To the Readers: Woolf and Materiality

In “Modern Fiction,” Virginia Woolf notoriously designates the term “materialists” to describe the failure of Edwardian writers to present “life itself” (Essays 4 159-61). Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and John Galsworthy disappoint because “they are concerned not with the spirit but with the body” (158). But Woolf is not here endorsing a transcendental spiritual life in opposition to an immanently embodied one; she clarifies later that “life or spirit, truth or reality […] the essential thing” all escape the Edwardian writers precisely because they fail to express how all of these things are always already intertwined (160). It becomes clear that what Woolf dislikes, what she associates with “materialists,” is not the fact they engage with the materiality of life, but that they do not. Their materiality is not alive; it is a stolid and stagnant materiality; it is mundane, bland: “If we fasten, then, one label on all these books, on which is one word materialists, we mean by it that they write of unimportant things; that they spend immense skill and immense industry making the trivial and the transitory appear the true and enduring” (159). Materiality matters too much to life to be reduced to the “trivial.”

What Woolf finds inadequate in the Edwardians is not, then, their focus on the material world, but the way that “life” has become disentangled from this materiality. Woolf’s challenge for the modern writer to “[l]ook within,” to “[e]xamine an ordinary mind on an ordinary day,” is less about entering the enclosed sphere of the individual mind than it is a recognition that “life” is located in the everyday entanglement of mind and matter: “The mind receives a myriad impressions […] an incessant shower of innumerable atoms” that “shape themselves into the life of Monday or Tuesday” (160). For all the talk of “the dark places of psychology” (162), Woolf is wary of being “centred in a self which […] never embraces or creates what is outside itself and beyond” (162). Fiction should bring materiality and life—we might say “granite and rainbow” (“The New Psychology,” E 4 478)—together in an exploration of the life of materiality and the materiality of life.

Woolf’s writing abounds with examples of how life is embedded in the material world. Most commonly cited, perhaps, is Woolf’s description in A Room of One’s Own that “fiction is like a spider’s web” and that “these webs are not spun in mid-air by incorporeal creatures, but are the work of suffering human beings, and are attached to grossly material things, like health and money and the houses we live in” (53). As critics have long commented, this is clear evidence of Woolf’s own materialist feminism (Barrett, Marcus, Goldman). Studies of the socio-historical import of Woolf’s writing have also added much to understandings of the extent to which they are concerned with material contexts (Zwerdling, Bradshaw). And, in recent years, critics have broadened the scope of Woolf’s materialism, finding that materiality is central to: her engagement with realist philosophy (Banfield); her depiction of objects and “things” (Brown); her fascination with clothes and fashion (Koppen); her interest in the natural sciences (Henry, Alt); and her theorizing of animality and “life itself” (Ryan). “Intellectual freedom depends upon material things,” but the material things that are important to Woolf’s writing are clearly vaster than “money and a room of one’s own” (AROO 141).

This special issue explores the multiple modes of materiality that Woolf engages across the span of her writing life. Essays consider how Woolf forges connections between history and place, subject and object, language and visual art. In doing so, they outline the significance of diverse and often surprising range of objects and materials to Woolf’s modernist aesthetics. These include: potatoes, postcards and the printing press; mantelpieces and men’s clothing; waxworks, x-rays, and animal skulls. The essays also show how exploring “Woolf and materiality” transports us to many different environments—from Cornwall to the Hebrides, from Westminster Abbey to a Polytechnic lecture theatre—as well as to various intellectual contexts—from French Surrealism to German Phenomenology, from fashion theory to Medieval Latin.

The first two essays, by David Bradshaw and Jane Goldman, illuminate how the relationship between politics and place, history and landscape, is central to Woolf’s representation of the material world. In “The Blight of Class: Woolf and the ‘Lower Orders,’” Bradshaw argues that Woolf is attentive to the poor and disadvantaged in a number of her novels. Focusing in particular on working-class women in Woolf’s writing, he explains how Mrs. Pascoe’s encounter with Mrs. Durrant in Jacob’s Room reveals that Woolf’s treatment of class is layered in historical, cultural, and political associations, including Cornwall’s potato blight and the decline of the Cornish tin mining industry. From the granite county to the Hebrides, Goldman recounts Woolf’s 1938 journey north of the border to Scotland in “Two Postcards from Sky: Virginia Woolf in the Hebrides.” The two postcards, sent to Duncan Grant and Clive Bell, map the Scottish landscape Woolf encountered, following in the footsteps of James Boswell and Samuel Johnson. Discussing Woolf’s engagement with
the materiality of the postcards themselves, as well as with the material location from which they are sent, Goldman draws on a rich array of primal imagery to uncover their personal and aesthetic associations.

Woolf’s thoughts about the material world were of course influenced by her life in London. But as well as the city streets that Woolf knew so well, Leena Kore Schröder and Rachel Crossland detail two encounters Woolf had with specific objects that affected her view of materiality. In “Waxing into Words: Virginia Woolf and the Funeral Effigies at Westminster Abbey,” Kore Schröder recounts a trip to see waxwork figures at Westminster Abbey in 1905. This personal encounter informs the waxworks that appear in numerous places in Woolf’s writings; crucially, as figures that are both material and intangible, they are objects that helped her to think through the distinction between history and narrative. It is this relation between the material and intangible that is also brought to the fore in Woolf’s interaction with science, as detailed in “Exposing the Bones of Desire: Virginia Woolf’s X-ray Visions.”

In this essay, Crossland describes a lecture on X-rays the then 14 year old Virginia Stephen accidentally attended in 1897, before shifting from this personal encounter to discuss the implications of Woolf’s wider references to X-rays in her writings, including how they expose the solidity of those parts of the body that are out of view. Woolf’s engagement with science provides her with a rich layer of imagery and metaphor for her modernist aesthetics.

Central to many of the concerns above is the relation between subject and object in Woolf’s writing. Essays by Amy Bromley and Rebecca Rauve-Davis examine this relation by opening up dialogues with different aesthetic and philosophical contexts. In “Virginia Woolf’s Surrealist Situation of the Object,” Bromley draws parallels between Woolf and the Surrealist movement, especially the writings of André Breton, to probe the dialectic between internal and external, imagination and material world. Focusing specifically on Woolf’s depiction of skulls— in Jacob’s Room, To the Lighthouse, and Orlando—she emphasizes the intertwined relation between fantasy and reality. Moving from artistic to philosophical connections, Rauve-Davis’s “Whole Like a Wave: Woolf’s Husserlian Materiality” suggests that we can better understand the subject/object dynamic in Woolf’s work by reading her alongside Edmund Husserl’s phenomenology. Outlining the relationship between immanent and transcendent perceptions in Mrs. Dalloway and To the Lighthouse, Rauve-Davis argues that Woolf’s novels help us to understand how unity and fluidity combine, and how consciousness is deeply embedded in materiality.

Woolf’s exploration of materiality is so often concerned with connections between visual and verbal representation, something evident in essays by Brandon Truett, Judith Allen, and Suzanne Bellamy. In “Materializing the Fascist Aesthetic in Three Guineas,” Truett focuses on the fashion of fascism in the photographs from Woolf’s 1938 pacifist manifesto. These images, rather than avoiding the real issues of war, illustrate how clothing, history, patriarchy, and fascist ideology are materially combined. In “The Aesthetics/Politics of the Mantelpiece,” Allen draws on a range of Woolf’s references to mantelpieces, in “Solid Objects” and elsewhere, illuminating the material importance of them as private, domestic objects, but also as public spaces that present a commentary on war and patriarchy, and as aesthetic features, where Woolf’s literary mantelpieces are related to those of various Post-Impressionist painters. These mantelpieces, Allen shows us, reveal the connection between finding new ways to write about objects and new ways to see them. Bellamy’s essay, “Florilegia—the Aura of Medieval Text Transformation,” returns us to the materiality of the book, showing how the relation between visual and verbal altered in the fifteenth century with the development of the printing press, a revolution in book production that can be paralleled with the digital age of the twenty-first century. Bellamy draws on Woolf’s ideas about the printing press in “Anon” and “The Reader,” but also reflects on how her own artistic projects, inspired by Woolf’s writing, interweave the materiality of language with the materiality of art. Finally, the special issue closes with “Vanessa Discusses with Virginia the Limits of Fashion,” a poem by Sandra Inskeep-Fox very much inspired by Woolf’s experiments with images and words, and with fact and fiction.

Taken together, the contributions to this special issue richly and variously demonstrate how Woolf’s writings continually challenge us to reconsider and renew what it means to be a “materialist.” Whether engaging with places, objects, aesthetics, or politics, it is through her exploration of a lively materiality that Woolf blazes the “paths” that “lead to fertile land” (E4 158).

Derek Ryan
University of Kent

Works Cited

For information about the history of the Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf go to:
<http://www.home.southernct.edu/~neverowl/annual_conference_on_virginia_woolf.html>

Very Special Thanks to both Amy Smith and Susan Weggner for the time and hard work they devoted to the editing and proofing of this issue of the Virginia Woolf Miscellany.
Call for Papers
2015 Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf
Virginia Woolf and Her Female Contemporaries

The 25th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf, sponsored by Bloomsburg University, will take place in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, June 4-7, 2015. The topic, *Virginia Woolf and Her Female Contemporaries*, seeks to contextualize Virginia Woolf's writing alongside the work of her contemporaries. This unprecedented number of women writers — experimentalists, middlebrow authors, journalists, poets, and editors — was simultaneously contributing to, as well as complicating, modernist literature. In what ways did these burgeoning communities and enclaves of women writers intersect with (or coexist alongside) Virginia Woolf?

We welcome proposals for papers, panels, roundtables, and workshops from literary and interdisciplinary scholars, creative and performing artists, common readers, undergraduates, students, and teachers at all levels. Submissions should relate to *Virginia Woolf and Her Female Contemporaries* and may emphasize either the development of enclaves or specific female subcultures or individual writers who were contemporaneous with Virginia Woolf.

Possible themes include:

- The role of sexuality in the formation of communities of women writers
- Publication and women writers
- The Little Magazines and women writers
- Fashion and women writers
- The role of the new electronic mediums in the promotion of women writers
- The rise of women writers and the anti-war movement
- Suffragism and emerging women writers
- Psychoanalysis and the advent of women writers
- War and women writers

In addition to papers clearly focused on Virginia Woolf, we also welcome themes that involve any of the many women writers of the early twentieth-century including (but not limited to) Gertrude Stein, H.D., Dorothy Richardson, Mina Loy, Vera Brittain, Marianne Moore, Jean Rhys, Djuna Barnes, Una Marson, Colette, Mary Butts, Amy Lowell, Rebecca West, Kay Boyle, Bryher, Elizabeth Bowen, and Enid Bagnold.

For individual papers, send a 250-word proposal. For panels of three or four people, please send a proposal title and a 250-word proposal for each paper. For roundtables and workshops, send a 250 to 500-word proposal and biographical description of each participant. Also, if you would like to chair a panel, please let us know.

Conference Organizer: Julie Vandivere
Email proposal by attachment in Word to Woolf2015@bloomu.edu
Deadline for proposals is January 24, 2015.
The Louisville Conference on Literature and Culture Since 1900, February 22, 2014, ended on a strong note with the presentation of John Stringer of Colby College, who discussed the relationship between Woolf and her brother, artist Adrian Stephen, in her gardening renaissance. Stringer presented a slide of the garden and described its importance in Woolf's life and work. The Louisville Conference ended with a panel on Virginia Woolf, with presentations by Lauren Short, Kristina Reardon, and Jennifer A. Hudson. Short's presentation was on the concept of the implied author, while Reardon focused on the body of Woolf's work, including her publications, and Hudson discussed Woolf's essayism and a more personal recommendation to Mr. Nokhrin as a means to understand the 'true' narrative voice of the author throughout his or her lifetime.

Since Audrey M. Lehr of Kent State University was unable to present her paper on "Disability Aesthetics and 'The Human Apparatus' in To the Lighthouse," Nokhrin followed with an enthusiastic presentation of "Experiments with Virginia Woolf's 'Own Voice': Narrative Style in the Manuscripts of Night and Day." Nokhrin discussed a lack of transcription and attention to the somewhat incomplete manuscript drafts of Woolf's Night and Day, which he described as "more Modernist than previously imagined." The speaker explored Woolf's shifting authorial intentions between drafts in writing, typing, and editing, as well as changes in content, while also revealing that Woolf's working title for Night and Day was "Dreams and Realities." Nokhrin's research uncovered a more positive view of protagonist Katharine's main love interest, Ralph, as opposed to viewing him as a mongrel and for those who consider Night and Day to not be "Woolfian" enough, Nokhrin responds by saying that the "lyrical experimentation doesn't spring up out of nowhere." The presenter admitted Julia Briggs' scholarship as a strong influence on his own work, a technique that insists on considering the entire process of one's work, through drafting, rewriting, and revision, as a means to understand the 'true' narrative voice of the author throughout his or her lifetime.

International Virginia Woolf Society Panel
Louisville Conference on Literature and Culture Since 1900
February 2014

The International Virginia Woolf Society panel, chaired by University of Louisville graduate student, Lauren Short, didn't fail to engross a captivated crowd despite the unfortunate absence of its third panelist.

Kristina Reardon from the University of Connecticut presented first on "The Body of Word and Image in 'Kew Gardens.'" Reardon's research was completed at Harvard University and focused on the juxtaposition of word/image and the communication/collaboration between Woolf and sister Vanessa Bell. The presentation relied on textual and paratextual evidence to describe Reardon's incorporation of word/image theory to describe the Modernist movement of "art as text; art as body; and text as sense." She described Woolf and Bell's synesthetic process of bookmaking, producing woodcuts, and printing the woodcuts onto marbled papers for early versions of Woolf's "Kew Gardens." At the end of her presentation, Reardon proposed that "the body of the book is flaunted" in Woolf's "Kew Gardens," the first publication that Woolf and Bell collaborated on to create a decorative manuscript. Since Reardon proposes that Woolf's publications are "body-like" entities, its artistic presentation can act as a fetishistic pleasure for its reader/viewer.

University of Toronto graduate student Ilya Nokhrin followed with an enthusiastic presentation of "Experiments with Virginia Woolf's 'Own Voice': Narrative Style in the Manuscripts of Night and Day." Nokhrin discussed a lack of transcription and attention to the somewhat incomplete manuscript drafts of Woolf's Night and Day, which he described as "more Modernist than previously imagined." The speaker explored Woolf's shifting authorial intentions between drafts in writing, typing, and editing, as well as changes in content, while also revealing that Woolf's working title for Night and Day was "Dreams and Realities." Nokhrin's research uncovered a more positive view of protagonist Katharine's main love interest, Ralph, as opposed to viewing him as a mongrel and for those who consider Night and Day to not be "Woolfian" enough, Nokhrin responds by saying that the "lyrical experimentation doesn't spring up out of nowhere." The presenter admitted Julia Briggs' scholarship as a strong influence on his own work, a technique that insists on considering the entire process of one's work, through drafting, rewriting, and revision, as a means to understand the 'true' narrative voice of the author throughout his or her lifetime.

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GUIDELINES FOR SUBMISSIONS

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

The Miscellany considers work that has been previously published elsewhere; however, the editor(s) and guest editor(s) must be notified at the time of submission that a similar or closely related work was published originally elsewhere. The prior publication must also be explicitly cited in the newly published submission. Any permissions to republish must be provided by the author.

CFPs
If you are responding to a call for papers for a themed issue, the submission should be sent directly to the Guest Editor.

Miscellaneous Submissions
Even when individual issues are themed, the Miscellany accepts submissions unrelated to the theme. Such submissions should be sent to the Managing Editor, Vara Neverow (rather than to the Guest Editor) at: <neverowl1@southernct.edu>

Guidelines for Submissions
Submissions should be no longer than 2500 words at maximum and shorter articles are strongly preferred. Articles should be submitted electronically, in .doc or .docx MS Word format and in compliance with the style of the 6th edition of the MLA Handbook (not the 7th edition published in 2009). For a copy of the current Miscellany style guide, please contact Vara Neverow at <neverowl1@southernct.edu>. Editorial note: While previously published work may be submitted for consideration, the original publication must be acknowledged at the time of submission (see above).

Editing Policies
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.

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Submissions accepted for publication may be published in both print format and electronic format.

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

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The Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf
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The Three Guineas Reading Notebooks Online:
<http://woolf-center.southernct.edu>
Contact Vara Neverow <neverowl1@southernct.edu> for more information about the site.

Facebook:
The International Virginia Woolf Society is on Facebook! You can become a fan—and you can friend other Woolfians. The Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain also now has a Facebook page.

And Virginia Woolf has other multiple Facebook pages that are not related to specific societies.

Blogs:
Visit Paula Maggio’s “Blogging Woolf” at <bloggingwoolf.wordpress.com/> for a broad range of valuable information such as key Woolfian resources, current and upcoming events, and an archive of Woolfian doings now past.

Anne Fernald says she is “writing from a kitchen table of my own on the Jersey side of the Hudson.” Contact information: fernham [at] gmail [dot] com. The blog is located at <fernham.blogspot.com/>.

Scholarly Resources
Woolf Online: An Electronic Edition and Commentary of Virginia Woolf’s “Time Passes” at <http://www.woolfonline.com/> is a beautifully crafted website dedicated entirely to the middle chapter of Woolf’s To the Lighthouse. Access to the site is free. The material is excellent for scholars but is also highly teachable. One hopes this type of website will be the future of Woolfian texts online. As the website notes, “The initial idea and overall organization of this project was the work of Julia Briggs (1943-2007), in whose memory the project has been completed.”

E-books
The majority of Virginia Woolf’s novels as well as A Room of One’s Own and Three Guineas can be read online at <http://ebooks.adelaide.edu.au/w/woolf/virginia/>.

Woolfian Google Alerts
Have you signed up for Google Alerts? Did you know you could be totally up-to-date on the latest developments in the Woolfian and Bloomsburian world with just a few keystrokes? Check it out! It’s simple, fast and very rewarding.

VWlistserv
To join the VWlistserv, please go to the IVWS home page a <http://www.utoronto.ca/IVWS> and click on the VWlistserv link in the left column. Then, follow the instructions.
A Brief Overview of Resources for Woolfians

The Virginia Woolf Miscellany is an independent publication, which has been sponsored by Southern Connecticut State University since 2003. Founded in 1973 by J. J. Wilson, the publication was hosted by Sonoma State University for 30 years. The publication has always received financial support from the International Virginia Woolf Society. Issues from Spring 2003 (issue 63) to the present are available in a PDF format at <http://www.home.southernct.edu/~neverowl1/VWM_Online.html> (see also <http://www.home.southernct.edu/~neverowl1/VWM_Online_Fall1973-Fall2002.html>.

The IVWS was founded in 1973 as the Virginia Woolf Society. The society has a direct relationship with the Modern Language Association and has had the privilege of organizing two sessions at the annual MLA Convention. As of 2010, MLA has transitioned to a new format in which the IVWS will continue to have one guaranteed session.

The IVWS website <http://www.utoronto.ca/IVWS/> is hosted by the University of Toronto. The website was founded by Melba Cuddy-Keane, Past President of the International Virginia Woolf Society, who continues to oversee the site.

The VWOOLF Listserv is hosted by the University of Ohio. The current list administrator is Elisa Kay Sparks. Anne Fernald oversaw the list for many years. The founder of the list is Morris Beja. To join the list, you need to send a message to the following address: <listserv@lists.acs.ohio-state.edu>. In the body of the email, you must write: subscribe VWOOLF Your firstname Your last name. You will receive a welcome message with further information about the list. To unsubscribe, please send a message *from the exact account that you originally subscribed with* to the same address: <listserv@lists.acs.ohio-state.edu>. In the body of the email, write: unsubscribe VWOOLF.

Materials from most of the sources mentioned above are included in the IVWS/VWS archive at the E. J. Pratt Library, Victoria University, University of Toronto even though they are entities separate from the Society itself. Individuals who have materials that may be of archival significance should consult Karen Levenback at <ivwsarchive@att.net>.

The Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf is an independent entity. It was envisioned by Mark Hussey and launched in 1991 at Pace University. The conference is overseen by a Steering Committee consisting of all previous conference organizers. Permission to host a Woolf conference is authorized by Mark Hussey, who chairs the Steering Committee. Those interested in hosting the conference should contact Mark Hussey at <mhussey@pace.edu>. Each annual conference is organized by one or more individuals associated with the host institution. The host institution finances the event and uses the registration fees of attendees to offset the costs of the event. The Annual Conference has no formal association with the International Virginia Woolf Society or the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain or any other Woolf society. For information about the history of the Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf, go to <http://www.home.southernct.edu/~neverowl1/annual_conference_on_virginia_woolf.html>

The Selected Papers from the Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf 2001-present (excluding 2004) are published by Clemson University Digital Press under the auspices of Wayne Chapman. The editors of the publication vary from year to year. The electronic version of the Selected Works from the 2002 and 2004 Woolf conferences are available to view at the Woolf Center at Southern Connecticut State University: <http://woolf-center.southernct.edu>.

The Selected Papers from the Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf 1991-2000, launched by Mark Hussey in conjunction with the conference, were published by Pace University Press under his auspices. While early volumes of the papers are out of print, a number of the more recent ones are still available from the press (see <http://www.pace.edu/press>.

How to Join

The International Virginia Woolf Society <http://www.utoronto.ca/IVWS>

To join, update membership or donate to the International Virginia Woolf Society, please either: download the membership form from the IVWS website and mail to the surface address provided or use the PayPal feature available online at the IVWS website.

Regular membership:
a 12-month membership ($20)
a 5-year membership ($95)

Student or not full-time employed membership:12-month membership ($10)

Members of the Society receive a free subscription to the Virginia Woolf Miscellany, updates from the IVWS Newsletter and have access online to an annual Bibliography of Woolf Scholarship and an updated list of members in a password-protected PDF format—the password is provided in the IVWS newsletter. The electronic IVWS distribution list provides early notification of special events, including information about the Annual Woolf Conferences, as well as access to electronic balloting, and electronic versions of newsletters.

THE IVWS & VWS ARCHIVE INFORMATION

<http://library.vicu.utoronto.ca/special/F51ivwoolfossocietyfonds.htm>
<http://library.vicu.utoronto.ca/collections/special_collections/f51_int_v_woolf_society/>

The archive of the VWS and the IVWS has a secure and permanent home at E. J. Pratt Library, Victoria University, University of Toronto.

Below is the finding aid for the IVWS archival materials:
<http://library.vicu.utoronto.ca/special/F51ivwoolfossocietyfonds.htm>

[As a lexical point of interest, professional archivists use the term "archival" to describe records that have been appraised as having enduring value or the storage facility where they are preserved. For example, when we call a record "archival," we generally refer to where it is housed; depending on context, the term may be used to refer to the valuation ("enduring value") of such a record.]

With regard to such items as correspondence, memorabilia and photographs, contact the current Archival Liaison, Karen Levenback, either at <ivwsarchive@att.net> or by surface mail:
Karen Levenback, Archival Liaison/IVWS Archive,
304 Philadelphia Avenue, Takoma Park, MD 20912.

Be sure to consult Paula Maggio’s Blogging Woolf for up-to-date information about all things Woolfian including information about upcoming Woolf conferences and recent publications from Cecil Woolf Publishers. <bloggingwoolf.wordpress.com>
Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain Membership

Membership of the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain entitles you to three free issues annually of the *Virginia Woolf Bulletin*, and the opportunity to attend member-only events such as:

- Birthday Lecture*
- AGM with guest speaker
- Summer Study Day*
- Reading Group meetings

(*There is a charge for events marked with an asterisk.)

Subscriptions for the year ending 31 December 2014 are £18 UK, £23 Europe and £26 outside of Europe; Five-year memberships (five years for the price of four) beginning in 2013 are £72 UK, £92 Europe and £104 outside Europe.

We are always delighted to welcome new members. If you wish to join the VWSGB and pay in pounds sterling (whether by cheque or via PayPal), please write to or email Stuart N. Clarke (Stuart.N.Clarke@btinternet.com) for a membership form:

Membership Secretary
Fairhaven
Charnleys Lane
Banks
SOUTHPORT PR9 8HJ
UK

For members paying in US dollars, please request a membership form by writing to or emailing Professor Lolly Ockerstrom (ljsearose@gmail.com). Park University 8700 NW River Park Drive English Department, Box 39 Parkville, MO 64152 USA

If you are interested in details of student, five-year or life membership, please write (as above) or email the Membership Secretary, Stuart N. Clarke (Stuart.N.Clarke@btinternet.com).

Thomas C. Caramagno
February 16, 1946-February 1, 2014

Thomas C. Caramagno was an Associate Professor of English at Folsom Lake College in California (2004-2014), Associate Professor of English at the University of Nebraska (1990-2003) and Assistant Professor at the University of Hawaii (1983-90). He received his Ph.D. from UCLA and had an MA in Clinical Psychology.

In the world of Virginia Woolf studies, he was best known as the author of the monograph *The Flight of the Mind: Virginia Woolf's Art and Manic-Depressive Illness*, published by the University of California Press in 1992. Caramagno argues that Woolf creatively used her illness to develop her fictional strategies and depict the fragmented mental activity of her characters. As he states in his introduction, “this interdisciplinary study of Virginia Woolf…re-examines her madness and her fiction in the light of recent discoveries about the biological basis of manic-depressive illness—findings allied with drug therapies that today help nearly one million American manic-depressives to live happier, more productive lives. …By integrating neuroscience, psychobiography, and literary theory… I argue against the arbitrary and subjective practice of reading all symptoms or texts as neurotic disguises supposedly obscuring a causative origin.” Controversial at the time of publication, the book remains in print today.

Caramagno was also the author of *Irreconcilable Differences?: Intellectual Stalemate in the Gay Rights Debate* (Praeger, 2002), *Visible Love* (PublishAmerica, 2002) and *It Isn’t Just Me. Is It?: The Racing Thoughts of a Suburban Anarchist* (PublishAmerica, 2004).

Caramagno was working on a lecture he planned to teach in Fall 2014 in a course on Postmodernism and Quantum Mechanics and was finishing a novel when he died in February 2014 of pancreatic cancer. He is survived by his wife, Judy Leveque Caramagno.
In Memoriam
Joanna Lipking
Lecturer Emerita
Northwestern University
September 14, 1937 – February 1, 2014


Joanna Lipking’s scholarly legacy is important and enduring. She came of age on the front lines of “the canon wars” as women and people of color began exploring and enlarging the literary field. She took a leading role in bringing neglected women’s literature to life for scholars, teachers, students, and readers. Joanna once showed me a syllabus she had designed for a cutting-edge Mellon-sponsored course: “Men, Women, and the Great Tradition”—“a.k.a Lipking v. Lipking,” she quipped—a lighthearted joke, for she and her forward-thinking spouse, Lawrence Lipking, had already co-hosted a landmark Northwestern School of Criticism and Theory conference, “The Challenge of Feminist Criticism,” with Jane Marcus, Judith Kegan Gardiner, Marlene Longenecker, Geoffrey Hartman, and Mary Lydon as the speakers. Joanna’s scholarship was not only learned and brilliant. It was activist, visionary, game-changing.

Joanna Lipking launched her scholarly career with an adventurous, distinguished, still current doctoral dissertation on Renaissance jest books (Columbia 1970). Who knew that these books were not effusions of the popular mind but had been transmitted through Latin, German, and Italian texts by the likes of Erasmus?—until then, not thought to of the popular mind but had been transmitted through Latin, German, and Italian texts by the likes of Erasmus?—until then, not thought to.

Early modern women writers soon drew Joanna’s eye. In “Fair Originals: Women Poets in Male Commemorative Poems” (1988), she drily observes that “Commendations of the feminine still cast their little light in our of the popular mind but had been transmitted through Latin, German, and Italian texts by the likes of Erasmus?—until then, not thought to have troubled himself over jokes involving things like friars dropped into vats of excrement. Joanna’s comparative historical study is now a standard source; as Barbara C. Bowen described it in 2004, an “extremely valuable overview of the subject from Cicero to the sixteenth century.”

In 1997 Joanna Lipking’s acclaimed Norton Critical Edition of *Oroonoko*, with her essay “The New World of Slavery: An Introduction,” secured Behn’s place in contemporary American classrooms. Echoing scholars’ praise, Amazon readers festoon the book with stars and offer comments like these: “I bought this book for a class and was dreading the read. In the end, I was surprised to find that I like it. The book shipped fast and I read it even faster”; and, from “LuckyPropeller”: “While I enjoyed the story, I must admit that I enjoyed reading the footnotes and introduction even more. They were very interesting and enlightening, and the introduction creates an awe-inspiring portrait of Aphra Behn, and what a diamond in the rough she was during the Restoration period of English history.” Meanwhile, scholarly accolades continue. Of twenty-six essays on Behn published in 2000, Paul Salzman singles out three “of particular importance,” among them Joanna Lipking’s “At London and Paris: Pursuing Behn’s French Connections”—for which the French research ministry also honored her. In 2004 her “‘Others,’ Slaves, and Colonists in *Oroonoko*” appeared in *The Cambridge Companion to Aphra Behn* and, in 2005, her “Post-Renaissance Re-Fashioning: Behn’s Juniper” in the collected papers of a conference on Behn at the Sorbonne.

As noted, Joanna’s first and last publications—from 1976 to 2013—were on Virginia Woolf. I had just read the early ones when Jo and I met at a jam-packed Virginia Woolf Society party at MLA and plunged into an ebullient conversation that lasted nearly thirty years. No one who knew the emotional zest and intellectual exhilaration of conversations with Joanna could have dreamt that they could end so abruptly. Yet her strong, clear, eloquent voice is still with us and in us. Here Joanna recounts, in the pages of *Critical Inquiry* in 2009, discussing with a famous historian of paradigm shifts her own fierce debate of 1976, thirty-some years earlier, with that journal’s editor over the canon-worthiness of *To the Lighthouse*:

“The pieces suddenly fell together, as they sometimes do for a historian,” Thomas Kuhn told me: “you, the book, and the times.” But that “you” was plural. There were suddenly whole troops of us…gathered at MLA sessions and conferences on Behn, Finch, Astell, and other early women writers … cast aside by the canonizing impulse of “major authors” teaching. But what we readers found surprising and heroic in their poems and prefaces—the hunger for books and strong female attachments, and the sweeping social defiance—were ipso facto signs of their comically peculiar private lives. If they weren’t starved finicky prioresses, they were voracious wives of Bath.

We needed a fairer sense of their lives and circumstances… what Geoffrey Hartman called a “text-milieu.”…As we came to have a decent rough history, we could begin to reenvision a changed teaching canon….There was an altered collective sight, a changed consensus, *Critical Inquiry* 35 [Summer 2009]: 1055-6)

Let us stew flowers on the tomb of Joanna Lipking, who—deeply generous as always in her plural “you,” her “we,” her “collective sight” and “consensus”—did so much to keep Behn and Woolf and other women writers alive for us and all LuckyPropellers in what Woolf calls “the sky of the mind.”

Thank you, Joanna.

Christine Froula
Northwestern University
The editors of the Virginia Woolf Miscellany were saddened to learn of the death of Joanna Lipking on February 1, 2014 after a short illness. Joanna was a longtime contributor to the Miscellany. Her first submission to the publication was her report on a conference at Princeton University, “Virginia Woolf in her Cultural Context,” held on April 9-10, 1975. The report was published in the Virginia Woolf Miscellany 5 (Spring & Summer 1976).

Emily Kopley and Sara Sullam, the guest editors of the special topic on Woolf and Literary Genre (Issue 83, Spring 2013), worked with Joanna when she contributed her article on Woolf and Congreve.

Emily Kopley writes:

I first read Joanna Lipking’s work as an undergraduate, in a survey taught by Jill Campbell on the early English novel. Our reading began with Joanna’s Norton Critical edition of Aphra Behn’s Oroonoko. In A Room of One’s Own Woolf famously honors Behn thus: “She had to work on equal terms with men. She made, by working very hard, enough to live on…here begins the freedom of the mind. It is she—shady and amorous as she was—who makes it not quite fantastic for me to say to you tonight: Earn five hundred a year by your wits.” Woolf then exhorts her readers, “All women together ought to let flowers fall upon the tomb of Aphra Behn” (AROO 65). By introducing me to Aphra Behn, Joanna introduced me to the beginning of the English line of self-supporting women writers, a line in which Woolf saw herself.

Oroonoko struck me as disconcertingly strange: it was a wanderer among genres, noncommittal at sixty-five pages and narrated by a supposed “Eye-Witness” to its “History” who spoke in the language of high Romance (8). This female narrator admirably celebrated the heroic “Royal Slave” of the title and his wife, but less admirably flattened them and their fellow West Africans into prelapsarian cartoons. Behn claimed that the book was “written in a few hours” and that she “never rested [her] Pen a Moment for Thought” (7). Would my diligent attention to this purportedly casual production be rewarded? Yes, it would, with Joanna Lipking’s help. Her Preface softened my skepticism by acknowledging the book’s peculiarity: “Like some exotic specimen that is yet to be catalogued, Oroonoko attracts and challenges” (xii).

Joanna’s Preface reveals Behn’s debt to the extensive travel literature of her time, traces the presence in seventeenth-century literature of black Africans described as “noble,” and details the book’s hurried publication and its hindered readability. Joanna’s footnotes answered a hundred questions, while her essay following Behn’s text, “The New World of ‘Royal Slave,’” provided crucial historical context. If I did not come to love Oroonoko, I came to be more patient with it, and to appreciate its well-crafted concern with names, the spirit versus the letter of Christianity, and the unreliability of words compared with body language.

In May 2012 Joanna submitted to the Miscellany 83 CFP the essay “Woolf and Congreve: Speaking Parts.” My co-editor, Sara Sullam, and I, readily accepted it. The essay considers Woolf’s two essays on Congreve (from 1925 and 1937) as well as her many disparate allusions to Congreve, to argue that “this relatively privileged male author, in a masculine literary set, writing in a different genre, became in a small way one of Woolf’s ‘continuing presences’ (AROO 112) throughout her writing life” (11). Joanna also reveals that her students, sometimes put off by Congreve’s impossible plots and highly-wrought wit, enjoy him more when they read Woolf’s essays acclaiming his coarseness, catholic morality, and sensitive characterizations. I was grateful to continue learning from Joanna’s expertise in Restoration literature and to learn for the first time from her careful reading to Woolf. I was also glad to learn from Joanna’s rigorous attention throughout the editing process. Her Preface to Oroonoko explains, “There is no sign that once she supplied the manuscript, Behn had any further role” (xv). In Joanna’s case, not so—once she supplied her manuscript, she played an active and helpful role until the piece saw print. In kind, lively, and pointed emails she took some of our suggested revisions, shared anecdotes about her experience as a copy-editor and teacher, and proposed that the Miscellany might publish longer essays and include more responses to past work.

Joanna modeled for me a high standard of scholarship and of authorial responsibility. I wish I had been able to thank her in person. All Woolfians together ought to let flowers fall upon her memory.

Work Cited


Joanna Lipking’s Publications


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The Blight of Class: Woolf and the “Lower Orders”

“Mary Carmichael […] will have her work cut out […] merely as an observer” of life, Woolf remarks in A Room of One’s Own after glancing at Mary’s first novel. The danger, Woolf cautions, is that Mary will be “tempted to become […] naturalist-novelist,” rather than a “contemplative” writer, as contemporary society offers “so many new facts for her to observe” (AROO 82). Even though Mary will continue to be hobbled by prudery and “the shoddy old fetters of class” (82), she will soon discover that a great many “infinitely obscure lives” of women “remain to be recorded” (83). Woolf then proceeds:

in thought through the streets of London feeling in imagination the pressure of dumbness, the accumulation of unrecorded life, whether from the women at the street corners with their arms akimbo, and the rings embedded in their fat, swollen fingers […] or from the violet-sellers and match-sellers and old crones stationed under doorways […] All that you will have to explore, I said to Mary Carmichael, holding your torch firm in your hand. (83-84)

Woolf herself was acutely conscious of “the pressure of dumbness,” and her own exploratory “torch” picks out the poor and the disadvantaged of both sexes in a number of her novels. But her determination to incorporate the hitherto “unrecorded life” of the masses in her fiction is perhaps epitomized in the recurring figure of a working-class woman, now taciturn, now irrepressibly full of song, who cannot be skirted around or overlooked and so stands like a monolith in the narrative path. Each of these women bears a thematic load in addition to the burden of her lot, and each fills her textual space with a forbearance that is at once stalwart and arresting.

In the second chapter of The Voyage Out, for example, Rachel Vinrace is “intercepted by a woman who was so broad and so thick that to be intercepted by her was inevitable. The discreet tentative way in which she moved, together with her sober black dress, showed that she belonged to the lower orders” (VO 24-25). Emma Chailey’s adoption of “a rock-like position” in front of Rachel anticipates subsequent occasions in Woolf’s fiction when women of the “lower orders” assume center stage and must be physically negotiated by their superiors as well as by the reader, as if Woolf wishes to stress that the problems of the poor and disadvantaged cannot be circumvented, glossed over or ignored. I shall now turn to one such passage and suggest that, although it has so far escaped close critical scrutiny, the grotesquely lop-sided encounter during the scene, Mrs. Durrant’s scolding of Mrs. Pascoe.

Mrs. Durrant’s scolding of Mrs. Pascoe.

The boy Curnow knew that Mrs. Durrant was saying that it is perfectly simple; you mix the powder in a gallon of water; “I have done it with my own hands in my own garden,” Mrs. Durrant was saying.

“You won’t have a potato left—you won’t have a potato left,” Mrs. Durrant was saying in emphatic voice as they reached the gate. The boy Curnow became as immobile as stone.

Curnow’s symbolic petrification links him with the “rock-like” Emma Chailey, while at the end of her visit, Mrs. Durrant, having “settled herself on the driver’s seat,” shouts one last order at the mute and statuelike Mrs. Pascoe:

“Take care of that leg, or I shall send the doctor to you,” she […] touched the ponies; and the carriage started forward […] Mrs. Pascoe stood at the gate looking after them; stood at the gate till the trap was round the corner; stood at the gate, looking now to the right, now to the left, then went back to her cottage. (72)

This scene packs a restrained punch that is typical of Woolf’s understated, “contemplative” intensity. The attentive reader is invited to consider the emigration of Mrs. Pascoe’s daughter and Mrs. Pascoe’s blighted potatoes in a broader historical context, and to appreciate, for example, that Mrs. Pascoe and her family have been and will continue to be subject to one high-handed charitable intervention after another. So, although the precise reason why the Wesleyan minister “took” Mrs. Pascoe’s younger son is unclear, his removal is likely to have had a reformatory purpose. As one commentator, John William Gilbert, put it in 1861:

The effects of Cornish Methodism in making the drunkard sober, the idle industrious, the profligate moral, and in inducing men to provide decently and comfortably for their families, and to give a suitable education to their children, can be attested by thousands of witnesses. (Qtd. in Shaw 113)

The Wesleyans opened many primary and secondary schools in Cornwall during the nineteenth century (Shaw 117-18) and Mrs. Pascoe’s younger son has probably been taken from her and sent to one of them, while her daughter’s emigration to America may well have been facilitated by a grant from a Wesleyan “fund to help distressed families” (Shaw 114). Moreover, in view of her familiarity with potato blight, it is intriguing that Mrs. Durrant is said to come from a “Highland race, famous for its chiefships” (71, 115). Although nowhere near as catastrophic as the Great Famine in Ireland, the Highland Potato Famine (1846-1855) was nevertheless calamitous, and the conduct of some Highland landowners during the prolonged period of blight (coercing and evicting tenants and forcing them to emigrate) has been noted by historians (Salaman 378-80; Devine 171-91, 212-25). But the potato blight also struck Cornwall, resulting in the famine of 1847, which in turn accelerated emigration from the county, and this cluster of associations is surely in play during Mrs. Durrant’s scolding of Mrs. Pascoe.

In a way that is typical of Jacob’s Room as a whole, the names of the three characters involved in this scene also demand closer examination.
“Curnow” is “the Cornish for Cornwall” (Charnock 33) and “Pascoe” has a specific connection with the county that is longstanding (Hanks and Hodges 408); the surname “Durrant,” on the other hand, derives from the Latin “durus,” meaning hard or firm, and had entered England with the conquering Normans (Hanks and Hodges 158). Mrs. Durrant’s overbearing manner, therefore, not only befits the etymology of her name, but recalls the Norman suppression of Cornwall in particular and of England in general. With her “hawk nose” and hands that are “firm even in repose” (72), her upper lip curled back so that “it raised itself almost in a sneer from the front teeth,” the abrupt and imperious Mrs. Durrant is more like an “aquiline” (73) raptor than a charitable caller; more a visitation than a visitor. She will return to her commodious summer home, with its fuchsias, geraniums and begonias, its greenhouse providing fresh grapes and onions (82, 83), leaving the Cornishwoman with little more than her small “cabbage-garden” (245) and her St. John’s wort (71), an herb long regarded as an anti-depressant.

The “roofless cottages, mounds of slag, and cottage gardens overgrown with foxglove and bramble” (73) in the vicinity of Mrs. Pascoe’s house bear witness not only to the ravages of famine and emigration, but above all to the prolonged decline of the tin mining industry in the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries—by 1921 “only one Cornish mine remained at work” (Barton 262). This tragic past and blighted present probably explains why the “cottage smoke,” as seen from Timmy Durrant’s yacht, “droops, has the look of a mourning emblem, a flag floating its caress over a grave” (62-63), and it is why “the Cornish hills have stark chimneys standing on them; and, somehow or other, loneliness is innately sad” (63). The chimneys are like commemorative sentinels and are of a piece with “the boy Curnow,” turned “immobile as stone,” as he watches and hears Mrs. Durrant berate Mrs. Pascoe. Yet while the narrator is responsive to the “overpowering sorrow” (63) of the Cornish landscape, Mrs. Durrant, like the party of tourists who gawp momentarily at Mrs. Pascoe and move on, seems largely oblivious to it. In fact, both the wealthy, vacationing widow and the staring rubbernecks are representative of the same phenomenon: from around 1896 onward, the collapse of tin mining began to be counterbalanced by the growth of agriculture have fallen.” “The ruined engine-house, the roofless cottage are not cheerful sights”, Quiller-Couch observed before going on to concede that tourists were preferable to mass poverty (Quiller-Couch qtd. in Halliday 305).

Overall, therefore, what we have in this passage is an unobtrusive but intensely evocative textual interchange in which the historical and cultural associations of surnames and place-names, potatoes and penury, act as a duct for Woolf’s “contemplative” vision as a novelist: obliquely but resonantly, Woolf’s writing is flush with sympathy for the “lower orders.” Further on in Jacob’s Room the reader will confront, among other unfortunates, a woman slumped outside St. Paul’s who “stares at nothing” (JR 88), Mrs. Page with her need for “out-door relief” (113), and “hatless” prostitutes crossing Waterloo Bridge (154), but nowhere in the novel is Woolf’s resolve to include “the lower orders” and to draw attention to their predicament better encapsulated than in this scene on the Cornish coast.

Mrs. Dalloway’s “battered old woman” (69), singing for all she’s worth outside Regent’s Park Tube Station, is another representation of the ineffaceable and unmissable “lower orders,” but Mrs. Chailey’s most celebrated successor, and the most monumental of all Woolf’s working-class women, is also a gnarled old crooner: Mrs. McNab. At one point in To the Lighthouse Mr. Ramsay asks himself whether “the greatest good requires the existence of a slave class” before deciding, immediately, that such an idea is “distasteful” (TTL 37). I have suggested that in having Mr. Ramsay question and answer himself in this manner Woolf sets out to refute the elitism of her brother-in-law, Clive Bell, who argued in his Civilization (1928) that there could be no civilization without a slave class (Bradshaw xxiv-xlvii). Written during the heightened class-consciousness and open class strife of the 1926 General Strike, the “Time Passes” section of the novel is not only Woolf’s riposte to Bell’s contempt for the masses but also her most sustained effort to break free of the “fitter” of class, her most notable attempt to draw the voiceless obscure into the limelight of her fiction. Mrs. McNab, with her “arms akimbo” (TTL 111) like the women evoked by Woolf in the narrator of A Room, is as irrepressible as she is knobbly, and, with the equally hoary Mrs. Bast by her side, she brings the Ramsays’ highly symbolic summer house back to life. Although neither woman is present in the final section of the novel, it is their efforts, in effect, that make possible the long-postponed journey to the lighthouse and the bridging of a social gulf that journey represents. Lily Briscoe’s sense that Carmichael has interpreted the Ramsays’ unseen landing as an act of toleration and compassion, something that offers succour, no matter how fleetingly, for “the weakness and suffering of mankind” (TTL 169), enables her to complete her picture and conclude a chain of events that has foregrounded the horizontal, interdependence of social classes in contrast to Bell’s emphasis on a rigid social hierarchy. Mrs. Pascoe’s face is said to be “assuredly not soft, sensual, or lecherous, but hard, wise, wholesome rather, signifyng in a room full of sophisticated people the flesh and blood of life” (JR 69-70), and Mrs. McNab and Mrs. Bast are cast from the same earthly mold.

Woolf’s radical vision, as set out in Three Guineas, of “an experimental college, an adventurous college” built of “cheap, easily combustible material” in which “the arts of human intercourse, the art of understanding other people’s lives and minds,” should have a central role, forms a key component of her mature political outlook. The aim of this new college, Woolf says, “should not be to segregate and specialize, but to combine” (143-44), just as Lily’s abstract painting conceptually combines class difference. The challenge for Woolf’s reader is to see beyond the occasional offense and snobbishness of her personal writings—as when, for instance, during the celebrations that marked the end of the war in 1918, she shrinks back from the “London poor, half drunk and very sentimental or completely stolid with their hideous voices and clothes and bad teeth,” making her “doubt whether any decent life will ever be possible, or whether it matters if we’re at war or at peace” (The Question of Things Happening, Letters 2 293)—and to perceive the more nuanced and sympathetic outlook that we encounter in her fiction.

“It is useless to suppose that social distinctions have vanished,” Woolf remarks in “The Niece of an Earl,” an essay written around the same time as A Room and which stands as one of her most absorbing meditations on class and the novelist:

Each may pretend that he knows no such restrictions, and that the compartment in which he lives allows him the run of the world. But it is an illusion […] We are enclosed, and separate, and cut off […] The novelist, and the English novelist in particular, knows and delights, it seems, to know that Society is a nest of glass boxes one separate from another, each housing a group with special habits and qualities of its own. (Essays 4 560)

The fine demarcations of aristocratic life are taxing enough for the novelist, Woolf goes on to observe, but “we are still faced with an abyss; a gulf yawns before us; on the other side are the working classes” (E4 560-61). Though she was to remain largely confined within the “box” of her own class Woolf regarded her predicament as far from “delight[ful]” and it is vital that we recognise the imaginative effort she put into smashing her way out of it and into the box of the “lower orders.” Even if they rarely speak in her fiction, Woolf did her utmost to give voice to their “dumbness” and to recognise their place in “Society.”

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Two Postcards from Skye: Virginia Woolf in the Hebrides

This is the nearest I could get to the Isle of Barra. Skye is often raining, but also fine: hardly embodied; semi-transparent; like living in a jelly fish lit up with green light. Remote as Samoa; deserted: prehistoric. No room for more.

—Virginia Woolf (Letters 6:248)

Virginia Woolf wrote these words on a postcard, dated 27 June 1938, to her Scottish friend, the artist Duncan Grant, from her first and only physical visit to Skye. The celebrated belatedness of postcards certainly applies to this one. Eleven years after the publication of To the Lighthouse, the novel about an academic and his family on summer holiday that she perversely sets on the Isle of Skye, Woolf finally reached Skye herself. She was on Skye for three days (24-26 June 1938) with her husband Leonard as part of their two-week Scottish holiday, which took in the Roman Wall, the Borders, Edinburgh, Crieanlarieh, Glen Coe, Loch Ness, Spean Bridge, and Oban; the Woolfs then headed back south via Ambleside in the English Lake District. Skye is possibly the crowning experience of her tour, not least because the itinerary perhaps confirms many of Woolf’s earlier preoccupations with the island, already evident in her Scottish novel, as well as in the record of a lifetime of Hebridean reading.

Woolf’s final four-word sentence self-reflexively scribbled to Grant—“No room for more”—paradoxically limits the space “for more” in order to point up the spatial limits of the very postcard she is writing while simultaneously celebrating the materiality of writing itself in the occupation of that space. The palindromic play between “room” and “more” (the latter puns on “room” in reverse) opens up questions of spatial restrictions and exotic excess that spill over from the site of writing on to the site of tourism and perhaps encourages a reading of the verso of the postcard not so much as a stable material space or a room at all but as a doorway, a scriptive portal through which all sorts of things come coursing and flashing.

Compressed in the middle two complex sentences are innumerable layers of experiences, interior and exterior. The first observation captures the elemental quality of Skye, the dissolution of land, air, and sea, which is given in its very name, and the swift mutability of the island’s weather, which if it has a default is certainly rain (and the rain can be prolonged and incessant). Yet the weather may also suddenly change between extremes, transforming the place unutterably in minutes from rain to shine. The apparent solubility of the landscape is so destabilizing that Woolf finds it “hardly embodied,” an epithet that may in her slippery syntax apply to the author herself too. A stark existentialism is at work here, figuring an unstable sense of self in equally mutable environs. Woolf’s use of her own key term “semi-transparent” contributes to this sense of primal existentialism, since it is the term she uses in one of her most famous definitions of “Life”: “Life is not a series of gig-lamps symmetrically arranged; life is a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end” (“Modern Fiction,” Essays 4:160). The sense of the halo’s viscous luminosity enveloping the self informs too Woolf’s Scqphoozan simile for the experience of inhabiting Skye’s landscape: “like living in a jelly fish lit up with green light” (L6 248).

This primal, maternal imagery in turn prefigures Woolf’s later description of the earliest two “colour-and-sound memories” of her infancy (Goldman 2). The first is the sight of the pattern of “purple and red and blue” flowers on her mother’s black dress as she sat on her knee. The second, “most important,” and—for her—foundational, memory is of hearing from her bed “waves breaking . . . over the beach” at St Ives, and hearing at the same time her window blind “draw its little acorn across the floor as the wind blew the blind out.” She remembers this experience of “the waves and the acorn on the blind” producing “the purest ecstasy I can conceive,” and she is fond of describing it to herself, she confesses, as “the feeling . . . of lying in a grape and seeing . . . of the waves and the acorn on the blind” producing “the purest ecstasy I can conceive,” and she is fond of describing it to herself, she confesses, as “the feeling . . . of lying in a grape and seeing through a film of semi-transparent yellow” (“Sketch of the Past” 79). This surreal, yet tender, self-portrait of the writer as a young sensate of 56, to be re-standing her life’s primal “bowl” upon Skye. This may be understood as an avant-garde gesture that re-arranges fragments of life and art, rather like James’s collagistic act at his mother’s knee, “cutting out pictures from the illustrated catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores” (To the Lighthouse 11), an act that refuses any easy autobiographical

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Postcard Image by Ambroz from rgbstockcom

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grounding in a particular lived landscape. It may also be understood as engaging in and possibly critiquing sentimental identification with one of the primary and primal topoi of literary Romanticism, the Hebridean landscape that informs or inspires much of the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries that her father’s literary criticism in turn explores.

On the reverse (more properly, recto) of the postcard to Grant is a photograph of Uig Bay, which, on the south western side of the Trotternish peninsula of Skye, is the point of departure for ferries to the other Hebridean islands, and apparently was selected, as Woolf writes, as “the nearest I could get to the Isle of Barra” (L6 248). It is not clear why Woolf harbored ambitions to get as close as possible to the tiny and beautiful island of Barra, the second southernmost inhabited of the Outer Hebrides, with two small townships, a couple of small fortifications and some Iron Age brochs, but perhaps it may more accurately fit Woolf’s epithets for more populous Skye—“Remote as Samoa; deserted: prehistoric.” Yet the reference to Samoa suggests a primitivism associated with Stevenson and Gauguin, which would appeal to her post-impressionist correspondent, and Skye itself boasts numerous primitive sites.

Woolf seems to have relished this rare opportunity to write back from Scotland to her Scottish friend, Duncan Grant, at his English address. Grant, a grandson of Sir John Peter Grant, 12th Laird of Rothiemurchus, KCB, GCMM, sometime Lt-Governor of Bengal, was born in the ancestral home of Rothiemurchus, Aviemore, in northern Scotland (Spalding 1), but schooled in England at the elite St Paul’s School London, before attending Westminster and the Slade Schools of Art. She had made pointed reference to Grant’s colonial and class credentials many years earlier in a letter she wrote to him on a train between Edinburgh and Glasgow in March 1913 while on a political tour with Leonard Woolf: “My dear Duncan, / They’re already beginning to talk Scotch all round us which reminds me of you—in fact you were born at Edinburgh weren’t you, if it wasn’t Rangoon. We’re having a wonderful time—I don’t know how long one could go on seeing machines and factories, but so far it’s amazingly interesting—biscuits, soap, jam, boots, furniture, laundry, clothes—There are about 17 different machines for making a pair of boots, and the poor wretches are kept making button holes for eight hours a day” (“Nineteen Letters” 175). The class and colonial terms of this earlier rare moment of Woolf’s correspondence from Scotland reverberate 25 years later. Entangled in the many layers of Hebridean sites.

The postcard she sent to her brother-in-law, Clive Bell, on the same day is of Duntulm Castle, a stump of a ruin on an ancient broch site, to the north of the peninsula, and silently speaks of historical insurrection, albeit failed. These “remains of a stately castle,” as James Boswell records on Thursday, September 2, 1773, are the “most ancient seat of the chief of the Macdonalds in the Isle of Sky [sic].” Boswell was without doubt one of Woolf’s earliest guides to Skye. She was certainly familiar with Boswell’s Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, courtesy of her father’s library, and this volume had absorbed her while she was on holiday in Salisbury in 1904 (Passionate Apprentice 206). She followed Leslie Stephen closely over the same literary terrain, transported by the very same pages, long before she set foot on Skye. On their actual historical tour, Boswell and Johnson were themselves, of course, following in the footsteps of the Young Pretender, Prince Charles Edward (son of “the old Pretender, James and grandson of the exiled Stuart King, James II of England). Their accounts contribute to the powerful and flourishing body of mythology and literature that followed in the wake of the 1745 Jacobite rebellion, which has passed into history

as the legendary “45”. Bonnie Prince Charlie, as he became known, led a serious but ultimately unsuccessful challenge on the British throne and became a romanticized figure of failed heroism. One of the highlights of Boswell’s and Johnson’s tour almost three decades after the rebellion, was their meeting with the local living legend, Flora Macdonald, who had assisted the Young Pretender during his refuge on Skye.

“It’s a good thing Clive and his sister-in-law didn’t quarrel at this point, or the mews would have picked their bones,” writes Woolf from the most ancient residence of the Lords of the Isles. “Skye is full of mews [gulls]” (L6 248). Indeed, “what grim tragedies are associated with these hoary hands—now in the possession of the vassals of the Earls of Ross, then of those of the Lords of the Isles; but for the most part, it was held by the MacLeods ‘of Dunvegan’” (Nicolson 54). Perhaps Woolf had heard or read of some of Duntulm’s dark legends, such as of the infant who, “taking a sudden jerk in the arms of its nurse, fell from the awesome heights of the battlements, to be dashed to death upon the cruel rocks below” or of its strange “bacchanalian” ghosts (Nicolson 54). But she would certainly have read in Boswell of its abandonment by the Macdonalds some time after 1715 for their new “principal residence […] at Mugstot, at which there is a considerable building.” And Mugstot (or Monkstadt), was where the Young Pretender landed when he fled to Skye. This is Boswell’s rendering of his legendary arrival:

They got off undiscovered, though several shots were fired to bring them to, and landed at Mugstot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Sir Alexander was then at Fort Augustus, with the Duke of Cumberland; but his lady was at home. Prince Charles took his post upon a hill near the house. Flora Macdonald waited on Lady Margaret, and acquainted her of the enterprise in which she was engaged. Her ladyship, whose active benevolence was ever seconded by superior talents, shewed a perfect presence of mind, and readiness of invention, and at once settled that Prince Charles should be conducted to old Rasay. The road between Duntulm and Uig would have taken the Woolfs past Mugstot, which is in the township of Kilmuir, and it is from there that the Prince was taken to Kingsburgh, which lies to the south of Uig. The hotel at Flodigarry where the Woolfs stayed in June 1938 is on the north-eastern side of the Trotternish peninsula, above the township of Staffin. It too is a location associated with the ‘45 tourist trail, if only because Flora Macdonald lived in this house. The sea is beneath the window. Here came prince Charlie dressed as a beggar. Possibly Dr. Johnson and Boswell—but don’t take this for a fact and boast of it” (L6 245). Woolf seems to have muddled a little the topography of the story of the ‘45 as well as Boswell’s account of his and Johnson’s meeting with Flora Macdonald. But to follow her further into the Hebrides on the trail of Boswell and Johnson on the trail of the Prince we must drop Woolf’s

3 Boswell, Thursday, September 2, 1773.
4 Boswell, Monday, September 13, 1773.
5 Nigel Nicolson’s editorial note on Woolf’s version of the significance of Flodigarry is even more muddled. ‘The Flodigarry Hotel’, he erroneously asserts, ‘has since been renamed The Royal Hotel, and a room is pointed out as the one in which Prince Charles Edward, disguised as a maid, said farewell to his benefactor, the famous Flora Macdonald, in 1746. Dr Johnson and Boswell stayed in the same inn during their tour of the Hebrides in 1773, and met Flora Macdonald at her house in another part of Skye’ (L6 245). But, as is shown in what follows, Flodigarry is in fact in Staffin, about seventeen miles to the north of Portree; the Royal Hotel, which is indeed in Portree, stands on the site of MacNab’s Inn, which did take in the Pretender, and Boswell and Johnson did go there; they also went to Kingsburgh, the house in which Flora Macdonald lived after leaving Flodigarry, and it was at Kingsburgh that she first harbored the Pretender.

1 See Goldman, “With you in the Hebrides”. Virginia Woolf and Scotland.
2 This material is referenced by Boswell’s own entry date as given in the online version published by the Project Gutenberg EBook edition (see Works Cited for publication information).
lyrically compressed Skye postcards and open her expansive Hebridean letters. But, alas, “No room for more.”

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Waxing into Words:
Virginia Woolf and the Funeral Effigies at Westminster Abbey

The character of Doris Kilman in Mrs. Dalloway suffers from bad press, yet she occupies a place that is always treated with respect in Woolf’s work for, like Rosamond Merridrew in “The Journal of Mistress Joan Martyn,” Miss Kilman is both historian and history teacher. A historian was what the young Virginia Stephen herself thought she could be, and at the time of Leslie Stephen’s death in 1904 it was what he expected that she would become, having himself directed her intensive early reading of Macaulay and Carlyle. Surrounded by her family network of historians—for in addition to her father, F. W. Maitland and Herbert Fisher were also established historians—Woolf herself tried teaching history from 1905 to 1907 at Morley College, the evening educational institute on London’s South Bank. At the end of her first term she wrote a report, explaining that, “I tried to make the real interest of history—as it appears to me—visible to them” (i.e., her students), in hopes that they would “feel the flesh & blood in these shadows” (Bell 1 203). Woolf strives to make her subject interesting, as any good teacher should, but the interest is also strongly embodied: it is primarily a matter of seeing and feeling, of something made material and incarnate. For Woolf, the place where history comes alive is Westminster Abbey. It is in the Abbey’s shadows that she perceives those figures of flesh and blood, and Miss Kilman does too, for even as she struggles to pray, she is distracted by “the variously assorted worshippers [...] middle-class, English men and women, some of them desirous of seeing the wax works” (Mrs. Dalloway 146). Instead of praying, Miss Kilman is really thinking about the funeral effigies on display in Westminster Abbey.

Virginia Woolf was herself one of those people “desirous of seeing the waxworks,” ambling in the background as Miss Kilman tries to access the copiously illustrated Funeral Effigies of Westminster Abbey by Anthony Harvey and Richard Mortimer (London: The Boydell Press, 1994). Images can also be viewed electronically at these suggested websites:

• Sophie Cole, The Lure of Old London (London: Mills and Boon, 1921): eBook reproduced at <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/39932/39932-h/39932-h.htm>. See the photograph of Elizabeth I and Charles II on p. 16, showing the pre-restoration wax figures as Woolf would have seen them at the time of writing ‘Waxworks at the Abbey’. Woolf strives to make her subject interesting, as any good teacher should, but the interest is also strongly embodied: it is primarily a matter of seeing and feeling, of something made material and incarnate. For Woolf, the place where history comes alive is Westminster Abbey. It is in the Abbey’s shadows that she perceives those figures of flesh and blood, and Miss Kilman does too, for even as she struggles to pray, she is distracted by “the variously assorted worshippers [...] middle-class, English men and women, some of them desirous of seeing the wax works” (Mrs. Dalloway 146). Instead of praying, Miss Kilman is really thinking about the funeral effigies on display in Westminster Abbey.

• An 1896 photograph of Charles II, giving a good sense of the collection as visited by the young Woolf with her history student, is in the Victoria and Albert Museum’s collection of photographs by Sir Benjamin Stone: <http://www.vam.ac.uk/content/articles/s/sir-benjamin-stone-and-the-NPRA/>. Photographs of the 1934 restoration of Queen Elizabeth can be viewed via The Times digital archive: see p. 16 of the 26 March, 1934 edition. Present-day photographs of the effigies can be viewed at Westminster Abbey’s own website: <http://www.westminster-abbey.org/our-history/royals/burials/>.

1 The best source for viewing images of all of the effigies in the Abbey’s collection remains the copiously illustrated Funeral Effigies of Westminster Abbey by Anthony Harvey and Richard Mortimer (London: The Boydell Press, 1994). Images can also be viewed electronically at these suggested websites:

• Sophie Cole, The Lure of Old London (London: Mills and Boon, 1921): eBook reproduced at <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/39932/39932-h/39932-h.htm>. See the photograph of Elizabeth I and Charles II on p. 16, showing the pre-restoration wax figures as Woolf would have seen them at the time of writing ‘Waxworks at the Abbey’. Woolf strives to make her subject interesting, as any good teacher should, but the interest is also strongly embodied: it is primarily a matter of seeing and feeling, of something made material and incarnate. For Woolf, the place where history comes alive is Westminster Abbey. It is in the Abbey’s shadows that she perceives those figures of flesh and blood, and Miss Kilman does too, for even as she struggles to pray, she is distracted by “the variously assorted worshippers [...] middle-class, English men and women, some of them desirous of seeing the wax works” (Mrs. Dalloway 146). Instead of praying, Miss Kilman is really thinking about the funeral effigies on display in Westminster Abbey.

2 Photographs of the effigies of Queen Elizabeth I and King Charles II discussed in this article can be viewed in another version of this essay: <http://eprints.nottingham.ac.uk/2200/1 Waxing_into_Words_Kore_Schroder.pdf>.
concentrate on prayer. In June 1905, Woolf reported to Violet Dickinson that:

Yesterday I did a very melancholy thing—which was to take my working women over the Abbey. Only one came!—and we solemnly went round the Chapel and the waxworks together, and saw the mummy of a 40 year old parrot—which makes history so interesting miss! (Car 192)

In effect, Woolf is describing a class trip to see the funeral figures at Westminster Abbey. The collection dates from 1377 and can be organized into three groups: royal funeral effigies from Edward III to James I, made of wood and plaster, lacking almost all clothing, and sometimes known as the “ragged regiment”; wax models made after 1660, but still for funerary purposes, many with original clothes in good condition; and wax figures made in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries solely as exhibition pieces. Whatever their age and condition, all had been made to be as lifelike as possible, dressed in the actual clothes of the deceased. The history of the effigies was haphazard, as they formed no intended collection and were not preserved with any particular care. Since the rise of tourism in the seventeenth century they had become curiosities. When Woolf visited in 1905 the effigies were still an eccentric gathering stuffed into a corner of the Abbey but were beginning to attract the attention of the Society of Antiquaries. At the Society’s instigation, photographic records were made in that same year, thus affording accurate images of what Woolf would have seen, which led in 1908 to the creation of a museum in the Undercroft for the earliest medieval figures, with the later waxworks relegated to the Upper Islip Chapel. This chapel is the location for Woolf’s essay “Waxworks at the Abbey.”

Woolf writes from personal experience, therefore, and the waxworks make multiple cameo appearances in her work. The figure of Queen Elizabeth appears in the essay “Reading,” in which Woolf wonders “Whether some tinted wax-work is the foundation of my view” (Essays 3 145-6); and we encounter it again in Orlando, where the Queen is “a lady whose eyes were always, if the waxworks at the Abbey are to be trusted, wide open” (Orlando 22). Indeed, it is not the human figures alone that attract Woolf’s attention. The Duchess of Richmond’s stuffed parrot—an African Grey—which figures in both Woolf’s 1905 letter and “Waxworks” essay, may well be the original for the feisty bird in Woolf’s story, “The Widow and the Parrot”: here, a “large grey parrot” whose “feathers were sadly neglected”—as well they might be after having been on display for over two hundred years (157). Not only does Woolf draw Violet Dickinson’s attention to the interesting fact that after forty years of companionship the Duchess’s parrot died soon after its owner, but she also makes her own parrot die with similar alacrity in her story. Its melodramatic demise may be entirely typical of Woolf’s tongue-in-cheek Charleston satires, but there is nevertheless something of the stuffed bird’s perkiness in the picture of the parrot that Woolf doodled at the head of her typescript. This is not Flaubert’s polychrome Loulou: it is a practical and sober bird, true friend to both duchesses and widows.

Although conceived as a children’s story, “The Widow and the Parrot” makes a serious point. With its subtitle, “A True Story,” and many references to actual people and places (such as Leonard Woolf, and the Monks House kitchen), the narrative blurs the line between reality and fiction. This same line is violated by the Abbey waxworks, which have always had a disturbing effect, as an eighteen-century visitor testifies:

3 Much of what Woolf saw was either destroyed by bombs on 10-11 May 1941, or badly damaged by the water used to extinguish the fires. As she had died a little over a month previously, she was never to know of the loss. Therefore, the pre-WWII photographs of 1905-07 and again of 1933-36, when the effigies were cleaned and restored under supervision of the Victoria and Albert Museum, provide an invaluable record of the effigies as Woolf would have seen them in her lifetime. Today 18 effigies survive at the Abbey, heavily restored in the 1980s and displayed as a permanent collection in the Undercroft Museum.

I think they are ridiculous and unnatural in themselves, expressing neither figure like statuary, nor colour like painting: secondly, I am humbly of opinion that they would become a puppet-shew better than a church, as making a mere farce of what should be great and solemn; and, thirdly, I think them highly injurious to the characters they represent, as shewing them like jointed babies, to the stupid admiration of the vulgar, and the contempt of men of sense; instead of characterising their persons, and perpetuating their virtues. (Ralph 85)

This critic makes a number of useful objections. He is offended by the figures because they fall into no discrete aesthetic genre. They are also subversive, in the sense that they do not present history in a serious or dignified manner: important historical figures like English monarchs are made to look too ordinary, even ridiculous. Then again, they are inappropriately displayed: such spectacle has no place in Westminster Abbey, and they attract the wrong kind of person (Doris Kilman would agree)—one who comes to be merely entertained, rather than to worship God. In all of these criticisms the viewer reveals how much he feels under threat. The effigies destabilise his safely defined world, where things belong to clear categories of style, history, spectatorship, location and social class: a world with a reassuring border between the sacred and the profane. Little wonder that this anonymous visitor finds these effigies “unnatural”, for he is properly frightened by the uncanny, in the sense that Elizabeth Wright observes: “It is precisely when our compliant identities are challenged by the unexpected that the uncanny is experienced: the most familiar and therefore the most reassuring is transformed into the strange” (4).

Seen as uncanny objects, the Abbey waxworks offer a way of understanding a response to realistic images that is behavioral, psychological, and even irrational, rather than critical. And this is a significant point, because before she had embarked on any kind of sustained fiction writing, experimental or otherwise, Woolf’s involvement with history laid the foundations of a practice that would inform the narrative strategies of her fiction in decades to come. We are all familiar with the Woolf who objects to material detail, and seems to have conclusively established that the more we concentrate on Mrs. Brown’s cheap three-and ten-three brooch from Whitworth’s bazaar, the more her character will escape us (E3 428). And yet, the figure of Queen Elizabeth is constructed of little else:

She was splendidly made up. Her head, pearl-hung, rose from the vast ruff. Shiny satin draped her. Sixpenny brooches glared like cats’ eyes and tigers’ eyes; pearls looked down; her cape was made out of cloth of silver—in fact swabs used to scour saucepans. (Between the Acts 52)

This is a description of the shopkeeper Eliza Clark impersonating Queen Elizabeth in the pageant in Between the Acts. But her improvised fancy-dress also identifies her as the waxwork queen, whose costume had become increasingly vulgar over the centuries. The original wooden funeral effigy was dressed in genuine coronation and Parliament robes, but by the early 1700s most of these had been lost and the body had deteriorated badly. A wax replacement was ordered in 1760 and furnished with new clothes which, no longer authentic, were modelled upon mid-eighteenth-century ideas of Elizabethan dress, complete with fake pearls and paste jewels. The Queen’s appearance grew only more cheap in the next century with the acquisition of a net collar from a Victorian costumer. The overall impression of pastiche was not lost upon the Times when the figure was returned to display after its restoration in 1934: “the rather tawdry Royal robes and other garments are covered with a profusion of coloured glass pastes and imitation pearls in the best eighteenth century Wardour Street manner” (Tanner 15).

The Times was right in its critique. To this day these wax effigies would seem more at home in Madame Tussaud’s museum than an important
national collection. Why was Woolf drawn to them? It is her irrational rather than critical response that invites our speculation. None of the figures were ever intended as works of art, for in the funeral procession they were meant to be taken for the person of the deceased him or herself. As such they function in the same way as, for example, words in the “sign-language” of Lagado in Gulliver’s Travels, whereby people simply hold up the object that is being referred to: signifier and signified are the same thing. It is, in fact, the Duchess of Richmond’s stuffed parrot that manages this self-coincidence perfectly, at once both actual bird and effigy of itself. With wax this effect of “what-goes-without-saying,” as Barthes puts it, is heightened further still, mimicking the bloom of human skin to an extraordinarily convincing degree. Wax has those same qualities which Barthes observes of plastic: a “miraculous substance” which in itself signifies nothing, but for the things that it seeks to imitate: flowers, anatomical models, Chinese food, human beings (“Plastic” 97-99). This quality is what allows Woolf to respond to the wax effigy of Charles II in a manner that renders his base materiality invisible:

King Charles still seems quivering with the passions and the greeds of life. The great lips are still pouting and watering and asking for more. The eyes are pouched and creased with all the long nights they have watched out—the torches, the dancing, and the women. In his dirty feathers and lace he is the very symbol of voluptuousness and dissipation, and his great blue-veined nose seems an irreverence on the part of the modeller, as if to set the crowd, as the procession comes by, nudging each other in the ribs and telling merry stories of the monarch. (E4 541-42)

Here, even as Woolf draws attention to the modeller’s craft, the effect of extreme realism (the blue-veined nose) works to suppress awareness of the effigy as made object, and instead sets the spectators sniggering and gossiping over human foibles. In overlooking the conditions of its own art the wax effigy promotes identification with itself, such that it strikes Woolf at a level that is directly corporeal: it is the senses of gluttony and lust that appeal to her and not the medium itself. For as much as she refers to the “modeller,” she does not write about the skill of the artist, or draw attention to the conventions of genre or style which would interfere with the illusion. In this sense, the model does not give anything of itself away. Ideally, with the exception of changing fashions in dress, the wax figure of Charles II must have the same visual impact as the twentieth-century polyester resin and fiberglass figures of a hyperrealist artist like Duane Hanson. Artworks like Hanson’s 1970 Tourists ask postmodern questions about the limits of representation; funeral effigies pose the same questions. In the past, since they possessed no stylistic signature or period flavor attributable to a particular artist or school, realistic wax figures were regarded as second-rate art and were primarily modelled by women, of whom Madame Tussaud is herself the best example. There is therefore an implicit gendered response at play, as revealed for example by Roger Fry when he lets drop that the supposedly moribund realism of the artist David has a “highly polished ‘Mme. Tussaud’ surface” (“Art and Life” 8). The mere copying of reality is always more than expectedly disturbed when statues have eyes painted in (220), may explain the effect of the Queen’s waxwork on Woolf. Even the Times report on the 1934 restoration of Elizabeth’s effigy acknowledges that, “few can readily forget the pale, ghastly face and staring eyes of this figure” (15). Freedberg proposes that our unease is partly produced by the conflict between the rational awareness of the inertia of the aesthetic medium—in this case, wax—and the irrational but irreplaceable sense that this material is nevertheless alive. It could even be Woolf herself, standing transfixed by the waxwork Queen, whom Freedberg has in mind with his observation that “we are arrested by these images at least partly out of fear that they might just come alive, just open their mouths, just begin to move” (231). Woolf’s waxwork Queen is undeniably threatening, and in her description is certainly already more than half alive. It is not a comfortable notion to imagine ourselves in the Islip Chapel, alone with her or any other of her waxwork companions. They are, after all, the Dead: inert figures fashioned in the image of what was once alive, their cultural significance lying in the rituals of mourning and burial. Their very qualities of being uncannily lifelike are precisely those that provoke fear, which Freud analyses in terms of the horror of death in his 1919 Totem and Taboo. Freud discusses the human tendency to attribute life to inanimate objects as an expression of taboo surrounding the corpse. He draws his examples from contemporary anthropological accounts of so-called “primitive races” from Polynesia to Africa, but Woolf finds those same irrational impulses played out in the heart of London itself, in no less a place than Westminster Abbey.

Woolf’s many responses to the funeral effigies are always ambivalent. Both the wax and the wooden effigies have the power to disturb. In many ways the “ragged regiment” arouses even more fear than the waxworks, for these are truly uncanny in the sense that Wright intends. Here the illusion of life is gone, and what we see instead are bodies subjected to violence and decay. Bald heads are drilled with peg-holes for the fixings of crowns and wigs; torsos have burst open, losing their straw packing; leather skin is crudely nailed into place; wooden poles are roughly shoved up inside, to lend stability and strength. There, confronting us from her 1907 photograph as Woolf would have seen her, is Elizabeth of York: a woman of much grace and considerable fame (ill. 1).4

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4 I would like to thank the Dean and Chapter of Westminster for kind permission to reproduce the 1907 photograph of Elizabeth of York.
Some of that may be deduced from the poise of her one arm, and the
elegance that remains of her physique: the effigy stands at a life-size
5 feet 11½ inches tall. But she is also vulnerable and abject, her legs
and body exposed, denied all modesty; merely body. Literally taboo, in
the sense that Freud explains, she is “everything that is sacred, above
the ordinary, and at the same time dangerous, unclean and mysterious”
(37). If the realism of waxworks makes us “confront our fear of the
lifelike,” as David Freedberg observes (221), then these battered wooden
remains make us confront our fear of death. Both of these responses
were available to Woolf in her visits to the effigies at the Abbey. It is not
surprising that she kept returning to them throughout her life, for they
stand at the crossroads of her craft, and confuse the distinctions between
not just history and narrative, but also between the material and the
crystalline. What the effigies showed her was that she did not have to
choose her path: they pointed in both directions at once.

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Exposing the Bones of Desire: Virginia Woolf’s X-ray Visions

When it comes to questions of materiality at the end of the nineteenth and on into the twentieth century, few developments can have had
as dramatic and immediate an impact as the discovery of X-rays by
Wilhelm Conrad Röntgen on 8 November 1895. The first public notices
announcing Röntgen’s discovery appeared on 5 and 6 January 1896 and
were relayed rapidly across the world (Mould, Century of X-rays 8).
Meanwhile, the first X-ray image to be produced in the UK appeared
as early as 8 January that year (Mould, “Early History” 21). As Otto
Glasser records in his biography of Röntgen, “Rarely in the history of
science has information concerning a new discovery or invention been
disseminated so rapidly or has it made such a deep impression upon the
general public” (29). Indeed, Linda Dalrymple Henderson follows others
in arguing that Röntgen’s paper “triggered the most immediate and
widespread reaction to any scientific discovery before the explosion of
the first atomic bomb in 1945” (324).

More than one hundred years later, it is difficult for us to recapture or
to appreciate fully the dramatic, even shocking, impact that those first
X-ray images must have had; as Corey Keller explains “the remarkable
public response to these pictures indicates that they possessed
extraordinary visual power, simultaneously suggesting an assault on
privacy and conjuring the spectre of death” (34). In addition, Keller
stresses that “the visual model they [X-rays] offered was severed from
any connection to human vision, and the pictures they made were visual
records of unverifiable truths” (34), questions of perception with which
Henderson also engages (325). Meanwhile, Michael Whitworth has
highlighted the extent to which X-ray images “implicitly questioned the
idea of solidity” (“Porous Objects” 152).

On 9 January 1897, almost exactly one year after the first announcements
in the English press regarding the discovery of X-rays, the fourteen-year-
old Virginia Stephen encountered them directly. Given the extensive
press coverage of the discovery during 1896, it is unlikely that this was
the occasion on which Woolf first ‘discovered’ X-rays for herself, yet the
event was significant enough for Woolf to record it at reasonable length
in her diary:

Nessa and Adrian and I went to the Polytechnic after they had gone.
We went to see the Animatographs, but by some mistake were hustled
in to the wrong room, and had a lecture on the Rontgen [sic] Rays
instead. We were shown photographs of normal hands and diseased
hands, a baby, and a puppy—and a lady and gentleman from the
audience had their hands photographed—the gent. declared that a
piece of needle was in his hand, but the photograph did not discover
it. (Passionate Apprentice 9-10)
Although Woolf’s attendance at this lecture was accidental, there is no indication in the diary entry that she was particularly disappointed to have ended up in the wrong room. Moreover, it is worth noting that just two days later, on 11 January, Woolf records that she, Thoby and Adrian made a visit to “the mechanical part” of the South Kensington Museum, which would later become the Science Museum (PA 11). It is, perhaps, not too fanciful to suppose that this visit was inspired, in part at least, by what the Stephens had seen and heard in the lecture, although Woolf offers no direct comment either on why they went or what they saw. In addition, if the lecture was the reason behind their visit they would have been disappointed: the Science Museum did not obtain its first piece of X-ray related equipment until 1898.\(^1\)

In a paper on Woolf, X-rays and early twentieth-century conceptions of matter and atomic models, Whitworth chooses not to focus specifically on the lecture attended by Woolf as “[t]o do so would be to underestimate the full extent of the x-ray as a popular sensation” at the end of the nineteenth century, adding that “even if Woolf hadn’t been to the 1897 lecture, she would have been familiar with the phenomenon” (“Porous Objects” 151-52). While this is certainly the case, the fact that we have Woolf’s own word that she was at the lecture grants it an extra level of significance. The lecture was given by a Walter Hibbert, Head of the Department of Electrical Engineering at the Regent Street Polytechnic, as part of the Polytechnic’s annual New Year’s Exhibition and Fete (“Institute Gossip” Jan. 2).\(^2\) In 1896, Hibbert had written, with John Hall Gladstone, a paper on the “Action of Metals and Their Salts on the Ordinary and on the Röntgen Rays,” and he seems to have given his first public lecture on the subject in June of that year (“Institute Gossip” May: 254); further demonstrations took place at irregular, although frequent, intervals until March 1897 (see “Institute Gossip” Mar.: 128), and weekly during the final month (“Institute Gossip” Feb.: 74). While there is hardly any detail regarding the content of Hibbert’s demonstrations in the Polytechnic Magazine, Woolf’s list of the photographs presented at the lecture, and her note that it included an amount of audience participation, suggest that Hibbert’s was a fairly standard approach to this kind of event for the period (see Mould, “Early History” 25-8); that the latter element was a particular draw is emphasised by the fact that Hibbert’s demonstrations were later adapted so that “everyone has an opportunity of seeing their own bones” (“Institute Gossip” Feb.: 74).

More than twenty years passed between the discovery of X-rays and Woolf’s first direct reference thereto in her own writings. In her 1922 essay “On Re-reading Novels” Woolf uses an X-ray metaphor in order to describe Percy Lubbock’s approach in The Craft of Fiction (1921):

> But now—at last—Mr Lubbock applies his Röntgen rays. The voluminous lady [i.e. fiction] submits to examination. The flesh, the finery, even the smile and witchery, together with the umbrellas and brown paper parcels which she has collected on her long and toilsome journey, dissolve and disappear; the skeleton alone remains. It is surprising. It is even momentarily shocking. Our old familiar friend has vanished. But, after all, there is something satisfactory in bone—one can grasp it. (Essays [E] 3 341)\(^3\)

In this passage Woolf seems to convey some of the shock with which early X-ray images were received, X-ray photography being, like Lubbock’s argument, “at once fascinating and strangely unfamiliar” (E3 342). There is a clear sense of irony in the above passage, and Whitworth has emphasized that “Woolf also sees the x-ray as a metaphor for reductiveness” (“Porous Objects” 153), a point which is emphasized by the fact that “the skeleton alone remains” here while everything else “dissolve[s] and disappear[s].” Nevertheless, something satisfactorily solid and definite remains at the center of this X-ray vision; what Woolf calls “the solid and enduring thing” (E3 341).

Woolf’s layered response to, and use of, X-ray imagery is particularly striking in To the Lighthouse (1927) when Lily Briscoe reflects on Charles Tansley’s character over dinner:

> Sitting opposite him could she not see, as in an X-ray photograph, the ribs and thigh bones of the young man’s desire to impress himself lying dark in the mist of his flesh—that thin mist which convention had laid over his burning desire to break into the conversation? (99)\(^4\)

The accuracy of Lily’s X-ray vision of Tansley’s desires is emphasized by the fact that we have seen them directly immediately before this: from Tansley’s own perspective we are told that “He wanted somebody to give him a chance of asserting himself” (98), while Lily goes on to reflect on the role society expects her to play as a woman, “to go to the help of the young man opposite so that he may expose and relieve the thigh bones, the ribs, of his vanity, of his urgent desire to assert himself” (99).\(^5\)

In many ways, this ability of Woolf’s characters, especially her female characters (and in particular Lily and Mrs Ramsay), to read each other’s thoughts, to “see through” each other so to speak, is of central importance to this dinner scene: Woolf repeatedly provides us with a character’s direct thoughts, before introducing another character’s assessment of the first character’s thoughts, just as she does with Tansley and Lily in the passage quoted above. Woolf’s decision to link this idea specifically to X-ray photography is not as strange as it might appear to us now: Henderson emphasizes that “seeing into the brain was a major theme of x-ray literature from the beginning” and that this was one of the major areas in the late nineteenth century in which scientific and occultist ideas overlapped (332). Richard Noakes has explored this overlap in detail in order to describe contemporary debates concerning “the ways in which physics was changing the boundaries of the possible and making telepathy, clairvoyance, and materialised spirit forms seem less or more plausible” (326).\(^6\) To take one contemporary example, James Payn wrote in the Illustrated London News in 1896 of the potential future possibilities of “a Röntgen kodak” which would reveal, among other things, “whether the Beloved Object means her ‘no’ to be final or contingent, and how many sheep and oxen (so to speak) her papa really expects to be given for her”; such “inquisitiveness,” he adds, will be “intolerable; it is one thing to look into our bones, and quite another to disclose the skeleton in our closet” (578).

Returning to To the Lighthouse, just a few pages after Lily’s own X-ray vision we see that all of the characters united around the dinner table are also united in the prayer “that the inside of my mind may not be exposed” (102). Woolf’s use of “exposed” here reminds us of Lily’s earlier reflections on Tansley, as well as suggesting a clearer photographic link than either of the draft alternatives: “may never be

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1. I am grateful to Shani Davis and Rory Cook of the Science Museum for their responses to my enquiries on this score, and to James Sutton at the Victoria and Albert Museum for confirming that there is no record of any exhibitions or displays relating to X-rays at the Museum during 1897.
2. I am grateful to Anna McNally of the University of Westminster for her help with my enquiries and for bringing both Walter Hibbert and the Polytechnic Magazine to my attention. For Hibbert see “Walter Hibbert.”
3. This section does not appear in the revised version of the essay, however (E6 423-32).
exposed to view” and “may not be seen” (TTL-HD 151). Ironically, all of the characters in fact read each other incorrectly at this moment, “for each thought, ‘The others are feeling this. They are outraged and indignant with the government about the fishermen. Whereas, I feel nothing at all’” (102). However, as we have seen, the fear of such mental exposure is realised repeatedly over the course of the dinner, in particular when Mrs Ramsay’s eyes are described as “so clear that they seemed to go round the table unveiling each of these people, and their thoughts and their feelings, without effort” (116).

It is significant that X-ray vision is introduced into To the Lighthouse via its central artist figure, Lily Briscoe: Henderson has analysed the attraction of X-ray photography to early twentieth-century artists “who were seeking to move beyond Impressionism’s devotion to visual sensation” (326), while Whitworth has linked Lily’s X-ray vision to her “post-impressionist aesthetic” (Einstein’s Wake 159). If we turn to Lily’s own description of her work this becomes particularly clear: “feathery and evanescent” on the surface, like Tansley’s misty flesh, “but beneath the fabric must be clamped together with bolts of iron” (186). Presumably these bolts will only be visible to someone with X-ray vision, much like the skeleton of fiction revealed by Lubbock’s Röntgen rays in “On Re-reading Novels.”

Most significantly, however, we should note that all of the X-ray visions we have considered here give material solidity to something which we would not normally describe as material: “the novelist’s method” in “On Re-reading Novels” (E3 341); “vanity” and “desire,” “thoughts” and “feelings” in To the Lighthouse (99, 116). Even in Septimus Warren Smith’s statement that “Scientifically speaking, the flesh was melted off the world” (Mrs. Dalloway 74) which, as Whitworth has suggested, “could be a description of an x-ray photograph” (“Porous Objects” 154), we are left with “nervé fibres” which, though material, are by no means opaque to X-rays (74). Woolf’s engagement with ideas of materiality is not just, then, about tapping “smartly upon the edges of apparently solid objects and say[ing], ‘Are you hard?’” (The Waves 222); it is also about highlighting and exposing the solid substance of less tangible, more internal, things. X-ray photography provided Woolf with a model of how to capture “the solid and enduring thing to which we can hold fast” (E3 341); Woolf’s own X-ray visions, combining both scientific and occultist contemporary responses to X-rays, provided the means by which to identify and capture in writing that solid and enduring thing.

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X-ray Film by zirconicusso from digitalfreephotos.net
Virginia Woolf’s Surrealist Situation of the Object

Virginia Woolf’s work has often been read in relation to modernist experiments in visual art. Prominent readings draw on biographical links and situate her writing in the contexts of the Bloomsbury group, Post-Impressionism and developments in cinema and photography. These historical contexts are themselves part of a modernity which creates and speculates on altered (and alternative) visions of reality. For the Surrealists and, as I will argue, for Woolf, this “alternative optics” lights on a dialectical encounter between the material world and a latent “elsewhere” which is contained within and disrupts surface appearances. Focusing on her literary treatment of objects, this essay is therefore an inquiry into what I see as a parallel between Woolf’s work and that of the Surrealist movement. Such a reading can help to situate her writing of visual, tactile and imaginative encounters with objects in the context of European avant-gardes, as well as of wider epistemological, ontological and aesthetic complexities.

Whilst there is no declared knowledge of Surrealism in Woolf’s letters or diaries, there is evidence that their works were in her peripheral vision. The Woolfs owned copies of Louis Aragon’s Paysan de Paris and René Crevel’s Mon corps et moi, as well as works that the Surrealists themselves were influenced by. I am not, however, primarily concerned with tracing a direct historical link between Woolf and the Surrealists, nor with positing direct influence; rather, I am suggesting a juxtaposition of parallel visions and instigating a chance encounter between seemingly disparate modernist experiments. This critical approach also brings into account the power of lifting the veil & showing inanimate things in the mystery & beauty of their “reality” (Bell qtd. in Banfield 148).

In the use of strange and fluid perspectives, the juxtaposition of incongruous images, and in moments of vision or reverie, Woolf and the Surrealists alter the texture and appearance of what we usually consider to be realistic. The apparent dichotomy of interior and exterior life in “Modern Fiction” and “Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown” is in fact not so simple for Woolf: she brings the material world and the inner consciousness into a dialectical relation, as did the Surrealists in their artistic and bodily experiments. If, as Haim Finkelstein writes, “[o]bjects are the measure of a man’s [sic] ability to restructure his reality according to his needs [and his desires]” (5), then there are many possible strange realities that we might shape by looking at, creating and experiencing objects in different ways. Fundamental to the Surrealist situation of the object is an engagement with its capacity to alter the material reality in which we move; more precisely, however, the relationship of the objective world to the subjective is perceived by the Surrealists to be dialectical:

[W]e have attempted to present interior reality and exterior reality as two elements in process of unification, of finally becoming one [...] we have assigned ourselves the task of confronting these two realities with one another on every possible occasion, of refusing to allow the pre-eminence of one over the other. (Breton, What Is Surrealism? [WIS] 116)

While this corresponds to a Hegelian dialectical synthesis transcending opposition, André Breton noted the need to think dialectics beyond Hegel: “at the point where we found it, the dialectical method in its Hegelian form was inapplicable” (WIS 130; italics in original text). Surrealism’s dialectical materialism is more a structure of relation than of transcendence: it is based on an identification that nevertheless retains a gap between the two elements (between the dream and the material world), and situates them as inherently dialogic rather than synthesizing them in an eradication of difference.

In working through what Breton called “the overriding need to break down the barriers” (“Crisis of the Object” [COO] 276) between the interior and exterior, the dream and material world, both Woolf and the Surrealists retain a gap, or space, that enables the disruption of the marvellous or the moment of being. Surrealism redefines this space as real: material, yet indeterminate. The infinite possible combinations of subject and object in this space contain potential surreal revaluations of reality, “that whatever might exist destroys at every step whatever does exist” (Breton, WIS 20). In the gap that always still separates subject and object is the potential space of “elsewhere” which, as Breton writes in the “First Manifesto of Surrealism,” is where “existence” is (Manifestos 47). There is a resonance here with Woolf’s search for “the essential thing,” which is always “moving off, or on,” and which is the center of her critique of Victorian and Edwardian realism (see “Mr. Bennett and Mrs Brown” and “Modern Fiction”). Moving away from reductionist materialism, but at the same time not replacing it with pure idealism, her work enacts a continual oscillation between the two. By breaking the barrier, or “lifting the veil” to a space of potential objective and subjective collision, Woolf and the Surrealists open a gateway to many possible strange realities that we might shape by looking at, creating and experiencing objects in different ways.

The “reality” of the space might also be read in terms of the Lacanian Real in its being accessible only as a disruption of Symbolic and Imaginary figurations in the material world.

If the gap is where we encounter the Real, then as Breton says, “living and ceasing to live are [I]maginary solutions” (Manifestos 47).

Clive Bell wrote to Woolf (then Stephen) in 1908 praising her “power […] of lifting the veil & showing inanimate things in the mystery & beauty of their reality” (Bell qtd. in Banfield 148).

1 See Humm.
2 As well as scientific and technological innovations which offered new perspectives in relation to time and space, Freudian psychoanalysis posited a latent content in manifest appearances: a layered reality in which surface appearances might signify a distorted unconscious desire.
3 I am indebted to Vassiliki Kolocotroni for the suggestion of this term and for much support and inspiration besides.
4 The Surrealist movement referred to here is principally focused on the Parisian group around André Breton. This choice of approach does not reflect an understanding of Surrealism as limited to that group, nor as a singular, uncontest ed concept; it is merely the obvious starting point for a comparison that has not been fully established in Woolf criticism (although Nena Škribić has broached the subject in relation to some of Woolf’s unpublished sketches).
5 She had her photograph taken by Man Ray; her short story “In the Orchard” was published alongside pieces by Philippe Soupault and Guillaume Apollinaire in the Dada magazine Broom in 1923; and there was a Surrealist group active in Britain in her lifetime.
6 See Walter Benjamin on a constellatory approach to history, in which the juxtaposition of incongruous affinities and associations serves to illuminate each and presents us with alternative visions of historical realities. On Woolf and Benjamin, see Stropoulou.
7 The “reality” of the space might also be read in terms of the Lacanian Real in its being accessible only as a disruption of Symbolic and Imaginary figurations in the material world.
8 If the gap is where we encounter the Real, then as Breton says, “living and ceasing to live are [I]maginary solutions” (Manifestos 47).
9 Clive Bell wrote to Woolf (then Stephen) in 1908 praising her “power […] of lifting the veil & showing inanimate things in the mystery & beauty of their reality” (Bell qtd. in Banfield 148).
through which the marvellous, the unconscious and the dream can invade (and become) material realities.

**Surrealist Objects**

> [T]he unleashing of the powers of invention [...] must surely be vitalized by contact with the dream-engendered objects representing pure desire in its concrete form [...] It entail[s] nothing less than the objectification of the very act of dreaming, its transformation into reality. (Breton, COO 276)

The Surrealist situation of the object figures the latter as a concrete expression of the dream or of desire, and speaks of a longing for “verification”—for the imaginative vision to be realised in material, tangible plasticity (Breton, WIS 26). I would argue that it can provide a model for thinking about a selection of Woolf’s objects, and for exploring their realities and functions in terms of an alternative optics constituted in language.

In her linguistic alterations of perspective and the superimposition of double images, Woolf merges objective realism with a dreamlike subjectivity. In *Jacob’s Room*, there is a Surrealist disorientation in our first encounter with Jacob. Seen from his childhood perspective as it converges with the material world on the beach, scale and certainty are skewed. At the same time, we are nevertheless presented with a recognisable world; that is, with a heightened realism and a dreamlike reality:

> A large black woman was sitting on the sand. He ran towards her.

> “Nanny! Nanny!” he cried [...] The waves came round her. She was a rock. She was covered with the seaweed that pops when it is pressed. He was lost.

> There he stood. His face composed itself. He was about to roar when, lying among the black sticks and straw under the cliff, he saw a whole skull—perhaps a cow’s skull, a skull, perhaps, with teeth in it. Sobbing, but absent-mindedly, he ran farther and farther away until he held the skull in his arms. (4)

The visions that we read here are strangely altered so as to become marvellous. The concept of “rock” is recognisable to us at the same time as we are confused by its hallucinatory merging with “nanny.” The spatiality and sequence of action is delirious, particularly in the time as we are confused by its hallucinatory merging with “nanny.” The skulls causes both terror and pleasure at the site of the edge of sleep, where Jacob also takes his object (“He had kicked it against the iron bed-rail” [8]) and where in its indeterminacy it presides over the barrier between dream and reality. In the maternal act of Mrs. Ramsay’s wrapping her shawl around it, the skull is made both present and absent, seen and unseen. Delving into the significance of this skull as an object in the text, its uncertain origins present us with a possible latent “elsewhere”: it has been sent to the children by someone called Edward, who is otherwise absent from the novel, and is thereby an elliptical presence signalling something undisclosed. This, coupled with the doubling of the skull images, might allow for a paranoiac-critical reading as theorized by Salvador Dalí. Paranoiac-critical activity is “a spontaneous method of irrational knowledge based on the critical and systematic objectification of delirious associations and interpretations” (Dalí qtd. in Breton, WIS 83). The interpretation of images and objects proceeds by an irrational logic, creating in its systematic confusion a metonymic chain of unconscious associations. Although the links are irrational, there is a sense in which they are convincing and in which they realise marvellous possibilities, enacting “a total discrediting of the world of reality” (*Collected Writings* 223). They do not make connections that enforce a truth, but create an irrational material vision of possible realities.

Through linguistic associations, we might connect the unknown Edward who sent the skull with King Edward VII (Emperor of India, conceivably ruling or recently succeeded at the time of the first section of the novel); the juxtaposition of his name with the word “boar” might also prompt an unconscious punning association with the Boer War. Adding biographical knowledge or intertextual connections we can make further constellation, irrational links with colonialism and empire: there is a similar skull in *Jacob’s Room*, the novel often read as a tribute to Thoby Stephen, who went to Cambridge with Leonard Woolf, who worked in colonial service in Ceylon (Lee 301). Other skulls in Woolf’s work include “the head of a Moor which swung from the rafters” in *Orlando* (written directly after *To the Lighthouse*) which has clear imperial associations (3). The imagery that Mrs. Ramsay attributes to the skull’s imaginative existence is also telling in its idealised exoticism: “it was like a beautiful mountain such as she had seen abroad, with valleys and flowers and bells ringing and birds singing and little goats and antelopes” (132). A paranoiac-critical interpretation of the skull and the shawl as allegorical of phases of empire connects to a textually unconscious imperial anxiety that has been noted by several critics. 

Finkelstein notes that, “the emancipation of objects through unexpected knowledge or poetic consciousness of their potential, [is] related to a similar emancipation of words” (2). It is important that Woolf’s alternative optics is a specifically linguistic vision, worked out in literary form. As she wrote to Roger Fry: “I’m not sure that a perverse plastic sense doesn’t somehow work itself out in words for me” (*Letters* 2 285). In conclusion, then, I would like to speculate on an encounter in Woolf’s work with the material visibility of words, at the moment where the optical and the auditory collide in the indeterminate synesthetic space between dream and reality, interior and exterior. Mrs. Ramsay’s modification of the boar’s skull is physical, but also linguistic:

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10 Woolf writes in “The Sun and the Fish” that, “sights marry, incongruously, morganatically, [...] and so keep each other alive” (*Essays* 4 519).

11 See Winston, who reads the allegory of Empire as a textual unconscious that emerges in tropes such as the sinking ship. Relating this reading of Empire to feminist readings of the novel, in which the naivety of Mrs. Ramsay’s double “complicity with patriarchy and her potential to overthrow it” is noted (Goldman 173), the green shawl might be read as both an imperialist trope of civilization used to blanket an otherness with an idealised version of the exotic, and, as Goldman reads it, as containing an artistic and gender-politically reconstitutive potential: “the chiaroscuro which keeps women in the shadow of masculine light has perhaps been obliterated by a green cover potentially suggestive of a suffrage banner.” (Goldman 174).
She could see the words echoing as she spoke them rhythmically in Cam’s mind, and Cam was repeating after her […] and her eyes were opening and shutting, and Mrs. Ramsay went on still more monotonously, and more rhythmically, and more nonsensically […] speaking more and more mechanically, until she sat upright and saw that Cam was asleep. (132)

The incantatory visibility of language here is coupled with the projected images of the skull. Mrs. Ramsay’s words reinforce the fantastic reality with which she hurls her daughter to sleep, enacting “the triumph auditorily of what is unverifiable visually” (Breton, WIS 108). In creating a new reality of the object, language and image combine in a surreal enunciation.

Like the Surrealists, Woolf conceives of poetic language as coming from a place “elsewhere,” writing to Stephen Spender in 1935: “I don’t think you can get your words to come till you’re almost unconscious” (Lee 665). In Breton’s later qualifying of the First Manifesto’s claims about the primacy of the image (Manifestoes 37), he stresses that the primary source of surrealist inspiration is in fact to be found in language. While Surrealism manifests a visual hallucinatory imagination, the poet is never posited as a visionary: the freeing of the imagination is dialectical with the presence of the material world. Moreover, the image and any meaning it might hold is an after-effect of an auditory hallucination, of the condensation and displacement of a non-verbal phenomenon into human language. Breton writes:

[V]erbal inspiration is infinitely richer in visual meaning […] No, Lautréamont and Rimbaud did not see what they described; they were never confronted by it a priori. That is to say, they never described anything. They threw themselves into the dark recesses of being; they heard indistinctly, and with no more comprehension than any of us had the first time we read them, certain realized and realizable works. “Illumination” comes afterwards. (WIS 108)

While I have suggested an alternative “optics” in Woolf’s work, those optics are nevertheless linguistic visions. Enunciating a literary work, the materiality of language (as text itself) merges the auditory and the visual and can be read in terms of the Surrealist situation of the object: it contains latent possibilities, an ephemeral multiplicity of meanings and usages in its tangible manifest surface, and our encounter with its potential surreality (as reader or writer) is a matter of alternative perspectives and visions.

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Whole Like a Wave: Woolf’s Husserlian Materiality

Ann Banfield has argued that the atomistic world of Bertrand Russell’s new realism provides the best philosophical lens through which to understand Woolf’s relationship with the physical world (46-47). Most aspects of this reading are extremely persuasive.¹ However, Russell’s stress on atomism seems at odds with the unity and flow in Woolf’s watery worlds, and his insistence that individual subjectivity can be reduced to a geometrically-defined perspective on events fails to explain the private moments when Woolf’s characters, deprived of sensory stimuli, remain fully present. Husserl’s phenomenology provides a different but perhaps equally useful way to understand the strange mix of fluidity and fixity on display in Woolf’s novels.² Due to constraints of space, I will discuss just two novels, Mrs. Dalloway and To the Lighthouse, but these may suffice to show how Husserl’s explanation of immanent and transcendent ways of grasping conscious content can account for Woolf’s startling descriptions of the material world.

¹ For example, the “Time Passes” section of To the Lighthouse illustrates Bertrand Russell’s stress on the persistence of unobserved objects; Orlando confirms his suggestion that personal identity consists of sequential perceptions.
² Husserl’s thought was certainly less well known to Woolf than Russell’s, but as Jean Radford has pointed out, T. E. Hulme popularized Husserl’s work in a series of essays published in New Age in 1915-1916 under the collective title of “A Notebook,” and Husserl himself delivered lectures at University College in London in 1922 (89).
Derived from the Latin root “manere,” immanence means to stay within a given sphere. Whilst in theology, a transcendent God is beyond matter, immanence refers to the presence of God in the material world. In philosophical debates, transcendent objects are simply objects unavailable to consciousness; immanence refers to the interpenetration of consciousness and matter. The notion that consciousness can pervade matter had considerable currency in Woolf’s London, popularized by texts such as Henri Bergson’s account of pure duration in Time and Free Will, William James’s essays on radical empiricism, which obliterated the distinction between mind and matter by attending strictly to experience,3 and Lucien Lévy-Bruhl’s examination of the non-dualistic experience of the “primitive” mind in How Natives Think. Fiery reactions against immanence, such as Pope Pius X’s 1907 encyclical “Pascendi Dominici Gregis” and Wyndham Lewis’s Time and Western Man, also served to keep the concept in view.

Woolf was clearly in sympathy with the idea that consciousness is embedded in materiality. Her characters’ thoughts, emotions and energies are presented so tangibly that they become indistinguishable from physical objects. In Mrs. Dalloway, Peter’s grief “[rises] like a moon” in Clarissa’s drawing room, and hangs above them as they converse (42). Attachments between people are “thin thread[s] [...] which [...] stretch and stretch” as the characters move away from one another (112-13), or “spider[s]” of intention drawing them together (114-15). In To the Lighthouse, though Lily reflects that people are “sealed” like bee-hives (51), she also imagines that the hives put out some “sweetness or sharpness [...] intangible to touch or taste” that exceeds their domed boundaries (51). So too the characters exceed the limits of their physical bodies by means of intangible, yet clearly perceptible energies. James registers the “twang and twitter of his father’s emotion [...] vibrating round them” (36), then the fountain-like “rain of energy” his mother sends up in response (37). Later Lily is subject to Mr. Ramsay’s demand for attention, “pour[ing] and spread[ing] itself in pools at her feet” so perceptibly that she gathers up her skirts (152). Thought too has a concrete presence. Far from having trouble of thinking of a kitchen table while she strolls outdoors, Lily actually sees the table “lodged now in the fork of a pear tree [...] its four legs in the air” (23). Mr. Ramsay may ponder the question of how objects can persist in the absence of a perceiver but Lily’s experience is that a simple thought can create an instant, vivid presence.

Still, Mr. Ramsay’s dilemma did represent a central question of the day: How could one verify any objective fact, given that all that we know of the world comes to us by means of subjective, ever-changing sense-perception? Russell answered the question by drawing a sharp distinction between sensation and sense-data and asserting that sense-data could exist independently of mind (Banfield 70-71). He called sense-data in the absence of an observer sensibilia. “Once this minimal subjectivity is externalized from the mind,” says Banfield, Russell is able to conceive of “a subjectless subjectivity” (70). Objects can conceivably persist in the absence of a subject, and the human subject is “rendered unnecessary [...] by its theoretically possible absence” (75). Subjects become perspectives, locations from which things are seen. Any sense of enduring selfhood is merely a construct. Banfield quotes Russell: “I think first this and then that should not ‘mean that there is a single entity “I” which “has” two successive thoughts’ but ‘that there are two successive thoughts with ‘causal relations’ such that we ‘call them parts of one biography’” (100).

Husserl took a very different route in answering the above-referenced question. He proposed, following Descartes, to call into question anything beyond the certainty that all we are aware of occurs within the field of our own consciousness (Cartesian Meditations 18-19). When we abstain from a naïve belief in an external world, we are not left with nothing, says Husserl, since “this abstaining [...] exists, together with the whole stream of my experiencing life. Moreover, this life is continually there for me” (19). Already it is clear that this is a very different model than Russell’s. Sense data, instead of being extra-mental and atomistic, is unified and flowing. The subject, far from being dispensable, provides the field in which all else can appear.

Phenomenology then seeks to identify “apodictically certain ways by which, within [one’s] own pure inwardness, an Objective outwardness can be deduced” (Cartesian Meditations 3). In Ideas, Husserl proposes ways to distinguish “outwardness”—transcendent perception—from our primary state of “inwardness”—immanent perception. Immanent perceptions are simply our various mental processes, which we know immediately and completely: “[I]t is essential to the givenness of something immanent precisely to present something absolute which cannot ever be presented with respect to sides or be adumbrated” (96-97). Subject/object distinctions do not exist, since any content of our thought processes is an integral part of their flowing stream: “[B]y intuitive mental processes related to something immanent, we understand those to which it is essential that their intentional objects, if they exist at all, belong to the same stream of mental processes to which they themselves belong” (Ideas 79; italics in original text). By contrast, content is that transcendent—like Mr. Ramsay’s hard-edged table—is given “one-sidedly” (94), “through appearances” (95). To grasp these appearances requires a stepping-away from the immediate stream of immanent perception, “a further consciousness in which ‘a position is taken’ with respect to the thing” (77).4 For Husserl, transcendent objects are abstractions. The primary reality is the unified streaming of immanent content.

Husserl’s model is more consistent with Woolf’s depiction of materiality than is Russell’s in that Woolf’s characters perceive the world as fundamentally unified and flowing. Russell explicitly rejected the notion of unity: “I share the common-sense belief that there are many separate things; I do not regard the apparent multiplicity of the world as consisting merely in phases and unreal divisions of a single indivisible Reality” (qtd. in Banfield 80). In contrast, Woolf’s characters frequently partake of the being of objects and people around them. In To the Lighthouse, Mrs. Ramsay feels herself becoming “trees, streams, flowers;” she and they “in a sense [a]re one” (63). In Mrs. Dalloway, Septimus perceives that the leaves of a tree in the park are “connected by millions of fibres with his own body” (22). On her way to buy flowers for her party, Clarissa Dalloway senses that she and Peter “liv[e] in each other,” and that she is “part [...] of the trees at home; of the house there [...] ; part of people she had never met” (9). Peter recalls how a young Clarissa, riding a bus of Shaftesbury Avenue, claims to have “felt herself everywhere; not ‘here, here, here’; and she tapped the back of the seat; but everywhere” (152). Instead of existing in separate disconnected locations, she imagines herself “laid out like a mist [...] spread ever so far, her life, herself” (9). Her uncanny identification with Septimus at the end of the novel, together with her empathetic experiencing of the last moments of his life, confirm her sense of her far-flung, continuous being.

Russell’s model of consciousness is the antithesis of flow. Atomistic sensibilia are perceived from myriad perspectives that likewise have gaps between them. Banfield’s explanation for the prevalence of watery imagery in Woolf is that waves break in a series, or can be thought of as concentric circles radiating out from various perspectives (122-126). Serial waves and rings do describe some of Woolf’s effects, but fail to account for images evoking swamps or streams. The singer outside

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3 For an excellent examination of Richardson’s Pilgrimage in light of James’s resolution of the mind/matter dilemma, see Deborah Parsons Longworth (2009).

4 In Husserl and the Cartesian Meditations, A. D. Smith notes that Russell’s sensibilia are “constituted,” existing outside the mind, while Husserl’s hylé (immanent sensory content) is “prior to all constitution, being an ultimate constituent of conscious life” (81-82, 99). Nevertheless, Smith finds that the two arrive at an impersnal subjectivity that is very similar (82-84).

5 Woolf’s comparison of sense perceptions to “an incessant shower of innumerable atoms” (“Modern” 631) does betray the influence of atomists like Pater and Russell. But even these particles fall in a watery shower.
Regent’s Park Tube not only unifies all her own diverse memories; her song “soak[s] through the knotted roots of infinite ages, skeletons and treasure” (81). Listeners are “soaked and steeped and made mould of” by the dissolving action of the primal vowels (82). Mrs. Ramsay, gazing at familiar household objects as she contemplates Paul and Minta’s engagement, feels that “[…] it was all one stream, and chairs, tables, maps, were hers, were theirs, it did not matter whose” (113-14). Certainly there are transcendent objects in Woolf, the beloved particulars of everyday life, but they are often swept along in a watery medium, suggesting an encompassing immanent consciousness. In *Mrs. Dalloway*, as Peter watches Londoners embarking on an evening out, he pictures them climbing into boats. It is “as if the whole place were floating off in carnival” (164). Elizabeth, contemplating the lives of everyone within hearing of the military music she encounters near St. Paul’s, imagines that the sound, “pouring endlessly […] would wrap them all about and carry them on” (138). Even sea-related imagery stresses, not the separation between waves, but the aspect of water that encompasses and unites. In *To the Lighthouse*, Lily is excited by moments in which “life, from being made up of little separate incidents which one lived one by one, be[comes] curled and whole like a wave” (47). In “Time Passes,” Mrs. McNab is enveloped by water—as she cleans, she “roll[s] like a ship at sea” (130), or swims “like a tropical fish earring its way through sun-lanced waters” (133). A reading of this section consistent with Russell would assert an absence of consciousness in the empty house. Though Woolf refers to the housekeeper as “something not highly conscious” (139), and stresses the lack of human awareness in the eyeless flowers outside the door (135), a case could be made that the entire environment is permeated by its own seamless, impersonal consciousness—“the fertility, the insensibility of nature” that is so intent upon flooding and eroding the separate compartments of the house (138). Woolf’s verbs suggest purposeful and seemingly sentient action: the wind creeps, questions, toys, brushes, fumbles, noses, brushes, and sighs (126-7). Moonlight mellowes, smoothes, and brings the waves (127). Loveliness and stillness clasp hands; silence sways (129). It is not that nothing is conscious; rather, everything seems to be.

Further confirmation that Woolf’s vision is consistent with Husserl’s immanence is the fact that, in her novels, characters preoccupied solely with transcendent facts—the world of countable sequence and measurable proportion—are shown as stunted, arid. The comical Mr. Ramsay, so determined to put the letters of the alphabet in proper order, will probably never get to R, much less past it (*To the Lighthouse* [TTL] 33-34), and his egotism makes him a menace to everyone around him. Sir Bradshaw, who worships a well-ordered sense of proportion (*Mrs. Dalloway* [MD] 99), destroys the lives of his wife and patients.6 By contrast, Mrs. Ramsay and Mrs. Dalloway are aware of both the immanent and transcendent levels of their identities. Mrs. Ramsay’s invisible, essential identity comes to the fore when she is silent and alone, refraining from all the activities that typically define her. Described as a “wedge-shaped core of darkness,” this identity is nevertheless boundless, enjoying a “range of experience [that] seem[s] limitless” (TTL 62). “Losing personality” is not the same as losing self-awareness; she “exist[s]” in the freedom, peace, and stability she experiences in this state (62-63). Articulating the difference between her immanent being and her transcendent personality, she says, “Beneath it is all dark, it is all spreading, it is unfathomably deep; but now and again we rise to the surface and that is what you see us by” (62). Mrs. Dalloway’s “diamond” identity is a transcendent construct—she selects and presents a single public, socially acceptable aspect of her personality (MD 37). Yet like Mrs. Ramsay, she is aware that “our apparitions, the part of us which appears, are so momentary compared with the other, the unseen part of us, which spreads wide” (153). These two women, with their “vague” perceptions, seem to have a much more comprehensive grasp of reality than Woolf’s men.

Just as characters obsessed with transcendent facts are unsympathetic, situations experienced in the mode of transcendence are limited and lifeless. Two key scenes illustrate how a situation that seems dry and hard-edged can give way to a fluid, living experience. Clarissa’s party is at first described in terms of the guests’ stiff, self-conscious body language, their cutting judgments of one another, and their tendency to pull apart, “standing in a bunch at a corner” (MD 167-68). Clarissa thinks, “Oh dear […] it [i]s all going wrong, all falling flat” (167). But as the guests begin to interact, the environment liquefies to the point that Clarissa, wearing “a silver-green mermaid’s dress,” is described as “lolloping on the waves […] a creature floating in its element” (174). Mrs. Ramsay’s dinner provides an even more dramatic example of transcendent, separated consciousness giving way to the fluid, unifying force of immanence. At the beginning of the evening, feeling “outside [the] eddy” and noting the room’s shabbiness and lack of beauty, Mrs. Ramsay explicitly describes a state of transcendence: “Nothing seemed to have merged. They all sat separate. And the whole effort of merging and flowing and creating rested on her” (TTL 83). Somewhat later, after the candles are lit, the room begins to seem like an island surrounded by a world which “ripple[s]…waver[s] and vanish[es], watterly” (97). Finally, when the separate energies and interests of the diners have fused, the guests are portrayed as being underwater. Mrs. Ramsay sees the people around the table as “silent trout […] all lit up and hanging, trembling” in a stream (106), and notes the difference between her mind’s typical activity of “netting and separating one thing from another” and this fluid state in which “the whole is held together” (107).

Husserl, then, allows us to better account for the unity and fluidity of Woolf’s fictional worlds. This is not to deny Russell’s influence on Woolf, and Banfield’s important work on the topic—it seems quite likely, given the range of available influences, that Woolf’s philosophical world view was a hybrid affair. Furthermore, I have not wanted to imply that either Husserl or Woolf in any way discounted the reality of transcendent objects. Indeed, Husserl states that the phenomenologist strives to “make understandable […] how, within the immanency of conscious life and in thus and so determined modes of consciousness belonging to this incessant flux, anything like fixed and abiding objective unities can become intended” (*Cartesian Meditations* 48; italics in the original text). Woolf also recognized this as the primary puzzle of existence: that in the flux of immanent perception, objects can be constituted, identities preserved, separations instituted. As Clarissa says, “the supreme mystery […] was simply this: here was one room; there another” (MD 127). Lily, despite her fear “that the unity of the whole might be broken” by a line bisecting her canvas (TTL 53), in the end paints it anyway. Like Husserl, she is compelled to engage with the transcendent facts that emerge from the underlying unity. Only with both levels in view she can say, “I have had my vision” (209).

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6 Even the clocks in *Mrs. Dalloway* offer a critique of transcendence. Like Bradshaw, the clocks of Harley Street advocate proportion, but they shred and subdivide in a way that seems petty (102); by contrast, the tolling of Big Ben “dissolves” and “floods” (4,48,94,117-18), sending “all sorts of little things […] flooding and lapping and dancing in on [its] wake” (128).
Materializing the Fascist Aesthetic in *Three Guineas*

In *Three Guineas*, Virginia Woolf famously omits a pictorial representation of the macabre effects of total war even though throughout the essay, she repeats the refrain of “dead bodies and ruined houses,” which depicts the atrocities of the Spanish Civil War caused by Franco (16). The included photographs of uniformed men from several English institutions function as visual substitutes for the referenced yet excluded images from the Spanish war. As Maggie Humm explains, “[p]aradoxically, the public photographs in the text become timeless dead icons of patriarchy, while the narrator’s repeated mnemonic of the absent photographs of the Spanish dead becomes a lively attack on patriarchy” (227). But, if we factor in the sartorial implication of the photographs, Woolf, at first glance, seems to express ambivalence toward engaging the material world—whether manifest internationally or nationally, as dismembered civilian causalities on a Spanish battlefield or rendered by a snapshot lets us glimpse the transience of life. While unaware of “what really goes on between hand and metal” when he or she reaches for an object like a spoon (1239). Because, in the photographer a camera can render the infinitesimal second visible to the naked eye, one becomes aware of “what really goes on between hand and metal” when he or she reaches for an object like a spoon (1239). The fixated moment rendered by a snapshot lets us glimpse the transience of life. While noting the technological advances in photography, Benjamin also observes the loss of auratic art in the modern age because photography “emancipates the work of art from its parasitical dependence on ritual”

2 See for example Jessica Berman and Elena Guatieri. Scholars have been fascinated by what Woolf chooses not to show. Indeed, both critics mentioned above focus on the lacunae that Woolf creates by not including the Spanish photographs, yet neither examine in depth why she chooses photographs of English masculine fashion.

3 It is interesting to note that fascist fashion historically developed in tandem with ultra-nationalism in early twentieth-century Italy. Giacomo Balla, an Italian painter and proponent of Futurism, urges the revitalization of male fashion in order to glorify war and to aestheticize politics.

4 Jennifer Wicke has called attention to Woolf’s “dialectical materialism,” whereby fashion motifs become Benjaminian dialectical images; but by focusing instead on literary language, she does not consider the photographs in *Three Guineas*.

On the topic of fashion, in the *Arcades Project*, Walter Benjamin was prolific and astute, and his concept of the “dialectical image” elucidates Woolf’s use of photography as a materialist critique. Ulrich Lehmann defines the sartorial valence of Benjamin’s dialectical image as “the explosive within history [that] is ignited and subsequently blasts the very foundations of historicism. As this explosive is fashion, it becomes apparent that fashion is the indispensable catalyst for both remembrance and a new political—that is, materialist—concept of history” (210). By showing us sartorial photographs alongside narrative descriptions of total war, Woolf reveals the fallacy of telic and imperialist history that has been written sartorially upon English patriarchal bodies. I suggest that we view the photographs in *Three Guineas* as dialectical images by which Woolf both juxtaposes and interconnects English nationalist progression to total war and international fascism.

There is an implicit psychoanalytic undercurrent to Woolf’s visual analysis because as she illustrates, sartorial expression is not purposeless; rather, it performs purposefully whether the wearer is consciously aware or not. Photography allows Woolf to expand and to explore the instantaneous second of masculine rituals to delve into the male psyche and reveal its insurgent fascist impulses while presenting to the reader a tableau of masculine sartorial expression. As Benjamin describes in “The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction,” photography “introduces us to unconscious optics as does psychoanalysis to unconscious impulses” (1239). Because, in the snapshot, a camera can render the infinitesimal second visible to the naked eye, one becomes aware of “what really goes on between hand and metal” when he or she reaches for an object like a spoon (1239). The fixated moment rendered by a snapshot lets us glimpse the transience of life. While noting the technological advances in photography, Benjamin also observes the loss of auratic art in the modern age because photography “emancipates the work of art from its parasitical dependence on ritual”

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1 Rebecca Walkowitz examines Woolf’s method of evasion in *Cosmopolitan Style*.

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Benito Mussolini, durante la marcia su Roma, con alcuni dei quadriumviri: da sinistra Emilio De Bono, Italo Balbo e Cesare Maria De Vecchi.  
<http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:March_on_Rome.jpg>
In writing *Three Guineas*, Woolf appears deeply indebted to Flugel’s psychological conceptualization of male fashion, and focuses specifically on English men of the type who hold “practically all the capital, all the land, all the valuables, and all the patronage in England” (22). She examines a “crudely coloured photograph” of the public sphere in which these men exist, and she avers that their “clothes in the first place make us gape with astonishment” (22; 23). Further elaborating the spectacular aura around men’s clothes, Woolf compiles a list of sartorial accoutrement that proliferates on their bodies: “They wear ermine, lace, wigs, hats of various forms, crucifixes, gowns, and gaiters. The public attire of men is ‘dazzling’” (24). Through this visual illustration of male fashion in the public sphere, Woolf divorces men from the notion that their dress is somehow less purposeful than women’s. If one turns to the endnotes, which contain helpful illuminations on many of her points, one better comprehends this sartorial hypocrisy. Woolf includes a quotation from Mr. Justice MacCardie who, while claiming that women solely employ fashion as purposeful expression, wears “a scarlet robe, an ermine cape, and a vast wig of artificial curls” (177). Both men and women use clothing as a method of expression, yet masculine expression openly denies that it does so. Or, at least, men overlook purpose because their clothing becomes uniform and traditional.

The photographs in *Three Guineas* attest to the soldier’s uniform as a material aestheticization of English nationalism and war as a glorification of his country. At the end of “Work of Art,” Benjamin argues that “[t]he logical result of Fascism is the introduction of aesthetics into political life” (1239). Woolf would seem to corroborate this statement for the fact that she shows how masculine sartorial expression introduces an aesthetic purpose in the public sphere or the realm of politics. As described above, men perform their role in politics through the splendor of their uniforms. As historian Angela Woollacott has pointed out, during the Great War, “uniforms carried enormous social prestige and symbolism. A war-related uniform was an immediately recognizable emblem of patriotic engagement, of dedication to the nation’s cause. To wear such a uniform was a statement at once political and moral” (199). Woolf implies that the aestheticization of the uniform in the public sphere links up with “the situation of politics which Fascism is rendering aesthetic,” as described by Benjamin (1240).

Both Woolf and Benjamin discern the danger in the aestheticization of politics that occurs in fascist regimes.\(^5\)

In 1930, the Hogarth Press published J. C. Flugel’s *The Psychology of Clothes*, which applies a psychoanalytic model to fashion, prefiguring Woolf’s sartorial analysis. Flugel interrogates, among many things, the male motives of fashion, which appear very compatible with the psychological argument that Woolf advances concerning male fashion and English patriarchy. According to Flugel, men convey their office or rank through military uniforms, which impose hierarchies or an “elaborate system of sartorial or decorative differentiation” (31). Most intriguing about this vast encyclopedia on sartorial accoutrement is his description of “The Great Masculine Renunciation” that explains the phenomenon by which men came to swear off beauty in favor of utility (111). Flugel claims that at the end of the eighteenth century, “man abandoned his claim to being considered beautiful” (111). He draws on the French Revolution to explain the social and political causes: men sought distinction in the public sphere by deploying a graded uniformity of dress. Hence, Flugel argues that “man’s morality tends to find expression in his clothes in a greater degree than is the case with women” (113).

Flugel seems to imply that men divorce fashion from aesthetics; however, one must not misinterpret Flugel. Men reconfigure beauty as not rooted in the Baudelaian sense of aesthetics as *l’art pour l’art* but rather beauty in dress as an expression of elevated political power. For example, as Woolf notes, the military general with the tuft of horsehair protruding from his ostentatiously furred hat seeks not simply to exhibit beauty but rather to reify his achieved station within the English military. The same process of reification occurs in the university procession, as each man performs his achieved educational degree via donning distinctive sartorial accoutrement. For both Flugel and Woolf, male fashion’s *raison d’être* is to reify and to perform a specific station; that is to say, male morality, as representative of patriarchy, is intrinsically tied to nationalism or an expression of Englishness, which is reflected in male sartorial fashion. Flugel elaborates man’s sartorial morality as “an outward and visible sign of the strictness of his adherence to the social code” (113). As the in-text photographs of *Three Guineas* illustrate, a university procession is not carried out in private; it is a public performance, an exhibition of status and worth that is presented through the male uniform.

5 See Leslie Hankins for an invigorating discussion on the dialectical collision of Woolf and Benjamin.
overtly male or female. Radclyffe Hall’s suits and the style of the flapper both come to mind. In Woolf’s view, feminine sartorial expression would resist the patriarchal discourse and attempt to render identity in all its complexity rather than homogenize it through the uniform. While one might tirelessly conjecture about her sartorial choice, it is undeniable that the Outsider, if war proved unpreventable, would not have been caught dead in a uniform.

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Works Cited


The Aesthetics/Politics of the Mantelpiece

But how had the piece of china been broken into this remarkable shape? […] Set at the opposite end of the mantelpiece from the lump of glass that had been dug from the sand, it looked like a creature from another world—freakish and fantastic as a harlequin. […] The contrast between the china so vivid and alert, and the glass so mute and contemplative, fascinated him, and wondering and amazed he asked himself how the two came to exist in the same world, let alone to stand upon the same narrow strip of marble in the same room. The question remained unanswered.

Virginia Woolf, “Solid Objects” (*Complete Shorter Fiction* [CSF] 105)

What is it about this “narrow strip of marble,” the mantelpiece now holding John’s first two cherished fragments—“a large irregular lump of glass […] without any edge or shape” and “a piece of china, shaped or accidentally broken into five irregular but unmistakable points?” (CSF 103-04). The mantelpieces that simply abound in Virginia Woolf’s writings, in their many varied contexts, may function as a blank canvas, a special place for display or for preserving memories—perhaps for recapturing those memories or transforming those memories—and not incidentally, a means to project a strong sense of its creator—its artistic director. This seemingly private surface becomes a public space that is read/viewed at different times by a multitude of fluctuating selves as the selected objects are continually re-interpreted, replaced, or left to collect dust. Although these objects constitute momentary ‘still lives,’ there’s a fluidity that exists as the contents of these sites are defamiliarized and can thus be seen anew. These mantelpieces may hold, like John’s in “Solid Objects,” one’s “finest specimens” (CSF 105), or may simply support an invitation that arrived in the latest mail. The acts of selecting these various objects, finding the ‘right’ location, or carefully juxtaposing them, creates something new, and enacts a freedom that remains inexplicably satisfying.

It is not unlike the complex process of creating a text with words, or applying paint to a canvas, or juxtaposing colors and words in new ways, to convey new ideas, to provoke different emotional responses. These creations can be linked to collage, assemblage, and Cubism—echoing the modernist art forms of the early twentieth century that represent...
important contexts for “The Mark on the Wall,” “Solid Objects,” and Jacob’s Room. These works also serve to interrogate the intersections of the verbal and the visual, and the problematic of representation in both writing and painting. Examining the works of art made during the period of Woolf’s writings and in the decade prior to the publication of these works offers ways to connect with what Braque, Picasso, and Cézanne were producing and also shows links with later works by artists such as Kurt Schwitters and Joseph Cornell, to name a few. Many of these creations, like John’s creation for his mantelpiece in “Solid Objects,” enact a resistance to traditional objects and seek to recontextualize and or recontextualize these objects, thus moving the readers/viewers onto new trajectories, new ways of seeing that were being masked by custom, by habit, and the constraints and boundaries of labels. And if, by chance, the mantelpiece is left empty, this “narrow strip of marble” will likely be covered with dust—until the next homeowner/artist takes possession.

A crucial life-giving heat source before the advent of central-heating, these mantelpieces reflect the provenance of their houses, the contexts of their settings, the taste of their owners, and may be a crucial focal point—or simply an aside—in the many rooms in which they exist. But the complicated process of selecting objects serves to create/project images—both consciously and unconsciously—as varied readers/viewers interpret what is imagined and/or performed by the owners of these mantelpieces.

My chosen works express and enact, in very different ways, the pervasive impact of the war on the materials artists struggled to find during that period. Bill Brown, in his interpretation of “Solid Objects,” finds that “it bears witness, however unconsciously, to the political economy of Great Britain during and immediately after WWI” (Brown 4). Brown, in his excellent analysis, also asserts that “John’s encounter with these material fragments—a piece of glass, of broken china, and of iron—is not just embedded within a trajectory of English aesthetics (John Ruskin to Roger Fry) or a genealogy of modernism […] but also embedded between the domestic crisis of wartime scarcity in London and the postwar industrial crisis provoked by the British commitment to free trade” (Brown 4). Viewed in this broader context, Woolf’s narrative and rhetorical strategies enact her aesthetic/political concerns as her readers are challenged to investigate the complex signifying materiality of domestic spaces. Some mantelpieces, like those included in “The Mark on the Wall,” are presented with established content; in “Solid Objects” readers find themselves closely following John’s mental and physical processes as he expresses joy in the hunt for his fragments and struggles on many levels to find quality shards to fill his empty “narrow strip of marble”; in Jacob’s Room, the contents of the various mantelpieces focus the reader on related socio-economic, class, and gender issues, while exploring an Imperial past and the many traditional symbols of past and current patriarchal power.

Although past and present interdisciplinary studies have focused on “materiality” in its many guises, interpretations of “the everyday” and the ‘ordinary”—contested terms in themselves—have been a serious focus of research at least since the 1960s (Sim 1-28). At the 2013 Modernist Studies Association Conference on “The Everyday and the Event” at the University of Sussex, I learned about the Mass Observation Archive and, specifically, its “mantelpiece” project. Undertaken in 1937, and repeated in 1983, its goal was to gain knowledge about individuals through interviews and lists of the objects placed on their mantelpieces, including the dust. The Guardian recently intervened, acknowledging the Mass Observation projects of 1937 and 1983 (O’Hagan 20 July 2013), asking people to replicate the 1937 project by using photographs. In the context of the 1937 Mass Observation project, it is illuminating to note the narrator’s commentary in Woolf’s essay, “Walter Sickert: a Conversation (1934)”: “There is a gusto in the spending of the poor; they are very close to what they possess. Hence the intimacy that seems to exist in Sickert’s pictures between his people and their rooms. The bed, the chest of drawers, the one picture and the vase on the mantelpiece are all expressive of the owner” (195). These comments foreshadow the recent studies on the revelatory nature—both political and aesthetic—of fashion.

For there we are surrounded by objects which perceptually express the oddity of our own temperaments and enforce the memories of our own experience. That bowl on the mantelpiece, for instance, was bought at Mantua on a windly day. We were leaving the shop when the sinister old woman plucked at our skirts and said she would find herself starving one of these days, but, “take it!” she cried, and thrust the blue and white china bowl into our hands […] The moment was stabilized, stamped like a coin indelibly among a million that slipped by imperceptibly […] All this—Italy, the windy morning, the vines laced about the pillars, the Englishman and the secrets of his soul—rise up in a cloud from the china bowl on the mantelpiece. (SH 21)

Given this all too familiar experience of how our memories are tapped by objects, sounds, colors, and the complex contexts that impinge on what one recalls, how do we readers assess these experimental narratives?

Reading “The Mark on the Wall,” we pause at its first word, “perhaps,” and feel immediately distanced by the narrator’s extremely speculative mode of inquiry as the important goal of “remembering” is repeatedly undermined. As links are built between what is serially remembered, the “fire,” not surprisingly, leads to “the three chrysanthemums in the round glass bowl on the mantelpiece” (CSF 83). But these colorless flowers, in signifying “winter time,” provide a temporary fantasy that disappears when this unknown round mark is located “about six or seven inches above the mantelpiece” (CSF 83). Ending the increasing speculation, the narrator concludes: “once a thing’s done, no one ever knows how it happened” (CSF 84). “The inaccuracy of thought! The ignorance of humanity!” are emphasized as “the things lost in our lifetime” are specified; the “bird cages, iron hoops, the steel skates, the Queen Anne coal-scuttle,” and, quite significantly, those “three blue canisters of book-binding tools” are linked to the production of weapons of war. The regimentation associated with patriarchal modes of language takes over as the word “generalization”—with its “military sound”—foregrounds the regimentation associated with patriarchal modes of language takes over as the word “generalization”—with its “military sound”—foregrounds the “rules,” “habits,” and specifically designed “tablecloths” that brought the “disbeliever” a sense of “illegitimate freedom” (CSF 86). Not unexpectedly, the “masculine point of view which governs our lives sets the standard,” like “Whitaker’s Table of Precedency” (CSF 86). Given Woolf’s early familiarity with Montaigne’s Essays, it is not surprising that her narrator in “Montaigne” invokes “the most palatable forms of [his] great bugbears, convention and ceremony” (Common Reader: First Series [CR1] 60). Importantly, “one must not lay down rules,” for “habits and customs are a convenience devised for the support of timid natures who dare not allow their souls free play” (CR1 62). With thoughts about continuing newspaper propaganda for the war, most likely referring to the Northcliffe Press which owned and controlled most of the newspapers at that time, the war explicitly intrudes: “Curse this war; God damn this war!” Looking back to the chrysanthemums on the mantelpiece—definite in number, but without color—and the

fixed measure of “six to seven inches” from the “unknown” mark to the mantelpiece, one has a sense of death, along with an underlying desire for certainty, and simultaneously, an awareness of “how readily our thoughts swarm upon a new object” (CSF 83). The dust on that mantelpiece is linked with the war, with death, and the destruction of Troy. But the narrator clearly qualifies the precise location of Troy, for the dust “so they say, buried Troy three times over,” and resoundingly points to a new focus for critical thinking. The reference to Troy calls forth the work of Heinrich Schleimann (see Calder and Taill), his misguided thoughts about the location of the buried Troy, and his widely publicized possible destruction of the archeological site; that the “fragments of pots utterly refuse annihilation” (CSF 84) validates that the age of the pots provided evidence of Schleimann’s mistake.

The dusty mantelpiece, with its buried objects, will not be found in Woolf’s “Solid Objects,” but the war holds its presence on John’s mantelpiece. Before delving into the saga of this empty mantelpiece, the narrator imagines John as a child selecting a pebble from millions of stones on a path; “promising it a life of warmth and security upon the nursery mantelpiece,” and anthropomorphizing that stone, she asserts that “the heart of the stone leaps with joy when it sees itself chosen,” for it was “I, I, I!” (CSF 104). And now, with John an adult, and after his lengthy search, this special “lump of glass had its place upon the mantelpiece.” It was also not surprising that John “found himself attracted to the windows of curiosity shops” (CSF 104), hoping to find interesting fragments of differing materials. In an important 1899 journal entry written by a seventeen year old Virginia Stephen that resonates with the later Virginia Woolf’s ideas for this story, she writes of visiting a curiosity shop in St. Ives: “A collection such as this mounts to my head like the fumes of some delicious wine; I long frantically to buy everything I see, & the most ordinary object is possesssed with strange fascination for me” (Passionate Apprentice 158). Woolf’s later interest in the radical political climate developing before and during WWI, and how those ideological forces impinged upon new creative artistic efforts during the early twentieth century— including “found objects” as well as the art of collage and assemblage—surely find expression in “Solid Objects.”

Unlike “The Mark on the Wall,” John’s mantelpiece in “Solid Objects,” is empty, but with seven references to ‘mantelpieces’ in a five-page story, one senses the significance of this structure. John will eventually choose and arrange its contents as it becomes for him “a stopping place for […] [his] eyes when they wandered from his book” (104). As readers attempt to ascertain the two men’s actions on the beach, further description offers some significant political information about them, including the ideological designation of right- and left-wing political parties. Charles, in a verbal attack on John, is situated “on the right-hand side,” as his ideological position is reversed, for Charles gives the flowers, gives herself, to the costumed “gentleman.” That Jacob pays with “shillings on the mantelpiece” (JR 83) transforms its traditional function as a place for displaying meaningful objects to a place for financial transactions with commodified women.

In Jacob’s room at Trinity “there were yellow flags in a jar on the mantelpiece; a photograph of his mother; cards from societies with heraldic symbols asserting the hierarchical rules in place to maintain crucial levels of society. In Jacob’s neighborhood, we find Fanny Elmer, an artist’s model, going to sit at the flat of artist Nick Bramham. The focus changes momentarily from Fanny to the fluctuating beauty of women, and what might find its way to a mantelpiece: “Now she is dull and thick as bacon; now transparent like that all in greenish marble” (JR 28)—heraldic symbols asserting the hierarchical rules in place to maintain crucial levels of society. In Jacob’s neighborhood, we find Fanny Elmer, an artist’s model, going to sit at the flat of artist Nick Bramham. The focus changes momentarily from Fanny to the fluctuating beauty of women, and what might find its way to a mantelpiece: “Now she is dull and thick as bacon; now transparent like that all in greenish marble” (JR 28)—heraldic symbols asserting the hierarchical rules in place to maintain crucial levels of society.

In Jacob’s room at Trinity “there were yellow flags in a jar on the mantelpiece; a photograph of his mother; cards from societies with little raised crescents” (JR 28)—heraldic symbols asserting the hierarchical rules in place to maintain crucial levels of society. In Jacob’s neighborhood, we find Fanny Elmer, an artist’s model, going to sit at the flat of artist Nick Bramham. The focus changes momentarily from Fanny to the fluctuating beauty of women, and what might find its way to a mantelpiece: “Now she is dull and thick as bacon; now transparent like that all in greenish marble.” But “the fixed faces are the dull ones. Here comes Lady Venice displaying like a monument for admiration, but carved in alabaster, to be set on a mantelpiece and never dusted” (JR 92). As the narrative continues with images of women in the streets, one links Lady Venice with Jacob, as both are similarly portrayed as statues. The scene deals with stasis, with death, and the linkage with Venice may relate to Ruskin’s Stones of Venice, to the deteriorating city of Venice, to Venice in its frequently feminized description. In speaking of beauty, there is a reference to its transience—and “that no one can count on it or seize it or have it wrapped it paper” (JR 92). There also seems to be a linkage to Fanny and Nick, as the narrator again elaborates on her beauty, as well as their relationship.

Woolf’s strategic positioning of mantelpieces in such varied forms and contexts has greater impact after examining her personal experiences with mantelpieces, documented in her diary and letters and in her
biography of Roger Fry. In the “War Years” chapter of Virginia Woolf’s Roger Fry: A Biography, she describes Fry’s studio on Fitzroy Street, and suggests a change in the mantelpiece in his “squalid” lodgings: “the cast-iron mantelpiece has a design of classical ladies heads upon it; he must find some way of deleting them; clay perhaps will do it” (RF 201). Her concern with appearances functions in very different ways: she writes in 1920 of her desire “to buy some bright piece of china for my mantelpiece,” but in 1924, speaking in a derogatory way of the rank of the Lord of the peerage, she finds that “rank, nowadays, at my age, is slightly vulgar, like a fringe to the mantelpiece” (L4 287). To Vanessa she writes of her own mantelpiece: “How can I make lavender-blue? That inconceivable donkey, Daggett, has repainted the mantelpiece and dotted it with sea-green. Is lavender-blue a mixture? […] Perhaps you remember the color or the blue dots; a tender blue, like the blue of a chalk hill blue, or the sea at a distance, with chalk cliffs in the foreground.” What an exquisite way to express what she refers to as “[her] mantelpiece question” (L4 37).

Although Woolf disliked her re-painted mantelpiece, she, her sister Vanessa, and Duncan Grant also painted their own mantelpieces; interestingly, Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant, as artists, painted a corner of the same mantelpiece in 1914, with titles as different as their interpretations.2 Their paintings, viewed together, reflect the varied experimental modes of that exciting period; that both Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant were taken separately to Picasso’s studio by Gertrude Stein, the same year they did their ‘mantelpiece’ paintings, is not insignificant (Goldman 55-56). Georges Braque, in 1911, continued his Cubist still-life works, painting “Clairnet and Bottle of Rum on a Mantelpiece.”3 And in 1918, Woolf wrote to Vanessa about finally getting into the National Gallery and seeing a “Still Life on a Mantelpiece” by Edouard Vuillard4 (L2 260).

Given the central place held by fireplaces and their varied mantelpieces in our homes, it is not surprising that paintings and photographs of these structures abound. We view them as art—both visual and plastic—as advertisements, design, architectural history, and in collections for sociological study, as noted above; and yet, this well-known reference to a mantelpiece from Woolf’s feminist manifesto, A Room of One’s Own, will “never” find its way into the text:

I should never be able to come to a conclusion. I should never be able to fulfill what is, I understand, the first duty of a lecturer—to hand you after an hour’s discourse a nugget of pure truth to wrap up between the pages of your notebooks and keep on the mantelpiece for ever. (AROO 4)

Much may be placed on the mantelpiece “for ever,” but “nuggets of pure truth” will never make it—

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Florilegium—the Aura of Medieval Text Transformation. Text, Image, Garden and the Printing Press in Virginia Woolf’s Imaginary

In Medieval Latin, the word “florilegium” is associated with the notion of the garden as a collection, a bringing together of plants, also of texts or extracts, a gathering of flowers. Adapted from the Greek “anthologia,” anthology, it has been widely used to cover collections of writings by Church authors, pagan philosophers, classical writings, and even musical composition. In the post-Medieval world, it also covers all manner of literary and scientific compilations. There are Florilegium Societies in many of the Botanical Gardens of the world, where the term indicates a certain botanically accurate recording and illustration of plants (Jackson 102). Paradoxically, it is a term that is also well-suited to the exuberant and sometimes fantastical flora and fauna which decorate the parchments.
of medieval books. It is in both these meanings that I evoke its usage, applying its rich heritage to Woolf’s ideas about the printing press and also to her own phantasmaria of embedded imagery as a novelist.

Historians of reading and of the book look to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as a rich field for tracing the evolution of reading practices and book production. Textual production changed gradually; hand-written and copied manuscripts continued to be produced, often combining elements both of print on vellum and illustration by hand (Flannery, Salter). The transition from manuscript to print was complex, dynamic and problematic. The Gutenberg Bible continued to have complex images on the printed page. There was vital aesthetic turbulence, and in so many ways this mirrors the impact of the changes happening in the twenty-first century with digital text. The long process by the mid-fifteenth century in the history of reading indicates that orality itself as well as visuality became slowly disconnected from the printed page, and visuality became disconnected from story (Fischer).

Original manuscripts from the Middle Ages have survived in great numbers; parchment pages with handwritten script, burnished gold, animals and birds half-hidden in the mix of leaves and flowers. Some have massive wooden binding, some are very small, some are made in hermit monks’ cells, some in big cities. Every possible style and aesthetic, they embody the history of pictorial art as well as handwriting, booksellers, paper makers, parchment makers, bindings, inks, quills and pens, gesso, gold leaf, pattern books, copying and human error (Hamel, Medieval Craftsmen). To learn to make a book in the traditional way is a joyful and complicated skill, one that I have now incorporated into my own artwork and ongoing visual essay project about the work of Virginia Woolf.

Ironically, the Internet has opened up a world of the texts and images of many of these great survivors from the medieval world, allowing us to look closely at miniature illustrations, decorated capitals, whimsical and irreverent scenes. A recent Facebook discovery called Bizarre and Vulgar Illustrations from Illuminated Medieval Manuscripts presents stunning detail of monsters and madness, bawdiness and humour, lots of arrows in asses, morphing animals and vast cosmologies skilfully drawn. The argument is made that monks as they copy manuscripts are responding to the text with amazing imagery in marginalia. Bored with their tasks they are moved to doodle murderous beasts, penis monsters, and lots of butts! The role of art imagery in medieval manuscripts is far more complex and central than a matter of marginalia, although no doubt there was scope for irreverent originality. Texts and images found a common life on the pages in these books. They shared the space, broke in upon each other, gave each other a lively and heightened presence, coexisted in a challenging form of dual creativity and a mode of complex thinking that was lost once the printing press no longer allowed for the pictorial. The resurgence of the graphic novel in the twentieth and twenty-first century have made some claim to return to the balance of text and image that flourished in the medieval world, as did some of the even earlier experiments by the Hogarth Press, in particular with Kew Gardens.

In my own visual essay encounters with Woolf, I first explored the link between Woolf and the pre-printing press world in my painting Woolf and the Chaucer Horse (2011) using some elements from the Luttrell Psalter and lines from the prologue to the Canterbury Tales, applied to the painting in order to create elements of an illuminated manuscript (Bellamy 43-56). Reading further into Woolf’s ideas about what was lost with the advent of the printing press, I began to look more at the styles of the early manuscripts with their mix of anarchic imagery, of the tensions on the page between text and image, of it being possible to see text as image itself, of the use of color, of the ornamentation of individual letters and capitals as a loving presentation of language itself. In the imagery were hidden meanings and layers as much as in the words. The role and uses of vegetation are very important in the borderlands of the manuscripts, and I began to feel that so too are they in Woolf texts. Indeed many Woolf texts set up word imagery patterning, eruptive color fields and pictorial experiments (Goldman, Brown).

This art/text studio practice has led me to another project, furthering the visual language of my encounters with Woolf’s complex textual folds. The new work is a 9 foot long scroll incorporating the opening pages of seven essays by Woolf that first outline her ideas about the modern essay, modernism and women. The printmaking techniques used for the scroll, produced on a continuous roll of heavy cotton Italian Fabriano paper, incorporates embossed vegetation from my own garden as well as elements taken from the Luttrell Psalter. The materiality of this thing, this fusion of Woolfian text and my garden, was a pleasure as well as a challenge, and beckons for more experiments.

The medieval garden has been studied extensively as symbolizing whole imaginary worlds as well as in documenting the rich artistic world of garden design. This practice also occurs in medieval tapestry design with the ever-present rich borders of flowers and vegetation, for example in the various versions of the Unicorn Tapestries in greens and pinks in Paris and at the Cloisters in New York, both of which I have seen. I have tried in my scroll to emulate the splendid borders and herbaceous and fruitful natural flowers, fruits and trees, taking items from my own garden and using the techniques of embossing, etching and other printing techniques to create and evoke the sense of a living manuscript, of paper alive with words as well as with the color, food, smell, and textures of the garden and the natural world. This sensation of multitudinous worlds held within garden forms is abundant in Woolf from Kew Gardens to To the Lighthouse and beyond. Added to this material, we know much now about the creative role played by the gardens of Monks House and Charleston, as well as Sissinghurst.

Florilegium as a concept can apply equally to texts, images and gardens and so becomes a useful term to unite the three as well as to explore the worlds lost and found in Woolf, the decorative and the modernist, as can also apply to the processes in Matisse or Cézanne. It is not only the garden that erupts from the pages of medieval manuscripts. There is a dream and nightmare world of irreverent surrealism, of wild improbable crude and funny juxtapositions, of demons and visions, of superb drawings. From little miniature worlds and thought bubbles through to complex imaginations and visual lexicons, I sense that we are in a continuum with the modernist complexities and synesthetic imagination of Virginia Woolf. It is thus interesting to contemplate her last writings in the late 1930’s at a time when audience and meaning seemed threatened by imminent war (World War II) and disturbing political violence to language itself.

“Anon” and “The Reader”

In 1940 Virginia Woolf began work on two extant essays, “Anon” and “The Reader,” involving a plan to write a history of English literature from its earliest beginnings and anonymous voices (Silver 357). Threaded through these notes are ideas about the transition from aural culture to book culture and the transition to the solid material printing press from the pre-historic forest of birdsong and its stimulus in humans to sing, to create, to become self-conscious, to make art and overcome darkness (Silver 358). This project would involve writing about context, the society that fostered the art. “Keep a running commentary upon the External,” she noted. Context and Audience are key parts in the material production of art (Silver 360). In the early drafts of “Anon,” Woolf’s

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plan emerges to grasp the nature of the creative instinct itself, what turns an artist into a painter, a musician, or a writer, and to follow Woolf’s long-standing interest in the interrelationship of the arts (Silver 370). The advent of the printing press itself is recognised as a complex blessing, considered by some writers to have diluted their art as words themselves became so accessible—an odd argument indeed. But as the project grew, these contradictory losses and gains emerge in language.

The connection between seeing & writing:
a twin gift. Wh. shall be born […]

The artist.
Language.
What [works] tells on an artist: the thing seen: the framework:
the eye. the ear: the senses: […]

the word heard. Its solidity: its depths. (Woolf “Anon,” in Silver 377)

Woolf then develops an exploration of the voice of Anon, what happens to that voice as the creative forms stir and community responds over historical time:

The voice that broke the silence of the forest was the voice of Anon. Someone heard the song and remembered it for it was later written down, beautifully, on parchment […] Every body shared in the emotion of Anons song, and supplied the story […] minstrels came, jugglers, bear leaders, singing their songs at the back door […] in the uncouth jargon of their native tongue […] to mock the solemn, to comment upon the established […] Yet during the silent centuries before the book was printed his was the only voice that was to be heard in England […] gave voice to the old stories […] It was the printing press that finally was to kill Anon. But it was the press also that preserved him. When in 1477 Caxton printed the twenty one books of the Morte DArthur [sic] he fixed the voice of Anon forever […] Caxton printed the old dream. He brought to the surface the old hidden world: It is a mixed world […] Everything is stated. The beauty is in the statement, not in the suggestion […] There never was, it seems, a time when men and women were without memory […] That is the world beneath our consciousness; the anonymous world to which we can still return […] Caxtons [sic] printing press foretold the end of that anonymous world; It is now written down; fixed; […] Yet in spite of the printed book, the common people were still at their lewd practices. (382-86)

In the process of this transformation brought about by the printing press, writers and artists still are “unspecialised,” says Woolf. “It seems possible that the great English art may not be the art of words. He is not wholly writer, wholly musician or wholly painter” (389). But no longer nameless and wandering, the artist is tethered. “As the book goes out into a larger, a more varied audience these influences become more and more complex” (390). What is lost? “[H]e has ceased to believe in giants.” Now there is time and change, the past is pictorial, like “the figures in a fresco,” “trees with bright birds,” “no tension; no direction; but always movement […] like a wave” (391).

In her meditations on the rise of the book and its remarkable complexities, Virginia Woolf is of course on the side of the writers. She is part of “this vast universe that is struggling into being. Words mount; pile on top of each other” (393). Yet there is a keen clarity in Woolf about the multitudinous forms that have flowed to that point from the forest through the medieval world of handmade texts with luscious images, with the sounds, the music and visual images that have made the journey to that point along with the language, and are indeed inside the language, inside the covers of the parchment and finally even the printed pages. It is my strong sense in reading Woolf as novelist that she holds true to all these threads belonging together still in some resonant form, and that she embodies a kind of creative practice that can resonate with the pictorial and the aural. In all times of transition, she identifies a period of silence by the audience: “We can compare this silence with our own silence at the Russian ballet or at the cinema in their early days. A new art comes upon us so surprisingly that we sit silent, recognising before we take the measure” (395).

Anonymity had great importance for Woolf, “it gave us the ballads, the songs. It allowed us to know nothing of the writer […] Anon had great privileges. […] He was not self-conscious. He can say what everyone feels.” He was more often than not also a woman (397). Alas, “Anon is dead” (398). Why does this matter to Woolf at this point in her life? It seems she is exploring renewal from source, from the archaic. It is a key modernist impulse. Where do words come from, what associations have they lost in the mass of printed text, can the powerful deep riches of the old world renew the freedom of the dark times she sees before her in 1940? This is not nostalgia but deep searching for the severed parts to come back into balance with text and voice. In the Florilegia of the new textual invention of the twenty-first century, Woolf’s investigations find new meanings. Hypertext, the digital library, the rise of the blog, the fragment, the end of the page, the text block, the width of the column, the length of the page, the window, the click, the icon, spellcheck. ChristianVandendorpe argues that:

In digital culture a new form of reading is emerging: […] it is both visual and tabular […] By making it possible to combine writing, image, sound, and video, the new computer technologies are undermining the dominant position of language, stripping it of the aura with which it has been invested since ancient times when it was used to magically address the world, to express a relationship to reality. (165-66)

The core concept of the Florilegium/Florilegia, a medieval garden form for a collection of documents, stories, images, literally flowers, writings, is capable of a wide expansion. Graphic texts in particular are expanding their range with more text and more image, and so the changing relationship of words and images, the non-representational connection as well as the story-telling type of connection beckons some new form emerging. Graphic texts plus the online Internet and web world of text/image connection, with all its instability, its open-endedness, its fluidity, the idea of the window itself, the impossibility of repetition, all this experimentation allows Woolf, Chaucer and the old monks a new dialogue.

The “materiality” of my own artwork as a journey through Woolf’s practices and thoughts on the past, loss, visuality, memory, books and the printing press give a whole new meaning to her bold affirmation in “A Sketch of the Past,” “we are the words, we are the music, we are the thing itself” (85), in a time when the “thing” is on the move again, and we are of the company.

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Vanessa Discusses with Virginia the Limits of Fashion

“…as after centuries of quiescence, a rock rends itself from the mountain and hurtles crashing into the valley, one fold of the shawl loosened and swung to and fro.”

Virginia Woolf, To the Lighthouse

There was that certain flair in her turning shadow, the shawl, a fullness flittered with light moving across the floor, memories, not fond, of old dance-hall strobes, her legs attached as a sort of grounding.

Star-struck, her sister asked its source, its maker. Such a gift must have a giver.

“My mother, this house’s Angel,” she sang.

freedom swirling ‘round and ‘round.

“These hooked and interlocking shells and scallops, all hers, to keep me warm. And lacy, that I am seen, always seen though cloaked from winter’s gaze. Yet, some cold bruises through, fresh pain, its alarm welcomed. And white entirely, my purity purely unabashed as it reflects the sun.”

“In her mirror I am so beautiful. Come, Virginia, just feel the heaviness.”

Sandra Inskeep-Fox
Poet and Independent Scholar

Emanuel Sweerts- Florilegium. 1647 - Plate 10
<http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Sweerts_Florilegium_1647_Plate_10.jpg>
and the works that were displayed at An enlightening talk was given by Anna Gruetzner-Robins, of the Roger Fry on the Armory Show and the new treatment of women nudes.

The question posed by the 1913 show is “what is real?” Visual as well as literary artists questioned “representative” art, and invented new ways of seeing. It was a question that preoccupied Bloomsbury artists at the same time and, particularly Roger Fry who mounted—before the New York Armory show—two revolutionary Post-Impressionist exhibits at the Grafton Galleries in London, 1910 and 1912. Virginia Woolf’s remark that “on or about 1910 human character changed” (Collected Essays 1 320) captures the significance of Fry’s exhibit to visual as well as literary arts and shifts in society before World War I. Woolf wondered why all the Duchesses were insulted by the post-impressionists, “a more modest sample set of painters, innocent even of indecency, I cant conceive (Letters 1 440). Bloomsbury was not shocked.

But New York was. Two aspects of the modernist show and symposium that relate to Bloomsbury drew my attention: the influence of Roger Fry on the Armory Show and the new treatment of women nudes.

Roger Fry

An enlightening talk was given by Anna Gruetzner-Robins, of the University of Reading, “Bringing Post-Impressionism to New York: Roger Fry and the Armory Show,” in which she described the important and neglected contributions of Roger Fry. She observed that Fry’s Post-Impressionist exhibitions of 1910 and 1912 were closely surveyed by the Armory group, and they were impressed both by Fry’s prescient selection of paintings in 1912—Matisse, Cezanne, Derain, Vlaminck, Picasso, Braque—and by the way he grouped his paintings on the wall, which they emulated in their exhibit. A forthcoming article by Professor Gruetzner-Robins will illuminate more about the persuasiveness of Fry’s connoisseurship and the fact that he had to close his 1912 exhibit early in order to send paintings in his show on to the Armory. Virginia Woolf brilliantly captures Fry’s prescience as he takes paintings off the wall, “gazing at them, plunging his eyes into them as if he was a hummingbird hawk-moth hanging over a flower, quivering yet still” (Woolf, Roger Fry 152)

Female Nudes

Carey Nelson Blake, a consultant on the show, stated, “women’s bodies were markers of the modern inside and outside the Armory show.” Inside the show, there is a recurrent theme of nudes—Marcel Duchamp’s “Nude Descending a Staircase” and Matisse’s “Blue Nude,” among others; outside in the streets, women were marching for greater independence, education, suffrage, and control over their own bodies through birth control. Kimberly Orcutt, Henry Luce Foundation Center of American Art, in “A Dialogue of Nudes” spoke of the female nude as an index of modern art in the symposium. The male artists “distortions” of the female body took viewers aback and they were described as “obscene” and “depraved.” Yes, the modernists brought the classical nude down from its pedestal and presented the female body in new forms. It reminds us that Vanessa Bell also looked upon and painted the bodies of naked women about the same time. Encouraged by Fry’s thinking and reception, Vanessa Bell painted The Tub (1913), Nude with Poppies (1916), and later, Study for a Composition (1930) and Interior with Two Women (1936) among others.2 Women painters began to challenge the eroticized and passive nudes painted by males. This turn was radical—a female artist looking at female models and painting nudes—as expertly discussed by Diane Gillespie at the 2005 Virginia Woolf The Tub Conference in her presentation, “Godiva Still Rides.” The exhibit offered an unusual opportunity to see some of the original paintings in the Armory Show and to reflect on an exciting artistic and cultural moment in New York and London artistic circles.

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1 Ed. note: The New-York Historical Society has an online exhibit of the show and the works that were displayed at <http://armory.nyhistory.org/opening/>.

2 Duncan Grant also painted his own version of The Tub (1913) and Bathing (a painting of men) (1911). These works can be viewed respectively at: <http://www.tate.org.uk/art/artworks/grant-the-tub-t00723> and <http://www.tate.org.uk/art/artworks/grant-bathing-n04567>. Vanessa Bell’s The Tub can be viewed at <http://www.tate.org.uk/art/artworks/bell-the-tub-t02010>.
REVIEW:
Where the Woolfish Things Are

THE CHARLESTON BULLETIN SUPPLEMENTS

VIRGINIA WOLF

Whatever the merits and accomplishments of its individual members, the central fact of Bloomsbury is the group-ness of the Group—a sense of collective identity that also represents their fundamental belief in the intrinsic and supreme value of community. This belief found frequent expression in collaboration—in conversation, art, and friendship; it took place synchronically, between members of Virginia Woolf’s Old Bloomsbury and between them and members of the younger generation (Carrington’s woodcuts, say, to Leonard Woolf’s Stories of the East); it also happened diachronically, across generations—even between the living and the dead—in works that register or explore the biological and intellectual legacies of an older generation. Think, among others, of To the Lighthouse and Virginia Woolf’s introduction to a catalogue of her aunt Julia Margaret Cameron’s photographic portraits; Lytton Strachey’s “69 Lancaster Gate” memoir; Vanessa Bell’s “Notes on Virginia’s Childhood;” and of E. M. Forster’s biography of his great-aunt Marianne Thornton. All of Bloomsbury’s collaborations among themselves, and their memoirs of their forebears, helped to establish a sense of present community and preserve one of transgenerational continuity. And they achieve such a completeness that, as Olk says, “Whatever the merits and accomplishments of its individual members, the central fact of Bloomsbury is the group-ness of the Group—a sense of collective identity that also represents their fundamental belief in the intrinsic and supreme value of community. This belief found frequent expression in collaboration—in conversation, art, and friendship; it took place synchronically, between members of Virginia Woolf’s Old Bloomsbury and between them and members of the younger generation (Carrington’s woodcuts, say, to Leonard Woolf’s Stories of the East); it also happened diachronically, across generations—even between the living and the dead—in works that register or explore the biological and intellectual legacies of an older generation. Think, among others, of To the Lighthouse and Virginia Woolf’s introduction to a catalogue of her aunt Julia Margaret Cameron’s photographic portraits; Lytton Strachey’s “69 Lancaster Gate” memoir; Vanessa Bell’s “Notes on Virginia’s Childhood;” and of E. M. Forster’s biography of his great-aunt Marianne Thornton. All of Bloomsbury’s collaborations among themselves, and their memoirs of their forebears, helped to establish a sense of present community and preserve one of transgenerational continuity. And they did this nowhere in more vigorous and lively a way than at Charleston Farmhouse. Presided over by Vanessa Bell, Charleston was a rustic haven where she lived for so many decades with Duncan Grant, raised her children, and where she and a motley band of Bloomsbury bohemia engaged in disciplined creativity, strenuous play, and the daily practice of crafting life together.

Vanessa’s sister Virginia was one of the great individual geniuses of literary modernism, honing her craft alone and with frightful discipline in her writing-shed in the backyard of Monk’s House in nearby Rodmell. She was also a frequent visitor to Charleston, where, in the summer of 1923, she accepted her twelve-year-old nephew Quentin Bell’s invitation to write a series of “supplements” to his and his older brother Julian’s family newspaper, The Charleston Bulletin. Thus began a playful, witty, irreverent four-year collaboration that speaks to her maternal enthusiasm as much as it reveals the unmistakable style of “Virginia Woolf,” the soon-to-be-famous author of Mrs. Dalloway, The Common Reader, and To the Lighthouse. Inspired by the Hyde Park Gate News, the childhood newspaper produced by Virginia, Vanessa, and their beloved elder brother Thoby Stephen thirty years earlier, Julian and Quentin’s Bulletin was a playful, often satirical digest of daily life among Charleston’s eccentric cast of characters. As Claudia Olk points out in her Introduction to this first published collection of The Charleston Bulletin Supplements, Bell and his aunt were collaborators, but they were much more, too. “In Virginia Woolf,” Olk writes, “Quentin Bell found not only a professional author and an experienced journalist […] but, above all, a close companion and conspirator who shared his irreverence and more often than not his mischievous sense of humor” (2).

As an adult who, to paraphrase one Hyde Park Gate News entry, had chronologically left the sweet world of childhood behind her and long since entered into the great world of womanhood (Hyde 39), Woolf nevertheless always remembered the adjuiration contained in the fantasy of Authorship that she contributed to the final issue of the News in 1895: “Let us hope the Author thinks of her childhood” (199-200). Woolf was perennially enthralled by childhood in general and her own in particular. Gill Lowe goes so far as to argue that Woolf not only interested but “obsessively revisited her childhood in her fiction and autobiographical work” (Hyde xiii). Is it completely accidental, a matter of pure coincidence, the period of Woolf’s collaboration with her nephew coincided with her richest fictional exploration of childhood, in her portraits of the Ramsay children in To the Lighthouse? It would be going too far to assert a causal relationship here; but in asking whether the Supplements may have “helped her to rekindle the mood of the Hyde Park newspaper and so bring her even closer to the ghostly crucible of her childhood” (viii), David Bradshaw in his Preface to the Supplements acknowledges Woolf’s abiding respect and even reverence for childhood not as a fleeting moment in time but as a way of being in that moment. But whatever weightier implications they may suggest, these Supplements also show Woolf just plain having fun.

This beautifully produced edition includes all six of the Supplements that are known to survive. They begin with the “Special Supplement Xmas Number” of 1923, followed by “Eminent Charlestonians;” “The Life and Death History of a Studio;” “The Dunciad;” “The Messiah;” and, finally, “Monthly Calendar.” All but the last clearly represent a genuine collaboration. Each issue features numerous episodes illustrated in Quentin Bell’s juvenile yet canny caricatures in pencil, pen-and-ink, and watercolor; on occasion, in the later Supplements, they achieve a Max Beerbohm-like incisiveness of vision. The boy could draw. More importantly, he could see—with, at moments, a clarity of psychological penetration that dovetails with his aunt’s insight into the springs and gears of character. On many pages the interplay between text and image achieves such a completeness that, as Olk says, “The close nature of their collaboration, in which Woolf’s text and her nephew’s sketches are delicately interlaced, makes it difficult to determine whether the text or the illustration came first. Rather text and image enter into a relation that is expressive of the ways in which Woolf and Bell mutually inspired each other. Hence, in some instances the text describes the image, whereas in others the image illustrates the text, and in yet others the illustration […] is left to speak for itself. (5-6)

What distinguishes all of these instances—all of the Supplements as a whole and the individual pages—is a keen attentiveness to the everyday and the ordinary, and to the absurdities and ridiculousnesses to be found there: Woolf and Bell skewer Vanessa’s verbal solecisms (“He lost his way like a needle in a camel’s eye” [28]); they notice Vanessa’s habit of losing her glasses (several pairs end up in her hair) and other of her “marvelous adventures” (34); they praise their servant’s culinary expertise with pancakes, an expertise that does not extend to her “costive close & crusty” porridge: “It dolloped out of a black pan in lumps of mortar. It stank; it stuck” (49); elsewhere Duncan Grant, shopping for paint, “gets distemper” (65), after which he wrecks one studio and...
Vanessa and Virginia. While they were intensely and radiantly individual women and artists, they often inspired, complemented, and fed each other’s creativity. The complex, sometimes troubled, but also deeply affectionate relationship between these sisters remains a source of fascination for scholars, novelists—and, now, the creators of a lush children’s picture book that explores the power of imaginative collaboration to transform lives through beauty. Virginia Wolf, by writer Kyo Maclear and illustrator Isabelle Arsenault, tells a story of two very creative sisters, little girls with widely different temperaments—as the dust jacket states, “one blue, the other sunny, both brimming with imagination”—and celebrates the utopian possibilities of imagination. Fittingly, it also echoes and pays homage to Maurice Sendak’s Where the Wild Things Are, in both imagery and language. Virginia wakes up one morning feeling wolfish, and, like Sendak’s Max, she is depicted with pointy ears, a long bushy tail, and claws for hands. But while Max’s wild appearance is the result of the costume he wears, Virginia’s is a more fully embodied expression of her state of mind. She is a wolf: she growls and moans and does “strange things.” And while Max’s retreat into his bedroom and his world of imagination is a solitary journey, Virginia’s journey is, in true Bloomsbury spirit, a deeply collaborative one, led by Vanessa, whose concern for Virginia inspires her to attempt again and again to lift her sister up and out of her doldrums. Indeed, this book is permeated with the Bloomsbury ethic of friendship and beauty.

The story is told from Vanessa’s perspective. She describes Virginia’s doldrums as profoundly disruptive: “The whole house sank. Up became down. Bright became dim. Glad became gloom.” When she asks Virginia what would make her feel better, Virginia finally, after much protest, tells her that, if she could, she would fly to a “PERFECT PLACE. A PLACE WITH FROSTED CAKES AND EXCELLENT TREES TO CLIMB AND ABSOLUTELY NO DOLDRUMS.” Her name for this utopia? “Bloomsberry, of course.”

And so, while Virginia hides under the covers of her bed, Vanessa sets out to create just such a place on the walls of her bedroom:

“I made a garden.

“I painted trees and strange candy blossoms and green shoots and frosted cakes. I painted leaves that said kush in the wind and fruit that squeaked, and slowly I created a place called Bloomsberry. I made it look just the way it sounded.”

In this way, the fictional young painter very much resembles her real-life adult counterpart, who spent so much of her time at Charleston gardening, painting, and decorating all of the available surfaces in the house—according to Virginia Woolf, “painting all the time, till every inch of the house is a different color” (qtd. in Supplements vii). And the fictional Virginia equally strongly resembles the real Virginia: as she joins Vanessa in painting and in cutting birds and butterflies out of colored paper, she tells a story about a mountaineering snail that recalls the snail in “Kew Gardens” as well as the Two Miss Stephens’ famous mountain-climbing father. Even more subtly, Maclear and Arsenault conjure the spirit of Julia Stephen, mother of Virginia and Vanessa, whose stories for children, as Elizabeth Steele writes, encourage harmony in “home relationships” and “being kind to animals, wild as well as domestic” (Stephen 30)—even, one presumes, Wolfish sisters. Like their real-life models, and like the Eminently Charlestonian creators of the Supplements, by the story’s end Vanessa and Virginia have crafted a world in which one imaginative act leads to another in a rich process of mutual inspiration.

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REVIEW

HOW SHOULD ONE READ A MARRIAGE? PRIVATE WRITINGS, PUBLIC READINGS, AND LEONARD AND VIRGINIA WOOLF

VIRGINIA WOOLF AS A ‘CUBIST WRITER’

VIRGINIA WOOLF AND THE THIRTIES POETS

Each of this eclectic group of essays published by Cecil Woolf is drawn from the author’s dissertation or thesis, and attests to the support of Cecil Woolf for younger Woolf scholars. Drew Shannon and Sarah Phillips specifically acknowledge his encouragement.

My favorite is Drew Shannon’s “How Should One Read a Marriage?,” which is a scholarly review of Woolf biographies from Winifred Holtby’s Virginia Woolf (1932) to Julia Briggs’s Virginia Woolf: An Inner Life (2005) with a focus on Leonard Woolf and on Virginia and Leonard’s marriage. I especially liked Shannon’s first section, in which he establishes a personal tone, addressing a “common reader.” He admits some “trepidation” in approaching the subject of Leonard and Virginia’s marriage and asks: “Who are we—who am I?—to judge the union between two people?” (5). He narrates his own journey into Woolf which started with Michael Cunningham’s The Hours and progressed back through both Woolf’s writings and then to the biographies. Shannon is sympathetic to Leonard as he traces the biographers’ portrayal of him from “Leonard as saint to Leonard as sinner, and, perhaps back to saint again” (10). Shannon quotes widely from Virginia Woolf’s letters and diaries as well as Leonard’s works and situates his assessment of the various biographies within the primary materials. He is balanced and even generous in his evaluation of most of the biographies. For instance, he characterizes Quentin Bell’s Virginia Woolf: a Biography (1972) as “gentlemanly, elegant, and comprehensive” (26) even though he acknowledges the validity of criticism offered such as the argument presented in Ellen Hawkes Rogat’s “The Virgin in the Bell Biography.” He admits that Bell tends to “view Virginia in terms of a pathology” (27), but suggests that Bell was probably influenced by the family bias. Shannon reviews several feminist biographies and then turns to Hermione Lee’s Virginia Woolf (1996), which he considers the standard biography. Shannon thinks that Lee conveys well the complexity and evolving nature of the Woolf marriage. Shannon briefly mentions the biographies of other Bloomsbury figures and intersperses them with relevant letters. Overall he says that most of the biographies “come to the same general consensus about the marriage: that the union was good, that Leonard protected Virginia […] and set up the circumstances in which she was able to produce her work” (35).

Shannon has a separate section on “Psychobiographies,” several of which he finds very skewed if not actually wrong. He finds Thomas Caramagno’s The Flight of the Mind: Virginia Woolf’s Art and Manic Depressive Illness (1992) to be “lucid and […] well researched” (38), but is very critical of those by Thomas Szasz and Irene Coates. He ends with a survey of fictional works about Virginia Woolf including such plays as Edna O’Brien’s Virginia (1981), several mysteries, and of course The Hours. Shannon’s essay is very readable and provides a thoughtful introduction to the lives of both Virginia and Leonard that students and scholars alike will enjoy.

Sarah Latham Phillips’ essay “Virginia Woolf as ‘Cubist Writer’” began as an MA thesis and so is quite different from the other two. It would be a good essay for a beginning student of Woolf who might need the definitions of the Bloomsbury Group and Cubism and the summaries of Jacob’s Room, Mrs. Dalloway, and several short stories. There are eight color illustrations of works by Braque, Picasso and Vanessa Bell; some of the most interesting parts of the essay are Phillips’ analysis of the art works. Her comments on Virginia Woolf’s style would be familiar to Woolf scholars. She includes some references to catalogues of various art exhibits, but her literary sources tend to be anthologies of reviews and criticism. She does not, for instance, reference Jennie-Rebecca Falcetta’s excellent essay “Geometries of Space and Time: The Cubist London of Mrs. Dalloway” in Woolf Studies Annual 13 (2007).

Emily Kopley’s “Virginia Woolf and the Thirties Poets” is a detailed and erudite study of Woolf’s relationships with the thirties poets that focuses on several of Woolf’s essays: “Poetry, Fiction and the Future” (1927), A Letter to a Young Poet (part of the Hogarth Letters series, 1931-33) and “The Leaning Tower” (1940). Kopley agrees with Phyllis Rose that some of Woolf’s “distaste” for the 30s poets was a reaction against their penchant for autobiography and her preference for anonymity (8, 62) and with Hermione Lee that Woolf was reacting against the writers’ “gay male clubbiness” (8), but Kopley argues that Woolf was also defending her choice of prose over poetry as the best way of “blending ‘reality [and] beauty’” (8). Kopley points out that, in “Poetry, Fiction and the Future,” Woolf portrayed “prose and poetry not as complementary but as competitive” (14), thus justifying “her poetry-pilfering novels” (16). Kopley notes that A Letter to a Young Poet undermines its seeming aim to encourage young poets by its “slippery tone and conflicting advice” (27). The poets themselves continued to admire Woolf, however, as Kopley demonstrates with the inclusion of a previously unpublished 1934 letter from Stephen Spender and an excellent explication of Louis MacNeice’s 1935 poem “Snow.” Kopley calls “A Leaning Tower” “the class-focused counterpart to the gender-focused A Room of One’s Own (50). In the essay, Woolf describes the novel as democratic and poetry as elitist. Kopley closes with an analysis of John Lehmann’s 1972 elegy for Woolf and Spender’s “V. W. (1941),” written in 1971. For anyone teaching a twentieth-century British survey course, this well-researched, scholarly essay will be invaluable.

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Work Cited


REVIEW

AT THE VIOLET HOUR: MODERNISM AND VIOLENCE IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND

In her rich and illuminating new book, Sarah Cole finds that modern English and Irish literature arose in response to violence, namely the anarchism and dynamite violence of the late-nineteenth century, the First World War, the Irish Rising, and, particularly for Virginia Woolf, the Spanish Civil War and looming Second World War. Incorporating treatments of journalism, photography, and other cultural materials while historicizing her argument, Cole contends that violence spawned modernism’s innovative stylistics and deems Woolf, the focus of her final chapter, “one of the great formalists of violence in the twentieth century” (37).

Invested in “deconstructing great cultural institutions that are fundamentally sustained by violence, such as gender, social hierarchy,
and empire” (4), modern writers felt compelled to address violence. Responding to its brutalities, showing the connections between violence inflicted upon the individual and violence writ large, and developing formal strategies for doing so comprised “an organizing cultural and aesthetic fact underwriting the literature” of the era (4). As well, modern writers faced an “ethical discomfort lurking beneath all of these formal choices for figuring violence” (19): that representing violence would glamorize it—a goal not only of fascist regimes but also of several male modernists. In the same vein, writers felt the tension between conceiving of violence as generative or, alternately, as a senseless waste. Cole explores modern writers’ mise-en-scène, as she calls it, of the two extremes of enchanted and disenchanted violence.

In her introduction’s riveting section on the pandying scene in Joyce’s A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Cole demonstrates how the “violent encounter . . . conjures narrative” (10) as Stephen’s cry of pain leads to language, and a child’s experience with violence engenders allegory, a “hierarchical configuration” of “priest and student, adult and child, punisher and victim, oppressor and oppressed, even colonizer and colonized” (11). Cole extrapolates in her first chapter on this theoretical paradigm, focusing on the poets of the First World War and especially on T. S. Eliot’s The Waste Land as emblematic of the systems of enchanted and disenchanted violence driving the literature of the period. “To enchant,” Cole writes, “is to imbue the violent experience with symbolic and cultural potency; to disenchant is to refuse that structure, to insist on the bare, forked existence of the violated being” (43). Modern writers found themselves doing both. The war poems excoriated jingoism yet at times present war death as “the germination for a renewed nation” (45). The Waste Land disenchants violence in its fragmentation and numerous instances of fruitless death and decay, yet the poem’s recurring references to rape as a catalyst for art strays into the realm of enchantment, albeit a troubled realm given the jarring tones of “Jug jug jug.” The chapter also explores competing discourses surrounding violence, including those of Max Weber, James Frazer, Freud, Frantz Fanon, and William James, and debates concerning violence as an inevitable part of the human condition and whether Enlightenment values could overcome it.

Next, Cole examines the anarchism and dynamite violence of mid- to late nineteenth-century Europe, finding the “most canonical rendering of anarchist violence in English modernism […] in Conrad’s The Secret Agent” (87), which takes as its subject the 1894 attempt to blow up the Greenwich Observatory. In the novel, Conrad considers the ethical implications of dynamite violence as popular literary subgenre and how literary form might respond. The novel highlights the “ambiguity and unknowability” of dynamite explosions and disenchants violence in its attention to Stevie’s mutilated body after his attempted bombing (109). Scraped up with a shovel, his body parts, unrecognizable as such, offer no redeeming value, yet a “major endeavor of The Secret Agent,” along with the press at the time, “was to attempt to make the Greenwich bombing comprehensible in human and political terms” (118). In turning toward Stevie’s sister’s despair over his death, her murder of her husband, and her suicide, the novel slides into melodrama and sensationalism, portraying “a kind of violence that can be understood because it can be attached to familiar literary traditions” (121). The novel ends, however, with the specter of the terrorist, figuring the “radical desire to destroy the social structure” as an “insistent and ineradicable possibility” (129, 128).

Cole then focuses on the Irish Rising of 1916 and the Civil War, its rhetoric redolent with notions of violence as essential to renewed Irish life and vitality. While critics dwell almost exclusively on such enchantment in the literature of the era, Cole locates three additional thematic and formal strategies in response to violence: keening, reprisal, and architectural allegory. Although the violent deaths of young men were promoted as key to the struggle for independence, the men were mourned nevertheless, primarily through the keen, “the Irish term for ritual forms of mourning, traditionally (though not exclusively) the province of women” (133). Generative violence eventually gives way to reprisal, “a model of endless, unredeemable violence that became intensely pertinent in the period of the Anglo-Irish and civil wars that followed the Rising” (133). Cole then finds “a turn to architectural allegory, where the image of destroyed houses and landscapes is asked to take the burden, as sign and symbol of violence, from the beleaguered body” (133). She examines in particular Yeats, John Millington Synge, and Sean O’Casey along with speeches from renowned political figures.

Cole’s bravura chapter on Woolf begins with the troubling scene from Between the Acts of Giles Oliver stomping upon a snake choking on a toad. His outburst of violence, Cole writes, “allegorizes the process of making painting out of bloodshed” (198), for, she points out, his shoes are “white canvases.” During the 1930s, modern writers could not help but dwell upon warfare and possible artistic responses to it. Acknowledging the wealth of superb criticism on violence and war in Woolf’s oeuvre, Cole pinpoints Woolf’s more subtle and often overlooked formal strategies for contending with violence. “Ultimately,” she states, “the violence that Woolf always understood to threaten and encroach on human life comes to be emblemized and activated by several key verbs: bracket, disperse, absorb” and that throughout her writings, “Woolf considers violence in terms of pattern” (229).

Discussing Woolf’s novels and especially her three major works of the 30s, Cole finds Woolf theorizing violence as paramount to “the aesthetic imagination” (231). Patterns of violence arise in her employment of the “wave metaphor” (231), for instance, with waves mimicking or masking the sound of gunfire, signaling the “almost ontological threat to the human condition” (231), or washing away traces of an individual day’s moments of psychological or physical violence. Swirling purple stains in the sea “evoke […] the way a whole, gigantic narrative of world violence is always just beneath the surface, just out of view” (241), similar to the purple triangle of Lily Briscoe’s painting and the crushed purple foot envisioned by the young James Ramsay. The brackets in To the Lighthouse not only denote death and violence but also “create little frames around their content, setting off, memorializing, protecting” (242), while the bracketed incident of Macalister’s boy mutilating a fish “effectively disperses its meaning throughout the novel” (245): “the threat of disenchanting violence” (245).

Colonel Abel Pargiter’s mutilated hand “reproduces and disperses itself across the text [of The Years], with scarred hands cropping up repeatedly” (258). The patterns of repetition in Three Guineas recall reprisal yet promote pacifism rather than violent retaliation in a structure that “matches and absorbs the structure of violence itself” (267). Between the Acts shows “the idea of war as an ever-repeating cycle, and […] the structure of return as amniliative” (279), its grimness relieved in part by “an alternate style of pattern that mitigates the forcefulness of repetition” (280), for example when a beautiful, uplifting passage on humankind’s interventions into the natural world balances out a devastating scene of blighted landscapes. Provocatively, Cole sees the newspaper report of a gang rape alleging for Isa the repetitious monotony of life. Far from becoming enchanted, however, the rape is absorbed into Isa’s mind and into the fabric of the novel so that it “shocks Isa’s language, and the novel’s, into alertness. It acts internally […] to force the pressing reality of violence into view, disrupting the rituals that order and shape [Giles’s and Isa’s] day” (283). Like many of the works Cole explores (there are many more that I have not mentioned), Between the Acts ends obscurely, not with a curtain falling but rising on an unknowable future imbued with forms and forces of violence requiring a new language with which to tell its story. Cole’s own story of modernism and violence is a thorough, engrossing, and convincing one.

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“To be English, German, or French, is to be provincial. [...] Every ‘intellectual’ to-day [...] feels suffocated within the boundaries of his country; feels his nationality as an absolute limitation” (qtd. in Rogers 18). With these words, José Ortega y Gasset urged an international outlook to his fellow philosophers, politicians, editors, and writers living in what he called the “New Spain.” While Nueva España had once referred to the New World holdings of the Spanish empire, now it would refer to a progressive, reformist Spain whose empire was quickly shrinking. Ortega’s words also affirm Gayle Rogers’ choice of a cosmopolitan narrative, in which the mutual influence of Spanish and British modernism depends in part on the roles of the Irish James Joyce, the Argentine Victoria Ocampo, and the American Waldo Frank. Because Francoist Spain discouraged and occluded Anglo-Spanish literary and cultural relations (Rogers 24), only recently have scholars, such as Barbara Fuchs and Kirsty Hooper, begun to take the measure of these relations. Informed by extensive archival research, particularly in periodicals, Modernism and the New Spain is a rich, clear, and enlightening contribution.

Over five chapters, Rogers traces the confident plan for the New Spain, the plan’s arguable realization in Spain’s liberal state, and the Republic’s defeat in the Spanish Civil War. This necessarily dense and saddening story is focused and lightened by each chapter’s case study, a pairing of a writer or network based in Britain or Ireland with a writer or network based in Spain or the Spanish diaspora. One chapter is on Woolf and Ocampo, but Modernism and the New Spain will interest readers of the Virginia Woolf Miscellany less for this section than for its exceptionally detailed literary history of Anglo-Spanish associations in Woolf’s time.

Chapter 1, “An Anglo-Spanish Vanguard: The Criterion, the Revista de Occidente, and the Periodical Project of the New Europe,” explores the contemporaneous ascents of T. S. Eliot’s and Ortega’s literary journals. These organs reflected their editors’ joint desire for a supranational Europe after World War I—a war in which Spain had been neutral, to Eliot’s mind an intellectual and political advantage. When Eliot founded the Criterion (1922-1939) in 1922, he sought out contributors who could write about and translate work from Europe’s traditionally minor cultures, such as Antonio Marichalar, a young writer from Madrid who would report on Spanish literature and culture for the Criterion until 1938. When the first issue of the Revista de Occidente [Review of the West, 1923-1936], came out, nine months after the first issue of the Criterion, Marichalar sent it to Eliot, who admired it as “vraiment une belle production” (qtd. in Rogers 42). (Eliot’s gallophilia leaks out even in promoting work from outside the Franco-German center of Europe.) Ortega, in turn, thought highly of Eliot as writer and editor and closely followed the Criterion’s evolution. Marichalar, who wrote for both journals, confirmed their similar aims and voices. Through criticism and translation, the Revista brought contemporary English literature to the Spanish-speaking world, while impressing Spain’s literary vigor upon the rest of Europe. In the 1930s, fault lines emerged among the two journals’ editors and contributors, and circulation declined due to the new, openly partisan periodicals. The closing of the journals coincided with the disappointment of their editors’ hope for a less nationalistic, more intellectually open Europe.

Antonio Marichalar connects not only Eliot and Ortega’s periodicals but also Rogers’ chapters. Chapter 2, “Joyce and the Spanish Ulysses,” opens by noting that Marichalar was the first to see Ulysses as uniting Ireland, Spain, and Europe and the first to translate parts of the epic into Spanish. (Rogers’ fine translation of Marichalar’s amiable, evocative 1924 essay “James Joyce in His Labyrinth,” first published in the Revista, serves as the book’s Appendix.) Rogers expands on Marichalar’s reading. Ulysses’s allusions to Spain and Hispanophone culture hint at the political alliance of Ireland and Spain, while Marichalar’s translation of Molly’s speech at the end of “Peneleope” creates a linguistic alliance between Joyce’s experimental English and Marichalar’s equally inventive Spanish, which uses neologisms and portmanteaux to convey pre-conscious thought (83).

Chapter 3, “Lytton Strachey and La nueva biografía in Spain: Avant-garde Literature, the New Liberalism, and the Ruins of the Nineteenth Century,” considers the influence on Marichalar and his generation of Strachey’s “New Biography” (a term Woolf coined in the title of her 1927 essay on Strachey and others). In Eminent Victorians (1918), Strachey had ironized the lives of English idols. Similarly, in Riesgo y ventura del duque de Osuna (ensay biográfico) [The Perils and Fortune of the Duke of Osuna] (1930), Marichalar lingered, with novelistic flair, over the absurdly profligate Twelfth Duke of Osuna (1814-1882) to reveal the disintegrating power of the Spanish aristocracy. Rogers shows that the exposure of nineteenth-century hypocrisy and imperialism that appealed to England in 1918 likewise appealed to Spain, and in particular its new liberal movement, ten years later. The Revista was instrumental. In its pages, Marichalar translated Strachey, praised his upsetting of the “cult of heroism” promoted by the English Dictionary of National Biography (qtd. 108), and proposed a new, less worshipful cult of Europeans who led “curious lives” (qtd. 107), such as Savaranolara, Kierkegaard, and Walter Pater. Writing in 1932, one year after the election of the Second Republic, a critic noted that the Spanish hunger for reading “can only be sated with the flesh of life—that is, with biography, with stories” (qtd. 110). Feasting as greedily on Spanish as on non-Spanish flesh, this hunger’s liberalism matched that of the young Republic.

The gains of the Second Republic, including freedom of speech and women’s suffrage, were lost along with the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939). The war also, in Rogers’ words, “displaced the Revista de Occidente’s circulation of British modernism into the hands of Ocampo and threatened Ortega’s Europeanist agenda” (127). Victoria Ocampo, the Argentine editor of the Spanish-language literary journal Sur [South] (1931-1966) and a translator, publisher, and correspondent of Woolf, is known to Woolf scholars thanks to work by Bernice Hausman, Fiona G. Parrott, Laura Maria Lojo Rodriguez, and others. Rogers’ fourth chapter, “Virginia Woolf and the Spanish Civil War: Three Guineas, Victoria Ocampo, and International Feminism,” adds to our knowledge an account of how Ocampo’s cultural views were shaped by Ortega and Waldo Frank. Writing from Greenwich Village, Frank argued that America might model a new cosmopolitanism, one drawing on America’s Hispanic roots and on contemporary Spanish thought. This view resonated with Ocampo, who met Frank on his 1929 lecture tour of South America. In 1931 Ocampo founded Sír, supported by her own funds and promoted by Frank and Ortega. Just as Frank’s pan-Americanism and Ortega’s sense of collaboration between Old Europe and New America confirmed Ocampo’s internationalist sensibilities, Woolf’s feminism, as manifested in A Room of One’s Own (1929), sharpened Ocampo’s own. To draw out Ocampo and Woolf’s shared feminist anti-fascism, Rogers close reads Three Guineas (1938), focusing on the text’s photographs, those included and those described, and on the impetus of Julian Bell’s death in the Spanish Civil War. Here, Rogers’ analysis, while sensitive, echoes existing scholarship, such as
that by Jane Marcus, Emily Sharpe, and Peter Stansky and William Abrahams. But, for the student new to Woolf, this chapter offers an excellent overview of Woolf’s relation to Spain and points to useful scholarship on the topic.

The final chapter, “Spain in Translation and Revision: Spender, Altolaguirre, and Lorca in British Literary Culture,” examines how Stephen Spender fostered literary and political relations between the Auden generation and its Spanish equivalent, the poets of the Generation of ‘27. Spender’s friendship with Manuel Altolaguirre, a poet who founded the bilingual journal 1616: English and Spanish Poetry (1934-1935), encouraged him to revive the Anglo-Spanish literary accord enjoyed by the Romantics, now that fascism threatened Spain as Napoleon had once done. Under Spender’s influence, John Lehmann’s New Writing would feature translations of Spanish writers, and The Hogarth Press would issue Poems for Spain (1939), a collection of original poems about Spain largely by British and Spanish writers. Intended as a call to action, the book was published only weeks before Franco’s victory on April 1, 1939. Sales were poor, and the volume seemed to one reviewer “alas, a valedictory work” (qtd. in Rogers 184). Spender would also edit and translate, along with the Spanish scholar J. L. Gili, Federico García Lorca’s Poems (1939), published two months after Poems for Spain. This book presented Lorca as a liberal, apolitical, Catholic poet of the people. And indeed, Lorca’s own words present him as catholic in all senses of the word. His poetry blended the folk with the urbane, the songs of sailors with the speech of courtiers. Yet over the next decade, the image of Lorca—loosely affiliated with the Republicans, murdered by Falangist paramilitaries in August 1936—was fit into a narrower frame: he was styled by some as a hero of the Republican cause, and by fascist-sympathizer Roy Campbell as a poet of the regional and national.

To feminist philosopher María Zambrano, the protagonist of Rogers’ conclusion, Lorca played yet another role: he was her unrequited childhood love. On his death, Zambrano edited an anthology of his poetry that included elegies by his friends. After Franco’s victory, Zambrano spent almost fifty years in peripatetic exile, elegizing Lorca’s poetry that included elegies by his friends. After Franco’s victory, Zambrano’s Delirio y destino: los veinte años de una española [Delirium and Destiny: A Spaniard in Her Twenties] (1989), an account written in 1952 of her youth before the Civil War. Zambrano’s story unites many of this volume’s figures and themes, and suggests Spain’s happier destiny after the Francoist delirium.

Rogers’ recovery of 1930s Anglo-Spanish literary history had me wondering whether art forms besides literature enjoyed the same exchange, and whether Anglo-Spanish sympathy extended beyond intellectuals to common readers. How popular was studying English exchange, and whether Anglo-Spanish sympathy extended beyond wondering whether art forms besides literature enjoyed the same after the Francoist delirium. This volume’s figures and themes, and suggests Spain’s happier destiny after the Francoist delirium.

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That debate, as Randall and Goldman frame it, is part of the “growing critical and theoretical interest in what is at stake in seeking to historicize modernist texts” (xi). They summarize the particular problem as follows:

It has long been understood that history is the nightmare from which modernist writing seeks to awake, and as such modernist writing is reflective, or even symptomatic, of its historical and cultural contexts. At the same time, in making it new, modernist writing proposes a productive and elusive site of change, rupture, or escape from such contexts. (xi)

A recognition of what Randall and Goldman term this “bifurcation” is necessary in tracing “historical and contextual significances” for Woolf’s writing (xi). Using Woolf’s own description of the process of composition, such as the androgynous model she proposes in A Room of One’s Own where “[w]riting seems, paradoxically and impossibly to absent itself from all context,” means that “[c]ontextualizing Woolf cannot simply be an historical turn” but “simultaneously a writerly act caught up in textual processes” (xii). We might wonder, then, how far the contributors are able to situate Woolf in the diverse contexts they expound, and what methodological concerns this raises.

In “Part I: Theory and Critical Reception,” the contributors provide summarily an overview of critical readings of Woolf, but are naturally diverse in their methodologies. This section, which, according to the editors, “offers re-examinations of significant contextual concerns in relation to the critical reception and theorizing of Woolf’s writings,” considers the “significant issues that scholars should be alert to in approaching (each) context” (iii). Following Michael Whitworth’s opening chapter, Mark Hussey’s very interesting essay, “Woolf: After Lives,” concerns biography, but is arguably—and to its credit—as much about Woolf’s use of silence as Woolfian afterlives. Bryony Randall’s contribution on modernist studies includes helpful tabulations of citations of Woolf in major modernist surveys and uses Fredric Jameson’s 2002 essay “A Singular Modernity” as a divergent means of discussing Woolf’s position within the modernist canon. All three of these early chapters are similarly structured as counter-arguments against particular critics, who are (respectfully) employed as paradigmatic of critical or cultural trends. In the following contributions on Woolf’s genre and writerly style, Pam Morris provides a gloss on Woolf’s realism and her wariness of certain modernist techniques, and Anne E. Fernald draws on her experience of tracing Woolf’s allusions and sources for her Cambridge University Press edition of Mrs Dalloway in her absorbing chapter on intertextuality.

Other essays consider particular theoretical approaches to Woolf and how these become modified (or still require modification) through critical engagement. Lisa L. Coleman’s chapter on Woolf and feminist theory is drawn largely from her experience of teaching Woolf. Clare Colebrook’s contribution on “theory” writ large focuses on Deleuze and Guattari’s reading of Woolf, arguing that their particular reading “might open up new ways of thinking beyond a certain textualist or linguistic reading of modernism that in turn yields a textualist or linguistic reading of ‘theory’” (68). Sanja Bahun provides a very thorough contextual overview of Woolf’s engagement with psychoanalysis before closing with a brief discussion correlating “the function of psychoanalysis in material history with Woolf’s textual practice” (93). Sonita Sarker considers a variety of possible perspectives from both colonial and anti-colonial discourse in “Woolf and Theories of Postcolonialism,” including a short reading of Three Guineas, and Patricia Morgane Cramer undertakes a useful reading of Woolf and sexuality that calls for a necessary rethinking of our terms and categorizations. The essays in Part I therefore open debates around the critical approaches they examine and are refreshingly open in modifying and reconsidering their critical readings in dialogue with Woolf’s writings.

As noted by the editors, the further twenty-eight chapters that comprise “Part II: Historical and Cultural Context” consider how Woolf’s writings “interpenetrate with each context, whether geographical, historical, cultural, material, or conceptual” (xiii; emphasis in text). A few striking essays are emblematic of this approach. Beginning with readings from a history of lighthouses, Randall Stevenson’s fascinating chapter “Woolf and Modernity: Crisis and Catoptrics” reads To the Lighthouse through the figure of the lighthouse, suggesting that one of the novel’s achievements is “its encapsulation—in the figure of the lighthouse itself, and in the antithetical characters of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay—of a century-and-a-half of movements in the modern Western mind” (152). Stevenson goes on to consider the novel’s “pre- eminent position in modernist fiction” (154) and presents Woolf’s own view of modernity by focusing on her pleasure in the experiences of motoring, broadcasting, cinema and photography—in short, her engagement in what Stevenson puns as the Zeissgeist, due to her purchase of an expensive Zeiss camera in 1931. Kathryn Simpson’s chapter on Bloomsbury offers analysis of how the Bloomsbury artists negotiated their economic context through their creation of “gift-spheres,” particularly the Omega Workshops and the Hogarth Press. Simpson uses the gift-sphere created between Woolf and Katherine Mansfield as one of her examples of vital “collaborative or co-operative creativity” (177). Anna Snaith’s highly persuasive chapter on “Race, Empire, and Ireland” examines Woolf’s deliberate conflation of imperial and Irish causes and discusses texts less frequently discussed in other chapters—The Voyage Out and predominantly The Years—arguing, for example, that “Ireland and Parnell certainly caught Woolf’s imagination for reasons to do with Britain’s shifting colonial relations and the construction of national identity” (210). Heidi Stella’s interpretation of Jacob as named after the patriarch of the Hebrew Scriptures argues that, in this reading, “Jacob actually takes on a striking resemblance to Leonard Woolf” (221), and reads the novel alongside Leonard’s The Wise Virgins. David Bradshaw’s chapter on “Woolf’s London, London’s Woolf” is characteristically highly detailed and illuminating, noting, for example, that the Waterloo Bridge commented on by Helen Ambrose, Terence Hewet and the unnamed narrator of Jacob’s Room no longer exists, having been demolished in 1936. Other highly compelling chapters include Emma Sutton’s contribution on the significance of music for Woolf, and Ian Blythe’s essay on Woolf’s letter writing and diary keeping. Numerous other essays in this second section offer insightful ways of rethinking key cultural contexts, illuminating different texts and providing new perspectives.

Part of the Cambridge Authors in Context series, the volume fits into a broader critical trend in historicizing modernist texts: a new New Historicism, if you like. The recent surge of critical attention to modernist magazines is indicative, in part, of this move towards the sociohistorical and material conditions of production, as are Bloomsbury’s Historicizing Modernism series and a number of recent critical studies contextualizing individual authors. We might, then, return to Whitworth’s opening question: what sorts of readings do we hope to produce? This volume suggests historically and culturally situated readings, which are informed by their conditions of production but not overwhelmed by them. In other words, the essays here illuminate allusions and contemporary references, gloss unfamiliar terms and make us consider contexts that may have been unknown to us before, but do not smother the writings by providing this contextual information. As Whitworth suggests, this methodology can, in fact, reopen texts—and allow us as contemporary critics to extrapolate more of Woolf’s meaning or intention (if she indeed had one) by understanding further the social, cultural, political, religious, ethnically divided and literary world she inhabited.

There are, of course, restrictions arising from the nature of any lengthy collaborative project of this kind. There is a limit to what contributors can do within the short chapter format; although the essays here demonstrate the “intellectual virtuosity and creativity” noted by the editors in the Preface (xiii), there is the problem of providing both a short overview of the topic and a compelling argument in the space provided. However, all of the essays are impressively inclusive while...
putting forward a particular position. In sorting criticism into subfields, what might seem initially like artificial divisions in fact act as useful navigation for the vast and sprawling field of Woolf criticism, helping the reader to trace the development of the field as a whole. Occasionally these fields overlap, but for a volume with so many contributors, there is a balance of references to the entirety of Woolf’s work with surprisingly little repetition. Hats off to Randall and Goldman for this editorial feat alone.

This volume is thoughtfully organized and executed, composed of contributions by scholars with an incredibly thorough knowledge of Woolf’s oeuvre and the history of Woolf criticism. The sustained high level of argument and sophisticated writing throughout the volume range across Woolf’s oeuvre, largely without glossing, making this volume of interest primarily to established scholars and graduate students, but it will also be accessible to undergraduates and non-specialists interested in particular approaches to Woolf’s work. The chapter bibliographies and fourteen-page “Key critical works cited” section also provide useful resources for Woolfians and non-Woolfians alike. This volume is a highly useful contribution to Woolf scholarship, reflecting on a variety of theoretical approaches and examining her work in different sociohistorical contexts, as well as providing a densely informative and engaging read.

Alice Kelly
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REVIEW
WOOLF STUDIES ANNUAL:
SPECIAL FOCUS ON VIRGINIA WOOLF AND JEWS

Volume 19 of Woolf Studies Annual includes a special focus on Woolf and Jews and examines the ways Jewish characters and Jewishness function politically, aesthetically, and historically in Woolf’s writing. The issue begins with a forum of nine scholars who consider critical approaches to Woolf’s oeuvre, largely without glossing, making this volume of interest primarily to established scholars and graduate students, but it will also be accessible to undergraduates and non-specialists interested in particular approaches to Woolf’s work. The chapter bibliographies and fourteen-page “Key critical works cited” section also provide useful resources for Woolfians and non-Woolfians alike. This volume is a highly useful contribution to Woolf scholarship, reflecting on a variety of theoretical approaches and examining her work in different sociohistorical contexts, as well as providing a densely informative and engaging read.

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Fittingly, the forum opens with a contribution by Maren Linett, whose Modernism, Feminism, and Jewishness (2007) considers the ways in which modernist writers’ conceptions of Jewishness affect modernist literary history. In “‘What’ll He Gobble Next?’ Jews, Nazis, and Bodily Excess in Virginia Woolf’s 1930s Writing,” Linett offers a possible explanation for the apparent contradiction between Woolf’s anti-fascist statements and antisemitism referenced by both Schröder and Lassner and Spiro, namely Woolf’s psychological link between Jews and Nazis, who were characterized alternately by Woolf in her diaries by their “voracious” bodies and by their implicit (or explicit) impediment to creative freedom (2-3). Also notable is the call for historicization of Woolf’s antisemitism by many of the forum contributors (Rosenberg, Laurence, Eberly, Svendsen), in contrast to Schröder’s “deliberately a-historicizing” approach (29), and Lassner’s and Spiro’s assertion that “such optimistic defenses” as class-based or popular antisemitism are disproven by the lack of any positive portrayals of Jews in Woolf’s writing (63).

In “‘A question is asked which is never answered’: Virginia Woolf, Englishness and Antisemitism,” Schröder examines how Woolf’s ideological construct of Englishness informed her antisemitism (27). Drawing on Sartre’s Anti-Semite and Jew (1946), Schröder asserts that antisemitism is an inseparable part of English identity; it is, rather than an attitude acquired or the result of one’s historical moment, instead a “‘passion and a conception of the world’” (Sartre quoted in Schröder 28). In order to examine Woolf’s antisemitism then, Schröder states, we must look at her cultural and national identity—“unmask her cultural blindness” (30)—by exploring what being English means to her and examining how any threat of corruption of that identity results in antisemitism.

When analyzing the instances in Woolf’s writing in which she expresses devotion to England’s history and passion for its landscape and language, Schröder refers to Patrick Wright’s concept of “Deep England,” which articulates the difference between an actual geographical region and “a country that lies beyond constitutional definition, whose appeal is overwhelmingly emotional […] specifically personal […] and romantically rural” (33). Woolf’s nostalgia for things traditionally English not only obscures the less desirable, antisemitic aspects of English identity, but in establishing Englishness as superior, it also excludes Jewishness, relegating all that is not English to Other.

Lassner and Spiro are also concerned with questions of Jewish exclusion and how Jewishness is both misrepresented and written out of British history and culture in “‘A Tale of Two Cities: Virginia Woolf’s Imagined Jewish Spaces and London’s East End Jewish Culture.” The authors convey that Woolf’s depiction of stereotyped, one-dimensional Jews and her conflation of that which is Jewish with poverty, materialism, and the ghettoization and commercialism of London’s streets is a result of her anxieties about the perceived disintegration of modern English society (63). Because this idea of the Jew distorts and obscures actual Jewish cultural, political, and social contributions, Lassner and Spiro read Woolf’s works in concert with Simon Blumenfeld’s modernist novel Jew Boy (1935), which realistically depicts Jewish society in London’s East End in the 1930s. Of particular concern in this dialogue is the importance of exploring where Anglo-Jewish contribution fits into and affects non-Jewish modernism (61).

Taken together, the articles concede that although Woolf is upheld as a radical feminist writer whose anti-fascist political statements suggest liberal thinking and progressive understanding of contemporary cultural and social issues, her writing is, nevertheless, marred by antisemitic statements which reveal contradictory and prejudicial attitudes that do her writing and politics a disservice. For Schröder and for Lassner and Spiro, Woolf’s writing about Jews reflects her fears about infringement upon the purity of English culture; the presence of the Jew and Jewishness represents a decay of Englishness—of the land of England, on English bodies, and on creative freedom of the mind—an idea which undermines Woolf’s anti-imperialist convictions.

This special issue on Woolf and Jews is valuable for those interested in the ways in which Jewish characters and the concept of Jewishness function in Woolf’s writing. While the paucity of essays devoted to the special topic is a bit disappointing, it is in no way indicative of a lack of interest in these subjects or in the availability of current scholarship. I only wish that the issue included a bibliography of previously published work on the subject (as originally intended in the call for submissions) so that readers might more directly continue the conversations begun in the forum. The publication closes with reviews of 24 new books. Notably, two of these (Beth C. Rosenberg’s review of Civil Antisemitism, Modernism, and British Culture by Lara Trubowitz, and Emily Kopley’s review of A Russian Jew of Bloomsbury: The Life and Times of Samuel
Koteliansky, by Galya Diment) are directly related to the special topic, while a third (Amanda Golden’s review of Virginia Woolf and the Literary Marketplace, edited by Jeanne Dubino) refers to Karen Leick’s article in that collection. “Virginia Woolf and Gertrude Stein: Commerce, Bestsellers, and the Jew.” Again, providing readers with a bibliography might have served to highlight these books and better create a topic-centered coherence to the issue. This issue of the Woolf Studies Annual is, as always, enlightening and stimulating, and it will undoubtedly inspire scholars to further explore the representation and meaning of Jews/Jewishness in Woolf’s writing.

Susan Wegener
Purdue University

Work Cited

REVIEW


Virginia Woolf’s Garden is the first book to focus entirely on the garden at Monk’s House. Having lived in the house as a tenant of the National Trust for ten years, Caroline Zoob blends her personal experience of the space with horticultural insight and considerable erudition. The work has a warmth and intimacy that is often lacking in scholarly explorations of the subject and consequently creates a more illuminating representation of what Monk’s House meant to the Woolfs as a family home. This personal connection is reinforced in the short but evocative foreword to the book provided by Cecil Woolf. As Leonard and Virginia’s nephew, Cecil was fortunate enough to see the garden during their lifetime, and recalls being captivated by “the little Eden” that the couple had created together. Zoob’s book goes on to explain how this Edenic landscape developed, and diligently traces its transformations and restorations over a period of ninety-five years.

As Zoob explains in her first chapter, it was the garden that primarily drew the Woolfs to Monk’s House. The house had no plumbing, electricity or indoor toilet, and the condition of the outhouse was so dire that the estate agent refused to show it to them. Yet on seeing the property for the first time in 1919, Virginia found that her attempts to be critical about the building were forced to “yield place to a profound pleasure at the size & shape & fertility & wildness of the garden” (Diary, 286). Leonard was devoted to the garden from the very beginning and remained so until his death. Virginia played a more supportive role, helping Leonard with various tasks and financing improvements with the money from her book sales. For her, above all, the garden was a place to think and write. She had a writing lodge built there and worked in it intermittently for twenty years, writing several of her novels at the desk inside. After Leonard’s death in 1969 the garden entered a period of neglect. Monk’s House was used by the University of Sussex to house visiting academics—who understandably preferred reading to weeding—and much of garden did not survive. Restoration began in the late 1970s, when the National Trust and tenants of the house helped to coax the garden back into its former glory. It now survives as a peculiar artifact of the Woolf’s existence, constantly growing and yet apparently frozen in time.

Virginia Woolf's Garden is divided into seven parts, each dedicated to different sections of the garden and house. A chronological history of the garden is laid on top of this structure, and provides regular pockets of biographical detail interspersed with descriptions of what Zoob calls the garden’s “rooms.” Each of the seven parts is given over to a particular period in time, with titles such as “Finding Monk’s House” and “Settling In.” Subsections are then dedicated to each of the physical spaces, such as “The Orchard” and “Flower Garden,” and are often followed by bedding plans so that readers can replicate parts of the garden at home. The task of representing the garden in its various capacities as a living organism, museum, memorial, and archaeological site cannot have been straightforward, but Zoob succeeds through her attention to detail and her precise knowledge of the landscape. Using archival material she brings to light which parts of the garden pre-date the Woolfs’ arrival, which plants, paths and buildings they established there, and which areas have been recently restored (the latter through an admirable combination of research and guesswork). In this, Virginia Woolf’s Garden delivers far more than its appearance might lead one to expect. With its large-scale format and numerous pictures it appears to be destined for the coffee-tables of the merely curious, but the pairing of Caroline Arber’s beautiful photographs with copious detailed documentation makes this book as informative as it is aesthetically pleasing. Archival images of the garden are married with modern photographs, and combined with reproductions of maps and plans, which give an excellent impression of the garden’s development since 1919. The benefits of the book’s large-scale format become even more apparent when its high-quality images can be closely studied for traces of Virginia’s first writing lodge, or Leonard’s greenhouse.

At the moment there is a great deal of interest both in the domestic lives of the Bloomsbury Group, and in the importance of the natural world to the work of Virginia Woolf. Nuala Hancock, Stewart MacKay and Alison Light have all recently explored the more quotidian side of Charleston and Monk’s House, while Bonnie Kime Scott’s In the Hollow of the Wave dedicates a chapter to the role of gardens in Woolf’s writing. With Virginia Woolf’s Garden, Caroline Zoob offers a distinct and welcome contribution to this burgeoning area of study, placing the garden at the center of the Woolfs’ everyday and working lives. It is a comprehensive and enjoyable book, and what it lacks in scholarly rigour it makes up for in creativity and personal insight. While some of the information she gives in the book can be found elsewhere (a fact she admits in her introduction) much of it is presented for the first time, and is made all the more interesting by her unique perspective on an environment she knows intimately. It will be essential reading for all those interested in the fascinating and still underexplored subject of Virginia Woolf’s relationship with gardens.

Karina Jakubowicz
University College London

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Shell Shock, Septimus Smith, and WWI
http://mrsdallowaypresentation.blogspot.com

Photographic Memories from the 18th Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf Woolfians with Cecil Woolf and Jean Moorcroft Wilson
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**Virginia Woolf and the Common(wealth) Reader**

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Leonard Woolf Society Annual Meeting
24 May 2014
Symposium Programme
<http://www.thekeep.info/events/leonard-woolf-league-nations-peace-wars/>
LWS Symposium is at The Keep, Woollards Way, Brighton.
Nearest station is Falmer which is reached from Victoria.
Admission is Free
Annual Membership of the Leonard Woolf Society £10
bring packed lunches - tea & coffee can be had at The Keep
The Main Speaker is Dr. Peter Wilson, LSE author of
The International Theory of Leonard Woolf:
A Study in Twentieth Century Idealism

10.30 am - 11.00 am
Registration

11.00 am - 11.15 am
Suren Paul, Chair
Welcome

11.15 am - 12.00 am
Dr. Shihan de Silva, Inst. of Commonwealth Studies
Village in the Jungle Cultural Confluence and Conflict

12.00 am - 1.00 pm
Dr. Peter Wilson
League of Nations and Peace Between Wars

1:00 pm - 1.30 pm
Lunch Break

1.30 pm - 2.00 pm
William Clarance, Inst. of Commonwealth Studies
One Hundred Years After in Leonard Woolf Country: A UN Field Worker’s Appreciation of His Work for Peace

2.00 pm - 2.30 pm
Ruth Alloun & Dr. Jane Russell
Leonard Woolf’s Political Vision - with special reference to his views on War and Peace

2.30 pm - 3.00 pm
Dr. Anne Byrne, National University of Galway, Ireland
Writing to Nancy, Writing to Leonard Woolf 1943 - 1968

3.00 pm - 3.30 pm
Tea Break

3.30 pm - 4.00 pm
Fiona Courage, The Keep
A Life in Boxes

4.00 pm - 4.15 pm
Pramila Muthiah (Independent Scholar)
A Poem by Leonard Woolf

4.15 pm - 4.30 pm
Nathan Sivasambu, Leonard Woolf Society & Co-ordinator: The Ceylon Bloomsbury Group
Leonard Woolf in Colombo, Ceylon in February 1960

4.30 pm - 5.00 pm
Rohan de Saram
Improvisation on the cello

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I suspect Virginia Woolf would have enjoyed Chicago in all seasons and for a few dreamy moments, leaning over the parapets overlooking the water, I thought I must be channeling her: the river channel’s thick crust of ice had heaved and cracked into a portal to Orlando and the Great (de) Frost:

“Now a sight of the most extraordinary nature met his eyes.

…the mere look of the water was enough to turn one giddy. All was riot & confusion. The river was strewn with icebergs.”

Had I any doubts Woolf was with us in Chicago, they were dispelled by my visit to the Art Institute, where I gasped before William Glackens At Mouquin’s (1905) [http://www.artic.edu/aic/collections/exhibitions/American/artwork/15401] which I swear shows Virginia Stephen bored to tears no doubt by—can that be George Duckworth? Or Gerald?—and trying to leap from the frame to join us at the much more scintillating IVWS sessions at MLA across town.

And what sessions they were! Beginning with the session on VW, Wittgenstein & Ordinary Language—an anything-but-ordinary session organized by Madelyn Detloff & Gaile Polhaus. Megan Quigley gave a rich talk using non-sense as a key to The Voyage Out; Alice Keane traced the Wittgenstein & Keynes meshing in the 30s; Erin Greer shed light on the aesthetics of conversation & conventional aesthetics in To the Lighthouse. Gaile Polhaus offered a Wittgenstein quote to carry off with us: “Working in philosophy—like working in architecture—in many respects is really more a working on oneself—on one’s way of seeing things (and what one expects of them)” (Culture and Value 16)

The joint session between IVWS & SHARP (Society for the History of Authorship, Reading & Publishing) proved a multi-faceted immersion in VW and Book History. Beth Rigel Daugherty led off with treasures from her ongoing exploration of Virginia Stephen’s library as an educational tool, examining Christmas and birthday gifts that reflect patriarchal and religious norms of Virginia’s time and gifts that attempt to sharpen her literary taste. Amanda Miller gave a rich reading of the hand-printed text of Monday or Tuesday, as a collaboration between the sisters, noting the importance of that work for developing VW’s voice, and arguing for new editions to re-incorporate the Vanessa Bell woodcuts. Alice Staveley brought printing vocabulary to reinsert VW the compositor back into the record and to share the lost history of women publishers such as Emily Faithful & the Women’s Printing Society. Karen Kukil artfully wove together a response to the papers, citing Woolf’s reference to the library as a sacred object and recalling Woolf as typesetter of Paris and The Wasteland.

VW & London’s Colonial Writers, organized and presided over by Elizabeth Evans, began with Laura Winkiel’s exploration of global modernism through Hogarth Press and South African William Plomer. Jeannie Im began with a highly evocative global visual of a gramophone advertisement, and spoke of the novel of political transition. Viewing paths of émigrés and VW in London was like seeing a photograph and its negative, Mary Lou Emory noted. Her tantalizing reading of TTL along with C. L. James rendition of cricket as an art of significant form provided a new angle on Lily Briscoe taking the field on the lawn.

In the midst of all this intellectual fare, we found time to gather as a community of generations of scholars, in a convivial romp and tribute at Shaw’s Crab House, where hilarity and homage mingled. We had a room of our own, the Oyster Hall of Fame, and Madelyn Detloff led off an amazing round where we all told about our voyage into Woolf studies, a thirty minute saga of IVWS history and student/teacher legacies. I was able to capture this (wobbles and all) on an iPhone video, which I hope to make available at the VW conference in Chicago, and on the website. It truly was a marvel to hear generations speak about the many paths to Woolf.

That was January, next is June!

And what portals to Clarissa’s day in June will we glimpse in Chicago next, “in the triumph and the jingle and the strange high singing of some aeroplane overhead . . . life; London; this moment of June”? What a lark! What a plunge!

Upcoming news: we’ll be launching our undergraduate essay contest in honor of Angelica Garnett this year, and plan to continue our outreach. I am seeking volunteers to help with the essay contest and with our digital presence.

Happy spring, long awaited lovely spring.

Leslie Kathleen Hankins
President, International Virginia Woolf Society

For the list of the current officers and members-at-large of the IVWS, please go to page 47