my eighteenth year, apart from intermittent distresses, over my mother's fluctuating health, and early secret worries produced by the problem of free-will and the apparent irrationality of the Christian faith, life was very good and the future lay ahead bathed in gold.²⁶

Miss Perne asks Miriam if she believes in God. Miriam answers:

P. '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 to 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.27

At the time this was spoken, Miriam had just turned eighteen.

A. Music returned which from our seaside house had been almost absent. To the classics of my childhood were added the alien wonders of Wagner and Chopin, who alone among the moderns were fully welcomed by my father. The scores of Gilbert and Sullivan and other musical comedies, eagerly purchased by my elder sisters after visits to the theatre, also dance music and popular songs, were relegated to the schoolroom piano, though the usual sentimental ballads, and light instrumental music, were welcomed at the 'music evenings' sandwiched between select gatherings of adepts for classical chamber music.28

P. At the musical evenings, organized by Eve as a winter set-off to the tennis club, Miriam had both played and sung, hoping each time afresh to be able to reproduce the effects which came so easily when she was alone or only with Eve.29

A. My sisters were growing up and croquet on the front lawn was abandoned for very strict tennis on the sunk lawn in the back garden. Boating began, on the river near by.30

A description of the boating is given in "Blackwater."

P. The boat glided deliciously away upstream as Miriam, relinquishing her vision of Harriett sitting very upright in the stern in her white drill dress, and Gerald's lawn shirted back and long lean arms grasping the sculls, lay back on the bow cushions with her feet comfortably outstretched under the unoccupied seat in front of her.31

A. Skating in the winter and, all the year round, dances increasingly took the place of musical
evenings. All this was to go on for ever. For just one year after our arrival, life was dimmed each day by the presence of a governess, a worthy being who, if she could, would have formed us to the almost outmoded pattern of female education: the minimum of knowledge and a smattering of various 'accomplishments.' For me, apart from music-lessons and learning to join, without decorating them with rows of blood-dots, fascinatingly various scraps of material, she was torment unmitigated and even her attempts at bribery by gifts of chocolate mice, could not prevent my sliding, whenever opportunity offered, under the table.

But school, when it came, was revelation. The Head, a disciple of Ruskin, fostered our sense of fair play, encouraged us to take broad views, hear all sides and think for ourselves. She remembered even old Stroodie — the least attached member of the staff — asking her suddenly, once in the middle of a music lesson, what she was going to do with her life and a day when the artistic vice-principal — who was a connection by marriage of Holman Hunt's and had met Ruskin, Miriam knew, several times — had gone from girl to girl round the collected fifth and sixth forms asking them each what they would best like to do in life.

A. We learned all about our country's internal struggle against every sort of absolutism. Some of us felt ourselves hoary sages with a definite mission in life. Then there was literature, and again the sense of coming into a goodly heritage. Our aged literature master had been in his youth a friend of Robert Browning and while inevitably he made us Browningites, he gave us through this one doorway the key to much else.

P. She recalled the men she remembered teaching week by week through all all the years she had known them ... the little bolster-like literature master, an albino, a friend of Browning, reading, reading to them as if it were worth while, as if they were equals. . . .

A. In contrast to our Shakespearian teacher who insisted on our imbibing, with every few lines of a play, so many learned annotations that the
very name of our great poet became a burden. Even so, there was still the fascination of words, of their roots, their growth and transformation, and the strange drama of the pouring in from every quarter of the globe of alien words assimilated and modified to the rhythm of our own speech, enriching its poetry and making its spelling and its pronunciation the joy of those who love it and the despair of all others. French, some of us painlessly acquired through sheer adoration of the white-haired old man, a scholar, who discoursed at large, gently told us tales, read to us, or dictated, French prose, taking for granted that we had learned, each week, the allotted page of rules.

P. Monsieur — old white-haired Monsieur, dearest of all, she could hear his gentle voice pleading with them on behalf of his treasures... the drilling-master with his keen, friendly blue eye... her dear Monsieur with his classic French prose... Monsieur, spoiling them, sharpening their pencils, letting them cheat over their pages of rules, knowing quite well that each learned only one and directing his questioning accordingly, Monsieur dreaming over the things he read to them, repeating passages, wandering from his subject, making allusions here and there...[my ellipses].

A. To my inability to endure the teaching of geography unrelated to anything else on earth, I owed my removal, at the request of my parents to whom in my misery I had frantically appealed, from any geography lessons whatsoever and was placed, in compensation, in a class for the study of logic and psychology, newly introduced into the sixth form curriculum. Twice a week, among these stately elders, I delightedly acquired the rules of formal logic, joyously chanted the mnemonic lines representing the syllogism and felt, with the growth of power to detect faulty reasoning, something akin to the emotion later accompanying my acquisition of a latch-key. Psychology, however, with its confidence and its amazing claims, aroused, from the first, uneasy scepticism.

P. ... a young woman who had taught them logic and the beginning of psychology... Miss Donne, her skimpy skirt powdered with chalk,
explaining a syllogism from the blackboard, turning quietly to them, her face all aglow, her chalky hands gently pressed together, 'Do you see? Does any one see?'

A. In due course I found myself in the sixth form and head of the school.

P. Miriam, proud of sixth-form history essays and the full marks she had generally claimed for them, had no memory for facts and dates.

A. Almost unawares, for life was opening out and school had many rivals. Yet leaving school, in spite of all that seemed to lie ahead, was tragedy. Once more, it seemed, the end of life. But worse was to follow. My father, through disastrous speculation, lost the greater part of his resources. We were poor. The future offered no hope of redemption. Some of the servants were dismissed, their places being taken by my sisters, engaged to be married and willing, therefore, to explore the unknown mysteries of domesticity. It dawned upon me that I must make my own living. Since in those days teaching was the only profession open to penniless gentlewomen, I accepted, because I liked the idea of going abroad, the first post offered by the London agency I secretly visited; that of English teacher in a school in Germany.

P. Miriam thought of her lonely pilgrimage to the West End agency, of her humiliating interview, of her heart-sinking acceptance of the post, the excitements and misgivings she had had, of her sudden challenge of them all that evening after dinner, and their dismay and remonstrance and reproaches — of her fear and determination in insisting and carrying her point and making them begin to be interested in her plan.

A. In vain my horrified family fought against this outrageous enterprise and to Germany I went, returning at the end of six months convinced that many of the evils besetting the world originated in the enclosed particularist home and in the institutions preparing women for such homes.

P. The whole of "Pointed Roofs" is built around Miriam's trip to Germany and return back to England.
A. An impression strengthened by further teaching experience, in school and family respectively.

P. The central incidents in "Backwater" and "Honeycomb" are Miriam's teaching first in the Perne school and then in the home of the Corries.

A. My sisters meantime had married.

P. Miriam thought of Eve's many suitors, of her six months betrothal, of her lifelong peach-making, her experiment in being governess to the children of an artist.

A. We had lost my mother and our home was finally broken up. Thrown on my own resources, longing to escape from the world of women, I gladly accepted a post with connections of my family, a secretarial job, daily, offering me the freedom I so desired. Transferring myself to a Bloomsbury attic, I existed for years on the salary of one pound a week, usual in those days for women clerks, scarcely aware of my poverty and never giving a thought to all I had left behind.

P. These are several of the main incidents in "The Tunnel."

A. In its place stood London and what London can mean as a companion, I have tried to set down in Pilgrimage.

P. The West End street . . . grey buildings rising on either side, angles sharp against the sky. . . . Wide golden streaming Regent Street was quite near. . . . Life streamed up from the close dense stone. With every footstep she felt she could fly. . . . The pavement of heaven. . . . To walk along the radiant pavement of sunlit Regent Street, for ever. . . . [my ellipses].

A. There were of course summer holidays, spent with friends at home and abroad, and week-ends with relatives and friends with whom I shared old associations.

P. Miriam's vacations with the Wilsons is a key incident in "The Tunnel."
A. Delightful restorative times of ease and orderly living. Also as much as I liked of various and interesting social life in company with the friendly household of my employers. But from all these excursions I returned to my solitude with a sense of escaping from a charming imprisonment.

P. The social life at Mrs. Bailey's is the central incident in "Interim."

A. During these London years I explored the world lying outside the enclosures of social life, and found it to be a kind of archipelago. Making contact with various islands, with writers, with all the religious (from Roman Catholic to Unitarian and Quaker), with the political groups (from the conservative Primrose League through the medium of books and lectures, with the worlds of Science and Philosophy, I found all these islands to be the habitations of fascinating secret societies, to each of which in turn I wished to belong and yet was held back, returning to solitude and to nowhere, where alone I could be everywhere at once, hearing all the voices in chorus. The clear rather dictatorial voice of Science—still-in-its-heydey, still far from confessing its inability to plumb, unaided, the nature of reality. Then the philosophers whom, reading, I found more deeply exciting than the novelists. And the politicians, roaring irreconcilably one against the other, unanimous only in their determination to exclude, by almost any means, the collaboration of women from the national housekeeping. The clerics, of all varieties, still for the most part identifying religion with morality and inevitably revealing, though with naive unconsciousness, in the definition of God presented to their congregations, the result of being enclosed academies of males. For their God demanded first and foremost docility, fear, blind obedience and a constant need of praise and adulation—all typically masculine demands. The mystics, so far, I had not encountered. Of art, apart from current academic work, I knew next to nothing.

P. The problems of religion and philosophy recur throughout Pilgrimage; they are particularly found in "Pointed
Roofs," "Backwater," "Honeycomb," "Deadlock," "Dimple Hill" and "Work In Progress." Socialism and suffragettism are central issues of "Clear Horizon"; Quakerism of "Dimple Hill." A. Experiments in being engaged to be married were not entirely satisfactory. To be in love was indeed fatally easy, and a condition I cannot recall escaping, save for brief intervals, from adolescence onwards. But to face up to marriage was another matter, and on more than one occasion I withdrew a provisional pledge. Sometimes the situation was reversed, my partner being the one to retreat.

P. Rachel Trickett counts seven unsuccessful love affairs of Miriam Henderson in the collected Pilgrimage. Adding "Work In Progress," there is hint of an eighth. A. Meanwhile I had begun to write. Translations and free-lance journalism had promised release from routine work that could not engage the essential forces of my being. The small writing-table in my attic became the centre of my life. In 1907 I escaped into the country. A series of sketches contributed to The Saturday Review moved a reviewer to urge me to try my hand at a novel. A suggestion that both shocked and puzzled me. 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 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 deploiring, his manipulations. This, when the drama was a conducted tour with author deliberately present telling his tale. Still more so when he imagined, as did Flaubert, that in confining himself to "Constancy" 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.63

P. The parallels between Miriam's and Miss Richardson's
ideas about the novel are drawn in Chapter One.64

A. The first chapter-volume of Pilgrimage, begun
in 1913, was finished just before the outbreak
of war. Various publishers refused it and it
finally appeared in the autumn of 1915. Mean¬
while I had met my husband, an artist, who in¬
troduced me to a new world, the missing link
between those already explored. In 1917 we
were married, risking the adventure in spite
of misgivings on both sides. These have been
falsified and we are still married.65

Much of this autobiographical sketch of Dorothy
Richardson, if it were told by Miriam Henderson, would
be concerned with the early chapters of Pilgrimage. But
by-and-large the information would lead us up to and around
"Clear Horizon" where Miriam becomes the mistress of Hypo
Wilson. This information was later filled in. In an
article entitled "A Last Meeting with Dorothy Richardson"
printed in The London Magazine (June, 1959) Vincent Brome
recorded a visit with Dorothy Richardson in her seventy¬
eighth year. Mr. Brome reported, in part (the conversa¬
tion is spoken between Miss Richardson and Mr. Brome):

We talked at length. She was still writing
part of yet another volume of Pilgrimage.
From a page a week she had fallen away to a
paragraph, and from a paragraph to a few sen¬
tences. She had always written slowly. Each
paragraph was, to her, a unique aesthetic prob¬
lem; but if she remained, in her seventy-third
year, in touch with the thought and literature
of many parts of Western Europe, there was no
questioning her failing powers.
Inevitably, on the first day, the talk came back to the H. G. Wells of her letters. From his philosophy and books we turned to his personality and from his personality to far more intimate matters. I had with me the Dent & Cresset edition of Pilgrimage and suddenly she took up one volume, turned the pages and found with an alacrity only its author could achieve, the passage she wanted. She read aloud in a resonant voice: 'He came round the corner of the terrace his arms threshing the air to the beat of his swift walk ... casting kind radiance as he came ... the luminous clouded grey ... eyes, the voice husky ... the strange repellent mouth below the scraggy moustache, kept from weakness only by the perpetually hovering, disclaiming, ironic smile ...' He brought 'a fascination that could not be defined; that drove its way through all the evidence against it. ... Married. Yet always seeming nearer and more sympathetic than other men. ...' She paused and turned to me: 'I remember him just like that,' she said. 'My novel was distinctly autobiographical. Hypo was Wells, Miriam in part myself and Alma, Mrs. Wells.'

The talk grew steadily more intimate. Presently she took another volume, turned the pages again and read in the same detached voice. 'She found his [Wells] arms about her in their turn and herself surprised and not able with sufficient swiftness to contract her expanded being that still seemed to encompass him, rocked unsatisfactorily to and fro while his voice, low and shy and with inappropriate uncourteous charm in it and ineffectual gestures of a child learning a game, echoed unsuitable words.'

She stopped again. 'I think that catches him as a lover,' she said, and at last her voice changed. A new warmth came into it. 'Never completely lost,' she said, 'marred in the end the selfconsciousness ... always leaving something unpossessed.' She turned back to the book and read on: 'from far away below the colloquy, from where still it sheltered in the void ... Miriam's spirit was making its own statement, profanely asserting the unattained being that was promising, however faintly, to be presently the suitor for this survival ...'
She stopped and was silent for perhaps half-a-minute. Then she said: 'He was rather ugly without his clothes.'

Miriam states the same thing more discreetly:

His body was not beautiful. She could find nothing to adore, no ground for response to his lightly spoken tribute. The manly structure, the smooth, satiny sheen in place of her own velvety glow was interesting as partner and foil, but not desirable. It had no power to stir her as often she had been stirred by the sudden sight of him walking down a garden or entering a room. With the essential clothes, something of his essential self seemed to have departed.

The reader might argue that this is just the wishful thinking of an old lady; Dorothy Richardson looking back on an uneventful life and wishing in retrospect that she were the mistress of a famous man, H. G. Wells. Richard Brome, however, does not think so. In his biography of Wells, Brome wrote:

It is clear now that in her series of novels Pilgrimage, there emerges a three-dimensional portrait of Wells which it would be difficult to match. It reveals the inner Wells as no letter, book or talk ever could, because it has the fusion of many years' friendship with the intuitive eye of the artist; it is Wells, stripped of his many masks, spiritually naked under the solvent of a woman with uncanny powers of penetration, aware of profound levels of consciousness, which he could reach but perhaps found too disturbing to hold. So much which fiction recreated the factual world would never dare, so many shifting thresholds forbidden to documented evidence lead into the secret places of personality. And if occasionally, the times and places are different and the incidents open to minor adjustment, the spirit, character and talk in these novels are brilliantly true to Wells' unseen life. Silently, with a dark rush of narrative, the other Wells materializes and it is a disturbing experience.
H. G. Wells himself acknowledged that he was portrayed in *Pilgrimage*. How much of him in actuality was portrayed fictionally he would not say. Yet in his *Experiment in Autobiography* (1934), he writes under the heading of *Heathlee, Worcester Park* (1896-97):

I think I have sufficiently conveyed now the flavour of my new way of life and I will not go with great particularity into the details of my history after we had moved to Worcester Park. . . . This Worcester Park house had two fairly big rooms downstairs, a visitor’s room and a reasonably large garden and we started a practice of keeping open house on Sunday afternoons which improved our knowledge of the many new friends we were making. Among others who stayed with us was Dorothy Richardson, a schoolmate of Jane’s. Dorothy has a very distinctive literary gift, acute intensity of expression and an astonishingly vivid memory; her *Pilgrimage* books are a very curious essay in autobiography; they still lack their due need of general appreciation; and in one of them, *The Tunnel*, she has described our Worcester Park life with astonishing accuracy. I figure as Hypo in that description and Jane is Alma!'

What the reader should notice is that: Dorothy Richardson is acknowledged as a friend by Wells; Well’s home, Worcester Park, is pictured in *Pilgrimage*; Miss Richardson’s memory is commended for its accuracy; *Pilgrimage* is recognized by Wells as autobiography; Wells recognizes a portrait of himself and his wife in *Pilgrimage*; and lastly, Wells and his wife figure in the novel as Hypo and Alma respectively. "The Tunnel" is the fourth volume in the series and was published in 1919. Wells wrote his autobiography in 1934 and the volume in which he is portrayed
fictionally as Miriam's lover was not published until 1935. As far as is known he never made a written comment as to whether or not the Hypo of "Clear Horizon" was still a portrait of him.

But for our purposes it does not really matter whether H. G. Wells can be completely identified as Hypo Wilson throughout Pilgrimage or not. A future biographer of Dorothy Richardson might be interested in such an identity.72 We are interested in how Miss Richardson seems to have taken the major events of her life before the novel was begun and used them as a foundation on which to study the thoughts and feelings she encountered in herself. Such a study would be an imaginative reconstruction; taking these events she could "look inside herself." If it were necessary to extend her position as friend into lover, it would be justifiable by part of her theory of what she wanted a novel to be: a psychological study of a human being when he is not at a moment of crisis; in the midst of every day life showing whole areas of feeling never described before.73 Miss Richardson once described how she wrote:

A phrase, a scene, a name, might be the symbol to concentrate her powers. From it related images multiplied, people began to talk and think aloud, a whole world came into focus, and with it, the exaltation of escaping from time. It was a heightened world: words were more potent, colours more vivid, wraiths invested with a different reality. There were many fusions, many imaginative triggers, but sometimes she stepped down effortlessly from
one world to another. She would feel herself surrendering to the consciousness of what seemed to be another person, to look out on that brilliant world, awaiting the final metampsychosis... until all signs of self-consciousness vanished and she was no longer herself; and then disconcertingly, it seemed to her that this other world had identities with a buried self dimly apprehended in states of reverie. Her plunge had become a plunge into her own unconscious. But once surrendered she could move freely in the mysterious pools of the feminine psyche and as she moved, write.74

It remains now to see how a psychological novel becomes a stream-of-consciousness novel. In the next chapter we shall study the techniques of presenting the stream-of-consciousness as Dorothy Richardson employed them.
CHAPTER III
THE TECHNIQUES OF STREAM-OF-CONSCIOUSNESS
EMPLOYED IN PILGRIMAGE

One of the chief characteristics of the twentieth century novel has been the writer's assumption of what Leon Edel calls the mind's-eye view. There has been an inward turning of the attention to examine not society and its varied external relationships to the individual but the human consciousness itself: that is, a rejection of externalized event in favor of a deliberate plunge into the experience of the mind. With it have come new purposes and perspectives. Criticism today generally recognizes the shift of emphasis, that beginning with Henry James, led from a careful examination of the social milieu to the study of the sensibility through which the social milieu is apprehended.¹

Although James had a quick appreciation of many facets of the Victorian novel, he consistently made strong denunciations against the "penchant for authorial intrusion" in the form of editorial asides. In his own practice he adopted a dramatic method of presentation in which he remained determinedly off the stage. The removal of the author from the scene produced two important narrative shifts: first, the reader became, of necessity, co-creator
with the author; and second, the mental processes of the characters became the only links between past, present, and future. The familiar Victorian "story" gave way to the Jamesian situation -- what one critic has somewhat exaggeratedly called "six characters in search of a plot" -- and this in turn yielded to the stream-of-consciousness novel, which many critics believe to have been carried to its apparent conclusion by Joyce in *Finnegan's Wake.*

Thus a large proportion of contemporary criticism has been devoted to identifying and defining the stream-of-consciousness novel, and to discussing the animating purposes and techniques of its practitioners. In 1890 William James introduced the term "stream-of-consciousness" in *Principles of Psychology,* which had been published first as a series of articles in various reviews appearing between 1874 and 1890. The two articles particularly relevant to this discussion, composing chapters eight and nine of Volume 1 in the completed work, were published in *Mind* in 1884. They express the doctrines most distinctive of James's psychological teaching: the conception of thought as a stream and the idea of the "compounding of consciousness." These are two of the touchstones in the transformation of the psychological dictum into a literary device. James uses the expression "stream-of-consciousness" at least five times in Chapter 9 of his *Principles of Psychology,* alternating it regularly with
"stream of thought." In this chapter, called "Stream of Thought," James describes the tides of thought with its continuities and discontinuities and likens consciousness and its flux to a stream. The term as a figure applied to literary vocabulary, characterizes the meanderings of the mind on the verge of the dissolution into unconsciousness. James's definition of this psychological principle thus has a ready application to literature:

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.

The Victorian novelists understood that thought might be reported; but they did not perceive, or did not show, how it might be rendered. In The Psychological Novel 1900-1950, a study of this form, Leon Edel points out that the credit for having first conceived how thought might be arrested and examined, how disruptive fancies intruding upon and interrupting the rational process might be captured, how fringes and aureoles of unconscious suggestion might be rendered intelligible in fiction, belongs to Edouard Dujardin, who published Les Lauriers sont Couvés in 1883. This novel went unnoticed at the time, but in 1902 it was supposedly read by James Joyce, and its influence upon the stream-of-consciousness techniques enthusi-
astically acknowledged. Dujardin's work was then reprinted and widely studied, and there came to this author's an international fame for which he had long since given up hope.

The new edition of Dujardin's novel carried a preface by the critic Valery Larbaud in which the method of narration developed in *Les Lauriers* was christened interior monologue ("le monologue interieur"). In 1931 Dujardin sought in a lecture to attribute the first use of the phrase to Paul Bourget. Wherever the precedence may rest, Larbaud gave it its present currency and alerted a generation of novelists and critics to the potential of subjective fiction so designed. A considerable critical literature has grown up about the exact definition of the interior monologue. Dujardin, looking back at what he had done, defined it as follows:

The internal monologue, like every monologue, is the speech of a given character, designed to introduce us directly into the internal life of this character, without the author's intervening by explaining or consenting, and like every monologue, is a discourse without listener and a discourse unspoken but it differs from the traditional monologue in that: as regards its substance, it expresses the most intimate thoughts, those closest to the unconscious;

as regards its spirit, it is discourse prior to all logical organization, reproducing thought in its original state and as it comes into the mind;

as for its form, it is expressed by means of direct sentences reduced to syntactic minimum;

thus it responds essentially to the conception which we have today of poetry.

By way of summary he added:
The internal monologue, in its nature on the order of poetry, is that unheard and unspoken speech by which a character expresses his innermost thoughts, those lying nearest the unconscious, without regard to logical organization -- that is, in their original state by means of direct sentences reduced to syntactic minimum, and in such a way as to give the impression of reproducing the thoughts just as they come into mind.

Lawrence E. Bowling in an article discussing the interior monologue ("What Is the Stream of Consciousness Technique?") contends that:

If interior monologue is what Dujardin really means, his definition should be revised to apply to only that part of a character's interior life farthest from the unconsciousness; on the other hand, if he intends to include all conscious mental processes, then his definition should be made sufficiently comprehensive to include such non-language phenomenon as images and sensations, and the technique which he is defining should be called not interior monologue but the stream of consciousness technique.

Bowling thinks that Dujardin's mistake lies in the assumption that the whole of consciousness can be rendered in language. Much that impinges importantly on the mind consists of mere sensory impressions -- sights, sounds, and smells -- which may make themselves felt when the mind is more or less passive; they are not susceptible of satisfactory record by interior monologue. Interior monologue while useful for limited purposes, cannot, then bring in a total report of the conscious and unconscious mind with all external stimuli. Bowling's conclusion is that "the stream of consciousness technique
may be defined as that narrative method by which the author attempts to give a direct quotation of the mind — not merely of the language area but of the whole consciousness." He suggests that the technique is exemplified in Molly Bloom's forty-five page monologue, which brings *Ulysses* to a close. It is more than interior monologue, for it presents directly and dramatically the whole of consciousness, or as much as can be apprehended and transmitted by a process that is inevitably selective.6

Bowling suggests that much of what is often called stream-of-consciousness writing is merely internal analysis. Henry James, for example, places his characters in difficult emotional situations which demand decisions profoundly affecting their lives. There may be no plot in the usual sense. The only action in one twenty-page chapter of *The Golden Bowl* is Adam Verver's turning a door-knob; meanwhile James examines with meticulous care Verver's state of mind as he stands at the threshold. But James does not introduce us directly into the interior life of Verver. He remains apart and subtly interprets what the character thinks and how he feels. This is internal analysis. It differs more in degree than in kind from the Thackerayan or Trollopian aside. Bowling therefore contends that any attempt at internal analysis on the author's part should not be called stream-of-consciousness technique. And he suggests that even Dorothy Richardson intervenes
between character and reader to interpret and to analyze. In contrast, Bowling points out that Faulkner, in *The Sound and the Fury*, presents the maunderings of the idiot, Benjy, in rigorous stream-of-consciousness, and Virginia Woolf in *Mrs. Dalloway* and, particularly, *The Waves* employs interior monologue consistently; both dispense entirely with internal analysis.7

Yet it should be pointed out that there has been some dispute over terminology. Bowling speaks of the stream-of-consciousness *technique*, but Robert Humphrey, in "Stream of Consciousness: Technique or Genre?", contends that the phrase denotes a genre, not a technique. He points out that novels in this tradition have as their essential subject matter the consciousness of one or more characters, and the "consciousness" comprehends the whole area of mental attention, from the "unconscious" through all levels of the mind up to that of rational communicable awareness. It is with this last area that almost all psychological fiction is concerned. Stream-of-consciousness fiction, however, differs precisely in that it is concerned with the other levels as well. Therefore Humphrey defines stream-of-consciousness fiction as a type of fiction "in which strong emphasis is placed on exploration of the pre-speech levels of consciousness for the purposes, primarily, of revealing the psychic being of the characters." There is no stream-of-consciousness
technique, he argues; there are simply a variety of techniques which are used to present the stream-of-consciousness. Because Humphrey's view is more encompassing than Bowling's and has been expanded into a sound and well-documented book on the subject, *Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel*, the principles he has discovered, illustrated, and demonstrated, pertaining to the techniques of stream-of-consciousness will be followed here.

Naturally, stream-of-consciousness writers have not defined their label. The reader must remember that this label has been stamped on not by the authors themselves but by other readers. Dorothy Richardson as well as other writers who followed her, was trying to expand their basic equipment in an attempt to deal with their subject matter more comprehensively and more exactly. But the label is ours, and we must try to do with it what we can. What is more, the stream-of-consciousness novel is identified most quickly by its subject matter. This, rather than its techniques, its purposes, or its themes, distinguishes it. Hence, the novels that are said to use the stream-of-consciousness *technique* to a considerable degree prove, upon analysis, to be novels which have as their essential subject matter the consciousness of one or more characters; the depicted consciousness serves as a screen on which the material in these novels is presented.
This chapter then will try to show how Dorothy Richardson worked her basic material into the finished form of a stream-of-consciousness novel.

It is desirable for analysis of stream-of-consciousness fiction to assume that there are levels of consciousness from the lowest one just above oblivion to the highest one which is represented by verbal (or other formal) communication. There are, however, two levels of consciousness which can be rather simply distinguished: the "speech level" and the "prespeech level." There is a point at which they overlap, but otherwise the distinction is quite clear. The prespeech level involves no communicative basis as does the speech level (whether written or spoken). This is its salient distinguishing characteristic. In short, the prespeech levels of consciousness are not censored, rationally controlled, or logically ordered. "Consciousness" then can be defined as the whole area of mental process, including especially the prespeech levels. The terms "psyche" or "mind" will be used here as synonyms for "consciousness." 10

If we define stream-of-consciousness fiction as a type of fiction in which the basic emphasis is placed on exploration of the prespeech levels of consciousness for the purpose, primarily, of revealing the psychic being of the characters, the problem of character depiction can be seen to be central to this genre; for stream-of-
consciousness is concerned with the mental and spiritual experience, its psychic existence and functions. One might say it is a generalized existentialism concerned with what one is; its great advantage being, theoretically, a potentiality for presenting character more accurately and more realistically. Robert Humphrey in his study states that "the stream-of-consciousness novelists were, like the naturalists, trying to depict life accurately; but unlike the naturalists, the life they were concerned with was the individual's."¹¹ We have seen in the previous chapters that Dorothy Richardson, too, had thought this way and that she had felt herself to be the first author to present consciousness as it really is.

But if stream-of-consciousness is based on a realization of the force of the drama that takes place in the minds of human beings, it is also essentially a technical feat.¹² Its successful working-out depends on technical resources, and therefore a study of Pilgrimage as a novel within the genre must be essentially an examination of method. Robert Humphrey finds that there are four basic techniques in presenting stream-of-consciousness. They are direct interior monologue, indirect interior monologue, omniscient description, and soliloquy.¹³

Interior monologue is the technique used in fiction for representing the psychic content and processes of a character, partly or entirely unuttered, just as these
processes exist at various levels of conscious control before they are formulated for deliberate speech. But it should be emphasized that it may deal with consciousness at any level (Humphrey finds it is "rarely an expression of the most intimate thought that lies nearest the unconscious"); and that it is concerned with the contents and the processes of consciousness, not with just one of these. It should be noted also that it is partly or entirely unuttered for it represents the content of consciousness in its inchoate stage before it is formulated for deliberate speech. This is the differentiation which separates interior monologue completely from dramatic monologue and stage soliloquy.

It is important to distinguish between two basic types of interior monologue, which can be conveniently designated as "direct" and "indirect." Direct interior monologue is that type of interior monologue which is represented with negligible author interference; that is, there is either a complete or near-complete disappearance of the author from the page, with his guiding "he said's" and "he thought's" and with his explanatory comments. It should be emphasized that there is no auditor assumed; that is, the character is not speaking to anyone within the fictional scene; nor is the character speaking, in effect, to the reader (as the speaker of a stage monologue is, for example). In short, the monologue is represented
as being completely candid, as if there were no reader. This distinction is not easy to grasp, but it is a real one. The audience for the stage monologue likewise is being given a glimpse of privacy, but he has had charts and directions taught him previously in the form of well-established conventions. The result is that the stage monologue respects the audience's expectation of conventional syntax and diction and only suggests the possibilities of mental wandering; but the interior monologue proceeds in spite of the reader's expectations in order to represent the actual texture of consciousness—in order to represent it finally, however, to the reader.¹⁵

Dorothy Richardson limits her use of direct interior monologue to select passages. One can find no forty-five page examples, such as Molly Bloom's monologue in *Ulysses*. Miss Richardson uses this form of monologue in sections where Miriam Henderson is close to reverie either in a daydream or just as she is going to sleep. Such an example is found in "Backwater" where Miriam is lying in bed and has been thinking about her position with the Fernes, her teaching, her lack of money, the possibility of becoming an old maid and having to save for a rainy day, when she enters into a form of reverie:

Save, save. Sooner or later saving must begin. Why not at once. Harry, it's no good. I'm old already. I've got to be one of those who have to give everything up. I wonder if Flora is asleep?
That's settled. Go to sleep. Get thee behind me. Sleep. . . . the dark cool room. Air; we breathe it in and it keeps us alive. Everybody has air. Manna. As much as you want. full measure, pressed down and running over. . . . Wondersomething left. . . . Somebody seeing that things are not quite unbearable, . . . but the pain, the pain all the time, mysterious black pain. . . .

Into thy hands I commit my spirit. In manus something. . . . You understand if nobody else does. But why must I be one of the ones to give everything up? Why do you make me suffer so? 16

What should be noticed about this passage is that the character is alone (or nearly so); there is no auditor; the monologue is distinct from soliloquy because it is not presented, formally, for the information of the reader. Elements of incoherence and fluidity are emphasized by incomplete sentences, rendering of thought by phrases, shifting pronoun references, and of introductions to the persons and events Miriam is thinking about, and by the frequent interruption of one idea by another. It is the incoherence and fluidity rather than what is specific as idea that is meant to be communicated; although the reader can make sense out of what Miriam is thinking because of Miss Richardson's subtle use of punctuation. It is to be remembered that Joyce's Molly Bloom soliloquy does not use punctuation but that one can make sense out of Molly Bloom's thought because Joyce has carefully phrased the statements so that, if on first appearance they seem incoherent, a second reading shows a carefully planned association of thought.
Joyce simply remits the printed punctuation on the page and lets the reader submit his own, but at the same time suggesting through his phraseology where it should be placed.

Miriam Henderson as a character is no more represented as speaking to the reader or even for his benefit than she is represented as speaking to another character in the scene. The monologue, rather, is interior; what is represented is the flow of Miriam's consciousness. The author plays no role in this direct interior monologue; she has disappeared entirely; it is in the first person; the tense is, willy-nilly, past, imperfect, present, or conditional as Miriam's mind dictates; and there are no commentaries, no stage directions from the author.

Indirect interior monologue is the type of interior monologue in which an omniscient author presents unspoken material as if it were directly from the consciousness of a character and, with commentary and description, guides the reader through it. It differs from direct interior monologue basically in that the author intervenes between the character's psyche and the reader. The author is an on-the-scene guide for the reader. It retains the fundamental quality of interior monologue in that what it presents of consciousness is direct; that is, it is in the idiom and with the peculiarities of the character's psychic processes.
This difference in turn admits of special differences, such as the use of third-person instead of first-person point of view; the wider use of descriptive and expository methods to present the monologue; and the possibility of greater coherence and of greater unity through selection of materials. At the same time, the fluidity and sense of realism in the depiction of the states of consciousness can be maintained. \(^{17}\)

In practice, indirect interior monologue is usually combined with another of the techniques of stream-of-consciousness — especially with description of consciousness. Miss Richardson occasionally combines this technique of indirect interior monologue with direct interior monologue, such as that quoted previously where she pictures Miriam Henderson just before Miriam goes into reverie. More often, Miss Richardson combines indirect interior monologue with direct monologue. This latter combination of techniques is especially suitable and natural, for the author who uses indirect monologue may see fit to drop out of the scene for a length of time, after he has introduced the reader to the character's mind with enough additional remarks for them to proceed smoothly together. \(^{13}\) Such an example of indirect interior monologue may be found in "Pointed Roofs" where Miriam and her father have just crossed the channel, and are on the train going through Holland on the way to Germany where Miriam will teach.
Miriam begins to think:

It was a fool's errand... To undertake to go to the German school and teach... to be going there... with nothing to give...

The idea of teaching makes associations with her own schooling, her own ability to teach, and how one should go about teaching a foreign language:

Monsieur... had talked French all the time... dictées... Le Conscrit... Waterloo... La Maison Déserte... his careful voice reading on and on... until the room disappeared... She must do that for her German girls. Read English to them and make them happy... But first there must be verbs... there had been cahiers of them... first, second, third conjugation... It was impudence, an impudent invasion... the dreadful, clever, foreign school... They would laugh at her... She began to repeat the English alphabet... She doubted whether, faced with a class, she could reach the end without a mistake... She reached Z and went on to the parts of speech.

With this the episode ends. The passage, in context, is presented in the manner of straight narrative by Miss Richardson; but it is distinguished by being in the idiom of Miriam's thinking, and it is quite similar to those same thought processes illustrated above in the presentation of direct interior monologue. Here, too, the material reflects the content of Miriam's consciousness, especially its manner of associating. But in effect there is a more direct representation than mere description of Miriam's consciousness, for it is her mode of consciousness that is represented. The consciousness is never presented
directly, because the author is always present as the omniscient author with her comments. There is, however, a distinct similarity between indirect interior monologue used here and direct interior monologue that is cited above. Both of them have an element of controlled disunity, of wandering from a single subject; a studied element of incoherence where references and meanings are intentionally vague and unexplained, although indirect interior monologue looks much more conventional on the page than direct interior monologue.20

The other two basic methods of stream-of-consciousness technique, Robert Humphrey finds, are not unique to the twentieth century in their fullest development. They are composed of standard and basic literary methods which writers of stream-of-consciousness have put to special use. These two methods are description by omniscient author and soliloquy. The only thing unusual about these techniques is their application to the subject of description which in the stream-of-consciousness novel is the consciousness of psychic life of the characters. These methods may be defined as novelistic techniques used for representing the psychic content and processes of a character in which an omniscient author describes that psyche through conventional methods of narration and description. These techniques are, in every case, combined with one or more of the basic techniques of the stream-of-consciousness novel when they are employed, although they are occasionally
used alone in extended passages or in sections of the novel.21

Dorothy Richardson uses the first of these, omniscient author technique, extensively and almost consistently. Since Pilgrimage is, mainly, a representation of a portion of the adult life of one character, Miriam Henderson, the entire work is presented from the focal point of the omniscient author, but the omniscience is confined to Miriam's actions and thoughts. The effect is of a complete single point of view, Miriam's, although the method is conventional third-person description. This is possible, as was shown before, because the author identifies herself with Miriam Henderson. Such a technique is older than Robinson Crusoe; but the difference in Dorothy Richardson's work is that the life which she represents is largely the inner life of her character; that is, she represents Miriam's consciousness in its unformulated, unspoken, incoherent state. Only occasionally does the author leave ordinary descriptive methods to give the indirect interior monologue. A selection from "Backwater" will illustrate this technique in its simplest form. Miriam and her mother are riding on a public, horse-drawn car, which has just been jolted by a bump in the street:

The little shock sent her mind feeling out along the road they had just left. She considered its unbroken length, its shops, its treelessness. The wide thoroughfare, up which they now began to rumble, repeated it
The pavements were wide cause ways reached from the roadway by stone steps, three deep. The people passing along them were unlike any she knew. They were all alike. They were... She could find no word for the strange impression they made. It coloured the whole of the district through which they had come. It was part of the new world she was pledged to go on September 18th. It was her world already, and she had no words for it. She would not be able to convey it to others. She felt sure her mother had not noticed it. She must deal with it alone. To try to speak about it even with Eve, would sap her courage. It was her secret. A strange secret for all her life as Hanover had been. But Hanover was beautiful.

Two things are notable in this passage: first, the reader is always within the mind of the character, Miriam; and second, the method is entirely descriptive, and uses the third person. This is omniscient author technique; and it is distinguished from the indirect interior monologue mainly through the definition of indirect interior monologue, which states that "an omniscient author presents unspoken material directly from the psyche." This is the fundamental difference between the two techniques, a difference that separates them widely and that changes their respective possible effects, textures, and scopes. The use of description by an omniscient author to represent consciousness allows for almost as many variations as there are of style in general.

Soliloquy, however, is one technique which is even more flexible in other directions. Soliloquy in the stream-of-consciousness novel may be defined as the technique of
representing the psychic content and processes of a character directly from character to reader with the presence of an author, but with an audience tacitly assumed. Hence, it is less candid, necessarily, and more limited in the depth of consciousness that it can represent than is interior monologue. The point of view is always the character's, and the level of consciousness is usually close to the surface. In practice, the purpose of the stream-of-consciousness novel which employs soliloquy is achieved occasionally by the combination of soliloquy with interior monologue. Such an example of the combination can be found in "Dimple Hill." The reader should remember that the conversation in this passage is recollected by Miriam and that even the third person point of view at this point is a total recall by her of previous actions. A conversation has just ceased between Miss Roscorla and Miriam; the context then shifts to Miriam's mind:

And she sent across the room, for oneself alone, her loveliest smile, the one invariably projected from her place at the head of the table, down the length of the dining-room to meet the in-coming Richard, a deep deep radiance come forth to meet him and not again, so long as he was in the room, fully retiring. This smile was latent in her, in the core of her being, revealing it so irradiated, that this, whenever it was moved, was its inevitable expression. And her words had summoned Eve and a true tale. Eve, tired and triumphant in the horrible little room behind her little shop. Saying, "I like to let everything get into an appalling state of chaos, and then to attack it and see things getting straight. Which you can't if you're always niggling." And while I hesitated, taken up
with the realization that at last it was possible to think of the dead Eve, Miss Roscorla had gone on; talking of long tramps, the little shaw, the woods beyond the village, the places she had found long ago and wanted to see again. And the sound of her voice deepened the glow of everything she touched and I was sure that if she really did find time to join me on my walks I should still see everything as I did when alone, as one could with a member of one's own family. And then came that moment that cast a darkness and left me desolate and the homestead chilled and darkened. But even then, when for an instant I tried to realize the Quaker point of view — all days equal, and Sunday distinct only as being the first day in the week — the light began to return; but lay only ahead, leaving the past excluded.24

At the point where soliloquy may be said to begin (the character assumes the first person I or begins to think about others in the first person) Miriam speaks solus; she assumes a formal and immediate audience. This can be seen in the greater coherence, for the purpose of soliloquy is to communicate emotions and ideas which are related to the plot and action. However, allowing for the idiom of the character, there remains an arrangement of thought units as they would originate in the character's consciousness, rather than as they would be expressed.

Another set of devices for controlling the movement of stream-of-consciousness fiction, Humphrey finds, is a group that may be analogically termed "cinematic" devices. The interplay between the motion picture and fiction in the twentieth century provides material for an enlightening and enormously valuable study. Here only one small facet can be examined.25 The reader might keep in mind,
however, that Dorothy Richardson once wrote a series of articles on the cinema and its techniques, and she claimed that she was the first literary person ever to take that art form seriously.\(^{26}\)

A basic device for the cinema is that of montage. Among the secondary devices are such controls as "multiple-view," "slow-ups," "fade-outs," "cuttings," "close-ups," "panorama," and "flash-backs." "Montage" in the film sense refers to a class of devices which are used to show inter-relation or association of ideas, such as rapid succession of images or the superimposition of image or the surrounding of a focal image by related ones. It is essentially a method to show composite or diverse views of one subject -- in short, to show multiplicity. The secondary techniques are methods for achieving the effect of montage; devices for overcoming the two-dimensional limitation on the screen. Some of them are concerned with achieving the flow of events; others, such as the "slow-up," the "close-up," and sometimes the "fade-out," are more concerned with subjective details, or as Professor Beach has said, with "the infinite expansion of the moment." The thing about this that is most pertinent to using the analogy for fiction technique is that montage and the secondary devices have to do with transcending or modifying arbitrary and conventional time and space barriers.\(^{27}\)

To illustrate this last statement Melvin Friedman,
in *Stream of Consciousness: A Study of Literary Method*, refers to Henri Bergson, who had examined the idea of time and space in relation to the literary artist. The reader should realize that the use of Bergsonian ideas are employed here because they help to demonstrate how Miss Richardson and later stream-of-consciousness writers thought. Miss Richardson did not have to read Bergson; she said she had not, although she admitted that his ideas were "in the air" when she had begun to write. What is important is that Miss Richardson's procedure in her writing is similar to Bergson's thinking on this point, and his ideas will help clarify the point at issue.

Bergson distinguishes between "spatial" time and "pure" time. He states that the first category is the result of confusion by those who insist on discussing time in spatial terms: by thinking of it as being extended, by judging of it quantitatively, by possessing it with magnitude. The second is the "real" time, variously labeled "psychological time" or "duration," which tends to retain the attributes proper to itself: succession instead of simultaneity, intensity instead of magnitude, moments melting into one another rather than being placed side by side. There is really no contact between the unextended and the extended, between quality and quantity. We can interpret the one by the other, set up the one as the equivalent of the other; but sooner or later we shall have to recognize the conventional character of this assimilation.
Bergson warns specifically of the danger of confusion at the moment one is penetrating into the depths of consciousness:

The fact is that the further one descends into the depths of consciousness, the less one has the privilege of treating psychological data as objects placed side by side. From this we are made aware of two possible ways of envisaging reality. One is the mechanical arrangement of all our findings, by making use of the intelligence, a thoroughly spatial instrument, which can view things side by side, attach numerical tags to them, and judge relationships causally; it also tends to represent one object by another, symbolically, rather than to express its meaning in its own terms. The other is the intuition, the temporal instrument which established a kind of sympathy with the object it is interpreting, by viewing its operation from the inside, by looking for the "mobile" aspects, and by breaking down the barrier that space puts up between itself and its model. Intuition is thus the more complex way of knowing, and that it is not impossible is proved by the existence in man of an aesthetic faculty along with normal perception. This particular faculty, indeed, is eminently suited to penetrating objects to their sources and viewing consciousness as an unbroken psychic flux. Thus time assumes its horizontal aspect; its parts succeeding one another in an unbroken continuity. Space assumes its
vertical aspect; its parts placed side by side.\textsuperscript{37}

From this Friedman argues three points. First of all there is the insistence that the artist penetrate deeply and establish an unprecedented relationship between his creation and himself: by approaching the state of empathy he succeeds in breaking down, with an effort of the intuition, the barrier that space puts up between himself and his model. This was discovered to be an essential condition for the proper construction of the novel depending on stream-of-consciousness. Second, the annexing of musical forms with a parallel or analogy, and the use of musical devices with transposed fictional guises such as counterpoint and leitmotiv, is in a sense a compromise with Bergsonian dictum that music is the most penetrating artistic experience. And finally, the altered time-space relationship is perhaps a direct literary application of Bergson.\textsuperscript{38}

Friedman thinks the musical relationship is one of the essential conditions of the stream-of-consciousness novel. It makes the compromise with music by depending more on patterns and textual interweavings than probably any other literary form; it tends to approach the state of music by a successive and continuous presentation of its subject, which defies intrusion by an intermediary, even by an ideal spectator, whose presence is essential to painting.\textsuperscript{39}
In the case of Pilgrimage one can find no complex musical relationships set up by the author comparable to those the critics find in the later work of James Joyce. But a definite kinship to the musical device of thematic relationship is inherent in a novel which has one character at its central core, and where the character in the twelfth chapter-volume can recall something happening in the first chapter-volume some seventeen-hundred pages distant in written space and sixteen years earlier in the chronological time of the novel. One example of this thematic relationship occurs in "Dimple Hill," the twelfth chapter of Pilgrimage. Miriam recalls:

And even now, though she could imagine herself built into Fräulein's Pfaff's school, tolerantly collaborating with her in handling successive drafts of girls from prosperous English families and, in the end, taking over the school herself; or staying deadly on with the Pernes and becoming, at last, approximately, a modern Perne; or even staying with the Corries until she had learned their world and become a flexible part of it; and finding, in any one of these careers, each moment full to the brim; and though yesterday she had been able wistfully to imagine herself, at fifty, a serene, stout Mrs. Michael with grown children and a husband equally stout and serene, it was an immense relief to watch Michael move away at last beyond recall.40

Here Miriam refers to incidents happening in "Pointed Roofs" with the mention of Fräulein Pfaff, in "Backwater" with the Pernes, in "Honeycomb" with the Corries, and in "Deadlock" and "Revolving Lights" with Michael Shatov. Although the statement in itself is clear enough, the reader's know-
ledge of the previous chapters helps to enlighten the meaning of the content and gives further meaning to this chapter by tying it in thematically with what has gone before. It will be remembered that Dorothy Richardson had also stated in reference to herself and others that

Today there are novels wherein the interest of any single part is no longer dependent for the reader upon exact knowledge of what has gone before or upon a frothy excitement as to what next will happen. Such novels may be entered at any point, read backwards, or from the centre to either extremity and will yet reveal, like a mosaic, the interdependence of the several parts, each one bearing the stamp of the author's consciousness.41

Friedman also finds that the tendency of stream-of-consciousness fiction is to present a view of the character from the inside, never entirely abstracted from its setting. The altered time-space relationship is an essential condition of this type of novel, and its successive aspects of tableau and mind-image contribute significantly to its form.42 In Chapter Two we have seen how the character of Miriam is presented with the mind's eye view. The second statement, concerning the time-space alteration developed previously with reference to Bergson, can also be demonstrated in Pilgrimage.

Here Miss Richardson presents time in a very oblique way. Time as an element in Pilgrimage is never made definite, but the series covers a period of approximately seventeen years, from 1893 to 1910. An allusion to Lohen-
the early 1890's; an allusion in "Honeycomb" to the trial of Oscar Wilde indicates that the events of that chapter take place in 1895; an allusion to Joseph Conrad's Typhoon as a "new" novel in "Revolving Lights" dates that part of the story as 1903; an allusion to Arnold Bennett's "new" novel, Clayhanger, toward the end of "Dawn's Left Hand" dates the concluding chapter of the collected Pilgrimage as 1910. In the "Work In Progress" published in Life and Letters Today, a definite reference to the winter of 1908-09 is made. Beyond these definite and datable allusions there are the incidental details of the life presented: gas lights, blouses, bloomers, bicycle riding, the Fabian society, suffragism, etc., which give a sense of period. Each of the novels does not cover an equal amount of time. "The Tunnel" and "Interim" cover a period of several years each; the events of "Oberland" take place in two weeks; "Revolving Lights" contains only four plot incidents. All of the time-space montage and the Bergsonian theory could be almost summarized in a statement Miriam makes in "Dawn's Left Hand." "Women's controls appear to be feeble because they have so much more to control," Miriam tells Hypo in one of their arguments. "I don't mean physically. Mentally. By seeing everything simultaneously."\textsuperscript{43}

One last step is necessary to show how Miss Richardson employed the techniques of stream-of-consciousness to make
the psychological novel a stream-of-consciousness one. Robert Humphrey finds that the chief technique in controlling the movement of stream-of-consciousness in fiction has been an application of the principles of psychological free association. The primary facts of free association are the same whether they are suspended in the psychology of Locke-Hartley or of Freud-Jung; and they are simple. The psyche, which is almost continuously active, cannot be concentrated for very long in its processes, even when it is most strongly willed; when little effort is exerted to concentrate it, its focus remains on any one thing but momentarily. Yet the activity of consciousness must have content and this is provided for by the power of one thing to suggest another through an association of qualities in common or in contrast, wholly or partially -- even to the barest suggestion: first, the memory, which is its basis; second, the senses, which guide it; and third, the imagination, which determines its elasticity. The subtlety of play, the rank of precedence and the physiology of these factors are problems of dispute among psychologists. Stream-of-consciousness writers do not really play with the complexities of the psychological problem, but all recognize the primacy of free association in determining the movement of psychic processes of their characters.44

What the matter then comes down to is that the tech-
niques of all stream-of-consciousness fiction are greatly dependent on the principles of free association. This is true of such different-textured techniques as direct interior monologue and simple omniscient description of consciousness. The main difference in the manner in which free association is employed in these diverse techniques is the frequency with which it is used. Here too Dorothy Richardson's use of this technique is a simple rather than complex one as has been true of all the other techniques she employed. This however does not alter the question of whether the novel is stream-of-consciousness.

In Pilgrimage Dorothy Richardson uses an impressionistic depiction of consciousness. She relies on free association to give direction to the materials of consciousness. Yet if it is done infrequently, it is done distinctly. This may be seen in the passage quoted above from "Backwater" (see page 82) where Miriam and her mother are on the street-car, which has just been jolted by a bump in the street. Although the associative process is fairly obvious here, Miss Richardson explains it in such phrases as, "The little shock sent her mind feeling out"; or she uses simple conjunctions to indicate the association, such as, "A strange secret for all her life as Hanover had been. But [my italics] Hanover was beautiful." Yet one can see the associations made within the passage where the bump on the road sends Miriam's mind "feeling
out" along the road she had just left where she thinks of its length, its shops, its treelessness, the similarity of the people passing on the walk, their strangeness, the association with the strangeness she will meet on September 18th when her new job will begin, her lack of ability to communicate to anyone about it, her aloneness, and then back to the past to a life where "Hanover was beautiful."
CHAPTER IV
DOROTHY RICHARDSON AND THE PHILOSOPHY
OF STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

In Chapter One we have seen how Dorothy Richardson took the Jamesian idea of a point of view to build a novel in which everything is viewed through the eyes of a single character; in Chapter Two we have seen how Dorothy Richardson identified herself with the heroine of her novel, using for a plot the events of her own life and then concentrating on the inner life or the states of Miriam Henderson's mind; in Chapter Three we have seen how the theory in practice entailed the development of what have since been called the stream-of-consciousness techniques; in this concluding chapter, there will be an attempt to demonstrate how Miss Richardson's theory and techniques are highly coordinated with and made explicit in both the character and philosophy of Miriam Henderson.

Two essential facts present themselves in depicting consciousness in fiction; both of them come from the nature of consciousness itself. First, a particular consciousness, we assume, is a private thing; second, consciousness is never static but is always in a state of motion. The first is dependent on the second.¹

To the writers who belong to the generation following
William James and Henri Bergson, Robert Humphrey writes, consciousness is considered in its movement fluid and unbound by arbitrary time concepts. However, "fluid" does not necessarily mean a smooth flow; the flow of consciousness, it might be admitted, is found on levels nearing the state of unconsciousness, but as the prespeech levels nearer the surface are the subject of most stream-of-consciousness fiction, the checks and interferences to the flow from the outer world become an important consideration. In short, Robert Humphrey finds, the term "stream" is not fully descriptive. The notion of synthesis must be added to that of flux to indicate the quality of being sustained, of being able to absorb interferences after the flow is momentarily broken, and of being able to pass freely from one level of consciousness to another. The other important characteristic of the movement of consciousness, as has been shown above, is its ability to move freely in time -- its tendency to find its own time sense. The premise is that the psychic processes, before they are rationally controlled for communication purposes, do not follow a continuous sequence in time. Everything that enters consciousness is there at the "present moment"; furthermore, the event of this "moment," no matter how much clock time it occupies, may be infinitely extended by being broken up into its parts or it may be highly compressed into a flash of recognition.
Much on the same grounds Dorothy Richardson also disagreed with the use of the term "stream." In 1933, when she was asked what she thought "of the term 'Stream of Consciousness' as applied in England to the work of several modern novelists," she replied: "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." In her preface to Pilgrimaze (1938), she again makes an ironical reference to the use of the term. "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." Finally, in an article entitled "Novels," in Life and Letters (1948), she states flatly that the label "stream of consciousness" is a "lamentably ill-chosen metaphor . . . still, in literary criticism, pursuing its foolish way." Miss Richardson's own suggestion for a term might be found in a conversation with Vincent Brome. Brome writes: "She 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." In context this statement agrees with Robert Humphrey's
However, if Miss Richardson disagrees with the use of the term "stream" as a label, she herself makes innumerable allusions, both direct and oblique, to thought as a flowing stream in Pilgrimage. To quote only a few examples:

"He paused, gravely consulting her face; she made no effort to withhold the wave of anger flowing out over the words that stood mocking her on the desolate air, a bridge, carrying them up over the stream of her mind [my italics] and forward, leaving her communications behind for ever."^7

"The next moment, everything is obliterated by the stream of suggestions [my italics] flowing from the read title. . . ."^8

In another passage in "Clear Horizon," she refers to the quick succession of thoughts in our mental processes: "Into the rising tide of discomfort flowed the stream of Amabel's silent communications [my italics] . . . the swiftness of the mental processes reflected within it."^9 Occasionally we see little eddies in Miriam's stream of consciousness: "She sat in a lively misery, following the whirling circle of thoughts round and round, stabbed by their dull thorns. . . ."^10 Or again, "in a swift glimpse, caught through the mesh woven by the obstinate circlings of her consciousness, she saw her time in Germany. . . ."^11 Miriam's awareness of the present is always tinged with
"scenes from the future, moving in boundless backgrounds . . . streaming unsummoned into her mind. . . ."\textsuperscript{12} To the highly introspective mind of Miriam even the roads look "like long thoughts meeting and crossing and going on and on, deep alleyways and little courts where always was a pool of light or darkness. . . ."\textsuperscript{13} Whenever Miriam takes up a book to read, she becomes aware of a sense of dynamic contact between her mind and the author: "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."	extsuperscript{14}

Furthermore, a close examination of Miss Richardson's \textit{Pilgrimage} will show that it attempts to present in explicit terms some of the fundamental aesthetic and philosophical aspects of the stream-of-consciousness method. Shiv Kumar has pointed out definite similarities in Miss Richardson's practice and Bergson's theory of consciousness and the aesthetic problems of the creative artist. In an article entitled "Dorothy Richardson & Bergson's 'Mémoire Par Excellence'" Dumar shows that Dorothy Richardson, like Bergson, treats memory as a "spiritual" phenomenon and its "offerings" as revelations of a reality which normally remains buried under the thick layers of habit and action. Kumar argues that \textit{Mémoire} is essentially the essence fondamentale of \textit{Pilgrimage}; the primary intention of the author is to employ it in recreating an entire past.\textsuperscript{15}
Although its conditioning of the present moment is ceaseless, the past is a bottomless container of all experience which sends out in brief flashes its messages, particularly in moments of heightened perception. "I believe," writes Bergson, "that our whole past still exists. It exists subconsciously, by which I mean that it is present to consciousness in such a manner that, to have the revelation of it, consciousness has no need to go out of itself or seek for foreign assistance."¹⁶ Dorothy Richardson affirms such a belief in the perpetual existence of Miriam's past life when she writes, "all the past was with her unobstructed; not recalled, but present, so that she could move into any part and be there as before."¹⁷ Our constant preoccupation with the present makes this eternal link with the past weak and ineffective, but the past "was always there," reflects Miriam, "impossible, when one looked. . . . It made no break in the new life. The new life flowed through it sunlit. It was flight down strange vistas . . . the door of retreat always open. . . ."¹⁸

In "Clear Horizon," Dorothy Richardson compares this ineffaceable past to a "hiding place" where memories emerge like leaping phantoms to waylay the unwary traveler on the life's highway. "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. . . ."¹⁹ Thus we carry the dead weight of our memories although
"we prefer to imagine ourselves unencumbered." Those who are artists realize the significance of these memories as mysterious links with the reality of aesthetic experience. One can see how this explains why the urge to remember is persistent and paramount in Miriam's consciousness. "Nothing was so strong as the desire that everything would stop for a moment, and allow her to remember." Miriam's consciousness seldom flows unalloyed with recollections, her self is ceaselessly recreating itself through contemplation of the past. "There is within oneself something," she says in "Clear Horizon," "that ceaselessly contemplates forgotten things. . . ."  

The creative mind that perpetually contemplates past experiences is passive and detached from immediate action, but is not without sufficient awareness of the process of creation. Bergson writes: "To live only in the present . . . is the mark of the lower animals." He then proceeds to say that "to call up the past in the form of an image, we must be able to withdraw ourselves from the action of the moment, we must have the power to value the useless, we must have the will to dream. Man alone is capable of such an effort."  

In contrast with this aesthetic view of experience, normal life "implies the acceptance only of the utilitarian side of things in order to respond to them by appropriate reactions: all other impressions must be dimmed or else
reach us vague and blurred. . . . From time to time, however, in a fit of absentmindedness, nature raises up souls that are more detached from life" -- these are the souls of artists." . . . did the soul no longer cleave to action," observes Bergson in *Laughter,* "by any of its perception, it would be the soul of an artist such as the world has never yet seen."24 In these words Bergson explains how action and, therefore, its offspring voluntary memory, are essentially of a lower order than *mémoire involontaire* which, detached from immediate necessity, stores up images without any ulterior purpose.

A state of pure dream of extreme absentmindedness and complete withdrawal from phenomena is not, however, a congenial frame of mind for any artistic creation. The "dream" state necessary for any creative process is described by Bergson in his lecture on "Dreams." Basing his observations on Stevenson's experience of literary creation, he writes, "... when mind is creating, when it is giving the effort which the composition of a work of art ... requires, it is not actually asleep. I mean that the part of the mind which is working is not the same as that which is dreaming: the working part is pursuing its task in the subconscious."25 The working part is, therefore, an abstraction from the dreaming self, thus diluting its dreaminess and making possible the process of literary creation.
Pilgrimage illustrates the "dreamy" state of mind which is an important prerequisite of literary composition. It has been shown that Miriam is, in many respects, an exact replica of her creator; and it may therefore be interesting to analyze "dreaminess" as an important aspect of Miriam's consciousness. Whether or not the reader has accepted the hypothesis that Miriam and Dorothy Richardson are almost identical in many ways, he should remember that Miriam does resemble her creator in being a potential novelist and critic. "You've masses of material for Middles," Hypo tells her, "Criticism. You could do that on your head. Presently novel." And Miriam also takes up at one stage, like Dorothy Richardson, her creator, translation of foreign works and wins approbation for her literary talent.

Miriam's thought processes are quickened and the stream of her consciousness begins to flow more smoothly when her mind falls into a relaxed state of reverie and starts "contemplating" phenomena. Images then issue from the past out of "their hiding-place" and take possession of her "soul." This typical state of Miriam's consciousness is repeatedly described as a semi-conscious awareness of environment, because in such moments the self turns inward upon its past and begins to dwell in the twilight zone of past-present. The examples that follow are either of the contemplative "state of mind" or the stage
just previous to it, when the mind is gathering momentum to rush forward into reverie.

"When Miriam woke the next morning she lay still with closed eyes. She had dreamed that she had been standing in a room in the German school..."\(^28\)

"Late at night, seated wide awake opposite her sleeping companion, rushing towards the German city, she began to think."\(^29\)

"She turned about in bed; her head was growing fevered. She conjured up a vision of the backs of the books in the bookcase in the dining-room at home.\(^30\)

"... pushing the letter under the pillow and kneeling up to turn out the gas. When she lay down again her mind was rushing on by itself..."\(^31\)

"Go to sleep. It would be better to think in the morning. But then this clear first impression would be gone. ...\(^32\)

"... when she turned out the gas ... lay down ... the air about her head ... was full of her untrammeled thoughts."\(^33\)

It is in a passive state of mind (that is, one susceptible to external stimuli which, in turn, permits the mind to make associations at a quicker rate than "normal") that Miriam finds it possible to establish close contact with her past and to discover in the pattern of her experience a unifying thread.
Dorothy Richardson does differ with Bergson with regard to a formal distinction between voluntary and involuntary memory. She moves freely from one to the other implying that in the actual process of remembering both forms are inextricably blended. A taste or an odor may evoke involuntarily a certain past experience, but as the stream of consciousness begins to flow along a particular channel, it often comes at a later stage under the influence of a directive force whose interests are to unfold that experience in all its relevant and significant details. In other words, an "unsummoned" remembrance is likely to be succeeded by a "summoned" recollection to help, as it were, the original impulse in discovering the fuller details of its wealth.34 This is implied in a suggestive passage in "Backwater" where Miriam, leaving behind Eve and Miss Stringer, strays alone over the Brighton rocks and finds her mind "sliding out" untethered along an involuntary stream of memories of her childhood days at Dawlish:

At the end of half an hour's thoughtless wandering over the weed-grown rocks, she found herself sitting on a little path of dry silt at the end of a promontory of sea-smoothed hummocks with the pools of bright blue-green fringed water all about, watching the gentle rippling of the retreating waves over the weedy lower levels. She seemed long to have been listening and watching, her mind was full of things she felt she would never forget. . . . She must go back. Her mind slid out making a strange half-familiar compact with all these things. . . . She had always known them, she reflected, remembering with a quick pang a long, unpermitted wandering out over the cliff edge beyond Dawlish, the sun shining on pinkish
sand scrub, the expression of the bushes; hurrying home with the big rough spaniel that belonged to the house they had hired. She must have been about six years old. She had gone back with a secret, telling them nothing of the sunlight or the bushes, only of a strange lady, sitting on the jetty as she came down over the sands, who had caught her in her arms and horribly kissed. . . . There had been, during the intervening years, holidays with Sarah and Eve and Harriet in seaside lodgings, over which the curious conviction that possessed her now spread like a filmy veil. But now it would hardly ever come; there were always people talking, the strangers one worked for, or the hard new people like Miss Stringer, people who had a number of things they were always saying.

The involuntary vision of the past, laden with all such little details as "the sun shining on pinkish sandy scrub" and "the expression of the bushes" lying buried under the routine of life, suddenly surges up in a moment of passive receptivity. But soon after, this involuntary memory tries to seek the aid of deliberate memory in order to complete the pattern of the recalled experience, thus involving itself in a conscious effort "in the search for a particular image." This passage therefore demonstrates the inevitable blending in all recollections of both forms of memory. This may be seen from another part of the passage quoted above.

She tried to remember when the strange independent joy had begun, and thought she could trace it back to a morning in the garden at Babington, the first thing she could remember, when she had found herself toddling alone along the garden path between beds of flowers almost on a level with her head and blazing in the sunlight. Bees with large bodies were sailing heavily across the path from bed to
bed, passing close by her head and making a loud humming in the air. She could see the flowers distinctly as she had walked quickly back through the esplanade; they were sweet williams and "everlasting" flowers, the sweet williams smelling very strongly sweet in her nostrils and one sheeny brown everlasting flower that she touched with her nose, smelling like hot paper. [my italics].

Although these sensations, preserved in their original detail, emerge from "pure memory" they later assume the form of "acquired recollections" to complete the antecedents of a vision evoked involuntarily. These memories, voluntary or involuntary, are, to Dorothy Richardson, "more real than anything else in the world." But a memory that is emerging into consciousness involuntarily, often needs the help of deliberate memory to complete its pattern. In other words, a past experience called up involuntarily in the form of a nebulous mass of images must needs crystallize itself round a central thread to become distinct and recognizable. On the other hand, it would be equally true to say that an image recalled voluntarily is likely to spread itself over a wider canvas and ultimately lose itself in a mass of "unsummoned images." This can be illustrated in another passage from Pilgrimage:

Left alone with silence all along the street, Christine inaudible in the kitchen, dead silence in the house, Miriam gathered up her blouse and ran upstairs. As she passed through the changing lights of the passage, up the little dark staircase past the turn that led to the little lavatory . . . scenes from the future, moving in boundless background, came streaming unsummoned
into her mind, making her surroundings sadly unfamili

ar... the past would come again.

. . . Inside her room — tidied until nothing was visible but the permanent shining of the mantelpiece betraying the movement of separate days, telling her of nights of arrival, the lighting of the gas, the sudden light in the frosted globe preluding freedom and rest, bringing the beginning of rest with the gleam of the fresh quiet room — she found the nearer past, her years of London work set in the air, framed and contemplable like the pictures on the wall, and beside them the early golden years in snatches, chosen pictures from here and there. . . . [my italics].

Dorothy Richardson also believes in the aesthetic significance of involuntary memories. An object, an odor, a taste has the power to recall a past experience. Miriam's "Liberty brooch," Michael's botany scissors, and "the moss-green ewer" are invested with a life of their own. They form mysterious links with the entire range of her past experience. A human face may evoke such a recollection of the past, but "individual objects," observes Miriam, "hold the power of moving one deeply and immediately and always in the same way. "On the other hand,

people move one variously and intermittently and, in direct confrontation, there is nearly always a barrier. In things, even in perfectly "ordinary and common-place" things, life is embodied. The sudden sight of a sunfaded garment can arouse from where they lie stored in oneself, sleeping memories, the lovely essences of a summer holiday, free from all that at the moment seemed to come between oneself and the possibility of passionate apprehension. After an interval, only after an interval — showing that there is within oneself something that ceaselessly contemplates "forgotten" things —
a fragment of stone, even a photograph, has the power of making one enter a kingdom one hardly knew one possessed. Whose riches increase, even though they are inanimate [my italics].

Herein lies the statement of the aesthetic significance of involuntary memories. Not at the moment of perceiving a phenomenon, but only "after an interval," allowing memory sufficient time to absorb and later re-present it in fuller perspective, can one realize its true reality.

It is, however, at what is probably the most important philosophical position in Pilgrimage that Dorothy Richardson most differs with Bergson (the reader should keep in mind that this comparison between certain aspects of Miss Richardson's "philosophy" and the philosophy of Bergson is not to show Miss Richardson's knowledge of Bergson, but to show, through similitude and contrast, how Miss Richardson was dealing in her own style and manner with certain fundamental aspects of the aesthetics and philosophy of the stream-of-consciousness method). Dorothy Richardson asserts that objects move us "always in the same way," whereas, according to Bergson, the perceiving self itself, a part of the ceaseless flux, is perpetually growing in duration and undergoing a constant change of point of view. This argument brings us to what Kumar calls the "dilemma of being versus becoming" and it is through this philosophical position that one can see how the form of Pilgrimage fits the content: what
one might call the philosophical position behind the theories of Dorothy Richardson's stream-of-consciousness techniques.\(^4^4\)

Since all the characters in Pilgrimage are conceived through Miriam Henderson's fluid consciousness which is perpetually quivering like a sensitive filament, the reader sees "all things sub specie durationis," making the narrative look like a symphony that swells into larger dimensions as it progresses through various movements.\(^4^5\)

Through Miriam's intuitive experience of life we realize the "vision of universal becoming."

Miriam's mind sometimes allows the "meddling intellect" to overshadow the vision of becoming, which her intuitive self persistently conjures. She then begins to feel the great necessity of "supports" or "fixed points" in the moving wheel of experience. The aesthetic dilemma is incisively summed up by Bergson in *The Creative Mind*:

Before the spectacle of this universal mobility there may be some who will be seized with dizziness. They are accustomed to terra firma; they cannot get used to the rolling and pitching. They must have 'fixed' points to which they can attach thought and existence. They think that if everything passes, nothing exists; and if reality is mobility, it has already ceased to exist at the moment one thinks it -- it eludes thought. The material world, they say, is going to disintegrate, and the mind will drown in the torrent-like flow of things. Let them be reassured! Change, if they consent to look directly at it without an interposed veil, will very quickly appear to them to be the most substantial and durable things possible.\(^4^6\)
So long as Miriam relies on her intuitive faculty she does not look for any terra firma, and accepts unreservedly the "torrent-like flow of things." It is only when she looks at the phenomenon of becoming through the refracting medium of intellect that she finds herself caught inextricably between the two conflicting and irreconcilable views of reality—being and becoming. In such moments the intellectual aspect of her personality dominates her entire self and makes her feel the necessity of discovering some "fixed points" to which contraries could be conveniently referred. Pressed under this urge to resolve experience into static intelligible symbols, Miriam Henderson leans towards "being" as an all-satisfying principle underlying reality. This tendency towards conceptualizing experience finds expression in "Clear Horizon" where Miriam even prepares herself to give up her relationship with Hypo, because he would not accept "being" as the only impregnable and irrefutable view of reality.47

Vanity, too, had helped. If it were vanity to hope that she herself might be instrumental in changing his views, yet 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.48

Miriam would be satisfied only if Hypo could also embrace "being" as a significant aspect of "becoming," but
soon after she gives up even this compromising attitude to accept "being" as the only ultimate reality, and "becoming" as its extraneous concomitant with no exclusive identity of its own.

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.

On a dialectical plane Dorothy Richardson falls in with the traditional metaphysical emphasis on "being" as against "ceaseless flux." This passage is more definitive and assertive and not as non-committal as the one quoted earlier. Of the two contraries, becoming and being, the former depends upon the latter because it is "not so certain" that "being" will look after itself if "becoming" is well taken care of. Whereas "being" is finite and immutable, "becoming" loses itself in a haze of continual change. And in presenting personality as carrying its "bourne" within itself, she moves still further away from Bergson who believes in a creative evolution of self towards unpredictable and unforeseeable forms.

It has been noted earlier that this vacillation and subsequent affirmation of "being" as the only reality is merely a passing phase of Miriam's awareness and does not represent her fundamental attitude. This dilemma exists only on the dialectical plane, for as soon as Miriam stops
conceptualizing she realizes "becoming," in the strict Bergsonian sense, is the only true explanation of experience. There is then a shift from an intellectual reconstruction of experience as a state to an intuitive realization of it as a process. This process of creative becoming, in which her self has been involved ever since she left her home to take up various careers, is described in a passage in "Dimple Hill."

And even now, though she could imagine herself built into Fräulein Pfaff's school, tolerantly collaborating with her in handling successive drafts of girls from prosperous families and, in the end, taking over the school herself or staying deedily on with the Fernes and becoming, at last, approximately, a modern Ferne; or even staying with the Corries until she had learned their world and become a flexible part of it . . . [my italics].

Each fresh experience presses Miriam into a new kaleidoscopic pattern. Each new career may not be dramatic and soul-making in the traditional sense, yet their impress on her growing self is, none-the-less, so indelibly marked that after each experience she is never her old self again, and the stream of her becoming flows on now turbid, now clear, to an unforeseen and unforeseeable destination. "Not things made," observes Bergson, "but things in the making, not self-maintaining states, but only changing states, exist. . . . The consciousness we have of our own self in its continual flux introduces us to the interior of a reality. . . ." Dorothy Richardson affirms this dynamic aspect of human experience. It is in her analysis
of Hypo Wilson's character that she brings out this conception of personality:

He was two people. A man achieving, becoming, driving forward to unpredictable becomings, delighting in the process, devoting himself, compelling himself, whom so frankly he criticized and so genuinely deplored, to a ceaseless becoming, ceaseless assimilating of anything that promised to serve the interests of ceaseless becoming for life as he saw it [my italics].

Miriam's character, as much as Hypo's, is an example of human personality "driving forward to unpredictable becomings." This process of "ceaseless becoming" reveals itself through Miriam's stream of consciousness which reflects the fugitive sensory impressions of the present as perpetually recreated by memories. Significantly, Dorothy Richardson parts company with Bergson whenever she tries to locate the source of psychic states at "some sure centre," for according to him the center itself is involved in a process of ceaseless change and becoming. An example of this occurs in "Deadlock":

Freely watching the peaceful face in the mirror, she washed with an intense sense of sheltering companionship. Far in behind the peaceful face serene thoughts moved, not to and fro, but forward from some sure centre.

But one could almost say that Dorothy Richardson's novel as a whole is an example of the concept of "universal becoming." "Dimple Hill," it has been shown, is not the concluding chapter of Pilgrimage and the published parts of "Work In Progress" are as inconclusive as any of the
preceding chapters. One might ask if there could be any conclusion in a real process of becoming; for as it stands, Pilgrimage in its original conception by Dorothy Richardson, the subject matter used, the techniques employed to carry out the plan, and the philosophy involved, is a symbol of the imperceptible process of eternal becoming that marks our ceaseless reactions to phenomena, dramatic or singularly "ordinary" and "dull."
CONCLUSION

Upon reading a copy of Henry James's *Ambassadors*, Dorothy Richardson perceived that a novel might be written in which everything could be viewed through the eyes of a single character. She found that she herself was interested not in plot but in character, and, more particularly, in the psychological aspects of character. She wanted to write a novel in which the hero did not have to face one crisis after another; who, in fact, was set in the midst of everyday life, solving everyday problems.

Moreover, Dorothy Richardson found herself reading books to study the minds of the authors, not the characters. Creative imagination to her would be the reconstruction of an author's consciousness; and the writing of a novel, a frame upon which one would put emphasis on the psychic states of a character. Using her own life for the basic plot incidents, then, she decided to construct a novel in which she would study the inner states of mind and feeling of her heroine, Miriam Henderson.

But once in the midst of writing, she found that in order to present the consciousness of her heroine fully, she must give the heroine's thoughts directly and without overt authorial comments. Furthermore, to get a thorough psychological insight into the mind of her heroine, it
was necessary to present those stages of consciousness below the level of rational communicable awareness. In the process of developing the literary techniques to present her material, Dorothy Richardson made a stream-of-consciousness novel.

The term "stream-of-consciousness" is derived from its application in William James Principles of Psychology, and when the term is applied to fiction it is defined as that fiction in which a strong emphasis is placed on exploration of pre-speech levels of consciousness for the purposes, primarily, of revealing the psychic being of the characters. Four basic techniques were developed in order to present the material of consciousness: direct interior monologue, indirect interior monologue, omniscient description, and soliloquy. Together with these, the principles of free association to give direction to the materials of consciousness and the use of several techniques derived from the cinema were also employed.

The cinematic devices were mostly concerned with giving a true psychological view of time. Their application allowed a single moment to be infinitely expanded if the author so desired.

The meaning of this emphasis on psychological time can be best understood by a reference to Henri Bergson's concept of "pure" time. "Pure" time is the psychological time in the mind where minutes can seem like hours, days
like fleeting moments. Here time is judged qualitatively by means of succession, intensity, moments melting into one another. This is contrasted with "spatial" time or chronological time where time is judged quantitatively by giving it magnitude, extension, placing moments side by side. Chronological time in Pilgrimage is presented in a very oblique way; it is never made definite. Though the novel covers nearly seventeen years of chronological time, everything in the book seems to be happening almost at once.

Although Dorothy Richardson disagreed with the use of the term "stream-of-consciousness," she did in fact make references in Pilgrimage to thought as a flowing stream. Moreover, Pilgrimage attempts to present in explicit terms some of the fundamental philosophical and aesthetic aspects of the stream-of-consciousness method. Dorothy Richardson treats certain aspects of the philosophy of stream of consciousness much in the same manner as Henri Bergson.

Memory is a "spiritual" phenomenon and its "offerings" are revelations of reality which normally remain buried under thick layers of habit and action. Dorothy Richardson affirms a belief in the perpetual existence of our past life, although preoccupation with the present makes the link with the past weak and ineffective. We carry the dead weight of our memories, but the memories often emerge
from their "hiding places." Miriam Henderson as an artist realizes the significance of these memories as mysterious links with the reality of aesthetic experience: the self constantly recreating itself through contemplation of the past.

Although the creative mind that perpetually contemplates past experience is passive and detached from immediate action, it is also sufficiently aware of the process of creation. Pilgrimage illustrates this passive state of mind which is an important prerequisite of literary composition. Miriam Henderson's thought processes are quickened and the stream of her consciousness begins to flow more quickly when her mind falls into a relaxed state of reverie and starts "contemplating" phenomena. It is in a passive state of mind that Miriam finds it possible to establish close contact with her past and to discover in the pattern of her experience a unifying thread.

Dorothy Richardson does not distinguish between voluntary and involuntary memory. A taste or odor may evoke a certain past experience involuntarily. But as the stream of consciousness begins to flow along a particular channel, it often comes at a later stage under the influence of a directive force whose interests are to unfold that experience in all its relevant and significant details. Thus an "unsummoned" remembrance is likely to be succeeded by a "summoned" recollection to help, as it were, the original
impulse in discovering the fuller details of wealth.

Dorothy Richardson also believes in the aesthetic significance of involuntary memories; they form mysterious links with the entire range of past experience. Significance does not lie at the moment of perceiving a phenomenon but only "after an interval," when the memory has been allowed sufficient time to absorb and re-present it in fuller perspective to realize its true reality.

It is through Miriam's intuitive experience of life that we realize the "vision of universal becoming." This process, which is one of "ceaseless becoming," reveals itself through Miriam's stream of consciousness that reflects the fugitive sensory impressions of the present as perpetually recreated by memories.

One could almost say that Dorothy Richardson's novel as a whole is an example of the concept of "universal becoming." It has been shown that both the collected Pilgrimage and the "Work in Progress" are incomplete and therefore inconclusive. But one might ask if there could be any conclusion in a real process of becoming; as it stands, Pilgrimage in its original conception by Dorothy Richardson, the subject matter used, the techniques employed to carry out the plan, and the philosophy involved, is a true stream-of-consciousness novel: a symbol of the imperceptible process of eternal becoming that marks our ceaseless reactions to phenomena, dramatic or singularly "ordinary" and "dull."
NOTES TO CHAPTER I


4. Ibid., p. 145.


6. Ibid., p. 516.

7. Ibid., p. 517.

8. Ibid., p. 516.


10. Ibid., p. 6.

11. Ibid., p. 8.

12. Ibid., p. 43.


20. Ibid., p. 92.


22. Ibid., p. 36-38.


28. Ibid., p. 102.

29. Ibid., p. 106.

30. Ibid., p. 107.

31. Ibid., p. 108.


33. Ibid., p. 138.

34. Ibid., p. 168.


36. Rachel Trickett, "The Living Dead-V: Dorothy Richardson," The London Magazine, VI (June, 1959),

37. Ibid., p. 21, 22.

38. Ibid., p. 24.

39. Ibid., p. 25.

40. Ibid., p. 25.


45. Beresford is quoted in Stanley Kunitz (ed.), *Authors Today and Yesterday* (New York, 1933), 563.


58. *Pilgrimage*.


60. *Pilgrimage*, IV, 240.


NOTES TO CHAPTER II


3. Harvey Eagleston "Pedestal for Statue: the Novels of Dorothy Richardson," Sewanee Review, XLII (1934), 44.


7. Stanley J. Kunitz (ed.), Authors Today And Yesterday (New York, 1933), 562-63. The editors claim that this is the first biographical information ever published about Dorothy Richardson.

8. E. M. Maisel, "Dorothy M. Richardson's 'Pilgrimage,'" Canadian Forum, XIX (1939-40), 89.

9. Stanley M. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft, Twentieth Century Authors (New York, 1942), 1169.


13. Pilgrimage, I, 32; see also p. 22.


15. Pilgrimage, I, 33.


17. Pilgrimage, I, 28.

18. Prescott, p. 15.


21. Pilgrimage, I, 150. The references to natural phenomena in Pilgrimage are too numerous to count. See, for example, I, 39; IV, 490.

21a. Prescott, p. 15.

22. Pilgrimage, I

23. Prescott, p. 15.


27. Pilgrimage, I; see also pp. 15, 19, 20, 48-49, 70, 71, 72, 73.

28. Prescott, p. 16.

29. Pilgrimage, I, 217; 470.

30. Prescott, p. 16.

31. Pilgrimage, I, 293.

32. Prescott, p. 16.

33. Pilgrimage, I, 80.

34. Prescott, p. 16.

35. Pilgrimage, I, 78.

36. Prescott, p. 17.

37. Pilgrimage, I, 80; see also I, 129.

38. Prescott, p. 17.


40. Prescott, p. 17.

41. Pilgrimage, I, 78.

42. Prescott, p. 17.

43. Pilgrimage, I, 27.
44. Prescott, p. 17.
45. See synopsis of "Pointed Roofs."
46. Prescott, p. 17.
47. See synopsis of "Backwater" and "Honeycomb."
49. *Pilgrimage*, I, 166.
50. Prescott, p. 17.
51. See synopsis of "The Tunnel."
52. Prescott, p. 18.
54. Prescott, p. 18.
55. See synopsis of "The Tunnel."
56. Prescott, p. 18.
57. See synopsis of "Interim."
58. Prescott, p. 18.
60. See synopsis of "Clear Horizon" and "Dimple Hill."
61. Prescott, p. 18.
63. Prescott, p. 19.
64. See I,

68. *Pilgrimage*, IV, 231.


70. Ibid., p. 117.


72. One might note here an example of how Miss Richardson used even small incidents in her life as material for her novel. In "Dimple Hill," *Pilgrimage*, IV, 426, Miriam Henderson has some rooms in an attic opposite the house where William B. Yeats is living. A more complete description of this is given in an article Miss Richardson wrote called "Yeats of Bloomsbury," *Life and Letters Today*, XXI (April, 1939), 60-66. In the article Miss Richardson describes Yeats as she herself saw him. Although the description in the magazine article is more elaborate than that in *Pilgrimage*, the information is almost the same.

73. See I.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III


6. *Ibid.*, pp. 333-345. In a footnote to his chapter, "Stream of Thought," cited above, W. James writes, "Few writers have admitted that we cognize relations through feeling. The intellectualists have explicitly denied the possibility of such a thing" and then James cites four pages of evidence to prove his point. Robert Humphrey's definition of stream-of-consciousness, cited further on in the text, is in agreement with James's idea that "we recognize relations through feeling." James, pp. 247-250.


18. Ibid., p. 30.
21. Ibid., p. 33.
22. Pilgrimage, IV, 489.


28. Shiv Kumar, "Dorothy Richardson and the Dilemma of 'Being versus Becoming,'" MLN, LXXIV (June, 1959), 475.
30. Ibid., p. 128.
31. Ibid., p. 8.
33. Bergson, pp. 88, 89.
34. Ibid., pp. 95, 96.
37. Ibid., p. 85.
38. Ibid., p. 90.
39. Ibid., pp. 90-91.
40. Pilgrimage, IV, 424.
41. See Chapter I; (note GI, p. 30)
42. M. Friedman, p. 92.

43. The germ of this idea may be found in Harvey Eagleson's "Pedestal For Statue: the Novels of Dorothy Richardson," Sewanee Review, XLII (1934), 47-48. I have amplified his comment with further documentation.

44. Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel, p. 43.
45. Ibid., 48.
NOTES TO CHAPTER IV


2. Ibid., p. 42.


7. Dorothy Richardson, Deadlock (London, 1921), 89-90.


9. Ibid., p. 92-93.


15. Shiv Kumar, "Dorothy Richardson & Bergson: 'Mémoire Par Excellence,'" Notes and Queries, VI (January, 1959), 14.


18. Interim, p. 43.


40. *Interim*, pp. 35-36.


42. *Clear Horizon*, pp. 182, 183.


44. Shiv Kumar, "Dorothy Richardson and the Dilemma of 'Being versus Becoming,'" *MLN*, LXXIV (June, 1959), 495.

46. Ibid., p. 177.


49. Ibid., pp. 171-172.


55. *Deadlock*, p. 66.

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