To the Readers:
Following a recent series of articles on healthcare in the New York Times, a busy surgical oncologist wrote to comment on one that had highlighted the prevalence among patients of presenting their doctors with information to consider that might bear on their case. The oncologist detailed his career path: four years in medical school, five in surgical residency, three in a surgical oncology fellowship, followed by twelve years treating patients, attending and presenting at conferences, and communicating with his peers. “And yet,” he wrote, “I am in the position of defending my treatment recommendations against the cumulative results of several hours of Google-searching by a patient.”

The analogy with the state of current literary scholarship may be tenuous, but perhaps the growing reliance on electronic information searches might be significant in whatever evokes grumbling about inadequate acknowledgment of prior work and about what Vara Neverow terms “imagined originality.” That one “can’t be expected to read everything” is a true-enough mantra, yet one can be expected to be aware of what has been said and who said it when setting out on one’s own scholarly explorations. As rumblings about this topic have been heard on the VWoolf listserv and occasionally in the pages of the Miscellany, I invited comment for this issue, the results of which are published below.

But this is also a “miscellany,” and as such belongs to no particular perspective. Woolf’s readers seem unusually often drawn to imagine her, to recreate her, and to speak of their own pure pleasure in her work, as well as to be inspired to their own creativity by her example. And, additionally, readers continue to add to our store of real knowledge about the context of her work and its potential meanings.

Enjoy!

Mark Hussey
Pace University

See page three for the following information:
Virginia Woolf: Art, Education and Internationalism, the 17th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf

CFP for MLA 2006
20th Century Literature Conference at the University of Louisville

VWM Spring 2006
Vara Neverow is the editor of the Spring 2006 Miscellany. The topic is open and the deadline for submissions is Wednesday, March 15, 2006. Articles should be about 1000-2000 words and should be sent to neverowl1@southerncu.edu, or to Vara Neverow, Department of English, Southern Connecticut State University, 501 Crescent Street, New Haven, CT 06515.

VWM Fall 2006
Georgia Johnston will edit the Fall 2006 Miscellany. The subject is Woolf and Deviancy. Possible topics might be: How and why did Woolf present what the dominant culture found deviant? How and why was Woolf deviant in her own writing? How did Woolf change the meanings of deviancy or the understandings of what was deviant in her culture? Is Woolf deviant for readers today? How has Woolf’s deviancy influenced later writers? How have later writers or visual artists interpreted Woolf’s deviancy into their own texts? How did Woolf create textual or narrative deviancy? How, in Woolf’s incorporation of other texts into her writing, did she create deviancy? The deadline is Monday, August 14, 2006, and articles should be about 1000-2000 words. Send submissions to johnstgk@slu.edu.
For submission guidelines see page 2.

WOOLFIAN BOUNDARIES
The 16th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf 22 – 25 June 2006 hosted by the University of Birmingham at Crowne Plaza Hotel Central Square Holliday Street Birmingham B1 1HH UK

In affiliation with the International Virginia Woolf Society and the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain.

This conference takes Virginia Woolf to Britain’s second city in order to explore her work from perspectives ‘beyond the boundary’ of her own positions and attitudes. Her coolness towards the provinces and ‘prejudice’ against the regional novel (Letters 6. 381) are thus the starting-point for considering her writing in the light of its own ‘limits’, self-declared and otherwise. Themes for papers may involve Woolf and: nationhood & patriotism; the metropolis & the region; south & north; home & abroad; nationalism & internationalism; women & men; education & its limits; the present & the past; modernity & tradition; social class & race; sexualities; the elite & the common; critical history & reception; urban & rural; insiders & outsiders; industrialization.

The conference will centre on a series of parallel paper sessions, plus keynote addresses and round-table discussions. Other events will include displays, exhibitions and performances. Birmingham is in central England and very close to a range of cities and locations including Stratford, Warwick, Worcester, Oxford, Lichfield and the Malvern Hills. The airport is a few miles from the city centre.

See page two for registration information.
16th Annual Conference Registration Information

The conference will centre on a series of parallel paper sessions, plus keynote addresses and round-table discussions. Featured speakers include: Melba Cuddy-Keane, Victoria Glendinning, Ruth Gruber, Paul Levy, Christopher Reed and Lisa Williams.

Other events will include displays, exhibitions and performances, plus: the reception at Birmingham’s Victorian Council Chambers building, an evening at the University’s Barber Institute of Arts with its world-renowned collection of paintings, and a banquet at the Botanical Gardens. Conference registration includes access to the full schedule of Keynote, Plenary and Parallel Panels, the Welcome Reception, the reception and entertainments organised for the Friday evening of the conference and tea/coffee/pastries/fruit at appointed breaks throughout.

Speakers whose proposals have been accepted should register immediately to confirm their place on a panel.

Delegates need to register by 20 May 2006, after which they will be subject to a £10 surcharge for late registration. Please download the registration form from the conference website and return it with payment to: The Administrator, Virginia Woolf Conference, Department of English, University of Birmingham, Edgbaston, Birmingham B15 2TT UK.

Travel Fund:
If you wish to make a donation to the Travel Fund to enable delegates of limited means to attend the conference, please enter the amount donated on the Registration Form. If you wish to apply to the Travel Fund for assistance, please download the Travel Fund Application Form from the conference website.

Conference Co-ordinators: Ann Bissell, Steve Ellis, Deborah Parsons, Kathryn Simpson. For more information access the conference web pages at <http://www.english.bham.ac.uk/vwoolf2006/>, or contact us by email vwoolf2006@adf.bham.ac.uk or by post at the Department of English address above.

VWM GUIDELINES FOR SUBMISSIONS AND EDITORIAL POLICIES

The Miscellany gladly considers very short contributions including poems, fiction, notes and queries as well as line drawings and photographs.

Submissions should be no longer than 2500 words at maximum and shorter articles are strongly preferred; articles should be submitted electronically, in MS Word format and in compliance with current MLA style (see the 6th edition of the MLA Handbook).

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.
17TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON VIRGINIA WOOLF

Virginia Woolf: Art, Education and Internationalism
The 17th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf will take place Thursday June 7 through Sunday June 10, 2007 at the Marcum Conference Center of Miami University of Ohio, in Oxford, Ohio.

The conference will be connected to the Miami University English Department Graduate Summer Institute—a program offering graduate credit for students who attend a pre-conference summer session seminar taught by Diana Royer and Madelyn Detloff on “Virginia Woolf: Art, Education and Internationalism.”

We anticipate that the conference and institute will draw on the particular strengths of Miami University, including its strong offerings in feminist rhetoric, creative writing, Women’s Studies, and 20th Century literature. Oxford is also home to the Western College Program—an interdisciplinary school that continues the tradition of the Western College for Women, founded in 1853 and incorporated into Miami University in 1974. In addition to being one of the first colleges for women in the U.S., Western College was the training grounds for Freedom Summer voting rights activists in June of 1964.

The conference organizers are Diana Royer royerda@muohio.edu and Madelyn Detloff detlofmm@muohio.edu. Further details about the conference will be posted to the VWoolf listserv as they become available.

MLA 2006 IN PHILADELPHIA: CALL FOR PAPERS

The two IVWS panels for MLA 2006 will be Re-Reading Trauma in Woolf’s Fiction En(Corps) and Street-Life: Woolf and Public Spaces. Please note that the MLA has relocated the convention to Philadelphia. The submission information is provided below:

Re-Reading Trauma in Woolf’s Fiction En(Corps)
After a decade of new developments in trauma theory, this panel will reconsider “embodied” understandings of Woolf’s representation of trauma through critical cross-fertilizations via philosophy, politics, psychology, narrative, etc.

Contacts:
Suzette Henke
Morton Professor of Literary Studies
University of Louisville
Preferred Address:
1424 Sylvan Way
Louisville, KY 40205
Preferred Phone: 502-458-7662
Preferred E-Mail: suzette.henke@louisville.edu

David Eberly
Preferred Address:
187 St. Botolph Street
Boston, MA 02115
Preferred Phone: 617-266-0127
Preferred E-Mail: david.eberly@chtrust.org

Please submit a 500 word abstract by March 15, 2006 to both Suzette Henke and David Eberly.

Street-Life: Woolf and Public Spaces
Street-haunting; street-walking; hawking; scavenging; loitering; stalking; flashing; begging; policing; singing; ranting; “buried where the omnibuses now stop”; Harley; Wimpole; Bond; Downing; “standing under the lamps of Piccadilly” or Bourbon Street.

Contacts:
Vara Neverow
Department of English
Southern Connecticut State University
501 Crescent Street
New Haven, CT 06515
Phone: 203-392-6717
Fax: 203-392-6731
email: neverowvl@southernct.edu

June Dunn
Department of English
Southeastern Louisiana State University
501 Crescent Street
New Haven, CT 06515
Phone: 203-392-6717
Fax: 203-392-6731
email: june.dunn@selu.edu

Please submit a 500 word abstract electronically in MS Word or rtf by March 15, 2006 to both Vara Neverow and June Dunn.

2007 UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE 20TH CENTURY LITERATURE CONFERENCE

Call for Papers

International Virginia Woolf Society Panel, University of Louisville

The International Virginia Woolf Society is pleased to host its sixth consecutive panel at the University of Louisville’s Twentieth Century Literature and Culture Conference in 2007. We invite proposals for critical papers on any topic concerning Woolf’s work. A specific panel theme may be decided upon depending on the proposals received. Previous IVWS panels have met with great enthusiasm at Louisville, and we look forward to another successful session.

Please submit by email a cover page with name, email address, mailing address, phone number, professional affiliation, and title of paper, and a second anonymous page containing a 250-word paper proposal to Kristin Czarnecki, kczarnecki@fuse.net by Monday, August 7, 2006.

Panel Selection Committee
Mark Hussey
Jane Lilienfeld
Jeanne Dubino
Vara Neverow
VIRGINIA WOOLF, JAMES JOYCE, AND “THE PRIME MINISTER”: AMNESIAS AND GENEALOGIES

It is 15 July 2003, and I am sitting in the auditorium of the new British Library, listening to Doris Lessing and David Bradshaw discussing Virginia Woolf’s early essays included in Carlyle’s House and other Sketches, recently edited by Bradshaw, with a foreword by Lessing. Suffering from a bad cold, I’ve been seized by coughing fits throughout the presentation and have had to exit the auditorium in search of water and medicinal throat lozenges. I return just in time to hear a question posed to Lessing about the relationship between Woolf and Joyce. “Of course,” Lessing responds, “Woolf disliked [or hated] Joyce.” Instantly, my ears prick up. I had not intended to say anything during the Q & A, but now I’m provoked into virus-bound speech. Timorously, I raise my hand. When recognized by Bradshaw, I begin to deliver a laconic version of a short speech that I’ve presented at numerous literary conferences over the last fifteen years.

“If one considers Woolf’s reading notes for Joyce’s Ulysses, housed in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library, it is clear that Virginia Woolf felt tremendous admiration for Joyce’s experimental style and that Ulysses proved inspirational in the composition of Mrs. Dalloway.” Somewhere in the middle of this brief disquisition, I mention my transcription of the holograph of Woolf’s Ulysses reading notes, published in Bonnie Kime Scott’s collection, The Gender of Modernism. But few people are sufficiently attentive to hear, much less retain, this information. And Scott’s anthology, brought out by the University of Indiana Press in 1990, will soon go out of print. Future scholars will have to rely on libraries, Abebooks, and used bookstores to locate a copy.

How can I describe the thrill of finding this little-known holograph in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library in the mid 1980’s? I had recently published Joyce’s Marvellous Sindbook: A Study of Ulysses, when I providentially stumbled upon Woolf’s notebook marked “Modern Novels (Joyce).” In a fit of wonder, I proceeded to copy the holograph, word for word (as much as I could descry from Woolf’s spidery handwriting), in pencil. In the dark days prior to the ubiquitous use of laptop computers, pencil and paper were all that was allowed. Over successive weekends, I transcribed the Joyce notebook, along with the holograph manuscript of Woolf’s Prime Minister.

Woolf later incorporated much of her reading notebook into her essay on “Modern Fiction,” originally published under the title “Modern Novels” in the Times Literary Supplement, 10 April 1919, and slightly revised prior to its appearance in the first Common Reader. It is, nonetheless, useful and instructive to return to the original holograph, contained in a small, unpaginated notebook. Despite the infamous comments that Woolf recorded in her private diaries and in letters about Joyce’s “he-goat” authorial persona and his “underbred,” working-class mentality, when she set out to read Ulysses, she felt both awe and admiration for the experimental author who had created this modernist masterpiece. Woolf was the first critic to see, and to analyze, Joyce’s cinematic style; and to applaud his attempt to capture “psychology” in literature. Despite her qualms about the purported “indecency” of Joyce’s text, Woolf shows greater receptivity in her notebook, where she insists that it might be time for the subconscious mind to be more candidly represented in fiction. It seems clear that Woolf read the “Hades” episode with interest; but whether she got beyond the fourth chapter of Ulysses on her initial perusal of Joyce’s text is questionable. Still, there can be no doubt that she felt exhilarated by this outrageous, unprecedented fictional experiment and that she was enormously inspired by Joyce’s technical genius. In recording her bibliophilic encounter with Joyce, she acknowledges him as a fellow genius and an innovative modernist. As a number of critics have pointed out, she offered tacit tribute to Woolf’s “Prime Minister” will appear, in more than a thousand pages of text, some time in the next year, under the auspices of the University Illinois Press. Although this piece will be sandwiched in a section on “Trauma” that

Somewhere during the copyediting stage of Scott’s Gender of Modernism, I realized that my transcription of “hate” should almost certainly read “horrors;” with reference to the numerous cinematic experiments undertaken at the end of the 19th century in the filming of race-horses. I sent the correction to the University of Indiana Press editor, but this last-minute emendation eluded final copy. Mea Culpa to past, current, and future readers. My flawed transcription is only one of many contributions to Scott’s monumental collection. And, from most of the Woolf conferences I have attended, it would appear that not all Woolf scholars are acquainted with the anthology. Fewer still seem to have read my critical analysis of Woolf’s Ulysses notebook in an article entitled “Virginia Woolf Reads James Joyce,” and published in James Joyce: The Centennial Symposium, ed. Morris Beja et al. Several times a year, I find myself in MLA panels or at conference presentations in which a scholar will cite Virginia’s diaries and letters to prove her animosity toward Joyce. Timorously, I raise my hand; in sotto voce, I make a humble effort to add nuance and complexity to such two-dimensional reports.

I’ve only just read Julia Briggs’s new book, Virginia Woolf: An Inner Life, and felt delighted that she cited my transcription of the holograph of Modern Novels (Joyce) in the third chapter of her critical study, “Our Press Arrived on Tuesday: Monday or Tuesday (1921).” On turning to the endnotes, however, I discovered that Briggs had attributed my edition/transcription to Brenda Silver. She had apparently failed to notice that two Woolf sections appear in Scott’s Gender of Modernism: that the first, “The Modern Tradition” (pp. 622-645), was edited and introduced by Henke; that the second, “Cultural Critique” (pp. 646-701), was edited and introduced by Silver; and that the transcription of Modern Novels is contained in the first section. The error is understandable, especially in light of Silver’s own text on Woolf’s reading notebooks, which lists the Modern Novels holograph but does not transcribe it. “Anon,” anyone?

For Scott’s forthcoming collection, Gender in Modernism: New Geographies, Complex Intersections, I have transcribed and commented on excerpts from Woolf’s holograph manuscript of “The Prime Minister,” a germinal fragment later incorporated into Mrs. Dalloway. Although Susan Dick includes an excellent transcription of Woolf’s typescript in an Appendix to the second edition of The Complete Shorter Fiction of Virginia Woolf (1989), few scholars seem to be acquainted with the text. And, indeed, many libraries in North America and Europe hold only the first edition, and not the second. In Scott’s forthcoming anthology, I make a plea for reconsideration of both the holograph version and the edited typescript as genetic materials that constitute first-draft versions of Mrs. Dalloway.

I do find it problematic that at least one critic has chosen to discuss “The Prime Minister” without, apparently, having consulted the manuscript in the Berg Collection. David Dowling authoritatively insists, in his book on Mrs. Dalloway: Mapping Streams of Consciousness, that the character H. Z. Prentice functions as a “prototype for Septimus Smith” (33). In fact, Prentice is more likely a prototype for Peter Walsh; and the character named Septimus Smith in “The Prime Minister” functions as a clear and distinct prototype for Septimus Smith in Mrs. Dalloway. Dowling also suggests analogies between Michael Furey in Joyce’s “The Dead” and the figure of Septimus in Mrs. Dalloway (Dowling 11), without citing my essay entitled “Virginia Woolf Reads James Joyce,” published five years earlier, wherein I discuss similarities between the final “two scenes from Dubliners and Mrs. Dalloway,” which both explore a social “party consciousness,” are triangulated via “common roots in Shelley and the romantic tradition,” and “end on a note of redemptive epiphany” (Henke 41).

My transcription of significant excerpts from the holograph manuscript of Woolf’s “Prime Minister” will appear, in more than a thousand pages of text, some time in the next year, under the auspices of the University Illinois Press. Although this piece will be sandwiched in a section on “Trauma” that
I’ve prepared for Gender in Modernism: New Geographies, Complex Intersections, I hope that some scholars will take serious note of the radical experiment that eventually gave birth to the tempered version of Septimus Smith in Mrs. Dalloway. If, for instance, Michael Cunningham had been aware of Woolf’s holographs, he might not have suggested to reading audiences that very the first words of Woolf’s manuscript were those that inaugurate the published novel: “Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself” (MD 3). Only a few fastidious readers familiar with the textual evolution of Mrs. Dalloway might protest that Woolf’s short story, “Mrs. Dalloway in Bond Street,” published in The Dial in 1923, initially depicts Clarissa planning to purchase gloves rather than flowers; that this germinal story was amalgamated by Woolf in 1922 with “The Prime Minister” to form the embryonic avant-texte of her novel in progress. “The Prime Minister” begins with a “violent explosion” that startles Clarissa as she selects gloves in a Bond Street shop. Together, these two short stories were geared mutually to reinforce intersecting images of guns, class stratification, and shellshock—not roses—for England’s postwar populace.

One can surely allow fiction writers like Cunningham a certain degree of poetic license. Less license, I would argue, should be accorded scholars who persist in believing that Woolf bore unmitigated animosity toward Joyce; that H. Z. Prentice was a prototype for Septimus Smith; or that Michael Cunningham was right about the genesis of Mrs. Dalloway, without taking into account the voluminous transcription of The Hours (Woolf’s, not Cunningham’s) so heroically prepared by Helen Wussow.

Suzette Henke
University of Louisville

Works Cited

COMPLAINING, CONFESSING, AND TRYING TO HELP
There was a hint of querulousness about Roberta Rubenstein’s article in VWM 66, “Virginia Woolf: Archival Research, and the Russian Writers,” in which she listed five articles that she had published in the 1970s based on her PhD thesis for Birbeck College, University of London. Although there has been a recent renewal of interest in Woolf and the Russian writers—particularly in the field of reception studies—she said that these essays “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” (10). On the whole her complaints seem to me to be justified, although I have some sympathy for today’s students trying to get to grips with the vast amount of secondary literature on Woolf. It has to be done, of course, for it is generally expected that the first major chapter of PhD theses will deal with the “literature review,” where the students discuss previous studies of some relevance to their theses and try to convince their supervisors (and examiners) that their research will have some originality since the topic in question has never been fully investigated before.

Some of the older work, however, is being rediscovered. It is noteworthy that Winifred Holtby’s study on Virginia Woolf (1932) has been reassessed favourably in recent years. Consider also the recent republication of Dr. Ruth Gruber’s doctoral thesis, originally published by Bernhard Tauchnitz in Leipzig in 1935. Its republication has received considerable acclaim, yet this “first feminist interpretation of Woolf’s writings and life” has been neglected for decades. However, the dust-jacket of the new edition states that it is “available for the first time in the U.S.” Oh yes? What about the Johnson Reprint Corporation’s edition (NY, 1966), which states: “Reprinted with the permission of Bernhard Tauchnitz [sic] Verlag GmbH, Stuttgart”? Not that everything from the past deserves exhumation, of course. I was once horrified to find a student intending to refer to Joseph Collins’s The Doctor Looks at Literature (1923), as I felt that using the chapter, “Two Lesser Literary Ladies of London: Stella Benson and Virginia Woolf,” was unlikely to help him push back the frontiers of knowledge.

Still, I have my own confession to make. My article, “The Horse with the Green Tail” (1990), has been much referred to (see, e.g., VWM 66, 23), but when I was writing it I couldn’t for the life of me think where I had first heard of the actual rape case that Woolf incorporated into Between the Acts. Of course I did the research myself, but the idea of doing the research came from a letter from Richard Kennedy published in the Virginia Woolf Quarterly in 1976. My website reprints my article as well as ancillary material, including the letter and the full obituary of the surgeon, Mr Alec Bourne (which was only published in part in the VWO). It is, however, a pleasure to pay a long-delayed credit here to the late Richard Kennedy.

In the early 1970s, I began to compile bibliographical references on 5" x 3" index cards, mainly of secondary literature on Virginia Woolf and the Bloomsbury Group. From about 1984 onwards, the bibliography was transferred to a database on a PC. The version of the program I used was so primitive that, although it could select the records required, it couldn’t sort them into any order! In 2001 I managed to make the bibliography publicly available on the Internet at no charge. From time to time, it is updated and it now totals almost 25,000 “index cards.” It is now possible to search—and sort—in many different ways; and instructions for downloading and use are given on my website (http://uk.geocities.com/ stuart.n.clarke@btinternet.com). I am delighted to be able to share the many years’ work in compiling this database with other Woolf and Bloomsbury enthusiasts, scholars and students, even though it has to be understood that it was produced for my own personal use and is therefore inadequate in some respects.

-5-
All bibliographies, including electronic ones, have their problems, and I readily admit that, as well as its idiosyncrasies, the big defect of my database is that it usually does not summarise the contents of the item indexed. If the title of an article is not informative, the “index card” may not be of much use unless researchers know what they are looking for. Nevertheless, I think the bibliography is invaluable—I certainly couldn’t manage without it—and the few people who have given me feedback have been laudatory. I am surprised, however, never to have been told of any omissions, mistakes, or defects, and I suspect that it is not well known or used. I am particularly surprised that no academic has ever told me of any omissions. I have no doubt that the bibliography is incomplete to some extent, and that if many academics looked at it they would see that not all their relevant publications appear.

There are repeated and frequent requests for information on the VWoolf listserv from people who I assume are students and who seem never to have used or even heard of literature bibliographies. They apparently believe that they are entitled to be told whatever they want to know, but they themselves give nothing away—such as what (re)searching they have already done. (Over forty years ago Malcolm Bradbury pointed out a transatlantic difference in signs: in the US signs say “Information,” for you are entitled to be told; in the UK they say “Enquiries,” for you are entitled to ask.) Here are two typical examples of cries for help that I happen to have at hand and which are by no means the worst that I have encountered:

I am looking for articles or book chapters that deal specifically with the issue of death communicating in Mrs Dalloway. J. Hills Miller’s essay on repetition as the raising of the dead has a bit on this, I know, but I was hoping that you may have come across others that deal with this issue.

Trying to get some sources together for my essay. I wanted to make an inquiry into solely the poetics of The Waves, rather than any sort of historical or character analysis. Would anyone be able to point me in the direction of some writings that focus mainly on The Waves’ prosody?

Now this sort of thing could be the result of inadequate teaching or poor netiquette, or it could be bone idleness. We try to help, but, as Dorothy Parker said: “You can lead a horticulture, but you can’t make her think.”

As for Dr. Rubenstein, I wish to apologise that we (actually, I) misspelled her name in the fourth edition of A Bibliography of Virginia Woolf on pp. 303 and 461. In addition, although by the end of 2004 I had indexed thirteen items by her on my database, I had never heard of her article, “Virginia Woolf and Anna Karenina” (1972). That omission has now been rectified.

Stuart N. Clarke
Independent Scholar

Works Cited

WOOLF STUDIES IN THE ERA OF IMAGINED ORIGINALITY
Carrie Bradshaw, the fictive creation of Candace Bushnell, is brought to life in the now-defunct HBO series Sex and the City by Sarah Jessica Parker, who plays the role of a journalist. Carrie, who writes for a New York newspaper, shares her thoughts on present-day sexuality in her column “Sex and the City” and just might be a contemporary American embodiment of the woman writer Woolf variously envisions in essays including A Room of One’s Own, “Professions for Women,” and Three Guineas, a woman writer able to defy the Angel in the House, expressing her sexuality openly and writing fearlessly about it, a U.S. 21st century version of Judith Shakespeare. This claim is confirmed by Julie Leupold’s lively 2003 web-published article on the New York University Department of Journalism portfolio site. As Leupold notes:

“Sex and the City has been derided as fashion fetishism, lightweight escapism, anti-feminist slush, a parable of the pathos of four oversexed women who can’t hook a man, or even a gay saga,” said Naomi Wolf, author of myriad feminist literature, in an article entitled [“]Sex and the Sisters[”] “In reality it is the first global female epic—the answer to the question posed in Virginia Woolf’s essay, A Room of One’s Own. What will women actually do when they are free?” http://journalism.nyu.edu/portfolio/leupold/ Sex_and_the_City.html

As a fictional journalistic daughter and heir of Virginia Woolf, Carrie Bradshaw, clicking away on the keyboard of an Apple PowerBook, always begins the draft of her column with a rhetorical question as she contemplates the often-depressing realities of dating, sexuality, relationships, and self-image. Her quirky approach is calculated to shift the imaginary readers’ and actual viewers’ attention from the grimmer and sadder aspects of her topics to her witty and whimsical style. I cannot, alas, mirror the tone of Carrie’s signature moment of reflection in my own rhetorical question below or infuse a degree of whimsy into my reflections on a distressing and rapidly growing trend in contemporary scholarship on Virginia Woolf. My own rhetorical query—an investigation of a lack—“Is scholarly omission as serious and culpable as commission in work presented in the public realm?”—lacks humor though it may have forensic interest.

An omission is a lacuna, a puzzlement. Was the absence a lapse? A slip? A blunder? A faux pas? By contrast, a commission—specifically the act of plagiarism, especially if practiced by a scholar rather than a student—is typically an overt and calculated decision to copy and co-opt, to take an idea, a phrase, an argument, an idea, from another person’s work without acknowledging the source. Omission should probably be seen as a closely related but far more subtle and covert practice. While it is not treated as severely as plagiarism itself even though it does infringe upon ownership of intellectual property in much the same way, omission is still a scholarly plague.

I intend to explore here very briefly the scholarly syndrome of omission that I will henceforth refer to as “imagined originality.” I thank Dr. Steve Larocco, a Professor of English at Southern Connecticut State University, for generating this very suggestive psychoanalytic term to encompass the complex etiology of a disease that verges so dangerously on plagiarism. Imagined originality is inflicted by theory-speak, by contemporary pedagogy at the graduate level that emphasizes theoretical
approaches to the detriment of literary critical research, by the sheer overwhelming quantity of scholarship on a writer such as Woolf, by accessibility issues like the tendency for costly important books to move rapidly out of print, by the differing practices of UK and US scholars, by the extinction of knowledgeable editors familiar with the field, by the apparent oblivion of manuscript reviewers and by an undervaluation of scholarship of previous decades.

Countering these contributing factors are the ever more powerful electronic vehicles for accessing scholarly materials in databases and the possibility of rigorous Boolean searches that yield far more information than old-fashioned browsing of library card catalogs, bibliographies, footnotes, anthologies of essays, and the tables of contents of major periodicals identifying relevant sources to consult and acknowledge. Thus, it is still possible (perhaps even more possible now?) to acquire a mastery of the material before making the assumption that one’s own work is a unique and revelatory contribution as opposed to a passing comment contributed to a venerable ongoing conversation.

Instead, however, the earlier critical voices are being silenced by neglect and lack of scholarly rigor on the part of contemporary critics and by an anxiety of influence that expresses itself through negligence. Rather than offering a thorough survey of literature as the context for their arguments, some scholars (to cite just a few obvious trends) seem to think they have no responsibility to read any biography of Woolf prior to Hermione Lee or any article published before 1995 or any of the volumes of the selected papers from the annual conference on Virginia Woolf. Yet, unlike the sciences, whether soft or hard, literary criticism does not hemorrhage relevancy as the decades pass. Certainly political viewpoints change—the maternal and wifely roles of Mrs. Ramsay in To the Lighthouse were extolled and revered in the earlier criticism but are conventionally interrogated in more recent scholarship—but reading the dinner scene as a site of communion was established early on and a reception history would be more useful than a “discovery” of this motif in an article submitted for review in 2005. A nifty Foucauldian reading should still engage with the literary text in ways that incorporate earlier analyses, even if only as a foil for the brilliance of the new insight. The excuse that there is so much scholarship that one cannot be held accountable for making a redundant argument seems disingenuous at best since this is precisely our scholarly task—to acknowledge in the archeology of our layered critical heritage in Woolf studies and to honor the foundational work of our own scholarly foremothers.

While this intellectual ailment is probably typical in the study of other literary figures and perhaps even in other disciplines and may escalate to the level of an epidemic, I am going to restrict my observations to the instances I have observed in Woolf studies. My specific encounters have ranged from manuscripts and conference proposals to published work. Dealing with unpublished material has permitted me as a reviewer to recommend that the author of the essay or monograph incorporate and reference prior scholarship, verifying claims of originality by doing actual research on the topic that confirms the freshness of the ideas presented. With conference proposals, similar interventions are possible. But there are few remedies for publicly presented and published work other than scathing reviews, irate letters to the editor of the collection, or equally angry letters to the publisher.

Let me illustrate my case with specific instances of astonishing naiveté and, yes, imagined originality with some possible remedies (note that the sources will be unnamed to protect both the guilty and the innocent).

In a 1990s monograph on Woolf’s novels, including Jacob’s Room, the author pointed out that Jacob Flanders’ last name foreshadows his death in the Great War. This insight is a particularly vivid instance of imagined originality since the observation was made numerous times during the preceding 60 or so years after the publication of the novel. Familiarity with prior scholarship would have grounded this observation in critical reality.

In an issue of the Virginia Woolf Miscellany, the author of an article pointedly identified multiple relevant articles she had written that were never even referenced in passing in a recent collection of essays. Perhaps the contributors to the collection should have been encouraged by the editor to expand their research base to include earlier work; perhaps the contributors themselves should have taken the initiative to locate these earlier contributions to the conversation.

In one conference proposal I recently vetted, the core argument was that time is significant in Mrs. Dalloway and, in another, the key point was that the lighthouse has not been discussed sufficiently in To the Lighthouse. Either or both of these proposals would have been worthy if the point were to offer a reception history or identify a gap in the scholarship or a misreading, offering the proposer to contribute something substantial to the discourse around these iconic elements of the scholarship.

In a submission to Woolf Studies Annual, an essay focusing heavily on Woolf’s family relationships and influences lacked any significant reference to scholarship on Woolf’s interactions with her parents and siblings. A basic review of the critical discussion would have grounded the article.

In a newly published book on Woolf, the author aligned Woolf with another contemporary writer but failed to include any scholarly references—omitting not only earlier criticism but two major recently published studies on Woolf and the other writer. The only remedy for this act of omission would be a harsh review.

The diagnosis of imagined originality as opposed to outright plagiarism cannot be readily verified since the evidence itself has vanished and intent cannot be determined. Considering the problems created by the invisible disease of imagined originality, how, can we heal its debilitating and insidious effects—and annul its potential for contagion or is the damage done as in the case of William Blake’s poem “The Sick Rose”? First, we can do so through meticulous review of manuscripts and proposals submitted for publication—treating the disease in its earliest stages. Second, we can practice a more forthright diagnosis of instances of imagined originality in our reviews of published work. Third, we can hold ourselves to a higher standard of self-scrutiny and self-discipline, actively seeking out what we might have overlooked or forgotten. Fourth, if we are privileged to be in a classroom setting, we
can model our best scholarly practices for our students and thus be able to pass on these methods to the next generation of critics and researchers. One academic option would be to emphasize the historical, the critical reception, by asking students to compile extensive annotated bibliographies and to expect such bibliographies as mappings and surveys of scholarly terrain in published work as well.

My utopian hope is that this epidemic of imagined originality will be cured and displaced by a healthy passion for deep reading and an historical respect for the critical legacy of our predecessors. We evolve—after all, Carrie Bradshaw, unlike the girl Woolf describes in “Professions for Women” who is too terrified to speak of her body and her passions (“Professions” 61), “knows good sex (and isn’t afraid to ask)”—but should evolution mean that we have to forget our origins?

Vara Neverow
Southern Connecticut State University

Works Cited


THE LEGACY OF THE WRITING DESK: JANE WELCH CARLYLE TO VIRGINIA STEPHEN WOOLF
In an 1878 codicil to his will, Thomas Carlyle, having appointed James Fitzjames Stephen executor of his estate, bequeathed him his writing desk, stating, “…I know he will accept it as a distinguished mark of my esteem. He knows that it belonged to my honoured Father in Law and his desk, stating, “…I know he will accept it as a distinguished mark of my esteem. He knows that it belonged to my honoured Father in Law and his

Froude and especially after Froude’s publication of Jane Welsh Carlyle’s letters and memoirs (1883) and the four-volume biography of Carlyle (1882-84), it was increasingly difficult to regard Carlyle as the “man of genius” his wife had ironically called him. It was especially difficult for Woolf to ignore Jane Welsh Carlyle’s role in her husband’s career after Froude’s relatives published his posthumous My Relations with Carlyle (1903) since appended to this pamphlet was a letter from Woolf’s uncle, James Fitzjames Stephen, defending Froude’s legal right to publish the Carlyle letters. Thus, though Fitzjames was already dead and Leslie close to death, Woolf was left to grapple with the newly tarnished reputation of the great man of Victorian letters. In his last piece on Carlyle for the Encyclopedia Britannica shortly before his own death, Leslie Stephen had briefly sought to rehabilitate Carlyle’s reputation, noting that Froude had sacrificed accuracy for “picturesque effect” in his biography. In a tellingly autobiographical moment, and one that must have adversely resonated with Woolf, Stephen adds, “He is not the only man whom absorption in work and infirmity of temper have made into a provoking husband, though few wives have had Mrs. Carlyle’s capacity for expressing the sense of injustice” (“Carlyle, Thomas” 354). Though Woolf’s four pieces on the Carlyles all address Mrs. Carlyle’s capacity for expressing this injustice, they specifically seek to present Mrs. Carlyle’s literary genius as potentially superior to that of her husband. Woolf thus attempts to redress the imbalance she imbibed from her uncle’s and her father’s essays on Carlyle’s achievements. Symbolically, she returns the writing desk to its original owner.

James Fitzjames Stephen’s three essays on Carlyle were published during the latter’s lifetime and before Mrs. Carlyle’s death. They reflect Fitzjames’s attempt to defend his own utilitarian (“pig philosopher” was Carlyle’s derogatory term) position against Carlyle’s transcendentalism. Fitzjames praises Carlyle’s aptitude as an artist but deplores his dogmatism. He cannot pardon Carlyle’s preference for imagination over fact in the latter’s historical and biographical writings, concluding that “He is, on the whole, one of the greatest wits and poets, but the most untrustworthy moralist and politician, of our age and nation” (Barrister 253). Nevertheless, Fitzjames was, unlike his brother, able to maintain a friendship with Carlyle in spite of their literary and philosophical differences.

Leslie Stephen published his first essays on Carlyle only after Carlyle’s death when he wrote two pieces for Cornhill Magazine in February and December of 1881. In both he assesses Carlyle’s merits and faults more objectively than Fitzjames had done. He praises Carlyle’s veracity, his ability to remain true to his own vision, however unpopular that vision was with the public. In the later piece, “Carlyle’s Ethics,” he commends Carlyle’s preference for “vivid images in place of abstract formulas” but finally agrees with Fitzjames that “Carlyle…must be judged as a poet, and not as a dealer in philosophic systems…” (670). Leslie Stephen’s other essays on Carlyle were biographical summaries of his life and his life’s work aimed at the more general audiences of the Dictionary of National Biography, the Encyclopedia Britannica and The Library of the World’s Best Literature. All three dealt briefly with the Froude controversy and thus touched on the relationship between Carlyle and his wife. Stephen casts Carlyle’s life as a “long tragic-comedy” in which both husband and wife were beset by ill health and financial worries but from which Carlyle himself emerged ultimately victorious. Carlyle’s contribution to his age and beyond, in Stephen’s view, lies in his stimulus to thought, in “a mode of contemplating life and the world” instead of in a set of specific recommendations (Library 3236).
In assessing Jane Welsh Carlyle’s posthumous contribution to her age, Woolf praises her ability to capture the essence of character, to seize on the essential word or scene from her daily conversations with friends and relatives both famous and obscure. Woolf opposes Jane’s practical realism and humor to that of Thomas Carlyle who, Woolf snidely avers, “was writing for his biographer” and who “sat upstairs in his sound-proof room deciphering the motives and characters of the actors in some long-forgotten drama” (Essays 1: 55). Twice more, in her revised review of Geraldine Lewsby’s novels, “Geraldine and Jane” for the second Common Reader and in “Great Men’s Houses” for Good Housekeeping, Woolf offered her version of Jane Carlyle as a corrective to the essays of her father and uncle. In both pieces Thomas Carlyle looms menacingly, if vaguely, in the background, in the first causing Jane to fear Geraldine’s “strong-minded” comments lest Carlyle should object, and in the second shutting himself in his sound-proof study while Jane and the maid “fought against dirt and cold for cleanliness and warmth” (CR, Second Series 200; “Great Men’s Houses” 39).

Carlyle had appropriated Jane’s father’s writing desk for himself believing that his occupation as a writer justified the transfer of ownership. Woolf would return that legacy to Jane in belated recognition of the latter’s own literary talent. Woolf would also live to see the Carlyle House Memorial Trust her father initiated become a National Trust property in 1936, one that equally enshrines both Carlyles’ relatives both famous and obscure. Woolf opposes Jane’s practical realism and humor to that of Thomas Carlyle who, Woolf snidely avers, “was writing for his biographer” and who “sat upstairs in his sound-proof room deciphering the motives and characters of the actors in some long-forgotten drama” (Essays 1: 55). Twice more, in her revised review of Geraldine Lewsby’s novels, “Geraldine and Jane” for the second Common Reader and in “Great Men’s Houses” for Good Housekeeping, Woolf offered her version of Jane Carlyle as a corrective to the essays of her father and uncle. In both pieces Thomas Carlyle looms menacingly, if vaguely, in the background, in the first causing Jane to fear Geraldine’s “strong-minded” comments lest Carlyle should object, and in the second shutting himself in his sound-proof study while Jane and the maid “fought against dirt and cold for cleanliness and warmth” (CR, Second Series 200; “Great Men’s Houses” 39).

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Eleanor McNees
University of Denver

Notes
1 Woolf first visited Carlyle’s house on January 29, 1897 with her father just as she was in the midst of rereading Carlyle’s Reminiscences and just after she had finished Froude’s four-volume biography of Carlyle (PA 8-25). See too, David Bradshaw’s “Commentary” in Carlyle’s House and Other Sketches (London: Hesperus P, 2003) for the timing of her other visits in March 1898 and February 1909.
3 Leslie Stephen frequently lamented to his American friend Charles Eliot Norton (editor of Carlyle’s letters and a revised version of Reminiscences, that aimed to correct inaccuracies in Froude’s edition) that he feared Carlyle disliked him because Carlyle disapproved of Stephen’s “irreverent” writings. Finally in 1875 Stephen decides to stop visiting Carlyle as he “can’t bear the thought of intruding upon the old man if he does not want me” (Maitland 249). No such scruples plagued James Fitzjames in spite of his published criticism of Carlyle’s writings.
4 In a recently attributed review, “Carlyle and the London Library,” TLS (March 22, 1907) (see Kirkpatrick, Modern Fiction Studies 38.1 [Spring 1992]: 287), Woolf does praise Thomas Carlyle for founding the London Library and specifically acknowledges his mixture of practicality and vividly imaginative writing. And at the end of her life in a journal entry of 30 May 1940, she calls for “a speaking voice” to articulate the turbulent times, one like Meredith’s or Carlyle’s (Diary 5: 290). But in the newly discovered fragment, “Carlyle’s House,” Woolf focuses largely on the “quizzical” and severe portraits of Jane Welsh Carlyle, noting that hers is “an unhappy face in spite of the brilliant eyes” (Carlyle’s House 4).

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—. “Mr. Carlyle.” Fraser’s Magazine 72 (Dec. 1865): 778-810.
“CHARLES LAMB IS DEAD”: ARNOLD BENNETT’S 
JOURNALISM FOR WOMEN AND A ROOM OF ONE’S OWN

Approximately two-thirds of the way through Arnold Bennett’s Journalism for Women, one discovers the following caution to would-be female essayists:

Let us see this fact clear: editors have no use for views (except their own). To gain acceptance essays must be extremely well done, and emphatically they are not stuff for beginners to tackle. Apparently the easiest form of composition in the world, the essay is in truth one of the most difficult. Not much experience is needed to prove this. Yet every woman who aspires to journalism must needs employ her clumsy pen upon essays. “From my Window” is a favourite title with the rank beginner. Charles Lamb might conceivably have written an essay called “From my Window” which would have been a masterpiece—and there is a remote chance that some editor might have accepted it. But then Charles Lamb is dead, and his secret died with him. (JFW 62)

Readers of A Room of One’s Own will be immediately put in mind of a moment early in that text. Here the narrator, having been interrupted in her thoughts and summarily waved off the Oxbridge turf by an overeager Beadle, also finds herself reflecting on Charles Lamb. Her chance recollection of an essay in which Lamb describes a holiday visit to the university many years before, sets the narrator thinking about essay-writing, as well as about the connections among authors, and what may or may not be transferred from one to another:

As chance would have it, some stray memory of some old essay about visiting Oxbridge in the long vacation brought Charles Lamb to mind—Saint Charles, said Thackeray, putting a letter of Lamb’s to his forehead. Indeed, among all the dead (I give you my thoughts as they came to me), Lamb is one of the most congenial; one to whom one would have liked to say, Tell me then how you wrote your essays? For his essays are superior even to Max Beerbohm’s, I thought, with all their perfection, because of that wild flash of imagination, that lightning crack of genius in the middle of which leaves them flawed and imperfect, but starred with poetry. (AROO 6-7)

That Woolf is here responding directly, and with a certain mischievousness, to Bennett seems clear to me. (One might point for further evidence to the key scenes in this work that involve the narrator looking out a window as she formulates her ideas—toward the close of the first chapter, and at the openings of the second and final chapters.) The implications of this particular exchange are provocative, to say the least. Woolf answers Bennett’s discouraging if pragmatic advice with the implicit claim that it is not an acceptance of limitations that will aid the young author in her pursuits, but a more open and receptive attitude toward predecessors and contemporaries alike. Bennett views Lamb as a caution to beginning writers, one who has taken his secret with him to the grave, and who is, by definition, inimitable. Woolf, in stark contrast, finds Lamb’s writing to be suggestive and welcoming. He is “one of the most congenial” of the dead, a figure to whom aspiring writers may look for encouragement, if not for explicit guidance.

Woolf’s willingness to open conversation with Bennett in this brief flight of fancy highlights her sense that the Edwardians, and Arnold Bennett in particular, are a constant and useful challenge to her thinking. Far from being a mere straw man for her own literary theories, Bennett allows Woolf to define herself and the questions that matter to her in ways that would not otherwise be possible. With the help of Bennett’s Practical Guide, Woolf transforms the rank beginner’s “From my Window” into the sophistication of A Room of One’s Own.

Randi Saloman
Yale University

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YOUNG ROSE PARGITER’S EMINENTLY VICTORIAN ADVENTURE

In the ‘1880’ chapter of The Years (1937), little Rose Pargiter secretly leaves the family home for Lamley’s toy shop, playfully imagining herself as the heroic protagonist of an exotic military adventure:

‘I am Pargiter of Pargiter’s Horse,’ she said, flourishing her hand, ‘riding to the rescue!’ She was riding by night on a desperate mission to a besieged garrison, she told herself. She had a secret message—she clenched her fist on her purse—to deliver to the General in person. All their lives depended upon it. The British flag was still flying on the central tower—Lamley’s shop was the central tower; the General was standing on the roof of Lamley’s shop with his telescope to his eye. All their lives depended upon her riding to them through the enemy’s country. Here she was galloping across the desert. She began to tot. It was growing dark. [...] She had only to cross the desert, to ford the river, and she was safe. Flourishing the arm that held the pistol, she clapped spurs to her horse and galloped down Melrose Avenue. (27f)

At this point, the girl’s fantasy is interrupted by a real-life exhibitionist, who turns her excursion into a profoundly disturbing ordeal. As such, the episode has attracted considerable critical attention—not least in connection with the author’s own documented childhood ordeal.1 Only very rarely, however, has this attention extended to the details of Rose’s imaginings.

That Woolf took some care over the latter’s composition, is evident from her manuscripts. Rose’s play-world takes different forms in the printed novel and what Mitchell A. Leaska has published as The Pargiters: The Novel-Essay Portion of the Years (1978). Most notably, only the Rose of The Pargiters has her head ‘full of her father’s old stories of the Indian Mutiny’ (42). In close correspondence to what such stories looked like in

(continued on page 15)
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[http://www.virginiawoolfsociety.co.uk](http://www.virginiawoolfsociety.co.uk)
Virginia Woolf included a portrait of Shelmerdine in her fantastical biography published on ‘Thursday, the eleventh of October, Nineteen hundred and Twenty-Eight’. That very portrait hangs at Sissinghurst Castle today. The late Nigel Nicolson very kindly allowed the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain to publish it in full colour so that, for the first and only time, Woolf’s readers can see as she did the painting that lies behind that ‘beautiful, glittering name.’

This glorious full-colour print of Shelmerdine is so alive it looks as though, at any moment, it will start to recite Shelley whose works it knows by heart! The edition is limited to 180 numbered copies, each one accompanied by a statement written specially for this edition by Nigel Nicolson—similarly limited and numbered—about the painting’s acquisition and known history.

The image measures 15 3/4 x 13 inches (400 x 330mm) with a generous white border so that print’s overall dimensions are 22 1/4 x 19 1/4 inches (580 x 490mm). It has been printed on 330gsm, 100% cotton, acid-free, mould made Somerset paper, using light-fast pigment based inks.

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Stephen Barkway, Chair, Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain

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actual commemorative records of the event. She delivers her message to a ‘fortress full of starving English’ (ibid.) rather than, like the later Rose, ‘to the General in person’ of ‘a besieged garrison’.

These changes have never been commented on by critics and escaped even the notice of Kathy J. Phillips, whose *Virginia Woolf against Empire* (1994) is one of the very few studies to interpret Rose’s play-world at all. Presumably misled by the draft of the ‘Novel-Essay,’ Phillips reads also the final version of the adventure as directly alluding to the Indian mutiny (see 39f). She thus fails to perceive the shift towards the generic that is implied by Woolf’s corrections. For, if Rose’s ‘mission’ in *The Years* actually invoked concrete imperial history, it would be as much the fall of Khartoum as the uprising in India.

More precisely, Woolf draws much of the little girl’s fantasy from a particular representation of the colonial debacle in Northern Africa—a representation which, as part of Lytton Strachey’s *Eminent Victorians* (1918), was bound to be familiar to most of her early readers. In the following excerpt from it, Strachey depicts General Gordon’s last stance against the Mahdi:

> Then, alone, he went up to the roof of his high palace, and turned the telescope once more, almost mechanically, towards the north. (284)

Even without Strachey’s later references to the local ‘desert’, ‘river’, and ‘garrison’ (on 302f among others), the correspondences to Rose’s fantasy should be obvious.

This is not to say, of course, that in the final version of *The Years* the fall of Khartoum simply replaces the Indian mutiny as the little girl’s source of inspiration. In 1880, after all, ‘Chinese’ Gordon was still four years from being despatched to the Sudan and could hardly have left an imprint on Rose’s imagination. The allusion is wholly between Woolf and the reader. Like General Gordon’s statue in *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925; 79), Rose’s fantasy suggests military Victorianism in general. In this broad generic function, it is further supported not only by her father and uncle’s colonialist pasts, but also by the there-and-back structure of her imagined horse ride, which hints at the charge of the Light Brigade as celebrated by Tennyson’s much-parodied poem of 1854. Given Woolf’s argumentation in *Three Guineas* (1938)—the feminist pamphlet developed from the essay sections of *The Pargiters*—it might be significant that both intertextual connections here are to cases of male imperialists falling victim to the very power structures they helped to defend.

*Rudolph Glitz*  
*University of Evansville, Harlaxton*

Notes  

2 ‘The English were starving […] within the crowded and stifling enclosure’, it says for instance on p. 334 of Charles Ball’s *History of the Indian Mutiny* (1858). Judging by contemporary press reports and popular historiography, the suffering of British civilians (more than of any single military commander) was a typical nineteenth-century association with the Indian rebellion of 1857—especially in view of the subsequent massacres of civilian women and children at Cawnpore.

**Works Cited**


**A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE HYDE PARK GATE NEWS, THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER OF THE STEPHEN CHILDREN.**

In an age before television, Playstations or iPods it was not an original or unusual pastime for children of educated families to amuse themselves by producing collaborative newspapers. The sons of Charles Dickens, Charles Dodgson, the daughter of William Morris, the Stracheys, and H. G. Wells all tested their literary mettle by producing apprentice material for family consumption. For five years in the 1890s the little Stephens, Vanessa, Thoby and Virginia, also spent time planning, designing and writing a weekly newspaper.

These newspapers have been studied by scholars for evidence of how Julia and Leslie Stephen’s greatly extended family lived and how each character in the drama of their everyday life behaved. In the autumn of 2005 the first edition of these journals will be published by Hesperus Press, London with a Foreword by Hermione Lee. For the first time the common reader will be able to enjoy them. The children satirize themselves as well as commenting on the activities of their elders, including their parents and half-siblings: George, Stella and Gerald Duckworth and Laura Stephen. The journals feature a numerous cast of “extras”: minor relations, servants, colleagues and friends.

At a time when good children were expected to be seen but not often heard these newspapers make a risky play for adult attention. They provide a fresh, day-by-day account of events in Kensington, London and, in the
In her later works Virginia Woolf compulsively returns to the childhood diligently recorded here. Part of the appeal of reading these juvenile writings is finding the germs of later themes and images but there is also great satisfaction to be gained from reading these periodicals as a historical account of how a certain class lived in fin de siècle England. Hyde Park Gate News shows us “the common life of the family, very merry, very stirring, crowded with people” (Woolf 96). As with most childhoods there are good and bad times but the general tone is of mischief and subversion.

Many issues have been lost but, marvellously, 69 issues of the Stephens’ Hyde Park Gate News have survived. Volume I of the journals starts from Monday 6 April 1891 (I: 9), there is a gap until 30 November 1891, and then there are five issues in sequence until the end of the year (I: 47-51). Volume II includes issues for forty-eight weeks of the year 1892. Thirteen issues for the first three months of 1895 are present, separately bound. The existence of more than one copy of one edition suggests that fair copies were made from drafts or that more than one copy may have been made for wider family distribution.

Most of the work is on lined, cream, heavy-weight foolscap paper. Blue-black ink has been used for most editions with the occasional surviving pencil version. Alix Buran has researched the origin of the paper used by the children: “The watermark of the 1891-2 cream issues is “Fairfield / SUPER QUALITY” or “J. ALLEN & SONS / SUPERFINE,” with an oval-shaped trademark showing a Britannia figure.” The J. Allen paper was made at Sawford Mills, Ivybridge, Devon. Buran suggests that the paper would have been at least eight years old when the children were given it to use in 1891-2. She writes that “Most nineteenth-century foolscap was retailed in packets of six sheets” and draws attention to the faint horizontal creases on the paper which indicates that these folios would have been folded. The 1895 issues are marked “TOWGOOD’S EXTRA-SUPER.” The issues written in St. Ives are on thick light-blue foolscap, the inner pages are lined and marked “E. TOWGOOD / 1886.” This is identified as “AZURE” paper, termed “writings;” it was made in Cambridge and used for official accounts.

“the fact that most of the margins are cleaner than the rest of the page suggests that the paper may have come from a bound book, meant for accounts, that had come apart, or even been taken apart by the children” (186). Perhaps Leslie, so notoriously careful about his own accounting, allowed the children some sheets from his old ledgers so they could try their hand at journalism?

The debate about who wrote the items in Hyde Park Gate News will no doubt be resurrected with this publication (see VWM 38; 39; 45; 50). There is also ample scope for disputation about the children’s handwriting styles. Readers may look forward to attempting to discern “who wrote what” by closely scrutinising the pieces. Although the Hyde Park Gate News has not been published in its entirety before, in 1972 Professor Suzanne Henig published A Cockney’s Farming Experiences and The Experiences of a Pater-familias. This cloth-backed, limited edition of 2000 was produced by the San Diego University Press. The first British edition was published in 1994 by Cecil Woolf in the Bloomsbury Heritage series. Both book jackets claim that the stories were written by Virginia even though it clearly states in the Hyde Park Gate News that they were a collaborative effort by Thoby and Virginia. The two stories originally appeared in serial form during 1892. The first began in Volume II number 32, on the 22 August, and continued over six issues. Its sequel stretches over ten chapters abruptly stopping, without conclusion, on 19 December (II: 49), the last extant edition of 1892.

There is some amnesia surrounding the history of the manuscript between 1895 and 1964. We do not know for certain when or where issues were lost. Perhaps it happened when the family left 22 Hyde Park Gate in 1905 for 46 Gordon Square, Bloomsbury, or when war threatened and precious items were taken from London to Charleston, Sussex. Vanessa seems to have looked after the journals and, at some point, they were moved to Charleston. Henrietta Garnett, daughter of Angelica and David, remembers lying on the floor in her grandmother Vanessa Bell’s attic studio at Charleston reading the newspapers, which were kept in spring-back, clip folders in a bookcase there. She recalls the special pleasure of sharing this account of childhood with the person who was the subject, creator and editor of much of it. Vanessa encouraged Henrietta and her sister, Amaryllis, to write a newspaper of their own. Thus they pursued the family tradition that had begun with the Stephen’s weekly and continued with Julian and Quentin Bell’s daily, The Charleston Bulletin, which was, again, inspired by Vanessa and to which their aunt Virginia contributed.

Vanessa died in 1961; Clive Bell in 1964. Quentin Bell sent his father’s papers, correspondence, and other articles to A.N.L. “Tim” Munby at Cambridge where they are now archived in Trinity College. The Hyde Park Gate News was, however, taken to the Bells’ home in Sussex. At some point Anne Olivier Bell believes that two copies were made of the manuscript. The location of these remains a mystery, although one of them is probably in the States.

In January 1984 Quentin Bell brought two boxes, including Hyde Park Gate News and The Charleston Bulletin, to the Sussex University Special Collection. Bet Inglis, now retired from the manuscripts archive, informed me that the Bell family was moving house and needed temporary safe accommodation for these works until their future could be finalized. During this time the Hyde Park Gate News was not made generally available to scholars. The manuscript was removed from the Sussex strong room in March 1987 and returned to the Bells. In 1990 it was decided that a valuation of it should be made. In August, Joan Winterkorn, manuscript specialist, from Quaritch’s Antiquarian Booksellers, appraised it at Sussex University Library. She found it a “fascinating and moving” document. Private Bloomsbury collecting was deemed “buoyant” and there was considerable U.S. institutional interest in women’s writing and Bloomsbury so the valuation would be strong. Sussex University had hoped to make a bid but the price—in the region of £15,000—proved to be beyond their means. Eventually the British Library secured Hyde Park Gate News. Before giving it up, Quentin wrote a Preface for a proposed edition and Olivier Bell made a transcript of the text, typing across the page, rather than in the columns of the original manuscript.

The manuscript boxes include the original brown cloth bindings stamped in gilt lettering. The first has “HYDE PARK GATE NEWS” and the initials V.S. and the second has V.S. above “HYDE PARK GATE NEWS 1895” with A.V.S. beneath the title. Inside both covers is a polite handwritten pencil injunction: “Please return to Quentin Bell, Cobb Place, Bedingham, Lewes.” This has subsequently been crossed out and the address changed. Both volumes include the charming circular emblem created by the stylised script of “OLIVIER” and “QUENTIN.” The names are written in a round so that the letters O and Q are linked like two rings. In the middle of the circle, attached to the intertwined initials hangs a small bell and clapper.

The manuscript was sent for foliation on 4 February 1992. Since then the Stephen children’s work has been preserved in the cool darkness of the manuscripts department of the British Library, London. “Et remotissima
The elderly volunteer looks stoically out into the distance from behind large hat and heaps of beads. She is in pain, and ashamed to be so. Meandering nervously through the garden armored with an unnaturally mood she was not talkative at all. She didn't speak to anyone, and kept to herself. When she was in one of her depressions she was friendly. She would come talk to me sometimes, but she was never as friendly as Leonard. She liked to walk around in the garden. If she was in a bad mood she was not talkative at all. She didn’t speak to anyone, and kept to herself.

The elderly volunteer looks stoically out into the distance from behind the large lenses of her glasses. There is no boasting, no star-struck to her at all; these are her neighbors. I struggle to see my heroes as banally as she does, but I cannot get there. Her father worked for the Woolfs for no less than twenty years.

“Did Virginia garden much?”

HER HAUNTED HOUSE
At Monk’s House, I consume the tourist’s share of Virginia Woolf halfheartedly. Making my way out, I thank the not exactly friendly, but kind and gentle English lady of about eighty who sold me my ticket and warned me to watch my head when entering the short doorway. I ask her something about the noteworthy gardens, and in her reply she includes mention of her father. I implore her to repeat what she had said. Her father—he was their gardener—single-handedly minded four gardens, the orchard, and five beehives. Rapidly, my excitement accelerates.

Had she met them?! she fires back at my question; when she was seven years old she used to come to work with her father at six in the morning to pot the flowers in the frost! Yes, she certainly knew them. I do everything I can to control myself. Well…what was Virginia like?

“She dabbled.” Pause. “No, Virginia didn’t really garden. Leonard was the one who liked to garden. He used to like to help my father to get the honey from the beehives. He would put on the gloves and the large mask.”

She becomes excited about dressing up to take honey in a way that I can never imagine being excited about.

“He loved taking the honey!”
“Did Virginia spend most of the time writing?”
“She was always writing. Absolutely could not be disturbed. She wrote out there in the tool shed, and she was quick to get annoyed. So there always had to be quiet—except when they practiced ringing the church bells once a week; that used to drive her crazy. My father knew not to use the lawnmower anywhere near there during the time she was writing; no one needed to tell him. When she was upset, Leonard always made sure she was doing something to keep her occupied. He did not want to see her get worse, and he kept her on a strict schedule. He made sure she ate well and got lots of rest. They had the Hogarth Press in London, and she used to manually set each letter of whatever they were publishing. Leonard really started it for her so that she could be productive when she was not writing. He hated to see her slip into a bad mood.”

“He seemed very devoted to her.”
“Oh yes, he was. Everything he did was to make sure she was well cared for. Leonard was kind to everyone. He was always thinking of others and always generous. He would go out of his way to be nice to everyone. He used to come over and talk to me often.”

Her face warms with affection—I look out into the far corner of the orchard and see a shy child kneeling over the lawn, decades ago.

“One time he asked me how my schooling was coming along.

“I brought me into the living room to one of the bookshelves. When he brought me into the living room to one of the bookshelves.
BLOOMSBURY ELEGY
(FOR VIRGINIA WOOLF, 1882-1941)
In the lonely writing lodge
At the rear of Monk’s House,
She heard the hum of warplanes
And dodged bombs belching fire
Over Rodmell village church.

On Hitler’s hit list and married to a Jew,
What could she do
But curse the gods
In whom she had never believed?

On that frigid March morning in 1941,
She grabbed a pair of yellow Wellingtons,
Gathered rocks from a muddy estuary
Running with viscous sludge,
Then leapt, like a sacrificial virgin,
Into the icy arms of the River Ouse.

Surely her helpless body struggled
Against fluid suffocation
As lungs gasped for air
And the thrice ghosted woman,
Anchored to oblivion by stones,
Fought the engulfing current
That blindly swept away
A lifetime of reminiscences.

Cast in bronze by Stephen Tomlin,
Her effigy endures in Tavistock Square,
Unveiled in the month of June
On a rainy Saturday afternoon in 2004
Near a peace monument to Mohandas Gandhi,
A memorial to conscientious objectors,
And a muddy dog-run
Oozing worms and summer roses.

A pacifist foremother, Virginia still reigns
In the bowels of Bloomsbury,
Surviving the bomb bursts of 7/7/05,
Outflanking the madness of terror,
Her spirit communing with Brother Mohandas
Across an abandoned dog run,
When the black iron gates of Tavistock
Clank shut in the moonlight mist.

Suzette Henke
University of Louisville

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IVWS members receive a free subscription. The subscription rate is $10 a year for individuals who are not members of the International Virginia Woolf Society. If you wish to join the IVWS, go to the website at http://www.utoronto.ca/IVWS/ and click on “How to Join.”

The subscription rate for libraries and institutions is $15 a year.

Publishers, authors and scholars should direct inquiries regarding book reviews to Karen Levenback at ktlevenback@worldnet.att.net.
A LETTER FROM LONDON

Woolf readers around the world would have heard a familiar name when newscasters told of the bomb exploding on a bus in Tavistock Square on 7 July. The square was cordoned off for over a week, and this made it seem all the more familiar:

Meck[enburgh] S[q]. roped off. Wardens there, not allowed in. The house about 30 yards from us struck at one this morning by a bomb. Completely ruined. Another bomb in the square still unexploded. … I suppose the casual young men & women I used to see, from my window; the flat dwellers who used to have flower pots & sit on the balcony. All now blown to bits— (Diary, 10 September 1940)

Undoubtedly, lives were saved because the bomb happened to detonate outside the British Medical Association’s headquarters. The surgeons rushed out, while the doctors who anticipated the possibility of a second explosion followed more slowly. The injured were laid out in the courtyard around the memorial fountain to medical men and women who died in the Second World War. That was an irony of a kind, but another more symbolic irony is that Tavistock Square had become a kind of peace square, with a memorial for conscientious objectors, a 1953 statue of Gandhi, a tree planted for the victims of Hiroshima—as well as hosting the Society’s memorial to Virginia Woolf unveiled in June 2004.

Again we remember Woolf’s experiences:

So to Tavistock Sq. … saw a heap of ruins. Three houses, I shd. say gone. Basement all rubble. Only relics an old basket chair (bought in Fitzroy Sqre days) & Penmans board To Let. Otherwise bricks & wood splinters. One glass door in the next door house hanging. I cd just see a piece of my studio wall standing: otherwise rubble where I wrote so many books. Open air where we sat so many nights, gave so many parties. The hotel not touched. (Diary, 20 October 1940)

We are not sure, but we think that it may well be that this was the last bomb to have exploded in the square prior to 7 July. We can, however, confirm that our memorial was not touched. The gardens have returned to their calm, as we adapt Woolf’s words in Three Guineas to our own times:

if, when reason has said its say, still some obstinate emotion remains, some love of England dropped into a child’s ears by the cawing of rooks in an elm tree, by the splash of waves on a beach, or by English voices murmuring nursery rhymes, this drop of pure, if irrational, emotion [we] will make serve [us] to give to England first what [we desire] of peace and freedom for the whole world. (Hogarth Press, 1938, 197-8)

Stuart N. Clarke
Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain

This issue of the Virginia Woolf Miscellany was published at Southern Connecticut State University, with the generous support of Dr. Ellen Russell Beatty, Associate Vice President of Academic Affairs.
the unorthodox—its drive, in other words, for a “permanent revolution”—capitalism rejects the authority of tradition and the value of the past, replacing hierarchical organizations with horizontal ones. Reframing society as niche markets, capitalism’s dominance has redefined conceptions of time, work, and value, resulting in a posthuman era where the production and consumption of goods overshadow human beings and relationships. This transformation, Cooper argues, is visible in the aesthetics of many modernist writers.

Cooper’s second section explores glimpses of the posthuman age in the nineteenth century. Focusing on four writers he identifies as “modernist precursors”—Karl Marx, Gustave Flaubert, Emily Brontë, and Lewis Carroll—Cooper suggests their experiments with notions of the absurd, of time, of relationship, and of reality preview early twentieth-century techniques. By refusing disciplinary or chronological boundaries in his definition of modernism, Cooper argues for an expansive notion of the term, “something more pervasive, a particular kind of response, sometimes unwilled or unintended, to the variety of economic and social conditions which [are grouped] under the names of market society, modernization, and modernity” (113).

In his final section, Cooper turns to modernist writers. He traces *Ulysses*’ movement from the literary margins to the mainstream and argues that Joyce’s Dublin exemplifies the horizontal structure of capitalist culture. His discussion of Eliot focuses on *Four Quartets* and the figure of Tiresias in *The Waste Land*; here, he suggests that Eliot’s fractured representation of identity inadvertently prepares one for participation in a market society. His chapter on Lewis, Stein, and Barnes examines their varying degrees of comfort with a “pure relationship,” one defined by deep intimacy rather than social norms. His final chapter is his shortest, and in this glance at the cultural and economic insularity and elitism of the Bloomsbury Group, he primarily focuses on the marketing savvy of Roger Fry and the Omega Workshops, with little attention paid to Woolf or other Bloomsbury writers.

Cooper’s arguments work best when they are firmly rooted in textual and historical evidence. His discussions of the multiple drafts of *Tarr* and the production history of *Ulysses* effectively illustrate the way in which innovation became orthodoxy, the ways in which iconoclastic writers were co-opted by capitalism and the academy. His discussion of noetic communities throughout the latter half of the volume makes similar useful connections, linking the bohemian enclaves of modernist Europe to niche marketing in the present day.

Unfortunately, Cooper makes too little use of evidence throughout. Perhaps because he imagines a highly literate audience, his textual readings tend to be general, rarely showing how the specific language of a given text supports the claims he’s making about it. For example, in his analysis of *Wuthering Heights*, he speaks very broadly about the intensity of Catherine and Heathcliff’s “pure relationship,” but does not use textual support to show that intensity. Even when he does provide one or two passages from the text, analysis of those passages is rarely done.

*Virginia Woolf Miscellany* readers will be disappointed by the minimal attention to Woolf herself. There is some discussion of the Hogarth Press, and Cooper is enthusiastic about the aesthetic and commercial innovations spearheaded by Woolf and company. However, because he often trades in generalities, arguments of substance about Woolf’s works are typically unsupported. Readers who relish closer attention to Woolf’s prose should spend their time with Christine Froula’s *Virginia Woolf and the Bloomsbury Avant-Garde* (2005) or Melba Cuddy-Keane’s *Virginia Woolf, the Intellectual, and the Public Sphere* (2003).

Overall, I worry that Cooper has left behind one of the strengths of his former work on Eliot and music—focus. His allusiveness is almost Eliotic in this book, as he moves nimbly from discussions of John Stuart Mill to Charlie Chaplin to Audi ads to Soren Kierkegaard to *Friends*. The following type of sentence is not uncommon in this volume: “Perhaps, the revisions [of *Tarr*] were prompted by something else, the disconcerting way the radical critique of English philistinism in *Blast* and *Tarr* had come to be adopted in the Twenties as a mere style, from the 1926 London Underground poster of umbrellas (“No wet no cold”), so conspicuously influenced by Vorticism, to the smarmy bohemian entertainment Noel Coward called *The Vortex*, and finally, to the Johnny Hoop parody of Lewis’s *Blast* in Evelyn Waugh’s *Vile Bodies*” (216). Cooper is clearly well-read. However, he seems to assume that the collage he builds will yield meaning on its own. Apart from a lengthier discussion of *Tarr*, none of the other references are mentioned again—not Noel Coward, not Vorticism, not Evelyn Waugh, not even *Blast*.

Cooper makes sweeping claims, but without detailed support, their impact fades. For example, he wants to argue that everything is under the influence of capitalism, that “The revolution [in markets] was so powerful in its effects that it transformed thought itself” (13). Indeed, as he argues at one point, “Capitalism, as it is embodied in market society, emerges from the same gene pool as modernism; they are, to repeat, one and the same” (23). However, his commitment to this assertion wavers as he continues, for at times it transforms into a claim that capitalism and modernism are merely similar, and at others it seems that one drove the other. His argument begs a methodology rooted in historical examination of writers’ awareness of and response to market forces. But that examination has been left for other scholars to develop.

Generally speaking, Cooper’s arguments are appealing, his prose dynamic and engaging, and his scope impressive. Nevertheless, I was disappointed by Cooper’s new book—not because I couldn’t agree with him, but because I wanted to be persuaded to agree with him.

_Meg Albrinck_  
_Lakeland College_

**REVIEW:**  
**THE INTERSECTING REALITIES AND FICTIONS OF VIRGINIA WOOLF AND COLETTE**  
by Helen Southworth. Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 2004. xii + 240 pages. $22.95 paper. $59.95 cloth.

The bluestocking and the music hall dancer; the experimental modernist and the realist writer: what do they have in common? More than one
might expect asserts Helen Southworth in her broad-ranging and imaginative linking of the lives and fictions of Colette and Virginia Woolf. What motivates Southworth's inquiry is the question, "How might reading Woolf's work alongside Colette's make Woolf's work more palatable, more accessible? How might reading Colette alongside Woolf enable us to give Colette her due in terms of seriousness, the sophisticated nature and innovative quality of her writing?" (147). In linking these writers of different sensibilities from different cultures, Southworth brings into relief subjects that would not be visible if Woolf or Colette were studied in isolation.

Southworth is best when she abandons the method of the possible influence of somebody on somebody, and focuses instead on the larger themes and discourses surrounding these authors. We find intriguing chapters where borders are collapsed—national, cultural, aesthetic and personal—between these two writers who are consciously or unconsciously part of a network of international women writers in the early twentieth century. This study might be seen as part of a global trend in literary and Woolf studies connecting the developing feminism and aesthetics of women writers in different countries. Recently, Nicola Lockhurst and Mary Ann Caws have marked this trend in presenting essays by an international team of scholars and translators on Woolf's cultural and literary impact in Europe in The Reception of Virginia Woolf in Europe (2002). This volume attests to Woolf's influence as an innovator of Modernism, a feminist, an explorer of consciousness and the creator of a writing style. Other works that extend this trend are Yael Feldman's No Room of Their Own: Gender and Nation Israeli Women's Fiction (1999) which documents Woolf's influence in Israel in the 1970s "when Western feminism rekindled interest in Woolf, and the translation of her work in Hebrew began." Masami Usui has also written of popular interest in Woolf's work in Japan that was spurred by the films, Orlando and Mrs. Dalloway, and her influence on a girls' comic book by Mao Morimura. In addition, in my own recent study, Lily Briscoe's Chinese Eyes: Bloomsbury, Modernism and China (2003), Woolf's connection with Ling Shuhua, a talented writer and painter in Beijing in 1920s-30, is unraveled. Other international connections can be found in the Fall 1999 issue of the Virginia Woolf Miscellany.

In such works, two narratives are created, one, personal; the other, public and cultural—when inner experiences, perspectives and subjects are evaluated in terms of their cultural milieu. Even though writers may not have met or corresponded, this creates a call and response form in a grand international "conversation." For example, we know from Woolf's Letters that she read Colette's Mes Apprentissages, Sido, and Duo and that she admired them. "What a born writer," she exclaims to Ethel Smyth. And she says of Sido, "It's a shape I haven't grasped" (Letters 6: 301). Though Southworth is uncertain whether Colette read A Room of One's Own (not translated into French until 1951), she reads Colette's The Pure and the Impure (1932), written three years after A Room of One's Own, as a response to this text. In making this comparison, Southworth is able to raise questions and bridge a gap about Woolf's treatment of sexuality.

We read that Colette "challenges and toys with the assumptions of A Room of One's Own" (36). She writes with verbal candor about the body, homosexuality and prostitution answering Woolf's call to tell "the truth about the body." Inspired by a tradition of openness in France charted by Andre Gide and Marcel Proust, Colette describes the "guilty pleasures" of "love in many forms" in The Pure and the Impure. She creates in this work portraits of women who are sentient and desiring creatures. Among the portraits is one of Charlotte, a prostitute; her friend Renee who taught her that "there are fewer ways of making love than they say, and more than one believes" (96); Pauline Tarn, and the Ladies of Llangollen (the two wealthy Englishwomen who eloped to Wales in the eighteenth century who appear in Woolf's Orlando also). This comparison brings into relief the absence of explicit sexuality in Woolf's writing. Though there is certainly sensual writing and filigree descriptions of states of mind, Woolf is covert about sexuality. Southworth states "that a key to this discomfort with sex might be her nationality, that is, the prudishness stereotypically ascribed to the English" (151). It is here perhaps that Southworth's cultural and national approach fails.

One of the main differences between Woolf and Colette is that Woolf's important life was "within." Colette's sexual life—her open lesbian relationships and her three marriages, Henri Guthier Villars ("Willy"), Henri de Jouvnel Le Matin and Goudeket (her 53 years to his 35)—unlike Woolf's, was public, dramatic and even notorious. Colette writes of "the empire of the senses" in The Pure and the Impure: "the sense and the cavern of odors, of colors, the secret refuge where surely frolicked a powerful arabesque of flesh, a cipher of limbs entwined, symbolic monogram of the Inexorable" (24). Woolf is bold about the senses too. But about "the flesh," we surmise that she is bold mainly in conversation, not writing. She writes teasingly to Ethel Smyth that she must radically revise her views of her society as Virginia is "ashamed to even sketch the bi-sexual conversation" in Bloomsbury (Letters 4: 159). Though there is coded language about sexuality in A Room of One's Own and Orlando, it is important to note that it is only in A Sketch of the Past, written in the last few years of her life, that Woolf began to narrate her own sexual history, and specifically, the dark parts relating to George Duckworth. She is reticent not only because of English culture, as Southworth posits (remember that prostitution and homosexuality were criminalized in England until the Wolfenden Act was passed in 1964), but because of her own self-censorship springing from early, damaging sexual experiences that Southworth fails to mention.

In another intriguing section, Southworth posits that Colette responds to Woolf's call for a "woman's sentence" in A Room of One's Own. Citing Woolf's admiration for Colette's "shapes" in writing, Southworth discusses the "improvised mobility of a feminist subjectivity" (85). She shows Colette's pursuit of expression with open, fluid spaces, sprinkled with ellipses, and sentences that are broken, double and incomplete as a response to Woolf's interest in "a psychological sentence of the feminine gender" ("Romance and the Heart," 367). In the final chapter, "A Dining Room of One's Own: Woolf and Colette on Food and Sex," Southworth discusses food and the way that it functions as "a tool of seduction" (147). She not only demonstrates this in Colette's novels where food and sex are intimately linked, but also the seduction of Mrs. Ramsay's French-inspired boeuf en daube in the dinner scene in To the Lighthouse.

Though Colette did not answer Woolf's call for a modern aesthetic that would "record the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall" she did write of women's sentiment, androgyny and sexuality. She challenged, as Woolf did, conventional notions of marriage, mothers and daughters, fathers and daughters, sexual roles, and literary forms, managing, in the end, to seat them at the same table.
REVIEW:

AFTERWORDS: LETTERS ON THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA WOOLF

It is not surprising that Sybil Oldfield had difficulty finding a publisher for this collection of condolence letters sent to Leonard Woolf and Vanessa Bell on the death of Virginia Woolf. The project sounds quite unpromising: repetitive, cliché-ridden, and hagiographic. However, those who have heard Oldfield give one of her eloquent talks on the letters or the published obituaries will have appreciated that these are no ordinary letters. They are of course about no ordinary person and many are from Woolf’s distinguished contemporaries.

But there are also letters from “ordinary” people who never knew Woolf, and in this respect they complement Anna Snaith’s publication of the letters written in response to Three Guineas. All these letters give the lie to the assertion that Woolf wrote only for a coterie. Very many are extremely eloquent, such as: “I can but say exaggerated as it may sound—that only three deaths in the course of my whole life have come as close to me as this. And if a stranger can feel thus—” (88). A “humble novelist” wrote: “The beauty of her work! I recently lived in St Ives and seemed to share in such a book as To the Lighthouse whenever I looked across the sea” (149).

Thus, the letters are remarkably moving, even sixty years on. I echo the surprise of Josephine in Katherine Mansfield’s “The Daughters of the Late Colonel” who broke down every time she wrote ‘‘We miss our dear father so much’’ . . . Strange! She couldn’t have put it on—but twenty-three times.” Oldfield has researched the authors and provides fascinating background detail, and this brings emotional relief between the letters.

While “Leonard Woolf answered all the condolence letters in his own hand” (xviii), he also “continued to work even harder and longer after Virginia’s death,” for, as he wrote in his autobiography: “Work is the most efficient anodyne—after death, sleep, or chloroform—for pain, whether the pain be in your great toe, your tooth, your head, or your heart.” Kingsley Martin may not have been as egotistic as Oldfield implies (126) when he concluded his condolence letter to Leonard with a seemingly insensitive suggestion: “I was just about to write to ask if you could take charge here [at the New Statesman and Nation] for a week or two if I need a bit of a holiday. . . . I mention it now because it is just possible that when this immediate misery is over you may like work that keeps you in London for a bit” (125).

Oldfield’s introduction puts Woolf’s suicide within its historical context. Between the fall of France in June 1940 and the German invasion of Russia in June 1941, Britain stood alone. That hackneyed phrase is literally true and now masks a terrifying period in British history. One can hardly believe that the correspondents seem to take the international situation so calmly, albeit with remarks about “this miserable world” (132), “an ugly world” (163), “the misery and wretchedness of this dreadful world” (191), or: “At least she won’t know of Germany rolling down over Greece” (64).

Oldfield also places Woolf’s death in its historical moment when the British newspapers were launching an attack on intellectuals, including or especially Bloomsbury, virtually accusing them of being part of a fifth column. Mrs. Hicks’s infamous letter to the Sunday Times is printed in full (xx), for it provoked yet more sympathetic letters to Leonard. Vita Sackville-West put it best: “It takes the wife of a Bishop to write like that, and I hope she burns in Hell’s fires” (xxvi, 25).

Clifton Fadiman wrote in 1941: “On April 2 [sic], 1941, Virginia Woolf, fifty-nine years of age, left a note for her household and disappeared forever. Her suicide passed almost unremarked at a time when more momentous events were taking place every minute of the day.” Woolf’s death was remarked, as these letters and the list of published obituaries (209-12) show.

Stuart N. Clarke
Independent Scholar

Works Cited


REVIEW:

VIRGINIA WOOLF AND THE BLOOMSBURY AVANT-GARDE: WAR, CIVILIZATION, MODERNITY

In Christine Froula’s provocative and intensely optimistic new book on Virginia Woolf’s and Bloomsbury’s contribution to European modernist
discourse on civilization, Kant, Shakespeare, Conrad and Freud take center stage. In this volume, Froula brings together and builds on her impressive body of work on Woolf and modernism (including extensive work on Pound, Joyce and Eliot), feminism and critical theory. This is a book about women and freedom, a freedom Woolf and Bloomsbury exercised and maintained even in the face of two world wars. This, Froula suggests, is in line with the Kantian notion that Enlightenment is “no completed, secure achievement but an unfinished and unfinished struggle against barbarism within Europe” (1).

In the Introduction, counter to Raymond Williams’ influential assessment of Bloomsbury’s contribution as one of individualism, Froula argues for an engaged and connected Bloomsbury. She explores the impact of Kant’s thought on Bloomsbury’s men and via them on Woolf herself. Froula ties Kant’s conception of disinterestedness—the putting aside of sentiment and prejudice by the spectator—and the capacity of the work of art to create “another nature” to Bloomsbury’s art for art’s sake credo. This disinterestedness, Froula argues, does not translate into disengagement; rather, Bloomsbury, like Kant, finds in its beauty a manifestation of freedom that mediates sociability and community—not by imposing canons of taste but by transporting its beholders beyond egotism into (possible) disinterested pleasure, and thence into noncoercive dialogue about the sensus communis, or common values. (14)

Thus, Woolf’s move from “I” to “one” in A Room of One’s Own, a shift Froula traces across Woolf’s oeuvre, signifies Woolf inclusion of “feminism within the Enlightenment struggle for the rights and freedoms of all” at the same time “[making] women’s emancipation representative of the move from personal oppression to political claims that any oppressed group must make” (28).

Working within a Kantian framework, Froula opens and closes her book with Conrad’s Heart of Darkness. In her reading of The Voyage Out, in which Rachel Vinrace famously invokes Conrad’s novella, Froula picks up an allusion from Heart of Darkness (abandoned in the manuscript) to Kirkè’s advice to Odysseus to sacrifice six sailors to Skylla as a metaphor for men’s and women’s complicity in “the monster-truth” of gender as their civilization’s founding lie” (38). What, Froula wonders, would Woolf have made of this allusion: “What happens when Rachel too must sail via Skylla? Can a woman uneducated in all but music hope to elude the ‘monster-truth’ that even Marlow propitiates?” (38). Froula posits Rachel as a “radical thinker [much more so than her Aunt Helen Ambrose] on the subject of women and civilization” (38): “Uneducated and naïve as she is, Rachel alone seeks to discover and grapple with the ‘laws’—natural and social—that shape the lives and destinies of men and women, and to battle against rather than propitiate civilization’s many-mowed hunger for lies” (39).

In later chapters Froula continues this line of thinking, focusing on freedom and commonality. She ties Mrs. Dalloway as “communal postwar elegy” confronting current and future violence to Keynes’ and Freud’s contributions to postwar debates about Europe’s future: “Mrs. Dalloway poses the great question of Europe’s future […] as the fate of collective mourning—a historic question of genre for a traumatized Europe poised between elegy and revenge tragedy” (89). Froula sets an optimistic Mrs. Dalloway, which portrays “a postwar civilization […] vibrating with the vital force of the future” (90), up against the pessimism of the war poets of the modern period and, at home, of contemporaries Pound and Eliot. In her sixth chapter, “A Fin in a Waste of Waters,” Froula reads The Waves, via what she designates “its genetic text” (176), To the Lighthouse, Orlando and A Room of One’s Own as “a work of art that bodies forth the freedom manifest in creative genius by radically rethinking being, nature/physics, meaning, story, event, time, subjectivity, even grammar as rule, canon, law” (177).

Between the Acts, Froula asserts in closing, constitutes “an eloquent capstone to Woolf’s and Bloomsbury’s thinking in public in the spirit of Enlightenment modernity” (319). In her final chapter, Froula focuses on beauty and change and on the dialogic quality of Between the Acts which stands, she argues, in opposition to “the enforced univocality of totalitarianism,” a dialogic community which fights “the Nazis’ scapegoating perversion of community, even as it bodies forth the outsider’s wish to give to England first what she desires of peace and freedom for the whole world” (314). Froula suggests that “[t]he spectators’ spontaneous response to the post-pageant tableau—‘O look, look, look’ not only enacts Kant’s understanding of aesthetic judgments as positing that anyone who looks in freedom, that is, without personal interest, would find this sight beautiful but materializes the social dimension always implicit in the act of judging” (315). Coming full circle in closing, Froula returns to Conrad and to Rachel of The Voyage Out, arguing that the Heart of Darkness reference with which Woolf closes Between the Acts (and which she added late in the composition of the novel) constitutes “a challenge” to Charlie Marlow’s “lie” “that woman should be kept ‘out of the public world ‘lest ours gets worse’” (318).

Froula’s analysis of Bloomsbury and Woolf’s oeuvre via Kant provides a fresh and challenging set of readings. As she did in her previous book, Modernism’s Body: Sex, Culture and Joyce (1996), Froula constructs an elaborate and detailed framework which makes possible a fresh assessment of Woolf’s oeuvre. Published alongside and in dialogue with recent work that revisits Woolf’s engagement with empire and world politics, such as Jane Marcus’ Hearts of Darkness: White Women Write Race (2004) and Jed Esty’s A Shrinking Island: Modernism and National Culture in England (2004), Virginia Woolf and the Bloomsbury Avant-Garde convincingly situates Woolf and her Bloomsbury colleagues at the center of European modernist debate about freedom and civilization.

Helen Southworth
University of Oregon

The IVWS & VWS Archive
Thanks to the diligent efforts of Karen Levenback, Past President of the VWS, Melba Cuddy-Keane, Past President of the IVWS, and Carmen Königsheuter Socknat, Head of Bibliographic Services at Victoria University E.J. Pratt Library, Victoria University, University of Toronto, the archive of the VWS and the IVWS has at last found a secure and permanent home. The archive is now officially housed in the collection. In future, any archival materials should be sent to the IVWS Historian-Bibliographer who will then arrange the transfer of materials into the collection.
Hall and Farewell

“Good–bye,” said Jacob. “Good–bye,” he repeated. “Good–bye,” he said once more. Charlotte Wilding flung up her bedroom window and cried out: “Good–bye, Mr. Jacob!” (Jacob’s Room)

This is the first hour, or since it is 5.30, & the abdication was announced at 4, the first hour & a half, of the new reign. (Thursday, 10 December 1936; Diary of Virginia Woolf)

Why not explore this possibility of seeing the great world from a new angle? Saturday, 22 October 1938; Diary of Virginia Woolf)

Always take on new things. Break the rhythm &c. (Saturday, 2 December 1939; Diary of Virginia Woolf)

She hoped that he would not say good-bye at once, although she felt no particular anxiety to attend to what he was saying, and began, even while he spoke, to think of her own upper room, with its papers pressed between the leaves of dictionaries, and the table that could be cleared for work. (Night and Day)

“I come back from the office,” said Louis. “I hang my coat here, place my stick there….Thus I divest myself of my authority. I have been sitting at the right hand of a director at a varnished table. The maps of our successful undertakings confront us on the wall. We have laced the world together with our ships. The globe is strung with our lines….But I still return, I still come back to my attic, hang up my hat….I open a little book. I read one poem. One poem is enough. (The Waves)

This is the last Society column I will write as President of the International Virginia Woolf Society. On 1 January 2006, Leslie Kathleen Hankins (Vice-President), Jeanne Dubino (Secretary-Treasurer), Mark Hussey (Historian-Bibliographer) and I celebrated with all the other members of the International Virginia Woolf Society the succession of the wonderful new officers who will serve for the 2006-2008 term—Bonnie Kime Scott (President), Madelyn Detloff (Vice-President), Thaine Stearns (Secretary-Treasurer), and Celia Marshik (Historian-Bibliographer). June Dunn, who served a three year term as one of the first three members-at-large, has stepped down. Her position has been filled by Susan Wegener, who also serves as the Associate Editor of the Virginia Woolf Miscellany. Keri Barber and Anne Ryan Hanafin are continuing as members-at-large for a second term. I feel privileged to have served the members of the Society for six years as the President and to have worked closely with Leslie and Jeanne, who both served two terms with Anne Fernald (2000-2002) and Mark Hussey (2003-2005) who successively held the position of Historian-Bibliographer for one term each. I am sure that all the officers enjoyed their work for the IVWS as much as I did.

MLA 2005—The Panels and The Party

Wednesday, 28 December

163. Intersections and Identities in Woolf Studies 10:15–11:30 a.m., Delaware Suite A, Marriott

Program arranged by the International Virginia Woolf Society

Presiding: Bonnie Kime Scott, San Diego State Univ.


Thursday, 29 December

561. Party and Business Meeting Arranged by the International Virginia Woolf Society

6:30 p.m., 304 Philadelphia Ave., Takoma Park, MD

Friday, 30 December

774. Virginia Woolf and Portraiture

1:45–3:00 p.m., Delaware Suite A, Marriott

Program arranged by the International Virginia Woolf Society

Presiding: Laura L. Runge, Univ. of South Florida, Tampa


2. “Queering History: Orlando, Knole, and the National Portrait Gallery,” Elizabeth Hirsh, Univ. of South Florida, Tampa

3. “Vanessa Bell’s Portraits of Virginia Woolf,” Frances Spalding, Univ. of Newcastle

Respondent: Benjamin Harvey, Mississippi State Univ.

The 2006 MLA Convention is currently scheduled to be held in Philadelphia. Calls for papers for the IVWS-sponsored panels (chosen in December) are sent out in early January and are listed in the MLA Spring Newsletter and on page 3 of this issue of IWM.

Many thanks to Karen Levenback and Michael Neufeld for generously hosting the IVWS party at their home. The panels were, as always, outstanding and each paper contributed significantly to the ongoing conversation among Woolfians and a number of those who attended the panels have now joined the IVWS.

The IVWS at the 20th Century Literature Conference

Many thanks to Kristin Czarnecki, Mark Hussey, Jane Lilienfeld and Jeanne Dubino for organizing yet another excellent panel for the Twentieth Century Literature Conference at the University of Louisville in February 2006.

International Virginia Woolf Society Panel

New Views: The Many Face(t)s of Virginia Woolf

Presiding. Kristin Czarnecki

“Making the Strange Familiar: Virginia Woolf and Russian Aesthetics,” Caroline Maclean, Birbeck, University of London


“Ethical Prose: Woolf’s Writing Across Identity Boundaries,” Pamela Caughie, Loyola University Chicago

See the call for papers for the 2007 session on page three of this issue.

The Annual Virginia Woolf Conferences—15th, 16th, 17th and Beyond

The Art of Exploration, the 15th Annual Virginia Woolf Conference

Woolfian Boundaries, the 16th Annual Virginia Woolf Conference

Art, Education and Internationalism, the 17th Annual Virginia Woolf Conference

Refer to page three for details

If you are interested in organizing a future conference, you should contact Mark Hussey at mhussey@pace.edu for information. Note that the International Virginia Woolf Society has no direct relationship to the conferences.

Not a Member of the IVWS Yet? Haven’t Paid Your Dues Lately?

You can join (or re-join) the IVWS by going to the website at http://www.utoronto.ca/IVWS/ and clicking on the link “How to Join.” You will be able to download and print a membership form from the site. Remember that a free subscription to the Miscellany is one of the IVWS membership benefits.

Best wishes to all,

Vara Neverow

President, International Virginia Woolf Society

on behalf of the Officers and Members-at-Large for 2003-2005