Virginia Woolf in other countries as well as personal observations on her characters, landscapes, politics, accents, music, imaginings, states of mind, and the difficulty of capturing her narrative style. Virginia Woolf’s own attitudes toward foreign languages, cultures and countries, as well as the boundary between what was “foreign” and what was “familiar” changed, as it did in British culture, in general. Even Leonard was once described as “foreign” by Woolf in a letter to Vanessa explaining her attraction....

Language of all kinds interests Woolf. She notes in another letter to Victoria Ocampo: “How interested I am in your language, which has a gaping mouth but no words—a very different thing from English” (n.d.). Woolf, trying always in her writing to get the rhythm “right,” is drawn to the musical but sometimes unintelligible sounds of other languages (even the birds sang in Greek when she was mad). When she later receives a copy of Ocampo’s critical book in Spanish, Woolf exclaims,

Your magnificent book has come. How tempting this—I can’t read a word of it and yet every other word is almost one I know. I must send for the French edition—or shall I learn Spanish. By this time you are among the butterflies. (VW / VO 226/35)

“Foreign” also has another meaning for Woolf. She was, after all, English though she claimed that “as a woman” she belonged to no country. Her changing attitude toward the British empire meant that she drew the line between what was “foreign” and what was “English” differently, at different times. Where this boundary was drawn was not only a cultural and political preoccupation among the British in the early part of the twentieth century, but a psychological one too. Woolf like other modernists (including Freud) was redefining the “foreigner” (the unconscious or the “other”) within the self as well as British culture and on the modernist page. In summoning up the notion of boundaries in this issue—what is English or what is German, in the interpretation and translation of Woolf’s works or her personality or her influence on younger writers or what is self or “other” or foreign—we also touch upon the theme of next year’s Virginia Woolf Conference: “Out of Bounds,” at the University of Maryland Baltimore County, June 8-11th, 2000.

But to return to the butterflies. They are not only an object and a theme in Woolf’s letters to Victoria Ocampo but a metaphor in her life and work (The Waves was originally titled The Moths). They highlight the difference between the two worlds in which she lived. In May 1936, she writes to Ocampo that she mopes about, unable to get on with her work because of the “cursed Hitler” and the “shadow of disaster” in England. But next to her on the chair are purple butterflies reminding her of the beauty of the moment and “all it contains,” including faraway Buenos Aires.

This issue then takes us to Europe, the Middle East, and the Far East. Writers, critics and translators try to imagine Woolf far away England—as she did them—and make her their own. As Antonio Bivar who writes of Portuguese translations of Woolf vividly states, “It’s as if Virginia Woolf were a great Brazilian author.” Each of the brief articles here might be introduced in the same way—as if Virginia Woolf were a Japanese, Hebrew, Spanish, French author.... Each author reports from a personal and cultural perspective what translations of Woolf mean. The translator, Manela Palacios realizes that “the same way that Mrs. Ramsay’s presence is felt by her friends and family several years after her death, my mother’s presence also came back to life through my death. My mother’s presence is felt by her friends and family several years after her death, my mother’s presence also came back to life through my death.” Mary Ann Caws praises Helene Bokowski’s French translation of Woolf’s short stories that “keep the clarity at the heart of things.” Reuven Snir writes of
the little known terrain of Woolf's translations into Arabic while Joyce Crick describes the wave of interest in Woolf in Germany beginning in the 1970's. Yael Feldman traces the reception of, and, sometimes, resistance to Woolf in Israel in relation to the reception of feminism and modernism. Resistance to Woolf's new methods of "subversive" narration or Modernism, and loyalty to "realism" and "Social Realism" is a pattern of response in other countries also. Masami Usui and Qu Shi-jing, however, go on to write of Woolf's reception in the East. Usui writes of the flourishing translations of Woolf in Japan including her influence on a Japanese comic book. Virginia Woolf—given the 112 translations of her work that now exist in 16 languages—stands upon a cultural bridge that connects not only the private and the public worlds that we read of in Three Guineas, but also the developing aesthetics of writers in different countries upon which there are articles and books yet to be written. It is hoped that this issue will spur new translating ventures and the developing field of comparative Woolf scholarship. Not only do we hope to recognize and encourage more translation (for so long a low-status field in many countries) of Woolf and other modernists, but to mark the "international" theme of the International Virginia Woolf Society. 

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Works Cited
1. Victoria Ocampo corresponded with Woolf about her book of criticism, Virginia Woolf in Her Diary (1954), published by Sur, the publishing company and magazine she founded. Ocampo, as a critic and publisher, encouraged Jorge Luis Borges, the well-known Argentinean novelist, to translate Woolf's A Room of One's Own (Un Cuarto Propio, 1956) and Orlando (Orlando, Una Biografía, 1937), both published by Sur. Permission to quote letters 117 (841 & 785) has been graciously granted by the Houghton Library, Harvard University.

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AS IF VIRGINIA WOOLF WERE A GREAT BRAZILIAN WRITER . . .

I was deeply moved when, in 1991—on my first visit to Monks House—I saw, in one of the bookshelves in Virginia Woolf's room, several copies of her novels in their translations to Brazil's language, the Portuguese. The guide told us that translations of her books keep coming from all over the world, so that particular bookshelf was reserved for them. I experienced a mystical emotion and thought about how happy (and somewhat crowned for their ing to descriptions in the novel) in Brazil, at the mouth of the Santa Marina: an imaginary town situated (according to her biography) in South America! Jane Austen's words: "In Brazil, at the mouth of the Santa Marina: an imaginary town situated in South America! "

All Woolf's novels are translated and published in Brazil. And I know them all by heart. Virginia travels perfectly in our language. And what a coincidence in her first novel, The Voyage Out, the scenery where the interior action rolls is in South America! Jane Who, who edited and wrote the introduction and notes for the 1992 Penguin Twentieth-Century Classics editions of The Voyage Out, writes: "Asanta Marina: an imaginary town situated (according to descriptions in the novel) in Brazil, at the mouth of the Amazon" (note 12, chapter 1).

In April 1996, I interviewed Quentin Bell, through letters, for a Brazilian newspaper (this interview is also on TVWS internet web-site since February 1997) and I asked him: "In your biographies of your aunt Virginia, I remember (I've read it twice) of her family holidays in St. Ives, of Virginia watching ships passing by and imagining some of them going to Brazil; was Virginia a dreamer, I mean, did she have dreams of sailing away?"

Quentin's answer: "Virginia Woolf's notions concerning Latin America were grotesque; she had a friend, Victoria Ocampo, from Buenos Aires, who had to explain to her that the Argentine was not a great forest with alligators, butterflies as big as vultures, and native peoples pursued by pumas. The English-speaking colony of The Voyage Out existed nowhere but in her imagination."

But Santa Marina is not Buenos Aires, and geographical distortion aside, the Amazonian rainforest is perfectly caught in her first and difficult novel.

Well, back to the translations: in the 40's Woolf had three of her novels magnificently translated. They will go on forever being reprinted—they're classics, as translations: Orlando, by Cecilia Meireles (1901-1990), one of Brazil's all-time great poets; Mrs. Dalloway, by Mario Quintana (1906-1994), a great poet himself; The Waves, by Sylvia Azevedo, of whom I know nothing—but her translation is excellent. As Ondas (The Waves) was the first Virginia Woolf book that I read. That was in 1973 and from then on I became an addict. Or, as Anne Oliver Bell said, in 1995, seeing me back in Charleston: "You're a convert."

A translation has done that for me.

In the late 70's, there was a new Woolf boom in Brazil. First, new editions, via Nova Fronteira (by then our most respected publishing house) of Orlando, Mrs. Dalloway and The Waves. Other translations followed. A very good novelist, Lyra Lyt did a superhuman job from the 70-90's: she translated practically two-thirds of Woolf's novels as well as Quentin Bell's biography of his aunt. Lyra Lyt may have done it in a hurry, because the demand for Virginia Woolf was at its highest. These translations may not be as classical and primorous as Cecilia Meirele's and Mario Quintana's, but I'm sure Virginia wouldn't be ashamed of them. The specialist reader may find sporadic errors here and there, but nothing that the purist would condemn as risky to Virginia's art.

By 1993, all of Woolf's fiction was translated in Brazil. Curiously, the last one to be translated and again by Lyra Lyt, was Virginia's first, The Voyage Out.

And, since I'm on the South American terrain, and since this is the year of her centenary, it deserves mention that the first translator of Virginia Woolf in Spanish was Jorge Luis Borges. Victoria Ocampo, Woolf's Argentinian friend, who founded La Editorial Sur, published his translations of Orlando and Un Cuarto Propio (A Room of One's Own) in 1937 and 1938. Both friends, Maria Ester Vazquez (one of Ocampo's biographers, and, for many years Borges' collaboratrice) that, when he translated Orlando he wasn't, at all, enthusiastic about the book, however, years later, alter rereading it, he felt another dimension in it.

Argentina speaks Spanish, Brazil speaks Portuguese. What I want to say is that Orlando in Cecilia Meireles translation, for instance, is not just a literal one, word for word, from the original. It is, as the great translations are, like a new original; as Virginia Woolf were a great Brazilian writer. And this, I suppose, happens all around the world, in any country, in any language, when she is well translated.

Antonio Bivar

Antonio Bivar is a well-known dramatist, writer, lecturer and translator. But he says, "My particular interest and greatest pleasure is Virginia Woolf and her world."

HAUNTINGS: FRENCH TRANSLATIONS OF WOOLF'S SHORT STORIES

As is true of the two French translations of The Waves, a plodding one by Marguerite Yourcenar and a subtle one by Cecile Wajsbrot, in the two principal French translations of Woolf's stories, she has received two very distinct treatments. One, by Helene Bokanowska, is inventive; the other, by Pierre Norden, is less so. The case is particularly sad when it is used in a bilingual publication, presumably destined to teach the reader English. Take Woolf's brief lyric tale called "A Haunted House," in which the ghosts looking for a buried treasure repeatedly hear the house they haunt utter the refrain "Safe, safe, safe," like the scansion or the pulse of the story, in its very inmost region. This is like a positive version of Edgar Allan Poe's Tell-Tale Heart with its tell-tale beat. The insistence of the treasure upon its own self-revelation, paradoxically in its security, is echoed by the pulse beating softly, gladly, proudly, and wildly: "Safe, safe, safe," the pulse of the house beat softly; "the treasure buried, the room..." the pulse stopped short. Oh, was that the buried treasure?...

"Safe, safe, safe," the pulse of the house beat gladly; "the Treasure yours." (Norden. p. 86)

"Safe, safe, safe," the heart of the house beats proudly..... Safe! Safe! Safe! the pulse of the house beats wildly. (Norden, p. 88)

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In Bokanowski's translation, the triple "safe, safe, safe" is kept safe, like the scansion: "Sauf, sauf, sauf." Le pouls de la maison battait avec douceur.

"Le trésor enfoui, la chambre..." le pouls s'arrêtait net. Oh, était-ce donc cela, le trésor enfoui?...

"Sauf, sauf, sauf;" le pouls de la maison bat joyeusement.

"Votre, le Trésor." (p. 30)

"Sauf, sauf, sauf," le coeur de la maison bat fièrement....

"Sauf! sauf! sauf!" le pouls de la maison bat d'un rythme afoilé. (p. 31)

In the bilingual version, however, as Nordon translates the story, the central phrase avoids the repetition by a non-scanning phrase, and the pulse goes missing:

"Plus rien A craindre," scandait doucement le pouls de la demeure. "Le trésor enfoui; la pièce..." Le pouls s'arrêtait.

Oh! Est-ce-ce le trésor enfoui?...

"Rien à craindre," scandait joyeusement le pouls de la demeure. A vous le trésor." (p. 85)

"Rien à craindre", scande fièrement le coeur de la demeure... "Rien à craindre", scande à tout rompre le pouls de la demeure. (p. 89)

In the original, the treasure is found at the end, in a climax of enlightenment:

Waking, I cry, "Oh, is this your buried treasure? The light in the Heart." (p. 88)

The Bokanowski version keeps the clarity at the heart of things:

Je m'éveille en criant: "Est-ce donc cela votre trésor caché?" Cette clarté au cœur. (p. 31)

But alas, the bilingual version misses the entire final accent by inverting the sentences, for no plausible reason:

Je m'éveille et m'écrit: "La clarté du cœur! Est-ce donc là votre trésor enfoui?" (p. 89)

What a weak ending: "enfoui" instead of the brightness as the very heart of things, and the heart of the translation. To lose that is to lose, if not everything, at least the connection translation is meant to establish.

Only connect... It is above all hard to see what connection the reader of such an unrhythmic text might make between this flattened-out version and Virginia Woolf's spiky and spunky genius.

In my view, we all have to work at translation itself, whether it be in poverty and obscurity, or in the full light of day, whether in America or England or France or anywhere else: neither Shakespeare's sister nor any other welcome guest or ghost will come without our making that effort.

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Mary Ann Caws is Distinguished Professor of English, French and Comparative Literature at the Graduate School, CUNY, a translator and author of many books on art and literature including, Women of Bloomsbury (Routledge), and with Sarah Bird Wright, the forthcoming Bloomsbury and France: Art and Friends (Oxford 1999).


ON TRANSLATING THE WAVES INTO FRENCH

Virginia Woolf's fame spread in France almost as quickly as in The United Kingdom. In 1929 both Mrs Dalloway and Le Voyage au Phare were published by Stock in Paris. Orlando followed in 1931 and Nuit et Jour in 1933. The Waves, published in 1931, had to wait 1937 to be translated. It met with a succès d'estime, partly due to the name of the translator, Marguerite Yourcenar, a French novelist who had already started a career of her own.1 In 1933, a new translation, by Cecile Wajsbrot, was published by Gallimard-Levy. A third translation, on which I am presently working, is due to appear in Gallimard's Folio and Pléiade edition of Virginia Woolf's novels.

Before addressing some of the difficulties of translating The Waves into French, a commentary on the two previous versions and on Virginia Woolf's specific mode of writing might prove helpful. When a novelist starts translating the work of another novelist, one might expect it to be an advantage. Actually, it turns out to be a drawback. Yourcenar is no real translator in Les Vagues, rather a rewritter. Woolf's modern concise phrasing is expanded into the balanced periods of classical French. Cecile Wajsbrot has chosen an approach closer to the English original. Yet, in reaction against Yourcenar's expanding tactics, she deliberately accentuates Woolf's thrifty use of English, thus constraining French syntax sometimes beyond the range of its flexibility. Her translation, though much improved, is still unsatisfactory because it supersedes repetitions which are part and parcel of Woolf's poetic prose and because Wajsbrot's French sounds stilted whereas Woolf's English sounds naturally fluent. Here is one example selected from a brief leitmotif: "I hear something stamping," said Louis. 'A great beast's foot is chained. It stamps, and stamps, and stamps?" Yourcenar translates: "—j'entends le piétinement d'une gigantesque bête enchaînée, murmura Louis. Elle frappe la terre... Du pied elle frappe continuellement la terre..." Woolf's ternary rhythm vanishing into a well-balanced period with dots added. And here is Wajsbrot: "J'entends un piétinement dit Louis. Les pattes..." The Russian writer Wajsbrot's adjectives enchaînée piétine, on the other hand, bring out the flat binary repetition. When the leitmotif occurs next (VW 6), Yourcenar forgets she has translated "stamp" by "le piétinement", then by "frapper du pied" to introduce still another translation "trépigne" (MY 18). The third occurrence of the leitmotif does confirm our objections: "... and the chained beast stamps on the beach. It stamps and stamps" (VW 37). Yourcenar expands: "... et l'énorme bête enchaînée trépigne sur la rive. Elle frappe sans cesse du pied sur la rive" (MY 69), while Wajsbrot curtails "... et la bête enchaînée piétine la plage. Piétine toujours" (CW 74).

To make things worse, both translations suffer from not taking into consideration Woolf's specific mode of writing, which then turn into galloping horses, with an alliteration in the familiar "safe, safe, safe" Le Voyage au Trésor enfoui, la chambre... les fontaines." I see it all. I feel it all. I am inspired. My eyes fill with tears. Yet even as I feel this I lash my frenzy higher and higher. It foams. It becomes artificial, insincere. Words and words and words they gallop—how they lash their long manes and tails, but for some fault in me I cannot give myself to their backs; I cannot fly with them, scattering women and string bags. There is some flaw in me—some fatal hesitancy, which, if I pass it over, turns to foam and falsity." (VW 52)

Inspiration is spun into the metaphor of the fall and rise of the waves, which then turn into galloping horses, with an alliteration in /f/ and /ff/ repeating the word "fall" three times and then dissemminating it into "feel", "fill", "feel", "fault", "fly", "flaw" and falsity. Yourcenar does not try of course to render such a texture: "Mais voici qu'un rythme bien connu recommence a palpitner en moi: les mots dormants, les mots immobiles se soulevent, courbent leurs crétes, et retombent, et se redressent encore, de nouveau et toujours. Je suis un poète. Je vois tout; je ressens tout: le passage des bateaux et celui de la jeunesse et les arbres lointains "dont les branches retombent comme l'eau des fontaines". Je suis inspiré. Mes yeux se remplissent de larmes. Mon inspiration bouillon..." Des mots, des mots et encore des mots: comme ils galopent, comme ils agitent leurs longuesqueues, leurs longues crinières. Mais je ne sais quelle faiblesse m'empêche de m'abandonner à leur croupe, je ne puis galoper avec eux..." (MY 95).
And Wajsbrot is hardly any better. Of course, it is not possible to find an equivalent in French to the dissemination of "fall" into "feu" and into "fault", three key words of Woolf's art poetic. But at least an attempt at alliterations and repetitions should be made to preserve the poetical of the passage.

Voici que monte en moi le rythme familier; les mots qui étaient endormis soulevent puis agitent leurs crêtes, retombent et remontent, retombent et remontent encore. Je suis poète, oui. Assurément je suis un grand poète. Les bateaux et les garçons qui passent, les arbres lointains et la fluide fontaine des branches inclinées", je vois tout cela. Je ressens tout cela. Je suis inspiré. Mes yeux s'emballent, je me sens enfin propre à vous mouler je fouette ma poesie toujours plus fort. Elle écume. Elle devient artificielle, peu sincère. Des mots, des mots, encore des mots, comme ils galopent—comme ils fouettent leurs fringantes crinières et leurs queues, mais à cause d'une faillie en moi je ne puis m'abandonner à leurs courbes; je ne puis filmer avec eux, dispersant les femmes et leurs filets à provisions. Il y a comme un défaut en moi—comme une hésitation fatale qui, si je la méconnais, devient folle écume et faustité

Constantly, with her novel, The Waves, one meets a stumbling block inherent to translating poetry. One should give priority to translating the signifier, and yet not lose the signification. This is tantamount to saying that, unless one can recreate Woolf's particular affective relation to her maternal language—beautifully lamented by Bernard when he says: "I need a little language such as lovers use, words of one syllable such as children speak when they come into the room and find their mother sewing and pick up some scrap of bright wool, a feather, or a shred of chiffon" (VW 191)—, we are doomed to betraying the text. The crucial obstacle is the near impossibility to sustain leitmotifs throughout the novel, an obstacle which both Yourencar and Wajsbrot ignore. And when one avoids foundering on the rocks of one leitmotif, it is only to meet the rocks further on, since leitmotifs, as Joyce knew perfectly well, are wandering rocks.

To conclude, the necessity of bilingualism in translation seems to be a tautology. Yet, translating a poetical work such as The Waves makes one realise that it is genuine bilingualism, i.e., the two maternal languages, which is here a prerequisite. A long poem (in prose) is perhaps not a contradiction in terms as Poe would have it, but it certainly is a challenge to both computer and translator.

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Professor Michel Cusin, now retired, is a former President of Université Lumière-Lyon 2. He taught English literature and culture, and his special fields of interest are English poetry and art, modernism, semiology and Lacanian theory.

1. This translation was republished by Stock, "Le Livre de poche Biblio" in 1982. Our references are to this edition.
7. Italics mine, to indicate texture.
8. My translation, with italics added to indicate texture effects.
9. What Jacques Lacan calls "Lalangue" in one word, and which conveys the poetic jouissance of the language initiated by children and preserved by poets.

THE GERMAN RECEPTION OF VIRGINIA WOOLF: POST-1970'S

In the 1970's, a new wave of interest in Woolf got under way in Germany which has not stopped rolling yet. We find ourselves now on the crest of the most recent wave, with a Collected Works in German from S. Fischer-Verlag almost completed, including four volumes of essays, three of letters and five of diaries, with a team of new translators—it is always the sign of a classic that it demands new translations of new generations—under the general editorship of Klaus Reichert, and authority in the field of modernism who made his name and won his spurs on the European book埃尔and of James Joyce studies...

The interest that developed in the 1970's was fed from two sources. One followed what I think was the English pattern just then: the tremendous biographical interest that came with all those publications about the matter of Bloomsbury. And they got translated. Erich Auerbach's perspective or world literature gave way to the view from Tavistock Square. There were Quentin Bell's Virginia Woolf: a Biography (1972, tr. 1977), the four volumes of Leonard's autobiography (1964-1969); Michael Holroyd's Lytton Strachey: a Critical Biography (1977); Spater and Parsons' A Marriage of Minds (1973), which ran to three printings between 1980-1987; importantly, there was the publication of Virginia Woolf's Letters (1975-1980) and Diaries (1977-1982), and of Moments of Being, Unpublished autobiographical Writings (1976, 1984, tr. 1981). What emerged was a model Life of a Woman Writer....

For the other source of interest, of course, was feminism. This had been present in the earliest reception in the form of an article on A Room of One's Own (which went to the source, for it had not yet been translated: Else Arnhem, 'Die eigene vier Wände', Die Frankfurter Zeitung, 13. April 1913, p. 31), 167-169).... Now, however, the writer of A Room of One's Own comes into her own with the increasing interest in women's writing, which quickly became mainstream; and the writer of Three Guines, who combined her feminism with pacifism, is brought to the fore—in the eighties particularly....

Again it is important to raise the question—though again I have few answers to offer—as to whether Woolf's writing really had some influence on what real writers were really writing during this period. She was certainly the wind in the sails of the feminist movement and of feminist literary studies, but as for literature proper, this is where further study is needed.

There were a number of experiments with declaredly feminine modes of writing that might be described as attempts at Woolf's female sentence e.g. Verena Stefan, Hautungen (1975), but not ascribed to her...

More importantly, it is likely that her engagement in A Room of One's Own to women writers to establish a feminine literary tradition also contributed to the wave of imaginative and imaginary writing during these years by Christa Wolf, Irminad Morgen and Sigrid Damm (on Goethe's Sturm und Drang), and many others, particularly, but not exclusively, in the then GDR. Much of the most interesting work there was in code. The focus of so many of these novels on 1800, and their location of the gifted women of the Romantic period between revolution and restoration can read as a disguise for the condition of intellectuals in later years in the GDR. So there is a fourth wave of Woolf's reception which needs to be... Woolf's reception in East Germany. It was diffused and persisted underground for quite a long time, but only came to the surface officially in the last decade of the GDR. There is little point in looking in the early years of the state to the official guardians of literary opinion, let alone to the state publishing houses for any interest in Woolf....the realist orthodoxy kept the door shut....So in a literary-political context favouring the 19th-century model of realism, any interest in kinds of writing which did not fit the expected pattern, especially in writers outside the system, who, like Woolf, were inward, non-realist, bourgeois, abandoning plot for lyrical symbol, was potentially subversive, and carried a coded political statement: by expanding the possibilities of writing, the imaginative possibilities of the whole human being might be liberated. Lukacs' rejection of all forms of modernism dated back to the ideological debates of the 1930's when his view prevailed, cutting off a whole range of possible modes for two generations. But thirty years later, Woolf's polemics against Bennett and Galsworthy were given a belated replay in Christa Wolf's efforts to pit what she called 'subjective authenticity' against the dubious objectivity of Socialist Realism. This is how I read Christa Wolf's Junnachtmag (1966), the first piece of her prose in which she develops her own distinctive voice: 'A story... Something solid, graspable, like a pot with two handles, to hold and drink out of? Perhaps a vision, if you understand what I mean," it begins. My guess is that it was a response to Virginia Woolf's argument in "Modern Fiction"
against the falsifying tyrannies of outmoded literary conventions: "look within and life, it seems, is very far from being 'like this.' Examine for a moment an ordinary mind on an ordinary day." And that is just what Christa Wolf represents in *Jasnachmitag*. 

She had reached a stage then in her own artistic career where it was necessary to break through to more internalised forms. It coincided with the first of her public disputes with official cultural policy. Accepting the pedagogic function her state required of her, she interpreted this more profoundly as a reaching out to the reader's imagination. For the first time, she tried out a new, internalised mode of writing—and, I would suggest, her patron was Virginia Woolf....Christa Wolf makes no secret of her admiration: in answer to the usual interviewer's question: "What are you reading?" She replies "*To the Lighthouse*—with delight." Where Virginia Woolf clearly enters her work is in the 1982 *Cassandra* Lectures, one of whose main themes is the masculine need to make war, and how this has been culturally inculcated—updating the argument from *Three Guineas* which I referred to earlier. It is one on which East and West German opinion converged just at that time, ultimately with far-reaching results. The mixture of women's groups, pacifist groups, church groups, green groups, who joined to make the quiet revolution of 1989 had read their *Cassandra*, and, through this mediation, had read their Virginia Woolf too.

Joyce Crick 
*University College London*

Joyce Crick has recently completed a new translation of Freud's *Die Traumdeutung* for Oxford UP. This excerpt is taken from a paper given at the British Academy as part of a symposium to launch the project of London University's School of Advanced Study on the Reception of British Authors in Europe.

THE POLISH WOOLF

When Virginia Woolf entered the Polish literary scene in the early 1960's, she did so as a gentlewoman. The clothbound edition of *Mrs. Dalloway* announced that it was a "twentieth century classic," member of a club which already included Camus, Conrad and Kafka, soon to be joined by Mann and Proust. In those years the Polish cultural elite, known as the "intelligentsia," tended to read the same books at the same time: each new title offered another glimpse over the "iron curtain." Reading the modernist classics was thus a political as well as an aesthetic gesture: a far-reaching results. The mixture of women's groups, pacifist groups, church groups, green groups, who joined to make the quiet revolution of 1989 had read their *Cassandra*, and, through this mediation, had read their Virginia Woolf too.

Joyce Crick 
*University College London*

*Polish Woolf* has, after all, more flexibility than Bieron gives it credit for. Gradually, one forgets that the name used to refer to a male and by the end only a touch of ambiguity remains. "Orlando slept (feminine ending)" seems odd but not uncomfortably so.

Bieron obviously enjoyed the wildness of Orlando to the full. According to the critic Jerzy Jarniewicz, "he became infected by the atmosphere of the literary joke and began to consider himself a full participant of the game." His contribution takes the form of footnotes. Some provide pseudo-explanations such as "In English the word is more familiar; it has a certain semantic meaning, but good manners forbid us to quote it." Others are more intrusive. "Orlando's (sic!) poem in chapter six is cited in the translation of a certain Artur Grabowski, a fin de siecle Polish poet who loved her writing dearly." Grabowski is then described as a decadent and bold coiner of words, his authority undermined. This rather Nabokovian game with footnotes has been both praised for inventiveness and blamed for tampering with the text, but whether one likes it or not, it is without doubt a sign of Woolf's new place in Polish culture. No longer a "twentieth century classic" to be revered from a distance by a chosen few, she has become a writer of our own, someone who plays games we can join.

Agnieszka Graff 
*University of Warsaw*

*Agnieszka Graff, scholar and translator of A Room of One's Own, teaches at the English Institute, University of Warsaw. She is a graduate of Amherst College, Amherst, MA. and of Oxford University where she defended her Ph.D. thesis on the space-time binarism in Joyce in May."

Works Cited


WOOLF IN THE PROMISED LAND, OR: MAKING ROOM FOR VIRGINIA WOOLF IN ISRAELI LITERATURE

My earliest impression of Virginia Woolf—shared no doubt by many other Israelis—was that of an English modernist, the author of difficult, experimental novels who was a challenge to an elite English-reading literati (and some college English majors like myself). Moreover, by the 1960's her poetry could be discerned in the lyrical, finely-wrought stories of the foremost Israeli author, Amalia Kahana-Carmen (b. 1926), the only woman who was a part of the canon of Israeli fiction at the time. Although clearly focused on the "female condition," Kahana-Carmen exhibited a modernist tendency, readily traced to the early Woolf, toward a suprapersonal art. She wished to believe (despite the ambivalence that such a belief generated in Israel in the 1970s) in the artist's ability to create beyond the limitations of sex, class or nation. This paradoxical position was "resolved," however, by the mid-1980's—when Kahana-Carmen turned into the spokesperson of the flamboyant feminist protest in Israel. She not only protested—in essays and fiction alike—the marginalization of women in Jewish culture and Hebrew literature, but "deconstructed" the limitations she had earlier sought to deny.

An analogous pattern is reflected in the reception and translation of Woolf's work in Israel. It was not until the 1970's, when Western feminism rekindled interest in Woolf, that translation of her work into Hebrew began. Most of Woolf's fiction, including Quentin Bell's
biography, was translated between 1973 and 1995. Hebrew rendi­
tions overtly feminist legacy was complete, symbolically ushering in the
next decade, opened, to great acclaim in 1975, while her late novel,
the socialist-realism of their predecessors: writers who had wit­
dnessed and described the birth of the state in 1948. As for
translations published in the 1980's, included the experimental
novels The Waves (trans. Meir Wieseltier) and Jacob's Room (trans. Nitza ben Ari), as well as Leah Dove's translation of Bell's biogra­phy. The 1990's picked up the slack with a collection of short stories, and the novels, The Voyage Out and Night and Day.

This picture is not complete, however, without a description of
the fate of Orlando. Curiously, Zvi Arad's 1964 translation of this
audacious fantasy preceded by a full decade what in retrospect emerges as a two-decade translation project. Perhaps Orlando offered a model of "the fantastic," a work that would break the code of "realism" for a generation of artists in Israel. This so-called State
Generation of the 1960's was then in the throes of a rebellion against the socialist-realism of their predecessors: writers who had wit­nessed and described the birth of the state in 1948. As for Orlando's feminist argument and its "audacious" vision, their current	

Indeed, the celebration of Woolf, the feminist, did not capture the
Israeli popular imagination until the 1990s! The extensive media	
coverage of the 50th anniversary of her death, including a television pro­gram and re-tellings of her life story, finally toppled the Modernist edifice that had been constructed around Woolf in the Israeli mind. In the 1990's, a turn in Woolf criticism occurred with the reversal in the fortunes of Orlando. It was perceived by the media in 1997 as the "greatest of Woolf's books, a work that deserves a high place in the history of postmodernism" (Tah, 1997). Woolf's"wonderful" vision, however, still be­ing overlooked by the critical community.

Academic scholarship, demonstrating a similar "history," still lags. While Ph.D. dissertations written in the 1970's and 80's yoked	
Woolf with other Modernists, or focused on her narrative and stylistic techniques, more recent titles attest to a shift from "mod­ernist" to "postmodernist" approaches. Her "feminism," however, is still waiting academic expression.

In spite of this belated recognition of Woolf's feminism in Israeli	
culture, I argue in my forthcoming study (NO ROOM OF THEIR OWN: Gender and Nation in Israeli Women's Fiction) that Woolf's "postmodernist" blend of feminism and "psychopolitics"—and especially her critique of masculinist aggression which had been tra­gically drowned by the cacophony of the German Blitz—is heard (and heeded) some fifty years later by contemporary Israeli novelists, who cautiously apply it to their own circumstances.

Among the Woolfian paradigms that concurrently animate and undermine Israeli literary feminism are the subversion of the "Ivy Tower" of modernist elitism by the pressure of historical exigencies, and the use of Freudian insights in the forging of a specific female/feminist response to these exigencies. In addition, the articulation of androgyny as a solution to sexual discrimination has become popular among Israeli writers, both male and female, of the 1990's. Similarly, lesbiasm, still rarely expressed in Israeli literature, was evoked by Shulamit Hareven (with a "Jewish" twist) in a story I trace to Mrs. Dalloway ("Loneliness," 1980), and, most signifi­cantly, the intriguing relationship between feminist and nationalist ideologies. It is within these postmodern contradictions that Woolf's

subversion of her own modernism may serve as an indispensable guide for any exploration of the precarious feminisms of contempo­rary Israeli literature.

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1. The concept of androgyny was in fact introduced by Shulamit Hareven (b. 1930) in her first novel, City of Many Days (1972) where she created what I call "Jewish androgyny."

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**Virginia Woolf in Arabic Literature:**

**Translations, Influence, and Reception**

There is a good deal of research in both Arabic and English on the formative stage of modern Arabic literature: the second half of the nineteenth century when the Arab world set about creating responses to the growing impact and domination, cultural as well political, of the West. It was then that such European art forms as the novel and the short story were "imported" into Arabic literature. But there is surprisingly little research on the contemporary Arab literary scene as to Western borrowings or interference. "Stream of consciousness" is a salient example—it is clearly pre­sent in Arab literature by the 1960's, but in the main (to my know­ledge) has so far followed its trajectory from West to East. The fol­lowing, therefore, are a few preliminary remarks on a subject that clearly deserves detailed study.

**Arab Students of Woolf's Works**

In his "Studies of Eminent Prose Writers in Modern English Literature" the Egyptian Taha Mahmud Taha devotes a chapter each to J. Conrad, E.M. Forster, D.H. Lawrence, A. Huxley and Woolf (Tah, 1966, pp. 92-129). The author discusses Woolf's life and literary work, especially Jacob's Room, Mrs. Dalloway, The Lighthouse, and The Waves. Taha is probably the most outstanding Arab scholar to have published on Woolf in Arabic, but he totally ignores her influence on Arab authors and the reception of her works in Arabic literature (For other studies by him, see Taha 1975, pp. 249-272, Taha 1979, pp. 225-256).

The same may be said of Makram Shakhir Iskandar who in 1992 published a study on writers who had committed suicide...

**Translations**

Only a few Arab writers read English classics in the original and most have become familiar with English literature through translations. Thus, when tracing the influence of Woolf on Arabic literature, especially of course the 'stream of consciousness' writers, it is important to pay attention to the issue of translating Woolf into Arabic. I have as yet to locate all translations of Woolf's literary works into Arabic but it would appear that most of her literary and critical writings have been translated.

The Waves (Woolf 1913) was translated by Murad al-Zaman and published by a major publisher in Cairo in 1968. The translator seri­ously tried to stay as close to the original as possible, which results in a text few would consider excellent literary prose. Moreover, the translator ignores the original division into passages, and has added titles to the original division of the text. Also throughout the transla­tion we can find notes in the margin explaining Western terms or even rare Arabic words used in the translation. For example, on p. 15 of the translation (p. 16 of the HB edition) the translator mentions that the word "hata" (hemstitch) is the plural of "hadd" (crease), on p. 51 (p. 51, HBJ) the translator adds that Sophocles is the "greatest ancient Greek writer." On p. 65 (HBj, p. 64), the translator explains that a sonnet is "a poem of fourteen lines." On Shaftesbury Avenue (translation, p. 146; HBj, p. 140) the translator says in the margins: "street of literature in London; full of bookstores.

Mrs. Dalloway was translated by 'Abd al-Karim Mahfoud and published in Syria in 1994. In this case the translator has taken some liberties with the original. For example, in the HBj edition (p. 186), we find the following:
She stood quite still and looked at her mother; but the door was ajar, and outside the door was Miss Kilman, as Clarissa knew. Miss Kilman in her mackintosh, listening to whatever they said. Yes, Miss Kilman stood on the landing, and wore a mackintosh; but had her reasons. First it was cheap; second, she was over forty; and did not, after all, dress to please.

In translation, this becomes, if we use the same vocabulary: She stood quite still and looked at her mother, but the door was ajar, and outside the door was Miss Kilman, as Clarissa knew. Miss Kilman in her mackintosh, listening to whatever they said. First, the mackintosh was cheap, and second, she was over forty; and the last thing she meant, when choosing her dress, was to please the viewers.

Thus, the translator combines the two passages into one; omits the sentence “Yes, Miss Kilman stood on the landing, and wore a mackintosh; but had her reasons”; and translated wrongly the sentence: “and did not, after all, dress to please.” Still, the Arab reader gets a vivid sense of Woolf’s writing. There are only three explanatory notes in the margins, all referring to Arabicized words: on p. 57 (HBJ, p. 72), the Arabicized word “frac” (“frac” in French) is explained; on p. 56, “muff” (translation, p. 142; HBJ, p. 86) was Arabicized into sinrāt with the explanation in the margins: “a kind of marine animals” (sic). Still, the Arab reader gets a vivid sense of Woolf’s writing.

To the Lighthouse was translated by Jurji Manal as al-Misriyya al-'Amma li-1 - Ta'lif and published in 1983 in Cairo (according to Sam’an 1980, p.84), but I have as yet been unable to locate it.

Woolf’s Influence on Arab Writers

Significantly, every reader of Arabic senses the spirit of Woolf in the many short stories and novels that use stream of consciousness techniques. As there is almost consensus in this respect among scholars of Arabic literature, it is all the more astonishing that I was unable to find even one article or study dealing with the influence Woolf has had on contemporary Arab writers.

A unique feature of Arabic literature is that in virtually all its aspects, modern Arabic literature has remained closely connected to its ancient roots. This means among other things that no Arab poet, writer or playwright is able to win recognition if his or her work does not show a deep knowledge of a heritage that goes back 1300 years. Of course there have been changes and innovations, but those too were always based upon or introduced against the achievements of the past. The nature of this relationship between modern and classical literature is fundamental to an understanding of the contemporary Arabic literary scene. Perhaps this partially explains why the impact that Woolf’s oeuvre has so clearly had on contemporary Arab writers has as yet—to cause ripples among critics and scholars. The task at hand promises to be a both a fascinating and rewarding one.

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WHO’S AFRAID OF CELEBRATING WOOLF IN JAPAN?

From the late 1970’s to 1980’s, a set of the most prominent translations was published in hardcover by Misuzu Shobo (one of the leading Japanese small press companies for philosophy and literature), with the original eight works supervised by Rintaro Fujimura and four supplements. A new edition of Misuzu’s Virginia Woolf collection was distributed on April 10, 1999, compiled under the general editorship of Shizuku Kawamoto.

In contrast to the above scholarly translations by Misuzu, the films of Orlando and Mrs. Dalloway have spurred more popular interest in Woolf’s works. Yoko Sugiya’s 1983 translation of Orlando was reprinted in paperback in fall, 1998, by Chikuma-shobo. This paperback version includes a short comment by one of the leading feminist science fiction writers, Kotani Mari, who compares Orlando with Ursula K. Le Guin’s The Left Hand of Darkness in terms of its theme of androgyny. Yuki Uchkoshi of Chikuma insists that the publisher intended to present Orlando as a fantasy to a wider range of readers.

The film, Mrs. Dalloway, also promoted a new translation by Ai Taji, published by Shueisha, one of the largest popular publishing companies in Japan. Along with the film’s landing in Japan in August, 1998, the reviews, interview articles, and essays appeared in several major newspapers and journals. In Asahi Newspaper, Tsuchshina Yuko, a daughter of Dazai Osamu and one of the prestigious women writers in Japan, remarks that she was enchanted with the film and rediscovered Woolf’s unique feminist perspective in Mrs. Dalloway in which she had first read as an English major thirty years before. The introductory essays on Woolf were published in two women’s journals in 1998: Misesu (Mrs), a monthly deluxe journal for women of leisure; and Fujin Koron (Women’s Views), one of the oldest women’s popular journals in Japan, which targets women in their 30’s and 40’s. In the August 22 issue (No. 10, 1998) of Fujin Koron, a four-page essay written by Hayaru Fukuda, a scholar and representative of a theatrical company, Subaru, is included with six pages of beautifully-taken photos. Fukuda visited such places as Hyde Park Gate, Talland House (where he interviewed Susan Bedford), and Monk’s House. In this geographical approach, Fukuda interprets Woolf’s life and suicide which is reflected in Mrs. Dalloway and To the Lighthouse. The editorial of Fujin Koron states that they attempted to introduce Woolf to the general audience without any background of Woolf and their readers’ response was mostly their desire to read To the Lighthouse rather than Mrs. Dalloway. At Mrs. Dalloway’s first-run Iwanami Hall, moreover, H.I.S., a travel agency, delivered their pamphlets of a tour to England with the purpose of experiencing “the Manor House life,” especially such cultural icons as the flower arrangement and afternoon tea. From September, 1998, through March, 1999, about 500 women over 40, most of whom had seen the film, joined the tour. Literature, entertainment, commercialism, and tourism are virtually connected by Mrs. Dalloway.

Thanks to the flourishing internet, I was led to Woolf’s influence on a girls’ comic book, Joseiskkou no Shouou: Yume no Kaijittsu (Portraits of Women Writers: Fruits of Dreams), by Mao Morimura (http://www.geocities.co.jp/HeartLand-Gaien/1115/vw.html). According to the comic editorial of Kadokawa-shoten (one of the major publishing companies in Japan), Morimura’s book is included in a series of comic books whose common theme is history and romance and which target mainly women ranging from elementary school students to housewives. Morimura’s first book consisting of five stories, Tenshi no Habataku Kurisumasu (Christmas Full of Angels, originally published in Kadokawa’s journal in 1995) describes Woolf in her young days when she is struggling to write her own novel in the male-centered family within Morimura’s unique fictional frame.

The Japanese are not the least afraid of translating Woolf into Japanese, interpreting Woolf within the Japanese culture, and celebrating Woolf in another small island country.

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HOW I BECAME A WOOLFIAN SCHOLAR IN CHINA

My mother sent me to an American missionary school to learn English when I was a child. At the same time, she encouraged me to learn the teachings of Confucius and the classical Chinese language from a private tutor. She also wanted me to learn western painting and traditional Chinese painting from different tutors. In short, she prepared me to observe the similarities and differences in eastern and western culture.

My grandfather was a famous surgeon. His only hobby was collecting traditional Chinese paintings. In such a family environment, I gradually learned how to appreciate the artistic value of traditional Chinese fine arts. In addition, I began to study traditional Chinese aesthetic theories by myself when I was a middle-school student. Still, I can remember Su Dongpo’s teaching, “if an artist only desires to represent the external shape of real objects in his painting, he is as ignorant as a child.”

There are two basic elements in traditional Chinese aesthetic theories: the shape and the spirit. The shape is external, while the spirit is internal. And there are two basic principles in traditional Chinese aesthetic theories. (1) The spirit is more important than the shape. That means the internal quality of an artistic work is more important than its external quality. (2) A real artist should use the shape to express the spirit. For example, when a traditional Chinese artist draws a picture of bamboo, he expresses his spirit through the shape of bamboo. The spirit is his personal character and personal idea of nobleness, righteousness, and dauntlessness. Such an aesthetic notion was planted in my mind in childhood.

In the early 1960’s, I was a student in the Department of English and American Literature at Fudan University. At that time we had to follow the teachings, or rather, the dogma of Soviet scholars. According to such dogma, only literary realism was acceptable, and Modernism was a forbidden zone. In our textbook, the representative of twentieth-century English novelists was Mr. John Galsworthy. Nevertheless, I came across modernism, by chance, through a copy of To the Lighthouse. I realized that the same way Mrs. Woolf was an artist, she prepared me to observe the similarities and differences in my comprehension of English. But still I found the translation of her works quite difficult.

The linguistic politics of translation: translating Woolf into Galician

Galician is not my mother tongue, but it was my mother’s. Translating Woolf into Galician was first intended as the repayment of a debt to my community. Years of research for a Ph.D. dissertation on Virginia Woolf should have some bearing on the community that offered me the means to learn about this writer, so I tried to express my gratitude by introducing Woolf to Galician people, and to do so, for the first time, in Galician. As I worked on the translation of To the Lighthouse, I realized that the same way Mrs. Ramsay’s presence is felt by her friends and family several years after her death, my mother’s presence also came back to life through my struggle with the Galician language.

After dictator Francisco’s death (1975), the democratic Constitution of 1978 established that there are four official languages in Spain: Spanish, Galician, Catalan, and Basque. Whereas Spanish is the official language for the whole country, three autonomous communities (Galicia, Catalonia, and the Basque country) are officially bilingual. This is an attempt to correct centuries of hostile linguistic policy against these three minority languages since the times of Ferdinand and Isabella. In spite of the prohibitions to speak or write Galician, this language has survived thanks to the oral tradition rather than to print, and thanks to the lower classes from rural areas rather than to the city middle-classes. Galician is nowadays spoken by approximately three million people and it is regularly used by sixty-seven per cent of the population.

When I went to school in the sixties, children were often humiliated in public by their teachers if they spoke Galician, their mother tongue, so many parents decided to make the effort to speak Spanish to their offspring. In my home, my parents spoke Spanish to me, but they continued to speak Galician to each other. While I translated Woolf I recuperated a repressed language in my upbringing, a repressed part of my identity, and, together with it, also a part of my mother’s identity.

Cara o Foro (To the Lighthouse) was then the first translation of Woolf’s work into Galician, and, unfortunately, it remains the only translation of her works. I must say, however, that Catalan was a pioneering language in the translation of Woolf’s writings, occasionally doing so even before Spanish did. My colleague, Xavier Castro, and I opted for fidelity to Modernist experimentation with style and narrative devices.

There are at least four discourse levels at which Woolf’s deviations may lure the translator away from fidelity to the original: register, syntax, lexicon and punctuation. With regard to register, one needs to be cautious with phrases from an upper-middle-class, learned, and poetic variety such as Woolf’s, which cannot be translated into colloquial expressions from rural, non-written varieties of Galician, no matter how common or popular these may be. This is the case, for instance, of the idiomatic expression “to be up with the lark” (p.7) for which there is a widespread analogue in Galician: “erguer cosas pitas” (to be up with the chickens).

Nevertheless, the Galician phrase belongs to a colloquial, rural, and even lower-class register which is not suitable for Mrs Ramsay. Therefore, we opted for giving up the idiomatic expression altogether and we provided a more neutral translation: “Pero teraste que erguer 6 amenezca” (But you’ll have to be up at dawn).
As for syntax, Woolf makes extensive use of long chains of subordinate clauses, and embeds phrases or sentences in between parentheses, which add to her general syntactic complexity. She frequently juxtaposes seemingly unrelated ideas, which provokes an effect of simultaneity that challenges the linear plot. Also, the confluence of past, present, and future experience, together with the multiplicity of points of view, signal the artist's reorganization of experience. For these reasons, the translator must resist the temptation, and probably also the publisher's pressure, to shorten Woolf's sentences.

... With regard to lexicon, one usually finds words that are repeated and for which the translator might first think of providing synonyms. However, repetitions often reflect the characters' concerns or obsessions, and they contribute to reinforce the poetic rhythm of Woolf's lyrical style. So, for instance, when Mrs. Ramsay recalls her children's dislike of Charles Tansley, the narrator employs a type of free indirect discourse which conveys her concern by means of repetitions: "The atheist", they called him; 'the little atheist'. Rose mocked him; Prue mocked him; Andrew, Jasper, Roger mocked him [..."

Finally, I would like to discuss punctuation with another illustration of the problems it raises. Woolf's narrative often shows what may look like an excessive abundance of commas, semi-colons, and full stops that seem to mark turns in the flow of consciousness. Although her literary style is already deviant with respect to ordinary writing, Woolf's punctuation may occasionally be found "archaic" by the common reader nowadays. My colleague and I opted for fidelity to Woolf's punctuation, not just to show her stylistic peculiarities, but because we were convinced that any modifications in the length of the pauses would seriously alter the rhythm of Woolf's discourse. Besides, the narrator's report of the characters' reflections suggests the way the mind works, so the different types of pauses signal the alterations in the process of thinking.

Some publishers want the translator to facilitate the readers' interpretation of the text. This may be even more so in Galicia, where the literary market of translations is dedicated mainly to texts for High School students—since the reading of national and international literature in Galician is part of their compulsory courses. Publishers may also fear that the contemporary audience will not sympathize with, or will not even understand, British Modernist experimentation from the twenties. A very literal translation may be branded as "archaeological work", and the transgressions above discussed may be seen as a hindrance for the book's saleability. It is very likely, then, that the translator will be forced to reach a compromise between academic rigour and adaptability to market requirements.

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The connection to the past and our shaping of the future emerged as a key thread at the conference. Mark Hussey noted that the business meeting of the International Virginia Woolf Society focused on our history—and of the conference. VW10 organizer Jessica Berman proposed a plan for inviting a long-term critic of Woolf to discuss her earlier work from the perspective of her current approach. The Years, with its significant addressing of history, was “the book” of the conference. In the plenary panel “Virginia Woolf: Scanning the Centuries,” Melba, Sally Greene, and Alison Booth reunited and consciously picked up the thread of the VW7 opening night panel, “Influence. Interests. Context,” in which they had participated. (In a further note of synchronicity, Sally and Melba found themselves at the podium in Delaware wearing the same dress.) Filling in for Pamela Caughie, who was unexpectedly prevented from attending the conference, Melba read from sheets fittingly and literally layered with text, which she described as a “palimpsest” (they had come into a fax machine loaded with used paper, with the already printed side up). The title of Caughie’s paper: “Virginia Woolf in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction.” Ntozake Shange concluded the conference events reading from her work and talking about “history without an omniscient narrator”; we must actively create the meaning of history/histories, Shange argued. This is what’s real.

For us as members of the International Virginia Woolf Society, it is time to open a new chapter in our history as we acknowledge our past. Discussion during the IVWS business meeting in Delaware focused on looking forward, toward a redefinition of the relationship of the IVWS to the Virginia Woolf Miscellany and the annual Virginia Woolf conference and a possible reorganization of the executive structure. More immediately, IVWS members will soon be voting to elect new officers for three-year terms. In this last opportunity to address you through the Miscellany, the current officers of the International Virginia Woolf Society—Christine Freula, President; Sally Greene, Bibliographer/Historian; and I—would like to express our gratitude to those who have served in these positions before us. We would especially like to express our appreciation to Past-President Melba Cuddy-Keane who has so generously and ably helped us with both her knowledge of the history of the society and her well thought-out suggestions for new challenges. We have enjoyed the opportunity these past three years to serve the community of Woolf scholars and readers and to help in the growth and support of Woolf studies worldwide. Best wishes to you all as you continue to read, write, and create new works of art inspired by Virginia Woolf.

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