TO THE READERS:

WWM's functions, form, focus and financing keeps evolving. Sometimes the pressures for growth come through false analogy — we are sent 27 page manuscripts by people who mistake us for the Virginia Woolf Quarterly, which has not published for some time. (VWM also occasionally receives angry letters about submissions and subscriptions from people who have not heard from the Quarterly.) Usually the suggestions for use of the VWM are more appropriate, such as the Virginia Woolf Society's idea to include in the regular Spring mailing of VWM a bibliographic insert just for its members — join the Society today so you too may benefit! (See the "Society Column" on the back page of this issue of VWM.)

Professor Kenneth Ames from CSU, Long Beach wrote us this summer wondering if VWM could have the space to publish the five letters from Woolf to Elizabeth Neilsen mentioned in VWM, #20. Since, Joanne Trautmann has asked to publish them, along with some other previously unpublished items, in a forthcoming issue of Modern Fiction Studies, surely a more spacious and suitable context.

Richard Bliss from Stanford wanted to publish a brief article about some newly discovered and highly interesting pages by Virginia Woolf on her father. VWM was ready to do so, but Chatto & Windus refused permission, as it plans to publish this typescript in a revised edition of Moments of Being to come out next year.

Thus material and ideas keep coming up and VWM, with its ten year publishing record and its over 1200 mailing list to many countries, seems a useful vehicle to serve Virginia Woolf scholars far and wide. We are glad because that is the purpose it was started for, but we do sometimes wish we could do more. If were to go to subscription financing, then perhaps VWM could appear more frequently or contain more pages in each issue. However, it seems perhaps not the ideal time to expand, and we are attached to our "honor system" of donations to keep VWM solvent, though it is not working all that well, the auditors tell us. Please do remember to send in your donations! Checks must be made out to the SONOMA STATE UNIVERSITY FOUNDATION and sent to our return address on VWM. Donations are, as always, tax deductible and notices are sent for any donation over $10. Back issues are available for all issues, $10 for the complete set. Libraries may subscribe to the VWM for $3 a year.

Now that our mailing list is computerized according to zip code, mailing labels can be purchased at $1 an item, should any of you wish to get out a mailing to Virginia Woolf readers in your local area. Also some companies have an "employee match" program for charitable donations and VWM has been the beneficiary of those on occasion — great occasions they were too!

Another of our fundraising ideas, the Index to VWM, 1973-1982, compiled by Laura Moss Gottlieb, has not been funded itself yet, but we hope by peddling it to all our library subscribers at least to cover costs. Those of you who did send in your $5 minimum donations will receive your copy of the Index personally delivered at MLA this Christmas or, if you are not there, then by first-class mail in January. Orders for the Index are still welcome.

The next issue of VWM will represent a change in topic, tone, and praise be — editors, as Diane Gillespie will be putting out an issue from Washington State University at Pullman where, as many of our readers know, there is housed the Leonard and Virginia Woolf Collection and Library and other Bloomsbury related materials. This Collection in the Pacific Northwest somehow seems harder to travel to than Sussex and thus we are all, American, British and other readers of Virginia Woolf, curious to know more of what is there. The Spring issue of VWM will give a brief history of how Professor John Elwood acquired the Collection for WSU, an account from Leila Lueedeking, Library Specialist, about the content and accessibility of the material, and reports from various scholars who have made the pilgrimage to Pullman to use the materials. Any such should write directly to Professor Diane Gillespie, Department of English, Washington State University, Pullman, Washington 99225 if they wish to be included. Our thanks to WSU and to John Guido, Head of the Manuscript, Archives, and Special Collections, who helped make possible this important contribution to Virginia Woolf scholarship.

J.J. Wilson
Sonoma State University

FROM THE READERS:

Dear VWM:

Peter Stansky doubtless has his own reasons for provoking the silly debate in the last issue. At the Brown Woolf Conference he told the audience from the podium that Woolf was not a socialist and had no interest in politics. I did not challenge this from the floor but spoke to him privately about Morely College, the 1917 Club, the introduction to Life As We Have Known It, and Three Guineas. He checked with Quentin Bell, not trusting my "facts," and now declares them his own. Quentin Bell knows perfectly well that I don't believe that Virginia Woolf was a card-carrying communist. My American usage of "marxist" refers to Woolf's dialectical thinking, not her party membership. At bottom it's Three Guineas, not my interpretation of it, which ruffles them both. Since neither side is going to change its mind, why doesn't VWM stop baring its readers and get back to reviewing new work on Virginia Woolf?

Jane Marcus
The University of Texas at Austin

Professor Stansky replies:

To the best of my knowledge, there are two major errors here: 1) I would never be stupid enough to say that Virginia Woolf is not a socialist. I firmly believe that Virginia Woolf is a socialist and a feminist. She is not a marxist and it is "silly" to call her such; and 2) I never wrote Quentin Bell about the various topics mentioned by Jane Marcus. I did invite Quentin Bell to contribute to this issue.
Dear VWM:
I am sorry to advert to what may seem a tedious private war, but I have no choice. I have been shown an article by Jane Marcus entitled “Storming the Toolshed” in which, inadvertently I hope, she makes a very damaging charge. She writes: “Because we are dependent upon the estate for permission to publish, it has been difficult for Woolf scholars to take issue with his (i.e. my) analysis without jeopardising their careers.” I am content to leave my reputation in the hands of those hundreds of scholars whom I and my wife have attempted to help, even to that tiny minority which we could not serve. But I must reassure those who have not yet approached the estate. They will be fairly treated. And even if they believe the worst of me it is hard, seeing that nearly all Woolf material is in public hands and that I cannot know the opinions of those who ask for copyright permissions, to see what mischief I could do.

Quentin Bell
Cobble Place, Beddington, Lewes, England

Dear VWM:
I will not enter the argument whether Virginia Woolf was a Marxist. During her adult days there were many shades and degrees of Marxism, probably more than exist today.

Virginia Woolf was an anti-fascist. If you were an anti-fascist in the thirties and early forties you hated Hitler, Mussolini and the generals who revolted against the Spanish Republic in 1936. Virginia Woolf had deep personal reasons for hating fascism. She was married to a Jew. (Would she have survived a revelation of the full horror of Auschwitz and Dachau?) And her nephew, Julian Bell, was killed in Spain. It must be noted that Julian went to Spain as a non-combatant, an ambulance driver. Thus he remained true to the traditions of the Stephens, Woolfs and Bells. But the Nazis and Italian Fascists, not being officially in Spain, did not consider themselves bound by any Geneva Convention. Ambulances and clearly marked hospitals were fair game for these supermen.

Julian’s first ambulance was destroyed but he was unhurt. For three days he served as a stretcher bearer at the front of Brunete, one of the bloodiest battles of the war. On the fourth day he was assigned a new lorry. On his first trip out he was fatally wounded.

Virginia Woolf’s reaction to war and fascism appears in a quote from A Writer’s Diary: “...the whole of Europe may be in flames. (She is writing on May 17, 1938) The 4th of August may come next week. (England entered the War on Aug. 4, 1914.) Hitler therefore is chewing his little bristling moustache. The whole thing trembles: and my book may be like a moth dancing over a bonfire...” (Page 282. Quoted in part by Susan Groag Bell, VWM, Spring 1983)

Barney Baley
Cotati, California

VIRGINIA WOOLF: THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS

In the past ten years, we have been bombarded by a spate of what Quentin Bell, half mockingly and half acerbically, has called “lupine” criticism. The volumes of Virginia Woolf’s complete diary have appeared; the letters of a lifetime are now available to public scrutiny. And Bell has himself published an informative, if nepotistical biography.

Woolf is now coming to be acknowledged, along with James Joyce and D.H. Lawrence, as one of the major British fiction-writers of this century. This was not so two decades ago, or even one. In the late sixties, I and my graduate school colleagues were introduced to Woolf’s writings in a Bloomsbury Seminar offered by Professor Wilfred Stone at Stanford. At the time, The Waves was not yet independently in print, and few critics had discovered what many have since come to interpret as Virginia Woolf’s finest and most challenging novel.

Having just returned from a year in Paris, I was reading phenomenology and existentialism, and my head buzzed with the theories of Sartre, Merleau-Ponty, Husserl, Heidegger and Simone de Beauvoir. “Was Woolf an existentialist?” I wondered. Could her vision be scrutinized in terms of Husserl’s epoché, Heidegger’s Dasein, or Sartre’s notion of authenticity? The answer was “yes,” probably; or maybe it was “no,” not exactly. For Woolf resolutely refused to be categorized.

Gradually, I began better to understand the subtle arabesques of Virginia Woolf’s technical innovations, as well as her impassioned political commitment to feminism, pacifism, and socialism. Her notorious artistic “sensitivity” seemed to me natural rather than excessive. What woman publishing in the academic profession, or writing for a sometimes hostile public, has not experienced a mixture of praise and blame, support and scorn, for “feminist-oriented” ideas?

To my amusement, my first teaching position brought me “head on” into a collision with anti-Woolf forces. At the University of Virginia, women graduate students were fighting to raise our own beloved Virginia to the status of a “major author” for purposes of the Ph.D. oral examination. Lupine graffiti lined the walls of the women’s room (then, in pre-Marilyn French days, known as the “ladies”). “Right on, Woolf;” some exasperated graduate student had plastered above the mirror. Pro-Woolf epitaphs graced several of the walls. Were such slogans also plastered in the men’s room? It never occurred to me to look. But whom were the women students trying to convince? I was, at the time, the only full-time woman faculty member in a department of fifty; and so I doubt that my forty-nine colleagues ever saw the impassioned pleas lining the lav-
atory walls. Nevertheless, Woolf “made it” into the camp of major twentieth-century authors — the only female to do so.

What now strikes me, more forcefully than ever, is that the only genuine approach to Woolf’s writing must be open, diversified, and eclectic. Astonishingly, our critical methodology seems to have been frozen in time, and remains behind the contemporaneity for which we are now beginning, once again, to appreciate Woolf’s literary production. Only feminist criticism has offered a sufficiently innovative approach to re-interpret the avant-garde nature of Woolf’s literary canon.

In other areas, our critical methods have proved too staid and traditional to deal successfully with this most radical and dera­cinated of authors. We have tried to explore Woolf’s psychology with outmoded psychoanalytic tools. We have reduced her texts to “new critical” artifacts, or interpreted them as biographical projections of a tormented, grief-stricken consciousness. What we have failed to do, it seems, is to approach Woolf’s work with the kind of boldness and imagination that she herself exuded with every scratch of the pen. How, we might ask, would Woolf interpret Woolf? The answer, of course, would not be “one thing.” Woolf would bring to her own work a panoply of critical responses. She would dart like a spider from one filament to another, weaving a web of elucidation that could shimmer with the delicate evanescence of a gossamer vision. Just as she read Freud in her fifties, she would now be reading Foucault, Barthes, and Saussure. She would think of Simone de Beauvoir along with Jane Austen. She would replace C.E. Moore with Heidegger and Sartre.

In a number of ways that are surprising, even startling, Woolf adumbrated these contemporary thinkers in her own experimental fiction. As critics, we must acknowledge from the outset that Woolf’s complex ideas can never fully be analyzed or appropriated by literary interpretation. What we can do, however, is bring to our understanding of her work the innovative perspectives made available by philosophers, psychologists, sociologists and critics over the past half century. Our approach will be tentative and eclectic. But it will not be limited to Aristotelian consideration of “subject, object, and the nature of reality.” It will draw on recent psychoanalytic theory when appropriate — neo-Freudian, as well as the “anti-psychiatry” of R.D. Laing and the ideas of Jacques Lacan. It will even attempt to apply a post-structuralist analysis to the plethora of “codes” embedded in the semiology of Woolf’s fiction. And it will try to elucidate the subtle, metaphorical, and existential quality of Woolf’s aesthetic vision. Together, we will search for that “fin in the waste of waters” that may, occasionally, illumine our ignorance.

Professor S.A. Henke
State University of New York at Binghamton

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IS “A SOCIETY” A SHORT STORY?

The recent exchange of views about the political beliefs of Virginia Woolf, among Quentin Bell, Selma Meyerowitz, and Jane Marcus, has added merit of sending us back to the reading of that remarkable piece of writing in Monday or Tuesday (Hogarth Press, 1921). Though “A Society” is included with fiction and sketches by Woolf herself, implying that she thought of it as a story, I believe another fruitful approach is to regard “A Society” as a conversation, and thus as a disguised form of essay.

This approach leads us to reconsider what Woolf meant by labeling some of her brief articles as conversations. The label has been attached, in one or more of its printed forms, to Walter Sickert: A Conversation (Hogarth Press, 1934; reprinted in The Complete Letters of Virginia Woolf, 1975; and in Leonard and Virginia Woolf: The Circle; A Conversation, Nation and Athenaeum, Sept. 1, 1923; and the concept may have been similar for “A Talk about Memoirs,” which appeared in the New Statesman, March 6, 1920, and has been reprinted in Granite and Rainbow (1958).

Many of the previous commentators on Woolf’s non-fiction have observed that she sometimes wished for a more informal kind of criticism. Her impatience with the academic mind is too well-known to need citation; she often wished for some intermediate form which would fall between the formalized serious book review (such as she wrote for TLS), and the essay styles which she used in her Common Reader books. Also, she liked to fictionalize characters who acted as commentators, as in “Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown” and “An Unwritten Novel.” The latter item, particularly, tends to blur the distinction between prose essay and short story, though both in their respective ways may have a specific thesis implicit in the prose itself. “A Society,” then, gives us an experiment on Woolf’s part to engage us in conversation on a serious topic, the topic which will emerge gradually during the discussion as it proceeds.

Woolf has undoubtedly promulgated a sub-genre of the essay in the articles mentioned: “Walter Sickert,” “Mr. Conrad: A Conversation” and “A Talk about Memoirs.” Whether one agrees that “A Society” belongs to this group is open to question. In each, a set of fictional modern persons (one of more of whom is a woman) begin a casual discussion only obliquely related to the eventual theme. Formal academic language is rigorously avoided in all articles and in “A Society,” Parody and ironic treatment of the patriarchy, especially the mockery of the professional classes, is a frequent method of presentation in “A Society,” a foretaste of the more elaborated approach in A Haunted House (1936) and Three Guineas.

When we reach the end of the discussion, we may feel that it has been engaging and witty, if somewhat inconclusive.

In fact, however, none of the articles is really casual, off-hand or hastily thought out. Each has been carefully prepared and planned; a review of Woolf’s personal maneuvers prior to writing the Sickert conversation gives proof of that. Letters were exchanged between Wolf and Sickert; Clive was consulted; and then Clive and Vanessa gave a dinner to which Virginia and Sickert were invited. For the printing of the pamphlet, with its Vanessa Bell cover drawing, preparations at the Hogarth Press required still further plans and arrangements. This was not a lightly taken move. One must conclude that Virginia and Leonard Woolf both thought the enterprise worth their precious time and effort, as well as financial risk. (For an interesting brief critique of the pamphlet, see Quentin Bell, VW: A Biography, II, 173-174 [Hogarth Press, 1972].)

In VW Quentin Bell takes Marcus to task for her interpretation of the decision (apparently by Virginia) carried out by Leonard Woolf not to reprint “A Society,” when preparing new stories for the posthumously published A Haunted House (1944). Leonard Woolf explains in his Foreword that his wife had decided to omit “A Society” and (probably) also “Blue and Green” from any new collection of stories. He does not give her reasons.

But the reasons may not have concerned her political beliefs. She felt insecure about the conversation as a form, as early as the time of “Mr. Conrad: A Conversation,” of September 1, 1923. In a Diary entry for September 5, she said:

And I’m slightly dashed by the rejection of my Conrad conversation, which has been purely negative — No one has mentioned it. I don’t think Br[timer], or Be[rell], quite approved. The Diary of VW, ed. Anne Oliver Bell (New York, 1978), 265.

We may now think that “A Society” demonstrates nuances of wit, charm, irony, and perhaps veiled invective against the stupidity of the professional classes of men. Nevertheless, she did not often venture into this experimental form she calls a conversation. (Another example may be seen in the last one-third of the rejected essay “Byron and Mr. Briggs,” written in the spring of 1922. Cf. Yale Review, LXXVIII, March 1979, 325 ff.) The naturally conservative tendencies of her critical evaluation, led her to approve from her own previous work the more traditional literary essays and to avoid
"Otway Conversation," as she calls it in the same September 5, 1923 entry in her Diary.

We get a little, but not much more, assistance from Avrom Fleishman in "Forms of the Woolfian Short Story," *VW: Revaluation and Continuity*, ed. Ralph Freedman (U. of C. Press, Berkeley, 1980). Fleishman does not classify "A Society," since he deals only with stories from *A Haunted House* and *Mrs. Dalloway's Party*, thereby choosing not to mention the two stories omitted from *Monday or Tuesday*. Presumably, Fleishman would see "A Society" as belonging to the linear rather than the circular forms in his two-part system. He does admit to the difficulty of any classification concerning "The Mark on the Wall".

This piece, without action, characterization, or setting, vividly raises questions about the demarcations of Woolfian prose: is it a story, an essay, or a prose poem? (Ibid., p. 53).

At this point I choose to leave the question in suspension. Is "A Society" not both story and essay? As with the controversy over the wave theory of light versus the particle theory, both concepts may be fruitful and applicable under separate conditions.

Edward A. Hungerford
Southern Oregon State College

Further note from Professor Hungerford:

I believe that a reproduction of one of the woodcuts from *Monday or Tuesday* would make quite a lovely illustration for a forthcoming issue of *VWM*. (There is a woodcut facing "A Society" on the page next to the text of "A Society," in its only printing thus far.) Perhaps, too, a hobby printer, or even a great craftsman such as Andrew Hoyem, could undertake a special edition of "A Society" and "Blue and Green", the two stories omitted from her collected stories when *A Haunted House* was printed, under Leonard's editing in 1943/44. There must be twenty good printers in the San Francisco Bay region who would jump at the chance to reprint a Woolf item of this interest, significance, curiosity, and brief length. Does anyone have any influence with publishers?

Lucio Ruotolo
Stanford University

**REVIEW: Two New Manuscript Studies**

In the fine tradition of John Graham, Susan Dick and Mitchell Leaska have brought to press early versions of *To The Lighthouse* and *Between the Acts*. Each edition should prove especially valuable for those residing too far from the Berg when the scholarly need arises.

*TO THE LIGHTHOUSE: The Original Holograph Draft*, transcribed and edited by Susan Dick and published as part of the University of Toronto Press' Bloomsbury series, under the wise guidance of S.P. Rosenbaum, was made up of two bound writing books and a third folder containing unbound pages. The first volume (148 manuscript pages) includes Woolf's preliminary notes for the novel. The second volume, only 27 pages of this edition, ends as Mrs. Ramsey leaves the dinner table, while the third begins with her thoughts immediately afterwards.

By all evidence this represents the novel's first complete draft. Since no typescripts of *To The Lighthouse* ever surfaced, the French translation of "Time Passes" in the Winter, 1926 issue of *Commerce* remains the only transitional version Dick has found.

*POINTZ HALL: The Earlier and Later Typescripts of BETWEEN THE ACTS*, edited, with an Introduction, Annotations, and an Afterword, by Mitchell A. Leaska, is published by The John Jay Press of New York. Comprising all the known existing drafts of *Pointz Hall*, it includes "A Personal Note" by Lola L. Szladits recounting something of the manuscripts' history since their arrival at the Berg in October of 1963.

Leaska suggests in his introduction that the earliest version of *Pointz Hall* (156 pages in this edition) is essentially a different novel when compared with the published version of *Between the Acts* and that the Later Typescript (191 pages) represents "a bridge of compromise between the Earlier and Final Typescripts." (p. 29)

His edition is enriched by eighty pages of notes and over one hundred pages of appended holograph notes and drafts whose sequence and dates have been fixed, in many instances, for the first time.

"I Have Bought My Freedom!":
The Gift of A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN

The polemic and brilliantly witty book Woolf wrote "to encourage the young women - they seem to get fearfully depressed and also to induce discussion" sold so well that she built herself a new room and felt free to press even further beyond the conventions of fiction in writing *The Waves*.1 We are the beneficiaries of Virginia Woolf's will - the will to resist poverty, derision, and silence. And if, in learning the value of our legacy we at times forget or abuse our benefactress, that is something that would not have surprised her, I think. Scorned by the comfortable, the uncomprehending, the threatened in her time, Woolf now sometimes suffers another kind of attack by those who stand most directly in line after her. It would be hard to find any major work of American feminist theory, particularly literary theory, that is not to some degree indebted to *A Room of One's Own*. There, Woolf provided virtually every crucial metaphor we now use. She made available a set of questions, a way of asking them, a possible vision of what lay behind and beyond women's silence. From *A Room of One's Own*, "Professions for Women," and *Three Guineas*, we draw strength and insight. It is the last text that is usually credited (or derided) as highly political. In *Three Guineas* Woolf armed us with the idea we now take for granted: the private is the political. But it is with *A Room* that the private (women's daily, material existence) gains expression as political and art (the woman's voice) is affirmed as both empowering and subversive.

While woman as monster, Shakespeare's sister, the problem of education, the call to rewrite history, and the question of androgyny have all become commonplaces, a metaphor at the heart of Woolf's narrative in *A Room* remains fresh. After the famous Oxbridge luncheon, the preoccupied woman narrator glances out the window. Her gaze falls upon the figure of a Marx cat, that rare and
unfortunate beast, the tailless inhabitant of the Isle of Man. Here we find Woolf’s comic metaphor for feminist poeticists, the sign drawing our attention to the narrator’s preception of a “lack” (or is it primarily a “difference”?) she will later connect to “chastity.” Woolf initially links the lost tail to a rupture or violent break in the continuity of culture: the war that destroyed illusions. But in the truncated body of the Manx cat Modernism meets Feminism and Woolf indirectly revises her younger friend, T.S. Eliot’s remininations in “Tradition and the Individual Talent”: “If one is a woman one is often surprised to see in walking down Whitehall, when from being the natural inheritor of that civilization, she becomes, on the contrary, outside of it, alien and critical.”

Any woman, but especially the woman writer (as distinct from “the writer” in Eliot’s essay) stands in a tense relationship to her tradition. For Woolf, the primary question is not how the inclusion of the new work alters everything that has come before it, but how the exclusion of past women’s art not only impoverishes the tradition but imperils the emergence of the new: the present woman’s voice.

For Woolf the question of the lost tales of women in light of the war, one concealed by the “sister” of female narrations since the war, one implied in her work, are! among the cast are

In her 1971 talk at the MLA, “This annotated bibliography of works by and about Virginia Woolf is useful to both beginning and advanced study of her writings.” It will be c. 300 pages and cost approximately $39.

NOTICE: The spirit of Virginia Woolf was very much in evidence, along with Woolf scholars Jane Marcus and Geoffrey Hartman, at a symposium titled The Challenge of Feminist Criticism, the transcript (edited by Joanna Lipking) now available from the Program on Women at Northwestern University, 617 Noyes Street, Evanston, IL 60201. Checks for $5 should be made out to Northwestern University. The symposium was sponsored by the School of Criticism and Theory and also included panelists Judith Kegan Gardiner (Illinois-Chicago), Marlene Longenecker (Ohio State), and Mary Lydon (Wisconsin).

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NOTICE: Virginia Woolf’s zany play FRESHWATER (edited in 1976 by Lucio Ruotolo) is enjoying a new production in Paris, one that would reveal that vast chamber where nobody has been – the realm of relations between women.

The moment the affirmed, empowered woman poet in her maturity marks the point of departure (not only the “where” she starts from but the “why” of starting out this way at all) with herself ("I was born") she is central, her foremother in the background ("In that year Virginia Woolf wrote ... "). We, too, not only learn from Woolf that we require foremothers, but we must reckon with her as chief among them. We come to her, then, much as Lily came to Mrs. Ramsay, impelled by desire (often a violent desire we do not name accurately, at the risk of naive or cruel blundering toward others) Rich, as one of our most controversial and self-consciously public and political writer/models, lets us see these two responses to Woolf’s strategy in A Room of One’s Own: that it has taught us all extra-ordinarily well what we want, what we need, what we feel, if or have had taken away. If we turn the knowledge the text wakes in us back against its author – Woolf herself – this, too, is part of the structure of feminist literary politics. The violence that rises to the surface in discussions of female creativity and sexuality is precisely the issue in Woolf’s suggestion that the amputated tail as the cut off voice of women is a sign pointing to the violent repression of not only female sexuality but female creativity. Only as we realize both how much Woolf did and did not say, but implied in her work, are we appropriately grateful. The rage is there in Woolf, if we are willing to re-read carefully and to see how wit and irony partake of real wisdom and magnanimity.

Patricia Jolpin
Stanford University

1 See Volume Three of the Diary, entry for Saturday 1 March 1930, 295.
2 See Volume Four of the Letters, no. 2094 to C.L. Dickinson, Nov. 6th, 1929, 106.
3 See Volume Three of the Diary, 272-275.
6 See Dante’s Purgatorio X:7.
7 See Reminiscences,” “Moments of Being,” “I Allegro,” and Three Guinmas.
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**VIRGINIA WOOLF SOCIETY**

Meetings, parties, forthcoming books – we look forward to much activity for the Virginia Woolf Society this academic year.

First, mark on your calendars Thursday, December 29th, when the Virginia Woolf Society offers two splendid panels at the Modern Language Association Convention, in New York City.

**December 29th, 12 - 1:15 p.m., Virginia Woolf and the Moderns.** Jane Lilienfeld, of Somerville, Mass., will chair this panel, which promises us a fascinating range of papers – and even a slide show.

1. “Oh to be a painter!: Virginia Woolf as Modern Art Critic,” Diane Gillespie, Washington State University.

**December 29th, 9 - 10:15 p.m., Teaching Virginia Woolf in the University.** Madeline Moore, of the University of California at Santa Cruz, will chair this panel, featuring a range of approaches to the teaching of Virginia Woolf, to both reverent and resisting readers.

1. “Gallant Red Brick and Plain China: Teaching A Room of One’s Own in ‘Women and Literature’”, Marcia Folson, Wheelock College.

Next, be sure to plan to attend the Virginia Woolf Society party at the MLA Convention. Details about it – where, when – will be available both at the MLA Convention headquarters in the Hilton and at the Virginia Woolf Society panels on December 29th. We look forward to seeing you there.

Finally, we congratulate the many Virginia Woolf Society members whose books are now finally in print, or are forthcoming. Among recent offerings, we welcome Brenda R. Silver’s Virginia Woolf’s Reading Notebooks (Princeton); Jane Marcus’s Virginia Woolf: A Feminist Slant, which contains the exciting essays of so many Woolf Society members (forthcoming from the University of Nebraska Press, December 1983); Elaine Ginsberg and Laura Moss Gottlieb’s Virginia Woolf: Centennial Essays (Whitsun Press, 1983), the proceedings of the Virginia Woolf Centennial Celebration in Morgantown, West Virginia in 1981; Madeline Moore’s The Short Season Between Two Silences: The Mystical and the Political in the Novels of Virginia Woolf (forthcoming, George Allen & Unwin, 1984) and Susan Squier’s Virginia Woolf and the Politics of City Space (forthcoming, The University of North Carolina Press, 1985). This list is only a sample of the exciting publication news we hope to amass for our readers in the Virginia Woolf Society Bibliographic Special Addition to the Virginia Woolf Miscellany, later this year. We appeal to all of our readers to send information about your books, articles, reviews forthcoming (or having appeared within the last year) to the compiler of the special bibliography, Laura Moss Gottlieb, 118 Grandview Road, State College, PA 16801.

Enjoy the fall, whether it holds teaching, research or writing for you. Plan to assemble at the Virginia Woolf Society panels and party at the MLA convention in December. New York City should offer some wonderful street haunting!

Susan Squier, President
Virginia Woolf Society
SUNY, Stony Brook

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