THE STORY OF THE WOOLF LETTERS

In 1948 Leonard Woolf was considering the publication of a selection of his wife's letters, Virginia, he knew, had been an avid, almost a compulsive, letter writer, and the great scope of this, the most nearly spontaneous of her writing, would greatly increase the world's understanding of her genius. But Virginia at her most spontaneous was occasionally Virginia at her most pointedly witty, what some—and not always her enemies—chose to call her most malicious. If she could say of one close friend that his house smelled of semen, which in his case was only a kind of mutton fat, and if that friend was alive and distinguished, then clearly, Leonard judged, what some—and not always her enemies—chose to call her most malicious. If she could say of one close friend that his house smelled of semen, which in his case was only a kind of mutton fat, and if that friend was alive and distinguished, then clearly, Leonard judged, that letter could not be published. On the other hand, to omit those letters too personal to be published meant giving a totally false impression of Virginia. And Leonard was committed to guarding the image of his remarkable, but easily misunderstood, wife. The publication project would have to wait.

Then in 1955 Aileen Pippett published in The Moth and the Star sections from several of Virginia's letters to her lover and friend, Vita Sackville-West. Leonard was furious because he had not been consulted until the last minute. Perhaps he could not, in all fairness, insist that Pippett drop the letters from her soon-to-be-published volume, but as copyright holder he could, and did, refuse to allow an English edition of the biography. The possibility of publishing his own edition of the letters occurred to him again. He wrote to Vita in January 1955 about publishing Virginia's letters to her, for those were among Virginia's best. Of course, the letters would have to be highly selective, and those that were published would have to be expurgated. Vita agreed enthusiastically that the letters ought to be published. She sent them to Leonard, but by April he expressed major doubts about the project. Encouraged by T.S. Eliot, Leonard began to toy with the idea of a volume of letters to several correspondents. That idea continued to interest him off and on for over two years, and in the meantime he and Lytton Strachey's brother, James, brought out a small edition of Virginia-Lytton letters. They were, it need hardly be added, carefully expurgated. It simply could not be known that Virginia had said about a certain famous lady that her brain had now gone the way of her bladder...a melancholy dribble. But this small collection of letters had for Vita, Harold Nicolson, and many others who knew Virginia well just the effect that Leonard wished to avoid, for the Virginia who wrote to Lytton was only one of the dozens of Virginias, and her full letter-writing personality was still not in print.

The general volume that would have accomplished this goal was finally rejected by both Leonard and Hogarth Press in September 1957. By that time Clive Bell's and David Garnett's memoirs had been published. The books had provoked nasty anti-Bloomsbury sentiments from the reviewers, and Leonard would not expose Virginia's letters to the same attacks. Bloomsbury had revealed itself too familiarly, he told Vita. Some day all the letters could be published, and when that day came—I have heard it reported—Leonard hoped that either Quentin Bell or Vita's son, Nigel Nicolson, would be the editor.

And there the matter rested for fifteen years. During that time letters from Virginia to about 150 correspondents were discovered in files, in trunks, in between the pages of books. Some were ignored by the recipients and their heirs, but many were sold and ended up in the great public collections, chiefly in the massive Berg Collection of the New York Public Library. Leonard died, and his executor gave another large collection of Virginia's letters to the library of Sussex University. Others found their way to King's College, Cambridge, to Harvard, to Yale, to the University of Texas. And many remained in the private hands of recipients, heirs, and individual collectors.

Early in 1973 Quentin Bell and the Hogarth Press decided to follow up the Bell biography with a collection of the letters of Virginia Woolf. They asked Nigel Nicolson to be the editor, and shortly thereafter Hogarth contracted with Mr. Nicolson and with me to do the work. The time had come, we all agreed, to publish everything.

By the end of the summer of '73, after Nigel Nicolson and I had written to the curators of all the public collections and the heirs of any person who could possibly have been a correspondent of Woolf, we knew that "everything" in this case meant approximately 3700 letters, even if we left out a few social-arrangement notes, of no conceivable value to anyone. We would need to prepare six large volumes. The letters would be published chronologically, rather than by correspondent, and they would be published annually, beginning in the fall, perhaps in the spring of 1975.

Gradually we accumulated working xeroxed copies of all the letters. We bought them from public collections; we xeroxed our own copies from private individuals. There were some moments of passing panic. One came when I first looked seriously, as an editor, at an early Woolf letter, written in a tiny, wavering adolescent hand: I could not read it. Eventually her words began to stand out more clearly, but throughout this project the letters were carefully deciphered, rather than simply read. Having done that, we faced our first major scholarly task. Since the volumes were to be chronological, all the letters had to be dated, at least roughly, before Volume I could be produced. Unfortunately for us, Virginia Woolf seldom dated a letter. Her usual practice was to head her letters "Monday" or "Tuesday," or perhaps not even so much as that. During one period there were over 50 letters detailing Leslie Stephen's decline and death, all similar in content, almost all undated. With Quentin Bell's biography (the remarkable accuracy of which has been confirmed by all our scrutiny) and a perpetual calendar as our basic tools, we used internal evidence, the rare surviving envelope, and on occasion the guesses of Virginia's correspondent, to date most letters to a year and a month, many to an actual day. Slowly the shape of Volume I emerged. As letters were dated, others, by comparison, became easier to place. The remaining letters were roughly dated, and the following divisions seemed the best plan for the six volumes:
Once the letters for the first volume had been dated, the correspondent and the place of writing determined, and the letters typed, proofed, and in over half the cases, typed again, we began the fascinating process of annotating the obscure references.

Virginia Woolf’s letters, particularly her early ones, are very private indeed. Rarely is there a reference to a major public event—Victoria’s diamond jubilee is one exception I recall. So our task was to identify Virginia’s intimates, sometimes people with names like “Boo” and “Dobbins” and “Sheep,” but also, luckily, people with famous names like Keynes and Brooke and Fry. Many of her acquaintances, and those of her father, could be found in the common reference books. For a time she flirted with aristocratic ladies, and they could be traced in the reference books on the peerage. We identified what she was reading and the early essays she was writing. We explained, through narrative notes, those aspects of her life that the letters left unclear or unmentioned.

At the end of the summer of ’74 the manuscript for Volume I of The Letters of Virginia Woolf was delivered to Hogarth. It will run, in print, perhaps 700 pages, over 625 letters, plus introduction, editorial linking passages, illustrations, family tree, an appendix of nicknames, and a substantial index. The volume is dominated by Violet Dickinson, who received well over 300 letters from Virginia during this period. There are 22 other correspondents. They include other close women friends (for instance, Lady Robert Cecil, Madge Vaughan, Janet Case, Ka Cox), family intimates (Vanessa Bell, Thoby Stephen, Emma Vaughan), intellectual friends (Clive Bell, Lytton Strachey, Saxon Sidney-Turner), and, towards the end of this volume, her husband-to-be, Leonard Woolf. There are five letters written by the adolescent Virginia to George Duckworth, and produced for us by George’s eldest son as “evidence” that his father could not have been as guilty as Bell claimed.

Volume I takes the reader from Virginia at age 6, writing to her sponsor, James Russell Lowell, to Virginia at age 30, on the eve of her marriage. It follows Virginia from Hyde Park Gate to Bloomsbury, with several trips in between to the English countryside, to the sea, to the continent. Virginia expresses major loves—for Vanessa, for Violet—and experiences major crises. Four family deaths occur during this period; two are recorded in detail. There are gaps in Volume I for her bouts of madness, and, following them, evidence of her astonishing ability to recover. And always we see Virginia at work. In the letters themselves she is at work as a writer, trying out phrases, describing people, attempting to probe into her correspondents’ natures, and, when that does not satisfy her, to delineate them for herself, with that particular combination of reality and fantasy which is easily recognizable, even in these early stages, as the Woolf genius. Finally, Volume I of the letters shows Virginia growing from a girl who is at turns playful and cloying into a woman who is surer of her courage and her inventiveness. She has decided to marry, and she has written her first novel.

Joanne Trautmann
Pennsylvania State University

NOTES FROM RECENT WOOLF MEETINGS
The Virginia Woolf Symposium at the University of California in Santa Cruz and the Virginia Woolf Seminar at the Modern Language Association meetings have helped create and sustain an atmosphere of open exchange in Woolf studies. Perhaps the subject herself motivated participants to break the traditional forms of conferences; perhaps participants realized that they had more to gain by sharing their ideas and research than by taking inflexible, unchanging points of view. Whatever the cause, it seems likely that conferences on Woolf will want to follow this “new tradition.”

Organized by Professor Madeline Hummel of Kresge College, the Santa Cruz Virginia Woolf Symposium (November 15-17, 1974) brought together over 150 Woolf readers. Participants presented the following papers to open discussions of various issues:
1. Margaret Comstock, Stanford University: “‘The Current Answers Don’t Do’: The Comic Form of Night and Day”
2. Ellen Hawkes Rogat, Stanford University: “A Form of One’s Own”
5. Madeline Hummel, University of California, Santa Cruz: “Virginia Woolf’s The Years and Years of Adverse Male Reviewers”
9. Brenda Silver, Dartmouth College: “Virginia Woolf and the Concept of Community”

And on Saturday evening, we all participated in a dramatic reading of The Waves.

We were, as Woolf readers are bound to be, aware of the difficulties attendant on such attempts at union. We also became aware of a new sort of class structure among Woolf scholars: those who read her alone in their homes, those who read her in Women’s Studies classes, those who teach her in English literature classes, those who had read at the Berg Collection, those few, the real aristocracy, who had also gotten to mull through her papers at Sussex. Fortunately, many of us cross class lines and we recognize that we need one another, but it is not so easy to share as we had hoped.

The highlight of the conference was the last morning’s discussion when participants acknowledged the impact of others’ ideas: those who held certain views of Woolf found themselves reassessing these positions in the light of other papers. The exchange confirmed our sense that Woolf’s greatness calls for more interchange among us all and especially for interdisciplinary approaches.

The Virginia Woolf Seminar of the MLA (December 28, 1974), coordinated by Ellen Hawkes Rogat and John Hulcoop, enlarged upon many of these earlier discussions at Santa Cruz. Having as its theme Woolf’s political, social, and feminist views, the seminar presented new directions in Woolf criticism, in an attempt to change the conventional assessment of her as apolitical and unconcerned with social questions. The participants and their topics were:
1. Margaret Comstock, Stanford University: “Politics and the Form of The Years”
4. Lucio Ruotolo, Stanford University: “Mrs. Dalloway: The Journey Out of Subjectivity”
5. Brenda Silver, Dartmouth College: “Another Look at Woolf’s Concept of Community”

After a party Saturday evening which has now become a tradition of the Woolf Seminar, we all regrouped Sunday morning for an informal discussion led by John Hulcoop on current research problems. The Miscellany was an important concern since it hopes to provide a way in which to continue these discussions in print.
While it is difficult to recapture the atmosphere of these two events, some of these papers will be made available in a special forthcoming issue of Women’s Studies devoted to Woolf and edited by Madeline Hummel. VWM readers who want more information immediately should write directly to those listed above.

Finally, we can look forward to another Woolf seminar at the 1975 MLA convention to be held in San Francisco. Jane Marcus will be co-ordinating it and would appreciate hearing from VWM readers with suggested topics. (Her address is the Department of English, University of Illinois, Chicago Circle, Chicago, Illinois.)

We look forward to hearing about Woolf meetings in the future.

Woolf's Party

McNichol's Mrs Dalloway: Second Thoughts

McNichol's Mrs Dalloway's Party is merely a reprint of five of Woolf's short fictions together with McNichol's version of two hitherto unpublished pieces. McNichol's introduction does not explain or even enumerate the principles that govern her editing of the manuscript. So different is printed text from manuscript that it compelled the assumption McNichol had found a later version of the sketch revised by Woolf herself. Having read the Jacob's Room holograph, part III, in which appear the "Thoughts upon beginning a book to be called, perhaps, At Home: or the Party," the Mrs Dalloway manuscript (most of which is in the Berg, but also that section in the British Museum), and the ten volumes catalogued in the Berg as "Articles, essays, fiction and reviews" (of which the first, a notebook dated April 21, 1925, contains the beginning of "Ancestors," and the second, dated May 22, 1925, contains the rest of "Ancestors" and "The Introduction"), I assumed McNichol must have discovered typescripts of the two "stories" in the Woolf collection acquired by Sussex University.

Since McNichol, as she explains in her introduction, is "working on the Mrs Dalloway MSS, in order primarily, to establish a first draft version of that novel," she ought to know better than anyone except, perhaps, Professor J. Graham (who has been working for at least a decade on a transcript of The Waves manuscript), that the differences between Woolf's first, fifth, tenth or twentieth draft and her final version of a review, essay, short story or novel are quite extraordinary. "Astonishing" is Leonard Woolf's word for the revisions that Virginia made on the galley proofs of The Years, some scenes of which had already been rewritten twenty times (Downhill All the Way, 156; A Writer's Diary, 268). "Ancestors" and "The Introduction" exist only as sketches and there is, as Woolf herself insists, "All the difference between the sketch and the finished work." (Diary, 337). How, in the white heat of genuine creative activity, Woolf would have revised the sketches edited by McNichol, and published--irony of ironies--by the Hogarth Press, no one can or should presume to know. The man closest to Woolf refrained from revising the typescript of Between the Acts, though further revisions would obviously have been made by the author had she seen her last novel into print.

Much more useful than two unfinished sketches masquerading as new Woolf texts would have been a transcript of the originals, together with a fully informative introduction and the kind of commentary suggested very briefly below. McNichol's introduction is full of inexplicable lacunae, inaccurate statements, contradictions and misleading, because unqualified, assertions. For example, Woolf wanted to write a book entitled "At Home" or "The Party" consisting of "six or seven chapters, each complete separately" (McNichol quoting from the Jacob's Room holograph). Apart from the fact (acknowledged by McNichol) that Woolf abandoned the plan and "altered radically" the novel in the course of its composition, McNichol does not note that, though she speaks of "six or seven chapters," Woolf actually lists eight: "1. Mrs Dalloway in Bond Street/ 2. The Prime Minister/ 3. Ancestors/ 4. A dialogue/ 5. The old ladies/ 6. Country House/ 7. Cut flowers/ 8. The Party." (Jacob's Room holograph, Part III). Of the eight "chapters" listed by Woolf, only two so far as I know (and I have not yet examined the collection at Sussex) were written with the original title retained: "Mrs Dalloway in Bond Street" and "Ancestors." "Chapter 4, A dialogue" presumably became the story Woolf first called "The Conversation" and later "Together and Apart" (it follows "The Introduction" and precedes "The Man Who Loved His Kind" in the May 22nd notebook). What became of the other five "chapters" is anyone's guess. "The Old Ladies" and "Country House" could have been turned into a single story, "The Shooting Party," about two old ladies, Miss Antonia and Miss Rashleigh, and the collapse of their old country house. "The Lady in the Looking Glass" might be the final version of "Cut Flowers" (though it was not written until 1927 or '28, and can be dated approximately from a remark Woolf records in her Diary on September 18, 1927. On the other hand, and much more likely, all the "chapters" may have been assimilated into Mrs Dalloway in the way that "Mrs Dalloway in Bond Street" was, the way "The Prime Minister" and "The Party" obviously were. One thing is certain: the sequence of stories as ordered by McNichol is not the sequence of "chapters" conceived by Woolf when she was thinking about a book to be called "At Home" or "The Party."

McNichol claims that the Mrs Dalloway stories "do form a related group in that they relate to each other thematically: the social theme and subject of the party and the actual or implied presence of Mrs Dalloway give unity to them"; furthermore, she justifies their publication together on the grounds that they explore "a collected or varied party consciousness." "Party consciousness" is quite clearly a theme to which Woolf returned again and again throughout her writing career, McNichol's self-contradictory statement notwithstanding: that it is "uncharacteristic of Virginia Woolf's normal writing habits" to allow the central concern of a novel to retain its hold on her imagination after she finished. In view of her own justifications and claims, it is impossible to understand why McNichol omits "A Simple Melody," another party sketch which appears in the May 22nd notebook, coming after "Ancestors," "The Introduction," "The Conversation," "Lovers of Their Kind" (published as "The Man Who Loved His Kind"), and before "A Summing Up." "A Simple Melody" not only belongs to the same compositional period as "Ancestors" and "The Introduction," it is also related, albeit indirectly, to the Dalloway stories since it concerns Mabel Waring. The fragment of yet another party sketch entitled "Happiness" is to be found in the Mrs Dalloway corrections notebook, dated November 22, 1924. The connection is clear since this 1924 notebook contains the manuscript of "The New Dress," and "Happiness" is about a man called Stuart Elton who is not only a friend of Mabel Waring but also a principal character in "A Simple Melody." "Happiness" is only a fragment; the manuscript of "A Simple Melody," however, is a substantial piece of thirteen pages, quite as coherent (though clearly "unfinished") as the manuscripts of "Ancestors" and "The Introduction."

McNichol's failure even to inform readers of the existence of these two additional pieces, to consider their importance in Woolf's exploration of party consciousness, as well as their possible relevance to the Dalloway story canon, is inexcusable as her silence on the subject of principles according to which she has edited "Ancestors" and "The Introduction." The only way, in a discussion this brief, to convince the unsuspecting reader of the drastic and unacknowledged nature of McNichol's revisions is to set three sample passages from Woolf's manuscript beside the printed text (the manuscript first in each case):
... & Lily Everett had two minutes respite thus in which to hug herself, as drowning men hug a spar, then she thought off her essay on 'Dean Swift which had been given back to her that morning by Professor Miller marked with three red stars. First rate. Her essay upon Dean was first rate; she took a sip of that cordial; & yet it was so much weaker than it had been when she was dressing for the party. Then the party had seemed like a kind of thin glittering wave that broke over the facts of life...

So Lily Everett had two minutes respite there in which to hug herself, as a drowning man might hug a spar in the sea, her essay on the character of Dean Swift. It had been given back to her that morning by Professor Miller marked with three red stars: First rate. First rate; she repeated that to herself, she took a sip of that cordial that was ever so much weaker now than it had been when she stood before the long glass being finished off (a pat there, a dab there) by her sister and Mildred the housemaid.

McNichol not only invents the mirror episode, and the name of the "housemaid' who is neither named nor a housemaid in the original, she also omits an image crucial to Woolf's exploration of party consciousness.

One divided life into fact & fiction; into rock & into wave, she thought, driving along, seeing into the heart of things with such intensity that it was as if his vision cleft the shining waves at the same time that for ever she saw the driver's back through the glass in his dark coat, & her own white phantom reflected.

Having omitted the first "glittering wave" image, McNichol cuts out the equally important development of it—"her vision cleft the shining waves"—thus making Lily's division of life into fact and fiction, rock and wave meaningless. The importance of the recurrent wave imagery in the novel Mrs Dalloway is too obvious and too well known to need more than a mention here.

And she would not let this horror get possession of her. She thought of churches and parliaments, and even the telegraph wires, & about Shakespeare, she thought—& how Mr Brinsley was in direct descent, all to beat it down—She felt gauze wrapped round her; those butterfly wings; something muffling her; something hampering her & it was he who was doing it, just by feeling a horror, a terror, a thing driven down into utter loneliness, & having these wings of hers shrivelled on her back.

In this passage McNichol mauls the butterfly image to death, introduces words and phrases from elsewhere in the manuscript and quite blatantly (brutally, but not creatively) rearranges Woolf's ideas and images. Dozens of other alterations stand baldly, without explanation or apology, in the printed text: "melting and dwindling" becomes "wobbled began wilting"; "Looking out, Lily Everett hid deeper in herself, forebore to look at that essay of hers" becomes "Looking out, Lily Everett instinctively hid that essay of hers"; she "might have been the wayward sailing boat curtsying in the wake of a steamer" becomes "she "might have been in the wake of a steamer" (which makes no sense); "difficulties & weaknesses innumerable: a woman" becomes "difficulties and sensibilities and sadnesses innumerable: a woman" (a change which ignores Woolf's intentions); "a grim joy" becomes, again quite contrary to the tone of the whole passage, "a kind of passion"; examples of this sort of editing are almost inexhaustible and wholly inexplicable. No rationale is offered for retaining Woolf's fragmentary sentences in some cases, whilst in others they are completed; or for the inconsistent revision of punctuation.

The kind of material that could and should have been written into McNichol's introduction includes a great deal more information (deducible from a study of the manuscripts, notebooks and diaries) about the dates and compositional order of the Dalloway stories; marginal notes and important changes—in story-titles, for example—in the manuscripts; some indication of the extent and nature of the

revisions Woolf made even in writing the first draft or "sketch" of one of her stories. In addition, a commentary alerting uninitiated readers to details which establish connections between stories, and between the stories and novels, would have been invaluable. The preoccupation with ancestors is a recurrent feature of all Woolf's work, not only "Mrs Dalloway in Bond Street," "The Introduction," [Mr Brinsley's being "in direct descent from Shakespeare" instantly invokes the memory of Mrs Hilbery's father in Night and Day], "Ancestors," "Together and Apart," but also Mrs Dalloway, To The Lighthouse (so clearly prefigured in "Ancestors"!), The Waves, The Years and above, all, Orlando. Woolf's interest in biography and memoirs is part of the same preoccupation. The references to "that" in "Mrs Dalloway in Bond Street" ("Milly is about my age—fifty—fifty two. So it is probably that....") (McNichol, p. 20) and again in "Together and Apart" ("She had Sarah, Arthur, the cottage, the how and, of course, that," (McNichol, p. 49)—referring ambiguously to "a cluster of miracles" both positive and negative that enable Miss Anning to turn her back on Mr Serle and his pride) reveal yet another preoccupation or even obsession of Virginia Woolf: the menopause, so often alluded to as "T[ime] of L[ife]" in her diaries. Recognition of this obsessive interest is essential to a complete and sympathetic understanding of many of the middle-aged and older female characters in Woolf's fiction (Helen Ambrose, Mrs Dalloway, Mrs Killman, Mrs Ramsay, for example) and also to an understanding of many key passages and images which are otherwise meaningless or subject to misinterpretation.

Well worth noting, and deserving of careful study in relation to several major male characters in the novels, is the close connection between the whole series of men who appear in the stories: Scope Purvis, C.B., Bertram Pritchard, Hugh Whitbread, Prickett Ellis, Robert Haydon, Jack Renshaw, Mr Brinsley, Stuart Elton (in "A Simple Melody" and "Happiness") and Mr Carslake (in "Happiness"). So is the fact that some scenes—not just images, but whole scenes—occur again and again in Woolf's work; for example the scene in "The Man Who Loved His Kind" in which Miss O'Keefe and Prickett Ellis go into the empty garden where yellow and red fruit wobble this way and that in the trees like Chinese lanterns, and the sound of the party inside the house is heard as "the mad accompaniment of some phantom orchestra." The same empty garden, Chinese lanterns, party sounds and phantom music appear first in one of Woolf's earliest diaries, again in an entry in the 1925 diary (in which Woolf admits "I do not love my kind"), again in "Together and Apart," "A Summing Up," and finally in The Years where the description of Sarah Pargiter hearing and seeing, from her bed by the window, a party that is taking place in a nearby house ("'1907,' The Years, 1937, pp. 141-147) comes close to reproducing exactly all the details of a long section in the 1903 diary. The same diary, interestingly enough, contains much of the material—including an image of "flies struggling in a dish of sticky liquid"—from which Woolf fashioned "The New Dress," the complicated genesis of which McNichol makes no reference to.

Finally, while it is true that stories in McNichol's story sequence all grow out of and look back to Woolf's work on Mrs Dalloway, it is equally true that five out of the seven stories anticipate, in thematic material, recurrent images, names and other innumerable details, To The Lighthouse, the novel on which Virginia Woolf was already working when she wrote most of the stories included in McNichol's book. A careful study of these stories reveals as much that is important in the latter novel as in Mrs Dalloway.

Nothing in McNichol's introduction is new to the scholar who has studied the Dalloway manuscripts and the notebooks containing articles, essays, fiction and reviews. And so much is left out that the informed reader, stunned by the mutilated texts of Woolf's two sketches, must ask in bewilderment why Hogarth agreed to print the book, thereby endorsing McNichol's exaggerated claims. None of the (continued on page 7)
TO THE READER:

There has been a long interlude between our last issue and our present one. We want to apologize for the delay. One of our problems has been a common one: the economy. We are, of course, publishing Miscellany on a very small budget. This issue was made possible by a gift from the Department of English at Stanford University.

In order to publish future issues we will need more help. We do not, however, want to establish a subscription rate. We would simply like to enlist your help on a more informal basis. Any donation is appreciated. Checks should be made payable to The Virginia Woolf Miscellany and sent to the Miscellany at the Department of English, Stanford, California 94305.

Thank you very much for any assistance you can give us.

FROM THE READER:

Mary M. Lago, currently at work on William Rothenstein, would like to know of any letters from Rothenstein, D.S. MacColl, or Sir Wilmot and Lady Christiana Herringham to Woolf and/or members of her circle. Address: Department of English, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo. 65201.

Georges-Paul Collet, whose book Jacques-Emile Blanche, peintre-écrivain is in progress, would be grateful for any information about J.-E. Blanche’s letters to Virginia Woolf (1927-1931). Address: French Department, McGill University, Montreal 101, Quebec, Canada.

Are there any written responses from the women who heard the lectures that eventually became A Room of One’s Own? Roanne Goldfein, 1135 Commonwealth Avenue, Apt. 7, Allston, Massachusetts 02134.

Warren Wedin, English Department, California State University, Northridge, Northridge, CA 91324, would like information on Woolf’s friendship with Jane Harrison and Woolf’s familiarity with Harrison’s works.

Elizabeth Hampsten, English Department, University of North Dakota, Grand Forks, N. D. 58201, asks, will Freshwater be published?

Amy Kaminsky, 626 St. Catharine St., Lewisburg, Pa., is interested in any correspondence between Woolf and Victoria Ocampo.

Jane Marcus, Department of English, University of Illinois, Chicago Circle, would like to know which feminist organizations Woolf belonged to or worked for; and adds that some correspondence between Woolf and the Strachey sisters was once found in the Fawcett Women’s Library in London.

Dear VWM:

I wanted to drop a note about Peter Luke’s play Bloomsbury which I saw at the Phoenix Theatre in London this summer. Its run was brief and deservedly so. (Only 40 or 50 people were present the evening I went.) Peter Luke is known here principally for his play Hadrian the Seventh; for Bloomsbury he assembled a promising cast that included Daniel Massey as Lytton Strachey, Penelope Wilton as Carrington, Moyna Fraser as Lady Ott and Yvonne Mitchell as Virginia Woolf. His play has a beginning but scarcely a middle or end: in fact in the way of plot it affords little more than a series of scenes connected by commentaries. Virginia Woolf, looking rather like Bette Davis in Now Voyager costumes (though perhaps there’s some point to that), sashays stage center from time to time to provide a kind of crazed commentary. Otherwise one sees little of VW. Indeed the title is misleading: the scenes are devoted largely to Carrington, her love for Strachey, and the efforts of Mark Gertler and Ralph Partridge to win her away. The Bloomsbury people are caricatured as fashionable sillsies, childishly self-centered, and obsessed by sex in its kickiest forms (one scene features Ralph Partridge, Carrington and Lytton awaking in the same bed and playing a version of musical bodies). And though here and there the playwright gives a nod to some serious or noble effort attempted by his characters, he can sustain no admiration for them. Strachey’s pacifist sentiments are aired but then his reaction to the Armistice is only pleasure at the thought of all the sailors back in town. I couldn’t finally discern whether Mr. Luke wanted to do in Bloomsbury, or, more likely, tell titillating tales about persons and a period fashionable now for the wrong reasons. In its allusiveness the play tries to have something for the cognoscenti and be snob. (We’re told, for instance, that no one in-the-know would ever accent Morrell on the last syllable.)

Bloomsbury, I’m happy to tell you, was an unmitigated flop that shut down a few days after I saw it. I can’t imagine it will ever be heard of again.

William McBrien
Hofstra University

Dear VWM:

I recently attended a world premiere of a song cycle written by Dominic Argento (a local composer) and sung by the mezzo-soprano, Janet Baker. The cycle is composed of eight “songs” which are entries from the Writer’s Diary, beginning with the early 1919 discussions of what a diary might be and ending with the poignant entry about haddock and sausage meat.

Tanf McNaron
3149 Fremont Avenue, South Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear VWM:

I wanted to let you know that a play about Virginia Woolf was performed last summer in Los Angeles—A Play of One’s Own... The Story of Virginia Woolf, written by Susan La Tempa and directed by Cyndi Turtledove.

It was good but took too many liberties with the factual materials, and perpetuated many of the myths surrounding Woolf now that she has become somewhat of a cult figure. I think the madness aspect especially was played way out of proportion.

Wendy Martyna
Stanford University

Anyone wishing to obtain a 14"x17" print of our fine drawing of Virginia Woolf, should write the artist, Gary Hauser, 502 8th Ave., San Francisco, Ca., 94118. The cost is $4.25 each including postage. We are grateful to Gary for giving us permission to reproduce his drawing in this issue.
(continued from page 4)

answers that have occurred to me is very reassuring. Now that Leonard and Virginia Woolf are both dead, who is responsible for publication policies at the Hogarth Press? And can whoever it may be—one assumes "it" to be plural—maintain the standards established and the integrity achieved by the illustrious founders of that great Press?

John F. Hulcoop
University of British Columbia

FURTHER NOTES ON THE SUSSEX COLLECTION

In the second issue of the Miscellany, Edward Hungerford reported on the collection of Woolf papers ("The Monk's House Papers") now at the University of Sussex. As Hungerford reports, the collection is vast and growing. While I was there last spring, someone was going through boxes of Leonard Woolf's papers, photographs and documents, turning up new material on both Leonard and Virginia Woolf. Obviously, any description of the collection will not only be biased in the usual ways but also necessarily provisional and incomplete. However, for the sake of people considering a trip to Sussex, I would like to mention a few items in the collection omitted by Hungerford which I found particularly valuable.

I found most interesting an unfinished memoir entitled "A Sketch of the Past" written by Woolf in 1939-40. In the temporary handlist of the collection this memoir has four entries: three texts of 69, 21 and 4 pages, and 63 pages of "notes". (I found it difficult to correlate the list descriptions exactly with the holdings, but they are generally reliable.) The memoirs cover the years from Woolf's earliest childhood through her move to Bloomsbury and Thoby's death. They include comments on her present life (1939-40), and on the history and motives of her writing. There are many other biographical papers of considerable interest. I will mention only a few: "Reminiscences of Julia Stephen, Stella Duckworth and Vanessa Bell" (1908); the complete "Reminiscences of Julian" (1937); an untitled memoir describing George Duckworth (c. 1922); and two memoirs entitled "Am I a Snob?" (1936) and "Old Bloomsbury" (1929).

Among the many unpublished and unfinished stories, reviews, and reading notes, I found especially interesting an early story, "Phyllis and Rosamond," ("see Quentin Bell's biography) and two unfinished stories written during the winter of 1941, "The Symbol" and "The Watering Place." I had no time for this part of the collection. I am sure there are many more rewarding entries.

There is a vast collection of letters with the familiar principals, Woolfs, Bell's and Strachey's, amply represented. I found most interesting the letters between Leonard and Virginia Woolf, the bulk of which were written before their marriage and during the first phase of Virginia Woolf's mental breakdown, 1913-1914. Among other interesting letters are those between Vanessa Bell and Leonard Woolf about Virginia Woolf's illnesses, early letters from Virginia Woolf to Emmy Vaughan and to Madge Vaughan, letters from Virginia Woolf to Jacques and Gwen Raverat, and six letters from Dr. Octavia Wilberforce describing her visits to Monk's House and her conversations with both Leonard and Virginia in the days immediately preceding and following Woolf's suicide.

I have merely touched upon the holdings of the Sussex collection. A temporary handlist is available which is generally, if not precisely, reliable. The Sussex papers have been xeroxed, and the originals may be consulted if there are any questions of reading or interpretation.

Mr. A. N. Peasgood, the sub-librarian in charge of the collection, and his staff are courteous and helpful.

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THE FABLE OF FLUSH

To one acquainted with the animal fables in the book of Chuang-tzu, that delightful work of Taoist philosophy written over two thousand years ago, Virginia Woolf's Flush strikes a familiar note. With the help of a host of talking animals, birds, insects, and diverse imaginary and mythical creatures, Chuang-tzu pokes fun at the preoccupations of anthropocentrism, at man's self-imprisoning refusal to budge from his habitual point of view, his confusion of things in themselves with their names and attributes, his blindness to the liberating powers of the Tao. Enlightenment consists in abandoning the "little understanding" (i.e., the categorizing, logical, naggingly rationalistic frame of mind) for the "great understanding," which, by recognizing the extraneity of intellectual constructs and the relativity of all values, enables man to return to what William James calls "pure experience." Chuang-tzu's exuberant spirit of good-humored mockery seems to me very much alive in Flush --- and for much the same ends. With its whimsical, light-hearted nonsense, it makes the very kind of sense that ordinary common sense is likely to miss. The fruitful critical attention accorded Orlando has shown how, perhaps precisely because Virginia Woolf has relaxed her intentional tendency to treat serious themes, a work of fantasy may yet reveal some of her most basic concerns. Without forgetting, therefore, the humor and slightness of this jeu d'esprit, I shall attempt here an interpretation of Flush as an epistemological fable.

On an obvious level, Flush is a satire on the Victorian ages: the patriarchal tyrannical piety, the maid's chauvinistic gentility, the outrageous social injustice, hidden by the impeccable facade of Wimpole Street, that forced children to drink from bright-green streams and produced kidnappers of lapdogs and cockatoos. "Hypocrisy" is our usual verdict on Victorian morality, but, as the description of Miss Barrett's bedroom indicates, a deeper mental process is at work to bring about the ills of "civilization." In the sickroom "nothing . . . was itself; everything was something else"; "on top of the wardrobe stood three white busts; the chest of drawers was surmounted by a bookcase; the bookcase was pasted over with crimson morino," and so on. In short, artificial, imposed constructs have obscured things in themselves. What Virginia Woolf elsewhere calls "the screen-making habit" --- a screen, she reminds us, has nothing in common with the thing itself, useful as it is for preserving us against chaos --- is here so firmly ingrained that any alternative point of view, be it lower-class, Italian or canine, becomes as unthinkable as it is unappeasable. The silliness of such arbitrary identification of screen and reality is exposed in the mock-heroic disquisition on ancestry; "once make good your claim to sixteen quarterlings, prove your right to a corone, and then you are not only born they say, but nobly born into the bargain."

Flush's early education involves a willing assumption of "mind-forged manacles." Emerging from the relative innocence of his life with Miss Mitford, he began to realize that in London "dogs are not equal but different"; "there are high dogs and low dogs." To his satisfaction he found himself a dog of "birth and breeding." His was what Chuang-tzu calls the "little understanding" or the "knowledge that knows," the petty and comparative mentality which brings with it enslavement. Respectable dogs must be led on chains in Regent's Park. What's worse, when for once Flush was "free," i.e., left unchained, he was kidnapped. So powerful were the pontifications of the Spaniel Club that "high dogs," though not necessarily superior qua dogs, could fetch impressive ransoms from their owners.

With the Brownings Flush escaped to Italy, where "everything was itself and not something else." At Casa Guidi "the bed was a bed;
the wash-stand was a wash-stand." Value was no longer confused with convention. In Florence, for the first time, Flush faced "the curious and at first upsetting truth that the laws of the Kennel Club are not Universal." "On Making All Things Equal" is the title of one of Chuang-tzu's definitive chapters, "Free and Easy Wandering" is another. Flush's experience in Italy exemplifies both. Once he had unlearned arbitrary labels and distinctions—in Lao-tzu's words, "the practice of learning involves daily gain; the practice of the Tao involves daily loss"—he became truly free; he wandered without fear in the streets of Florence and embraced "the spaniel down the alley and the brindled dog and the yellow dog, it did not much matter which." The climax of his liberation came with the shearing of his coat to eradicate fleas. Without his coat not only was he not an aristocratic dog; he was not even a spaniel any more. "Truth" and "laughter" together dawned in him as in Chuang-tzu; he had attained "the knowledge that does not know." "To be nothing—is that not, after all, the most satisfactory state in the whole world?" No longer confined to a category, Flush was free of roles and expectations in his behavior. To be nothing is but to be more fully oneself.

The choice of a dog as the "central intelligence" of a narrative of course underscores Virginia Woolf's disconcerting and deflating emphasis on relativity, already embodied in Flush's life story. The poetess's inexhaustible enthusiasm for Italian Unification and her ecstatic transports over sublime mountain scenery, both to her credit for man's need to order his world.

Unlike his confirmed Taoist, however, she also makes due allowance for man's need to order his world. This "motive for metaphor" is not to be lightly despised. If not exclusively insisted upon, if too, like occasional shifts to the point of view of a dog, a child, a snail (Kew Gardens), or a fish ("The Sun and the Fish"), can provide us with liberating moments of vision.

Saü-ling Cynthia Yu

I am a student at Stanford University, writing my dissertation about Virginia Woolf and Roger Fry from a Chinese point of view, along the Taoist-Zen lines adumbrated in this short article. I would welcome criticism and suggestions. Please write me
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REVIEW:

Joanne Trautmann's monograph can be compared to a good guidebook: those familiar with the locale will find their knowledge of it pulled together, and perhaps have unknown points of interest brought to light; newcomers will be well prepared to start finding their own way about. Published around the same time as Nigel Nicolson's Portrait of a Marriage, but without the fanfare, it treats the friendship and passion between Vita Sackville-West and Virginia Woolf in a rounded literary and biographical context. Nicolson's Portrait, of course, did not center on that friendship; but Woolf had an important place in his book, and his picture left one wondering what Woolf could have seen in Sackville-West. Since the frame in which Nicolson placed his mother consisted largely of her psychosexual vulnerability, with Harold Nicolson figuring as white knight, Vita appeared, willy-nilly, now boffo and now bathetic. Woolf would have wanted subtlety in her friends, one thought. But where was the subtlety in a person who could take seriously and act on those letters from Violet Trefusis, which can only be called unintentional self-parodies?

To resolve some of one's puzzlement, one can turn to The Jessamy Brides (Trautmann borrows her title from Woolf, who gave this title to a "fantasy" she thought of writing, but which eventually became, or was abandoned for, Orlando). In Trautmann's monograph Vita's sexual life recedes in importance; Sackville-West reappears as a writer, private and public. And by directing attention to a certain entry in Harold Nicolson's diary (23 February 1934) Trautmann gives more weight than Nigel Nicolson did to Harold Nicolson's less attractive traits: "I know that there is no such thing as equality between the sexes," Harold wrote, "and that women are not fulfilling their proper function unless subservient to some man." (The entire entry is worth looking up.) The so-called BBC "debate" on marriage between Harold and Vita included at the end of Portrait always did seem something of a catechism with Harold Nicolson instructing his catechumen.

Trautmann's own portrayal of Sackville-West is even-handed. Vita was "not a sophisticated intellectual but a devoted professional, who cultivated her small talent with the persistent skill she employed in her gardens." She was "an inconsistent person, but probably no more inconsistent and no more in conflict than any woman of romantic views who needs to assert herself in a world directed by men." The description of Vita as "a complex person" may have a somewhat too complimentary ring. But Trautmann makes palpable the difference between Leonard Woolf's "utterly fair" appraisal of Vita as an "honest, simple, sentimental, romantic, naive, and competent writer" (and person?) and Virginia's "imaginative" response to Vita, the "reader interacting with the writer," and friend with friend, to enhance reality. Trautmann's essay, in fact, takes off from Bernard's words in The Waves: "Let me create you. (You have done as much for me.)"

Virginia Woolf was not upset, then, by the obvious fact that Vita's works were "distinctly inferior." Though she may have allowed herself now and then to give overgenerous praise, she did not, Trautmann recalls, want uncritical comments about her own work from her friends. She could therefore speak her mind to Vita about her literature and about Vita's own work. Their mutual professional interest in writing always remained a bond between them.

In addition to the literary relationship, Trautmann names several emotional affinities and shared tastes that linked Woolf and Sackville-West, including the similarity in the style of their marriages, complex variants of elitist and anti-elite attitudes, preoccupation with the "definition of women" and "narcissistic" sexuality.

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The Jessamy Brides blends literature and life nicely, and gives a well-distributed attention to the various genres in which both Woolf and Sackville-West wrote. Trautmann speaks of Vita's magnificent gardens, and refers the reader to her poem "The Garden" and her study of Marvell. She mentions Vita's worry about loving places more than people, recorded in some of her travel writing; and turns, appropriately, to the several times Vita wrote about Knole, the place she loved most of all—her historical work Knole and the Sackvilles, her long poem The Land, and her novel The Edwardians. Trautmann discusses Vita's impact on Virginia and its most immediate literary result, Orlando; and then asks whether The Edwardians, written two years later, was Vita's response to Orlando. Because Trautmann's subject is the women's friendship, she avoids the awkwardness that could easily result from writing simultaneously about two authors, one important and one not.

Trautmann holds to her subject, too, when she discusses Woolf's novels, by directing attention to the treatment of friendship in various works and the ways in which they may reflect the friendship between Vita and Virginia. Here the results are not always happy. There is something off base, for example, about dragging Vita into Orlando's confrontation with Pope. There Woolf was ridiculing a certain male style of egoistic wit, and the support women gave to it when they hang on bons mots. Whether Vita may ever have been awed by Woolf's verbal style is something else again. Similarly, it is not very illuminating to suggest that Sally Seton has something of Vita in her. Woolf herself said (to Vita) that Sally Seton was based on Madge Vaughan (as Trautmann notes); and one doubts that Vera ever gave Woolf a copy of Morris's socialist works in a plain brown wrapper. Sally Seton is a composite figure whose meaning ought to be expanded by following several leads, not reduced by reference to a single person. On the whole, however, Trautmann's monograph deserves to be commended for what it is, and not faulted for failing to be what it never claims to be, a work explicating Woolf's novels.

Trautmann does not dissent from the generally accepted view that Woolf was "aloof," "virginal." (Contrary to what Trautmann implies, however, Woolf wrote more than "one highly sensual passage." The "one" Trautmann cites is taken from one of Jinny's soliloquies in The Waves, though other sensual passages can be found in the very same source, as well as elsewhere in Woolf's work.) Though she makes little of it, Trautmann contributes to the discussion of Woolf's sexuality. She restores a phrase that Vita had "delicately omitted" when she published her broadcast on Orlando in The Listener. Woolf's letter to her had read (the omitted phrase is italicized) "suppose Orlando turns out to be Vita, and it's all about you and the lusts of your flesh and the lure of your mind—heart you have none." That is a rather important restoration. It makes one remember that Dr. William Bradshaw, "extremely polite to women," was "without sex or lust": in short that lust was not altogether a bad word for Woolf.

Within the chosen limits of this essay, I find only one fault as to coverage: no real discussion occurs as to why this friendship cooled off. It lasted from 1922, when Vita and Virginia met, until Virginia's death in 1941; the sexual relationship extended over a year; the intimacy of the attachment was finished, apparently, by 1935. In what terms did that lapsing occur? Trautmann, looking at Woolf's work, reveals, "It is difficult to determine whether "Op. III" in the American paperback edition is a printer's error or a revision, for although Kirkpatrick states that the revisions for the Doran edition were "confined almost entirely to Chapter 16" (4), there are variants in other chapters, many of them minor. In these cases as well, it is unclear whether these minor variants are themselves revisions or printer's errors."

A comparison of Beethoven Op.3 and Op.112 in the context of the novel supports Op.112 as the preferred reading. If Rachel is thinking of Op. 3, a string trio in E flat, the allusion would simply underscore her preoccupation with music. The allusion to Op. 112, a cantata entitled Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt, based on two poems by Goethe, is another matter. The care with which Woolf has chosen a seemingly insignificant detail for inclusion in the Later Typescript and the Duckworth edition becomes apparent if we examine the Goethe texts and the English translations:

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A TEXTUAL VARIANT IN THE VOYAGE OUT

In Chapter II of Virginia Woolf's The Voyage Out, Rachel Vinrace is aboard the Euphrosyne, about to fall asleep, thinking of Beethoven. The first American paperback edition, published by Harcourt, Brace & World., Inc., 1969, reads: "Inextricably mixed in dreamy confusion, her mind seemed to enter into communion, to be delightfully expanded and combined, with the spirit of the whitish boards on deck, with the spirit of the sea, with the spirit of Beethoven, Op. III..." (37). However, the later typescript and the first edition of the novel, published by Duckworth in 1915 as The Voyage Out, differ significantly, for there Rachel is thinking, instead, about Beethoven "Op. 112."(4) The Uniform Edition published at the Hogarth Press in 1929 also refers to Op.112, since it was, according to B.J. Kirkpatrick's A Bibliography of Virginia Woolf (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1957), in fact a photo-offset reprint of the first Duckworth edition, although "the volumes in this Uniform Edition are described in the publication...as a 'New Edition'..." (Kirkpatrick 6). The 1965 Hogarth Edition (Eighth Impression), therefore, reads "Beethoven Op.112" (35) as well.

Kirkpatrick states that Woolf revised the text of The Voyage Out for the first American edition published in 1920 by George H. Doran Co. In 1925, Doran sold the publishing rights and the plates to Harcourt, Brace & Co. (Kirkpatrick, 4). It is difficult to determine whether "Op. III" in the American paperback edition is a printer's error or a revision, for although Kirkpatrick states that the revisions for the Doran edition were "confined almost entirely to Chapter 16" (4), there are variants in other chapters, many of them minor. In these cases as well, it is unclear whether these minor variants are themselves revisions or printer's errors. (2)

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Tiefe Stille herrscht im Wasser, 
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer, 
Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer 
Glatte Fläche ringsumher 
Keine Luft von keiner Seite! 
Todesstille 

Die Nebel zerreissen, 
Der Himmel ist helle, 
Und Äolus löst 
Das singende Band, 
Es düstern die Winde, 
Es rührt sich der Schiffer. 
Geschwinde! Geschwinde! 
Es seilt sich die Welle, 
Es naht sich die Ferne; 
Schon seh ich das Land!

If the allusion is read as Op. 112, Rachel is thinking of a work in which two sea journeys figure prominently. In the first, a death-like stillness pervades, prefiguring the stillness of Rachel's own death. In the second, the poem seems to predict a prosperous voyage, ending safely on land. Rachel's voyage, however, will not be a prosperous one and will culminate instead in her death on Santa Marina. Earlier, Rachel has been reading a translation of Tristan und Isolde, which associates her with Isolde, "the corpse-like Bride..." (35). The reference to Op 112 is significant, not only because it reminds us of Rachel's prior reading of Tristan, but also because it reinforces, through repetition, Rachel's brooding preoccupation with death associated with water. This preoccupation will permeate the delirium that precedes her death. For these reasons, therefore, it is suggested that the allusion be read as "Op. 112."

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Footnotes:
(1) I would like to express my appreciation to the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature of the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations, for access to the typescripts of The Voyage Out and the Duckworth edition; and to extend my thanks to Dr. Lola Szladits, Curator, for her generous assistance.

(2) B. J. Kirkpatrick refers to a copy of the first English edition of The...Voyage Out in the library of Mr. F. B. Adams, Jr. of New York which "is clearly the printer's copy for the revised edition" (4). Reference to this copy would, therefore, clarify whether the variants are revisions or printer's errors.

Persons who wish to add their names to our mailing list should send name and address (including zip) to The Virginia Woolf Miscellany, Department of English, California State College, Sonoma, Rohnert Park, California 94928. There is no subscription charge for the Miscellany, but contributions are more than welcome.

Virginia Woolf: The Critical Heritage, edited by R. Majumdar and Allen McLaughlin, is scheduled for publication by Routledge, Kegan Paul some time in 1975. It traces the reception of Woolf's work from her first novel, The Voyage Out (1915), until her death in 1941. It contains a wide-ranging selection of both British and American reviews, and includes among its reviewers T.S. Eliot, E.M. Forster, Conrad Aiken, William Troy, and Graham Greene, as well as representative continental criticism of Woolf. The account of Virginia Woolf's reputation is chronological, and the documents have been chosen either for their intrinsic merit or for their representative character.

Leon Edel's book on Bloomsbury, according to the New York Times (December 17, 1974), will center on nine principal Bloomsbury figures, 'Everybody's been concerned with their going to bed,'" Edel told the Times. "'Nobody seems to bother with their achievements.'"

VWM wishes to correct our information on the slides from the Vanessa Bell exhibit which VWM noted in Issue Number 2. The Courtlaud Institute tells us that the sets are only available to schools in England at this time.

J. Howard Woolmer, Books, Gladstone Hollow Andes, N.Y. 13731 wishes to announce that he is compiling a checklist of The Hogarth Press to 1938 which will be published in early 1975. Write directly to him if interested in more details.

Holleyman and Treacher, Antiquarian Book and Music Sellers, at 21A and 22 Duke Street, Brighton, Sussex, BN1 1AH England, wish to announce that they are shortly publishing "A Catalogue of Books from the Library of Leonard and Virginia Woolf."

Frank Hallman, Box 246, Cooper Station, New York, New York 10003 writes us that he is publishing The London Scene: Five Essays by Virginia Woolf (available for the first time in book form) in 750 copies designed by Ronald Gordon and printed at The Stinehour press. $15.

Also available: Notes on Virginia's Childhood, a memoir by Vanessa Bell, 300 numbered copies, printed by Andrew Hoyem, $15.