"Mind, Body, Room: Alternative Forms of Dwelling for Women in Early Twentieth Century" by Matilda Blackwell, University of Birmingham

Mind, Body, Room: Alternative of Dwelling for Women in the Early Twentieth Century

Matilda Blackwell[1]

University of Birmingham

'You're a girl, my dear, unspoiled by worldly women, the dearest I know - with a man's mind,' so Miriam Henderson is told in the ninth volume of Dorothy Richardson's semi-autobiographical novel-sequence *Pilgrimage*. [2]

Charting more than twenty years, Richardson describes the life of a working woman at the turn of the century, reflecting her own struggle for independence and a room of her own.

First published in 1925, though set two decades earlier, *The Trap* details the life of two 'bachelor women' living in shared 'diggings' in London.[3] After several years of living alone in a boarding-house, Miriam decides to undertake a social experiment: that is, to live with another woman in a 'marriage of convenience; a bringing down of expenses that would allow them both to live more comfortably than they could alone'.[1] Selina Holland is the chosen partner, a social worker and the 'châtelaine' of the pair.[2] Miriam, in contrast, is a writer with an artistic mind, a 'man's mind', through which we see much of the New Woman's life in early twentieth-century London.

This novel-chapter opens at a threshold moment: Miriam arriving at her new digs in a three-storey house in Bloomsbury. Split into rooms and rented by anonymous strangers, these houses symbolise the alternative domestic structures available to independent women in the early twentieth century. Miriam and her 'châtelaine' partner

---

[1] Matilda is in the second year of her PhD in English Literature at the University of Birmingham, funded by the Midlands3Cities doctoral training partnership. Her research focuses on representations of the bathroom in early twentieth-century literature, unearthing new political and performative spaces for modernism's 'dirty' individuals. She can be contacted at: mbb758@bham.ac.uk

[2] D. Richardson, *The Trap*, in *Pilgrimage*, vol. iii (London, 1979), pp. 397-509 (p. 479).

[3] Ibid., pp. 428-9.

[4] Ibid., p. 441.

are branded 'artistic' and, almost with tongue-in-cheek, called a 'cult'.[3] These digs signal a certain 'architectural impermanence' that echoes the liminal position of women like Miriam; they exist outside traditional ideas of a private space controlled by a patriarchal figure and provide alternative domestic structures for those who want to (or have to) exist outside the social norm.[4]As a cult or 'a spectacle', these dwellings were seen as a hazardous or precarious domestic space, as well as a threat to social order.[4] Firm opponent of lodging-houses for women, Christabel Osborn, writing in *The Contemporary Review* in 1911, notes that 'man wants a lodging, but woman wants a home'.[5] Osborn argued that lodging-houses, by their very nature, were 'anti-social' spaces that stunted the 'development of character' in 'men and women, rich and poor alike', and cited lodging-house dwellers' lack of 'domestic, social and civil responsibilities' as the key problem.[6] In direct contrast to the association of lodging-houses with dirt and debauchery - Friedrich Engels called them 'hot-beds of unnatural vice' - the family home was aligned with ideals of morality, propriety and control, and women had a specific and well-defined place within them.[7]

This unorthodox form of home, then, symbolises Miriam's decision to place herself outside the stability of the patriarchal family home. Looking at a reflection of her own digs in the windows of the house across the courtyard (W. B. Yeats' flat, though she does not realise it at this point), Miriam concludes that 'she and Miss Holland were not the only aliens' that straddle the boundary between man and woman, taking on multiple male and female roles.[8] They were not the only 'bachelor women' in the neighbourhood.[9] Miriam is part of an emerging group of socially and economically independent women, whose independence is echoed in the increasing number living outside traditional domestic structures. As Terri Mullholland argues, this places them outside socially and culturally defined domestic roles.[10] In fiction as in reality, the New Woman 'carves out a

---

[5] Ibid., p. 415.

[4] See also: S. Marcus, *Apartment Stories* (Berkeley, 1999); A. Zimmern, 'Ladies' Dwellings', *The Contemporary Review* (1990), pp. 96-104; M. Higgs, *Glimpses into the Abyss* (London, 1906).

[5] C. Osborn, 'Rowton Houses for Women', *The Contemporary Review* (1911), pp. 707-717 (p. 717).

[6] Ibid., p. 711.

[7] F. Engels, *The Condition of the Working Class in England*, trans. & ed. by W. O. Henderson & W. H. Chaloner (Oxford, 1958), p. 78.

[8] Richardson, *The Trap*, p. 415. W. B. Yeats (1865 -1939) was a canonical Irish poet. In *Pilgrimage*, he embodies the successful writer who has the freedom to explore his own artistic nature because of his position as a man of independent means.

[9] Ibid., p. 415.

[10] T. Mullholland, 'Introduction', in *British Boarding Houses in Interwar Women's Literature: Alternative Domestic Spaces* (London, 2017), pp. 1-21.

private space for herself' in the form of the lodging-house, bedsit or 'spinster flat'.[11] Women's emerging independent identities, then, are inherently bound up in alternative spaces of their own which become a 'valuable trope in which to understand the nature of women's place in modernity'.[12]

This article offers a re-evaluation of women's digs in the early twentieth century through Dorothy Richardson's novel-chapters *The Tunnel* (1919) and *The Trap* (1925) and Rosamond Lehmann's novel *The Weather in the Streets* (1936). The lodging-house, bedsit or flat has often been read as a utopian or liberating space for women, offering a site of privacy for some of modernity's marginal individuals.[13] In more recent years, critics have begun to explore the isolation and loneliness that often faces the single woman living outside the family home, as well as the patriarchal conventions that invade these seemingly liberatory spaces.[14] In line with the latter, then, I want to consider 'diggings' from a more affective perspective as a way to explore ideas of public and private, insider and outsider, home and homeliness.

In this article, I use Richardson and Lehmann's semi-autobiographical accounts of alternative domestic spaces to explore the lived reality of the single woman, examining their claustrophobic and, to some extent, dangerous potentialities. These domestic spaces are filtered through their protagonists' mind; I consider how the symbolism housed in their narratives echoes the ambivalent position of the independant woman in society at this time. For Richardson, the room is 'full of her untrammelled thoughts'; these spaces collect and contain female identity.[15] Indeed, as Diana Fuss suggests, every house is 'an outer embodiment of the inner life of its occupant'.[16] Both authors use domestic spaces to think through the lived reality of their protagonists. Both authors merge the psychological and architectural through sensual experience which is imbued into their narratives through unusual stylistic, syntactical and formal choices. Looking at these two texts side by side, then, I draw together the alternative interiors of the mind, the body and the dwelling; three 'expansive' spaces that Fuss identifies as 'encompassing both the psychological and the

---

[11] E. Liggins, *Odd Women?: Spinsters, Lesbians and Widows in British Women's Fiction, 1850s-1930s* (Manchester, 2014), p. 77.

[12] W. Parkins, *Mobility and Modernity in Women's Novels, 1850s-1930s: Women Moving Dangerously* (Basingstoke, 2008), p. 2.

[13] Terri Mullholland suggests that the lodging-house became a space into which women were able to escape. For an in-depth study of the lodging-house and gender see: Mullholland (2017).

[14] For more on isolation, loneliness and patriarchal conventions invading lodging-houses see: Mullholland (2017).

[15] D. Richardson, *The Tunnel*, in *Pilgrimage*, vol. ii (London, 1979), pp. 9-288 (p. 21).

[16] D. Fuss, *The Sense of an Interior: Four Rooms and the Writers that Shaped Them* (London, 2004), p. 1.

architectural meanings of interior life'.[17] Through the liminal spatial metaphors of the shared bachelor flat, the female 'man's mind' and the pregnant body, I examine how these porous interior spaces interconnect to reflect the precarious social, sexual and economic position of the single, independent woman in the early twentieth century.

Dwelling in the Mind

In 1897, after several years of living as a governess and teacher, Miriam moves into a boarding-house in London: Mrs Bailey's attic room at 7 Tansley Street. First published in 1919, the fourth part of Richardson's novel-sequence, *The Tunnel*, is a fertile narrative for exploring the ambivalent nature of the lodging-house for women. Moving into this small, private space, Miriam feels the room full of sunlight: 'shut off by its brightness from the rest of the house'.[18] The light streaming in through the window adds an imagined layer of privacy for Miriam, suggesting a blockage preventing the flow of light from reaching the rest of the boarding-house. The skylight - 'blue and gold with light, its cracks threads of bright gold' - fills the room with 'brilliant' chinks of gold light.[19]

The windows become a focal point for Miriam: an egress to the outside world. In more than just a literal sense, Miriam imbues the window with the possibility of connecting her to what she would consider real life. The light takes on tangible qualities as she imagines the room 'noisy with light'.[20] In a symbolic act of liberation, Miriam breaks the 'heavy' bars and iron lattice off the window: a 'push set it free and it swung wide'.[21] This action shatters the boundary between inside and outside, and the city streets invade the domestic interior. Sitting by the window, Miriam can hear the 'plonk plonk and rumble of swift vehicles', the 'cheeping of birds' and the 'sound of an unaccompanied violin'.[22] In a fragmented, solitary paragraph Miriam observes: 'London, just outside all the time, coming in with the light, coming in with the darkness, always present in the depths of the air in the room'.[23] A coda to the opening scene, this sliver of narrative echoes the shards

[17] Ibid., p. 1.

[18] Richardson, *The Tunnel*, p. 12.

[19] Ibid., pp. 12-3.

[20] Ibid., p. 12.

[21] Ibid.,p. 15.

[22] Ibid., p. 15.

[23] Ibid., p. 16.

of light that render Miriam 'frightfully happy'; both symbols of a porous, unbounded potentiality psychologically imbued into the architecture of the room.[24]

In a similar manner, upon entering her new shared room at Flaxman Court in the opening pages of *The Trap*, Miriam imbues this sense of potentiality into its architectural features; Richardson's narrative blends sensual stimulus with the physical and architectural. Returning to her new rooms shortly after the Church Army men have delivered her furniture, Miriam spends a moment taking in her surroundings. The room is 'peopled' with furniture.[25] From the 'wide high window' daylight 'generously' illuminates the furniture in new ways.[26] Miriam observes:

> Pools of light rested on the squat moss-green crockery of the wash-table, set, flanked by clear wall and clear green floor, between the mirror and the end of the small bed which skirted the wall as far as the door opening on to the landing. The unencumbered floor made a green pathway to the window. It was refreshment merely to walk along it, between clean sightly objects. Squalor was banished. No more smell of dust. No more sleepless nights under a roof too hot to grow cool even in the hour before dawn. [27]

Miriam takes in the crockery, the wash-table, the mirror. Peppered with prepositions, the lengthy sentence echoes the expansiveness of the space whose novelty is opening up new possibilities in Miriam's mind. Past memories of sleepless nights imprinted in the furniture are 'banished', liberated by the 'unencumbered' new setting. Seen in this new light, Miriam's old furniture loses its 'squalor', instead becoming 'clear', 'clean' and 'sightly', offering their owner 'refreshment'. The room is suffused with natural imagery. Miriam fixates on the furniture's green colouring; the crockery is 'moss-green', the 'clear green floor' makes a 'green pathway to the window'. This infiltration of nature into a distinctly urban setting is out of place. Richardson emphasises the dissolution of boundaries between interior and exterior, nature and city; the mingling of urban and anti-urban reflects the liberatory potential Miriam sees in her new home.

Sunlight also illuminates the 'polished surfaces of the little bureau' upon which dance 'bright plaques of open sky'.[28] Richardson's attention to sunlight in both *The Tunnel* and *The Trap* becomes coded for a metaphorical potential. Flaxman Court, based on Richardson's time at Woburn Buildings (now Woburn Walk), is suffused with sunlight in the opening of *The Trap*, a psychological marker of the (temporary) utopia Miriam sees in her new digs. In his survey of London's Georgian architecture, John Summerson describes

---

[24] Ibid., p. 23.

[25] Ibid., p. 410.

[26] Ibid., p. 410.

[27] Ibid., p. 410.

[28] Richardson, *The Trap*, p. 410.

Woburn Walk as 'small three-storey stuccoed houses with shop-fronts on the ground floor' designed by Thomas Cubitt with leases dating back to 1822.[29] Woburn Walk is a narrow, densely built road, unlike the wide open square of her boarding-house in *The Tunnel*, Tansley Street (actually Endsleigh Street in Bloomsbury), and these rooms, particularly the attic rooms which Miriam and Miss Holland occupy, would have been dark and dingy at the turn of the century. Indeed, Richardson describes life in this area in a letter to Yeats' biographer:

> the alley was in some respects a terrifying dwelling-place for one unaccustomed to certain of the worst products of poverty & miseries, & the mere presence of the poet was a source of comfort & light. The postman rarely passed further down the court than our two respective doors.[30]

Miriam ignores the material reality of the room and its architectural surroundings, leaving readers to wonder why these shared rooms are preferable to her earlier private room in Mrs Bailey's boarding-house. Yet, unlike the boarding-house, Flaxman Court offers the chance to form a female community rooted in independence. It is this utopian ideal that shapes our first impressions of Flaxman Court and, as in *The Tunnel*, it is the sunlight that metaphorically opens up the architecture, forming a thread between Miriam's consciousness and her impression of the space.

The open sky is captured on the surface of the bureau. Much like the natural imagery with which Richardson imbues the room, the open sky denotes her ability to escape the confines of her small shared rooms during the process of writing. The coupling of the sunlight and the writing table suggests a potential for thinking and writing and working. The 'polished surfaces' of the bureau echo the 'strip of mirror' and 'pools of light'.[31] Reflective surfaces fill the room, throwing back light and images without absorbing them. These surfaces are reflective in more than one sense: both visually and physically, allowing Miriam the space and furniture needed for the mental reflection of writing.

The bureau is not just an inanimate object to Miriam, it becomes suffused with subtle associations in the text. Miriam contends that 'the bureau was experience; seen from any angle it was joy complete'.[32] The bureau is central to Miriam's construction of her sense of self as a writer; it becomes an anchoring device used to centre her sense of identity in the upheaval of moving houses: a symbol of the writer's mind. Retreating into the privacy of her interior mind, Miriam finds an escape from Miss Holland, the daily grind of household tasks and, when she needs it, the busy London streets outside. And, although

---

[29] J. Summerson, *Georgian London* (London, 1991), p. 182.

[30] G. G. Fromm (ed.), *Windows on Modernism: Selected Letters of Dorothy Richardson* (Athens, 1995), p. 380.

[31] Richardson, *The Trap*, p. 410.

[32] Ibid., p. 410.

she had earned her keep as a governess and dental assistant since her father's bankruptcy, writing now offers her the possibility of financial independence too. Around these implicit associations stored in the bureau, then, Miriam constructs her sense of self as a subject in modernity.

As the novel-chapter progresses, however, and her shared home becomes more claustrophobic, the bureau, as well as the books 'stacked in piles on the mantelshelf', become the only 'relief for her oppression'.[33] Books provide a sense of comfort in the darkness of her increasingly incommodious digs; the 'minute gilded titles of some of the books [...] gleamed faintly in the gloom, minute threads of gold'.[34] From their golden titles unwind intricate threads to other times and places, imagined lines of connections to the sort of mental stimulation that Miriam craves. Threads weave their way throughout the rest of Richardson's novel-chapter; the threads of gold, which Miriam identified when she first moved into Mrs Bailey's attic room, can be traced through Richardson's narrative to this moment. With such claustrophobic titles (*The Tunnel* and *The Trap*), these 'threads of bright gold' connote a sense of potential: a light at the end of the tunnel.[35] Threads become a subtle metaphor that links Miriam's mind and room; her mind is constantly reaching beyond her interior dwelling, beyond Miss Holland's silence - 'the broken fabric of their intercourse' - to the noisy world outside.[36] The minute threads extend beyond her shared digs, capturing (in her mind) real life outside the window.

Richardson suggests that Miriam's unfixed life, travelling between places and homes, has caused her link to real life to break: the 'small frayed' 'thread had been snapped'.[37]Although she is untethered, a single, independent woman living in the city, her 'marriage of convenience' is, in fact, as entrapping as a traditional domestic setting.[38] And, because Miss Holland does not understand Miriam (who feels 'so different'), the shared digs are as isolating as a room in a boarding-house.[39] Miriam is still shackled by tea times and domestic routines. Yet this question of domestic rootedness (or unrootedness) is an interesting one, leaving us to ponder to what extent Miriam still desires the traditional domestic life of her childhood. Moving away from an unrooted and unhomely boarding-house to a more permanent shared space, we see Miriam caught in an ironic double-bind; for readers, the boarding-house at Tansley Street is the locus of *Pilgrimage*, remembered today as the home of Miriam, and this brief interlude in a potentially more fixed space

[33] Ibid., p. 440.

[34] Ibid., p. 440.

[35] Ibid., pp. 12-3.

[36] Ibid., p. 430.

[37] Ibid., pp. 417-8.

[38] Ibid., pp. 428-9.

[39] Ibid., p. 432.

renders Miriam caught in the trap that the novel-chapter's title suggests. Indeed, the 'broken fabric of their intercourse' for which she listened 'breathlessly' on her first night in the room is also that which separates her from reality; Miss Holland, encroaching on and policing her privacy, prevents Miriam from experiencing the 'deep places to be invaded by unsummoned dreams': that which her writing is made of.[40]

Richardson's obsessive descriptions of domestic interiors echo a need for privacy denied women in the public sphere. In her excellent re-evaluation of the importance of domestic space for modernist (and female, I would argue) subjectivity, Morag Shiach suggests that Miriam's 'aspiration is for protection from the coerced and the casual encounter, a protection she represents here as the "treasure" of security'.[41] Miriam desires protective boundaries. In her economic position, however, these boundaries cannot be fully realised. She has the option of living in a boarding-house, where the miniatures of her everyday life are policed by a landlady, or form a 'marriage of convenience' with Miss Holland and share a room she could not otherwise afford alone. What starts out with utopian aims - the affordable, shared space - gradually becomes more and more oppressive.

Filtered through Miriam's mind, the room becomes imbued with her emotions. Although its architectural reality does not change, it is held, as if by a thread, to Miriam's consciousness and the way she experiences the space. Miss Holland's furniture comes to embody the oppressive presence that Miriam sees in its owner and, crowded with Miss Holland and her belongings, and experienced somatically by Miriam, the domestic interior becomes increasingly claustrophobic when Miriam realises that she is sharing her home with a 'châtelaine' and not the like-minded 'bachelor woman' she had hoped.[42] She ponders on their domestic roles:

> Always, in relation to household women, she felt herself a man. Felt that they included her, with a half-contemptuous indulgence, in the world of men. Some of them, those to whom the man's world was still an exciting mystery, were a little jealous and spiky.[43]

Miriam is separate from 'household women', indulgently included in the category 'man' by women who strive to fulfil their traditional domestic roles. Miriam's 'man's mind' is an exciting mystery for Miss Holland, who tidies their digs, declares Henry James 'a little

---

[40] Ibid., pp. 430, 417-8.

[41] M. Shiach, 'Modernism, the City and the "Domestic" Interior', *Home Cultures*, 2 (2005) pp. 251-267 (p. 261).

[42] Richardson, *The Trap*, pp. 441, 415.

[43] Ibid., p. 412.

tedious' and pronounces Schopenhauer 'Shoppenore'.[44] Miriam laughs at 'the châtelaine's response to Schopenhauer'.[45]

Yet the châtelaine becomes unbearable for Miriam. Her earlier somatic responses are intensified. Their digs radiate pressure and a palpable tension sparks from their conflict in domestic roles. Miss Holland is an 'infection'.[46] A 'hot pressure' burns on each side of their bedroom, partitioned by a curtain.[47] Miss Holland's presence renders the room silent, 'rebuked' into an engulfing 'dead stillness'; Richardson describes the room as 'close' and 'full'.[48] This 'dead stillness' is fuelled by Miss Holland's candle, whose light flickers around the edges of the curtain - a fiery dance reminding Miriam of the 'immense discomfort' instilled in her by Miss Holland.[49] The room is pervaded by images of contagion. The infection expands, seeping over the edges of the curtain like the candlelight, into Miriam's (not so) private space.

The 'dividing curtain', 'suspended in a deep loop from the top of the window frame to a hook in the wall above the connecting door', takes on connotations of a sick-bay curtain.[50] The curtain is literally and figuratively 'suspended': both physically hanging from the wall and temporarily preventing (or suspending) the spread of infection. Yet, Richardson tells us, the curtain is 'porous'.[51] Unlike a solid wall, the curtain has minute interstices through which sounds, smells or shadows may pass: entities coded as infection. The infection oozes through the curtain. Noise and bodily smells infiltrate the air and, even with the window 'wide open', the 'air is stifling' for Miriam.[52]

Here, this claustrophobic room is a symptom of the entrapment of women suspended between the entrenched gender roles available to them. Richardson depicts Miriam's gradual entrapment through an emphasis on sensorial experience. If, as Fuss suggests, senses 'stand at the border of what is inside and outside consciousness', then they form a 'critical bridge between the architectural and the psychological interior'.[53]

---

[44] Ibid., pp. 479, 411-2, 462.

[45] Ibid., p. 462.

[46] Ibid., p. 432.

[47] Ibid., p. 432.

[48] Ibid., p. 432.

[49] Ibid., p. 432.

[50] Ibid., p. 404.

[51] Ibid., p. 500.

[52] Ibid., p. 499.

[53] Fuss, p. 6.

Breaching the boundary between the literal and the figurative, then, Miriam's increasingly claustrophobic sensorial responses to her domestic interior reflect both the compact physical reality of the space and her own affective response. More than this, they reflect the architectural and psychological entrapment experienced by independent, single women living in alternative domestic spaces, as well as their struggle to construct an autonomous subject within this society.

The narrative reaches a hot, 'close' climax.[54] Richardson details the nightly routine of the pair 'shut in, maddened' together, set against the 'real, exciting' 'street sounds' outside.[55] The sounds of Miss Holland's toilette seeps through the curtain:

> To sleep early was to wake to the splutter of a meth and see the glare of candlelight come through the porous curtain. To hear, with sense sharpened by sleep, the leisurely preparations, the slow careful sipping, the weary sighing, muttered prayers, the slow removal of the many unlovely garments, the prolonged swishing and dripping of the dismal sponge. All heralding and leading at last to the dreadful numb rattle of vulcanite in the basin.[56]

This is a sensorial experience for Miriam; although it is dark, and Miss Holland is shielded by the curtain, Miriam hears her movements and watches her shadow lit by the 'glare of candlelight'. Her senses are 'sharpened' in the dark. The passage is suffused with sibilant sounds: 'sense sharpened by sleep', 'sipping', 'sighing'. Coupled with the onomatopoeic 'swishing', these sybaritic prosodies emphasise Miriam's aural perceptions, endowing the passage with an almost sensual aura. The excess of present participles ('heralding', 'leading') and gerunds ('swishing', 'dripping') imbue the scene with a sense of movement. Here, Richardson's syntax acts as a mirror to Miriam's imagining of Miss Holland's 'leisurely preparations' behind the curtain. For Miriam, these quotidian sounds 'filled the room with the sense of death and the end'.[57] These sounds 'never varied'.[58] Each sound was

> collected in the quiet room. Centring on the imagined spectacle of the teeth waiting in their saucer for the morning.[59]

Accumulating sounds and odours and images, Richardson crafts a suffocating atmosphere. The 'imagined spectacle' of Miss Holland's private bodily routine, rendered public by the

---

[54] Richardson, *The Trap*, p. 432.

[55] Ibid., p. 500.

[56] Ibid., pp. 500-1.

[57] Ibid., p. 500.

[58] Ibid., p. 500.

[59] Ibid., p. 500.

shared domestic space, is stifling. For Miriam, the slow sluice of the sponge 'spoke of death'.[60]

Yet this claustrophobic domestic routine retains a trace of life for Miriam. The sounds filtering through the open window mingle with the sounds of the dripping sponge and turn 'this stuffy little black room into a refuge'.[61] Miriam hears the 'thick, distorted voices' to which Miss Holland remains utterly 'unaware'.[62] These heterogeneous sounds 'were life', 'real, exciting'.[63] Miriam revels in this 'dailiness': she 'seemed to be within it and to breathe its thick odours as she listened'.[64] Sounds and smells amalgamate to form a sensual onslaught of experience with the aural taking on an odour in her mind. Unlike Miss Holland's toilette routine, which Miriam finds repetitive and predictable, the street sounds are 'fierce and coarse'.[65] These unrefined noises hold an authentic potential for Miriam. The sounds, smells and shadows that are cast up through the window act as a thread to 'real life', just like her books and writing bureau.[66] The porosity of the room, then, reflecting the porosity of Miriam's writer's mind, is its redeeming feature; the claustrophobic 'marriage of convenience', in which Miriam's private space is invaded and policed, contrasts to the only truly private space available to women at this time: the mind.

Dwelling in the Body

This sense of claustrophobia is extended in Rosamond Lehmann's novel *The Weather in the Streets*, which revolves around a theme of entrapment. Olivia Curtis, Lehmann's protagonist, lives a semi-Bohemian life sharing a flat with her 'discreditable' cousin Etty.[67] Olivia is twenty-seven years old, separated from her husband and about to embark on a love affair with Rollo Spencer, a married man. Lehmann narrates a time 'confused with hiding, pretence and subterfuge'; for Olivia, 'being in love with Rollo was all-important, the times with him the only reality; yet in another way they had no existence in reality'.[68] Her affair with Rollo emphasises the 'odd duality' of her existence, and its location in enclosed, temporary interior spaces echoes the liminal position of Lehmann's

[60] Ibid., p. 500.

[61] Ibid., p. 500.

[62] Ibid., p. 500.

[63] Ibid., p. 500.

[64] Ibid., pp. 508-9.

[65] Ibid., p. 500.

[66] Ibid., p. 500.

[67] R. Lehmann, *The Weather in the Streets* (London, 2007), p. 27.

[68] Ibid., p. 174.

protagonist who strives for sexual autonomy at a time when dominant social and cultural narratives, steeped in patriarchy, render her and her body constrained and restricted.[69]

According to her biographer, Lehmann intended the title of the novel 'to convey the impression of "a crowd of people today, unprotected, ordinary & various, moving along the streets in every sort of weather, stopping to talk, lingering to make love, disappearing to be sad, to die"'.[70] Lehmann's novel captures a snapshot of this interwar malaise, subtly exploring the social, sexual and economic position of the middle-class, independent woman in the thirties. Olivia is part of a generation that 'despite being modern, is still under constraining forces of patriarchy, marginalized and exploited in a society that protects traditionalists'.[71] She exists in a liminal position in society: estranged from the middle-class yet never fully living the Bohemian London life of her artist friends. Olivia, along with a whole generation of New Women, is imprisoned in a double-bind. The 'new post-war opportunities which promise so much, particularly university education and greater sexual freedom,' Diana Wallace remarks, 'lead nowhere because of the lack of new alternatives to the wife/mistress/spinster roles'.[72]

Unlike Miriam's determined protection of her own privacy and independence, and whose unusual rejection of men places her outside these roles, Olivia, as part of a heavily gendered Bohemian world, measures herself in relation to men: her independence is set on their terms.[73] Under the guise of liberation, the Bohemian promise of greater sexual freedom in fact possesses more danger for women, taking away other forms of protection whilst encouraging men to have less responsibility. The ambiguity of Olivia's sexual freedom leads us to question just how enabling this unorthodox lifestyle is for a young, single woman at this time struggling to find a role not defined by men.

Lehmann herself describes feeling 'nowhere' at this time.[74] In her biography, Lehmann notes that what 'with the general post-war fissuring and crack-up of all social

---

[69] Ibid., p. 174.

[70] S. Hastings, *Rosamond Lehmann* (London, 2002), pp. 162-3.

[71] X. Jin, 'Battle of Femininity: Romantic Heroines and Modern Sexuality in the Interwar Middlebrow Women's Novel', *Women's History Review*, 24 (2014) pp. 252-270 (p. 268).

[72] D. Wallace, *Sisters and Rivals in British Women's Fiction, 1914-39* (London, 2000), p. 160.

[73] Elizabeth Wilson discusses the problems of Bohemia for women: 'From its earliest days Bohemia had appeared to offer women greater freedom from the social restrictions of respectable society, and recognition as autonomous individuals in their own right [...] but since women throughout the whole of society suffered restrictions that were different from and more severe than those affecting men, their relationship to Bohemia was necessarily also different from that of men, their search for authenticity more problematic' (p. 86). Women 'continued to be defined in gendered terms which denied female creativity. Pregnancy and motherhood, it was asserted, limited women's mental capacities' (p. 96). E. Wilson, 'Women in Bohemia', in *Bohemians: The Glamourous Outcast* (London, 2003), pp. 85-99.

[74] R. Lehmann, *Swan in the Evening* (London, 1983), p. 69.

and moral structures, coupled with the abject collapse of my private world, it was easy to fear I was nowhere'.[75] Olivia, too, has this feeling of being rootless, of existing in a placeless 'extension of the mind's loathing and oppression'.[76] She is trapped in 'glass casing' watching 'pictures of London winter the other side of the glass - not reaching the body'.[77] For the interwar woman, then, her sense of place or placelessness is a valuable trope through which to understand the nature of her place within modernity. The novel's interior spaces reflect and, at times, facilitate the double-bind of women, trapped in a liminal position by social and cultural restraints.

The novel opens in a fog drenched London, where Olivia is woken by the shrill ring of a telephone. Olivia's body and mind are submerged; the grogginess of her waking state and the dense fog that curls around her merge. She is shrouded in a thick, murky darkness that stings her nose and eyelids. Fog laces this opening page with uncertainty, echoed in Lehmann's use of the modal verb 'might': Olivia is caught in an unknown in-between time of day.[78] With her senses dampened by the fog, she cannot be sure if it is day or night. The opening passage is interspersed with imagined thoughts. Olivia imagines Mrs Banks, their housekeeper, arriving to answer the telephone:

> Click, key in the door; brown mac, black felt, rabbit stole, be on your peg at once behind the door. Answer it, answer it, let me not have to get up …[79]

The sentences flit between the present moment and Olivia's imagination, dredging up the thoughts she has upon waking. This narratological impermanence is coupled with Lehmann's fidgety punctuation to accentuate the scene's instability. Lehmann's repeated use of ellipsis mirrors Olivia's gradual awakening. The excess of colons and semicolons sharply break up the paragraph like the shrill telephone that pierces Olivia's sleep. Her punctuation renders the syntax jolty as readers are thrown between multiple short clauses. This abrupt temporal switching and jittery punctuation submerges readers into the text; Lehmann momentarily renders us as confused as Olivia.

Making her way downstairs to answer the telephone she enters 'Etty's crammed dolls'-house sitting-room' which feels 'unfamiliar' in the early morning light:

> dense with the fog's penetration, with yesterday's cigarettes; strangled with cherry-coloured curtains, with parrot-green and silver cushions, with Etty's little chairs, tables, stools, glass and shagreen and cloisonné boxes, bowls, ornaments, shrilled a peevish reproach over and over again from the darkest corner: withdrew into a

---

[75] Lehmann, *Swan in the Evening*, p. 69.

[76] Lehmann, *Weather in the Streets*, p. 219.

[77] Ibid., p. 138.

[78] Ibid., p. 1.

[79] Ibid., p. 1.

> sinister listening and waiting as she slumped down at the littered miniature writing-table, lifted the receiver and croaked: 'Yes?'[80]

The curtains are anthropomorphised into a murderous form; they threaten to strangle the 'dolls'-house sitting-room'. Alluding to a rose-tinted view of the domestic space, Etty's 'cherry-coloured curtains' suggest a sickly sweet and, in Olivia's eyes, 'frail' form of femininity.[81] Olivia perceives this fragility as a threat to her independence; the domestic interior (repeatedly referred to as Etty's and distinctly not Olivia's) is stifling, coded as confining by Lehmann. This sense of entrapment is mirrored in Lehmann's syntax. Her lists of furniture and ornaments are overwhelming and these objects crowd both the text and the room. Olivia imagines the furniture personified, glaring at her with 'peevish reproach' and enacting a 'sinister listening and waiting' game. These household objects look at Olivia with rebuke; Lehmann imbues the scene with the claustrophobic feeling of being watched by a crowd of disapproving eyes.

Much like Miss Holland's policing of Miriam's private space, these imagined eyes echo Etty's (even unwitting) surveillance of their shared space. In a similar manner, Miriam focuses on Miss Holland's 'cheerless things':

> From a low camp-bed with a limply frilled Madras muslin cover, her eyes passed to a wicker wash-stand-table, decked with a strip of the same muslin and set with chilly, pimpled white crockery. At its side was a dulled old Windsor chair, and underneath it a battered zinc footbath propped against the wall. Above a small shabby chest of draws a tiny square of mirror hung by a nail to the strip of wall next to the window. No colour anywhere but in the limp muslin, washed almost colourless.[82]

Miriam's eyes move 'above', to the 'side' and 'underneath' as she observes the changes to the room with intricate detail. The room is 'decked' with objects whose materiality crowds the page: they are 'muslin', 'wicker' and 'zinc'. Yet Miriam also observes their textures, as if physically feeling the items in her mind. The words 'limply frilled', 'chilly, pimpled' and 'battered' suggest the sensation of touch; their surfaces are palpable to the reader. The phrase 'chilly, pimpled', usually collocated with skin, juxtaposes with the 'white crockery', whose smooth, shiny surface is here mottled and cold to the touch. Everything seems 'dulled' and 'old', 'washed almost colourless'. Richardson repeats the words 'limp' and 'limply' as if emphasising the room's lack of vigour or strength; Miss Holland's shabby belongings, supposedly the backbone of the room, instead fill their digs with a 'huge ugliness'.[83] Unlike the bright, open sky that reflects in Miriam's own bureau, Richardson's chiaroscuro effect highlights the 'faded' and 'colourless' nature of Miss

---

[80] Ibid., p. 1.

[81] Ibid., p. 5.

[82] Richardson, *The Trap*, pp. 403-4.

[83] Ibid., pp. 403, 440.

Holland's belongings.[84] Miriam attaches these values to Miss Holland herself, tarnishing her with the same brush as her domestic interior. Both are 'filmed and dull' as if coated in a thick layer of dust that Miriam, the anti-châtelaine, refuses to wipe away.[85]

In both Miriam and Olivia's minds, then, their roommates' furniture and their roommate merge; both take on traits that leave the protagonists feeling imposed upon, watched and claustrophobic. Indeed, sitting in the 'darkest corner' of the sitting-room, Olivia imagines she is under surveillance. This domestic setting echoes the later spaces that her affair with Rollo forces her to inhabit; their affair takes place in a series of enclosed, temporary spaces. These spaces are unhomely, disconnected from any place or time, and, in describing their relationship, Lehmann reverses the earlier anthropomorphisation; this time it is Olivia and Rollo who become furniture that has to be 'fitted in', 'arranged' and 'spaced out' in the already 'occupied' rooms of each other's lives.[86]

Olivia becomes trapped by the interiors her affair inhabits. Fearing the watching eyes of Etty and her neighbours, this shifts from Etty's flat to the temporary spaces of hotels, restaurants and friends' houses. The affair transforms Olivia into a static 'listening machine', rendering her body 'frozen', 'waiting' for Rollo to visit in the early hours of the morning.[87] Olivia waits in isolated rooms, looking down at the street outside. Unlike Richardson's Miriam, for whom the window provides a 'thread' to real life, Olivia is separate, a static image in the window frame.[88] Lehmann constructs the windows of her narrative as partitions, severing her protagonist from reality and enclosing her in 'glass casing' watching 'pictures of London winter the other side of the glass'.[89] As the novel progresses, this separation becomes entrapment.

Olivia reflects on the differences between her life and Rollo's, charting their dissimilarity through the space she inhabits. For Olivia, they are isolating:

> those evenings alone in Etty's box of a house, waging the unrewarding, everlasting war on grubbiness - rinsing out, mending stockings for to-morrow, washing brush and comb, cleaning stained linings of handbags [...] Not the book taken up, the book laid down, aghast, because of the traffic's sadness, which was time, lamenting and pouring away down all the streets for ever; because of the lives passing up and down outside with steps and voices of futile purpose and forlorn commotion:

---

[84] Ibid., p. 440.

[85] Ibid., p. 440.

[86] Lehmann, *Weather in the Streets*, p. 153.

[87] Ibid., p. 191.

[88] Richardson, *The Trap*, pp. 417-8.

[89] Lehmann, *Weather in the Streets*, p. 138.

> draining out my life, out of the window, in their echoing wake, leaving me dry, stranded, sterile, bound solitary to the room's minute respectability, the gas-fire, the cigarette, the awaited bell, the gramophone's idiot companionship, the unyielding arm-chair, the narrow bed, the hot-water bottles I must fill, the sleep I must sleep. [...]
>
> Do I exist? Where is my place? What is this travesty I am fixed in? How do I get out? Is this, after all, what was always going to be?[90]

The reality of Olivia's more Bohemian lifestyle is starkly contrasted to earlier portraits of the middle-class family home; Lehmann sets this description of Olivia's precariousness during a dinner party at Rollo's family home, a symbol of conformity and propriety in the novel. Olivia's experience of domestic space is mapped onto the 'everlasting war on grubbiness', on the perpetual 'rinsing out, mending stockings' and 'cleaning stained linings of handbags'. The acts through which she pictures her life reveal her economic status, yet, more than that, they emphasise her particular experience of living as a woman without a husband or a home. These worries about stockings and handbags, mending and cleaning, are worries that Rollo will never experience as a middle-class man. For Olivia, on the other hand, they become overwhelming.

Olivia watches as time pours away down the street and life drains 'out of the window'. She is left 'dry, stranded, sterile, bound solitary to the room's minute respectability'. The window is a frame which detaches Olivia from reality; she watches on as actions occur around her, yet she is fixed in the room. Lehmann's sentences have a rolling effect, her words 'pouring' and 'draining' across the page. Her short clauses are filled with domestic objects that seem caught in rotation, echoing Olivia's own entrapment in the flat: 'the unyielding arm-chair, the narrow bed, the hot-water bottles I must fill, the sleep I must sleep'. Her syntax is like a reel of film, the window a screen and Olivia the lone viewer trapped in an endless cycle of watching and waiting. As an independent, single woman in this period, then, these metaphorically and literally oppressive domestic spaces reflect her liminal social position. Unlike Miriam, who in her refusal to have her life dictated by men is trapped only by her economic reality, and who will choose to return to a boarding-house to be liberated from Miss Holland, Olivia's trap is her sexual partner. Her dual Bohemian and middle-class ideals - existing as a mistress but wanting to be the wife - reassert a male authority that leaves Olivia subjugated, and Lehmann's interiors are coded with these precarious social, sexual and economic realities.

This entrapment echoes Olivia's later pregnancy, where her body becomes caught in the 'female conspiracy'.[91] 'We're all in the same boat,' she muses, 'all unfortunate women caught out after a little indiscretion'.[92] Olivia sees women's bodies as a threat: the 'female, her body used, made fertile, turning, resentful, in hostile untouchability, from the

---

[90] Ibid., pp. 71-3.

[91] Ibid., p. 227.

[92] Ibid., p. 227.

male, the enemy victorious and malignant'.[93] Women's fertility, in the hands of the 'victorious and malignant' male, threatens their sexual autonomy; all women are confined by the 'common risks and consequences of female humanity'.[94] Her pursuit of sexual autonomy is thwarted, then, because its actions fall outside dominant narratives of marriage and the family home: Olivia is unable to achieve freedom because it is always on a man's terms.

Lehmann's confining domestic interiors are aligned with the female body, then, through illness; both spaces become metaphorically infected, echoing Richardson's descriptions of Flaxman Court. Lehmann writes:

> To be alone, sick, in London in this dry, sterile, burnt-out end of summer, was to be abandoned in a pestilence-stricken town; was to live in a third-class waiting-room at a disused terminus among stains and smells, odds and ends of refuse and decay. She sank down and existed, without light, in the waste land. Sluggishly, reluctantly, the days ranged themselves one after the other into a routine. [...] Rouge, lipstick, powder… do what one might, it wasn't one's own face, it wasn't a face at all, it was a shoddy construction, a bad disguise.[95]

Olivia attempts to 'disguise' the evidence of her pregnancy that is painted on her body. 'Rouge, lipstick, powder…' she thinks. This robotic syntax echoes Olivia's detachment from her body and from the city. Instead, her bedroom becomes a public space; Olivia compares Etty's flat to a 'third-class waiting-room', a public space for waiting that is aligned with the mingling of bodies and the spread of germs. The scene is suffused with 'smells' and 'waste' and 'decay'. Lehmann's use of 'pestilence', with its allusions to the plague, infects Olivia's body, the room and the city outside with connotations of contagion. Here, the windows are porous, letting smells and sounds and, more importantly, illness, penetrate. Both the 'hateful burden' of her pregnant body and the 'waste land' of her bedroom are contaminated with metaphorical illness.[96] Her body is infected with an unwanted pregnancy caught, as it were, from Rollo. Her bedroom is polluted by the 'smells' and sounds and 'refuse' of a 'pestilence-stricken' London from which her changing (unmarried) body forces her to hide.

This porosity renders Olivia's body and her domestic space insecure, both can be penetrated by 'malignant' substances' and both are patrolled by society's dominant, patriarchal economies.[97] Olivia, existing outside traditional female gender roles, inhabits a liminal position in society, trapped in a double-bind between her desire for sexual

[93] Ibid., p. 219.

[94] Ibid., p. 226.

[95] Ibid., p. 251.

[96] Ibid., p. 251.

[97] Ibid., p. 219.

autonomy and the role imposed upon her by society. Lehmann's alignment of the body and the home, through the imagery of infection, suggests that the female body can be 'bought, arrayed, displayed and enjoyed' like an object in her home.[98] These porous interior spaces reflect women's precariousness at this time; dripping with allusions to illness, they suggest that women's struggle for sexual autonomy is futile, blocked by the physical reality of the female body and the social distaste that Olivia's rejection of the traditional family home elicits.

This noxious spatiality is also present in Richardson's *The Tunnel*. Miriam, sitting reading the *British Medical Journal*, turned to the 'last page of the index': Woman.[99] As we watch Miriam read the 'five or six' entries, Richardson's prose becomes increasingly fragmented, plagued by unanswered questions and ellipsis and chopped into truculent paragraphs. Men can, Richardson writes, with 'all the facts' of modern medicine, 'examine her' (the female subject) at their 'leisure'.[100] Using italics, Richardson emphasises the 'scientific facts': women are '*inferior*; mentally, morally, intellectually, and physically'.[101] Women are '*creatures*; half-human'.[102]

The journal's 'hideous processes', 'frightful operations' and 'wonders of science' evoke a psychosomatic response in Miriam: 'every day a worse feeling of illness'.[103] This psychological or bodily reaction, much like Lehmann's contagious spaces, permeates the London landscape, which, 'for women', becomes 'poisoned'.[104] Richardson writes:

> Streets of great shuttered houses, their window boxes flowerless, all grey, cool and quiet and untroubled, on a day of cool rain; the restaurants were no longer crowded; torturing thought ranged there unsupported, goaded into madness, just a mad feverish swirling in the head, ranging out, driven back by the vacant eyes of little groups of people from the country.[105]

London forms a sterile backdrop to Miriam's sickness. The colourless, 'flowerless' window boxes and greyscale houses seem brittle, almost masculine, in their descriptions.

---

[98] J. Simons, *Rosamond Lehmann* (London, 1992), p. 85.

[99] Richardson, *The Tunnel*, p. 219.

[100] Ibid., p. 220.

[101] Ibid., p. 220.

[102] Ibid., p. 220.

[103] Ibid., pp. 220-1.

[104] Ibid., p. 222.

[105] Ibid., p. 221.

The vacant-eyed tourists swarming the city's streets echo the 'mad feverish swirling in the head'.

The 'inferior' woman, then, whose body is infected with illness and dissected on the pages of the *British Medical Journal*, juxtaposes with the anonymous 'old man' who 'lives quite alone in a little gas-lit lodging'.[106] Miriam identifies with this solitary man, able to earn enough money for his own independence. Polysyndeton renders her syntax expansive, like the possibilities of a life as a man with money. Miriam thinks: 'He can live like that with nothing to do but read and think and roam about, because he has money'.[107] Like Virginia Woolf, then, who, upon gaining the right to vote and five hundred pounds a year at about the same time, writes that the money seemed 'infinitely' more important, Richardson is explicit in stating that it is economic instability, as well as gender, that renders the single, independent and perhaps Bohemian life inaccessible to women.[108]

Reading these two novels together - Richardson's set before World War I, Lehmann's set after - we would expect to see some form of progression for their female protagonists: evidence of women gaining more independence or autonomy. Despite being set thirty years apart, and with Lehmann's protagonist several years older than Richardson's, in actuality, these novels work against this. Through this textual collocation, I wanted to tease out the interrupted or non-linear progression of female independence, exploring how both authors depict different forms of autonomy (or lack of). Richardson and Lehmann both suggest that an unorthodox or Bohemian lifestyle is heavily gendered, posing more risk for a woman due to her sexual, social and economic position, as well as her bodily reality. Yet Miriam works around these risks. Not reliant on men and with no real familial ties, she lives a frugal life of financial independence, alternative in some ways but also resolutely ordinary in others. In contrast, Olivia straddles the boundary between her Bohemian London friends and middle-class upbringing, pulled in opposite directions by both. Her family's expectations of marriage and conformity weigh on her heavily. Despite her Bohemian lifestyle, and perhaps because of her traditional family, Olivia finds security based on men. Yet Lehmann's collection of (figuratively) impotent men - unavailable, dying or unable to take care of their wives - reveal this to be an unstable form of security. Olivia's reliance on men thwarts her independence, rendering her less autonomous than her counterpart thirty years earlier.

Miriam does gain a form of independence in *The Trap*; after this experiment in shared living, she moves back into Mrs Bailey's boarding-house (documented in the 1931 chapter *Dawn's Left Hand*) regaining, to some extent, the privacy stolen by Miss Holland. She returns to that halcyon time of 'no interruption, no one watching or speculating or treating one in some particular way that had to be met'.[109] The architecture of the room,

---

[106] Ibid., pp. 220, 223.

[107] Ibid., p. 223.

[108] V. Woolf, *A Room of One's Own* (London, 2000), p. 39.

[109] Richardson, *The Tunnel*, p. 17.

then, becomes a container for this psychological process. Miriam's time in the shared digs allowed her to understand herself and her needs better, and, although the architectural and psychological reality of the rooms were claustrophobic, the lasting effects move Miriam towards greater autonomy and self-actualisation.

Defying dominant structures of domestic space in an attempt to find economic independence and sexual autonomy, Miriam's 'man's mind' and Olivia's unmarried, pregnant body both exist outside of the traditional gender roles available to women at this time.[110] When Miriam looks across at the flat across the courtyard, imagining it filled with artistic potential, Richardson is writing with the knowledge that it belongs to W. B. Yeats. Idolised by Miriam, this flat contrasts so sharply to her own claustrophobic digs because it is occupied not by 'bachelor women' but by simply 'a bachelor', with all the freedom that his position, as simply 'a bachelor', entails. What Richardson and Lehmann's novels reveal, then, is that the independent, single man living a Bohemian life can resist the traditional family home, living like W. B. Yeats in 'artistic' lodgings. For women, however, placing themselves outside the prescribed gender roles poses a threat, be that on the body (through unwanted pregnancy) or on the mind (through the risk of economic instability and the need for a room of one's own in which to write). For both Richardson and Lehmann, it is clear that living in unorthodox domestic spaces reflects women's social, sexual and economic position, in that, while it holds a liberatory potential, these alternative homes are more often than not precarious, claustrophobic and even dangerous.

[110] Richardson, *The Trap*, p. 479.

Bibliography

Cuming, E., 'Boarding and Lodging Houses: At Home with Strangers', *Housing, Class and Gender* (Cambridge, 2016), 73-122.

Engels, F., *The Condition of the Working Class in England*, trans. & ed. by W. O. Henderson & W. H. Chaloner (Oxford, 1958).

Fromm, G., (ed.), *Windows on Modernism: Selected Letters of Dorothy Richardson* (Athens, 1995).

Fuss, D., *The Sense of an Interior: Four Rooms and the Writers that Shaped Them* (London, 2004).

Hastings, S., *Rosamond Lehmann* (London, 2002).

Higgs, M., *Glimpses into the Abyss* (London, 1906).

Jin, X., 'Battle of Femininity: Romantic Heroines and Modern Sexuality in the Interwar Middlebrow Women's Novel', *Women's History Review*, 24 (2014), 252-270.

Lehmann, R., *Swan in the Evening* (Londons, 1983).

-- *The Weather in the Streets* (London, 2007).

Liggins, E., *Odd Women?: Spinsters, Lesbians and Widows in British Women's Fiction, 1850s-1930s* (Manchester, 2014).

Marcus, S., *Apartment Stories* (Berkeley, 1999).

Mullholland, T., *British Boarding Houses in Interwar Women's Literature: Alternative Domestic Spaces* (London, 2017).

Osborn, C., 'Rowton Houses for Women', *The Contemporary Review* (1911), 707-717.

Parkins, W., *Mobility and Modernity in Women's Novels, 1850s-1930s: Women Moving Dangerously* (Basingstoke, 2008).

Richardson, D., *The Trap*, *Pilgrimage*, vol. iii (London, 1979), 397-509.

-- *The Tunnel*, *Pilgrimage*, vol. ii (London, 1979), 9-288.

Shiach, M., 'Modernism, the City and the "Domestic" Interior', *Home Cultures*, 2 (2005), 251-267.

Simons, J., *Rosamond Lehmann* (London, 1992).

Summerson, J., *Georgian London* (London, 1991).

Wallace, D., *Sisters and Rivals in British Women's Fiction, 1914-39* (London, 2000).

Wilson, E., ‘Women in Bohemia’, *Bohemians: The Glamourous Outcast* (London, 2003), 85-99.

Woolf, V., *A Room of One’s Own* (London, 2000).

Zimmern, A., ‘Ladies’ Dwellings’, *The Contemporary Review* (1990), 96-104.