This issue returns to the eclectic spirit of the *Miscellany*. Any reader familiar with Woolf knows that a certain measure of eclecticism defines Woolf’s own spirit. As one roves, for example, through her more than 500 essays, one can see her sundry interests outside of her passion for literature, including lepidopterology, cooking, astronomy, history, horticulture, tourism and travel. As anyone familiar with her biography knows, Woolf’s interest in these arenas was more than a readerly one: she really did like to net butterflies and bake bread. To mention her penchant for butterflies and bread is to suggest that she had a range of hobbies, and she did. Yet, for Woolf, all that life had to offer was not just a smorgasbord of hobbies, but life itself. Life inhered in its variety. Many of the contributors to Joan Russell Noble’s *Recollections of Virginia Woolf* remark on Woolf’s insatiable curiosity in everything; “no human experience was considered by her too trivial to be interesting” (128), noted Nigel Nicolson. Wherever Woolf traveled, she was intensely absorbed in the life around her; as Vita Sackville-West writes, “[a] fair in a French village, roundabouts, shooting-galleries, lions and gipsies giving a performance together, stalls with things to buy; all was sheer fun” (Noble 136).

Woolf herself, as this issue will show, travels with her readers in a variety of ways; with our diversity of experiences, we can always find something to relate to in Woolf and her writing. In her essay “The Traveling Self,” included in this issue, Hilary Clark refers to a “protean self” that haunts Woolf’s writing. Woolf herself is a protean self shaping and reshaping itself in the lives of her readers. Woolf’s self certainly figures and refuges itself in my own life. Starting at the age of seventeen, when I read “The Yellow Dress,” Woolf guided me through graduate school, when I wrote my dissertation on her role as a literary journalist and started my membership in the then Virginia Woolf Society. She accompanied me on my journeys to New Hampshire, where I organized the Seventh Annual Woolf Conference and was elected as Secretary/Treasurer of the IVWS, to Turkey and Kenya, where I taught her to ESL students. Now she is with me in my new position as head of the English Department at Southeastern Louisiana University. Poised on my office wall, in the form of a 5” x 8” ink drawing that has accompanied me since I received my PhD, Woolf continues to preside like a reigning spirit. Like Clark, I am now, most recently, interested in the theme and activity of travel in her work.

This issue of the *Miscellany* demonstrates the manifold ways that Woolf accompanies, inspires, and provokes her many readers. Ranging from the personal to the historic to the academic to their relevance to today, the ten articles, taken together, make this issue truly miscellaneous. In addition to the Clark essay cited above, you will have the opportunity to read about Suzette Henke’s consanguinity with Woolf; an affinity deeply felt during her wedding that took place in Dublin this past Bloomsday on June 16, right before this year’s Woolf conference. Roberta Rubenstein continues the archival theme of the previous issue in her work on archival research and Russian writers. Karen Levenback’s “Virginia Woolf and Institutional Memory” is an examination of another set of archives, those of the International Virginia Woolf Society. Jeremy Lawson’s interdisciplinary approach explores the disconnectedness of Clarissa and Septimus in terms of atomic and surface theories of matter. David Leon Higdon, Robert Preissle, Matt Laufer, and Irena Ksiezopolski offer deconstructive readings as they ask us to re think or take notice of overlooked questions or characters. Higdon asks us, what kind of religious zealot is Doris Kilman? Preissle notes that very little critical attention has been given to the possibility that Orlando is in all likelihood pregnant in the nineteenth century, even before she meets Shel. Laufer repeats the question, what about the Jews?, that appears in *Between the Acts,* written at beginning of the Jewish Holocaust. Ksiezopolski reminds us that Woolf’s secondary characters function as more than props; on the contrary, they “seem to be very real, with a whole world of their own.” Finally, Eileen Barrett reminds us of the continuing relevance of *Three Guineas* today in her update and expansion of “Woolf’s facts of education, property, and war . . . on the global
status in the real world of patriarchy today.” Written before this last presidential election, Barrett’s essay is all the more timely as we enter a new era of retrenchment in the United States.

As we consider the way Barrett is updating Woolf’s political agenda, let us return to the theme of variety that characterizes this issue. For Woolf, multiplicity is a kind of politics, a politics set in opposition to monotonous oneness, compulsory unanimity, which she repeatedly links to war-mongering. In Three Guineas, for example, the speaker refuses to join a male war-mongering society, for it would compel her and all women to “merge our identity in yours; follow and repeat and score still deeper the old worn ruts in which society, like a gramophone whose needle has stuck, is grinding out with intolerable unanimity ‘Three hundred millions spent upon arms’” (105). For Woolf, the horror lies in not just a monstrous military budget spent on death-dealing weaponry, but in anything that would smother life in all its diversity under a blanket of sameness. We can imagine that Woolf was thinking of herself as she describes Peter Walsh’s reaction to the soldiers marching past him, “past every one, in their steady way, as if one will worked legs and arms uniformly, and life, with its varieties, its irrecitences, had been laid under a pavement of monuments and wreaths and dragged into a stiff yet staring corpse by discipline” (MD 76-77). In “The Mark on the Wall” the “military sound” of the word “generalization” is “enough”: “It recalls leading articles, cabinet ministers—a whole class of things indeed which, as a child, one thought the thing itself, the standard thing, the real thing, from which one could not depart save at the risk of nameless damnation” (41).

To espouse variety when one is adjured to think only of “the thing itself, the standard thing”—when, increasingly in the US, difference of opinion is equated with unorthodoxy and even treason—is to be bold. Following the presidential election, the readers and columnists of my local newspaper repeatedly threaten, “get on board with George Bush or else.” In times of war, as Woolf knew, this pressure becomes coercion. To oppose this coercion, she wrote, “needs courage” (TG 128). Woolf herself demonstrated courage by celebrating life’s irrecitences and differences. We honor her courage as we pay varied and loving attention to the variety in her own works.

Jeanne Dubino
Southeastern Louisiana University

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THE ART OF EXPLORATION
The Fifteenth Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf
June 9-12, 2005
Lewis and Clark College, Portland, OR
Conference website: http://www.lclark.edu/~vwoolf05
In harmony with the annual conference’s location this year in the Pacific Northwest, coinciding with the bicentennial of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, this year’s theme invited a wide range of papers that will emphasize the adventurousness of Woolf’s work. Risk, daring, curiosity, experimentation, and travel (literal and metaphorical): we anticipate these motifs to echo in historical, theoretical, formalist, and political presentations on Woolf.

Featured Speakers: Maria DiBattista (Virginia Woolf’s Major Novels: The Fables of Anon; Fast-Talking Dames; First Love: The Affections of Modern Fiction); Jed Esty (A Shrinking Island: Modernism and National Culture in England); Diane Gillespie (The Sisters’ Arts: The Writing and Painting of Virginia Woolf and Vanessa Bell); Douglas Mao (Solid Objects: Modernism and the Test of Production); Christine Froula (Virginia Woolf and the Bloomsbury Avant-Garde: War, Civilization, Modernity)

Questions? Contact Rishona Zimring at the following email address: vwoolf05@lclark.edu or call the English Department, Lewis and Clark College, Portland, OR 503-768-7405. Selected conference papers will be published.

IVWS AT LOUISVILLE 2005
February 24-26, 2005
Many thanks to Kristin Czarnecki, Mark Hussey, Jane Lilienfeld and Jeanne Dubino for organizing this excellent panel for the 33rd Twentieth Century Literature Conference at the University of Louisville. The IVWS panel is now an established and very successful feature of the conference. For information, go to http://www.louisville.edu/a-s/cml/xxconf/

Virginia Woolf: From the Archives, Convener, Drew Patrick Shannon
Jessica Fisher, University of California, Berkeley
Paper Title: “Against Archetype: Revising The Waves”

Kimberly Engdahl Coates, Bowling Green State University
Paper Title: “The Art of Being Ill: Virginia Woolf and the Raverats”

Alice Staveley, Stanford University
Paper Title: “Negotiating Woolf’s Q Rating: Marketing ‘Kew Gardens’ 1927”

MEMORIES OF LONDON IN SUMMER 2004

Cecil Woolf opened the keynotes, evoking the memory of his uncle Leonard Woolf, and offering a memoir crafted with respect and great good humor. Brenda Silver gave the last keynote, turning her keen critical intelligence onto the chat and virtual publics of the Woolf listserve and asking questions to carry us back to our computers—as we log on to those very listerves. Andrew McNeillie, with endearing humility, gave a fascinating poetry reading of the works of Julian Bell along with a tempting few of his own. Laura Marcus led us to contemporary fiction through Atonement. David Bradshaw teased out new ripples in The Waves through an Egyptian exploration. The Caroline Heilbrun memorial session was moving as many speakers demonstrated how “we think back through our mothers if we are women.” But these just give a glimpse; looking over the program again, I wish to travel back to hear all the papers I had to miss—so many new projects, new areas of exploration in décor, patriotism, biography, music, dance, Ling Shuhua, and lesbian love. Woolf studies are alive and very well indeed! A riotous occasion, The Bloomsbury Banquet rocked with laughter and camaraderie; “They kissed each other, first this cheek then that, by the drawing-room door, and Clarissa turned, with Sally’s hand in hers, and saw her rooms full, heard the roar of voices, saw the candlesticks, the blowing curtains, and the roses which Richard had given her” (Mrs. Dalloway).

After the conference had concluded and the participants began to disperse, some remained to witness the dedication of the reproduction of the 1931 Stephen Tomlin sculpture of Virginia Woolf in Tavistock Square. The event, organized by the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain, was quite moving; Diane Gillespie noted that she loved seeing Virginia Woolf resident again in Tavistock Square. Afterwards some attended an exclusive tea while others formed an Outsiders’ Society in the Tavistock Hotel bar. A good time was had by all.

Another moment of being for me was a small gathering at the home of Jean Moorcraft Wilson and Cecil Woolf — truly magical and gracious. The dizzying array of books and charismatic clutter, with a Duncan Grant painted table holding a bowl of chips, and artwork dazzling the eye and plants cascading through the room—crafted a night to remember. The pulse of Bloomsbury was racing in the delicious mix of gossip and beauty, chaos and camaraderie.
REMEMBERING NIGEL NICOLSON

I first met Nigel Nicolson on the Staplehurst train platform in Kent in May of 1976. I was a graduate student at Columbia University, just beginning my dissertation (with Carolyn Heilbrun) on Leslie Stephen and Virginia Woolf. I had been invited to interview at an English university for a fellowship; since so few of Woolf’s autobiographical documents were in print at that time—Leonard Woolf’s condensation of her Diaries; the first volume of her Letters; none of Moments of Being—I hoped to use the trip to England for some archival research. At Carolyn’s suggestion, I wrote to Mr. Nicolson to ask for his advice. To my delight—and, as a terrified graduate student, to my utter astonishment—I received a kind note back from Mr. Nicolson almost instantly. In it, he invited me to visit him at Sissinghurst, since he had typewritten drafts of much of Woolf’s correspondence there, and he thought it might help me with my dissertation to look at them. I accepted “Mr. Nicolson’s” invitation, and this act of kindness began a long friendship, a friendship that stretched over nearly thirty years.

It is fitting to begin any tribute to Nigel with mention of his kindness, since his generosity with his time, expertise, and knowledge enriched a great number of lives over a great number of years. And Nigel generally managed to be dramatic at the same time. There are innumerable examples, but I’m thinking in particular of Nigel’s wonderful hospitality to three of my NEH seminars over the years. In the summers of 1994, 1996, and 2000, I led groups of fifteen people to London to study Woolf “on location” for five weeks. In each case, Nigel offered to lead a “field trip,” and his “field trip” became the high point of the seminar. We invariably met Nigel at Knole, where he led a personalized tour of the grand house. At the foot of the Great Staircase, Nigel pointed to a three-foot tall brown doorstop in the figure of William Shakespeare, and remarked that, as a child, it terrified him when he faced it head to head. In the ballroom, Nigel pointed to the portrait of Cicely Baker, daughter of John Baker of Sissinghurst and wife of Thomas Sackville, who received Knole from Queen Elizabeth in 1566. Nigel spoke with emotion of the connections between Knole and Sissinghurst: when Harold discovered in the London Library that Sissinghurst had been owned by Thomas Sackville’s father-in-law, that fact made it a “family property”—a consideration that meant a great deal to Vita, since she had lost Knole at her father’s death. As we passed the Venetian Ambassador’s Room—the room Woolf calls “the heart of the house” in Orlando—Nigel reminded us that it was one of Vita’s favorite rooms at Knole, and that it was the room where Harold kissed Vita for the first time.

Nigel then led the coach across the countryside to Sissinghurst, where he served tea and told more wonderful stories. The climax of the visit was always the walk up the Tower stairs to Vita’s study—the place where Vita wrote her novels and the place where Nigel found the famous Gladstone bag after Vita’s death. On one occasion, Nigel asked a seminar member to walk into the study’s back alcove to fetch the Gladstone bag. Of course, a ripple of excitement coursed through the group as Betty emerged, carrying the black bag with the broken lock. On another occasion, Nigel asked me to reach into a bookshelf close to the door, to fetch out and hand around the presentation copy of To the Lighthouse that Virginia sent Vita the day Vita returned from Persia—the day that also happened to be publication day for To the Lighthouse. On the flyleaf, Virginia inscribed the book “In my opinion, the best novel I have ever written.” When my students opened the book to pass it around, they saw its pages were completely blank.

But perhaps the most dramatic moment in the Tower occurred during the summer of 1994, when Nigel took great pains to make us part of a genuine literary “find.” That year, he took my NEH group into the Tower in the late afternoon, made everyone cluster around Vita’s desk in the half-light, and explained that he had discovered only a month earlier that Vita’s writing desk had a false top and two secret drawers. When he opened the drawers, he found four letters Virginia wrote Vita at the height of their affair. Virginia’s letters were explicit about the physical nature of their relationship; Nigel surmised that Vita hid them away out of her instinctive sense of privacy, and her desire to protect Virginia. As the group stood around Vita’s desk, amazed that such documents existed, and in awe that they had been rediscovered after so many years, Nigel snapped the secret drawers open. He took out the lost letters, handed them to Ann, who stood next to him, and asked her to pass them around so everyone in the group could hold and read them. As one of the seminar members wrote later, “Seeing and holding those letters there in the Tower was like coming upon the Holy Grail.”

Anyone as immersed in the world of Woolf as we all are can understand the emotion of these words—and the care that Nigel took to create that “moment” for fifteen people in his mother’s Tower at Sissinghurst. It was an act of true kindness, born of Nigel’s generous nature and enacted with his unerring sense of the drama—and the emotional importance—of moments of insight and connection. This knowledge of the importance of “the moment” wasn’t something Nigel learned from reading and editing Virginia Woolf. It was an insight he instinctively and naturally shared with her, and a gift he generously used to enrich the lives of those who met him.

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NIGEL NICOLSON AND THE VIRGINIA WOOLF SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN

I felt privileged to become acquainted with Nigel Nicolson in the last eighteen months of his life. From the moment that the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain was launched (1998) his very public support meant a great deal to us and was of considerable benefit. He was kind enough to mention the Society in his regular column in the Sunday Telegraph and everyone was enchanted by the talk he gave about Virginia Woolf—along with his own recollections of her—at the Society’s second Annual General Meeting in 2000.

When Sheila Wilkinson organised the Society’s study week in Sussex in 2001 the highlights for most of us were the events held in Nigel’s presence. He accompanied us around Monks House and sat with us in the orchard for a reading of Woolf’s short story ‘In the Orchard.’ He then set a brisk pace for our walk down to the Ouse where, watching a wreath of flowers twist on the gentle current, his mother’s poem — ‘In
In 2002 when I was planning the appeal for the Virginia Woolf Memorial, Nigel Nicolson was the person whose attributes recommended him to me as Patron of the Appeal, and I was greatly flattered when he agreed to my request. He was more than happy to carry out the task of signing personal ‘thank you’ letters to donors and to approach old friends to encourage contributions to the appeal. He also helped attract major donors with a promise of a private visit to Sissinghurst Castle in gratitude for their support. However, concerned by the sheer scale of our required sum (£16,000), the first thing he did for us displayed a generosity and selflessness rarely encountered in anyone. He decided to sell one of those four precious letters that Virginia wrote to Vita that had been discovered in 1994, and donated the entire proceeds to the Memorial Appeal! Eager to both assist the Society in its aims and to further enhance their already magnificent collection, the letter was purchased by the Mortimer Rare Book Room at Smith College, and a handsome four-figured sum instantly kick-started our appeal. It was a start that proved absolutely invaluable to the overall success of the appeal only twelve months later.

When I visited Nigel to update him on the progress of the appeal and to discuss the particular sitting of the Memorial, it was his utter enthusiasm and passion for the project that was both encouraging and reassuring. I was so pleased that Camden Council, the authority responsible for administering Tavistock Square garden, was able to agree the sitting of the Memorial in the exact place that Nigel and I had agreed would be best. In its south-west corner it stands at the end of a long path, a position emulating his father’s fondness for the focus point like that of the Lime Walk he created in the gardens at Sissinghurst. Nigel was too unwell to attend the unveiling ceremony last June but I am pleased to say he enjoyed a sense of the occasion via a private video made for him exclusively during the afternoon.

As further proof of Nigel’s trusting sincerity, he did not think twice before granting us consent to reproduce his precious and alluringly anonymous painting of Orlando’s ‘Shelmerdine,’ or to allow me to take it away from Sissinghurst for a few weeks to be photographed for a limited edition print. It was a gesture indicative of his genuine warmth and trust in others.

Such qualities had he in abundance, a fact emphasised by all those who spoke at Nigel’s Service of Remembrance on 9 December 2004. It was a fitting farewell for a gentleman who brought integrity to each facet of his extraordinary life.

_Stephen Barkway_
_Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain_

**IN MEMORIAM**

Frances Partridge (1900 -2004)

**MY MEMORIES OF FRANCES**

I found Frances at a difficult point in my life. I was depressed and feeling unmotivated to do much of anything. One day I exerted what little energy I had and dragged myself off to the public library in search of a good book to divert my gloom for a couple of days. The richly colored dust jacket of a book on the New Arrivals Shelf immediately caught my eye. It was Lytton Strachey by Michael Holroyd; the biography of someone I had never heard of. The seductive painting on its cover was Carrington’s effigy-like iconic portrait of Lytton; the one in which he appears lying under a vibrant red blanket. His distinctive elongated hands delicately hold a book. The biography’s description sounded appealing and at over 600 pages I felt that it would, at the very least, deflect the hovering black cloud around me for awhile. I took it home.

As I read about Lytton, the more I learned about the Bloomsbury Group. Here were people who had lived in places I longed to be in, who had done things I longed to do and who had produced motivating work. I was intrigued with their friendships, and amazed at the diversity of their relationships. When I finished the book I was left starving for more. Voraciously I began to search out any and every book I could find about the Group. And in the process I began to learn more about Frances and how she continued to play an important part in the dissemination of the information I so hungrily sought. For the first time in a long time I felt inspired.

As I continued on with my Bloomsbury quest, I felt a strong need to thank Frances in some way for all that she had done to share so many Bloomsbury experiences. While I knew she was alive and living somewhere in England I did not know exactly where. All of this was happening at the time of an enormous Carrington exhibition at the Barbican in London. I decided to write a letter to Frances, in care of the Barbican, hoping that they would know how to locate her. It was a difficult letter to write: to rationally and clearly tell someone that she had deeply affected my life. Pessimistically I posted my letter expecting that it would go unanswered.

To my amazement, a gracious and fascinating letter from Frances arrived in my mailbox a short time later. Hesitantly I decided to write again, and again she answered me. A regular correspondence developed between us. We wrote to each other on a myriad of topics beyond Bloomsbury. Frances’s attention and curiosity inspired me to be more aware of what was happening around me, to be more intuitive of what I was seeing and feeling. I loved writing to her and of course I was elated every time one of her letters landed in my mailbox.

Our words crisscrossed the Atlantic for about two years before we actually met. I journeyed to London for a brief visit and Frances invited me to tea. I remember feeling extremely nervous on my way to her flat, imagining my mind would go blank in her presence. Somehow I got myself to her doorstep and climbed it. I clearly remember seeing “Partridge” handwritten in a little slot beside her doorbell. I pushed the bell, and I was buzzed in. Anxiously I climbed the stairs to her flat and...
as I rounded the landing I saw her standing in her doorway smiling. When I heard her say in a distinct and melodious voice “Ah, Sue, you’ve come,” all my nervousness dissipated, and I was struck with the feeling I had known her all my life.

She led me into her sitting room where the first thing I saw was Carrington’s portrait of Lytton on the wall above a writing desk; the painting which had launched me into this world. I think we had tea but I cannot clearly remember. What I do remember is that we ceaselessly talked. And talked. And laughed. We laughed a lot. And talked some more. I suddenly realized that hours had flown by.

While our correspondence continued, I persisted in my pursuit of Bloomsbury. In the process I was learning how to research and how to write. I was brought into contact with new and inspiring people. I found myself spending more and more time reveling in deep recesses of libraries and literary archives. I began to make frequent trips to England. Of course, every time I went, I would race off to spend time with Frances. She always greeted me with “Ah, Sue, you’ve come.” We went for walks around London garden squares, out to lunch, and to visit friends and family. Mostly, though, we talked and laughed. I remember a comment she once made about Bloomsbury: “What people don’t seem to understand is what FUN we had. There was a great deal of laughter in Bloomsbury.” Sometimes we sat at a small hand painted table always adorned with a fresh vase of flowers. At other times we would share a paisley printed loveseat. Carrington’s Lytton hung above us and hundreds of savory books perched on pink and gold painted shelves around us. Every once in awhile we would sit on her bed (which was once Lytton’s bed), knee touching knee, as we looked at photo albums. All the while we would talk about everything from life to books to philosophy to sex to politics to gossip to art to friends to ourselves.

Frances always strove for honesty in conversation and she believed in the search for truth. She possessed a keen sense of humor and a liberal point of view. She inspired me to question and to see and to search. She encouraged me to freely express my thoughts and ideas. Our times together always flew by. And every time I would leave her I would feel invigorated, elated and improved. More alive.

The last time I saw Frances she was extremely frail, nearly blind and bedridden. As I walked in, sunlight streamed in through a large window. She was lightly covered with a delicately woven silk blanket. Bouquets of splendid flowers surrounded the room. I walked over to her bed and touched her fragile hand. “Frances, its Sue. I’ve come from New York to see you,” I said. She lightly squeezed my hand and answered “Ah.”

Frances died a week later.

Susan Fox

THE TRAVELING SELF IN VIRGINIA WOOLF’S “EVENING OVER SUSSEX: REFLECTIONS IN A MOTOR CAR”

“We are no longer quite ourselves,” remarks the narrator at the beginning of Woolf’s essay “Street Haunting,” as she is about to step out into the winter twilight for a ramble through the streets of London. The protean self haunts Woolf’s writing. Fluid, the self is one yet many; it splits off; it passes into the other and is haunted by it in turn. This permeability of self-boundaries is emphasized in travel—especially the rambling kind, flânerie. But we need not be strolling in a metropolis such as Baudelaire’s Paris or Woolf’s London to undergo such a transformation. As long as the only purpose in setting out is to see what is around the next corner and the next, then riding in a car through the countryside, as recounted in Woolf’s essay “Evening over Sussex,” is as conducive as city strolling to being “no longer quite ourselves” (155), to being both familiar and strange.

In “Evening over Sussex,” the self is transformed in crossing from over the threshold into elsewhere, the “unhomely,” and then returning home once again. Escaping domestic boundaries, the self enters a landscape rendered surreal by deepening twilight. The journey rambles and has no overarching goal. However, it shares at least one quality with the quest: the traveler must navigate certain dangers or trials before returning home. In Woolf’s essay, the trial involves the self risking its own boundaries to the point of self-dissolution. In the end, the self pulls back and reafirms its boundaries—but only provisionally and temporarily. This process of self-othering often characterizes travel and its haunted narratives. Ambivalently, the traveler both seeks and fears “the perception of similarity within radical difference” (Porter 12) within the sights and people encountered along the way.

The essay in its original form—a thinker’s flânerie, an “essay” or exploration of a topic—is particularly elastic and well suited to venturing into the unknown, and hence to a risky but irresistible self-othering. For the essayist who travels within the tradition of Montaigne, to write is to explore against the grain of systematic knowledge, against the desire to pre-arrange the journey and grasp the end in the beginning. Woolf is such a writer in “Evening over Sussex,” a risky exploration of multiple selves. Recounting a car ramble through the Sussex countryside at twilight, the narrator speaks of being moved by the beauty of the passing scene as “the veil of evening” covers the everyday. Under cover of twilight, the passenger leans back and meditates both on the things she sees—a “freckle of red villas,” a “thin lucid lake of brown air”—and on the process by which she perceives them. This turn to self-consciousness precipitates the divisions of the self that ensue (290).

“But, I thought, there is always some sediment of irritation when the moment is as beautiful as it is now” (290): the “I” who speaks now both is and is not the “I” who opened the essay with the remark, “Evening is kind to Sussex” (290). This “I” who reflects upon irritation and beauty is the first of four selves that distinguish themselves, one by one, from the opening self, while still remaining part of it. This first split-away “I” attempts to capture and hold the beauty of the passing scene; in a rather sexual image, the self is described as swelling outward toward beauty: “one’s perceptions blow out rapidly like air balls expanded by some rush of air, and then, when all seems blown to its fullest and tautest, with beauty and beauty and beauty, a pin pricks; it collapses” (290). In this deflation, the self faces its own “impotency”: “I cannot hold this—I cannot express this—I am overcome by it—I am mastered” (290). Such stammering repetition of the “I” conveys the failure of the subject, meshed as it is in language, to approach the “beauty and beauty and beauty” beyond language. The chant-like repetition of the word “beauty” will not bring the thing any closer. Car travel only emphasizes this elusiveness further: as the car moves through a darkening landscape, the self realizes with “another prick of the pin” that every moment passing by is a lost opportunity (290).
The failure of language before beauty is conveyed by two hyperbolic metaphors. According to the narrator, to attempt to capture nature’s beauty in words is to “offer a thimble to a torrent that could fill baths, lakes” (290); it is to “cut up the body of a whale” with “six little pocket knives” (291). Interestingly, the thimble and the pocket knife are objects held by Clarissa Dalloway and Peter Walsh in their rather frustrating first reunion; in this essay as in Mrs. Dalloway, these two small tools represent the subject’s “impotency” before the hugely inaccessible other: the “whale” and “torrent” of beauty and love.

In the “pinprick” of negative self-reflection, a second self now splits away from the first. In a further twist, this second “I” even reflects on its own coming into being, noting rather pedantically that “it is well known how in circumstances like these the self splits up and one self is eager and dissatisfied and the other stern and philosophical” (290-1). This second split self in a sense personifies the turn to self-doubt that spoiled, for the first self, the possibility of simple ecstasy. Wagging a wise finger, the second lectures the first on the most sensible way to court beauty: instead of flying out, aroused, to meet the other—only to have one’s desire frustrated—one should “relinquish these impossible aspirations . . . be passive . . . accept” (291).

A third split-off self now takes up the narrative, watching the other two: “I (a third party now declared itself) said to myself, how happy they were to enjoy so simple an occupation. There they sat as the car sped along, noticing everything . . . matching every colour in the sky and earth from their colour box . . .” (291). The third self sits aloof, preferring over these “simple” pleasures of perception the more complex pleasures of melancholic reflection, intoning, “Gone, gone; over, over; past and done with, past and done with” (291). The passing scene that for the first and second selves exemplifies the evanescence of the present, for the third, melancholy self represents the loss of the past and the approach of death: “I feel life left behind even as the road is left behind . . . Others come behind us” (291).

The car is starting to get crowded: a fourth self now splits off, a quirky one that appears to “. . . in ambush, apparently dormant, and jump . . . upon one unawares” (291): “Look at that,” it bursts out, pointing at a star. This fourth self is “disconnected with what has been happening” (291): it is neither the frustrated artist (Self #1) nor the philosopher (Self #2) nor the melancholic (Self #3).Unlike the latter, it is drawn not to darkness but to light, in this case a star, “brilliant; freakish; inexplicable” (291). But this fourth self barely has a chance to speak before the “I” that opened the essay intervenes and begins to draw itself (its selves) back together again. In order to make sense of all that the split-off selves have recovered, a more encompassing perspective is evidently needed. The “original” or over-arching self thus asserts control more distinctly as twilight deepens into night and the car turns homeward. When meditating on beauty, this self splits off into four, that is, two pairs of selves at cross-purposes. The over-self now attempts to gather its versions into one, reining them in by summing up their experiences: “I summoned them [all] together. ‘Now,’ I said, ‘comes the season of making up our accounts. Now we have got to collect ourselves; we have got to be one self . . . Now is the time of reckoning’” (292). However, these others are never entirely “reckoned” by the self: they split off in situations, such as rambling travel, in which the self surrenders its customary control over its borders or comes to see that these boundaries are only relative—or illusory.

“Evening over Sussex” concludes with the controlling self looking back over the journey and, very much the tourist, briskly surveying its “trophies.” In contrast to the traveling self, the homing self seeks to re-establish its boundaries. It feels no pinpricks over the elusiveness of beauty; rather, it asserts its will: “Now I, who preside over the company, am going to arrange in order the trophies which we have all brought in . . .” (292). In bringing these spoils in, the self asserts its dominion over the unknowable, which is reduced (defensively) to an item on a list, then a toy, a “little figure” dandled on an adult’s knee: “We sat and looked at the figure we had made that day. . . . He was for a second very, very solemn” (292). However, in its solemnity this doll-like figure seems uncannily almost alive. A figure of the other, he insists in the midst of the self’s attempts to reckon and control, and his effect is bizarrely sexual: “A violent thrill ran through us; as if a charge of electricity had entered into us. We cried out together: ‘Yes, yes,’ as if affirming something, in a moment of recognition” (292). Such an epiphany conventionally climaxes a quest.

It is unclear, however, just what the final realization is in this case, and we are left, I think, with the sense of having witnessed a violation of boundaries: epiphany as rape. The journey has not been without trials, then: it has taken us through human failure, loss, the inevitability of dissolution and death, and it now appears that there is no concluding perspective from which these trials could be safely inspected. Although the climactic “Yes, yes” suggests triumph, there is a catch: “We cried out . . . ‘Yes, yes,’ as if affirming something” (my italics). Even more than Molly Bloom’s final “Yes,” the affirmation at the end of this journey can be read as only apparently one of triumph. It is, after all, an affirmation of a self that is vulnerable to insufficiency, loss, and death.

The body has been strikingly absent throughout the journey, “silent” among the chattering selves. In the concluding paragraph, however, the body returns. This renewed attention to its presence and “song” is the self’s defense, I would argue, against its own vulnerability to the shock of the other, a trauma suggested in the imagery of violation (indeed, electrocution) noted above. As the car turns homeward, the self retreats within the boundaries of the body, the needs and pleasures of the senses, including “[e]ggs and bacon; toast and tea; fire and a bath” (292).

Reading “Evening over Sussex,” then, one is struck by how explicitly it dramatizes the self’s fluid boundaries. Haunted by the elusive beauty of the scene sliding past the car, the self becomes several, its boundaries pulled thin by yearning. Woolf’s essay rewrites the myth of the gentleman flâneur; the flâneuse as subject of desire comes into her own. In twilight rambles, in idle, meditative journeying and returning, the traveling self is haunted by the uncanny (unheimlich) return of its familiars, its repressed others. In its transformations—splitting, multiplying—this self goes through trials as significant as the physical trials imposed in the traditional quest. These trials are playful, however; they test boundaries, flirt with dissolution, in a process that provokes anxiety yet also defies it.

In Beyond the Pleasure Principle, Freud tells the story of a little boy who masters his anxiety over his mother’s absences by repeatedly throwing away a toy and then retrieving it again: fort-da (gone there, back again). He enacts the mother’s disappearance, courts dissolution, then—pulling her back—returns from the brink each time. I would suggest that this is Woolf’s “game” as well in “Evening over Sussex,” the game of the child who loses herself in playing others, in making believe. This essay shows
us that the practice of *flânerie*—the practice of space, in Michel de Certeau’s terms—is an adult version of child’s play: “To practise space is . . . to repeat the joyful and silent experience of childhood; it is, in a place, *to be other and to move toward the other*” (110). The traveler may return home seeking “enclosure” and comfort, but she will never quite find these again. Shut doors will not keep out the other; it is part of us, we fly to it again and again.

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**Notes**
1. In *The Observing Self*, Graham Good argues that the essay in this original form is an “experimental or experiential field” (12). It does not seek any final or systematic knowledge as its goal; rather, given to accidental discoveries, “spontaneous and unsystematic,” the essay “starts afresh every time” in its explorations (4).
2. Comment by Andrew Thacker at the “Travel as Metaphor” session, 11th Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf, University of Wales at Bangor, June 2001.

**Works Cited**


**BLOOMSDAY TO BLOOMSBURY— A MEMOIR IN THREE ACTS**

Like many feminist scholars, I feel a great deal of consanguinity with Virginia Woolf, whose life ended when, two months after her fifty-ninth birthday, she put stones in her pockets and walked into the tidal estuary of the River Ouse. Her final terrestrial journey has always haunted me, and all the more so since I entered the fifth decade of life and faced the American mystique of middle age. Nine days after my own birthday last May, I walked to the edge of the Susquehanna River in upstate New York and there, surrounded by a circle of friends, exchanged vows of betrothal with my long-term companion, James O’Dwyer Rooney, in anticipation of a Bloomsday wedding in Dublin on 16 June.

Why bother to marry in one’s fifties? Well, why not? As many gay couples demanding civil unions would explain, one seeks the rights and responsibilities of enduring commitment—an acknowledged bond, attendant social support, and legal decision-making powers should one’s partner fall ill. Above all, one seeks to affirm and reinforce a loving relationship—something that always seems to me rather miraculous, no matter what the combination of genders.

**I. Bloomsday 100 in Dublin**

As the wedding party made its way up Grafton, a pedestrian shopping street, passers-by kept asking: “What part of Bloomsday is this?” “It’s a wedding,” replied the Bishop solemnly. “A real wedding!” Once Jim and I had decided to get legally hitched after more than a dozen years of conjugal partnership, we tumbled upon the idea of getting married in Ireland, during a Joyce Symposium celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Bloomsday—the date immortalized in James Joyce’s *Ulysses*.

Throughout the application process, however, we encountered a gauntlet of hurdles, including the difficulty of finding a Catholic priest to officiate at the wedding of a divorced Catholic (i.e., Jim). After reaching an impasse in our cyberspatial researches via rentapriest.com, we were directed by the office of David Norris, Irish Senator and fellow Joycean, to seek out Bishop Patrick Buckley, a renegade prelate who resides in County Antrim and has gained notoriety for officiating at the weddings of ex-priests, divorced Catholics, and gays of both genders. To our great delight, Buckley agreed to travel to Dublin by train on 16 June for our Bloomsday nuptial celebration.

Despite our success in booking the bishop, we arrived in Dublin on 6 June without a venue for the ceremony. Denied use of the Iveagh Gardens by the Dublin park commissioner, we then chose the Summer House in St. Stephen’s Green—a roofed enclosure by the lake—as a wonderfully romantic spot for a wedding. (This time, however, we wouldn’t seek permission. “Don’t ask, don’t tell,” we admonished invited guests.) At a rally for the relief of third-world debt, we met Ruari, the bagpiper. Might he be willing to play at a wedding? Most certainly! And Elise, a young Canadian violinist busking on Grafton Street, also proved amenable to playing at the ceremony. So voila, we had our musicians!

On Sunday, 13 June, Guinness Brewery sponsored a breakfast for 10,000 on O’Connell Street in the center of Dublin. This was a grand civic carnival and fun fair for the Hibernian populace, even as devoted Joyceans began attending scholarly panels that started at 9:00 a.m. and continued until 6:00 p.m. each day. No panels, however, were scheduled for Bloomsday—a day set aside for general celebration and rejoycing.

When some close friends from London graciously agreed to join us on Bloomsday, I realized that I needed to organize housing for Jim and myself, Jim’s son Sean and his partner Rynae, the Bishop, and two British-based guests. Online I went, and found the Millennium Towers, with a three-bedroom penthouse available for guests 15-16 June. We were able to invite a large number of friends to a “postprandial, post-carnival, post-entertainment, postnuptial party” at 10:00 p.m. on Bloomsday, after symposium festivities. On 15 June, Karen Alexander and Norman Bacrac arrived from New York and, after a brief reunion, we scurried off to a Joyce-related art exhibit and reception.

On Bloomsday morning, we awoke at 7:00 a.m. and dressed for the wedding. Karen helped me chop stray bits of fern from the garland that a Dublin florist had prepared—quite beautiful, but looking a bit like a Medusa hairpiece prior to its trimming. We caught a taxi to Molly
Malone’s statue and met the rest of the party, then walked up Grafton Street to St. Stephen’s Green. The bagpipe procession led by Ruairi was thrilling, as Suzette was escorted through the Green by her old friend Zack Bowen, and Sean captured the ceremony on video. A great wild heron ascended from the lake just as we reached the Summer House. After an Irish tune on the violin, the wedding began with peace greetings in various languages, including Bishop Buckley’s Pax Vobiscum. Borrowing from Native American tradition, we offered an “Invocation of the Ancestors,” honoring the memory of our parents, as well as our Virginia grandparents—Alys Sarah Cafrey and Mary O’Dwyer. Jim read a Sanskrit poem (in translation). Then Suzette recited (what else?) the lyrical conclusion of Molly Bloom’s soliloquy from Joyce’s Ulysses. Finally, the couple exchanged rings and personal vows. At this point, Suzette was teary-eyed, but mumbled the exhortation, “Let us walk hand and hand on life’s journey, singing ‘Love’s Old Sweet Song.’” Then friends joined in a chorus of “Love’s Old Sweet Song.”

And yes, a guard from the Park did show up in the middle of the ceremony. But because it was Bloomsday, or because the Bishop looked imposing in his clerical robes, the guard sat by the Summer House and simply watched, even as hordes of tourists filmed us on camcorders. By noon, we were sharing Dutch wedding cake in the Millennium Towers. At 6:00 p.m. we enjoyed a wedding repast (Dejeuner Ulysse) at the Ormond Hotel (where Bloom had lunch in Ulysses), then went to the concluding program event, a huge parade and Parable of the Plums enacted on O’Connell Street. Still dressed in my Edwardian wedding gown, I received lots of compliments on my Bloomsday “costume” and claimed to be garbed as Miss Fir Conifer, who married John Wyse de Neaulan in the Cyclops episode of Ulysses.

At 9:30 p.m., we retreated to the Millennium Tower penthouse for a postnuptial reception. What a lark! What a plunge! What madness! The view was so gorgeous from our penthouse roof garden that I had difficulty convincing myself to snatch a few winks of sleep before conference panels resumed on Thursday morning. A Friday banquet, billed as Paddy Dignam’s Wake, culminated the Bloomsday 100 Symposium.

II. To the Lighthouse at St. Ives
At this point, the authorial tone of our literary script changed from that of Joyce to an Oscar Wilde (melodrama. On the way to the Air Coach bus-stop, I walked south and got the coach, while Jim inadvertently turned north and took a taxi. Delayed in the wrong check-in line at the airport, he caught a flight to Gatwick, while I flew to Heathrow. Via the Heathrow Express, I proceeded to Paddington and got a train to St. Ives. Desolate at having “misplaced” my newly acquired husband so early in the marriage, I nonetheless continued on to Talland House, Virginia Woolf’s childhood summer home, where Sally Jacobsen and Jamie Noyd had rented a flat that could accommodate two more guests. The lush, verdant countryside of Cornwall made me feel like a girl of twenty. Was this six-hour journey worth the effort, just to spend two nights at Talland House? Yes, of course! I felt thrilled to be in Woolf’s Cornish ambiance, but sad that Jim wasn’t with me to share such magical moments of being.

On midsummer morning, I awake at dawn to the cry of gulls over St. Ives Bay. What a pleasure! Staring out at the distant eye of Godrevy Lighthouse, I suddenly realize that the Lighthouse might not, in fact, function as the androgynous symbol I have always thought it to be. It now resonates in my consciousness as a figure of the absent mother. I think of Julia Prinsep Stephen and of my own beloved mother, Elizabeth Kish Henke, both survivors, and beacons of light and unshakeable maternal calm in the midst of turbulent ocean waves. On midsummer morning, I quietly mourn Virginia’s suicide, my own mother’s death, and the fantasy of an imaginary daughter never born.

The next morning, alone in the rain and sipping cappuccino at the Porthminster Café, I look out at Godrevy Lighthouse, then look back at the checkered cloth and move the salt cellar to the middle of the table. I hypothesize that, with this simple gesture, Lily Briscoe might have intuitively reconfigured the lighthouse as a symbol of her self and her future. In the absence of Mrs. Ramsay, she would temporarily capitulate to Mr. Ramsay’s emotional neediness by complimenting his choice of splendid boots. She would inherit her maternal mentor’s feminine demeanor, but only up to a point. Lily refuses to compromise her self, her future, her aesthetic vision, or the boundaries of personal space. She feels, to her core, the strength of the spinster artist, self-directing and self-delighting. The salt cellar stands in for the revolutionary new free woman, whose subject position remains secure, purposive, and content in the development of burgeoning creative gifts.

Having always identified with Lily Briscoe and with the childless Virginia Woolf, I feel a tinge of panic at the realization that I might, at heart, be an inveterate spinster. (Analogously, Jim confesses to an adolescent nostalgia for riding the rails, sleeping on newspapers, then checking his stock portfolio in those same papers the following morning. He’s the original bobo, or bourgeois bohemian). Although Jim and I feel no different since our legal union, other people have begun to see us differently. How will that affect us? I suspect that our marriage will be very much like that of Virginia and Leonard, and not for a moment do I believe that their union was sexless after the honeymoon. For in marriage, a little license is needed, a mutual respect for the autonomy and singularity of the other who is also one’s spouse. Since I published an essay entitled “Women Alone: The Spinster’s Art” last June (in Herspace, ed. Jo Malin and Victoria Boynton), my friend Pat Cramer facetiously exhorts me to compose a “postscript” to the piece. I agree, and here it is.

III. Back to Bloomsbury
After 48 hours in St. Ives, I return to London and catch up with Jim at the Hotel Russell, just in time for the Virginia Woolf conference. When we’re finally reunited, we can hardly stop laughing at our comical separation in Dublin. As a sociologist, Jim has more than once gone “under cover” to interview hobos on freight cars and migrant laborers in fruit orchards. He tends to be mellow and resilient in unexpected situations, so he doesn’t complain about his two days of museum-haunting in London, in lieu of twelve hours of train travel to and from Cornwall. Half in jest, and half seriously, I suggest that we try to ignore the social constructions imposed on married couples and behave just as we have for the past two decades, as best friends, partners, soul-mates, and travel companions. As usual, Jim humors my proposal. “Well,” he responds. “Since we’ve always been a socially deviant couple, why not continue to be unconventional? Let’s scandalize the world by moving among three different houses on two different coasts!” And so we privately agree to do so. Aren’t we, like Virginia and Leonard, trying to be pioneers?

Others will write in greater detail about the Fourteenth Annual Virginia
Woolf Conference at University College, London, where I chaired a session on “Teaching Woolf” and gave a paper on “Bloomsbury Blues: Virginia Woolf’s Moments and Michael Cunningham’s Hours.” (Yes, there was some serious scholarship going on, even in the midst of this midsummer madness.) The week was incredibly intense, and I was swept away by an awesome current of dazzling lupine scholarship. Most moving, for me, were the testimonials of remembrance, Cecil Woolf’s nostalgic recollections of his Aunt Virginia, and the panel of scholars who paid tribute to the late Carolyn Heilbrun. “Why did she do it?” I wonder, when I think of a feminist scholar whom I knew and admired, and who contributed the “Afterword” to my co-edited collection, Women in Joyce, in 1982. I can better accept Virginia’s suicide, evinced by the voices and the war, than I can Carolyn’s, whose optimism I still recall. While we were sitting together at lunch in the faculty club at University of Louisville in 1992, she enthusiastically proclaimed: “I feel as if I have a mission: to inspire women in mid-life to re-invent themselves and to reconfigure their relationships.” But now Carolyn is dead and no longer here.

Whenever I think of my own mother’s death from a diabetic stroke and heart failure in 1995, I am aware of interminable bereavement and of an aching desire to enjoy one more hour with this beloved parent; to sum it all up in the moment prior to her passing; to say good-bye one last time; to commune with her spirit; to celebrate her vitality and her unique presence on this vertiginously moving planet. I trust that whatever happens in my own life, I shall always have a guiding light that I associate with my mother’s indomitable spirit, that lighthouse in the midst of a turbulent ocean of anxiety and pain. My mother, more than anyone else I’ve ever known, was a survivor. And the bequest of the courage she displayed, through a forty-year battle with diabetes, gives me the conviction that I, too, must live my life fully to the end, as a gift and an offering to the woman who gave it into my hands more than half a century ago.

On 26 June, a rainy Saturday afternoon in London, a replica of the Stephen Tomlin bust of Virginia Woolf is unveiled in Tavistock Square. I cannot help feeling a sense of nostalgia for a younger self who, some 30 years ago, lived in Connaught Hall as a student at the University of London and spent mellow summer afternoons reading novels in Tavistock Square. It was here, near the statue of Ghandi, that I first discovered Joyce’s Ulysses and Samuel Beckett’s trilogy. And it was here that I first read Virginia Woolf’s Mrs. Dalloway. Now, three decades later, I feel that I have truly come back to Bloomsbury. The bust of our mentor stands waiting, just a stone’s throw from Connaught Hall, to welcome us back once again. For there she is—a luminous beacon of feminist, pacifist, and creative inspiration.

Suzette Henke
University of Louisville

VIRGINIA WOOLF, ARCHIVAL RESEARCH, AND THE RUSSIAN WRITERS

I’m writing both to commend the engaging Spring 2004 Miscellany focusing on archival research and to provide an additional note regarding my own archival work on Woolf some years ago. In the late 1960s, there were very few resources on Woolf available for scholars to draw on. For my own archival work on Woolf some years ago, in the late 1960s it was still uncommon.) While working on Woolf’s notes, I had the exceptional good fortune to work with Leonard Woolf, who paid tribute to the late Carolyn Heilbrun. “Why did she do it?” I wondered, when I think of a feminist scholar whom I knew and admired, and who contributed the “Afterword” to my co-edited collection, Women in Joyce, in 1982. I can better accept Virginia’s suicide, evinced by the voices and the war, than I can Carolyn’s, whose optimism I still recall. While we were sitting together at lunch in the faculty club at University of Louisville in 1992, she enthusiastically proclaimed: “I feel as if I have a mission: to inspire women in mid-life to re-invent themselves and to reconfigure their relationships.” But now Carolyn is dead and no longer here.

Thrilling as it was to encounter Woolf’s actual journals and notebooks first-hand, all one could do in their presence was read, inhale, and hope that one could retain mental pictures. Eventually, I was able to obtain photocopies of the specific pages that I needed for my project. (Though we currently take the process of photocopying entirely for granted, in the late 1960s it was still uncommon.) While working on Woolf’s notes, I had the exceptional good fortune to work with Leonard Woolf, who helped me to decipher difficult words in Virginia’s sometimes illegible script. Separate appendices of my doctoral dissertation contain my full transcriptions of Virginia Woolf’s reading notes on Chekhov, Tolstoy, and Turgenev.

Whenever I think of my own mother’s death from a diabetic stroke and heart failure in 1995, I am aware of interminable bereavement and of an aching desire to enjoy one more hour with this beloved parent; to sum it all up in the moment prior to her passing; to say good-bye one last time; to commune with her spirit; to celebrate her vitality and her unique presence on this vertiginously moving planet. I trust that whatever happens in my own life, I shall always have a guiding light that I associate with my mother’s indomitable spirit, that lighthouse in the midst of a turbulent ocean of anxiety and pain. My mother, more than anyone else I’ve ever known, was a survivor. And the bequest of the courage she displayed, through a forty-year battle with diabetes, gives me the conviction that I, too, must live my life fully to the end, as a gift and an offering to the woman who gave it into my hands more than half a century ago.

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Suzette Henke
University of Louisville

I wish to provide some corrective information with respect to the archival and scholarly work that I completed more than three decades ago. Currently, there is renewed scholarly attention to Woolf’s interest in Russian literature, as evidenced by the symposium held in Russia in 2003, essays from that conference published in Woolf Across Cultures, ed. Natalya Reinhold (Pace University Press, 2004), and other recently published scholarship on the subject. My dissertation on Woolf’s response to Russian literature was a groundbreaking analysis of the influence of the Russian writers—Dostoevsky, Chekhov, Tolstoy, and Turgenev—on her fiction, specifically, on her evolving dissatisfaction with English literary conventions and her experimentation with narrative form. In the dissertation, I also traced and analyzed “The Russian Point of View” in Woolf’s critical essays and her reviews of Russian writers whose fiction was appearing for the first time in English translation, then only accessible through the original periodical sources such as the Times Literary Supplement. (The essays are now readily available in the four volumes, to date, of Andrew McNeillie’s Hogarth Press edition of the collected and uncollected essays, for which we can all be grateful.) My project was completed well before the groundswell of major scholarly attention to Woolf that began in the mid-1970s and 1980s, stimulated by the publication of her letters, diaries, and essays and the emergence of feminist theory and criticism. These concurrent developments contributed significantly to her rise to canonical status as well as to trends in Woolf scholarship that made my focus on her interest in the Russian writers seem rather off-topic at the time.

However, I did publish five articles based on my dissertation. These essays, published in the early 1970s, seem to have been entirely bypassed as a new generation of scholars covers some of the same territory without awareness of earlier work on the subject. Since my essays were published over three decades ago, before the advent of electronic bibliographies and other electronic scholarly tools, it is understandable that they have fallen below the radar screen—or, more accurately, the computer screen—of such convenient methods of search and research. However, three of the five essays are listed in Virginia Woolf: An Annotated Bibliography of Criticism, 1915-1974 by Robin Majumdar (1976) and Virginia Woolf: A Guide to Research by Thomas Jackson Rice (1984). Though the first bibliography unfortunately lacks a subject index, the second cross-lists two of the essays under the heading,
“The Russian Point of View” (Woolf’s essay); cross-listings for the same two essays plus a third and the University of London PhD dissertation appear under the subject heading, “Russian Culture, Language, and Literature.”

I recognize that such now-outdated print reference guides may not be routinely consulted by contemporary scholars. However, I hope that current Woolf scholars can understand my dismay that this early scholarship has become virtually invisible and is not acknowledged in recent work on the subject. Much of it still stands as a pioneering contribution to an understanding of Woolf’s interest in and debt to the Russians. For that reason, I wish to bring the essays to the attention of fellow Woolf scholars:


Given the renewed interest in the subject, I have returned to my earlier work and am currently reconsidering Woolf’s responses to the Russian writers, along with the archival work I completed on her notebooks in 1969. In due course, I hope to make this work—including transcriptions of her holograph reading notes on several of the Russian writers—available, through publication, to other Woolf scholars.

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Note

**VIRGINIA WOOLF AND INSTITUTIONAL MEMORY: THE EVOLUTION OF THE IVWS ARCHIVES**

A version of this article was delivered at Back to Bloomsbury, the Fourteenth Annual Virginia Woolf Conference at the University of London on 24 June 2004, and may also be included in the on-line collection of conference papers.

Until 1996 the Virginia Woolf Society (VWS) was the name of what is currently the International Virginia Woolf Society (IVWS). This change suggests its growing provenance and wide membership. By 1996 the society had grown to a membership of 458 people in eighteen countries. By July 1998, the Society had a membership of 582 from twenty-six different countries and in 2000-2002, the number jumped to 700—though irregularities in dues-paying and membership-counts leave several anomalies—so that the current figure of 550 (650 according to the figure published in the 2004 *PMLA Directory* [1200]) is presumably reflective of a purging of non-dues-payers. But the point is made: what began as a meeting at the MLA limited to thirty-five participants in 1970 and officially incorporated six years later is today exponentially larger. The latest developments of the IVWS are demonstrable by a visit to its web site out of the University of Toronto, with valuable information, including the by-laws of the IVWS; history; and active links to the international community of Woolf Societies, such as the VWS of Great Britain (founded 1998) and the VWS of Japan (founded 1995).

Yet, with the exception of the IVWS, which now has one in process, none of these societies maintains a formal archive or, as far as I know, a records management policy. In fact, I have been able to find no MLA-affiliated societies that do; not even the MLA has an archive, where, according to a standard definition, noncurrent records are preserved because of their continuing value.2 Definition of the term “archive” (or “archives”), which might also involve the repository where such records are preserved, organized, and accessed, is partly what this article will address. The importance and rich history of the VWS/IVWS, the growth in the Virginia Woolf community of readers internationally, and the importance of the Virginia Woolf Society in the community of MLA-affiliated societies, all suggest the need for an archive in which to store, preserve, organize, and make accessible its records, the primary sources that are the stuff of its history.

Certainly neither Woolf, who had herself proposed the ironically named Outsiders Society in *Three Guineas*, nor the founding members of the Virginia Woolf Society, imagined the depth and range of commitment and devotion of its members, and the technological advances that have assured global communication, allowing e-mail messaging not only with Stuart Clarke of the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain but with Ai Tanji of the Virginia Woolf Society of Japan through active links at the IVWS site. The site will undoubtedly eventually include links to the Korean Virginia Woolf Society, a number of whose members attended the conference at the University of London. Eventually, I hope, the IVWS Archive will be a repository for enduring records—that is, all recorded information, regardless of media or characteristics—that can be accessed and used by researchers and organized, processed, and preserved by a reliable repository. The wrinkles involved in choosing such a site are something I will also try to address. Unlike Virginia Woolf’s persona who is faced with a dodging and disappearing model, the IVWS Archive will, let us hope, eventually provide stability to our records, our institutional and cultural memory, and, I believe, become a model for other societies.

When I first proposed this paper to the organizers of the Fourteenth Annual Virginia Woolf Conference, I had been working on the Archive of the Virginia Woolf Society for about 15 months. This work, which I began while I was in library school and enrolled in a course in archives management, entailed my making a preliminary inventory, and setting up a database for the early documents, records, and correspondence leading to the formation of what in 1996 would become the IVWS. With the assistance and financial support of J. J. Wilson and the IVWS, Merry Pawlowski facilitated my work by assembling and shipping the single carton of Woolf materials that became the first records in the Archive.
My aim in starting the Archive was “to organize the archival records and papers of the Virginia Woolf Society ‘in all media and formats, according to archival principles,’” and to aid in the “development of descriptive tools and systems that provide both control of and access to [the archival collection],” as stated in the Society of American Archivists (SAA) “Guidelines.” Given the lack of time, space, and funding, my progress on the archives has not been dramatic—and it has been quiet—so quiet, in fact, that its function and purpose may seem unclear and possibly in conflict with the duties and responsibilities mandated by the constitution, per section 5D of the by-laws of the International Virginia Woolf Society: “The Historian-Bibliographer shall prepare and distribute the annual bibliography of Woolf Studies and shall maintain an on-going history of the organization.”

In fact, reference to the web site—or access to the archives—shows that until the late nineties, there was no historian-bibliographer. The secretary-treasurer, including myself and later Mark Hussey, among others, did it all.

Tracing records of changes like this is of importance to both the historian and others seeking to understand the dynamics of academic organizations and societies in general, and the IVWS in particular. To assure what archivists might call the institutional memory of an organization like the Woolf Society, an archive houses records that have been thought to serve as a base of history, an archival record being what John Fleckner calls “a bastion of a just society” where “individual rights are not time-bound and past injustices are irreversible” (26). In other words, what any viable and legitimate archives attempts is to “assure our rights—as individuals and collectively—to our ownership of our history” (26). Yet, while neither an archivist nor a historian can lay claim to independence where the mediating function of cultural and political norms operate, both affirm, as Francis X. Blouin suggests, “the importance of documentation for an understanding of the past, the problem of absences in archives, the nature of access systems, the relative position of academic users among the constituents of the archive, and, most important, the extent to which the archive constitutes an authoritative route or routes by which we come to know the past” (298).

What does this mean in terms of the IVWS Archive? Clearly a reputable archival repository and a reliable archivist or curator are necessary to collect, house, organize, preserve, and make accessible the records necessary to research and history, and a clear-cut and comprehensive set of policies is necessary before the IVWS Archive becomes a truly functioning research repository. The archivists or curators—or whatever we call the persons responsible, in a sense, for creating order and memory through appraisal, selection, and preservation—will face new challenges in accessing and procuring, in reappraising accessioned records, in adding collections of new materials, and in meeting organizational demands of new media. Moreover, they will need to seek legal counsel in deciding on matters of copyright, deeds of loan, and deeds of transfer; in compiling policies involving mission, mandate, access, digitization, and migration to new media; and in determining preservation.

Eventually, after practical questions are answered involving policy, access, ethics, schedules of retention, intellectual property issues (including copyright), and where the archives will be housed and under whose auspices, the archivists or curators will be left with a question related to all the others: how far will technology make access easier without straining the bounds of copyright, for example? This is not a small problem, and like the Internet itself, is far from being resolved. What are the legalities involved, for example, in the invaluable oral history, which cannot at this point be duplicated or accessioned without express permission? This is reason enough to turn over the materials to a reputable archival facility. If we want to assure the future of the International Virginia Woolf Society, then it is essential that we safeguard its past, and secure our memory, by authorizing the preservation of its records.

Karen L. Levenback
Virginia Woolf Miscellany

Notes
1 The International Virginia Woolf Society is listed as “Virginia Woolf Soc. (1975).”
2 Current records are considered part of record management, and include schedules of retention for eventual destruction or preservation in the archive.
3 Also, Melba Cuddy-Keane, whose term as President followed mine, sent me a preliminary inventory of IVWS materials stored with her (November 2003).
4 Currently, having been organized and preserved in Hollinger boxes, the measurement is closer to several linear feet. This measurement does not include the material I collected during my own tenures as Secretary-Treasurer (1988-90) and President (1991-93) of the Virginia Woolf Society.

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ATOMIC AND SURFACE THEORIES OF MATTER IN MRS. DALLOWAY: A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF CLARISSA AND SEPTIMUS

Individuals can be seen as social constructs. They can be likened to solid, architectural structures: rooms built upon rooms, floor upon floor. By the same token, a more fluid analogy may allow for a different analysis of human interaction by drawing parallels between multi-component, multiphase mixtures and individuals. Thus the ebb and flow of personality and perception become a complex ripple of one’s sensory inputs, personal chemical composition, and social pressures. But a fluid mixture is defined by its inner and outer movement; its invisible molecular vibration, rotation and translation coupled with its visible evaporation, condensation and diffusion disclose the mixture’s thermodynamic state. To explore human experience and interaction, Virginia Woolf employs imagery of matter and medium, as it was newly understood in the early twentieth century. In perhaps her most hopeful novel, *Mrs. Dalloway*, Woolf fashions unusual, transcendental connections between Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus Warren Smith, suggesting that old material barriers are not as absolute as they may appear. Yet, as ideas of matter entail a duality of wave and particle theories, the novel is weighted with the tension between the connection and dislocation of human experience.

An interesting phenomenon of a two-phased mixture of liquid and vapor is the existence of an ambiguous interface between phases. This interface exists in theory. Any attempt at measurement only perturbs the perfect mathematical construct. Clarissa and Septimus seem to traverse a kind of interface between worlds. They are hyper-aware of the physical world—its smells, sights and sounds—but also of a hidden world of memory, imagination and symbols. Woolf uses the interface image of a window to link Clarissa and Septimus. Standing at her window, absorbing the beautiful morning, Clarissa feels the fresh air and hears the “little squeak of the hinges,” yet apprehends “that something awful” (*MD 3*) is about to happen. On the night of her party as well, Clarissa is pulled in two directions at the interface of the window. The noises of “people still laughing and shouting in the drawing room” starkly contrast with the image of the solitary woman in the opposite room, who is “quite quietly, going to bed alone” (204). Clarissa is pulled between community and individuality. In a community, members fill their outlined roles like water in a glass. Clarissa accepts her fluid role, to be the oil in the hinges, the “‘perfect hostess’” (67), and reconnects with the social atmosphere of the party.

To contrast Clarissa’s window experience, just a few hours earlier, Septimus desperately attempts to escape the most connecting element of human beings, “human nature” (107). He leaps from his window. Like a lone vapor molecule overcoming atmospheric pressure, Septimus rejects the social pressures to be “sane” and escapes the conformity of structured society.

But liquid and vapor phases have an interface at which, according to Mass Transfer Theory, phases are at equilibrium with each other and, indeed, are each other (Geankoplis 478). Though their window decisions are polar opposites, one for life, the other for death, Clarissa and Septimus are joined by this interface and phase imagery. They are simultaneously drawn together and torn apart.

This tension between connection and dislocation—the “odd affinities” (167) with others and “the privilege of loneliness” (166)—is repeatedly felt by both Clarissa and Septimus. Clarissa feels dissatisfaction “not knowing people; not being known” (167). Like the discrete integers of Big Ben “striking the hour, one, two, three” (204), individuals are isolated entities. In the realm of science, 1900 saw Max Planck form the theory that energy, rather than being infinitesimally variable in magnitude, that is, continuous, exists in discrete “quanta” (Whitworth 146). In contrast to Planck’s, Clarissa’s theory, closely resembling Woolf’s own narrative strategy, plunges between the quanta. Woolf’s narration takes time and “splits its husk” (*Mrs. Dalloway* 76), explores its fractions, just as Clarissa’s feelings of “transcendental” (167) relations challenge and bridge spatial disconnection.

Clarissa’s theory and her feelings defy and assert the modern scientific paradigm of quantum physics. She feels “quite continuously” (133) the existence of absent individuals; she feels “herself everywhere; not here, here, here” (167). Her perception is riddled with ripples, echoes and reverberations, which are indicative of continuous waves. Yet she is also aware of isolating, void spaces.

And there is a dignity in people; a solitude; even between husband and wife a gulf; and that one must respect, thought Clarissa, watching him open the door; for one would not part with it oneself, or take it, against his will, from one’s husband, without losing one’s independence, one’s self respect—something, after all, priceless. (131)

This prolonged, unbroken sentence form contrasts the ideas of separation and solitude. Even in Clarissa’s acquiescence to the necessity of some degree of isolation, and the exaggeration of that “gulf,” Woolf’s lyric style, focalized through Clarissa, resists withdrawal into fractious seclusion. Clarissa’s resiliency results perhaps from an “indomitable egotism . . . , the river which says on, on, on; . . . though, it admits, there may be no goal for us whatever, still on, on . . . ” (49). Clarissa refers to herself as part of a group, using the pronouns “us” and “one” instead of the indissoluble “I.” Thus her resiliency is based on the singular self, the private ego, together with its fluid, dissipative and absorptive movement.

Septimus is also torn between connected and disjointed existences. He senses the pulse of the city, the sound waves of the nursemaid’s voice, and the “rising and falling” (24) of sparrows. Surely Septimus is a proponent of science; however, ironically, his senses do not properly register reality. He observes the dead walking with the living. Birds speak to him in Greek. However, he does not fade listlessly out of existence like a dying wave but leaps singularly, a discrete “drip,” out of the world and into the word, leaving behind the story of his death to be repeated at parties. Interestingly, this private act of violence echoes the most public movement of violence in the early twentieth century, the Great War, whose echoes are felt throughout the novel. Septimus is neither completely alienated from, nor included, in society. As his names indicate, Septimus Smith is represented ambiguously in relation to humanity. He embodies both the unique individuality of his first name, and the common, everyday quality of his last. Septimus is shown as living a half-life that oscillates between an alienated self and a hyper-connected existence.

Though Septimus and Clarissa live half-lives, they do not exhibit a “sense of proportion” (108) in the diagnostic sense of Dr. Bradshaw. However, Woolf may be extolling their existence rather than undermining it, since proportion carries the scientific connotations of
stasis and death. Septimus and Clarissa experience the senses with disproportionate intensity. Septimus expects Lucrezia to read Shakespeare before she learns English. Clarissa’s glorious appreciation of life is dashed to atoms at Lady Bruton’s exclusive invitation to Richard to “lunch with her” (32). The effect is not in proportion with the cause. But proportion implies equality and equilibrium; and equilibrium, whether of cells or galaxies, is synonymous with stasis and death. Thus Septimus and Clarissa, colored by the stain of disproportion, are given a vivacious representation.

Unlike particles, waves need a medium through which to travel. Travel and motion are important motifs for Woolf. Consider the media of motion of Clarissa and Septimus as air and water, since they are both portrayed as fish- or bird-like. Motion in the air and water is unfettered, free to explore the horizontal and the vertical. Clarissa wears “a silver-green mermaid’s dress” (190) to her party. She becomes a symbol of dual state, half-woman and half-fish, each half based in reality yet the whole linked with fantasy. Nevertheless, the world of continuous waves is this creature’s most natural medium. Connecting people, and worlds, is her gift.

Septimus, however, lives in a different world and has a different gift. He lives in the ethereal domain of air. He is described as “a young hawk” (160). Like Yeats’ falcon, Septimus is spiraling away from the falconer and from other falcons, a “relic straying on the edge of the world” (101). Septimus believes that “surely some revelation is at hand” (“The Second Coming”) as his world and his grasp on reality fall apart. This concept of orbital movement was groundbreaking in atomic theory. In 1912, Rutherford proposed that negative charges orbit around a positive nucleus, and made the atom a very empty place (Whitworth 146). Septimus has slipped into a depression in which absolute, material objects and people are mostly void space. He is haunted by porous images: the ghostly apparition of Evans, and a Skye terrier that becomes a man, “scientifically speaking . . . melted off the world” (74). Like the modern physicist, Septimus can “see through bodies” (74). This porous reality, this atomic theory, surrounds and frightens Septimus. Thus, though in the same urban setting of London, Septimus and Clarissa react very differently to their respective perceptive and social media.

The duality of connection and dislocation is not only represented between Clarissa and Septimus, but also experienced by each character intensely. At the atomic level separations rule, while at the surface, connected ripples dominate perception. Ultimately, Clarissa resists the connectedness of existence, embracing her natural, albeit superficial, role in society, while Septimus is overcome by “human nature,” plunging into the void. Clarissa is destined to fade out of existence, leaving an infinitesimal yet eternal wake, while Septimus chooses to leave in a quantum leap. Surely, Woolf herself struggles with these two opposing views: to fear no more the ripples of human contact, nor the hollow atomic mazes. In *Mrs. Dalloway*, whose sinusoidal events occur on a single day, Woolf, like Planck and Einstein, Darwin and Mendel, leaves her wake on twentieth-century consciousness.

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**THE CHURCHLY DORIS KILMAN**

No one has ever questioned that Doris Kilman in *Mrs. Dalloway* is a religious zealot, fascinated by power and hungering to dominate, but just what kind of zealot is she? In 1991, Masami Usui asserted that, since Doris has been “working for the Friends” (*MD* 187), she must be a member of the Society of Friends. Usui further suggested that she was a radical Quaker pacifist (159) and that “Woolf apparently connects Kilman’s radical Quaker thoughts with Caroline Stephen” (159). This conclusion has been presented as fact in Mark Hussey’s indispensable *Virginia Woolf A-Z* (138). In “The Niece of a Nun,” however, Jane Marcus found no reason to list Doris among the characters influenced by Woolf’s memories of Caroline Stephen; moreover, Woolf’s text strongly suggests that Doris is an evangelical Anglican, rather than a Quaker.

Doris Kilman experiences two major epiphanies in the novel, the first when her humane, liberal views on Germans cost her her job at Miss Dolby’s school at a time when the royal family was changing its name from Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to Windsor, hamburger was being labeled “victory steak,” and German music was being banned from concerts. The second epiphany occurs in March or April 1921 when she experienced a powerful religious conversion. The key passage reads: “Bitter and burning, Miss Kilman had turned into a church two years three months ago. She had heard the Rev. Edward Whittaker preach; the boys sing; had seen the solemn lights descend, and whether it was the music, or the voices . . . , the hot and turbulent feelings which boiled and surged in her had been assuaged as she sat there, and she had wept copiously, and gone to call on Mr. Whittaker at his private house in Kensington” (*MD* 188). The conversion takes place in the context of orthodoxy—a church, a reverend, preaching, music, a formal boys’ choir—none of which characterizes a Quaker service. For the most part, Quakers had no ordained ministers, no ornamented buildings, no choirs, and indeed for many years no music. They banned titles and sacraments, and sermons were a rarity. (Although it is perhaps misleading to compare an American Quaker service with a British Quaker service since the two branches of the faith diverged considerably during the later half of the nineteenth century, I remember, as a child, attending Quaker services on Sac/Fox and Potawatomi Indian lands in Oklahoma. The meeting house was as boxy and plain as a one-room schoolhouse; windows on all sides flooded it with light; participants sat silently until someone was moved to speak. There were no prayer books, no music, no formalities.)

It is evident that Miss Kilman’s conversion takes place within the clearly defined site of an organized, formal, evangelical church. That its “reverend” lives in Kensington suggests that it is a firmly established, perhaps wealthy institution and that the minister has a crucifix hanging on his wall and speaks of “the agony” indicates that the minister is neither Baptist nor Methodist. It is most unusual for a convert to stray from the context of his or her initial conversion experience. Indeed, after
being abandoned by Elizabeth Dalloway, Miss Kilman “[d]oggledly . . . set off . . . to that other sanctuary, the Abbey” (202) where the novel deserts her in troubled prayer. That she deliberately walks away from Westminster Cathedral shows that her religiosity is not Roman Catholic. That she bows her head when thinking of “Our Lord” (187) and once takes Elizabeth Dalloway to “some church in Kensington” (198) places her even further outside Quaker habits.

From their founding in the seventeenth century, Quakers have been outspokenly anti-war. For this reason, they were actively involved in supporting various committees, organizations, and conscientious objectors during World War I, and their war relief activities (which would eventually bring a Nobel Peace Prize in 1947) continued well into the twenties. Their Meeting for Sufferings appointed numerous committees before and during World War I, beginning with the War Victims’ Relief Committee in November 1912 to aid non-combatants in the Balkan War, especially in Macedonia, Bulgaria, and Constantinople. During the war, the Friends established the Emergency Committee for the Assistance of Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, and Turks in Distress, the War Victims’ Relief Committee, and The Friends’ Ambulance Unit. At the same time, they were working with Poles and Russians. Their work in Russia, interrupted in 1918 by the civil war, was renewed in 1920, perhaps the source of Miss Kilman’s involvement. Virginia Woolf never speaks despairingly about Quaker belief, but she does make clear that she found their quietism and pacifism dull. In 1916, she told Katherine Cox, “Quakers are notoriously long-lived and unsuspicious to shock. They stand any amount of strain, and have practically no feelings” (Letters 1: 75). In a letter to her sister, 25 April 1925, she commented that her Quaker aunt Caroline Stephen “was no better than a chest of drawers” (3: 101-02); earlier, on returning to London after some months with Miss Stephen, Woolf commented that “the house is a dream of loveliness after the Quaker brown paper” (1: 153). Doris Kilman’s allegiance to Conversion, her rampant egotism, the violence of her daydreams about breaking Clarissa Dalloway’s spirit and possessing her soul, and the sweep of her extreme emotions surely set her apart from the “brown paper” and “chests of drawers.” In Quaker Strongholds, Caroline Stephen penned a prophetic gloss on her niece’s character: “There is a well-known and very awful connection between religious emotion and emotions arising from sources less pure” (181).

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SOCIETY’S CHILD: ORLANDO’S SON

*Orlando* has been the subject, over the past twenty years, of significant critical interest, not surprisingly because of its transgressive aspects on many levels, most importantly its boundary crossings. Perhaps the greatest amount of attention has focused on Orlando’s transformation from man to woman and the implications of that change. Surprisingly, however, very little critical focus has been given to another of the novel’s events with both biological and social implications: Orlando’s child.

Of course, it is not the child himself who might be the focus of interest; his birth is announced in a mere four lines some half way through Chapter 6, and only one clear reference to him occurs in the remainder of the novel, when Orlando’s shopping list includes “boy’s boots” (300, 301). Rather, the biological changes associated with pregnancy and the social implications of motherhood for Orlando, although well within the range of typical transformations in women’s lives, could be the object of scrutiny. That the novel itself does not scrutinize these transformations in the depth with which it scrutinizes Orlando’s more striking sex/gender transformation may explain the lack of critical interest in the topic. What I will suggest here, however, is that the novel’s treatment of Orlando’s child is a crucial component in Woolf’s exploration of the social construction of motherhood as identity in three stages: the “announcement” of her pregnancy, the birth of her son, and the (non)-presentation of Orlando as mother.

Careful readers of *Orlando* will note that Orlando’s son’s birth is by no means a sudden development; as Nancy Cervetti accurately notes, but does not further explain, it appears that Orlando “becomes pregnant before she meets Shel” (170). Although Orlando’s thoughts about the popularity of crinolines in the Victorian era (234) might be taken to be general in that the crinolines hide “the fact that she was about to bear a child” (235), with “she” as a general purpose pronoun referring to all women, a few moments later she realizes that “[t]omorrow she would have to buy twenty yards or more of black bombazine, she supposed, to make a skirt. And then (here she blushed) she would have to buy a crinoline, and then (here she blushed) a bassinette, and then another crinoline, and so on” (235-36). Surely Orlando is blushing not for some everywoman of the age, but for her own condition as an unmarried pregnant woman who must simultaneously hide her condition under bombazine and crinolines and prepare for the birth by buying a bassinette.

Orlando also undergoes physical symptoms in this episode, specifically “an extraordinary tingling and vibration all over her . . . . Now her toes tingled; now her marrow. . . . Her hairs seemed to erect themselves” (239). Although these physical symptoms are ultimately associated with her ring finger, and thus with the era’s powerful stricture to marry, they come into sharper focus if Orlando is pregnant; the biological condition of a woman is altered during pregnancy, and Orlando’s awareness of pregnancy without the benefit of marriage might well put her further on edge in a purely physical sense. These physical symptoms end with Orlando’s marriage to Shel, and thus it might be argued that Woolf’s message is that societal pressures on an unwed mother are more significant than the biological changes that pregnancy produces. Seen in this light, then, Orlando’s pregnancy forms a bookend with her transformation from man to woman, a change resulting in an Orlando whom “in every other respect . . . remained precisely as he had been” (138). The discomfort of that earlier transformation begins only when, (continued on page 20)
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Photographic Memories of the “Back to Bloomsbury” Banquet
Many thanks to Elisa Kay Sparks for the digital camera work!

Elisa Kay Sparks and Patricia Laurence
Portrait of Virginia Woolf
an edited version of the 1956 BBC broadcast performed by the Virginia Woolf Society Players at the Banquet at the Back to Bloomsbury Conference in June 2004
as Cervetti rightly notes, Orlando is forced by European socio-cultural conventions to “signify” woman through her dress and action (167). In a mirror image, the discomfort of her pregnancy ends when her marriage makes her child appear to be “legitimate,” a concept which is socially, not biologically, constructed.

In Cervetti’s view, and partially rightly, Orlando’s pregnancy at this point is “highly irregular” (170) in terms of Victorian notions of what should happen for (at least) upper class women, and is further evidence that, even in an era that is particularly restrictive for her, Orlando continues to be a transgressive figure. However, the frequently remarked-on “spirit of the age” which so oppresses Orlando at this stage is much more oppressive when it is related to her pregnancy. It is not only, as Christy L. Burns notes, “the heavy crinoline of the Victorian age [that] imprisons Orlando’s person and weakens her resolve for independence” (354); the Victorian age has biological consequences for Orlando as well. In the eighteenth century, Orlando had “enjoyed the love of both sexes equally” (221) without consequence, but the nineteenth century forces upon her the one indisputable biological difference (at least so far) between men and women, that only women are capable of bearing children. Orlando’s child, then, is truly society’s child in that he is forced upon her by the spirit of the age, an age which, as Suzanne Young rightly notes, had a “tendency to make biology definitive of the self... [and] generally reduced women to their reproductive capacity” (170). Orlando’s status as a pregnant single woman may be a sign of her continuing nonconformity, but it comes at the heavy price not only of the pregnancy itself but also, perhaps, of a marriage of convenience.

Or so it might seem; in fact, Woolf again, as she does so often in this novel, goes on from the point of the revelation of the pregnancy to show, in Cervetti’s word’s, that “[b]eing female is not a natural fact, but a cultural code and performance...” (174). If Orlando is in any sense forced to marry because of the age, her marriage not only legitimizes her son, but also, in practical terms, leaves her as nearly unencumbered as conceivable; as Burns rightly observes, “Orlando takes the category that is forced upon her (marriage), but she subverts it by negating many of its more traditional constraints” (355). Whether this is quite as active a subversion as Burns appears to suggest is less certain to me, since Shelby himself seems entirely complicit in unburdening the marriage of any constraints. Perhaps this is an example of Woolf’s desire that the novel be “truthful; but fantastic” (A Writer’s Diary 112): a marriage can have no constraints only if it is a marriage in name only.

Similarly, any constraints posed after the marriage by the pregnancy, either socio-cultural or biological ones, are virtually absent, to the extent that Young refers to the birth as “the magical delivery of her son” (169). That Orlando has undergone some physical change because of her pregnancy is clear: “the footman has seen [it] coming and the maid-servant... Orlando herself is clearly unable to ignore it any longer” (292). Since the latter is noted on “the second of March” (293), and the birth happens on “March the 20th” (295), it would seem that Orlando has been able to successfully ignore any constraints caused by her pregnancy until its last less than three weeks, and the few intervening pages do not particularly suggest that even these last days are burdensome, much less painful. At first glance, this presentation may seem of a piece with the presentation of the marriage, without constraints because it is really not a marriage in any traditional sense, a marriage that is far more “fantastic” than “truthful.” However, this view can be scrutinized more closely, although I do so at the risk of not having the most preferable standing.

Surely few if any pregnancies can be literally ignored, at least beginning half way through their terms. Still, some pregnancies do advance with fewer complications than others, and, indeed, the more modern view of pregnancy views it as a condition that is not comparable to illness, but rather a normal event which, while challenging, is not entirely disruptive of life. Also worth noting is that Orlando has by and large successfully undergone a far more drastic transformation from man to woman, in contrast to which pregnancy is perhaps almost mundane; and that Orlando has the advantages of class and wealth, which, then as now, surely cushion some aspects of pregnancy.

Even given this set of mitigating circumstances, however, it is difficult to take the word “ignore” literally as it applies to Orlando’s pregnancy; my suggestion is that it is meant comparatively, and specifically comparatively to Orlando’s marriage. If that marriage is fantastically un-encumbered, Orlando pointedly doesn’t ignore it; indeed, “whenever anything popped violently into her head, she went straight to the nearest telegraph office and wired to [Shel]” (282), and she thinks many times of him during Chapter 6, while few of her thoughts can be clearly said to be about the child she is carrying or ultimately delivers. Thus, Orlando quite actively doesn’t ignore her marriage despite the physical absence of Shel; by contrast, her pregnancy is physically present, yet she chooses not to let it confine her. In this sense, to paraphrase Cervetti, the novel argues that “[b]eing [pregnant] is [less] a natural fact, but [more] a cultural code and performance” (174). In this case, however, Orlando’s choice not to yield to the “cultural code and performance” of pregnancy is taken entirely on her own, in the context of what must surely have been strong socio-cultural pressures to enact that performance.

If Orlando’s pregnancy and the birth of her son are treated in very few lines—perhaps a total of eight in all—her role as mother is barely even acknowledged; the thirty-plus pages after the birth mention only the boy’s boots (300, 301), which devolve to just boots (306). This near-erasure is quite startling and surely not coincidental. Structurally, the lead up to the child and the announcement of its birth is very similar to the announcement of Orlando’s sex change, in both cases acting as detonations that virtually stop the narrative. That similarity leads me to suggest that the result of the son’s birth must be read metonymically through the lens of the earlier transformation. Thus, paraphrasing, we should read, “Orlando had become a [mother]—there is no denying it. If Orlando’s pregnancy and the birth of her son are treated in very few lines—perhaps a total of eight in all—her role as mother is barely even acknowledged; the thirty-plus pages after the birth mention only the boy’s boots (300, 301), which devolve to just boots (306). This near-erasure is quite startling and surely not coincidental. Structurally, the lead up to the child and the announcement of its birth is very similar to the announcement of Orlando’s sex change, in both cases acting as detonations that virtually stop the narrative. That similarity leads me to suggest that the result of the son’s birth must be read metonymically through the lens of the earlier transformation. Thus, paraphrasing, we should read, “Orlando had become a [mother]—there is no denying it. But in every other respect, Orlando remained precisely as [she] had been” (138). There is, then, no denying the existence of the boy; boots must be purchased for him, we are reminded three times, and the boots become a synecdoche for all the other things that must be purchased for him, which, presumably, Orlando dutifully does.

Beyond that, however, none of the “two thousand and fifty-two” (308) selves that might inhabit Orlando suggests a conventional maternal self in the pages after her son’s birth. On one level, of course, it is possible to say that Woolf is simply very strongly pointing out that a woman’s identity is not defined by her child, any more than she is defined by her biological sex; motherhood is thus much less important as a biological fact than as a set of codes and performances that Orlando chooses, in large part, not to enact, and, having already dispensed with many of the other conventional gender-based codes and performances, it makes perfect sense to do so with this one as well.

As likely as this explanation may be, I confess that it is not quite satisfying to my mind. If we take the book as, in some significant part,
an exploration of three central roles women play, as sexual/gendered individuals, wives, and mothers, while it clearly rejects convention in the case of the first two, it nevertheless interrogates them in some depth. By contrast, a woman’s role as mother, surely a significant one in conventional socio-cultural terms, seems simply effaced. The reason cannot be that Orlando’s son’s birth does not occur until the novel is nearly ninety percent complete; the potential of Orlando’s becoming a mother occurs with nearly a hundred pages remaining, surely enough space in which to engage in some commentary on this role. And, of course, it might also rightly be said that the novel is, after all, a novel, and not a philosophical treatise, so that holding it to some standard of argumentative value is quite beside the point. It comments on two of three significant roles women play, and simply doesn’t comment on another one.

I would suggest two other reasons for this striking absence. Orlando’s first biological transformation, from man to woman, is a rescue of sorts. As Talia Schaffer notes, “[i]ronically, Orlando turns female during his moment of greatest masculine opportunity—just as he ‘marries’ Rosita Pepita, sees rebellion, and becomes a duke” (45). This is not to say, of course, that this rescue is without additional meaning; for example, Karen Lawrence persuasively argues that “what is figured in the moment of unveiling is a more androgynous fantasy of the elimination of the ‘truth’ of sexual difference” (269), which, she argues, is among other things “a comic deflation of the horrors of the Freudian paradigm” (255). If Orlando’s sex change is disruptive, it at least rescues him from both an inappropriate marriage and possible execution. Her transformation from single woman to married woman, as a result of Shel’s appearance, operates similarly (although again ironically, since it now revives marriage) as a rescue, freeing Orlando to write again, legitimating her child, and giving her the respectability to pass as “normal,” with a minimum of sacrifice of her personal freedom, in an age that requires convention.

In contrast, Orlando’s pregnancy is not a rescue, but a punishment (at least initially), the result of existing as a woman in an essentialist socio-cultural environment in which women were forced, by neither miracle nor choice, but by society, to fulfill their biological destinies as childbearers. Woolf’s choice to present Orlando as forced by the socio-cultural spirit of the age to marry is mirrored on the biological level by an equally powerful socio-cultural reduction of her to her child-bearing capacity.

If Orlando cannot biologically escape motherhood (as Woolf herself did), and if she cannot escape the responsibilities of the child, represented by the boots, she can choose not to enact the role of mother in an attachment or emotional sense. Orlando’s mind, which is quite active in the novel after her son’s birth, is as independent as ever, perhaps even more so, but it ranges over thoughts about everything except her son: the current times, many figures from the past, her attachment to the estate, the fame and fortune from “The Oak Tree,” and, finally, Shel. Thus, if she is a mother in physical fact, she refuses to make motherhood more than the smallest part of her identity, reducing it to a mere item on a shopping list.

But Woolf, characteristically for this novel, does not entirely deny Orlando maternal feelings; instead, she re-directs them to a different object than Orlando’s son: it is “The Oak Tree” that is the object of Orlando’s maternal impulse. Shortly after she finishes it, “[t]he manuscript which reposed above her heart began shuffling and beating as if it were a living thing . . .” (272), a comparison to a child in the womb that could hardly be more explicit. A few pages later, Orlando has become distracted by the changed world she is walking through, when she recognizes “something fluttering above her heart [that] rebuked her with having forgotten all about it. It was her manuscript, ‘The Oak Tree.’ She was confounded at her own neglect” (275-76). Finally, once she hands the manuscript over to Sir Nicholas Greene, “she felt a bare place in her breast where she had been used to carry it” (281). Her maternal feelings, then, are directed not at the child she is carrying, but at the poem she has conceived, a conception that was entirely her own choice, not forced upon her by an essentialist era. To her son, then, she is dutiful; to her art, she feels real emotional attachment.

Orlando’s son, society’s child, is thus far more than a footnote in understanding the novel. Rather, Orlando’s pregnancy, giving birth, and (generally absent) role as mother are a logical completion of a work that scrutinizes three of the most conventional roles of women. In addition to achieving a certain structural logic, the novel invites comparisons, as I have argued, between certain aspects of Orlando’s son and both the earlier sex change and later marriage. Perhaps most importantly, the novel was written with Vita Sackville-West in mind, who had two sons, but who, like Orlando, resisted reduction to a single identity in the formulation of the so recently-ended Victorian era. Woolf admired Sackville-West for her “skill and sensibility; for is she not mother, wife, great lady, hostess, as well as scribbling?” (Diary 2: 313). If Orlando is fantastic, it is also truthful, in that women such as Sackville-West, whose real lives embodied challenges to women’s conventional roles, did indeed exist, even if, like Woolf, they paid a price for their refusal to be reduced to conventional identities as sexual beings, wives, or mothers.

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AND WHAT ABOUT THE JEWS?

While waiting for Act Two of the English literary history pageant in Between the Acts, the men and women of the audience discuss the politics of June 1939, about which they have been reading in the newspapers: they wonder if Russia will side with Hitler, they track the travels of Queen Mary and the Duke of Windsor, and they speculate about exiled Jews. “And what about the Jews?” they ask each other. “The refugees . . . the Jews . . . People like ourselves, beginning life again?” (Bd 121). Woolf was particularly attentive to news about the many Jewish refugees seeking asylum from Hitler in England because her husband Leonard was Jewish, and Leonard considered himself—and therefore Virginia—at risk.2

The reference to Jewish refugees in Between the Acts raises a few interesting questions. First: to which Jews is the audience referring? The timing of the pageant provides some clue.3 A comment about Jewish refugees made, specifically, on a day in June 1939 (that much Wolf tells us) raises the specter of the St. Louis, a passenger ship filled with exiled Jews denied refuge by Cuba. English readers followed the plight of the St. Louis in English newspapers throughout the month in which the pageant takes place. On June 6, 1939, Cuba turned away the passenger steamship, occupied by 907 (mostly Austrian) Jewish refugees. On June 7, 14, and 19, short articles appeared in the London Times, reporting “German Refugee Ship Turns Back: 900 On Board” (the ship was “cruising aimlessly” off the coast of Florida), “Jews in German Liner: Belgium to Take 200,” and “Jewish Refugees Landed at Antwerp.” Where Cuba refused to give these Jews refuge, Belgium agreed. So, too, would England.

In fact, the comment about the refugees may derive specifically from the June 22 Times article (“Arrival of 287 Refugees”) that recounts the arrival of 287 refugees at Waterloo Station after six weeks of “sailing from port to port, searching for a friendly country to give them a home.” The article reveals a certain national pride, suggesting that one of the few “friendly” countries was England and that the Jews cried “tears of relief” as they were “greeted warmly” by their “friends and guarantors.”4

While we cannot be sure about the exact date of the pageant because Woolf never tells us and textual hints are often misleading,5 the reference to Jewish “refugees” who were able to “beg[n] life again” suggests that the newspaper that morning had reported about the Jews who had become temporarily English and been granted a chance to start fresh. This sheds some light on the comment and dates the pageant more exactly to June 22, 1939.

But a second question remains: Why do the members of the pageant audience—English people in England—identify with Jewish refugees? Why might common English men and women feel such kinship? The question returns us to a novel that is obsessed with the marooned: islands, removed places, and stranded people. “‘Dispersed are we,’” says Lucy Swithin, nicknamed “Old Flimsy” (27). England feels vulnerable to the English perhaps because it feels both too near and too far from Europe. German troops moving into France seem too near, and allied forces looking to help protect England (especially isolationist America) seem too far. The St. Louis may be thought of as a hidden analogue for England in the novel, an image Woolf uses to communicate her—and her country’s—feelings of vulnerability.

In having the English liken themselves to the Jews who found refuge, Woolf implicitly remembers the Jews who failed to find refuge in England or Belgium (420 of them were returned home to Hitler’s Austria) while also suggesting faith in recovery. By way of the St. Louis, the English express their own sense of fragmentation, isolation, and neglect—as well as a hope for refuge—as war approaches. The audience’s affinity with the St. Louis Jews implies their own anxiety, their own sense of abandonment and isolation together with a hope that England might prove, ultimately, to be a refuge for the native English.

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Notes

1 Newspapers are important in Between the Acts. The novel’s patriarch, the imperially-minded Bartholomew Giles, reads the London Times and uses it to make a snout with which to scare his grandson; Giles and Isa Oliver conclude the day by quietly reading the paper; and the guests that assemble as an audience ask each other throughout the day about the credibility of the newspaper. “‘D’you believe what the papers say?’” “‘Did you see it in the papers—the case about the dog? . . . And Queen Mary and the Duke of Windsor on the south coast? . . . D’you believe what’s in the papers?’” (103, 121). Woolf moreover was reading both the Times and the Daily Telegraph from 1939 to 1941, when she was writing and revising the manuscript (Lee 672).

2 During 1938-1939, in a program known as the Kindertransport, the United Kingdom admitted 10,000 unaccompanied Jewish children on an emergency basis. Nineteen thirty-nine also marked the first time the United States filled its combined German-Austrian quota. This number speaking, the novel’s pageant tells a story of an island secure in its identity, goodness, and strength that has for many years benefited from, or at least thought of itself as benefiting from, its safe distance from continental strife. But discovery of the oblique reference to the St. Louis—that floating island of human beings, many of whom never found refuge—colors references to such innocence and strength. George’s entourage—and really England—seems less safe with the St. Louis as a point of comparison.

By the time Lucy looks at the leaves in the lily pond, her confidence in imperial strength belies the anxiety Woolf has raised in her readers: “Lucy still gazed at the lily pool. . . . Now the jagged leaf at the corner suggested, by its contours, Europe. There were other leaves. She fluttered her eye over the surface, naming leaves India, Africa, America. Islands of security, glossy and thick” (204). Though they appear to Lucy as “islands of security,” England’s former colonies are in fact mere leaves. Past colonial holdings appear, moreover, less innocent in light of Bartholomew, a cruel and selfish patriarch who represents English imperialism in the novel. And England is conspicuously absent from the symbolic pool: Lucy fails to identify England as one of the “islands of security.” Unlike the islands in the pool, “glossy and thick,” England is more like Lucy Swithin, nicknamed “Old Flimsy” (27). England feels vulnerable to the English perhaps because it feels both too near and too far from Europe. German troops moving into France seem too near, and allied forces looking to help protect England (especially isolationist America) seem too far. The St. Louis may be thought of as a hidden analogue for England in the novel, an image Woolf uses to communicate her—and her country’s—feelings of vulnerability.
and England’s Kindertransport, however, did not come close to meeting the demand; by the end of June 1939, 309,000 German, Austrian, and Czech Jews had applied for the 27,000 places available under the quota (“German Jewish Refugees”).

3 I mean to bring to light a specific reference made to events documented in the newspaper, as Stuart Clarke did with the Whitehall rape reference, which has become a touchstone for criticism of the novel. On the morning of the pageant Isa Oliver reads an account of a woman who was raped by National Guard troopers at Whitehall. The Times ran a story on this real life rape, which occurred on the night of April 27 1938, over a year before the action of the novel is supposed to take place.

4 The Board of Deputies of British Jews, the article goes on to report, allowed the refugees because they had previously applied for entry into England and “therefore do not constitute any real addition to the number of refugees who would have been permitted temporary residence.”

5 In the newspaper that June morning Isa reads about a recent rape, but that real life rape actually occurred fourteen months previous. See note 3 for further details.

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“German Refugee Ship Turns Back.” Times of London 7 June 1939: 15.

PROPS AND PERSONAGES: THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SECONDARY CHARACTERS IN MRS. DALLOWAY

As in all Woolf’s novels, secondary characters abound in Mrs. Dalloway. Sometimes they function to provide a vision of the protagonists. They also perform a valid function in the plot; as in the classic realist narrative, minor characters serve to connect the major ones. However, if in traditional realist narratives the connection is established through action—often a coincidental event, involving several personages—in Woolf’s fiction the linking is much more ephemeral, mirroring the associative process of thought. The coincidence does not surface, because the characters brought together in such scenes remain unaware of each other. Finally, there are characters whose existence is not justified by a direct relationship with the protagonists. Their life is often limited to one sentence, but they nevertheless seem to be very real, with a whole world of their own. Each of them is presented as an active observer of the outside world, and yet each seems to exist in a separate universe, functioning in her or his own plot. The narrator makes these plots converge, as separate floating soap-bubbles are brought into clusters without bursting.

We can see this original technique at work in the episode in Regent’s Park, where Peter half-dozes, remembering the scene of his parting with Clarissa, and where Rezia and Septimus are waiting for the time of their appointment with Sir Bradshaw:

Still, he thought, yawning and beginning to take notice—. . . when little Elise Mitchell, who had been picking up pebbles to add to the pebble collection which she and her brother were making on the nursery mantelpiece, plumped her handful down on the nurse’s knee and scudded off again full tilt into a lady’s legs. Peter Walsh laughed out. But Lucrezia Warren Smith was saying to herself, It’s wicked; why should I suffer? . . . No; I can’t stand it any longer, . . . having left Septimus, who wasn’t Septimus any longer, to say hard, cruel, wicked things, to talk to himself, to talk to a dead man, on the seat over there; when the child ran full tilt into her, fell flat and burst out crying.

That was comforting rather. She stood her upright, dusted her frock, kissed her. . . .

The child ran straight back to its nurse, and Rezia saw her scolded, comforted, taken up by the nurse who put down her knitting, and the kind-looking man gave her his watch to blow open to comfort her—but why should she be exposed? . . . Why tortured? Why? (71-72).

Peter’s thoughts constitute his personal plot, quite distinct from Clarissa’s version of the same events. These thoughts are interrupted by the sight of Elise Mitchell, the little girl, bumping into Lucrezia. Preoccupied with self-pity, Rezia remains within her own plot-bubble even while fussing over the child, and is separated from Septimus by her incomprehension of his state. The little girl also remains in her bubble which functions as a connection between Peter and Lucrezia, and through them links the two separate story lines in the novel: Clarissa’s and Septimus’s. Even though her role is very minimal, her plot is complete with miniature details: momentarily entering into the child’s world, the reader sees its absorbing concerns and projects, the pebble collection, the little brother, the nurse. Though Peter sees Lucrezia and notices her grief, he totally misinterprets her situation, assuming it to be a simple lovers’ quarrel. Lucrezia, seeing Peter as “a kind-looking man” has even less awareness of him than he of her, so absorbed is she by her troubles. Neither of them realizes that they form one plot; this knowledge is only shared by the narrator and the reader. As the novel develops, the new bubbles of character-bound plots appear, clustering together, at times almost merging—almost.

The bubbles of the plots are preserved even after the characters themselves disappear. Evans exists in the novel even though he is already dead when its action begins, and Septimus’s plot is finally linked
with Clarissa’s at her party, after his suicide. Each of those plots is of infinite complexity, independent of their function in the novel. The diagram below shows the interconnections of the primary and secondary characters.

The structure of *Mrs. Dalloway* comprises scores of secondary characters which, almost like in the novels of Charles Dickens, are “loosely held together, often by the most arbitrary conventions” (“David Copperfield” 194). This profusion of minor characters creates the effect of the fullness of life, something Woolf admired in Dickens’s novels: “there, though characters swarm and life flows into every creek and cranny, some common feeling—youth, gaiety, hope—envelops the tumult, brings the scattered parts together” (194-95). Sometimes it is difficult to keep up with those subsidiary presences constantly popping up. The car and airplane scenes from *Mrs. Dalloway* in particular seem deliberately confusing, especially with all those strangers bearing proper names. This is, in fact, a special feature of Woolf’s novels: almost all the characters ever introduced in her fiction, no matter how small their role, are always tagged with a full name. In traditional fiction such naming would indicate character’s importance in the discourse, but in Woolf’s novels this is not the case. The names still signify the importance, but not in the development of action. Each of those background figures is depicted not externally, but shown from within; we get glimpses of their vision of reality. Woolf assumes that no person is simply “a man in grey” or a “woman in white” to himself/herself, but the most important being in the universe. Therefore, for the moment of immersion into the inner world of this occasional passer-by, the self of this person is the center of gravity in the novel, which is indicated through the use of his or her proper name.

There are, however, some unnamed characters in the novels, for example, the nurse in the Regent’s Park and the singing beggar woman in *Mrs. Dalloway*. Both of them are more than cursory presences; they seem to have a symbolic value. The nurse, knitting silently while Peter dozes in the next chair, is transformed in his dream into a great monumental figure, a goddess of some kind. The knitting deities of Greek myths, Moirae, are the keepers of fate (Cotterell 170). The unnamed nurse is a mysterious presence which guards over Peter’s sleep, and keeps knitting while he lets go of the thread of thought and drops into dreams (62). As she is knitted into the texture of Peter’s dream, the nurse changes from a giant figure at the end of the forest path into a “mother whose sons have been killed in the battles of the world” (63). Her inner world remains opaque, and she is only noticed as a grey shape, both by Peter and Rezia. She seems to preside over life, with the baby asleep in its perambulator next to her. She is, incidentally, the one who weaves the threads together; Peter and Rezia exchange glances while she soothes the crying girl (64). Seeing one of the Moirae in a dream was believed to be a warning of death, either of the dreamer or his close friend or relative. Peter wakes up with the sentence of death on his lips—“The death of the soul” (64)—which seems curiously unconnected with the dream itself, and which he immediately interprets as referring to Clarissa. Yet, the warning might just as well be meant for Septimus, somewhere in the next seat, who is about to go to “the specialist” and receive his own death sentence. The nurse binds the fates of the four characters in a complex pattern, though they remain unaware of the connection. As Moira (Clitho), she sits knitting between the cradle (or perambulator) and the grave.

The other unnamed but significant figure in the novel, the singing beggar, may represent Cybele (also called Rhea, Magna Mater), a Phrygian goddess of the earth and fertility, adopted by Greeks. The rites of this goddess were accompanied by wild music and dancing, with participants rejoicing at the renewal of organic life in the spring or mourning its end in autumn “in self-abandoning sympathy with nature” (Fairbanks 143). This goddess was also the patroness of the cities, the mother of civilization, whose crown was a miniature city wall. Thus this deity is at once the spirit of the wild nature and of the metropolis. Her priests were wandering beggars, “who roamed from place to place as inspired servants and prophets of the Great Mother” (Peck qtd. in Perseus Digital Library). All these elements are incarnated in the begging woman. Her voice is “the voice of no age or sex, the voice of an ancient spring spouting from the earth” (90); she is singing of primeval spring in the very heart of the busy city, “crowded with bustling middle-class people” (91). She sings of love, and of death (90).

In the myth of Cybele, her lover, a beautiful youth Attis, kills himself in a fit of insanity. In some versions of the myth, he is preserved from decay by Zeus; in other versions he is actually resurrected with the return of the spring. The insanity and suicidal death are also Septimus’s lot. The beggar he passes by gives him the warning, which he ignores and Rezia misinterprets: “this old woman singing in the street . . . made her suddenly quite sure that everything was going to be right” (92). As is true of the other nameless presence, the nurse, the beggar is seen by Peter (still thinking of Clarissa) and Rezia (walking with Septimus), thus weaving together, this time with the “invincible thread of sound,” the four fates. Clarissa and Septimus remain oblivious to the message conveyed by the nurse or the beggar: at the moment, Clarissa is at home, finishing working on her dress, and Septimus is deeply immersed in his inner confusion, unable to follow the actual events. The messages are given to their proxies, who are their eyes and ears for the moment.

Thus secondary characters in *Mrs. Dalloway* do not function as mere props in the action, but, with their proper names and intricate inner worlds, suggest the complexity of life outside the main focus of the novel, or assume a mythical significance as nameless presences watching over the development of the novel’s themes. Such treatment of subsidiary personages is not limited to *Mrs. Dalloway*; Woolf seems to be constantly drawn outside the mainstream of her narrative toward the mysterious figures in the background. The short story “An Unwritten Novel” ends with an ecstatic exclamation: “Wherever I go, mysterious figures, I see you, turning the corner, mothers and sons; you, you, you . . . . [I]t’s you, unknown figures, you I adore; if I open my arms, it’s you I embrace, you I draw to me—adorable world!” (121). Each of those
personages carries within the bubble of his or her personality an unwritten novel of its own, which can be briefly glimpsed, before a sudden gust of wind blows the bubble away from us.

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THE VALUE OF THREE GUINEAS IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY1
Throughout the antiwar argument of Three Guineas, Woolf critiques how western patriarchy impovershies, sexualizes, derides, and denies women rights. She analyzes how the facts of education, property, and war affect the lives of middle-class English women, and she envisions what she hopes might be a transformative outsiders’ society. Woolf grounds her argument in facts drawn from English newspapers, biographies, Whitaker’s Almanac, and Ray Strachey’s history of the nineteenth- and twentieth-century English women’s movement.

As a tribute to Woolf’s feminist argument, I want to update her facts of education, property, and war to shed light on the status of women today. My tools are western newspaper articles, the World Wide Web, and Joni Seager’s Atlas of Women in the World. I want to identify some of today’s outsiders’ societies which, as Woolf insists, “are no visionary sketch drawn at random but based upon a real body working by different means” (TG 119). Since of necessity the outsider “far from sitting still to be painted, dodges and disappears” (TG 155), my examples represent only a small portion of their “submerged experiments” (TG 119). By highlighting these boundary lives and their outsiders’ societies, I hope to illustrate their vision, courage, and power to end war and transform the lives of women.

One of the main facts in Three Guineas is the “fact of education.” In A Room of One’s Own Woolf invents a gesticulating beadle barring Mary Beton from the Oxbridge library; in Three Guineas she documents the forcible exclusion of women from universities. Addressing her male correspondent, Woolf writes, “Your class has been educated at public schools and universities for five or six hundred years, ours for sixty” (TG 17). She describes the enormous amount of money invested in the “voracious receptacle” (4, 5) to fund education for English boys. This fund is for Woolf “a fact so solid indeed that it cast a shadow over the entire landscape” (5). What shadow, then, is cast today by facts surrounding women and their lack of access to education?

In her Atlas of Women in the World, Seager’s data for 1970 shows that 7% of women worldwide attended third-level institutions and that by late 1990, 17% of women worldwide were attending institutions of higher education (80). Despite this modest advance, private universities in the western world generally remain the preserve of the economic elite, and public institutions that serve women and ethnically diverse, low-income populations suffer from declines in funding. In the California State University (CSU) system, of which my institution is a part, 59% of our 409,000 students are women and in the past ten years the percentage who identify as students of color has increased from 43 to 54% of the overall population (CSU Facts). Yet these changing demographics coincide with a decrease in overall funding for the CSU system, the largest public university system in the country.

The real crisis of education for women and girls is in developing nations. In 1990, the “World Declaration on Education for All” noted that “the most urgent priority is to ensure access to, and improve the quality of, education for girls and women.” In 2000, the United Nations pledged to “eliminate gender disparity in primary and secondary education, preferably by 2005 and at all levels of education no later than 2015” (UN Millennium). Yet, as numerous studies confirm, economic crises and health epidemics in developing countries continue to disproportionately affect the education of girls. According to Seager’s data, girls’ enrollment rates declined in countries where decreases in international assistance and war made their education a luxury (78). In many Sub-Saharan African countries as well as in Yemen and Pakistan, fewer than 50% of girls are enrolled in school. In fact, 90 million girls worldwide have no formal education, and two-thirds of the world’s illiterates are women (Seager 76-79). War-torn countries with misogyny built into their religious and cultural beliefs breed virulent opposition to women’s education. A case with which many of us are familiar is Afghanistan.

Recent reports by Human Rights Watch detail the return of fundamentalist, anti-woman practices that pressure women to wear the burqa, forcibly examine women for chastity, and use gunmen to destroy girls’ schools. As one female Kabul University student put it, “Yes, people are afraid of what would happen from the armed men if they allowed their girls to go to school. Of course they are afraid of men with guns or other groups” (“‘Killing You’”).

In these extreme conditions lies one example of an outsiders’ society whose members risk their lives in support of women and girls. The Revolutionary Association of the Women of Afghanistan (RAWA), founded in 1977 by Afghan women, runs secret home-based schools for girls and literacy programs for women. In Pakistan, RAWA supports fifteen primary and secondary schools, provides teaching materials to refugee children and literacy programs for women, and establishes educational social circles where participants discuss the condition of women under fundamentalism. “We must still hide what we are doing and thinking even though what we are doing and thinking is for our common good,” Woolf writes in Three Guineas. “The necessity for this, in certain circumstances, is not hard to discover” (120). At the same time, as Woolf and the women of RAWA know, “education is power and Afghan women can fight for their rights when they are empowered with
the arm of education” (RAWA).

A second fact Woolf raises is “the fact of property.” “Your class,” she informs her male correspondent, “possesses in its own right and not through marriage practically all the capital, all the land, all the valuables, and all the patronage in England. Our class possesses in its own right and not through marriage practically none of the capital, none of the land, none of the valuables, and none of the patronage in England” (TG 18). What are today’s facts about the distribution of wealth and property? What portion of this wealth belongs to women?

The 2000 US census starkly reveals that poverty is still a women’s issue. Women are 40% more likely to be poor than men, almost one of every eight women in the US is poor, families headed by single women are twice as likely to be poor as those headed by single men, and 60% of the extreme poor are women (“Reading”). Worldwide, women at best earn an average of 70% of what men earn, spend twice as much time as men on unpaid labor, and own 1% of the world’s land. Two-thirds of the 1.6 billion people worldwide who live in extreme poverty are women and girls. Thus, sixty-six years later, Seager’s conclusions echo Woolf’s: “The majority of the world’s population is poor. Women are the majority of the world’s poor. The poorest of the poor are women” (86).

What are outsiders doing to assure more equitable distribution of wealth to women? Woolf tells us that the outsider “will inform herself of the amount of land, wealth and property in the possession of her own sex and class in the present” (TG 107). Empowered by such knowledge, women in Asia and Central America participate in organizations such as the Grameen Bank in Bangladesh and Fundacion Adelante in Honduras, which lend money to millions of poor, rural women to establish their own businesses. Founded in 1971 by migrant women workers in the textile industry, India’s Self-Employed Women’s Association (SEWA) organizes poor, illiterate women who barely have assets or capital. SEWA recognizes the contributions these women make to Indian economy and society with their labor, and helps them to achieve economic sufficiency. In 1977, exemplary outsider Wangari Maathai founded the Green Belt Movement (GBM), an environmental activist movement of Kenyan women. Along with its numerous activities, the GBM provides more than 30,000 women with silviculture, food processing, beekeeping, and other income generating training.

Woolf’s primary fact is the fact of war. She details the monetary costs of war, asserting that in 1937, Britain was spending £300 million annually upon arms (TG 8). Her juxtapositions of photographs of dead children and bombed homes with the face of the fascist tyrant contrast the human costs of war with the masculinist forces behind it. These are Woolf’s facts of war. What are the facts and costs of war today?

The U. S. military budget request for 2005 exclusive of the costs for ongoing occupations of Iraq and Afghanistan is an astronomical $420.7 billion, a four year increase of nearly 28%. The US and its closest allies account for roughly 80% of global military spending (Hellman). Who, one might ask, are we fighting against?

Women and children are the real victims, the “collateral damage” of the “shock and awe” of today’s wars. According to the most recent statistics, 90% of the casualties of the wars of the 1990s were civilians, the vast majority of whom are women and children. Despite the propaganda about “smart weapons,” anti-personnel landmines kill and maim civilians long after the conflicts end and the so-called liberators withdraw. Not only are women vulnerable civilian targets, they also constitute 80% of those refugees displaced by war (Hynes). This crisis continues into the twenty-first century. According to Amnesty International, there are 170,000 Sudanese refugees from war in Chad. During the past two decades, 3.7 million have fled the conflict in Afghanistan and as of September 2004, one million Afghans are displaced within their own country (“Safe Refuge”). Volunteer organizations estimate that since the US occupation and bombing of Iraq began in March of 2003, there have been between 14,515 and 16,673 civilian deaths (Iraq Body Count).

Thanks to the efforts of international feminism, the genocidal rape of women is recognized as wartime atrocity. Still, the culture of war licenses male aggression and knows no national boundaries nor makes distinctions among women. The daily newspapers, what Woolf calls “history in the raw” (TG 7), sometimes chronicle what a New York Times headline described as the “forced sex, fear and silent rage” experienced by women within our so-called elite military forces (Janofsky). In May 2004, a female refugee from fighting in Disa, West Darfur described how she and other girls were kidnapped and raped by soldiers who told them, “You, the black women, we will exterminate you, you have no god” (“Sudan”).

Outsiders continue to campaign against such crimes against women. In 1996 in Uganda, Angelina Acheng Atiyam’s fourteen-year-old daughter Charlotte along with 136 other school girls was kidnapped and forced into sexual slavery by an invading army. With parents of other kidnapped children, Atiyam organized an international movement for the unconditional release of the 25,000 children. Miraculously, in July 2004, Charlotte Atiyam escaped from captivity. But as Angelina Atiyam celebrates the reunion with her beloved daughter, she compares the return of one child to a drop in the ocean: “a drop from the ocean cannot quench my thirst. I am very thirsty for 25, 000 children.”

When he says, as history proves that he has said, and may say again, “I am fighting to protect our country” and thus seek to arouse her patriotic emotion, she will ask herself, “What does ‘our country’ mean to me an outsider?” . . . [T]he outsider will say, “in fact, as a woman, I have no country. As a woman I want no country. As a woman my country is the whole world.” (TG 107-09)

Woolf tells us that in the event of war outsiders “would refuse to make munitions or nurse the wounded” (TG 106). The actions of the Irish peace activist Mary Kelly indicate that such outsiders exist. On January 29, 2003, Kelly used her axe to damage a US naval jet at Shannon airport that was readying for deployment to Iraq (Brown). In 2001, another courageous outsider represented many of us in her opposition to the bombing of Afghanistan. As Barbara Lee stood alone among the members of the US Congress, her words echoed Woolf’s antwwar sentiments throughout Three Guineas: “Far too many innocent people have already died. Our country is in mourning. If we rush to launch a counter-attack, we run too great a risk that women, children, and other noncombatants will be caught in the crossfire.”

The effects of war, as all outsiders know, linger beyond the attacks and counterattacks. Jody Williams and her organization, the International Campaign to Ban Landmines, work tirelessly to reduce the after effects
of war. Their most recent report describes the reduction in landmines since 1999 when the International Treaty to Prevent Use of Antipersonnel Landmines (which the US refused to sign) went into effect: “more than 1,100 square kilometers of land has been cleared, and the number of new mine victims each year has decreased markedly.” “Almost anything is possible when there is sufficient will,” Williams contends. “Often, it only takes a handful of people to be catalysts to real and meaningful change that makes the world a little bit better place for us all.”

How might a handful of outsiders begin to be catalysts for change? There are many opportunities for those of us who have the means to donate our guinea, worth today about $75. A $75 dollar donation will sponsor a teacher for a month and a half in RAWA’s literacy program for women and girls; with $75 an outsider can buy fair trade items online that support third world women’s cooperatives and economic development; and a $75 contribution to the Mine Clearance Planning Agency will help remove land mines from Afghanistan. Alternatively, outsiders can send all $225 directly to Three Guineas Fund, an organization inspired by a Woolfian model of feminist philanthropy whose mission is to promote “social justice by expanding access to economic opportunity for women and girls.” With these contributions and our local, national, and global activities we can join Woolf and other international feminists in saying to our new generation of outsiders that “We have done with war! We have done with tyranny!” (TG 83). We can also work with them to actualize what Woolf eloquently describes as “the recurring dream that has haunted the human mind since the beginning of time; the dream of peace, the dream of freedom” (TG 143).

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Notes

1 I presented an earlier version of this paper on the panel “Woolf and Daly” at the Thirteenth Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf at Smith College. I thank my co-panelists Suzanne Bellamy, Mark Hussey, and Krystyna Colburn whose creative, scholarly, and political work sustains and encourages my own. Thanks, as always, to Elissa Dennis who keeps me and my writing grounded in the reality of women’s lives.

Works Cited


Latham assumes Woolf is a snob who tries not to be one. He notes “a stark divide between those who warmly praise her aesthetic and political sensibilities and those who angrily dismiss her as a highbrow elitist” (59). He cites Woolf’s essay “Am I a Snob?” and concludes that she is “shocked by the marketplace’s power to absorb so completely even the self-ironizing pose of her own reinvented snobbery . . . [and] discovers that modernity itself is governed by the semiotic logic of the snob, and her attempts to master the signs of cultural and social distinction lead her only deeper into an endless labyrinth of self-commodification” (63).

He contrasts Woolf to the modernists who fled to Paris, saying she remained in England “enjoying the comforts and privileges of her upper-middle-class inheritance.” As evidence of her class prejudice, he cites letters and diary entries where Woolf expresses frustration with her servants. Although he sees in a diary entry (3:168) an indication of her “brutal candor” in taking herself to task for “all the faults of snobbery” (67), one can read the entry as indicator of her self doubt. Latham credits Woolf for her “pursuit of an aesthetic that can successfully counter the empty world of appearances” and for laboring “to produce complex fictions of interiority that can resist and even belie the ruling logic of snobbery” (75).

Latham sees To the Lighthouse “as a surgically precise dissection of the snobbish logic that shaped [her parents’] lives” (79). He observes that Woolf takes Charles Tansley far more seriously than either the members of the dinner party or contemporary critics have been willing to do. His dislike of ‘these mild cultivated people’ and his suspicious awareness of the class-bound strictures governing the social capital that accrues to cultural capital mark this novel’s most significant critique of snobbery. Tansley’s intensely sexist conclusion that women make culture impossible may be repellent, but it simultaneously exposes a cultural economy in which women are structurally positioned as the guardians of social capital. . . . Upper-middle-class women, those very ‘daughters of educated men’ whom Woolf argues should be granted rooms of their own, do indeed emerge in the opening section of this novel as snobs of the worst sort. (84)

Latham claims that “in trying to produce a space for art, Woolf entangles herself in an aristocratic metaphor that invokes the very logic of snobbish performance she seeks to escape” (94). He sees Orlando as “a scathing

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**REVIEW**

Am I a Snob: Modernism and the Novel, Sean Latham’s attractively packaged Cornell University Press Paperback has a three-color cover with stylized lettering and features an advertisement from The London Illustrated News (1926), designed by Dorothy Sayers for “The Mustard Club.” Latham’s witty text plays audaciously with the materials it interrogates. The book is so well packaged that perhaps its question is tongue-in-cheek, aimed at intellectuals who collude in the commodification of scholarship.

Part I provides a genealogy of snobbery, beginning with William Thackeray’s publication of “The Snob Papers” in Punch from 1846 to 1847 and showing how Thackeray transformed the social climbing Mr. Snob from “an object of imitative disdain into a paragon of arrogant distinction” (13). At the end of the century, Oscar Wilde, the “quintessential modern snob,” brought together “the dandy and the celebrity” in The Picture of Dorian Gray. In Thackeray and Wilde, Latham sees attempts to construct the world of “Arts and Letters” as an alternative to the mass-mediated marketplace (54).

Part II “examines the character of the snob as it appears in the works of Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, and Dorothy Sayers” to “reveal an unexpectedly diverse array of strategies for negotiating changing conceptions of literary and cultural value” (8). Latham’s readable text includes engaging close readings and an extensive bibliography. As editor of the James Joyce Quarterly, Latham reveals considerable knowledge of Joyce’s texts and their production history. Nevertheless, I focus on Chapters 3 and 4, devoted to Woolf.

Latham compares Woolf to Tansley’s intensely sexist conclusion that women make culture impossible, but it simultaneously exposes a cultural economy in which women are structurally positioned as the guardians of social capital. . . . Upper-middle-class women, those very ‘daughters of educated men’ whom Woolf argues should be granted rooms of their own, do indeed emerge in the opening section of this novel as snobs of the worst sort. (84)

Latham claims that “in trying to produce a space for art, Woolf entangles herself in an aristocratic metaphor that invokes the very logic of snobbish performance she seeks to escape” (94). He sees Orlando as “a scathing
attack on the modern machinery of cultural production” (106) and finds ironic the fact that it became a best seller. He praises Woolf for not seeking false identification with the lower classes, yet argues that “Woolf insists that the strict hierarchies of the class system alone make possible the creation of a legitimate art” (113). Latham reduces Three Guineas to a reinscription of class, claiming that the argument of Three Guineas is that art and politics alike have been corrupted by the literary marketplace. He concludes by arguing that

the image of the snob as fashioned by Woolf is a highly successful performer whose public display of the seemingly counterfeit signs of sophistication effaces entirely what Woolf imagines to be a legitimate—if repressed—artistic culture. Having herself passed through the gauntlet of fame and sampled the pleasures of snobbery, Woolf sought escape in the narrowly conceived concept of the outsider who could forge an autonomous art at the intersection of class privilege and social alienation. (117)

As a reader who has been surprised by the power of Woolf’s insights—and a teacher of students whose class, race, and nationality differ from hers—I am baffled by the apparent need to interrogate the degree and variety of her “snobbism” and, by implication, theirs. I do not agree with Latham’s assertion that “this unlikely constellation of texts requires us to turn the damning charge of snobbery upon ourselves, interrogating both its considerable pleasures and its maddening limitations” (8). And, in response I can only ask, “Why?”

Ruth Saxton
Mills College

REVIEW:
HEARTS OF DARKNESS: WHITE WOMEN WRITE RACE.

In Hearts of Darkness, Jane Marcus sustains her record as one of the most provocative and productive feminist essayists on literary modernism. Turning to the subject of race as it reaches across various positions in empire, she reviews and revises her thinking about her recent essays and lectures, several of them collected conveniently here. Marcus rethinks the extent to which Djuna Barnes countered racism in Nightwood (“Laughing at Leviticus”), and backs off of her revolutionary representations of Virginia Woolf. Some of this thinking, I predict, will eventually be rethought and rebalanced as well. But this work is important as we work on the critical intersection of race with gender and sexual desire.

Much of this new collection previews her long-anticipated work on Nancy Cunard, Black Books: White Looks: Nancy Cunard and Modernist Primitivism. Cunard’s exemplary work in assembling the Negro anthology moves Marcus to proclaim its publication date, 1934, as another of those watershed of modernism that have been proliferating in modernist studies (Woolf got her cook out of the kitchen in 1910; Wyndham Lewis found his men of 1914; Michael North chronicles 1922; I found 1928 a key year for women of modernism). Marcus advises us to balance our post-colonial modernism with the works of Claude MacKay and Mulk Raj Anand (who through allusion to Michael Arlen’s The Green Hat, investigates subject positions inspired by Cunard). Like The Waves, and in her opinion far more effectively than Forster’s A Passage to India (a scapegoat in this volume), Anand’s novel Coolie presents a “post-colonial carnivalesque.” Though Marcus promotes Cunard as an anthropologist, she also probes problematic aspects of the wealthy mistress who took a series of black and peasant lovers, and staged self-representations of herself as a vamp/vampire of the primitive.

Much of Marcus’ energy goes into the ways that Cunard has been ignored or inadequately represented, as in Hugh Ford’s collection of memoirs and his abridged version of Negro. In her larger project, I would look for more engagement with ongoing work, starting with Susan Stanford Friedman’s section of my The Gender of Modernism (1990), which she mentions briefly, and including such recent works as Maureen Moynagh’s edition of Cunard’s Essays on Race and Empire (2002), and the affirmative “Coda” of Brent Hayes Edwards’ The Practice of Diaspora: Literature, Translation and the Rise of Black Internationalism (2003). There are some misleading statements: 1928 was the date women’s suffrage in Britain expanded down to the age of 21, but women 30 or over who were college graduates, householders, or married (limitations interesting in themselves) achieved the vote in 1918; Joyce gave Barnes page proofs of Ulysses, not a manuscript.

Woolf appears in greatest concentration in the well-known essay “Britannia Rules The Waves,” and “A Very Fine Negress,” long in circulation as a lecture. Mrs. Dalloway, and particularly the characters of Miss Parry and Peter Walsh, receive attention as ex-colonials in the introductory and concluding chapters. Marcus now worries that “Britannia” was an “overdetermined radical reading,” understandable as part of the 1980s recuperative effort: “I have been complicit as a critic in producing a radical and sympathetic ‘Virginia Woolf’ for readers who want to hear that voice” (13). She now finds ways that both she and Woolf may have contributed to nostalgia for empire, and reads “cross-racial lesbian desire” into the brief statement from A Room of One’s Own: “It is one of the great advantages of being a woman that one can pass even a very fine negress without wishing to make an Englishwoman of her” (24). This essay offers invaluable backgrounds on the colonial and racial politics of Leonard Woolf and the Stephen men through several generations (as does “Britannia”). It also connects with racially, and erotically charged appropriations of African art in modern art and art criticism. It catches Woolf with imperial vulnerabilities, the most troubling and most private stated in her diary (as is some anti-Semitism). But I am concerned that Marcus is over-determining the “very fine negress” passage in service of a new generation who quite justifiably want to read race indissolubly bound with gender and sexuality, and to register what she calls the “black heart.” I have tried these same lines with my students, who are more attracted to Alice Walker’s expanding of Woolf’s vision than to any theory of denied cross-racial lesbian desire, based on this slim passage.

Not to be missed are the extensive footnotes, for example, one in which she takes on Jane Gallop for her performance relative to white women’s relationship to black critics and issues of race, which did indeed mask the real and early interest white second wave feminists have had in race (n. 20, 186). There is also a collection of well-explicated photographs, which include Elvedon Hall (an imperial setting for The Waves), Djuna Barnes undergoing forced feeding for the sake of her radical journalism, and Barbara Ker-Seymer’s dramatically posed photographs of Cunard.
solarized to look black, accessorized with tiger skin and chic turban hat, choker by a multi-strand necklace, reclining in childish leg warmers worn with heeled pumps, as well as representations of her signature ivory bangles. Chosen for the cover is a painting by Ernst Neuschul, *Negro Mother* (1931), which Marcus reads for its “firmly grounded” and fashionably dressed woman, unapologetically giving her breast to her child for nourishment, instead of satisfying the gaze. This volume definitely deserves to go on the shelf alongside Marcus’s earlier essays, and into our classes, which flourish over the debates she encourages.

*Bonne Kime Scott*
*San Diego State University*

**REVIEW:**
*LITERATURE IN MEMORY: FROM ROUSSEAU TO NEUROSCIENCE*


In this refreshing and trailblazing new book, Suzanne Nalbantian journeys into the vast, yet relatively uncharted, interdisciplinary space stretching between science and literature. In a sweeping comparative study of selected authors ranging from Rousseau, Baudelaire, and Rimbaud, to Woolf, Joyce, Breton, Nin, and Borges, Nalbantian breaks new ground in being one of the first critics to marshal neuroscientific evidence as a methodology for investigating the workings of memory in modern literature. While Nalbantian’s previous book, *Aesthetic Autobiography: From Life to Art in Marcel Proust, James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and Anais Nin* contributed to theories of autobiography in its analysis of the “transmutation” of “memories into fictional cohesions” by highly autobiographical writers, *Literature in Memory* approaches similar creative processes from the more physiological side of neuronal activity. Like Thomas Caramagno’s psycho-biographical criticism in *The Flight of the Mind: Virginia Woolf’s Art and Manic-Depressive Illness*, Nalbantian’s study forges new links between the experiential, the scientific, and the aesthetic.

What makes this book so remarkable is that rather than simply applying neuroscientific theories to existing literature, it allows the texts themselves to act as “laboratories for the workings of the mind,” laboratories in which the authors are treated as “subjects” and their writings are explored as “a series of case histories of a variety of operations of human memory” (3). While Nalbantian does introduce her study through an exposition of prominent nineteenth-century psychological theories regarding the function of memory, she allows each chapter and each writer to reveal a variety of memory processes, each unencumbered by external theoretical material. In fact, it is not until the last chapter, “The Almond and the Seahorse: Neuroscientific Perspectives” that we are offered an impressively comprehensive and thorough review of the most recent scientific literature on the subject, one supplemented by an exciting bibliography of scientific works on memory and the brain.

Running along a continuum from the most abstract in emphasis to the most physiological, Nalbantian identifies three major fields of memory operation as established in the early twentieth-century: at one pole, Bergson’s highly spiritual and involuntary “duration;” at the other, Pierre Janet’s highly subconscious and primitive “elemental memory” of disjointed sensations and emotions; and somewhere in between, William James’s “stream of consciousness,” integrating both physiological functions of memory storage and psychological processes of voluntary restoration. Chapters 2 to 7 then proceed to systematically and objectively probe these orientations as intuitively captured by her cast of writer/subjects, focusing primarily on the triad of memory function: memory encoding, storage, and retrieval. One of the most notable—in that it simultaneously incorporates her wonderful treatment of Baudelarian sensuality while paving the way for her exploration of Woolf’s narrative—is Chapter 4, “Proust and the Engram: The Trigger of the Senses,” in which the most classic example of memory retrieval—the evocative Proustian madeleine—is reexamined in terms of Lashley’s mid-twentieth-century identification of the “engram,” or “the physical change or neuronal trace in the brain both ingrained, originally, and later triggered by sensory signals” (60). Allotting the epic novelist his own chapter, Nalbantian places Proust within more Bergsonian influences while demonstrating how he transcends the philosopher in his concern with both voluntary and involuntary acts of retrieval. As Nalbantian points out, although images triggered by the dipping of the infamous pastry are largely involuntary and based on extremely specific stimuli, the entire process is not entirely unconscious in that a very explicit retrieval process seems to unfold as a consequence.

Of interest to *WM* readers of course, is Nalbantian’s treatment of “associative memory” in Chapter 5, “Woolf, Joyce and Faulkner: Associative Memory,” where all three authors are grouped in a confederacy of procedure framed more by Jamesean psychology than by Bergsonian philosophy. Unlike Proustian memory (to which Woolf herself paid homage), a process where curtains to the past are only temporarily drawn, Woolf’s memory demonstrates the coexistence of the past in the present moment through an uninterrupted stream of overlapping realities into which the mind willfully steps—normally through the recreation of external visual or spatial perceptions such as, for example, the Godrevy lighthouse. “From the point of view of neurological taxonomy,” Nalbantian writes, “she demonstrated the process of long-term autobiographical memory, produced voluntarily, and depending foremost on visual perception” (81). Offering a sustained analysis of *To the Lighthouse* as “the quintessential memory novel” and of Lily Briscoe as its equally representative re-membering subject, Nalbantian treats us to a detailed illustration of just such elaborate groundings. Grounding her reading partly on Woolf’s well-known statement in “A Sketch of the Past” of her first “moment of being” as being inextricably linked to her childhood memories of Julia Stephen and Talland House, we are offered a reading of *TTL* as a text primarily engaged in very deliberate project of reconstructing and eternalizing the mother through fiction. Viewed through a persuasive, although brief, discussion of Lily’s “memory painting” as an example of Woolf’s declared preference for “scene-making,” the lighthouse becomes not only a symbol for Mrs. Ramsay and the unifying power of her presence, but the spatial field that facilitates the tunneling process into an earlier time, a time tinged with the distinctly emotional aura that initiated the painting. Nalbantian moreover, offers an alternative treatment of “Time Passes”—a section traditionally read by critics as a rather menacing, nihilistic void—viewing it as a generative condition of both neurological and artistic “strengthening rather than weakening” of memory, one
achieved through a latency period of forgetting (83).

A somewhat abbreviated treatment of Mrs. Dalloway helps Nalbantian reinforce this more spatially sensitive memory process, emphasizing Clarissa’s reminiscences of Bourton and the surrounding countryside as triggered by the sights and sounds of party preparations and the unexpected presence of Peter Walsh. In overlapping Clarissa’s memories with Septimus’s dissociative states, Nalbantian sees Woolf as highlighting one process as “normal memory” — one that successfully integrates the continuous past into the present self — and relegates the other — overwhelming as it is in spatial and visual references to the war, and one rendering Septimus unable to reconcile past and present self — as ultimately “pathological.” Associative memory is seen then as a critical element to achieving integrated identity for both character and writer alike.

Although the book, steeped as it is in scientific terminology, may at first seem alien to ears accustomed to more rhetorical embellishments, and although its treatment of Woolf’s novels as scientific data might seem to VWM readers especially as a tad reductionist, Literature in Memory nonetheless transcends such minor prejudices through its remarkably clean prose-style and in its responsible and meticulous scientific research. It reminds us anew of the richness of interpretive venues inherent in Woolf’s writing, venues that Nalbantian urges us may forge the way for further, more holistic approaches to the mind/body debate that so divides current neuroscientific and psychological research. Surely such daring interdisciplinary application pays due tribute to Woolf’s life-long concern with perception and the recreation of the past.

Patricia Feito
Barry University

REVIEW:
LILY BRISCOE’S CHINESE EYES: BLOOMSBURY, MODERNISM, AND CHINA

You don’t need a background in Chinese culture and history to enjoy and learn from Patricia Laurence’s ambitious and ground-breaking book. The only prerequisite is the same curiosity that started Laurence herself on an intellectual journey that culminated in “a new complex cultural and literary space […] ‘between’ China and England in the first half of the twentieth century” (393). Although grounded in biographical facts and cultural artifacts, Laurence’s description of this space is also informed by, and sometimes resistant to, aspects of post-modern and post-colonial theory. Metacritically, she observes how her own cross-cultural experiences intersected with those of earlier artists and intellectuals traveling both ways between East and West. Like theirs, her culture shocks challenged misleading stereotypes and simplistic binaries. What emerges is not a transparent story of political and cultural domination of East by West, but what Laurence calls a kaleidoscope of national discourses and counter-discourses involving transnational networks, interdependencies, and dialogues.

Laurence’s book begins, as her research project did, with deceptive simplicity. From a Sotheby’s auction room in 1991, Laurence traced to the New York Public Library papers that included letters to the Chinese painter and poet Ling Shuhua from Julian Bell, Vanessa Bell, and Virginia Woolf. Laurence tells candidly the story of Julian Bell’s 1935 teaching appointment at Wuhan University, terminated early because of his affair with Ling Shuhua, wife of Chen Yuan, Dean of Humanities. She uses Bell’s correspondence, photographs, and diary from Wuhan University archives to describe his sexual profligacies and restless political activism; his sometimes naïve stereotyping; his traveler’s entusiasm; and his literary interests. From this scandal, however, and Julian Bell’s subsequent death in the Spanish Civil War, Laurence’s fascinating project becomes a cross-cultural, cross-disciplinary, and cross-generic labyrinth resulting, she writes, in a “bricolage” of connections. She organizes her materials thematically, a choice that results in considerable doubling back and looking forward, like a twisting and turning Moebius strip, as some of the same people and events appear and reappear in different, but related contexts.

Laurence’s discussion broadens first to the relationship between the Bloomsbury Group and an avant-garde Chinese counterpart, the Crescent Moon Group. Each was “belaeguered in its own country” (31) for its alleged ivory tower/pagoda elitism and for its struggle to separate art from nationalist politics. Laurence pairs Cambridge classicist G. L. Dickinson and poet Xu Zhimo, each of whom exemplifies his culture’s desire to find in another’s what he felt lacking in his own. To British materialism and imperialism Dickinson contrasted a harmonious, utopian civilization he associated with ancient China. Xu Zhimo saw in British Romanticism, and in certain British novels, ways to express the emotion and “subjectivity” he missed in Chinese literature. Turning to E. M. Forster and writer/journalist Xiao Qian, Laurence explores ways in which transnational sexual mores and relationships “rippled into narrative forms and themes” (187).

Laurence also deals with landscape against a background of British economic incursions into China, an interest of Maynard Keynes. Julian Bell reappears as a naturalist describing China and discussing landscape painting in correspondence with his mother. Vanessa Bell and Ling Shuhua, as painters, continue the discussion. Laurence argues convincingly that the post-colonial model of superior/inferior inadequately describes the relationship between Ling Shuhua and Virginia Woolf who share their interests in auto/biography, the short story, and the role of women writers in nations at war. Adaptations of Chinese landscapes in landscape gardening and domestic art objects, and reflections of these in novels and paintings, conclude Laurence’s rich discussion of cross-cultural views of landscape.

Finally, Laurence draws into her bricolage not only Woolf’s references to “Chinese eyes,” but also Roger Fry’s essays and Omega Workshop designs, Liberty & Co. catalogues, museum exhibitions of Eastern artifacts, and British shopping and tea drinking rituals. All of these, whether viewed as aesthetic progress or decline, reflect other ways of seeing as well as a “new international aesthetic” in which “notions of identity, nation and race are in flux” (343). European and Chinese modernists, Laurence adds, share interests in line, rhythm, flatness, and placticity as well as in the dissolution of boundaries between words, writing, and painting.
Because Laurence comes to Chinese history and culture from her study of British modernism, she assists readers whose backgrounds are similar. There are no figure numbers in relevant parts of the text, but there is a wealth of visual material, from photographs to reproductions of visual art. Also included are a helpful “Historical Time Line” and an “Index of Chinese and British Figures.” Although Laurence weaves together numerous fascinating people and provocative issues, she keeps the thread of her argument clear. Her book is an important and engaging contribution to our increasingly pluralistic and global picture of “modernism.”

Diane F. Gillespie
Washington State University

REVIEW:
BLOOMSBURY ROOMS: MODERNISM, SUBCULTURE AND DOMESTICITY

Published in association with the Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts, Design and Culture, Bloomsbury Rooms tells the story of radicality regained. Without neglecting Bloomsbury’s achievement in easel paintings, the book chronicles the history of the group’s redecoration of private houses and shows how the elements of interior decor—Bell’s serene, decisive look for modernism, Fry’s simple-life refrains, Grant’s assertion of a homoerotic and democratic sensuality—were often audacious and experimental, and proved to be one of the key influences on twentieth-century British art and design. “My aim,” Reed states, “is to present Bloomsbury’s art in the context of the group’s aspirations and ideologies, and to place those aspirations and ideologies in the broader context of the history of modernism” (16).

Tracing the rise and fall of the Omega Workshop and then recounting the aftereffects of the First World War on the artistic evolution of Bell, Grant and Fry, Bloomsbury Rooms proposes three core ideas in its narrative challenge to the mainstream Le Corbusier paradigm. Its first proposition is that while Post-Impressionism had an incalculable impact on Bloomsbury, uniting the group’s conception of itself as a coalition of outsiders, its aspiration for new styles of art and life can actually be located in the art of ancient Byzantium. “Bloomsbury’s use of a primitivism centered on the Near East to create modern spaces for modern enactments of sex and gender,” Reed contends (87). A comparison of two decorative commissions—Grant’s Queen of Sheba (1912) and Bell’s Self-Portrait at the Easel (1912)—shows how each artist powerfully asserted his or her own determination to develop an independent vision. In different but complementary ways, Grant and Bell re-figured women in these works, which flouted traditional myths and revised patriarchal narratives about femininity. Their creative experimentation seeped into their decorative projects of 1911–12: Asheham in the rural of Sussex countryside was a locus of creativity for Bell (the Asheham series of 1912, all oil-on-canvas landscapes), just as this English country house later inspired her sister, Virginia Woolf, to write the short story “A Haunted House.” Moreover, the group’s unconventional living arrangement found visual expression in Grant’s redecoration of 38 Brunswick Square, particularly in his tennis-player murals, which associated racquet sports with the uninhibited physical pleasures of modern life. “They are,” Reed notes, “a close cousin to the dancers in Matisse’s decoration, who have long been seen as claiming for modern art a primal sensuality” (98-99).

In re-inscribing Bloomsbury experimentation within the sphere of the Byzantine style, Reed re-locates the group’s aesthetic concerns, placing it beyond the status of being an English derivation of French sources and identifying its autonomous engagement with pre-modern styles that paralleled the primitivism of Matisse and Picasso. Bloomsbury Rooms then spins forward into a larger narrative that elucidates the humanistic values of Bloomsbury art, as well as its resistance of the ideological effects of war by valorizing domesticity as a primary arena for individual subjectivity. Evoking the light-hearted fantasies and ironic sensibilities of the painted cupboard doors and redecorated double doors at 46 Gordon Square, for instance, Reed proposes that Bloomsbury’s 1920s interior decoration represented an “aesthetic of conscientious objection” whose culmination was Charleston, the farmhouse in East Sussex where Bell lived with Grant from 1916 onwards. This “aesthetic of conscientious objection,” Reed contends, is a “legitimate form of modernism,” a deep-rooted and profound struggle which emphasized “the often-overlooked continuities between Bloomsbury’s political and aesthetic resistance to a war that threatened what the group saw as modernism’s fundamental principles” (213). After the First World War, Charleston, the rural retreat which Grant and Bell spent their lives perfecting, was a dissent from the return to a national tradition that the French painter and critic André Lhote termed as “a recall to order” (le rappel à l’ordre), nationalist claims that were an accepted fact in British discourse of the 1920s and 1930s but which represented jingoistic values that Bloomsbury’s peace-loving subculture philosophically rejected.

Reed’s scholarly argument in Bloomsbury Rooms becomes rather awkward and somewhat more tangled during the post-war period, however, when Bell and Grant shied away from abstraction in their paintings, toned down the colors and frequently repeated compositional patterns. Under the pressure of Fry’s writings from 1919 onwards, Bell and Grant disciplined their anarchic spirits and curbed their experimentation in the easel arts—what Simon Watney described as their “tragic relapse from their previous and intensely serious questioning of the whole Fine-v-Applied Art distinction” (215). Their decorative work, however, remained innovative, since it evolved, Reed writes, “under the looser supervision of both the critics and the artists themselves, who absorbed the dictum, as Grant put it, that ‘decoration ought to be devoid of intention.’”

Nevertheless, the post-war art and design of Bloomsbury does indeed signify a kind of visual retreat into the pleasures of “amusing” pastiches and historical revisionism that were celebrated in the fashion pages of Vogue. Charleston was a world-within-a-world of decorated furniture, curtains and embroideries, painted doors and walls, with their spots, swirls, arabesques, acrobats and mythic figures, and it displayed an absolute visual homogeneity. In its discussion of the interiors and commissions of Bell and Grant created from 1910 through 1938, Bloomsbury Rooms coins the term “the Amusing Style” to describe Bloomsbury’s re-imagining of a different kind of modernism—an alternative vision that was steeped, in form and content, in the values of
transgression. “The Amusing Style” crossed and blurred national, historical, sexual and gender boundaries through an insouciance of iconographic quotation, a jazzy sense of color and handmade fracture and whimsicality that characterized Bell’s and Grant’s floral textiles, playful dinnerware and ceramics, boldly geometric chairs and cheerful carpets. At the same time, the term takes seriously the group’s moral and emotional involvement with the culture of sexual and gender non-conformity. The wide range of unconventional romantic and erotic relationships among Bloomsbury’s original and younger members found decorative expression in domestic forms and housework that featured elements of theatricality, gender-bending, historical quotation and even camp. Such promiscuous iconoclasm, such droll questioning of institutional authority, meant, however, that Bloomsbury would remain excluded “from heroes-only versions of modernism, that even in revisionist social histories,” Reed states, “continue to be limited to conventional standards of masculine accomplishment” (16).

Propounding a “good versus evil” dynamic—a two-sided battle that pits Le Corbusian functionalism against Bloomsbury domesticity—Bloomsbury Rooms lays out a new language that encapsulates the visual expressiveness of Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant. Using the words of Roger Fry and Virginia Woolf as a sort of manifesto, Reed re-contextualizes the still-lives, easel paintings and interior decors of Bell and Grant and re-configures the proud independence and the value of creative collaboration that characterized their sense of what it meant to be and to look modern. The book is an affectionate, erudite and thoughtful consideration of domesticity as a site for subversive politics, personal expression and moral seriousness. Bloomsbury was very much a counter-tradition of British artists and writers who worked together and supported one another, a subculture of outsiders whose creative urges were entwined with their precarious experiments with human relationships. For Bell, Grant and Fry, modernity exists in the all-pervasive way they thought about the decoration of interiors and in the intensely individual modes they rearranged people and objects at home.

Randy Gener  
playwright/theatre critic

VWM GUIDELINES FOR SUBMISSIONS AND EDITORIAL POLICIES

The Miscellany gladly considers very short contributions including notes and queries as well as line drawings and photographs. Submissions should be no longer than 2500 words at maximum and should be submitted electronically, in MS Word format and in compliance with MLA style.

The Editorial Board reserves the right to edit all submissions for length and to correct errors. If time permits, contributors will be consulted about changes.

The Editorial Board takes no responsibility for the views expressed in the contributions selected for publication.

Submissions accepted for publication may be published in both hard and electronic copy. Current issues are accessible in PDF format at <http://home.southernct.edu/~neverowv1/VWM_Online.html>.

All rights revert to the author upon publication.
The Society has much to share regarding upcoming, recent and relatively recent events in that order. (For information about the IVWS panel at the 33rd Annual Twentieth Century Literature Conference at University of Louisville and the Fifteenth Annual conference on Virginia Woolf at Lewis and Clark College please see p. 2.)

The Call for Papers for the Panels for MLA in Washington D. C. 2005
Intersections and Identities in Woolf Studies
Ways Woolf’s works negotiate multiply intersecting systems of identity/cultural concern, e.g. criss-cross gender, sexuality, environment, globalization, socialism, racism, class, colonialism, unconscious, literary tradition, patriarchal family, pacifism, aesthetics.
Send 500 word abstracts to Bonnie Kime Scott, Dept. of Women’s Studies, San Diego State University, 5500 Campanile Dr., San Diego, CA 92182-8183; bkscott@mail.sdsu.edu Deadline: March 15, 2005.

Virginia Woolf and Portraiture
Woolf grew up surrounded by portraits; Bloomsbury played a key role in the transformation of portraiture/biography; both forms preoccupy Woolf: Portraiture in/and novels and non-fiction; the NPG/DNB; photography and film; Modernism. Send 500 word abstracts to Elizabeth Hirsh, Department of English, University of South Florida, 4202 East Fowler Avenue, CPR 107, Tampa, FL 33620; FAX: 813-974-2270 elhirs@mon.com and Ben Harvey, Department of Art, 102 Freeman Hall, College of, Architecture and Design, Mississippi State University, Mississippi State, MS 39762; ben.harvey@msstate.edu Deadline: March 15, 2005.

MLA 2004
The Dinner
About 35 people attended the wonderful annual IVWS society party and business meeting at The Caribou Café during in Philadelphia About the party and business meeting. Everyone had a fantastic time, and so it seemed to the observer who plays here the role of Mrs. Dalloway (as President of the Society, Vara Neverow organized the event). There was a bit less mingling and table-hopping than one might have wished given the narrow but pleasant mezzanine space where we celebrated our gathering, but everyone seemed very pleased with their* table companions. Wine glasses literally given the narrow but pleasant mezzanine space where we celebrated our gathering, but everyone seemed very pleased with their* table companions. Wine glasses literally

The Business Meeting
Exceptionally efficient, the business meeting took about 15 minutes at the maximum. It consisted entirely of announcements, summarized below:

Rishona Zimring reminded everyone of the impended deadline for submissions to the 15th Annual Conference at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon on June 9-12. (The deadline was January 15th and as of this writing, more than a 170 proposals have been received).

Vara Neverow announced that the Virginia Woolf Miscellany backfile is now in PDF format and will be accessible on line in the near future.

Four IVWS members have indicated interest in serving as the officers of the Society from January 1, 2006-December 31, 2008. The candidates are:

Beth Rigle Daugherty—President
Madelyn Detloff—Vice President
Thaine Stearns—Secretary Treasurer
Celia Marshik—Historian Bibliographer

Two IVWS members have already expressed interest in serving as members-at-large. The candidates are:

Anne Ryan Hanafin (current member-at-large)
Susan Wegener

*note: VW uses this grammatical construction in AROO.

A Report on the MLA 2004 Sessions
As always, the panels were exceptionally well attended. Both attracted more than 60 people and the Society had an opportunity to recruit new members. Rishona Zimring announced the 15th annual conference and encouraged submission of papers. The sessions, chaired respectively by Beth Daugherty and Mark Hussey were excellent. In Beth’s session, which focused on Woolf’s essays, Eleanor McNees explored Woolf’s fascinating lineage as a reviewer, situating her in relation to her predecessors and studying the similarities of their craft. Jeanne Dubino delivered a brilliant and revelatory commentary on two of Woolf’s very short pieces, teasing out the patriarchal and imperial nuances of a tourist’s viewpoint. Leslie Werden deftly intertwined the pedagogy of the composition classroom with the vistas of creativity that Woolf’s essays present to inexperienced and even recalcitrant writers while Andrea Adolph reflected suggestively about the ways that Woolf depicted the nexus of Ellen Terry’s embodiment in terms of creativity, domesticity and maternity. In Mark’s panel, Anne Fernald explored the subtle influences and resonances of Woolf on an intriguing cluster of African-born writers. The commonality that Anne emphasized was the way in which patriarchy continues to control the content of newspapers just as was the case in the narrator’s reflections in A Room of One’s Own. Erica Johnson showed how Dionne Brand’s reading of the outsider across race and history and geography to continue the tradition Woolf established in Three Guineas. In the closing paper, Madelyn Detloff acknowledged the passing of Susan Sontag whose work Madelyn had used in crafting her presentation. Madelyn examined the use of photographs in the representation of pain, using both the virtual images that Woolf evokes in Three Guineas and images from Abu Ghraib, as interpreted, in part, by Sontag herself.

The New Face of 22 Hyde Park Gate
How many scholars or common readers of Virginia Woolf have made the pilgrimage to 22 Hyde Park Gate, that odd looming monolithic structure in which Virginia Woolf was born and lived until she escaped to Bloomsbury? And of those pilgrims, how many have been astonished and peoved by the one plaque on the façade commemorating not Virginia Woolf, nor Vanessa Bell, but the patriarch, Sir Leslie Stephen. Times are changing. The residents of 22 Hyde Park Gate felt time was ripe to honor Virginia Woolf and Vanessa Bell and have commissioned commemorative royal blue plaques in honor of each.

Other nominations for all positions are welcome. Members should send their nominations by surface mail to Vara Neverow, President, IVWS, English Department, Southern Connecticut State University, 501 Crescent Street, New Haven, CT 06515, by email to neverowvl@southernct.edu, or by fax to 203-392-6731. The election will take place in June 2005.

Leslie Hankins worked diligently to support this noteworthy and long overdue facelift of 22 Hyde Park Gate with Jasyme King-Leeder (who rents a room in 22 Hyde Park Gate as a B&B). Leslie offered her services as liaison for those who wished to make contributions to the fund. The owners of 22 Hyde Park Gate had the unveiling at the end of 2004, at which Henrietta Garnett, the granddaughter of Vanessa and great niece of Virginia presided.

All best,
Vara Neverow, President and Leslie Kathleen Hankins, Vice President