

Virginia Woolf Miscellany

NUMBER 92

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To the Readers: Woolf and Indigenous Literatures

The call for papers for this issue of the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany* invited contributors to consider Woolf's writings alongside works by Native American, First Nations, Australian, and New Zealander authors, among others. Intriguing questions arise in embarking on such an endeavor: What kind of dialogic emerges when placing Woolf's writings alongside those of Indigenous writers? How does colonialism continue to have an impact across the globe today? How might Indigenous literatures enhance interpretations of Woolf's modernist, feminist, and pacifist poetics? How might such comparisons affect or inform understandings of subjectivity in women's lives and literature, and the interconnections between narrative innovation and socio-political activism? While I have been writing about Woolf and Native American women writers for several years due to the many strong resonances among their writings, I had come across few others engaged in similar work and was curious as to what this call for papers might elicit.¹

Similar to studies of Woolf and African-American women writers,² bringing together Woolf and Indigenous literatures forges deeper understandings of the diversity of human experience, traces literary practices across space and time, and helps eradicate the boundaries often imposed upon literary studies: the "West" versus the "Rest."³ The essays gathered here yield fresh insights into the intersections of race, class, gender, and nation in literature by both women and men and help establish not only a burgeoning field of Woolf studies but also contribute to feminist, ecocritical, and indigenous literary studies overall. It is tempting to add "postcolonial studies" to that list, but as several of the following papers attest, Indigenous peoples continue to suffer—and resist—the brutalities of colonialism.

In "Weaving Tapestries of Sexuality and Race in Woolf's *Orlando* and Alexie's *Flight*," Michelle Sprouse explores novels whose main character inhabits different bodies while journeying or time-traveling across the centuries. Sprouse finds that while Orlando's gender fluidity challenges gender binaries over the course of three hundred-

¹ See Justine Dymond, Fabienne C. Quennet, and my own articles on Woolf and Native American women writers.

² See McVicker, Fernald, Barrett, Courington, and McMillan, for instance.

³ Chinweizu uses the phrase in his 1975 work, *The West and the Rest of Us: White Predators, Black Slavers, and the African Elite*. Since then, the phrase has come into common parlance.

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UPCOMING ISSUES,
SPECIAL TOPICS & CFPs

Collecting Virginia Woolf
Guest Editor: Catherine Hollis
hollisc@berkeley.edu
Submissions due
30 September 2018

Reading, Fast And Slow:
Centennial Musings
on The Early Novels
Guest Editor: Rebecca Duncan
duncanr@meredith.edu
Submissions due
1 May 2019

For detailed CFPs for Issues #95 and 96
see page 7

Please contact Vara Neverow for any queries
neverow1@southernct.edu

some years, his/her racial identity remains static. Discussing the emphasis in *Orlando* on the importance of clothing to the performance of gender, for instance, Sprouse notes how Orlando's "altered clothing reveal[s] an identity entangled with essentialized race." In *Flight*, Sherman Alexie's adolescent protagonist, Zits, experiences racial fluidity when inhabiting white and Indigenous bodies in the past and present United States, yet his male gender identity never changes, even developing into a harmful hyper-masculinity. Alexie's novel, Sprouse writes, "seems to undo the fixedness of race even as it reweaves gendered and sexual identities." She reads these novels together to "weave and unweave[...] concepts of identity" and explore "the ways race interweaves with sexuality, strung on a loom of history."

"where did she spring from?": Miss La Trobe's Colonial Connection" springs from Karina Jakubowicz's archival sleuthing in which she locates a possible source for the character of Miss La Trobe in Woolf's last novel, *Between the Acts*. While several theories about the character's origins have been proposed over the years, Jakubowicz argues that "Charles La Trobe (1801-1875), an Australian governor and travel writer," may be the most likely source. For one, La Trobe knew Woolf's father, Leslie Stephen, and "both men were founding members of the Alpine Club." For another, La Trobe published popular travelogues. Above all, Jakubowicz explains, La Trobe moved to Sussex in 1875, six miles from Rodmell, and was buried in the local church cemetery. His "headstone is one of the most prominent in the graveyard" and bears the unusual spelling of his name—the same name in Woolf's novel: La Trobe. I will refrain from divulging any more of Jakubowicz's findings and will let you, dear readers, follow her fascinating trail for yourselves.

In "Woolf and Zitkala-Ša: Subjectivity and Nationalism," Amy Foley finds important commonalities and differences in the works of Woolf and her Indigenous female contemporary, Yankton-Sioux writer and activist Zitkala-Ša. Both Woolf and Zitkala-Ša strive in their writings to enable the marginalized, such as women and Native Americans, to establish a voice, reflecting on how such peoples might join—or not—in their respective country's policies and programs. Zitkala-Ša's "encouragement of tribal participation in American economy, military, social life, and contemporaneous assimilative movements can be understood," Foley writes, "as a genuine embrace of American thinking and also as the surest way for American Indians at the time to preserve their identities within tribal life." Conversely, "Woolf adamantly opposes all nationalisms as contributors

to imperialism and fascism; she proposes how we are made subject by our participation in war and nationalism.” Foley cites today’s Dakota Access Pipeline controversy as a touchstone for her discussion of Woolf, Zitkala-Ša, and effective means of achieving sovereignty.

Vara Neverow explores Leonard Woolf’s first novel, *The Village in the Jungle*, in which Woolf, a self-described anti-imperialist, draws upon his experiences as a British civil servant in Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) to depict the lives of the rural Sinhalese. In “The Politics of Animals in the Forest: Leonard Woolf’s *The Village in the Jungle*,” Neverow specifically analyzes “the intricate connections Woolf depicts between and among the human and non-human animals in the setting of the ever-present, ever-encroaching forest.” After tracing the novel’s complex critical reception over the years among Sri Lankan and English readers, Neverow explains how its main character, Silindu, obtains greater depth as a character upon telling his young twin daughters a story of animal-human understanding and reciprocity amid the “realities of life and death” in the jungle. Silindu’s animal-like characteristics render him an outcast among the villagers, and his daughters’ own profound connections with the animal world end unhappily as well. Yet, Neverow writes, “These interactions between human and non-human animals provide a profound—indeed mystical—connection with other species that are meaningful and complete in ways that interactions with other humans are not.”

My own essay, “Violence Against Women and the Land in Woolf’s *Between the Acts* and Erdrich’s *The Round House*,” adapts tenets of ecofeminism to “reveal how hegemonic concepts of land use and ownership engender the violation of women.” *Between the Acts* threads together scenes of brutality against women and the land, most notably in Isa Oliver’s reading in the *Times* of a teenaged girl’s gang-rape by English soldiers and her husband Giles’s senseless stomping to death of two animals in distress. At the same time, the novel affirms animal life as deeply entwined with human beings and the stream of English history portrayed in the pageant being performed on the grounds of the village manor house. Louise Erdrich’s *The Round House* tells of the rape of an Ojibwe woman by a white man and her family’s ordeal in seeking justice due to “laws prohibiting Native Americans from prosecuting non-Natives for crimes committed on reservation land.” Thus “the coalescing of misogyny and U. S. governmental land manipulation constitutes grievous social and environmental injustice for Native peoples.” Both novels “extol the interconnectedness of all life forms and the land we should respect and share together.”

Last, but certainly not least, Sandra Inskip-Fox’s poem, “Space Consumes Me,” evokes a worldview emphasizing circularity rather than linearity, a fluid continuum rather than fixity, egalitarianism as opposed to hierarchy, and the connections among all life forms and experiences—in short, Indigenous and Woolfian modes of being. I hope you all enjoy this special issue on Woolf and Indigenous literatures.

Kristin Czarnecki
Georgetown College

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Many thanks to the International Virginia Woolf Society for its generous and continuing support of the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*.



Be sure to follow Paula Maggio’s ***Blogging Woolf*** for up-to-date information about all things Woolfian including information about upcoming Woolf conferences and recent publications from Cecil Woolf Publishers.
bloggingwoolf.wordpress.com



MLA 2019
Chicago
January 3-6, 2019

Guaranteed IVWS Panel
Night and Day at 100

Organizer and Chair: Mary Wilson, U of Mass Dartmouth

Mary Jean Corbett, Miami U of Ohio:
“Feminist Generations in *Night and Day*”

John Young, Marshall U:
“‘that vagulous phosphoresence’: Mrs Hilbery in *Mrs. Dalloway*”

Moyang Li, Rutgers U:
“Katherine as Mathematician in *Night and Day*”

Mary Wilson, U of Mass Dartmouth:
“The Place of *Night and Day*”

**2018 LOUISVILLE CONFERENCE
ON LITERATURE AND CULTURE SINCE 1900**
International Virginia Woolf Society Panel

Thursday, February 22, 2018
3:15 PM – 4:45 PM

Presenters:

Cecilia Servatius, Karl Franzens University of Graz
“The Skull Beneath the Shawl: Tracing Spatial Metaphors of Repression
through Woolf’s Novels”

Grace Brown, Belmont University
“Lily Briscoe and Queer Identity”

Melissa Johnson, Illinois State University
“The Weight of Centuries: Dawn Roe and Virginia Woolf”

LOUISVILLE CONFERENCE 2019—CALL FOR PAPERS

The International Virginia Woolf Society is pleased to host its nineteenth consecutive panel at the university of Louisville Conference on Literature and Culture since 1900, from February 21 to 23, 2019. We invite proposals for critical papers on any topic concerning Woolf Studies. A particular panel theme may be chosen depending on the proposals received.

Please submit by email a cover page with your name, email address, mailing address, phone number, professional affiliation (if any), and the title of your paper, and a second anonymous page containing a 250-word paper proposal to Kristin Czarnecki, kristin_czarnecki@georgetowncollege.edu, by Monday, August 27, 2018

PANEL SELECTION COMMITTEE:

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Virginia Woolf and Social Justice

29th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf

Mount St. Joseph
University,
Cincinnati, Ohio
June 6-9, 2019

For information, contact
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Drew.Shannon@msj.edu

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A project to scan and post all earlier issues of the *Miscellany* (still in progress) is also currently underway at:
virginiawoolfmiscellany.wordpress.com

If you need access to a specific article that is not available online at this point, please contact Vara Neverow at neverow1@southernct.edu

All issues to the present as well as those from Fall 1973-Fall 2002 are also available in digital format through EBSCOhost's Humanities International Complete and EBSCOhost's Literary Reference Center.

More recent issues are also available through through ProQuest Literature Online (LION) and Gale Group/Cengage.



THE IVWS & VWS ARCHIVE INFORMATION

<http://library.vicu.utoronto.ca/special/F51ivwoolfsocietyfonds.htm>
http://library.vicu.utoronto.ca/collections/special_collections/f51_intl_v_woolf_society/

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

Below is the finding aid for the IVWS archival materials:

<http://library.vicu.utoronto.ca/special/F51ivwoolfsocietyfilelist.htm>

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

With regard to such items as correspondence, memorabilia and photographs, contact the current Archival Liaison,

Karen Levenback,

either at kllevenback@att.net

or by surface mail:

Karen Levenback, Archival Liaison/IVWS Archive,
304 Philadelphia Avenue, Takoma Park, MD 20912.

How to Join

The International Virginia Woolf Society

<http://sites.utoronto.ca/IVWS/>

To join, update membership or donate to the International Virginia Woolf Society, you can use the PayPal feature available online at the IVWS website at
<http://sites.utoronto.ca/IVWS/how-to-joindonate.html>
(you can also download the membership form from the IVWS website and mail to the surface address provided).

Regular 12-month membership:

\$35

Student or part-time employed 12-month membership:

\$15

Regular five year membership:

\$130

Retiree five year membership:

\$60

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

The IVWS is now registered as a U.S. non-profit organization.
U.S. members' dues and donations are tax-deductible.



Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain Membership

http://www.virginiawoolfsociety.co.uk/vw_membership.htm

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

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

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

Subscriptions for the year ending 31 December 2017 are

£18 UK, £23 Europe and £26 outside of Europe;

Five-year memberships (five years for the price of four) beginning in 2017 are £72 UK, £92 Europe and £104 outside Europe.

We are always delighted to welcome new members. If you wish to join the VWSGB and pay in pounds sterling (whether by cheque or via PayPal), please write to or email

Stuart N. Clarke at Stuart.N.Clarke@btinternet.com for a membership form:

Membership Secretary

Fairhaven,

Charnleys Lane, Banks,

SOUTHPORT PR9 8HJ,

UK

For members paying in US dollars, please request a membership form by writing to or emailing

Professor Lolly Ockerstrom

ljsearose@gmail.com

Park University,

8700 NW River Park Drive,

English Department, Box 39

Parkville, MO 64152,

USA

If you are interested in details of student, five-year or life membership, please write (as above) or email the

Membership Secretary, Stuart N. Clarke

Stuart.N.Clarke@btinternet.com



Société d'Études Woolfiennes

The Société d'Études Woolfiennes (SEW) is a French society which promotes the study of Virginia Woolf, the Bloomsbury Group and Modernism. It was founded in 1996 to develop Woolf studies in France and to create further links between French specialists and their counterparts abroad. It welcomes academics and students in the field of English and Comparative Literature who share a strong interest in the different aspects of Virginia Woolf's work (the canonical as well as the lesser known works).

Over the years, the SEW has aimed to create a rich working atmosphere that is both warm and generous to all involved, intellectually vibrant and challenging. We are keen to maintain this complementary association of academic poise and spontaneous enthusiasm, so that members, potential members and passing guests all feel welcome and valued.

The dedication of its founding members and more recent participants has enabled the SEW to make its mark in French academic circles, convening high quality international conferences every two years and publishing a selection of the proceedings in peer-reviewed journals, as well as organising more informal annual gatherings and workshops.

Since the foundation of the SEW in 1996, international conferences have focused on:

- "Métamorphose et récit dans l'œuvre de Woolf" (1997)
"Metamorphosis and narrative in Woolf's works"
- "Things in Woolf's works" (1999)
- "Le pur et l'impur" (2001)
"The pure and the impure"
- "Conversation in Woolf's works" (2003)
- "Woolf lectrice / Woolf critique" (2006 / 2008)
"Woolf as a reader / Woolf as a critic"
- "Contemporary Woolf" (2010)
- "Woolf among the Philosophers" (2012)
- "Outlandish Woolf" (2013)
- "Translating Woolf" (2015)
- "Quel roman! Photography and Modernism's Novel Genealogies, Virginia Woolf to Roland Barthes" (2016)
- Virginia Woolf, Still Life and Transformation (2018)

Information concerning past and forthcoming conferences and publications is available on our website: <http://etudes-woolfiennes.org>.

We would be very pleased to welcome new members. If you wish to join the SEW, please fill in the membership form available on our website ("adhérer") or send an email to claire.davison@univ-paris3.fr and marie.laniel@gmail.com, indicating your profession, address and research interests.

The annual subscription is 25€ (15€ for students).

Cheques made out to SEW should be sent to:
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If you wish to join the SEW's mailing list, please send an email to marie.laniel@gmail.com.



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

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

CFPs

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

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Guidelines for Submissions

*Submissions should be no longer than 2500 words at maximum and shorter articles are strongly preferred. Articles should be submitted electronically, in .doc or .docx MS Word format and in compliance with the style of the 6th edition of the *MLA Handbook* (neither the 7th edition published in 2009 or the 8th edition published in 2016). For a copy of the current **Miscellany** style guide, please contact Vara Neverow at neverowv1@southernct.edu. Editorial note: While previously published work may be submitted for consideration, the original publication must be acknowledged at the time of submission (see above).*

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The Three Guineas Reading Notebooks Online:

<http://woolf-center.southernct.edu>

Contact Vara Neverow neverowv1@southernct.edu for more information about the site.

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

Blogs:

Visit Paula Maggio's "Blogging Woolf" at bloggingwoolf.wordpress.com/ for a broad range of valuable information such as key Woolfian resources, current and upcoming events, and an archive of Woolfian doings now past.

Anne Fernald says she is "writing from a kitchen table of my own on the Jersey side of the Hudson." Contact information: fernham [at] gmail [dot] com. The blog is located at <https://anne-fernaldd.squarespace.com/home/>.

Scholarly Resources:

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

E-books:

The majority of Virginia Woolf's novels as well as many of her short stories and the complete texts of *A Room of One's Own* and *Three Guineas* can be read online at <http://ebooks.adelaide.edu.au/w/woolf/virginia/>.

Woolfian Google Alerts:

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

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The VWListserv is open to one and all. To join the VWListserv, please go to the IVWS home page <http://sites.utoronto.ca/IVWS/> and click on the VWListserv link in the left column. Then, follow the instructions.



A Brief Overview of Resources for Woolfians

The *Virginia Woolf Miscellany* is an independent publication, which has been sponsored by Southern Connecticut State University since 2003. Founded in 1973 by J. J. Wilson, the publication was hosted by Sonoma State University for 30 years. The publication has always received financial support from the International Virginia Woolf Society. Issues from Spring 2003 (issue 63) to the present are available in a PDF format at <https://virginiawoolfmiscellany.wordpress.com>. A number of earlier issues from Fall 1973, Issue 1 to Fall 2002, Issue 61 are also available on this site. For access to an issue that has not yet been posted, please contact Vara Neverow at neverowv1@southernct.edu.

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

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

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

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

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

The Selected Papers from the Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf 2001-2013 (excluding 2004) were published by Clemson University Press (formerly Clemson University Digital Press) under the auspices of Wayne Chapman. Liverpool University Press now oversees the publication of the essays from the conference that are selected. The editors of the volumes vary from year to year. The electronic version of the Selected Works published by Clemson are available in downloadable PDF format online at http://tigerprints.clemson.edu/cudp_woolf/ and *Selected Works* from the 2002 and 2004 Woolf conferences are available to view at the Woolf Center at Southern Connecticut State University: <http://woolf-center.southernct.edu>.

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



CALLS FOR PAPERS FOR SPECIAL TOPICS IN FUTURE ISSUES

OF

THE

VIRGINIA WOOLF MISCELLANY

CFP: *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*

Issue #95 Spring 2019

SUBMISSIONS DUE: 30 SEPTEMBER 2018

SPECIAL TOPIC:

COLLECTING VIRGINIA WOOLF

GUEST EDITOR: CATHERINE HOLLIS

Who collects Virginia Woolf and Hogarth Press books? When did the demand for and economic value of Woolf's and the Hogarth Press's books begin in the antiquarian book trade? Are Woolf and Hogarth Press books more or less desirable than other modernist first editions? What are the emotional, haptic, and educational values of early Woolf and Hogarth Press editions for scholars, students, and common readers? What do the book collections of Virginia and Leonard Woolf tell us about their lives as readers and writers?

The above paragraph reads as a more or less tradition CFP for the *Miscellany*. But I'd also like to propose a special section of the issue called "Our Bookshelves, Ourselves." This idea grows out of the conference paper I presented in June 2017 at the Woolf conference in Reading, and the initial conversation generated there. As "common book collectors," our book collections tell stories about our reading lives and also about our lives in the larger community of Woolf's readers and scholars. In fact, I would venture that a history of our bookshelves would begin to tell a history of the IVWS itself.

To this end, I want to specially request an article from Suzanne Bellamy documenting her book collection as a component of her friendship with Woolf collector Linda Langham. I have a few other people in mind who I may approach as well.

For "Our Bookshelves, Ourselves," it could be fun to have IVWS members submit "Shelfies," i.e. pictures of their Woolf / H.P. collections, possibly with themselves in the photo and/or brief descriptions of their collections. This more informal photographic project might work if I approach Paula Maggio about doing it as a series through her "Blogging Woolf."

Please send enquiries and submissions no longer than 2500 words by 30 September 2018 to Catherine W. Hollis at hollisc@berkeley.edu.

CFP: *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*

Issue #96, Fall 2019

SUBMISSIONS DUE: 1 MAY 2019

SPECIAL TOPIC:

READING, FAST AND SLOW:

CENTENNIAL MUSINGS ON THE EARLY NOVELS

GUEST EDITOR: REBECCA DUNCAN

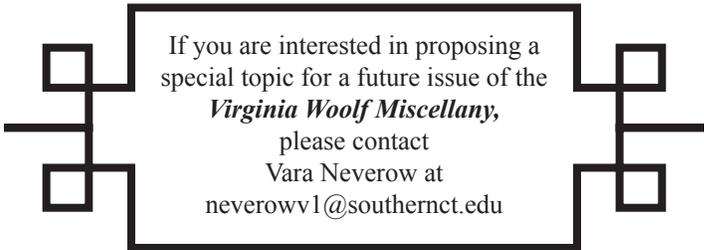
Centennial years for Woolf's novels began in 2015 with *The Voyage Out* and continue in 2019 with *Night and Day*. To consider the critical legacy and continued relevance of these early works, we can make an analogy of economist and Nobel laureate Daniel Kahneman's notion of fast vs. slow thinking (see *Thinking, Fast and Slow*. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2011). Fast thinking is intuitive, impressionistic, and dependent upon associative memory. Slow thinking is deliberate, precise, detailed, and logical.

Likewise, reading can be fast or slow. Fast reading of the early novels seems to hurry along to Woolf's more celebrated works, treating the former as prelude or practice in narrative art. Impressions, including early reviews and Woolf's own reflections on her process or state of mind, may be limiting, or they may take us right to the heart of the work. Slow reading, in contrast, settles in and pursues a new approach, context, or dialogue and seeks to answer the question, "What have we missed?"

For its fall 2019 issue, the *Miscellany* invites fresh (fast or slow) readings of *The Voyage Out* and *Night and Day*, as well as Leonard Woolf's *The Wise Virgins* and *The Village in the Jungle*. Possibilities include perspectives of postmodern readers; dialogues with contemporary fiction; attention to happiness, pain, intimacy, disruption; narrative forms, historicist/contextual/generic dialogues—any approach that will encourage a contemplative re-reading

Submissions should be no longer than 2500 words; shorter articles are strongly preferred. Articles should be submitted electronically, in .doc or .docx MS Word format and in compliance with the style of the 8th edition of the *MLA Handbook*. For additional guidelines, please consult the Submissions policy published in any issue of the *Miscellany*.

Please send questions or submissions to Rebecca Duncan, guest editor and professor, English, Meredith College, Raleigh, NC: duncanr@meredith.edu. Deadline: 1 May 2019.

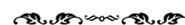


If you are interested in proposing a special topic for a future issue of the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*, please contact
Vara Neverow at
neverowv1@southernct.edu



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Recipient of the Third International Virginia Woolf Society
Angelica Garnett Undergraduate Prize Essay

HALLE MASON

*Halle Mason's 2017 paper was written during her senior year
at the University of St. Thomas in
Dr. Emily James's class, ENGL481: The Metropolitan Mind.*

A Modern Gothic: Septimus Smith Haunts the Streets of Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*

*At any moment, the sleeping army may stir itself and wake in us
a thousand violins and trumpets in response; the army of human
beings may rouse itself and assert all its oddities and sufferings and
sordidities.*

—Virginia Woolf, “Street Haunting”

Virginia Woolf's essay “Street Haunting” (1927) is typically looked at as a commentary on walking in the city. As the narrator wanders from paragraph to paragraph looking for a pencil, she dips in and out of civilian's minds as they move through the shared streets of London. In the quote above, Woolf constructs a new image, a dark image, of London as both a battlefield and graveyard, home to a “sleeping army” and its subsequent “sufferings and sordidities” (23). In a post-World War I world, Woolf found that the horrors of the everyday—the fear of a plane soaring overhead, the limp in the leg of a veteran hobbling down the street, the grieving widow suffering the loss of a husband—could fill the traditional gothic's place in society's literary appetite. The combination of city and war exacerbated all the ingredients of the traditional gothic, which include mystery, horror, death, and at times, romance—all themes we find in Woolf's 1925 novel *Mrs. Dalloway*. Society no longer needed fantastical gothic tales when ordinary lives were rife with the same type of fear and unknown.

The traditional gothic originated in the second half of the eighteenth century and achieved much success in the nineteenth. Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* (1744) is considered the “first Gothic novel,” telling the story of Manfred, lord of the castle, and his family. *The Castle of Otranto* begins on the wedding day of Manfred's sickly son Conrad and the princess Isabella; however, soon before the ceremony, Conrad is mysteriously crushed to death by a gigantic helmet that falls from above. Walpole's novel is the first supernatural English novel, blending elements of realistic fiction with the supernatural and fantastical. Other famous gothic novels include Ann Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), Matthew Lewis's *The Monk* (1796), Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (1818), as well as works by Edgar Allen Poe. Many of the gothic's originators were English and, like Woolf, lived and worked in London at some point throughout their lives. Woolf herself was well versed in Victorian literature and poetry, particularly the work of Wordsworth, Keats, and Blake. It is likely Woolf devoured the works of many of the gothic novelists mentioned above. Her Cornwall diary (1905), known to some scholars as “The Ghost Diary,” explains that Woolf found creative sustenance in the dark, that “the dark [gave] her access to ‘the phantoms and spirits of substantial things’” (Lounsberry 86). A very gothic statement on Woolf's behalf, is it not? So perhaps it's no surprise to find a modern ghost meandering through the pages of *Mrs. Dalloway*.

In Woolf's 1928 introduction to her novel *Mrs. Dalloway*, she comments on the presence—or lack thereof—of her character Septimus Smith, claiming “that in the first version Septimus [...] had no existence” (Hagen 13). Septimus enlisted in the military and was a casualty of war.



**The International Virginia Woolf Society
announces the Fourth Annual
Angelica Garnett
Undergraduate Essay Prize**

The International Virginia Woolf Society is pleased to host the Fourth Annual Undergraduate Essay Competition in honor of Virginia Woolf and in memory of Angelica Garnett, writer, artist, and daughter of Woolf's sister, Vanessa Bell.

For this competition, essays can be on any topic pertaining to the writings of Virginia Woolf. Essays should be between 2,000 and 2,500 words in length, including notes and works cited, with an original title of the entrant's choosing. Essays will be judged by the officers of the International Virginia Woolf Society: Kristin Czarnecki, President; Ann Martin, Vice-President; Alice Keane, Secretary-Treasurer; and Drew Shannon, Historian-Bibliographer. The winner will receive \$200 and have the essay published in the subsequent issue of the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*.

Please send essays in the latest version of Word.

All entries must be received by June 4th 2018. To receive an entry form, please contact Kristin Czarnecki at kristin_czarnecki@georgetowncollege.edu



As Septimus retreats into the darker corners of his psyche, he becomes a shell of his former self—a ghost—who haunts the streets of London, disengaged and disheartened. A renowned modernist, Woolf reinvents elements of the traditional gothic novel—the horrors, the anxiety, the fear—to create a new sort of introspective haunting, focusing on how the culmination of war and the city can disorient what critical scholar Linda Dryden defines as our “beast from within” (32). As a modernist’s ghost, Septimus blurs the line between the spectral and corporeal, the sensational and modern, allowing Woolf to forge a new pathway for a modernist gothic novel and transforming her own idea of “street haunting.”

From a strictly physical perspective, London, where Woolf’s novel takes place, is, in fact, known as a city oozing with gothic undertones: “its dark recesses and narrow passageways were suggestive of lurking horrors. The city could be regarded as a haunted space” (Dryden 43). Of course, this has much to do with London’s own history. I am, of course, referring to London’s nineteenth-century night stalker, Jack the Ripper, the infamous serial killer who terrorized the Whitechapel district in London’s East End. From the eerie alleyways masking monsters to the shadows lurking around every corner, large metropolises become the perfect setting for terror. Linda Dryden, author of *The Modern Gothic and Literary Doubles*, claims:

Relocating the scene of horror to the metropolitan streets, the modern Gothic articulates a fear that civilization may not be an evolved form of being, but a superficial veneer beneath which lurks an essential, enduring animal self. (32)

On the surface, the “evolved form of being” is a modern-minded, metropolitan citizen, one who has become increasingly more calculating as time moves forward, as though the mundane tasks of practical life have “[transformed] the world into an arithmetical problem” (Simmel, 13). As German sociologist Georg Simmel points out, “with every crossing of the street, with every tempo and multiplicity of economic, occupational and social life,” the city provides ample psychological conditions to foster the modern, calculating mind (11-12). “Calculating” can have many harmless interpretations, but as our “superficial veneer” wears away and our “animal self” emerges, calculating takes on much more sinister connotations. Calculating to a mathematician is simply plugging more numbers into a machine; calculating to a serial killer like Jack the Ripper is seeking out the marginalized groups of society—like prostitutes—to ensure the lowest risk of incarceration; calculating to a shell shock-riddled veteran like Septimus Smith is gazing down at a river and imagining what it would be like to jump.

Suddenly he said, “Now we will kill ourselves,” when they [Septimus and Rezia] were standing by the river, and he looked at it with a look which she had seen in his eyes when a train went by, or an omnibus—a look as if something fascinated him; and she felt he was going from her and she caught him by the arm. (Woolf 66)

Septimus is calculating his own suicide, and from what we gather from his wife Rezia, this is not the first time he’s done so. Woolf’s use of the word “fascinate” in conjunction with Septimus’s planned suicide leaves the reader with the impression that he’s somewhat enchanted with the idea. Septimus impulsively considers suicide, as if he wants to try it to see what it’s like, not fully grasping the gravity and absolute finality of death. But he does so frequently, and it takes his wife’s touch to bring him from his fantasy back into reality. In fact, “fascinate” and “fantasy” are two words with a great deal in common. “Fascinate” stems from the Latin *fascināre* (to enchant), translating in English as “to affect by witchcraft or magic; to bewitch, enchant, lay under a spell” (“Fascinate”). Woolf integrates words associated with gothic themes—mystery, magic, fantasy—into her modernist works. By pairing the word “fascinate” with her character of Septimus, she supports his otherworldly, ghost-like persona. The fact that Septimus is “fascinated” (or *enchanted*) by the concept of suicide speaks to the despair of a man who

has nothing to lose because he is, for all intents and purposes, already dead.

[Septimus] could not feel.[...]’Beautiful!’ [Rezia] would murmur, nudging Septimus, that he might see. But beauty was behind a pane of glass. Even taste (Rezia liked ices, chocolates, sweet things) had no relish to him. He put down his cup on the little marble table. He looked at people outside; happy they seemed, collecting in the middle of the street, laughing, squabbling over nothing. But he could not taste, he could not feel. (Woolf 87-88)

Woolf provides her reader with a stark contrast by placing young, sweet Rezia in direct comparison with her bleak, detached husband, Septimus. Even Rezia’s tastes—her “ices, chocolates, sweet things”—reflect her personality, her youth, her vibrancy, whereas Septimus “could not feel.” As critic Benjamin Hagen reminds us, applying concepts from Jacques Derrida’s *Spectres of Marx*, “[Septimus] embodies the ‘logic of ghosts’; he ‘inhabits without residing’” (Hagen 13). Septimus is a psychological casualty of war—he has not lost his life but has lost his mind, making him a ghost with a body. Ghosts are traditionally unseen, witnessing life without the ability to partake, much as Septimus when he feels “beauty was behind a pane of glass.” A ghost is usually thought of as “the spirit, or immaterial part of a man, as distinct from the body or material part” (“Ghost”). Within this definition, I exclude any mention of death, because the modern ghost is more associated with a human’s spirit than the tangible life or living flesh; in Septimus’s case, it is his spirit, not his body, which is broken.

And it is not necessarily the city itself that has broken Septimus so, but war. Septimus is constantly reminded of this brokenness by the proximity with which he is confronted by everything he is not—“happy,” “laughing,” “squabbling over nothing.” He feels no connection to these fundamentally human feelings. Even more fundamental, he “could not taste, he could not feel.” According to critic Paul Saint-Amour in his essay “Perpetual Suspense,” a true gothic prompts the reader to inquire, “‘what is *that*?’—‘a question that returns us to the deixis of terror’” (Saint-Amour 96). By removing Septimus from war and placing him within the fast-paced confines of city-center London, Woolf transports him out of one deixis of terror and into another. When Septimus wanders the streets and witnesses the “people outside; happy,” he becomes hyperaware of his own *lack* of feeling—this is his own deixis of terror. Woolf adapted the mid-nineteenth-century sensation novel to focus on the concept of “perpetual suspense,” “which took gothic out of the elite precincts of the church, castle, and manor and grafted it into contemporary bourgeois interiors, fusing trauma with the quotidian” (Saint-Amour 96). Suspense is integral and indivisible from a gothic novel, whether it be modern or traditional, and the term “perpetual suspense” seems the most accurate way to summarize Septimus’s post-war life. War has taken his humanity and left him with nothing but ghosts:

But the branches parted. A man in grey was actually walking towards them. It was Evans! But no mud was on him; no wounds; he was not changed. I must tell the whole world, Septimus cried, raising his hand (as the dead man in the grey suit came nearer). (Woolf 70)

In this moment, we see a shift in Septimus’s typical demeanor—he is undoubtedly alive and experiencing very human emotions; crying in joy to see his dead friend, wanting to share the news with the “whole world.” This is a rare instance in which Septimus *wants* to actively engage with other civilians. Septimus’s survivor’s guilt conjures the image of Evans because it’s what Septimus wants to see. Woolf herself seemed fascinated with the psyche, claiming, “[f]or the moderns [...] the point of interest, lies very likely in the dark places of psychology” (Woolf qtd. in Saint-Amour 91). Septimus is so haunted by his past that he connects more with a figment of his imagination than he does his wife or physical surroundings. Woolf’s modern ghost is seeing an actual ghost, and the

irony that the person who arouses the most human qualities in Septimus is actually a ghost cannot be lost on Woolf's readers. This moment in which Septimus's subconscious briefly brings Evans back to life plays an integral role in the argument that *Mrs. Dalloway* is a modern gothic novel. A literal ghost—the most conventional, walking-through-walls type of ghost—haunts *Mrs. Dalloway's* pages, though it doesn't seem obvious to Septimus that Evans wasn't really there: "a man in grey was actually walking towards them." Pay attention to the word "actually." We could easily replace it with "physically," "literally," or "really." From the fact that "no mud was on him; no wounds," the reader can gather that Evans is not truly living in the present (even if Septimus himself can't). We as the readers witness Evans shift in from "a man in grey" to "the dead man in the grey suit," but because Woolf situates the "dead man" phrase inside a parenthesis, it is only clear that Evans is truly dead to us—not Septimus. Woolf guards this information inside parentheses to demonstrate the extent to which Septimus has lost his mind. We also know this is not the first time Septimus interacts with non-physical beings, either:

[Septimus] lay on the sofa and made [Rezia] hold his hand to prevent him from falling down, down, he cried, into the flames! and saw faces laughing at him, calling him horrible disgusting names, from the walls, and hands pointing round the screen. Yet they were quite alone. But he began to talk aloud, answering people, arguing, laughing, crying, getting very excited and making her write things down. Perfect nonsense it was; about death [...] (Woolf 67)

Septimus again sees ghosts, "faces laughing at him," even though he and Rezia "were quite alone." He again begins to actively engage with these traditional ghosts, "answering" them, "arguing, laughing, crying, getting very excited." We see the liveliest version of Septimus when he is encountering the dead, as if the thing he looks forward to the most is to be with the dead. This moment of "perfect nonsense" demonstrates the lingering effects of war on the psyche of soldiers. By placing Septimus in the heart of London, the reader is able to see the stark contrast between Woolf's ghost and ordinary civilians. Septimus's suicidal inclinations prompt the reader to wonder what exactly he was "making [Rezia] write" down. We know his thoughts were "about death," but his excitement, tears, and emphatic behavior almost lead the reader to wonder if these ghosts were giving him tips on death. Based on the fact that Septimus is most alive when contemplating death, we might not be far off.

At the very core of being a ghost is coexistence with the living world. Further, a ghost needs a reason for its existence—some unfinished business or haunting that still needs to occur. In this case, Septimus, Woolf's ghost, has a reason for existence. The ghost is to serve as a commentary on war as a concept. Paul K. Saint-Amour suggests that, as a pacifist herself, Woolf originally set out to "[adapt] the late gothic to the civilian's experiences of war" (97), a task she certainly accomplished, though she didn't stop there. She successfully portrayed the veteran's experience of war as well—the survivor's guilt, the psychological distress, the suicidal inclinations. When, like Septimus, these distraught men returned from war, it was as if society wanted to close the doors on what had just occurred, sweeping the losses under the rug and casting white linen sheets over the remaining psychological casualties, as if boarding up an old Victorian house for the next season. War kicked up problems and dust that society now wanted to allow to settle, to forget. Woolf simply cut two holes out of Septimus's sheet and gave her ghost—war's ghost—a chance to tell his story.

Halle Mason
University of St. Thomas, 2017

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Special Topic Issue 92



Woolf and Indigenous Literatures



edited by
Kristin Czarnecki

Weaving Tapestries of Sexuality and Race in Woolf's *Orlando* and Alexie's *Flight*

"So every day she wove on the great loom—
But every night by torchlight she unwove it"

—Homer

On the looms of history, Virginia Woolf's *Orlando* (1928) and Sherman Alexie's *Flight* (2007) interweave strands of gendered and racialized identities. Their protagonists experience embodied changes in friction with the social constraints of history. Much of *Orlando's* recent scholarship considers Woolf's challenge to a fixed relationship between sex and gender (Cervetti; Channing; Craps; Daileader). Christy Burns presents an apt review of these critical debates in a metaphor of weaving to explore the tensions between a search for "the single thread that ties together personal identity" and Woolf's parody of the same concept (342). The "contrary strands" Burns finds woven into *Orlando* form variegated yarns which make visible patterns of gender, sex, and sexuality (347). I weave race into this conversation with *Flight*, a text revealing in both its convergence with and divergence from *Orlando*. Critics of both Woolf and Alexie, in their separate spheres of scholarship, generally acknowledge the novelists' resistance to the binaries of female/

male and woman/man in Woolf's work and the Indian/white binary in Alexie's. Reading Woolf and Alexie together to alternately weave and unweave these concepts of identity, I extend Burns' metaphor to reveal the ways in which race interweaves with sexuality, strung on a loom of history.

Woolf introduces her protagonist, a sixteen-year-old boy, Orlando, in Elizabethan England. Over the course of three centuries of English history, Orlando ages only another 20 years. As kings and queens take the throne and die, Woolf's narrator recounts Orlando's love affairs with men and women, service as ambassador to Constantinople, and miraculous transformation into a female at the age of 30.

In Woolf's novel, Orlando inhabits male and female bodies, fluidly enacting gender (Channing 12), but these changes remain tied to a more fixed racial identity that becomes evident soon after Orlando's transformation in Constantinople. Briefly adopting the gypsies' clothes and mindset by putting on "the Turkish coats and trousers which can be worn indifferently by either sex," Orlando's newly female body certainly challenges an essential link between sex and gender (Woolf 139). But a closer look at the interwoven identities shows that the Turkish costume change sufficient for Orlando to unfix gender identity strains to accommodate a comparable racial fluidity. The narrator justifies Orlando's stay with the gypsies pointing to "dark hair and complexion... [that] bore out the belief that she was, by birth, one of them" (Woolf 141), seeming to show Orlando's "racial and sexual chameleonism" (Daileader 65). Yet this belief turns out to be as temporary as the concomitant clothing; Orlando barely escapes murder at the hands of the gypsies whose "honor, they said, demanded it, for she did not think as they did" (151).

Leaving the gypsies, Orlando changes her costume once again. She contrasts "the coil of skirts" with the freedom of the Turkish pants worn by both men and women. Orlando and the narrator focus on her new gender identity, glossing over her racial identity. The results of Orlando's altered clothing reveal an identity entangled with essentialized race; "the penalties and privileges of her position" have as much to do with resuming an English identity again as donning women's clothing (Woolf 153). Where Celia Daileader calls attention to "the novel's anti-essentialism with regard to *all* aspects of identity" (68), I seek a more nuanced understanding of the fabric of identity that stretches between social convention and history on a firmly knotted concept of race that comes into greater relief when read with Alexie's *Flight*.

Woolf's ridicule of convention inclines more toward the grotesque than comic where sexual and gender identities collide with race and often produces an unrest that portends "ruin and death" (57). Violence textures this parody of patriarchal imperialism from the first glimpse of Orlando "slicing at the head of a Moor" (Woolf 13), an image which allies the masculine-gendered Orlando with the violence of colonialism (Daileader 58). But Woolf returns repeatedly to this image of the disembodied head, so the violence seems enacted not only on the racialized other but also Orlando himself. When the Queen imagines Orlando's "tender flesh torn and that curly head rolled in the dust" (25), he escapes the danger of a foreign war commission only by burying his face in her skirts. Orlando avoids rather than confronts the echoes of racial conflict which would lead to his own decapitation by placing his face in her lap, an act imbued with sexual connotations.

Race and sex interweave in Orlando's sixteenth-century relationship with Sasha. Loved by Orlando for her androgyny and often disparaged as a "Cossack woman," Sasha briefly "turns white" in her angry response to Orlando's accusation of infidelity (Woolf 52). Sasha's racial shift is not long tolerated; Orlando soon dehumanizes her for animalistic tallowing (52). In a moment that parallels the Queen's imagination of his death, Orlando watches a performance of *Othello* and feels as if "the frenzy of the Moor seems to him his own frenzy, and... it was Sasha he killed with his own hands" (57). Sasha's racial ambiguity also inspires

Orlando to reverse *Othello*'s romantic and racial relationship. Where Burns focuses on sex, gender, and sexuality and argues the novel's parodic nature "implements the very concept that is being distorted and undone" (343), we might also apply this lens of parody to interpret the violence arising where sexuality and race interweave. While these moments seem to parody a fixed definition of race, the extent to which Woolf uses the technique to similarly distance herself from such violent tensions is more difficult to discern.

Woolf, like master weaver Theo Moorman, "inlay[s] a number of fine threads" of identity and brings into relief the contrasting effects of identity performances "so that the pattern areas"—sexuality, race, imperialism, and brutality—"begin to overlap, new subtleties of color and value emerge" (Moorman 31). Woolf's narrator and Orlando treat sexual fluidity with good humor, but the serious consequences of racial ambiguity simultaneously satirize the entanglement of body and race and reify imperialist racism.

I trace those same threads of gendered, sexual, and racialized identity inlaid with parody in Alexie's novel, which seems to undo the fixedness of race even as it reweaves gendered and sexual identities. Where Orlando's identity seems finely woven, fluidly transitioning through genders and history, *Flight*'s narrator Zits abruptly jumps across non-sequential places, bodies, and times in two centuries of American history. But as two sides of the same tapestry, together the novels expose tensions between self-determination and historical context and suggest these identities must, like the threads of the warp woven invisibly in a tapestry, be "able to withstand great tension when stretched on the loom" (Regensteiner 41). Woolf presents race and colonialism threaded across a fixed binary on which to weave a complicated view of gender, and Alexie foregrounds race and colonialism upon more fixed but less finely textured strands of gender and sexuality.

Invoking Melville's Ishmael, Alexie's protagonist tells readers, "Call me Zits" (1). Zits is a biracial teenage boy whose addicted Native American father abandoned him on the day he was born and whose Irish mother died when he was only six. After fleeing one of a long series of foster home placements and ending up in jail, Zits meets a young white boy, Justice, who teaches him about Native American history and Wovoka's nineteenth-century Ghost Dance ceremony to "bring back all the dead Indians" (Alexie 31). After their release from jail, the boys perform their own Ghost Dance ceremony to bring back Zits' parents: Zits enters a bank with a rifle and paintball gun, shoots several people, and is shot by a security guard. His death marks the beginning of his travel through five bodies and time periods in American history.

Zits' willingness to perform the violent ceremony is in response to imagining himself as "a blank sky, a human solar eclipse" and his determination to fabricate his incomplete racial identity (Alexie 5). "Everything I know about Indians," says Zits before his Ghost Dance, "I've learned from television" (Alexie 12). Based on the media representations of indigeneity, he thinks he understands "how real Indians used to live and how they're supposed to live now" (12). But he does not know; his parents "aren't here and haven't been for years," and he is "not really Irish *or* Indian" (5). Together, Zits' biracial identity and media constructions of indigeneity problematize fixed racial identities, but he will not begin to understand this and his own tangled identity until he undertakes the ceremony which precipitates his travel through other bodies and their memories. Whereas Orlando fights for recognition of her embodied sex and gender, Zits battles for control of the alternately colonizing and colonized bodies he inhabits as he confronts race and colonialism in U. S. history. Travelling first to the 1970s, Zits has physical control but no access to the memories of the white FBI agent whose body he inhabits. Zits is shocked to discover that the Indigenous Rights Now activists he had admired were colluding with the FBI to commit murder, and he is coerced into shooting another young indigenous man himself. In the body of a young indigenous boy living during the 1800s, Zits questions if he is "only feeling the old-time Indian

kid's need for revenge," his own need, or if he's "feeling both needs for revenge" (Alexie 76). But such empathetic feelings are replaced by a battle for physical control in the body of an aging U. S. cavalry soldier whom Zits fears "might reclaim his body and drown me in his blood" (86). In his Indian father's body, Zits "crash[es] through his fortifications and rampage[s] into his memory" (152). Despite his desires to stop the bloodshed from both sides, Zits fails to prevent violent outcomes for those with whom he interacts and the bodies he inhabits. Alexie reads the unseated concept of race not wholly liberating as Zits learns both indigenous and whites deserve blame for the brutality but can do nothing to change their shared histories.

To ease the strains of racial ambiguity, Zits seems to think in hyper-masculine ways that manifest an obsession with the genitalia of each body he inhabits. Zits is pleased to be "a big guy in all sorts of ways" in the body of FBI agent Hank (Alexie 41), confirms the lack of underwear beneath a young indigenous boy's loin cloth, and laments the color of the U. S. cavalry soldier Gus' pubic hair. While Johnson reads this "crude humor" as a manifestation "reminiscent of Coyote" (358), a trickster figure often invoked in North American indigenous storytelling, we must also remember the danger such a "shifty, resourceful" (Johnson 349) figure presents. After the battle of Little Big Horn, when he observes from the body of the young indigenous boy a grandmother amputating a dead soldier's penis and worries the soldier will "be naked and ashamed in the afterlife" (73), Zits' humorous anxiety becomes an ominously violent site of racial conflict. He seems to cope with his undefined racial identity by fixating on his male genitalia, but this witnessed event threatens to sever even this single unifying thread of his sexual identity.

A masculinity interwoven with a sexist, patriarchal conceptualization of each woman he encounters as either a mother figure or sex object counters these threats to his masculinity. Zits remembers one teacher who seems to embody both sides of the mother/sex object dichotomy simultaneously: Sue, who "smelled exactly like Campbell's vegetable soup" and "might be the sexiest thing in the world" (Alexie 63). Though Alexie hints at parody with Zits' admission that it is "hormonal to say" such things (72), Zits reduces the women in his experiences to these essential identities as if to stem the unraveling of his own. In unwinding colonialist relations between Indians and whites, *Flight*, even in its tongue-in-cheek narration, reifies normative views of sex, gender and desire.

The consequences of Zits' deconstructed racial identity remain ambiguous in the novel's final chapter. Alexie arranges an ending "with some sense of hope" (Interview). Indeed, many read Zits' proclamation of his "real name, Michael" as a wholesome conclusion, which Lydia Cooper contends "must be understood in terms of his ability to constitute his own identity over against [sic] the imposed identities he has 'worn' throughout the novel" (139; see also Coulombe; Johnson). When Zits returns to the present, he finds himself at the bank in the moments before he began shooting. With this second chance, he leaves and surrenders himself to Dave, a white police officer he knows well.

Zits later finds a permanent home in the family of Dave's brother, but his new place in the white family is not without complications, nor is the hope Alexie wants Zits to find without significant costs. Zits feels "handcuffed" by the social workers who escort him to that home where he anticipates being "under close supervision" (174), and the reader is reminded of Zits' father, who was abused by his own father as a young man and "who... knows the punishment will only end if he submits" (155). This conclusion may be an act of reconciliation in that Zits has renounced the violence of his ceremony, but it may also be a submission to the "coercive power" of colonialism (Boland 87). The ambiguity of Zits' fate is most salient in his foster mother's admonishment regarding his acne: "your skin—we need to start working on your skin" (179). Some, like Joseph L. Coulombe, read the clearing away of Zits' "dead skin" as redemptive (Alexie 179). But if acne marks his "'authentic' Indian identity" (Boland 86), Zits capitulates to whitewashing and

renounces his indigeneity. His racial fate remains unfixed in ways that may both empower his escape from a cycle of violence and erase his identity.

Ultimately, both Woolf and Alexie appear unable to go beyond some aspect of their protagonists' embodied experiences except in deepest satire. Orlando inhabits one body of fluid genders and feels "different times all ticking in the mind at once" (Woolf 310); Zits jumps between racialized bodies linked in their maleness and masculinity. The search for an essentialized thread of self, which "amalgamates and controls" all other possibilities, it seems, must fasten some part of the self to the human form (Woolf 310).

Woolf and Alexie's parodic approaches at times obscure the seriousness of essentializing body and identity. Fascination with violence, most prevalent in *Flight* and also present in *Orlando*, confirms the stakes of breaking away from these fixed identities. Both may be "aggressive in [their] direct confrontation with dominant forces" (Cervetti 174), but neither *Orlando* nor *Flight* fully resists essentializing some other reading of the body. As violence accompanies ambiguous racial identities, readers might be left with a sense of powerlessness in this search for transcendence and escape from imperialism, forced to confront the limits of their own racialized and gendered identities fixed by cultural and temporal contexts. Some essentializing thread knots both novel and self together; even as one unweaves gender *or* race, one seems to secure another.

Yet in these interwoven texts, where one seems the reverse of the other, another pattern of possibility emerges. Richard Tuttle affirms:

The great weaver is necessary, the one who has access to out-there and in-here. Tangible, she must understand the very thread she uses, avowing a huge need—and able to unify all but unfathomable complexity—cannot really unify and, in fact, should not. This is why some of the greatest weaving traditions agree, the master weavers are the ones who can weave the most space into their work. (ii)

Like Penelope's shroud, the joined tapestry of *Orlando* and *Flight* alternately weaves and unweaves gendered and racialized identities. In the ambiguity with which both novels conclude, raw edges remain. Weaving in these loose strands might hide the essentialized underlying threads of gendered and racialized binaries; leaving them open and unweaved exposes the intricacies and intersections between self and history. Neither Woolf nor Alexie wholly separate identity from the body, but like master weavers, they open space. Though the search for transcendent identities might be a "wild goose chase" (Woolf 329), a sense of unbound possibility also lingers.

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"where did she spring from?": Miss La Trobe's Colonial Connection

Miss La Trobe is one of the most enigmatic characters in *Between the Acts*. She is an outsider, an artist and an eccentric, and her dubious history leads people to ask:

Where did she spring from? With that name she wasn't presumably pure English. From the Channel Islands perhaps? Only her eyes and something about her always made Mrs. Bingham suspect that she had Russian blood in her. "Those deep-set eyes; that very square jaw" reminded her—not that she had been to Russia—of the Tartars. (71-72).

Critics have likewise been curious about Miss La Trobe and wondered about her more literal origins. Julia Briggs has suggested that she was based on Ellen Terry's daughter, Edith Craig, who directed pageants for the women's suffrage movement (384). Jane Marcus and Elicia Clements argue that Miss La Trobe is a representation of Ethel Smyth, a composer and close friend of Woolf's (21; 52). Susan Dick claims that Woolf used a combination of Craig and Smyth, stating that "some of her prickly character may have come from... Ethel Smyth, but almost certainly the principle model was Edith Craig" (xxiii). Miss La Trobe's character was likely formed from an amalgamation of influences, and it is easy to see the similarities between Smyth, Craig, and Woolf's portrayal of Miss La Trobe. However, these two women do not account for the origin of Miss La Trobe's unusual name.¹ It is possible that Woolf associated the name with an English family of French origin who rose to prominence in the nineteenth century. Three members of this family have entries in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the most famous being Charles La Trobe (1801-1875), an Australian governor and travel writer (see Lane-Poole).²

¹ Woolf originally named her Lillian Tracy, but had chosen Miss La Trobe by December of 1938.

² Editor's note: The full entry can be viewed via Wikisource at [https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Latrobe,_Charles_Joseph_\(DNB00\)](https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Latrobe,_Charles_Joseph_(DNB00)).

Woolf would have been more familiar with Charles La Trobe than she would have been with his father (Christian La Trobe) or brother (John La Trobe). In the first instance, Charles was an acquaintance of Leslie Stephen, and both men were founding members of the Alpine Club. Like Stephen, Charles had a love of mountain climbing and botany, and it was these interests that lay behind several of his published travelogues, including *The Alpenstock: Sketches of Swiss Scenery and Manners* (1825-6) and *The Pedestrian: A Summer's Ramble in the Tyrol* (1832). It was while writing *The Rambler in North America* (1835) that La Trobe met Washington Irving, and they spent six months travelling together. Irving describes La Trobe in *A Tour on the Prairies* (1835) as being "a citizen of the world" and "a man of a thousand occupations" (5).

In 1839 La Trobe was appointed as colonial governor of the Port Phillip District in New South Wales. When he arrived, the town was still being shaped out of a wilderness; tree stumps had yet to be removed from the streets, and the housing, sanitation, and infrastructure were basic. However, when he left in 1855, the district had obtained Separation and become the Colony of Victoria, the University of Melbourne was being established, and the Melbourne Botanic Gardens had been founded. This transformation of Port Phillip has been described as "the most successful achievement of its kind known to history" (Billis and Kenyon 268) and "a work of colonisation" that "has no parallel" (272).

La Trobe's success as a travel writer, his association with Leslie Stephen, and the fact that he was involved in a vast colonial enterprise provide a number of reasons why Woolf might have known about him. Yet it was what La Trobe did after he retired that is more likely to have brought him to her attention: he moved to Sussex. In 1875 he moved to the town of Litlington near Eastbourne, and when he died two years later he was buried at the local church, St Michael the Archangel. The village was six miles from Woolf's home in Rodmell, and she almost certainly walked through it during the many years that she lived in the area.³ The church was (and still is) one of the largest buildings in the village, and La Trobe's headstone is one of the most prominent in the graveyard. The headstone still stands today, and it reads: "here rests the body of Charles Joseph La Trobe, first lieutenant governor of the colony of Victoria, Australia, who died at Clapham House in this parish, 4th December 1876, aged 71. Your eyes will see the King in his beauty; Isaiah 33:17." The headstone highlights La Trobe's role as a colonial governor, as does the passage from Isaiah. When quoted in full the passage states: "Your eyes will see the King in his beauty, / They will behold a far distant land." The most compelling evidence for Woolf having seen the headstone lies in the name that is etched onto it. Throughout his lifetime Charles's second name had been written variously as Latrobe, LaTrobe or La Trobe. In the *Dictionary of National Biography* it had been written as Latrobe, and British newspapers also favoured the compound form.⁴ The gravestone was one of the few places where Woolf could have seen the name La Trobe written as two words, a spelling replicated in *Between the Acts*.

Woolf had tried finding names for her characters using headstones in the past. While she was writing *The Voyage Out* in 1908, she tried searching graveyards to find a name for the character that would later be named Rachel Vinrace.⁵ Since this was a method that she used for her first novel, it may well have been the one she used for her last. The churchyard where La Trobe had been buried was also less than a mile from Berwick Church in Alfriston, where, in 1941, Vanessa Bell had been commissioned to paint a number of murals with Duncan Grant.

³ During the period when Woolf chose La Trobe's name, she was making regular visits to Helen Anrep, who had been renting a farmhouse less than four miles from Litlington.

⁴ For example, in an article titled "The Colonies" in *The Era*, 26 April 1840, he is referred to as "his Honour Charles Joseph Latrobe," and in "An Important Appointment Now Awaits the Decision of the Crown" from the *Morning Post*, 18 October 1853, an article notes that the Crown will need to find "a successor to Mr. Latrobe."

⁵ Writing to Clive Bell on 9 August 1908 she states: "I look on the tombstones for a name for Cynthia, and found one lady called 'Trideswide'" (*Letters* 1 345).

While Woolf was writing *Between the Acts*, Vanessa was securing the commission and visiting the church. It is notable that, like the artist Stanley Spencer's work, Vanessa Bell's religious tableaux featured local men and women. This use of local characters to depict scenes of symbolic importance bears some relationship to the use of amateur actors in a pageant play. Pageants were often performed by amateur actors and chiefly concerned the history of the area where they lived. If Woolf had deliberately referenced Charles La Trobe in her novel, then she would have been alluding to both regional and national history while also giving a local figure a subtle cameo.

If Woolf linked the name "La Trobe" with Charles, then it is possible that she used his name deliberately in *Between the Acts*. However, this begs the obvious question of why Woolf would name her fictional playwright after a superintendent of an Australian colony. The answer to this lies in the fact that Miss La Trobe creates a pageant about Englishness. Jed Esty has persuasively argued that the revival of the pageant form in the 1930s was an attempt to "re-establish England's insular contours in the face of British decline" (61). Consequently, these pageants often conveyed a "doughtily cohesive version of national identity" (55). While the play in *Between the Acts* is not necessarily nationalistic, it certainly attempts to depict the sum of one nation's culture and history. Fields, streets, and parks are all represented on the same soil, as are numerous periods in time and different facets of society. The play itself refers to the process of physically shaping the landscape and imbuing it with cultural meaning. The advancement of civilization is depicted in terms of building on, cutting through, or otherwise marking the land. This is typified by the interludes, where the passage of time is symbolized by this process:

Cutting the roads...up to the hill top...we climbed, [...] Dug ourselves in to the hill top... Ground roots between stones...Ground corn...till we too...lay under g - r - o - u - n - d.... (96)

The acts of cutting, digging, and grinding reflect the cultural changes that are shown between the interludes. As the environment is shaped, an ideology is created. As Mr. Budge states, the "*laws of God and Man*" extend across the seas: "*black men; white men; sailors; soldiers; crossing the ocean; to proclaim her Empire; all of 'em Obey the Rule of my truncheon*" (189). Woolf's description of England's history is also an account of colonizing or civilizing space. Not only does she allude to the British Empire, but she also shows that Britain itself has been inscribed and contrived from a wilderness.

Miss La Trobe's desire to unify her audience and the manner in which she does so call to mind Benedict Anderson's definition of a nation as an imagined community. As Anderson states, the community "is *imagined* because the members of even the smallest nation will never know most of their fellow-members, meet them, or even hear of them, yet in the minds of each lives the image of their communion" (6). Miss La Trobe is responsible for creating a similar sense of connection. She is described as a witch who has the ability to summon new spaces: "she was not merely a twitcher of individual strings; she was one who seethes wandering bodies and floating voices in a cauldron, and makes rise up from its amorphous mass a re-created world" (180). Through Miss La Trobe's efforts, Woolf implies that creating a nation is a kind of art form—a blending of "wandering" and "floating" elements in order to conjure an entire world.

The political subtext of Miss La Trobe's artistic project explains why the pageant is described as a military operation. While she is waiting for the play to begin, she has the "look of a commander pacing his deck" (77). Woolf writes that "the leaning graceful trees with black bracelets circling the silver bark were distant about a ship's length. Wet would it be, or fine? Out came the sun; and, shading her eyes in the attitude proper to an admiral on his quarter-deck, she decided to risk the engagement out of doors" (77). In the matter of a few lines "she" becomes "he," the garden is likened to a ship, and the play is described as a military "engagement."

This masculine, martial side to La Trobe's character is reinforced shortly afterwards when Woolf describes "her abrupt manner and stocky figure; her thick ankles and sturdy shoes; her rapid decisions barked out in guttural accents" (78). All of this annoys the villagers, since "none liked to be ordered about singly. But in little troops they appealed to her. Someone must lead" (78). La Trobe's actors are rendered as "troops" and she treats them as such, barking instructions and giving them tasks. Woolf's depiction of La Trobe as a commander or admiral suggests the aggressive zeal with which she approaches her work, but it also alludes to the notion of conquering or exploring space.

While Miss La Trobe is described as an admiral, England itself is described as a ship that "sprung from the sea" and "whose billows [are] blown by [a] mighty storm" (95). Miss La Trobe is figured as guiding this ship in so far as she is representing it in her work. The image of her commanding a boat is repeated when the play is finished, and "from the earth green waters seemed to rise over her." She then "took her voyage away from the shore, and, raising her hand, fumbled for the latch of the iron entrance gate" (245-6). As she moves away from the stage and begins to forget the play, she finds that the landscape returns to a less malleable state. "It was strange" she thinks, "that the earth, with all those flowers incandescent—the lilies, the roses, and clumps of white flowers and bushes of burning green—should still be hard" (246). As darkness falls it disappears: "there was no longer a view—no Folly, no spire of Bolney Minster. It was land merely, no land in particular" (245-6). Without the performance, England vanishes. However, shortly afterwards La Trobe is struck by a new idea and imagines words rising out of the land:

The mud became fertile. Words rose above the intolerably laden dumb oxen plodding through the mud. Words without meaning—wonderful words. [...] There was the high ground at midnight; there the rock; and two scarcely perceptible figures. Suddenly the tree was pelted with starlings. She set down her glass. She heard the first words. (248)

It is as though the soil itself produces the words, ones which are initially "without meaning" but then arrange themselves to become the first lines of her new play. Earth and language combine in order to create a meaningful space—one which is a *place* rather than "land merely."

Through Miss La Trobe's efforts, Woolf suggests that nations are narratives; a matter of imposing significance onto a landscape. The fact that the play suffers from the limitations of the actors, unexpected interruptions, and an overly ambitious remit emphasizes the struggle and artifice involved in sustaining cultural narratives. Ultimately, the play challenges the notion that a unified nationalistic vision can ever be achieved. Miss La Trobe suggests as much herself in her epilogue to the play, when she asks the audience how "*civilisation, [is] to be built by [...] orts, scraps and fragments like ourselves?*" (219) Like Charles La Trobe, Miss La Trobe is tasked with creating a unified vision out of disparate elements, to generate what Woolf calls, a "re-created world."

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Woolf and Zitkala-Ša: Subjectivity and Nationalism

Oil now flows through the Dakota Access pipeline after the United States Supreme Court ruled in favor of continued construction (Meyer). Despite supporters' eagerness to justify the pipeline, one historical point remains: the Sioux claim that the land where the pipeline is installed was stolen from them by the U.S. government in the 1868 treaty, the same treaty overlooked by General Custer in 1874 when he confiscated the Black Hills to mine gold (“Dakota Pipeline”; Clark).¹ In the style of Virginia Woolf’s *A Room of One’s Own* and *Three Guineas*, I relate an immediate tangible experience in order to delineate, historicize, and philosophize a problem. The pipeline controversy can only be understood as a continuation of the U.S. government’s precedence of wardship towards American Indian² people, engaging a powerful interplay among economy, environmental ideology, and assimilation.³

In seeking conditions for environmental freedom and agency for the Sioux people, we may consult Zitkala-Ša for her rhetorical negotiations

¹ Lands rights and historical precedence favoring whites loom largely over the pipeline decision. David Archambault II, former chairman of the Standing Rock Sioux Tribe, cited the doctrine of discovery as a longstanding policy determining many indigenous land right disputes. Justice Ginsberg cited the doctrine in support of her ruling in 2005 to deny the Oneida Indian Nation of New York sovereignty over the land originally under Oneida governance in 1788 (Meyer; Cornell). Brian E. Brown foregrounds the cultural outlook among non-Indian Americans of land as property as a distinguishing feature in the history of land disputes.

² I use the term “American Indian” throughout in order to discuss Zitkala-Ša’s own broad application of subjugating principles to a unified group she refers to as the “Red Man,” “Indian,” or “First American.” Even though tribes were and are culturally heterogeneous, it is essential to understand the government’s frequent comprehension of American Indians as a homogeneous whole in relation to techniques of federal policy.

³ David E. Wilkins outlines the unique protectorate relationship between American Indians and the federal government. Since tribes are constitutionally defined as political groups and sovereign nations, not as racial groups predominantly, the federal government may exert its congressional “plenary power.” This power may exempt tribes from state legislature, but also facilitates a discrimination that denies its racial foundation (70).

between her tribe and dominant white American cultures⁴ and also Virginia Woolf for her contemporary writings on the conditions of subjectivity,⁵ which transcend national and temporal boundaries. Their respective politics in conversation illuminate how past American Indian economic and military contributions to the government, like those suggested by Zitkala-Ša, became nationalistic technologies⁶ for the subjugation of their contributors. In opposition to Zitkala-Ša’s encouragement of patriotism⁷ and participation in American citizenship as a way to advance Indian rights, Woolf argues against patriotism at all costs and foregrounds the values of global citizenship.

Woolf and Zitkala-Ša were contemporary writers and political thinkers with overlapping and related ideas about subjectivity. Woolf’s activism is mostly confined to her writing while Zitkala-Ša’s intellectual work also extended to her public life as an orator, teacher, and community organizer. Both were in avant-garde social circles. Woolf was a founding member of the Bloomsbury Group and Zitkala-Ša, herself racially mixed (her mother was Yankton Sioux; her father was white), associated with colleagues in Boston and Washington, D.C. in groups that featured other mixed-race artists, professionals, and political activists who were also of American Indian and white origins. I focus on Woolf’s and Zitkala-Ša’s non-fiction writings, which respectively attribute the subjection of women and American Indians to attitudes of wardship, the lack of personal property, bureaucratic machinery, and interdependent hegemonic institutions such as education. Their politics converge most significantly in their belief in women’s unique opportunity and responsibility to obtain group agency from within the system. Despite their related theoretical approaches to political subjectivity, they essentially diverge in regards to national ideology. While Zitkala-Ša views American nationalism, by way of economic and military support, as the primary way for Indians to obtain equality and freedom, Woolf adamantly opposes all nationalisms as contributors to imperialism and fascism; she characterizes our participation in war as part of a process by which we are made subjects.

Both Zitkala-Ša and Woolf view wardship similarly as a form of supremacy and the basis for the preconditions of slavery. Zitkala-Ša describes the wardship between whites and Indians in “America’s Indian Problem”: “The barbaric rule of might from which the paleface had fled hither for refuge caught up with him again, and in the melee the hospitable native suffered ‘legal disability.’ [...] our government inherited its legal victims, the American Indians, whom to this day we hold as wards and not as citizens of their own freedom loving

⁴ In 1919, Zitkala-Ša, editor of the *American Indian Magazine*, responds to a Senate resolution that the Ute tribe was using its grazing land inefficiently. She resolves that the government should use the two million dollars in the treasury belonging to the Utes to purchase more livestock so that the Utes might become more productive beef-suppliers (206). Zitkala-Ša’s urging for Utes to experience the “joy of active participation in an American enterprise” is characteristic of some early twentieth-century American Indians who believed their presence in the American economy and military would strengthen the country’s execution of democratic ideals.

⁵ In using the term “subjectivity” throughout, I refer to the parallel philosophies of Woolf and Michel Foucault as argued by Stephen Barber. In his essay “The Subject and Power,” Foucault describes a “form of power that makes individuals subject [...] that subjugates and makes subject to” (331). In this discussion, subjectivity is a process and set of practices by which the individual is subject to power.

⁶ Andrea Smith distinguishes between nationalism and sovereignty in her assertion that American Indian women challenge and complicate especially European definitions of feminism. Smith’s interviewees distinguish between nationalism and sovereignty in terms of “taking power” versus “making power,” saying that sovereignty means “none of us are free unless all of us are free” (130). The distinction between nationalism’s “replicating hierarchical structures” and inclusive empowerment is a tenet of Woolf’s thesis in *Three Guineas*.

⁷ Paul C. Rosier reviews attitudes of patriotism and resistance. He discusses how American Indian intellectuals and activists responding to international debates over land and democracy during WWII became a means of questioning and strengthening democratic ideals (53).

land” (155). She details the endemic protectorate imperial attitude, emblemized in the “Great White Father” image (176) and argues that, “Wardship is no substitute for American citizenship” (156). Zitkala-Ša categorizes state-run education for Indians as just one of many other paternalistic institutions. Like Woolf, Zitkala-Ša keenly renounces supremacy—in her case, that of the Euro-American accusation that the Ghost Dance⁸ is a sign of Indian savagery. In response, she relates the barbarism of European-style dances by describing the tight lacing of women’s corsets as “steel frames in which fair bodies are painfully corseted” (237). Woolf’s claims regarding patriarchy in *Three Guineas* can be compared to Zitkala-Ša’s arguments.⁹ Like Zitkala-Ša, she expresses the paternalism inherent in subjugation: “In a hundred years [...] women will have ceased to be the protected sex. [...] Remove that protection, expose them to the same exertions and activities [...] [a]nything may happen when womanhood has ceased to be a protected occupation” (*AROO* 40). Woolf also writes, “Make them soldiers and sailors and engine-drivers and dock labourers” (40), a view that Woolf would later exchange for pacifism and the belief that women must “join that procession” of public life but refuse integration into the activities of educated men, such as patriarchy and war (*TG* 6).

Both writers emphasize the essential role of economy and property as a means toward freedom and equality. Zitkala-Ša describes the government’s collection of Indian land and funds as another form of wardship and a way of perpetuating American Indians’ dependency. The Indian is a “ward of the United States. His property and funds are held in trust. [...] The legal status of the Indian and his property is the condition which makes it incumbent on the government to assume the obligation of protector” (244). For Zitkala-Ša, owning property is a way of preserving Indian values while still being an essential part of American democracy: “Indians are an out-of-doors people, and though we may become educated in the White man’s way and even acquire money, we cannot really be happy unless we have a small piece of this Out-of-Doors to enjoy as we please” (200). Woolf argues for similar conditions when she writes that a “woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction” (*AROO* 4). For Woolf, private property and funds would grant women intellectual agency, though not for the purpose of preserving, absorbing, or integrating feminine culture; instead, women’s entrance into public life would eventually transform the values of the world.¹⁰

⁸ Lakota seer and healer Nicholas Black Elk recounts the arrival of Jack Wilson (known as Wovoka) in 1889, who prophesized the end of the white man’s occupation if all tribes danced the Ghost Dance (178). In 1890, BIA agents forbade and tried to disband all Ghost Dances (191).

⁹ Stephen Barber cites this work and *The Years* as evidence of Woolf’s “turn to freedom” and as “spiritual exercises (on subjectivity)” (197). He defines Woolf’s “participation with the state” as “intuiting a relation of combination between the external and the internal[,] [...] the public and the private[,] [...] and of making of oneself one of those heterogeneous elements whose relation to the whole renders that whole—in *Three Guineas*, the state—variable” (204-205). Alex Zwerdling locates Woolf’s subject in the relationship between the private and public, explaining it as a product of the “interrelationship of the social forces at work” (5). Rebecca Schisler concludes that in Woolf’s work the “formation of the subject is [...] inseparable from both material nature and the constructed national” (18).

¹⁰ Julie Robin Solomon writes of the distinction between Woolf’s views of private space and funding between *A Room* and *Three Guineas*. Woolf encourages women to become equal with men by material means in *A Room*, in contrast with her endorsement of women as outsiders in *Three Guineas*; the two works are not oppositional, however. As Solomon suggests, in *Three Guineas* Woolf proposes that women “enter the male marketplace” as a means for the “subversion of patriarchal institutions” (341). Adopting the “outsider’s” perspective and reflecting British nationalism, the daughter of an educated man would say, “As a woman, I have no country. As a woman I want no country. As a woman my country is the whole world” (*TG* 129). In *Three Guineas*, Woolf proposes an entrance (96) into public life that includes the discernment of “intellectual harlotry” (112; 117) and the withholding of participation in any activity that does not promote democratic ideals (119).

Both thinkers use the word “machinery” to describe institutional and seemingly indomitable imperial systems (Zitkala-Ša 96, 160, 201; *AROO* 26). They persuasively narrate the unseen machinations of institutional slavery, describing how the habitus of oppressed groups sustain and contribute to that machinery. Indians hired as police, interpreters, janitors, and stablemen had the smallest government salaries, according to Zitkala-Ša: “The longer an Indian employee stayed in the Government service the deeper into debt he got. Yet since there is no employment by which ready money can be earned, they are tempted to try the Government jobs, thinking to get a few dollars thereby” (168-69). Government service for Zitkala-Ša is another hegemonic device to subdue Indians with American ideology while preventing any progress on their part. Woolf demonstrates throughout *Three Guineas* how women’s war efforts paradoxically strengthen patriarchy, explaining how marriage and war both secure women as wards and servants of collective movements that do not benefit them; these ends are most thoroughly achieved through education.

Woolf and Zitkala-Ša indicate the centrality of education to a dominant ideology. Woolf mocks the “perpetual admonition of the eternal pedagogue—write this, think that,” which is part of the paternalistic “voice which cannot let women alone” (*AROO* 75). Education produces competition, contributing to war, fascism, and imperialism (*TG* 42). While answering the question of how British education makes a woman in favor of war, Woolf qualifies how “consciously, it is obvious, she was forced to use whatever influence she possessed to bolster up the system which provided her with maids; with carriages; with fine clothes; with fine parties—it was by these means that she achieved marriage” (48). Woolf then describes women’s unconscious support of war, by which women became nurses during the war, worked in the fields, and validated the war effort among their men (49). She emphasizes the related competitive and patriarchal aims of the military and education with their “salaries and uniforms and ceremonies,” as well as impulses to “segregate and specialize” (43).

Zitkala-Ša first encountered white culture and Christianity at a Quaker boarding school for Indians in Indiana after being coerced from her South Dakota reservation home at the age of eight. She tells the reader that “I lost my spirit” when teachers forcibly cut her hair (91): “Our mothers had taught us that only unskilled warriors who were captured had their hair shingled by the enemy. Among our people, short hair was worn by mourners, and shingled hair by cowards!” (90). She refers to the “civilizing machine” of the “iron routine,” during which she “despised the pencils that moved automatically, and the one teaspoon which dealt out, from a large bottle, healing to a row of variously ailing Indian children” (97). For Zitkala-Ša, school was especially mechanistic in contrast to the natural education of the prairie. Woolf and Zitkala-Ša both envision a new education organized by the powerless. Zitkala-Ša writes that Indians need to create their own form of higher education in order to counteract secondary federal education (183); Woolf suggests building a “poor college” as a means of “combin[ing]” civilization (*TG* 43).

Finally, Woolf and Zitkala-Ša emphasize the vital role of women in building a free society. Though Woolf’s adherence to women’s intellectual and material equity is more prominent and essential to her greater concern for resisting fascism and imperialism, both Woolf and Zitkala-Ša suggest that only women have the power to affect subjectivity in their relations with men and the world. Zitkala-Ša writes that the “American Indian shall have his day in court through the help of the women of America” (156) and that the Indian woman must appear in public in order to teach public consciousness in the home (213). Woolf describes the daughters of educated men as “weaker than the women of the working class[,] [...] but they possess the greatest power of all; that is, the influence that they can exert upon educated men” (*TG* 16). Both writers see women’s roles as contributing to a greater world-wide democracy, evidenced in Woolf’s statement that women are citizens of the world and Zitkala-Ša’s proposal that we must prepare children “to

play, on the world stage [...] in solving the riddle of human redemption” (243).

Despite their many resonances, Woolf and Zitkala-Ša differ acutely on nationalism. Zitkala-Ša associates civilization and humanity with a universal and spiritualized “consciousness” (213-14); at the same time, she endorses the American nationalism of Indians, repeatedly citing Indian military service as evidence of their loyalty and desire for citizenship. After her death in 1938, Zitkala-Ša was buried in Arlington National Cemetery next to her husband, Raymond Bonnin, who was a captain in the U.S. Army during the First World War and also of white and Indian heritage like herself.¹¹ Zitkala-Ša is emphatic that the contributions of Indian soldiers in American warfare, particularly in World War One, entitle Indians to citizenship (182; 185; 188; 194).

Five thousand Indian men are in our army[;] [...] the Indian is in the front ranks of American patriotism. For absolute loyalty to the Stars and Stripes, the Indian has no peer. [...] This undaunted self-sacrifice of America’s aboriginal son challenges your patriotism and mine. The sterling quality of his devotion to America is his most inspiring gift to the world. (185-86).

As mentioned earlier, Indian citizenship hangs in the balance of these patriotic appeals. Her speeches and writings collectively demonstrate the rhetorical tightrope walk by which she would attempt to secure greater sovereignty for American Indians while criticizing the government and its interventions with tribal well-being.

For Woolf, nationalism contributes to war and implicitly impedes freedom. Woolf’s anti-nationalism is teleological and works toward the agency of all, not just women. Freedom is only possible if the oppressed group joins the public and also resists becoming imperialist. Women must not acquire money and power for the purpose of becoming like men; rather, they should obtain social equity for the advancement of all people together. “Any woman who enters any profession shall in no way hinder any other human being, whether man or woman, white or black... but shall do all in her power to help them,” she states (*TG* 81). We must “help all properly qualified people, of whatever sex, class or colour, to enter your profession” (*TG* 96).

We witness a shift in Zitkala-Ša’s thinking about Indian participation in the war during the four years between her 1918 call to arms and the following speech from 1922, whether or not a product of her biculturalism.¹²

According to what might be called Indian psychology, the recent World War, now closed, was a monumental attempt at suicide by the Caucasian race. Our Indian philosophy forbids suicide. It grieved me that in the past my people were ruthlessly slaughtered in the white man’s quest for gold. It grieved me no less that the white man’s greed for gold, for world power, now turned death dealing bombs and gases upon himself. So much did I admire the white man’s artistic talents and mechanical genius it was sad, indeed, to see his powers misused for self-destruction. (252-53)

Amidst Zitkala-Ša’s many pleas for American Indian cooperation with the government and encouragement of military support is a strong note of judgment and disappointment at the once-again unfulfilled ideals of American democracy. If we adopt the self-reflexive attitude of Zitkala-Ša, we realize that the Dakota pipeline debate transcends religious freedom and the ecological wellness of the Sioux people. The pipeline resolution denies Sioux sovereignty through their unwilling participation

¹¹ According to the Arlington Cemetery website, widows and widowers of service people have been eligible for burial at Arlington with their spouses since 1890.

¹² Tadeusz Lewandowski reviews criticism of Zitkala-Ša in the 1980s and 90s, generalizing that earlier readings of her work tended to be more assimilationist, whereas late 1990s interpretations were more bicultural. Ultimately, Lewandowski argues that Zitkala-Ša was a “forerunner of Red Power” [also known as the American Indian Movement (AIM)].

in the national economy. In the words of Zitkala-Ša, it is an America turned upon itself.

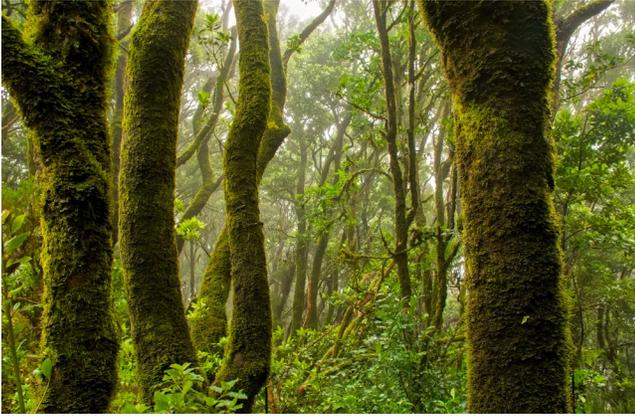
The two authors describe how war waged against others directly correlates with the crimes committed against members of one’s own nation. In their own separate allegories, Woolf and Zitkala-Ša recall being disturbed by an intruder while sitting by a river. In Zitkala-Ša’s story, a man with a pail and axe collects water from beneath the icy surface as she watches him, “unconscious” and “forgetful” of the river’s “dream” underneath (236-37). Woolf too, sitting on the riverbank at Oxford, tells of an intruder who submerged her “little fish into hiding” (*AROO* 6). Woolf and Zitkala-Ša’s stories make essential the role of the writer and critic in characterizing everyday violence in its incoherent and casual manifestations, the individual insensitive to and ignorant of a larger ecology, and our need for the one who watches the river. We might remember the Missouri River as it flows over the pipeline as well as the difference between wardship and stewardship.

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The Politics of the Animals in the Forest: Leonard Woolf's *The Village in the Jungle*

Leonard Woolf returned from Ceylon on leave in 1911, resigned from his position as a civil servant, and married Virginia Stephen in 1912. While Virginia was crafting *Melymbrosia*, the earliest draft of *The Voyage Out*, Leonard was working on his own first novel, *The Village in the Jungle*, a narrative imbued with his vivid and very recent recollections of Ceylon (now Sri Lanka). The novel was published in 1913 by Edward Arnold four years prior the launch of the Woolfs' Hogarth Press. In the novel, Leonard Woolf draws heavily on his own experiences as a British civil servant living and working in a colony and explores a range of topics including such factors as the living conditions of the people in villages, the mingling of cultural traditions, and the overarching influence of the British commercial policies and judicial systems, but this analysis will focus primarily on the intricate connections Woolf depicts between and among the human and non-human animals in the setting of the ever-present, ever-encroaching forest.

S. P. Rosenbaum in *Edwardian Bloomsbury* observes that "When Woolf returned to England he remained fascinated with the Sinhalese and their jungle villages" (423). Many decades later, Woolf, recalling his experiences as a civil servant, wrote in the second volume of his autobiography that in Ceylon he grew "more and more ambivalent, politically schizophrenic, and an anti-imperialist who enjoyed the fleshpots of imperialism, loved the subject peoples and their way of life, and knew from the inside how evil the system was beneath the surface for ordinary men and women" (Woolf, *Growing* 142). In the third volume of the autobiography, Woolf states explicitly that, in regard to the rural Sinhalese, "*The Village in the Jungle* was a novel in which I tried somehow or other vicariously to live their lives" (*Beginning Again* 47).

Such apparent empathy for the peoples of Sri Lanka is, of course, debatable, and there has been a sharp divide between the Sri Lankan and English readership of the novel over the decades as well as within the scholarly community, especially in Sri Lanka. Yasmine Gooneratne argues that "Leonard Woolf's novel holds a central place in the English literature of Ceylon as the first great (if not quite the first) work of creative art to emerge in modern times from the experience of local living" and notes that *Baddegama*, A. P. Gunaratna's 1947 translation of the novel into Sinhalese, published just a year prior to the end of British colonization, shows how closely Woolf evoked both the "popular idiom" and "the habitual rhythms of thought and expression" of the village people ("Leonard Woolf's 'Waste Land'" 33). Gooneratne also observes that Woolf's time in Ceylon was key to his understanding of Sinhalese culture: "it was to his post as A.G.A. of Hambantota that Woolf owed

the authenticity of character and incident, and the insight into motive that give his novel its solidity" ("Lone Woolf" 20). Sri Lankan Regi Siriwardena, a scholar, poet and activist, was so shocked when the obituary for Leonard Woolf published in the *New Statesman* in 1969 made no reference to *The Village in the Jungle* that he wrote to the editor in outrage. Siriwardena observes in the essay "Reassessment: Woolf and the Jungle Village" that "the neglect of Woolf's novel by English readers has always surprised me[...] [I]t was a novel unique in the English literature of the colonial era, since Woolf had succeeded in doing what none of his contemporaries, not even Kipling or Conrad or Forster¹ had attempted—to get inside the skins of Asian peasants" (253).

In her Introduction to the 2015 *Journal of Commonwealth Literature* issue devoted to the centenary of *The Village in the Jungle*, Elleke Boehmer reaffirms these insights, arguing that Woolf's novel "is probably one of the first in the English language to present the experience of colonization from the inside, and from below, that is, from the vantage point of its victims" (3), a work that "offers an unprecedented portrait, by a European, of the destructive impact of empire on a native community" (5). She also observes that, rather ironically, "Outside Sri Lanka, it was not until the rise of postcolonial historiography and literary criticism in the 1980s [...] that Leonard Woolf's novel gradually came to be recognized for the unique literary statement that it is—iconoclastic in its representation of colonized people and of colonial space" (4).

Ruvani Ranasinha traces the critical reception of the novel from its publication in English in 1913 to its postcolonial interpretation in the 1990s. In 1947, the Sinhalese translation of the novel was accepted as an accurate depiction of rural life in Sri Lanka in the early 1900s and was also introduced to the secondary classroom. Further, when Leonard Woolf revisited Sri Lanka in 1960, his return generated a new wave of interest in the novel, as did the publication of the diaries Woolf had maintained from 1908-1911 during his stint in the Hambantota District. However, as postcolonial approaches inspired by such works as Edward Said's 1978 *Orientalism* emerged in the 1990s, the responses to the novel began to zero in on problematic aspects of the narrative. As Ranasinha observes, "the younger generation of Sri Lankan critics" focus on "the style, narrative devices and metaphors of Woolf's novel [that] reflect colonialist attitudes, judgements, and ideological and cultural conditioning" (36) and pay particularly close attention to "three aspects of the text: the representation of the colonial subjects, imperialism, and language" (37).

Set in the Hambantota District in the south of Sri Lanka, the third area where Woolf served as a British civil servant, *The Village in the Jungle* is clearly imbued with Woolf's own lived encounters in Ceylon. Woolf depicts what he actually witnessed and documented in the behaviors of the humans and the animals. He shares his familiarity with the features of various villages, towns and cities. He integrates into the novel his own observations regarding distinctive characteristics of the jungle, the geography, and the seasonal weather of the region. Thus, while Woolf's perspective is shaped to a degree by his colonialist role, he also seems to be keenly observant of the specifics of daily life that he records from what seems to be a more neutral viewpoint. As Rosenbaum observes, Woolf's narrator speaks initially in the first person, then shifts to the second person and gradually fades out of the storytelling almost completely: "The novel opens with an undramatised narrator. No commenting Forsterian voice or Jamesian presenter of reflecting consciousness, this detached recorder's origins might be found in Flaubert [...]. The 'I' is soon replaced with a 'you' [...]; then he disappears entirely from the book" (424).

¹ Over the years, Woolf's *The Village in the Jungle* has frequently been compared to such colonial narratives as Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* (1899), E. M. Forster's *Passage to India* (1924), and Orwell's controversial anti-imperialist *Burmese Days* (1934), all three of which have received much more attention.

Such political complexity can be discerned in just the first three pages of the novel. The first-person narrator (who certainly seems to be both British and male) shifts seamlessly and swiftly from an apparently factual, neutral, quasi-anthropological reporting style to a grim account of the fatal foolishness of a man who claimed that he did not fear the jungle. The narrator then shifts to a more omniscient perspective as he provides an intensely sensory description of the jungle, with its daunting vastness, intense heat, sheer density, and vivid scents. Having evoked the sense of place, he then transitions to describing the primal and almost mystical descriptions of the various animals that populate the jungle. Clearly, over the decades the reception of the novel has fluctuated as its varying readerships have shifted, redefining the narrative by viewing the work through a range of different lenses. It is debatable as to whether the narrator deliberately and systematically privileges the European human animal over the indigenous peoples of Sri Lanka or even whether he values the human animal over the non-human animal.

Like the title itself, the first sentence of the novel foregrounds the ever-present jungle embedded in the name of the village: “The village was called Beddagama, which means the village in the jungle” (3). As the unnamed narrator asserts, the village not only “was in, and of, the jungle,” but “Its beginning and its end was in the jungle, which stretched away from it on all sides unbroken. [...] The jungle surrounded it, overhung it, continually pressed upon it” (3). These rather ominous references to the jungle’s ever-encroaching presence foreshadow the end of the novel when the village is fully absorbed back into the jungle. Once the narrator has described the vast looming jungle, he sternly warns his readers to dread it, stating that the jungle is entirely “evil” (4). He also asserts that, for each and every one of the diverse living creatures in the region, whether human or non-human, “the rule of the jungle is first fear, and then hunger and thirst” (5).

One of the most contested words in the novel is “jungle,” a term that, from a postcolonial perspective, is used improperly. The word “*jangala*” in Sanskrit evolved into “*jungle*” in Hindi by the late 18th century. The *Oxford English Dictionary* indicates that the term referred to the concept of “Waste or uncultivated ground (= ‘forest’ in the original sense)” (n.1). Thus, “jungle” was used to describe “Land overgrown with underwood, long grass, or tangled vegetation; also, the luxuriant and often almost impenetrable growth of vegetation covering such a tract” (n.1a) or “a particular tract or piece of land so covered; esp. as the dwelling-place of wild beasts” (n.1b). Most important, however, is the figurative sense of the jungle as: “A wild, tangled mass. Also, a place of bewildering complexity or confusion; a place where the ‘law of the jungle’ prevails; a scene of ruthless competition, struggle, or exploitation” (n.2a). This last metaphorical definition of the jungle as a place of constant threat and extreme danger is central to the novel.

D. C. R. A. Goonetilleke points out that, in the novel, “The jungle appears a real place and is powerfully rendered so that it also becomes a symbol of nature in its cruel aspect, of the nature of things and of impersonal forces. But Woolf’s conception of the jungle as evil is Christian and Western. In the Sri Lankan mind, there is no distinction between forest and jungle” (163-64). Further, he states that while “Woolf tends to speak of animals as if they are human beings, [...] anthropomorphism [that] [...] lends vividness to his characterization of animals and is perfectly acceptable[,] Woolf also tends to speak of the rustics [living in the village] as if they are animals, but this is unacceptable” (165).² Regarding Woolf’s depiction of the villagers as animals, Goonetilleke argues that Woolf clearly displays racism that was “not only a product of the imperial culture [...], but also of the culture of the whites in the colonies,” and he quotes Frantz Fanon’s assertion that

² Goonetilleke also quotes a passage from N. M. M. I. Hussain’s “Western Response to the ‘Village’” (*Lanka Guardian* 4.3 (1981): 12-13) in which Hussain argues that “‘The Ceylonese are portrayed in the novel as almost entirely vile. [...] In contrast with the Ceylonese the English magistrate, who is the only representative of British Imperialism, seems to be the paragon of all virtues’” (165).

“when the settler seeks to describe the native fully in exact terms he constantly refers to the bestiary” (23) in support of his claim.

In a more recent approach, Anupama Mohan, in her monograph *Utopia and the Village in South Asian Literatures*, parses the politics of Woolf’s narration, contending that “[b]y donning and then doffing the garb of the allegedly native speaker, Woolf points to those ideological fictions that sustain Orientalist binaries of One/Other, Ruler/Ruled” (75) even though Woolf refused to represent the voice of “the Empire’s faithful lackey” (76). As she also asserts, *The Village in the Jungle* “presents Woolf’s implicit belief in the Empire as a failing construction—there is in the novel an undermining of the white man’s burden as personally onerous, politically unjust, and ethically unsustainable” (77).

Just ten families live in the tiny village named Beddagama at the beginning of the story, which focuses on Silindu and his family, one of the poorest in the village. Silindu himself is regarded by the other villagers as slightly crazy, and he spends much of his time in the jungle hunting for pigs and deer rather than maintaining his “*chena*” because he has virtually no skills as a farmer. When Silindu’s wife, Dingihami, gives birth to Punchi Menika and Hinnihami, his twin daughters, Silindu beats his wife because she did not give him a son. She dies two days after the births of his daughters. The narrative does not seem to judge, criticize or blame Silindu for his aggressive violence toward his ailing, post-partum wife. After his wife’s death, Silindu initially evidences no interest in his infant daughters; instead, his sister, Karlinahami, comes to live in his house and raises the girls.

With regard to the characters, Theresa M. Thompson argues that in the novel, “not only does the British presence passively inhibit and alter native life, it actively participates in what Leonard perceives as a regression back into barbarism and oblivion” (243). Thompson views Silindu and his daughters as “artist figures,” gifted human beings (decidedly not beasts) who are eventually destroyed by “the indifferent evils of the real jungle and the very real British invasion, a system that “is not completely barbaric” but that “cannot penetrate that jungle of the Other with its gaze” (245).

When Silindu’s daughter Punchi Menika is about three, she suddenly garners her father’s attention for no particular reason. Suddenly intrigued by the child, Silindu speaks to Punchi Menika at great length, and while he does, his other daughter, Hinnihami also crawls toward him and listens, although both daughters are too young to understand what he says. The story that Silindu tells his twin daughters is the very first passage in the novel in which Silindu speaks. It is also the first passage in which both humans and animals speak.

In the story he tells, Silindu seems to focus on the *degrees* of survival in the ever-present jungle. As he says,

Yesterday, [...] I lay under a domba-tree [...], my gun in my hand, waiting for what might pass. [...] and I saw on the opposite side of the track, lying under a domba-tree, a leopardess waiting for what might pass. I put down my gun, and, “Sister,” I said, “is the belly empty?” “Yakko, he-devil,” she answered, “Three days now I have killed but one thin grey monkey, and there are two cubs in the cave to be fed.” “Yakkini, she-devil,” I said, [...] “your hunger is greater than mine. The first kill is yours.” (13)

For me as a reader, the balanced structure of the wording suggests creature equality. Both Silindu and the female leopard hide in wait for their prey in the shade of the domba-trees. Both Silindu and the female leopard are intensely hungry. However, Silindu considerably takes into account that the female leopard, who is caring for her very young kittens, is significantly hungrier than he is. His offer of the first kill eliminates any competition, and the two hunters continue to wait.

As a herd of pigs approaches, Silindu steps back quietly, and the female leopard seizes one of the young pigs, climbing swiftly into a tree while

holding the despairing animal in her teeth. As the leopard scales the tree, “the little pig [...] scream[s] to its mother,” and the horrified mother sow “puts her forefeet against the tree,” crying out, “‘Come down, Yakkini; she-devil, thief. Are you afraid of an old, tuskless sow? Come down,’” challenging the female leopard to fight with her. However, the female leopard responds pragmatically, basing her perspective on the number of offspring that she and the sow each have, and concludes her retort with a dire threat: “Every year I drop but one or two cubs in the cave, but the whole jungle swarms with your spawn. [...] Go your way, lest I choose another for my mate” (14).

Although terribly sad, this profoundly ordinary and *natural* episode depicts the realities of life and death when a hungry predator captures its vulnerable prey to feed her young. Survival takes precedence over all other options. Silindu also tells his young daughters how, after the female leopard has taken her prey, both he and she must wait very cautiously until the angry herd of pigs moves away lest the hunters themselves be harmed. Silindu’s story ends with a cautionary warning to his daughters that they too must “Be careful, or some other devil will drop on you out of a bush, and carry you off in his mouth” (15), an ominous foreshadowing of Puchi Menika’s death at the end of the novel. As the narrator states, “From that day [Silindu] seemed to regard the two children differently from the rest of the world in which he lived” (12); in other words, Silindu becomes fully aware of his daughters’ distinctive lives and is now concerned for their wellbeing.

Silindu’s narrative here can be perceived either as an instructive fairytale³ or as actual evidence that he is able to engage and communicate directly with non-human animals. Perhaps appropriately, Silindu, who is able to share with his daughters what the animals have said, is himself regarded as not only somewhat crazy but also as only marginally human by many of the villagers. For instance, he typically “slept with his eyes open like some animals, and very often he would moan, whine, and twitch in his sleep like a dog; he slept as lightly as a deer, and would start up from the heaviest sleep in an instant fully awake” (10). Yasmine Gooneratne identifies a number of specific animal-like elements in Silindu’s actions and behavior, writing that:

The novel’s plot follows the inexorable process by which Silindu and his family, and ultimately the village itself, are destroyed. Silindu’s stride, animal-like, seemed to show at once both the fear and the joy in his heart (10); his mind moves vaguely with hatred, he falls upon his enemy with the wild beast’s sudden rage, he loves with the uncomplicated passion of an animal, and provides for his children in much the same way that a leopard hunts to feed its cubs. This joyous, half-primitive creature, tortured beyond endurance by the headman’s persecution, reacts at last with the fury of the cornered wild buffalo. (27)

In a subsequent episode in the story, returning from a hunt Silindu brings a newborn fawn to his daughter Hinnihami, who has herself just given birth to a child. Her father tells her that he has shot the mother deer who had given birth to the fawn. When the dying deer grieves bitterly, saying to her fawn, “‘Little son, I have borne you to be food for the jackal and the leopard,’” Silindu intervenes, promising the deer that his daughter will “give [the fawn] the breast” (78) and thus survive. When Silindu returns to the compound with the infant fawn, his daughter immediately begins to suckle both her own newborn and the fawn. Hinnihami names her beloved fawn Puchi Appu. Eventually, when a fatal contagious fever spreads through the village, infecting and killing both Hinnihami’s and Puchi Menika’s children as well the children of others, the village members decide that the fawn himself has brought the curse, and they murder him brutally. Hinnihami is forced by the villagers to witness

³ Rosenbaum suggests that, through Silindu’s story-telling, Woolf “appears to be viewing Ceylon life through the imagination” of Kipling’s *The Jungle Books*, but “[t]he main difference is that baby animals do not scream and die in Kipling” (425).

Puchi Appu’s slow and painful death. Heartbroken, she herself dies the following morning.

When the Headman, who has always tormented Silindu and his family, conspires with Fernando, a money-lender, and concocts a scheme to force Silindu’s beautiful daughter, Puchi Menika, to become Fernando’s mistress, he seriously underestimates Silindu’s ability to retaliate. When Puchi Menika does not immediately accept the new arrangement, the conspirators escalate their attack on the family by fabricating a robbery. They blame Silindu and Babun, Puchi Menika’s husband, for breaking into the Headman’s home. The items that were purportedly stolen appear in Silindu’s house and are used as evidence so that the conspirators can bring false charges against Silindu and Babun, dragging them into the arcane British justice process, a legal labyrinth that neither man understands. In the judicial process, Babun is convicted on the basis of the false evidence and is sentenced to a six-year prison term but dies just two years later; Silindu is acquitted by the judge.

Enraged and vengeful, Silindu then plots the murders of these two men, shooting each of them as he would have shot his prey. He turns himself in for the crime and is eventually sentenced to twenty years in prison. Gooneratne observes that

The twenty years jail sentence that punishes him for killing his tormentors dooms him to a domestication that to him is a death in life; he becomes the human equivalent of the village buffalo that may be seen threshing paddy on the threshing floor, plodding patiently upon its endless round. (20)

Having lost her children to disease and both her husband and her father to the judicial system through the machinations of the Headman and the money-lender, Puchi Menika also loses her aunt, Karlinahami. Years pass. The other villagers leave or die. Gradually, Puchi Menika becomes more and more comfortable with the jungle:

it had taken her back; she lived as she had done, understanding it, loving it, fearing it. As [Silindu] had said, one has to live many years before one understands what the beasts say in the jungle. She understood them now, she was one of them. And they understood her, and were not afraid of her.

But life is very short in the jungle. [...] She was dying, and the jungle knew it[.] (179)

Below are the final words of the novel:

“Appochchi, Appochchi!” she screamed. “He has come, the devil from the bush. He has come for me as you said. Ai yo! save me, save me! Appochchi!”

As she fell back, the great boar grunted softly, and glided like a shadow towards her into the hut. (179)

Silindu, sentenced to pounding coconut husks with a mallet in prison for twenty years, is unable to protect Puchi Menika even though she calls out to him.

Julie Kane contends that, “Leonard Woolf, like Sir Leslie Stephen, was a skeptic, an agnostic, a rationalist rather than a man of imagination. Mysticism was decidedly not possible with him” (336); however, I find this perspective hard to accept given Leonard Woolf’s depiction of Silindu’s wise and thoughtful communication with animals in *The Village in the Jungle*. Such communication is profoundly spiritual and indeed mystical. Not only do the free-roaming animals in *The Village in the Jungle* speak to each other and directly to Silindu but the fawn, Puchi Appu, who is rescued by Silindu and raised by Hinnihami, becomes Hinnihami’s life companion and her only source of comfort after the death of her own child. The final encounter between Puchi Menika and the wild boar is sudden and horrific, yet during her years

with no other humans, she bonds with the wild does and sows and is not lonely. These interactions between human and non-human animals provide a profound—and, yes, mystical—connection with other species that are meaningful and complete in ways that interactions with other humans are not.

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Violence Against Women and the Land in Woolf's *Between the Acts* and Erdrich's *The Round House*

Adapting tenets of ecofeminism, my paper brings Woolf and Erdrich into conversation to highlight intersections between violence against women and manipulation and destruction of the land, for the "colonial/patriarchal mind that seeks to control the sexuality of women and indigenous peoples also seeks to control nature" (Smith 55). Virginia Woolf's *Between the Acts*, published in 1941, tells of a June day in 1939 when residents of an English village put on a pageant on the grounds of its manor house. The pageant unfolds beneath skies buzzing with war planes, while scars upon the surrounding landscape disclose the history of its development. Inside the manor house, a woman reads of a teenaged girl gang-raped by English soldiers. As she dwells on the crime throughout the day, her sense of the defilement of the natural world becomes entwined with this narrative of sexual assault. Louise Erdrich's *The Round House* (2012) recounts the brutal rape of an Ojibwe woman by a white man, focusing on the impediments to obtaining justice and the laws prohibiting Native Americans from prosecuting non-Natives for crimes committed on reservation land. As Andrea Smith notes, such

"policy has codified the 'rapability' of Native women" in America's ongoing efforts to colonize Native peoples (33).

Both works are situated in the context of ecofeminism. In "Virginia Woolf and an Ecology of Language," L. Elizabeth Waller explains that "ecofeminism, when applied to literature, submerges both the writer and the reader within an *earthtext*"—a text "that assumes that the more-than-human-world is always present" (137), and A. E. Kings affirms the "attempt to reconcile and improve upon the relationship between humankind and nature [...] [as] central to *ecological feminist* thought" (71; original emphasis). As Greta Gaard explains, "ecofeminism's basic premise is that the ideology which authorizes oppressions such as those based on race, class, gender, sexuality, physical abilities, and species is the same ideology which sanctions the oppression of nature" (1). A "common goal of ecofeminism," Kathi Wilson states, "is to disrupt those women-nature connections that are oppressive" (334). While "there is much debate over a number of core concepts within ecofeminism, there is basic agreement [...] that sexism has had environmental consequences and that environmental degradation has produced special burdens for women" (Sturgeon 255). *Between the Acts* and *The Round House*, *earthtexts* depicting the suffering of Others, reveal how hegemonic concepts of land use and ownership engender the violation of women.

In *Between the Acts*, villagers stage a pageant showcasing English history from the Elizabethan era to the present. Watching from the lawn, the audience consults their programs to figure out whom each costumed neighbor or shopkeeper is meant to portray. Animals, birds, and insects feature prominently if unwittingly in the theatrical goings on, filling awkward silences and linking together humans, non-human others, and the land. During intermissions, people stroll the grounds, have tea in the barn, and discuss local events and the threat of war. The play's director, Miss La Trobe, has her actors turn fragments of mirrors and other reflective objects toward the audience as the pageant concludes, compelling the villagers to acknowledge themselves as integral to the performance as well as the stream of English history. The novel "question[s] the relation between everyday life in an English village and momentous events occurring simultaneously on the world's stage" (Cuddy-Keane xxxv).

The Round House, the second of three novels by Erdrich known as the Justice Trilogy,¹ opens with the rape of Geraldine Coutts, a tribal enrollment specialist who lives and works on an Ojibwe reservation in North Dakota. Her husband, Bazil, is a tribal attorney, and they have a thirteen-year-old son, Joe, who narrates the story as an adult, about twenty years later. Like *Between the Acts*, *The Round House* addresses history's impact on the land, in this case in protean maps of U. S. government-imposed boundaries that have been stripping Native Americans of land and sovereignty for over 500 years. Despite his legal expertise, Bazil cannot count on justice for his wife given the vagaries of tribal, state, and federal law and who has jurisdiction over which. A traumatized Geraldine retreats to her bedroom while Bazil and Joe strive to bring the white rapist to justice. An interwoven narrative thread includes stories told by Geraldine's father, Mooshum, concerning the interconnections between the Ojibwe people, animals, and the land.

Between the Acts opens amid a conversation about the village cesspool. Family patriarch Bart Oliver explains "that the site they had chosen for the cesspool was [...] on the Roman road. From an aeroplane, he said, you could still see, plainly marked, the scars made by the Britons; by the Romans; by the Elizabethan manor house; and by the plough, when they ploughed the hill to grow wheat in the Napoleonic wars" (3-4). As Renée Dickinson finds, "the textual layers in *Between the Acts* demonstrate the ways in which Woolf reveals the strata of the land's history," both "inscribing the land and creating it, too, as a textual record and reminder of history" (16). Such records and reminders also denote the struggle between those wielding power and those oppressed by patriarchal norms.

¹The first is *The Plague of Doves*, published in 2008; the third is *LaRose*, published in 2016.

On the morning of the pageant, Bart naps in his library, dreaming of his colonial days in India, when his daughter-in-law, Isa, enters the room. The two exchange words about Isa's young son, whom Bart calls a cry-baby. Isa then reads the following in the *Times*:

"A horse with a green tail..." which was fantastic. Next, "The guard at Whitehall..." which was romantic and then, building word upon word, she read: "The troopers told her the horse had a green tail; but she found it was just an ordinary horse. And they dragged her up to the barrack room where she was thrown upon a bed. Then one of the troopers removed part of her clothing, and she screamed and hit him about the face..." (14-15)

Isa ponders the story as Bart's sister Lucy enters the room. The narrative then shifts from Isa's consciousness to Lucy's, revealing the imbalanced power relation that has existed between her and Bart since they were children. "[S]he had trotted after him as he fished," Lucy recalls (15). "Once, she remembered, he had made her take the fish off the hook herself. The blood had shocked her—'Oh!' she had cried—for the gills were full of blood. And he had growled: 'Cindy!'" (15). Violence against women aligns with violence against nature in the juxtaposition of Isa's reading about the gang-rape with Lucy's memory of Bart killing a fish and his aggressive response to her qualms. Isa, meanwhile, overhears the small-talk around her—conversations that have occurred on pageant day, like the chiming of a clock, for the last seven years, "only this year beneath the chime she heard: 'The girl screamed and hit him about the face with a hammer'" (16)—an altered version of the story providing the victim with a weapon. "[I]t may be," Sarah Cole explains, "that Isa's arming of the girl represents her own unfulfillable wish to smash back at men" (282), including her husband, Giles, whom she both loves and hates and whose estrangement from women and nature—along with his homophobia—provokes his brutality against both.

Disenchanted with his home life as well as his work as a stockbroker—"he would have chosen to farm" (33)—along with the empty social codes with which he must comply, Giles harbors a simmering rage. He directs it toward his aunt Lucy, an easy target, an elderly woman who "think[s] of rhododendron forests in Piccadilly; when the entire continent [...] was all one; populated [...] by elephant-bodied, seal-necked, heaving, surging, slowly writhing, and, she supposed, barking monsters" (7). Giles concerns himself with the looming war—a far more important matter than his aunt's preoccupations, he believes, so that when she enters the room, "He hung his grievances on her, as one hangs a coat on a hook, instinctively" (32). Throughout the day, Giles inwardly fumes against Lucy and other "old fogies who sat and looked at views over coffee and cream when the whole of Europe—over there—was bristling like [...] He had no command of metaphor[...] [...] At any moment guns would rake that land into furrows" (37).

Though he wields no gun, Giles enacts violence all the same upon the natural world. As the pageant proceeds, the chorus announces, "O, England's grown a girl now [...] With roses in her hair" (55), reiterating western personifications of nature as female, as yielding up for intrepid explorers its "oranges, ingots of silver; / Cargoes of diamonds / ducats of gold" (58). Land becomes exploitable, man's for the taking, evidenced when Giles walks to the barn during an intermission. Happening upon a snake choking on a toad—"birth the wrong way round" (69)—Giles stomps the animals to death, drenching his white canvas shoes in their blood. "[I]t was action," the narrative states. "Action relieved him" (69). As Wilson points out, western culture's insistence upon "women-nature connections [can be] oppressive," offering "little or no room for men to occupy any part of the nature side of the dualism" (Wilson 334, 343). Thus Giles's scorn for his aunt, his suspicions of his wife's infidelity, his flirtation with Mrs. Manresa, and his thwarted ambitions to farm the land converge in an eruption of savagery against the natural world. A moment later, Manresa notices with approval Giles's bloodied shoes: "Vaguely some sense that he had proved his valour for her admiration flattered her" (74), belying her conception of herself as a wild child of nature—

one who speaks her mind, scorns social convention, and luxuriates in food and drink. Her rivalry with Isa and approbation of Giles's aggression also signify women's culpability in sustaining hegemonic social mores.

More often, of course, women are the victims of patriarchal violence palmed off as the march of progress. Composing poems in her head, Isa contemplates suicide as the day goes on, her thirst for water morphing into a desire for death by drowning. Beneath the chatter of those around her, she "hear[s] corrupt murmurs [...] Mad music" (106) but then braces herself for the rest of the pageant. "Hear rather the shepherd, coughing by the farmyard wall," she muses, "the withered tree that sighs when the Rider gallops; the brawl in the barrack room when they stripped her naked; or the cry which in London when I thrust the window open someone cries" (107). Between the pastoral landscape and the city—a temporal, spatial, and ideological expanse—lies the gang-rape of a woman by British soldiers, suggesting another possible meaning for the novel's title. When a moment later an ex-military man in the audience laments the play's exclusion of the British Army in its rendition of history, the links tighten between imperial aggression, the oppression of nature, and violence against women.

These three interlocking oppressions play out in *The Round House* as well. In the hospital with Geraldine after the attack, Joe and his father begin to appreciate the odds against them. "Three men came through the emergency ward doors and stood quietly in the hall" (12), Joe says:

There was a state trooper, an officer local to the town of Hoopdance, and Vince Madwesin, from the tribal police. My father had insisted that they each take a statement from my mother because it wasn't clear where the crime had been committed—on state or tribal land—or who had committed it—an Indian or a non-Indian. I already knew, in a rudimentary way, that these questions would swirl around the facts. I already knew, too, that these questions would not change the facts. But they would inevitably change the way we sought justice. (12)

This change occurs when Joe and his father learn the identity of the rapist: a white man named Linden Lark. The problem stems from *Oliphant v. Suquamish Indian Tribe*, a 1978 Supreme Court ruling stating that "Indian tribes lack the inherent sovereign authority to exercise criminal jurisdiction over non-Indian defendants" (Duthu 18). Talking with Joe, Bazil says, "this is the one [law] I'd abolish right this minute if I had the power of a movie shaman" (229). Because Bazil possesses no such power, Joe decides to take matters into his own hands. In *Between the Acts*, we see the story of the gang-rape settling deeply into Isa's consciousness. In *The Round House*, Joe's mother's rape affects him profoundly as well as he learns more about federal law's intrusion into Native lives and bears witness to his mother's suffering. "Now," he says, "I felt what had happened to her in my gut" (62).

A bit of sleuthing on the part of Joe and his friends, along with Bazil's renewed interest in an old, seemingly unrelated court case, determines the approximate location of the rape: the round house, a hexagonal log structure built by the Ojibwe for ceremonial purposes at the behest of Nanapush, a tribal elder whom Joe learns about when Mooshum talks in his sleep. Mooshum tells of generations ago, when Congress authorized the Dawes Act of 1887—the selling off of Native lands into allotments in order to assimilate Natives into capitalist concepts of ownership. Food became scarce when "they forced us into our boundary. The reservation year," Mooshum says (179), when the Ojibwe, along with hundreds of other tribes, were cut off from their traditional hunting grounds. He speaks of Akiikwe, Earth Woman, who in the midst of the famine in that desolate year "could make out in dreams where to find the animals" (179), but when her husband accuses her of being possessed by a *wiindigoo*—a spirit who inhabits a human who then views other humans as prey—he and several other men try to murder her. When they fail, they demand that her son, Nanapush, commit the act. He refuses.

Driven away, Nanapush and his mother, Akii, forage for food in the freezing winter. Akii sings a buffalo song to her son and tells him where to find the “old woman,” one of the few buffalo left after American civilians and military slaughtered them by the millions to eradicate a vital source of Native spirituality and sustenance.² When Nanapush finds the buffalo, he apologizes to her, and “she allowed him to aim point-blank at her heart” (185). After cutting her open and clearing out her rib cavity, a storm whips up, and Nanapush takes shelter inside her carcass. “And while unconscious,” Mooshum says, “he became a buffalo. This buffalo adopted Nanapush and told him all she knew” (186). When Akii finds Nanapush, the two of them bring the buffalo meat back to their people, saving many lives. “Nanapush himself said that whenever he was sad over the losses that came over and over through his life, his old grandmother buffalo would speak to him and comfort him” (187)—a far cry from Bart and Giles in *Between the Acts*, who deprecate women and view animal life as expendable.

Many years later, Mooshum says, Nanapush saw in a dream the female buffalo who once saved his life. “Your people were brought together by us buffalo once,” she says to him. “Now we are gone, but as you have once sheltered in my body, so now you understand. The round house will be my body, the poles my ribs, the fire my heart. It will be the body of your mother and it must be respected the same way” (214). The Ojibwe construct the round house out of and in kinship with the natural world and the maternal. In the same vein, *Between the Acts* “posits nonhuman forces and beings as crucial players in the human drama, both in the village pageant written by Miss La Trobe and in the world of its audience” (Westling 865). Indeed, Lucy perceives the symbiosis between people and the natural world. “Sheep, cows, grass, trees, ourselves—all are one,” she thinks, until “we reach the conclusion that *all* is harmony, could we hear it” (119).

Mooshum’s story of human and animal females endowed with the power to save their people is also a story of loss. Western encroachment leads to the waning of traditional Ojibwe lifeways and subsequent abandonment of the round house as a site of ceremonial importance. Instead, a white man desecrates the grounds with impunity in a violent attack on a Native woman. Bazil explains that the round house:

is on the far edge of tribal trust, where our court has jurisdiction, though of course not over a white man. So federal law applies. Down to the lake that is also tribal trust. But just to one side, a corner of that is state park, where state law applies. On the other side of that pasture, more woods, we have an extension of round house land. [...] So the problem remains. Lark committed the crime. On what land? Was it tribal land? fee land? white property? state? We can’t prosecute if we don’t know which laws apply. (196-7)

The arbitrary, convoluted parceling of the land negates Geraldine’s chance at justice. As Smith explains of *Oliphant v. Suquamish*, “state law enforcement does not have jurisdiction on reservation lands. So, unless state law enforcement is cross-deputized with tribal law enforcement, *no one* can arrest non-Native perpetrators of crimes on Native land” (33, original emphasis). Considering that one in three Native American women will be sexually assaulted in her lifetime and that the majority of assaults are carried out by non-Native men, the coalescing of misogyny and U. S. governmental land manipulation constitutes grievous social and environmental injustice for Native peoples.

In *Between the Acts*, as pageant day comes to an end, Isa still ponders the young girl’s rape. “The girl had gone skylarking with the troopers,” she recalls. “She had screamed. She had hit him.... What then?” (147). Later,

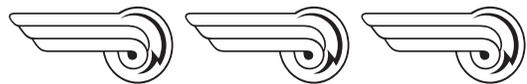
² Winona LaDuke’s *All Our Relations: Native Struggles for Land and Life* puts the buffalo death count at 50 million (142). LaDuke cites Colonel Richard Irving Dodge’s army report of 1873, in which he states, “where there were myriads of buffalo the years before, there was now a myriad of carcasses. The air was foul with a sickening stench, and the vast plain, which only a short twelve months before teemed with animal life, was a dead, solitary, putrid desert” (141-42).

the narrative states, Isa and Giles will fight, make love, and begin a new act on a new day; perhaps they’ll have another child. In *The Round House*, Joe and a friend choose to avenge Joe’s mother’s rape but not without consequences and “a sweep of sorrow that would persist into our small forever,” Joe says (317). Both novels depict women and the land as closely interconnected in their vulnerability to patriarchal atrocities—but both also depict survival and renewal. Isa finds connection with others throughout the day and continues to compose her poetry. Geraldine emerges from her room with a new sense of purpose upon learning that she might be able to help an Ojibwe child whose mother was also victimized by Lark. With titles denoting betweenness and circularity, the novels extol the interconnectedness of all life forms and the land we should respect and share together.

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Space Consumes Me

The hoop dancer dance...demonstrating how the people live in motion within the circling...spirals of time and space. They are no more limited than water and sky.

Paula Gunn Allen, *The Sacred Hoop*

Life is not a series of gig lamps symmetrically arranged, life is a luminous halo a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end.”

Virginia Woolf, “Modern Fiction”

The earliest SPACE WAS MOTHER

Her womb a circle of all

And entry as well, a circle haloed by misunderstanding

Taboo and charm,

Luminous, trans-parent

To be wandered about as a day in London

Wondered ABOUT in a thinking back

And forward again

to that very flower

Planted in the earth, a tenderness

A spiraling bud of petals, and forward again

Captured on her flowery dress

Both holding us close in this dance

Going nowhere

Everywhere.



Here Ends the Special Topic on
Woolf and Indigenous Literatures

Truly Miscellaneous



Roger Fry and the Art of the Book: Celebrating the Centenary of the Hogarth Press 1917-2017¹

Making an Impression

I join the friendly, excited queue around the hand-operated press, waiting in line for an opportunity to experience the act of inking the flat surface with a brayer. The heavy paper is placed carefully on the freshly inked plate. The paper and plate are rolled into position, and drawing in the worn wooden handle, the moment of impression occurs. Slowly lifting the page from its block, the print is pegged up to dry. The small Albion press is perched on a table, secured by its iron weight on black-clawed feet. Martin Andrews (Typography and Graphic Communication at the University of Reading) guides the printing process for Woolf scholars and readers. We are gathered in the Museum of English Rural Life at the University of Reading for the 27th Annual Virginia Woolf Conference, Virginia Woolf and the World of Books (29 June-2 July 2017). Significantly, it is the centenary celebration of the Hogarth Press. Founded by Leonard and Virginia Woolf, authors and publishers, the Hogarth Press was launched in Richmond, London, in 1917, with the publication of *Two Stories*. The hand-printed book of 31 pages contained “Three Jews” by Leonard Woolf and “The Mark on the Wall” by Virginia Woolf, available to buy for one shilling and six pence (advance purchase) or two shillings (post-publication).² The Woolfs desired to produce short literary works of merit, prose or poetry at low prices for the general public written by relatively obscure authors. For example, Leonard Woolf invited T. S. Eliot to publish poems with the newly formed press,³ and Virginia Woolf commissioned the Omega artist

¹ Gratitude to AnneMarie Bantzing, Paul Gosling, Stuart N. Clarke, Stephen Barkway, Danni Corfield and Rachel Rogers for information received and the College of Arts, Social Sciences and Celtic Studies, NUI, Galway, Ireland for research funding. I am grateful for permission to quote from the Random House Group Archive, granted by the Random House Group and for permission from the David M. Rubenstein, Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Duke University, to reproduce “Interior” by Roger Fry.

² See the facsimile copy of *Two Stories* with an Introduction by Stephen Barkway, reprinted by the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain in 2017 (the permission to reprint “Three Jews” came from the University of Sussex and “The Mark on the Wall” came from the Estate of Virginia Woolf). The reprint is one of *three* illustrated and distinctive centenary publications available for the 27th Conference of Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf and the World of Books. The others are *The Patron and the Crocus* by Virginia Woolf (edited by Nicola Wilson and published by Whiteknights Press, 2017) and *Two Stories*, Virginia Woolf’s “The Mark on the Wall” and Mark Haddon’s “St. Brides Bay” (Hogarth Press, 2017). The latter includes the text “Illustrated by Dora Carrington” on the title page to Woolf’s story, omitted in the original.

³ See Barkway, “‘Its the personal touch’: The Hogarth Press in Richmond, 1917-1924.” for an early book-by-book history. Leonard in his letter to Eliot (19 October 1918) wrote, “My wife and I have started a small private Printing Press, and we print and publish privately short works which would not otherwise find a publisher easily. We have been told by Roger Fry that you have some poems which you wish to find a publisher for” (L. Woolf, *Letters* [LWL] 279). The Hogarth Press subsequently published *Poems* (1919) and *The Waste Land* (1923) by T.S. Eliot.

Dora Carrington to illustrate *Two Stories*.⁴ Carrington's four woodcuts for *Two Stories* were much admired by Virginia and her sister Vanessa Bell.⁵ Carrington undertook further commissions for the press, including Leonard's *Stories of the East* in 1921.

In an old account book retained from his time in Ceylon, Leonard recorded all orders and sales by date and name of purchaser. By June 1919, the Hogarth Press had gained considerable momentum as a commercially viable venture. Woolf's *Kew Gardens* and *The Mark on the Wall* were reprinted in 1919 using commercial printers, demonstrating much confidence in the appeal of Virginia's writing for the buying public. In 1919, Leonard devised the idea of a publication subscription list; Group A would buy all Hogarth Press publications and Group B would purchase titles of their choice (Clarke 54-59). By 1921, the Woolfs had hand-printed multiple short stories and poetry, some with illustrations, involving hundreds of hours of laborious paid and unpaid work. Virginia set much of the type while also stitching bindings, making covers, pasting labels, wrapping parcels and filling orders (Spater and Parsons 108). The publications were sought by subscribers and sent to travelling salesmen, to bookshops and importantly to wholesale distributors and booksellers. Within a relatively short period of time, the press was financially secure and a new (second-hand) Minerva Platen press was purchased in November 1921 (see D2 141 n3).⁶ In August 1920, Virginia observed that Leonard was tired and "on the verge of depression" after a month of exhausting printing. "As a hobby, the Hogarth Press is clearly too lively and lusty to be carried on in this private way any longer. [...] The future, therefore, needs consideration" (D2 55). The artistic success of the early years of the Hogarth Press is often attributed to Virginia. She attracted new writers and read, reviewed and selected manuscripts for publication. Leonard, too, attracted potential authors and importantly ensured that the press would endure as a commercial venture. With characteristic precision and care, Leonard records the final profit for 1920-21 as 68 pounds, 19 shillings and 4 pence (see MS2750/A/11).

Text Without Words

With the arrival of the Minerva printing press, Virginia invited Roger Fry to publish a book with them. When first asked, Roger suggested translations of Mallarmé's poetry (Woolf, *Roger Fry* 239).⁷ Fry, a well-known art critic, author, lecturer, and artist was friend and mentor to both Virginia and her sister Vanessa.⁸ Fry established the Omega Workshops (1913-1919) in which artists produced books and novel designs for

⁴ Virginia had written to Vanessa on 26 July 1917 about a book of woodcuts for the Press: "We should very much like you and Duncan to do a book of woodcuts—in fact we are getting a machine that is specially good for printing pictures, as we want to do pictures as much as writing. Of course they would take much less time to do." In the same letter Virginia acknowledged the difficulty of woodcut printing, the necessity of having the right tools for the work and the importance of discussing the "details" with Vanessa (V. Woolf, *Letters* [L] 2 168). See also Barkway's Introduction to *Two Stories* for an account of the challenge of making woodcuts and printing from them (2, 3).

⁵ Carrington's two woodcut prints for the first story, "Three Jews," depict two men standing either end of an open grave and a woman standing washing dishes watched by a seated man. Her two woodcuts that illustrate the second story, "The Mark on the Wall," consist of a dog and woman sitting on the floor in front of a fire and another of a snail, tentacles extended. Carrington was paid 15 shillings for the woodcuts (see Hill 42, 43). Virginia wrote to Carrington on 12 August 1917: "your woodcuts have certainly been a great success" (L2 173).

⁶ Leonard purchased the Minerva press for 70 pounds and 10 shillings, replacing the original Excelsior hand press. In 1930 Virginia gave the Minerva to Vita Sackville West, and it found a permanent home in Sissinghurst Castle.

⁷ Virginia Woolf observed that, "Mallarmé stood with Cézanne among [Fry's] patron saints" (Woolf, *Roger Fry* 239). In *Downhill All the Way*, Leonard recalls that Roger's book "was not easy printing for amateur novices" but they bound the "large" book of woodcuts themselves; all others, with the exception of a book of poems by Ena Limebeer, were bound by a commercial bookbinder (L. Woolf, *Downhill All the Way* 75).

⁸ For a comprehensive scholarly introduction to Fry's writings on the visual arts, see *A Roger Fry Reader*.

furniture, fabrics and unique ceramics for sale to the public. Renowned for curating the first and second post-impressionist exhibitions in London (1910, 1912), Fry introduced unknown European artists and their "strange and difficult" paintings to the British and Irish public.⁹ In 1920, Fry's *Vision and Design*, published by Chatto and Windus, had an "immense" and "liberating" influence not only on the viewing public and art critics but also on the next generation of artists (Spalding 233). In response to Virginia's invitation, Fry produced *Twelve Original Woodcuts* for the Hogarth Press.¹⁰ About 150 copies were hand-printed in November 1921. *Twelve Original Woodcuts* was Fry's first book publication with Virginia and Leonard and importantly the first "art" publication of the Hogarth Press.¹¹ It is also a text without words in the usual sense. There is a title page with author name, the Hogarth Press address and year of publication, and an end page with the complete list of Hogarth Press titles, their authors, prices and availability. Apart from the prelims, there is no introduction to the content, to the author, or to the press nor is there any information about the printing process. The pages are not paginated. It is a text composed of images—with one interesting exception described herein below.

For 1920-1922, Leonard carefully recorded the Hogarth Press orders and sales in a medium-sized hard-backed red notebook with a leather covered spine, purchased in Lewes (MS 2750/A/15). For 19 November to December 12, 1921, 92 copies of *Twelve Original Woodcuts* are sent to bookshops, six to the Times Book Club and the remaining 32 to named subscribers (A and B). Ottoline Morrell, Violet Dickinson, Lady R. Cecil, Harold Knight, Hope Mirrlees, M. E. Lowes Dickinson, Miss Sands, S.A. Sydney Turner, Lytton Strachey, Clive Bell, J.M. Keynes and Mrs. Schiff are among those who ordered a copy for five shillings. Roger Fry paid three shillings and nine pence for a copy. Virginia records the success and consequences of this venture on Leonard's 41st birthday, 25 November 1921. The work for the Hogarth Press has kept her from writing in her diary: "Roger's woodcuts, 150 copies, have been gulped down in 2 days. I have just finished stitching the last copies—all but six. [...] The Hogarth Press, you see, begins to outgrow its parents" (D2 144). The early pleasures of Leonard and Virginia's own press and hand-printing publications are conveyed in a letter to Vanessa on 26 July 1917. Virginia wrote, "It is tremendous fun, and it makes all the difference writing anything one likes, and not for an Editor" (L2 169). This "printing fun" stands in contrast to her thoughts almost 25 years later on a visit to Letchworth. In 1941, the Garden City Press at Letchworth had become the wartime home of the Hogarth Press. Virginia records in her diary entry for 16 February: "Then Letchworth—the slaves chained to their typewriters and their drawn set faces, and the machines—the incessant more and more competent machines, folding, pressing, gluing and issuing perfect books. They can stamp cloth to imitate leather. Our Press is up in a glass case" (D5 356).

⁹ See Spalding, *Roger Fry, Art and Life* 133; Byrne, "Galway Art Gallery Collection and Roger Fry's *The Pond* 1921" 195.

¹⁰ Fry would continue to publish with and support the Press. His works include *A Sampler of Castile* (1923), *Art and Commerce* (1926) and *Cézanne* (1927). By Leonard's reckoning based on his complete list of publications through the end of 1927, the Hogarth Press had published eight "art" books, 11 "biographies," 29 books of "fiction," 15 books of "politics," 12 of "psycho-analysis," and six of "literature and criticism," for a total of 81 publications. See MS2750/A/11, Profit and Loss summaries.

¹¹ Counting the number of publications is a fraught endeavor requiring access to primary sources, dates of publication and a plausible definition of what constitutes a "publication". Southworth estimates that by the end of 1921, the Hogarth Press had produced 17 publications, the majority of which were hand-printed (Southworth ix). Based on correspondence with Stuart Clarke, *Twelve Original Woodcuts* is likely to be publication number 16, 1921. It is catalogued as No. 13 in Woolmer, whose list is based on a yearly chronology but alphabetically by author within each year. See also the University of Delaware webpage "Hogarth Press: Books Printed By Hand" for a list with images of hand-printed Hogarth Press publications. Woolmer lists 34 books hand-printed by Leonard and Virginia Woolf from 1917 to 1934 (221-22).

Wooden Blocks

I look into another glass case, tall with three shelves. Two crumpled dusty brown leather travel bags lie slumped on the lowest shelf.¹² They belong to Virginia and Leonard Woolf. Black and white photographs of the Woolfs and a Hogarth Press order book are among the items displayed on the middle shelf. The top shelf, at eye-level, commands regard. Vanessa Bell's woodblock for the cover paper illustration of Virginia Woolf's *Monday or Tuesday* and frontispiece for the short story "A Society" are displayed along with Dora Carrington's extravagant woodblock of a stalking, growling tiger, flying pineapples and attractive palm trees for the cover of *Stories of the East* by Leonard Woolf. Also displayed are two of Fry's woodblocks for woodcuts, "The Novel" and "The London Garden." These are accompanied by a second impression of Fry's publication, *Twelve Original Woodcuts*. There are more woodblocks in the archive, three by Roger Fry ("Interior," "Still Life" and "The Striped Dress") and two by Vanessa Bell ("An Unwritten Novel" and "The String Quartet") (see MS5328/Wood Blocks).

After the publication of *Two Stories*, Vanessa asked Virginia about the possibility of the press producing a book of woodcut prints. Learning the art of cutting blocks and producing prints was attractive for artists such as Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant. Grant had designed a woodcut for the Omega exhibition catalogue of 1918. Fry nurtured the Omega artists' interest in woodcuts and the final Omega Workshop publication, *Original Woodcuts by Various Artists* (1918), included work by Bell and Grant. It had a print run of 75 copies.¹³ The idea of a book of woodcut prints by Fry for the Hogarth Press began to take form but time was needed for the designs and for these to be transferred onto the blocks. Fry worked on a woodblock in Hogarth House. Virginia conveys a sense of the atmosphere of a shared artistic endeavor, on 12 April 1921. "Roger again last night, scraping at his woodcuts while I sewed; the sound like that of a pertinacious rat" (D2 109). By October, the proofs are compiled and sent by Virginia to Fry in France, along with a sample of paper. He judges the quality of the paper to be "excellent," asks whether it came from Carrington and writes: "Thanks for the proofs; of course I don't like them now but find people less disgusted than I am" (Fry, 1972 516).

The wooden blocks in the archive are substantially different from the print on the page. The physical properties of weight, size, dimension and texture can be felt and their everyday utility belies the work of the artists who made them. Like the typesetter, the woodblock cutter works in reverse (though not upside down), gouging out the spaces that will carry no ink, outlining the flat surfaces that will carry the color. I place the woodcut block of "The Striped Dress" alongside its print; the original is altered by its mirrored image, the structure reversed. The latter is replicated and becomes an "original." I lift another block out of the tissue archive bed. The woman sits on a chair in a room, head tilted down and to the right, away from eye contact. Her left arm touches her hair but is wrapped protectively around her upper body, the right draped across her lap, her wrist relaxed, hand and fingers elongated. She is draped in cloth; deep folds fall to the patterned floor. A curtained

¹² Part of the "Hogarth Press Temporary Exhibition," Staircase Hall at the Museum of English Rural Life, University of Reading (HogarthPress100, June 5-August 31 2017), the items on display included contemporary hand and letterpress artwork along with Hogarth Press book designs, printing ephemera and memorabilia. Curated by Nicola Wilson and Rachel Rogers, University of Reading, the participating artists were Michael Black, Anne Byrne and Jenny McCarthy, James Freemantle, Dennis Gould, Lucy Guenot, Mark Haddon, Shirley Jones, Ane Thon Knutsen, Emily Lucas, Connel McLaughlin, Adeliza Mole, Martyn Ould and Helen Westthrop.

¹³ Richard Madley printed 14 woodcuts over 12 pages with captions on the facing pages for the Omega Workshop publication *Original Woodcuts by Various Artists* (1918). Two prints each were designed by Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant, four by Roger Fry, and one each by Edward McKnight Kauffer, Simon Bussy, Roald Kristian, Mark Gertler, Edward de Bergen and Edward Wolfe. A vignette with the Omega symbol is featured on the title page. See The Charleston Attic, *Original Woodcuts*, <https://thecharlestonattic.wordpress.com/2016/01/13/original-woodcuts/>.

window and fireplace with a potted plant form the background. The woodblock is well inked but the patina of metal black is dry to the touch. There is something forlorn in this "Interior" by Fry, held in the wood. T. I. Lawrence manufactured the boxwood blocks; the name is carved into the back of each woodblock.¹⁴

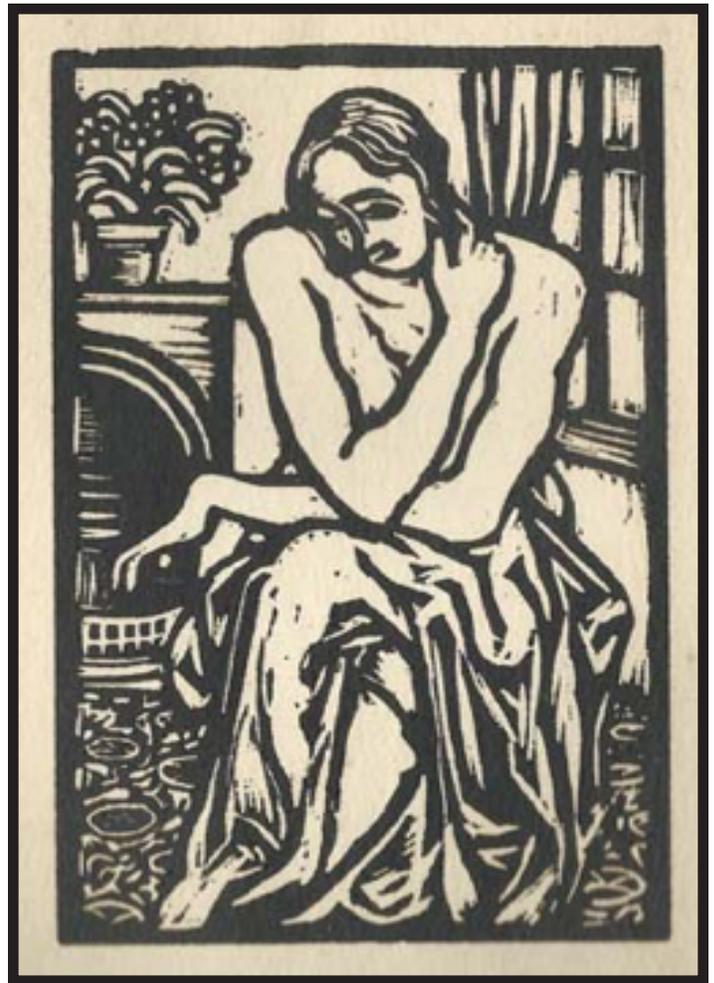


Figure 1: "Interior" by Roger Fry, *Twelve Original Woodcuts*, 1920. Published with permission from the David M. Rubenstein Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Duke University. Source: repository.duke.edu, item ID blmbk01001 https://repository.duke.edu/catalog?utf8=%E2%9C%93&q=blmbk01001&search_field=all_fields

More Impressions

The original print run of c.150 copies of *Twelve Original Woodcuts* sold well and quickly went out of print. On 17 December 1921, Fry writes to Vanessa to let her know that he has requested that two copies be sent to her noting that the book is "selling like hot cakes," due to Leonard's "magic touch that turns all to gold" (Fry, *Letters* 518). Fry must have been pleased at this interest in his designs and approves the quality of the woodblock printing. Virginia and Leonard print two more impressions. The orders and sales for the 1921 second impression indicate that the print run was shorter than the first—about 72 orders are listed by Leonard—and were destined for booksellers rather than individuals, and for the Christmas market. In her letter to Katherine Arnold-Foster on 2 December 1921, Virginia wrote, "Then we are in a frenzy of our Xmas publishing—the first impression of Roger's woodcuts sold out in 2 days and another to be printed, folded, stitched and bound instantly" (L2 495). Fry orders four more copies. Orders

¹⁴ See the entry on Thomas Neal Lawrence on the National Portrait Gallery webpage "British Artists' Suppliers, 1650-1950-L" (<https://www.npg.org.uk/research/programmes/directory-of-suppliers/>).

and sales for the second and third impressions are recorded from 27 November to 17 December and from 12 to 31 December 1921 respectively. Book sales had peaked, though Leonard continued to record the remaining few sales for the third impression up to March 1926. The print run for this impression may have been more than the listed sales. Booksellers and distributors such as Simpkin Marshall, James Bain and, in January 1922, Shakespeare and Company order copies (see MS2750/A/15, Order Book, Vol. 1, 1920-1922, 60-62). Sale and order records for the third impression include 12 copies dispatched to the Holliday Bookshop in New York, five to the Dunster House Bookshop in Cambridge Massachusetts and one copy to Chicago Coop Books.¹⁵ Fry orders five more copies from 1921 to 1923. Sales for the first impression were mostly London based, with one copy each sent to Leeds, Liverpool and Oxford. Bristol and Birmingham are included in the list of postal addresses for the second impression but by the third impression with estimated orders for 62 books, the publication had taken flight overseas.

Differences are evident when comparing the first impression to the second and third impressions.¹⁶ Plain buff wrappers with a letterpress title and woodcut illustration (No. XII) on the cover replace the colored cover wrappers of the first impression.¹⁷ In the second impression, each recto image is impressed on the verso that it is pressed against when the book is closed, producing a reverse image. This might have occurred because the ink was not sufficiently dry when the pages were pressed shut or perhaps the quality of the paper was different than the paper used for the first impression. In this accidental transfer, the woman depicted in “Interior” by Fry is restored to her original postural direction, recalling the pose of the life model perhaps. The woodcut titles printed in red ink are omitted from the second and third impressions. In the first impression, the woodcut prints are printed in black on alternate rectos, preceded on a separate recto by each woodcut title printed in red ink. Figure 3 gives the title and number of each print of the first impression, in order of appearance. In their urgency to print the second and third impressions of the book, the Woolfs omitted the additional recto red colored titles but retained the blank leaves. Why this occurred is not known.¹⁸

The titles that accompany each print reveal a little more about probable sources for the designs. For example, number two, “THE STRIPED DRESS,”¹⁹ is similar to Roger Fry’s portrait of Nina Hamnett (1917).²⁰

¹⁵ For more background on these booksellers see for example the Holliday Bookshop Collection 1921-1979. Established in 1920 in New York by Terence and Elsie Holliday, the Holliday bookshop specialized in importing English books and “promoted the work of younger British and American poets and novelists” (Historical Note, Holliday Bookshop Collection) including Virginia Woolf, Katherine Mansfield and T.S. Eliot.

¹⁶ As the book is rare it was a challenge to view copies of all three impressions. The first impression description is based on the Library digital copy (repository. duke.edu, item ID blmbk01001) that includes a letter dated 11 February 1923 from Fry to Douglas Cleverdon, a radio producer and bookseller. The copy of Fry’s *Twelve Original Woodcuts* is from Cleverdon’s personal library. Cleverdon purchased the book in 1921 at the Bloomsbury bookshop, Birrell and Garnett, run by Francis Birrell and David Garnett, who stocked the complete list of Hogarth Press publications (see Knights, *Bloomsbury’s Outsider*). I consulted a physical second impression copy in Special Collections, University of Reading, and was advised by a *Woodcut* book owner as to the page numbers and content of the third impression. A full color copy of the first impression of *Twelve Original Woodcuts* can be downloaded from the Duke repository for personal use.

¹⁷ For the first impression, the title and author of the book are printed in black in the center of a white label with a top and bottom border made of the letter V repeated but with every second V inverted.

¹⁸ Woolmer notes the differences between the first and subsequent impressions. The latter were printed on coated paper and “without the titles to the woodcuts” (Woolmer 11).

¹⁹ In the first impression, the titles are formatted all block capitals except for “Ste. Agnès”.

²⁰ In 2017, this woodcut print sold for 425 pounds sterling, Court Gallery UK, 15 March-15 April.

Number four, “THE GROTTA,” is a woodcut replica of Fry’s “Spring/La Source” (1921), depicting a female nude. Number five, “Ste. Agnès,” is a version of Fry’s 1915 painting, *Figure Resting Under a Tree, Ste. Agnès*. Number seven, “L’ANGLE SUR ANGLIN,” is based on Fry’s earlier paintings while in Poitiers in 1911.²¹ More research on tracing the connection, if any, of each woodblock design to Fry’s drawings and paintings is suggested by correspondences between Fry’s original artwork and the preparation of the original woodcuts for the Hogarth Press.

The Bell, Carrington and Fry woodblocks were rediscovered by the archivist Mike Bott in the Special Collections archive at Reading, following a query by Jeremy Greenwood of Green Lea Press in 1997. Prior to this, and though accessioned in 2006, it seems that the presence of the woodblocks in the archive was not widely known. Martin Andrews identified them as woodblocks by Bell, Carrington, and Fry (Figure 2).²²

Vanessa Bell

1. Woodcut for cover paper Monday or Tuesday (Virginia Woolf, The Hogarth Press, 1921)
2. Frontispiece to the short story ‘A Society’ (Virginia Woolf, The Hogarth Press, 1921)
3. Frontispiece to the short story ‘An Unwritten Novel’ (Virginia Woolf, The Hogarth Press, 1921)
4. Frontispiece to the short story ‘The String Quartet’ (Virginia Woolf, The Hogarth Press, 1921)

Dora Carrington

5. Woodcut for cover Stories of the East (Leonard Woolf, The Hogarth Press, 1921)

Roger Fry

6. The Striped Dress, No II in Twelve Original Woodcuts (Roger Fry, The Hogarth Press, 1921)
7. Still Life, No III in Twelve Original Woodcuts (Roger Fry, The Hogarth Press, 1921)
8. The Novel, No VI in Twelve Original Woodcuts (Roger Fry, The Hogarth Press, 1921)
9. The London Garden, No VIII in Twelve Original Woodcuts (Roger Fry, The Hogarth Press, 1921)
10. Interior, No X in Twelve Original Woodcuts (Roger Fry, The Hogarth Press, 1921)

Figure 2: List of woodcut blocks at the Hogarth Press Archive, Special Collections, University of Reading.
List compiled by Anne Byrne, July 2017.

As indicated in Figure 2, of the twelve Fry woodblocks for *Twelve Original Woodcuts*, only five are in the archive (“THE STRIPED DRESS,” “STILL LIFE,” “THE NOVEL,” “THE LONDON GARDEN,” “INTERIOR”). There is no further information on the fate of the remaining seven, apart from a query in September 1946 to the Hogarth Press by an education company for permission to reproduce

²¹ See the catalogue entry for “River with Poplars” (Shone 75).

²² This information derives from a personal conversation and correspondence with Danni Corfield, Project Archivist, Random House. Four of the five woodcut blocks for *Monday or Tuesday* are archived in Special Collections, University of Reading. The missing woodblock is for the short story “A Haunted House.”

Fry's "SELF-PORTRAIT" for a graphic education film on the history of woodcuts. Permission was granted.²³

I.	SELF PORTRAIT.
II.	THE STRIPED DRESS.
III.	STILL LIFE.
IV.	THE GROTTTO.
V.	Ste. Angès.
VI.	THE NOVEL.
VII.	L'ANGLE SUR LANGLIN.
VIII.	THE LONDON GARDEN.
IX.	TWO NUDES.
X.	INTERIOR.
XI.	DESSERT.
XII.	IRIS AND VASE.

Figure 3: First Impression woodcut titles printed in red ink, followed by a woodcut illustration on alternate rectos (single-leaf woodcut) printed directly from the block in black ink for *Twelve Original Woodcuts* by Roger Fry, Hogarth Press, November 1921. List compiled by Anne Byrne.

The handmade paper wrappers were individually hand-colored with a range of different inks, green, purple, red, grey and often marbled.²⁴ Including front and back covers, title page and advertisement end page, the first impression book (22.9 x 16.6cm) consisted of 32 pages of cream, textured, woven paper, hand-sewn and tied with purple thread and knot.

What Remains?

The design, appeal and quality of Fry's woodcut prints is reflected in the extraordinary demand for this early Hogarth Press art publication and by the record of successful sales. Fry's *Twelve Original Woodcuts* merits more scholarly attention.²⁵ It is the only Hogarth Press publication of woodcut prints and is classified as a "rare book."²⁶ Another thread emerges from the archives. Pamela Diamand, Roger's daughter, accepted the offer made by the Hogarth Press to her in September 1952. "It is very kind of you to suggest sending me the woodcut books." In April of that year, the Hogarth Press binders had discovered 35 remaindered copies of *Twelve Original Woodcuts*. They were stored out of view for more than two decades. Letters were sent to art galleries and fine art booksellers who might be interested in buying this remaindered stock. One after another, the offer to buy 30 of the 35 copies was politely declined on the grounds that there was little demand for books of woodcut prints. The Whitworth Gallery was prepared to buy a single copy; the Hogarth Press presented it to them as a gift. The books were finally presented to Pamela, who wrote in gratitude: "I am quite sure that my Aunts would be very pleased to share with me in having them."²⁷ The woodcut design we printed on the sturdy Albion press at the Hogarth Press Centenary Celebrations was Fry's "The London Garden" based on a view of his

²³ The woodcut print "Self-Portrait" is featured on the front and inside cover of *A Roger Fry Reader*. Roger Fry died on 9 September 1934, following a fall at his home. Virginia writes on 12 September, "Tomorrow we go up, following some instinct to the funeral. [...] I think the poverty of life now is what comes to me. A thin blackish veil over everything. [...] The substance gone out of everything" (D4 242).

²⁴ Woolmer cites a letter from Virginia to Vanessa (13 November 1921) that the colored wrappers were sourced in Holborn and clearly "an imitation of the Kew Gardens cover" (Woolmer 11). However Rhein writes that it was Fry who made the marbled paper wrapper for the first impression (27).

²⁵ See Hammill and Hussey; Bradshaw 286-88; Spalding, *Duncan Grant* 208.

²⁶ These "original" woodcut prints can sell for hundreds of euros and more; this may account for the very few intact copies in circulation or in private and public collections. The second impression copy on display in the Hogarth Press exhibition was on loan from Penguin Random House Archive and Library, UK. In May 2014, an intact first impression sold at Christies for £2,500 sterling (lot 252).

²⁷ Pamela Diamand to Mr. Raymond, 24 September 1952, MS 2750/120, The Hogarth Press, Special Collections, University of Reading.

own garden at Dalmeny Avenue (Figure 4). I too am very pleased to have this copy, printed by hand almost one hundred years later.



Figure 4: Hand-pressed prints, Hogarth Press centenary celebrations, University of Reading. Photo: Anne Byrne

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John Buchan's *Mr. Standfast* and Bloomsbury

John Buchan (1875-1940) was a prolific British writer in a variety of genres, including novels, poems, biography and history. The character of Richard Hannay appeared in five novels, *Mr. Standfast* being the third. *Mr. Standfast* is set during the First World War, although it was not published until 1919. John Buchan himself was unfit to serve in the First World War. Nevertheless, he devoted himself to the war effort. In the spring of 1915 he was the *Times* correspondent at the Front. The rest of the war he spent mainly working in the Intelligence Corps.

Buchan found Bloomsbury both too elitist and too pacifist and, to spoof this culture, he introduces Biggleswick and Fosse Manor in the novel *Mr. Standfast*. Although he does paint a sympathetic portrait of a conscientious objector in *Mr. Standfast* in the character of Launcelot Wake,¹ his compassion was not great for pacifists. It was in this context that he satirized the Bloomsbury Group primarily because many of its members were pacifists. Stemming from this perspective he also satirized other attitudes of the group that he thought led to this pacifism, even though it is somewhat surprising to find a satire on Bloomsbury in a book that was considered a "shocker." *Mr. Standfast's* plot is convoluted, though the basic elements of it can be summarized: Towards the end of the First World War, Brigadier General Richard Hannay is recalled from the Front to track down a dangerous German agent who is stirring up disaffection with the war in England. Hannay adopts a new identity as a businessman from South Africa who wants to end the war. With this persona he infiltrates the Biggleswick community who also are opposed to the war. Hannay follows clues that take him to Scotland and to continental Europe. There are many twists and turns. Unexpectedly, Hannay discovers that his real identity has been known all along by the German agent. Nevertheless, with much ingenuity he is able to defeat the agent and his associates in an exciting climax in the Swiss Alps. In another complication, Hannay and the German agent are both in love with the same young woman, who is actually, like Hannay, working for the British government. This romance is cast aside for much of the novel.

Pilvi Rajamäe has argued that "The community of Biggleswick is a miniature, self-contained world which aspires to stand for everything 'new.' [...] Their feeble efforts at innovation are no match for tradition, as is made abundantly clear when Hannay discovers the pleasures of reading the classics" (205-06). Part of the "new" that Buchan depicts in *Mr. Standfast* was based on the attitudes and values of the Bloomsbury Group. Buchan may have received some information about the Bloomsbury Group through his wife Susan Buchan, née Grosvenor, whose family had known and visited the Stephen family during the Stephen siblings' childhoods. Susan Buchan and Virginia Woolf intermittently continued this connection as adults.

Although some of the "new" attitudes at Biggleswick extend far beyond Bloomsbury's innovations, there are several aspects of the group that are satirized in Fosse Manor and the Biggleswick community. Fosse Manor and its occupants may be intended to resemble Garsington Manor, where Bloomsbury pacifists gathered. Sir Walter Bullivant tells Hannay that he must infiltrate Biggleswick to advocate the speedy end of the war or "peace at once" (309). The phrase seems to be a reference to *Peace at Once*, an anti-war pamphlet written by Bloomsbury Group member Clive Bell and published in 1915.

Crossing between Fosse Manor and Biggleswick are two major characters, Launcelot Wake and Mary Lamington. Fosse Manor is occupied by the wealthier pacifists and advocates of the new, while the

¹ See Pilvi Ramajäe, especially pages 205-206 and 207.



pacifist Biggleswick community is poorer and its members practitioners of modernism in the arts. Both Mary and Launcelot also help Hannay with his task of tracking down the German agent and both travel far beyond both Fosse Manor and Biggleswick.

Hannay inwardly criticizes a picture at Fosse Manor, which was probably similar to the paintings shown at the Post-Impressionist Exhibitions of 1910 and 1912, organized by Bloomsbury member Roger Fry. Hannay is an unreclaimed traditionalist in matters of art. Describing a picture that Launcelot is holding up for the two middle-aged sisters, Miss Claire and Miss Doria Wymondham, Hannay reflects on their aesthetic reactions (“They finished their talk about the picture—which was couched in a jargon of which I did not understand a word” [315]) and further describes the pictures in the dining-room:

The panelling had been stripped off, and the walls and ceilings were covered with a dead-black satiny paper on which hung the most monstrous pictures in large dull-gold frames. I could only see them dimly, but they seemed to be a mere riot of ugly colour. The young man nodded towards them. “I see you have got the Dégousses hung at last,” he said.

“How exquisite they are!” cried Miss Claire. “How subtle and candid and brave! Doria and I warm our souls at their flame. (315).

Presumably, the artist’s name, Dégousses, is a coinage of Buchan’s own, suggestive of a French painter. The women continue to discuss pictures, friends and books. Fortunately for Hannay they ignore him, “for [he] kn[e]w nothing about these matters and didn’t understand half the language” (316). However, one of the sisters tries to include him in the conversation when it turns to Russian novels. Bloomsbury was particularly enthusiastic about Russian culture.² With the Russian expatriate, Samuel Kotliansky, both Woolfs translated some Russian authors into English.³ Buchan may well have been aware that Virginia Woolf had already written in praise of Russian fiction in a 1918 essay, “The Russian View.” In “Modern Novels” she took a most appreciative view of Russian novelists:

The most inconclusive remarks upon modern English fiction can hardly avoid some mention of the Russian influence, and if the Russians are mentioned one runs the risk of feeling that to write of any fiction save theirs is a waste of time. If we want understanding of the soul and heart where else shall we find it of comparable profundity? If we are sick of our own materialism the least considerable of their novelists has by right of birth a natural reverence for the human spirit. (35)

Buchan himself took a contrasting position in *Memory Hold-the-Door*:

Again, I had read as a duty the principal works of the Russian novelists, and—with the exception of *War and Peace* and one or two or Tourgeniev’s—was resolved never to attempt them again. I suffered from a radical defeat of sympathy. Their merits were beyond doubt, but their method and the whole world which they represented seemed to me ineffably dismal. (201)

The Russian novel under question in *Mr. Standfast* is satirically entitled *Leprous Souls*—a title clearly suggested by Gogol’s *Dead Souls*. Hannay has actually read some of this book at the Front: “It had drifted somehow into our dugout on the Scarpe, and after we had all stuck in the second chapter it had disappeared in the mud to which it naturally belonged.” While Miss Doria praises the book for its “poignancy” and “grave beauty,” Hannay privately regards *Leprous Souls* as “God-

forgotten twaddle” (316). (Hannay will be regarded as meritorious by the inhabitants of Biggleswick for having read this Russian novel).

Mary Lamington warns Hannay that her aunts’ views are a forerunner of those he will experience in Biggleswick: “You will hear everything you regard as sacred laughed at and condemned, and every kind of nauseous folly acclaimed” (319). Arriving in Biggleswick, Hannay lodges with the Jimsons. Mrs. Jimson immediately wishes to discuss books at lunch with Hannay. As we might imagine Lady Ottoline doing, Mrs. Jimson explains, “We are all labouring to express our personalities[.] [...] Have you found your medium [...]? Is it to be the pen or the pencil? Or perhaps it is music? You have the brow of an artist, the frontal ‘bar of Michelangelo,’ you remember!” (322). This passage is a comic parody of the Bloomsbury attribution of the greatest importance to the creative arts and their practice.

Later Mrs. Jimson explains that Biggleswick is “one great laboratory of thought[.] [...] It is glorious to feel that you are living among the eager vital people who are at the head of all the newest movements, and that the intellectual history of England is being made in our studies and gardens” (323). As was the case for many in the Bloomsbury Group and for friends such as Lady Ottoline, “The war to us seems a remote and secondary affair. [...] [T]he great fights of the world are all fought in the mind” (323). This latter view was certainly shared by Virginia Woolf in the approach to the Second World War and the writing of *Three Guineas*. Woolf used her intellectual gifts as a writer, viewing this as her best contribution to prevent war.

The Bloomsbury view of art is satirized in the persons of the three Weekeses sisters: “Art was their great subject[.] [...] It was their fashion never to admire anything that was obviously beautiful [...] but to find loveliness in things which I thought hideous. Also they talked a language which was beyond me” (325). When Hannay praises the “divine countryside,” he finds “they didn’t give a rap for it and had never been a mile beyond the village. But they admired greatly the sombre effect of a train going into Marylebone station on a rainy day” (325-26).

Buchan also wrote about how he thought the Bloomsbury Group felt about men of action: “They regarded me as a convert from an alien world of action which they secretly dreaded, though they affected to despise it” (*Mr. Standfast* 327). Buchan may have read the first publication of the Woolfs’ two short stories by the Hogarth Press. In her story, “The Mark on the Wall,” Virginia Woolf wrote on this topic, “I understand Nature’s game—her prompting to take action as a way of ending any thought that threatens to excite or to pain. Hence, I suppose, comes our slight contempt for men of action—men, we assume, who don’t think” (9).

Buchan shared many of Hannay’s views about the innovations occurring in art and literature during and after the First World War, admitting that, “the rebels and experimentalists for the most part left me cold” and “the modern work most loudly acclaimed my traditionalist mind is simply not competent to judge at all” (*Memory* 202, 203). This quotation makes it apparent that Buchan would oppose the new “modern work” favored by Bloomsbury. The genre Buchan chose for *Mr. Standfast*, that of the shocker, was a type written in a traditional and conventional way, very much the obverse of Bloomsbury style.

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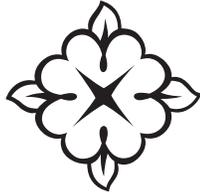
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² Duncan Grant also painted a picture of Marjorie Strachey reading *Crime and Punishment*.

³ See Galya Diment’s *A Russian Jew in Bloomsbury The Life and Times of Samuel Kotliansky*, particularly chapter 6: “Translating for the Hogarth Press.”

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A Phenomenological Study of Selfhood in Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse*, and *The Waves*¹

Phenomenology is one of the possible answers to epistemological questions. It is called the science of sciences and is a system of thought Edmund Husserl founded at the turning of the twentieth century. Literally, phenomenology means the study of phenomena and appearances, which Husserl believed could be used to partly clarify the pattern of human consciousness in its relation to reality. Due to its implication as to the structure of human experiences and according to the way the phenomena present themselves to consciousness, Husserl chose the word phenomenology to represent his philosophy. The late philosophy (1913-1938) developed by Husserl, called transcendental phenomenology, gives us a broader view of who we are and how consciousness defines us based on an analysis of literary characters. The singularity of the experience of selfhood, the "singular tantum", according to Robert Sokolowski (42), is unique to every single individual; in other words, a phenomenon in its own being cannot bear any significance unless it appears *to* somebody.

Phenomenology introduces relevant features regarding the idea of selfhood in the absence of which consciousness does not function well, giving the individual an impaired sense of selfhood involving temporality, spatiality, absence and presence, etc. Examples as such are abundant in Virginia Woolf's fiction. One may argue that Woolf's fascination with consciousness makes her as great a phenomenologist as Husserl. In his critique of Virginia Woolf's fiction, Mark Hussey, in *The Singing of the Real World* (1986), states that there is an "implicit philosophical" concern behind Woolf's works (xi).

In this article, Woolf's characters will be studied from a phenomenological perspective. The approach will clarify how these characters perceive the world and to what extent it shapes their consciousness and selfhood. Woolf's novels, especially the ones being studied here- *Mrs. Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse* and *The Waves*- have detailed narratives of the characters' experiences. Woolf showed great meticulousness in capturing her characters' perception of reality, which, according to Joann Circosta in "Witness to Consciousness: Virginia Woolf and Phenomenology," has "a close affinity with Husserl's philosophy" (55). Woolf believed that "one's self is the greatest monster

and miracle in the world" (qtd. in Hussey 101); likewise, her characters are, as Circosta states, "the interpreter[s] of the world around," and "human identity [is] the central focus of her art" (73). Central to both phenomenology and to Woolf is consciousness, and essential to consciousness is intentionality that directs one's attention, attentively or not, at an object to perceive it. In *The Waves*, Bernard, one of the characters, believes he must "throw his mind out in the air," directing intentionality at objects "as a man throws seeds in great fan-flights" (740) to perceive the world. Woolf's characters know themselves by virtue of this fundamental characteristic called intentionality.

A discrepancy between the intention directed at an object and the object perceived, e.g., directing attention at an apple, perceiving an orange and claiming so, can cause problems in leading a normal life; this nonconformity is also defined as a misfit of a world-to-mind or mind-to-world compatibility. Thus, there are some characters whose perceptions do not correlate with the common image of the world. In *Mrs. Dalloway*, Septimus Smith, a character suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder, does not have a mind-to-world or a world-to-mind fit, and this factor leads to his mental breakdown and his imminent suicide. Directing his perceptions at the world, Septimus perceives his friend Evans' death. The representation of Septimus's thoughts, as various as they are, correlates with the notion of death. Woolf writes of Septimus's perception: "[T]here was his hand; there the dead. White things were assembling behind the railings opposite. But he dared not look. Evans was behind the railings" (142).

Another example of a world-to-mind misfit is Rhoda, a delusional character in *The Waves*, whose perception of the world is defined by silence. Silence is the signified of her thoughts; the signifier, which disturbs her understanding of the world and herself, results in her equalizing her own being as silence and nothingness. For instance, she says "but here I am nobody. I have no face" (652). Comprehending the differences between her world and her friends, she says: "their world is the real world. [...] They know what to say if they are spoken to. They laugh really; they get angry really; while I have to look first and do what other people do when they have done it" (657).

Asserting one's sense of self can take place in a bond one shapes with reality, which, according to James Naremore in *The World Without a Self*, Woolf's characters do (110). For example, regarding *Mrs. Dalloway*, Naremore states, "there is a need, Peter [Walsh] feels, to make direct contact with the surface appearances of life, to assert the ego" (110); in other words, in order to feel alive, Peter Walsh needed to direct his intentionality at the world. Fundamental to perception is presence and absence. A spectator does not and cannot perceive objects in their totality; there are always aspects hidden from view. Therefore, perception is always a combination of absences and presences, existence and non-existence. This factor also applies to abstract concepts; we understand what a sentence means because we understand what is not mentioned in/by it. In "Virginia Woolf and Prose of the World" (1998), Alan Wilde writes: "[t]he idea of *complete* expression is nonsensical[.] [...] [A]ll language is indirect or allusive—that is, if you wish, silence [...] silence is, then, the counterpart of language, in a sense its source" (159).

In *To the Lighthouse*, which contains good examples of absence and presence, the concept of the table in the kitchen represents the penultimate engagement of the philosopher, Mr. Ramsay, with absence. Andrew Ramsay, the son, in explaining what his father's books are about, says to Lily Briscoe, a painter: "Think of the kitchen table then ... when you're not there" (271). Later, Lily envisions the process of Mr. Ramsay's philosophical thought, imagining that, for him, "the kitchen table was something visionary, austere; something bare, hard, not ornamental. There was no colour to it; it was all edges and angles; it was uncompromisingly plain. But Mr. Ramsay kept always his eyes fixed upon it, never allowed himself to be distracted or deluded" (357). Lily, recalling her conversation with Mr. Ramsay years earlier, thinks:

¹ This paper has been presented in SOCIO-INT14 international conference on social sciences and humanities in Istanbul, Turkey in 2014. It is also published in the proceedings of the same conference. "A Phenomenological Reading of Virginia Woolf's Fictions: The Process of Self-Formation". *Proceedings of SOCIOINT14- International Conference on Social Sciences and Humanities*. 8-10 September 2014. Istanbul, Turkey. 436-442.

“He must have had his doubts about that table, she supposed; whether the table was a real table” (357); whether the table existed, were there no observers to perceive it. Such reflections made Lily think “night after night [...] about the reality of kitchen tables” (357). By being aware of some aspects, consciousness misses the aspects hidden from it so it perceives- no matter what- partially; therefore, consciousness always lacks totality in perception.

Another important aspect of phenomenological analysis is temporality, the lens through which self-perception and world-perception are feasible. Husserl believed that temporality is the unifier of conscious acts. The temporal nature of consciousness gives human beings a coherent sense of selfhood. Time includes recollection or memories, perception of the present moment and anticipation, which help in creating a stable sense of self. What Husserl calls temporality is basically the inner time-consciousness. There are three levels of temporality defined in phenomenology: objective time, subjective or immanent time, and consciousness of internal time. The first one is the time on the calendar or clock, i.e., the universal agreement of the division of the parts of a day into units of time. The second one Joanne Circosta defines as the “individual way of telling time” (124), which to Robert Sokolowski signifies the “duration and sequence of the mental acts and experiences, the events of conscious life” (130). This mode is entangled with memories and anticipations, and it cannot be measured by objective time. The third level, which is the center of focus in phenomenology, refers to the awareness of the subjective time, i.e., the awareness of self-awareness. It works as a flow or what is famously called stream of consciousness or, in Husserl’s words, absolute subjectivity. According to Dan Zahavi (2003), Husserl defines stream of consciousness as “isolated now-points, like a line of pearls” that flows (82). Selfhood is constituted at the third level of temporality because of the individual’s simultaneous awareness of the subjective and objective time. Woolf, Circosta believes, reveals selfhood and individuality by interconnecting the present moments of characters and their streams of consciousness (152). Loss of a sense of self happens as the result of an incompetency to realize the difference among subjective time, the second level of temporality and the awareness of subjective time. In *The Waves*, Rhoda speaks of her incapability in the perception of time saying:

I cannot make one moment merge in the next. To me they are all violent, all separate; and if I fall under the shock of the leap of the moment you will be on me, tearing me to pieces. I have no end in view. I don’t know how to run minute to minute and hour to hour, solving them by some natural force until they make the whole and invisible mass that you call life. (Woolf 699)

The reader may ask if it is possible for Rhoda to be aware that her perception of temporality is different from other characters in the novel. It is worth mentioning that there is a paradox underlying this question; since we do not have access to another person’s consciousness, it would be impossible for us to become aware of Rhoda’s unawareness or her difference from others. Rhoda says:

look, the loop of the figure is beginning to fill with time; it holds the world in it. I begin to draw a figure and the world is looped in it, and I myself am outside the loop; which I now join—so—and seal up, and make entire. The world is entire, and I am outside it, crying, “Oh save me, from being blown ever outside the loop of time!” (Woolf 646)

Rhoda is unable to reconcile different levels of temporality; therefore, she loses her sense of self and claims that she has “no face” (652). Her perception is of a “no longer” and “not yet” type (Circosta 132) which implies a disrupted flow of temporality. This way, present loses its significance and Rhoda’s perception becomes fragmented; her perception of time, Circosta believes, “leaps rather than flows” (129). Rhoda says:

sailors loiter on the parade, and the amorous couples; the omnibuses rattle along the sea front to the town. I will give; I will enrich [...] and now, as the train passes by these red rocks, by this blue sea, the term, done with, forms into one shape behind me. I see its colour. June was white. I see the fields white with daisies, and white with dresses; the tennis courts marked with white. Then there was wind and violent thunder. (Woolf 664, 667)

Among characters suffering from an incompatibility of harmonizing different temporal levels, Septimus Smith in *Mrs. Dalloway* has problems reconciling the first and the second, i.e., the subjective, levels of temporality. Thus, he is not able to associate his memories with the past and he loses the sense of the objective time. He does not seem to identify his memories as recollections of the past and mistakes them for present events. As the result of a truncated perception of time, he has a fractured sense of self, too. On the contrary, a strong self is capable of displacing her/himself in time. An example of such a character is Cam in *To the Lighthouse*. While sitting in a boat and looking at her father, Cam recalls awful memories of her father’s tyranny (366). Although reviewing memories, she is able to displace herself to the present moment unlike Rhoda and Septimus. Cam can displace herself easily showing that she has strong sense of selfhood: “she was thinking, as the boat sailed on, how her father’s anger about the points of the compass, James’s obstinacy about the compact, and her own anguish, all had slipped, all had passed, all had streamed away” (140).

Objective time is imposed through some objects in *Mrs. Dalloway*; Jane Goldman in *The Cambridge Introduction to Virginia Woolf* (2006) argues that “the song of a flower seller, the sound of a sky writing plane, the sound of a car backfiring and the sound of the Big Ben” impose a structure on characters (54). These elements remind the characters, always daydreaming and thinking, of a temporal order. Woolf realized the defining role of temporality in selfhood, and she portrays it in her different characters. Consciousness cannot break free from the yoke of time; neither can it define itself out of the loop of temporality. It remains an intrinsic characteristic of consciousness.

To Woolf, individuality is moments of experience that lend meaning to life; in Bernard’s words in *The Waves*, life “is this moment of time, this particular day in which I have found myself caught” (691). Temporality among other characteristics earlier defined such as absence/presence and intentionality define a sane phenomenological self. Among Woolf’s characters, there are some in possession of a strong sense of selfhood, aware of different levels of temporality, absence/presence and a world-to-mind or a mind-to-world fit while there are others who miss these characteristics. Therefore, they lead difficult lives adjusting themselves in the world. This study is an attempt to show Woolf’s emphasis on subjectivity and its unique expression; in Hussey’s words, “[t]hat image of ‘I’ at the center recurs throughout Woolf’s works” (128) which makes her one of the greatest experimenters with subjectivity and individuality.

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Mrs. Dalloway: Reflections on a Centenary, 1916-2016

History is punctuated with famous battles of great wars and their tales. Among them is the famous siege of Verdun 1916 which introduced gas warfare to an already lethal onslaught in the Great War that had begun with a single pistol shot. It became the longest and bloodiest engagement in World War I, apparently well known to Septimus Smith, the war veteran depicted in *Mrs. Dalloway*. It was a struggle comparable to the wars that Charlemagne waged and that the troops of the Franco-Prussian War fought that had raged back and forth across the fields of Lorraine since early Roman times.

Verdun might now be recalled only by the French and British soldiers of a generation that held back the armies of the Kaiser on the banks of the River Meuse to repulse a major German barrage. The military offensive was blocked because the French army refused to yield. Orders issued by General Nivelle, soon to be on everybody's lips, are now a renowned aphorism that identify *Mrs. Dalloway* with the heroism of the battle of Verdun by way of a few words that linger famously in history if not in memory: "They shall not pass" or rather, "*on ne passe pas*."

The heroic French command, issued and fulfilled effectively, relates to the narrative of Septimus Smith more surely than any battle account. Having found himself rooted to the pavement and "unable to pass," disquieting memories of this situation survive in his troubled mind as he stands in the midst of a London traffic jam thinking: "It is I who am blocking the way" (*Mrs. Dalloway* [MD] 20-21). Now, under the influence of the assaults of referential thinking, Septimus sees himself as the heroic stalwart caught in the standoff, a strategic traffic gridlock: "Everything had come to a standstill" (MD 20). The London thoroughfare was blocked; even the Queen herself was unable to pass.

Septimus had been one of the first to volunteer for military duty, for they were to be home by Christmas. He was regarded as valiant by some like his employer Mr. Brewer even though the European War "took away his ablest young fellows, [...] smashed a plaster cast of Ceres, ploughed a hole in the geranium beds, and utterly ruined the cook's nerves" (MD 129-30). Septimus had gone to the trenches in France to save an England that today has little memory of that conflict, often thought merely "a

shindy of schoolboys with gunpowder," forgotten even by the men standing in the window of Brooks's who might have attended their Sovereign "to the cannon's mouth" (MD 145, 130, 26). Yet the earth of Verdun retains much evidence of the conflict.

The route to Verdun from Bar-le-Duc cherishes the designation, "the Sacred Way," *la Voie Sacrée*, marked with helmeted milestones along the road, recalling the bumper-to-bumper convoy that famously supplied the troops day and night for the battle. It is now called Route 1916. Although the Germans were superior numerically, the French surpassed them in terms of organization and determination.

The number of British soldiers surrounded by the ring of forts during the Verdun siege, serving from February to December 1916 and acting as reserves under French orders, is only estimated, but the British-led infantry attack, called the Somme Offensive, came at the height of the conflict on the Western Front in July 1916. On the first day of the battle they suffered 57,000 casualties and, by November, simultaneously had assisted in arresting the German armies attacking Verdun and turning the battle to the French advantage. Heavy artillery, however, was the weapon of choice. Siegfried Sassoon, whose poetry often conveys the ugly truths of war, memorializes the sound of cannon-fire: "Why you can hear the guns / Hark! Thud, thud, thud—quite soft!" (*Repression of War Experiences* 34-35; see also MD 280).

The fertile terrain surrounding Verdun remains defaced by craters left in the soft mud by exploding shells. A French farmer, driving his tractor in his own fields, even today, may accidentally detonate the occasional unexploded ordnance. There were more than 370,000 French casualties at Verdun in 1916; of Germans there were around 330,000. At Ypres and Verdun were "thousands of poor chaps, [...] shovelled together, already half forgotten" (MD 174) in the words of Richard Dalloway (and in Carl Sandberg's "Grass"); they are the "chaps" whose bones can be seen through the windows at Fortress Douaumont, the ossuary at the heart of darkness, peopled now with both French and German dead.

Aerial reconnaissance, a useful tactic at first, was eventually replaced by deadly bombing; initially, terrestrial combatants had doubted these flights as futuristic techniques until dogfights took over from the infantry. The Germans deployed some 200 airplanes above Verdun. The sky writer over London that Clarissa Dalloway scarcely noticed is reminiscent of these intrepid fliers: "They are signalling to me," Septimus thinks, assuming the skywriting represents the birth of a new religion (MD 31, 5). Later, the biplanes engaged in one-on-one combat over Verdun and Pont-à-Mousson, aerial warfare made famous by the German fighter pilot known as the Red Baron, who captured much of the publicity before his plane was shot down near Vaux-de-Somme in 1918.

Among the casualties in *Mrs. Dalloway*, unfortunately, is Evans, Septimus's comrade-in-arms who was killed just before the Armistice; it was the end of the war for Evans and for Septimus, the end of a friendship. Septimus had survived; the last shells missed him. "He watched them explode with indifference" (MD 131). Rendered emotionally insensitive, he could not feel; "the War had taught him" (MD 130). Their intimacy evokes the relationship between Achilles and Patroclus, the beloved companion killed while, by chance, wearing the armor of his comrade in the Trojan War; his spectral appearances request the rites of burial that includes cremation, libations, the funeral games, and placing their ashes together in the same urn (Homer, *Iliad* 23. 68-107).

Septimus is tormented by hallucinations, people talking behind the bedroom walls, and he is constantly haunted by frightening apparitions. The ghost of Evans, as respectable as any ghost from the tragedies of Shakespeare, appears behind the railings in the park, singing among the orchids and with roses "picked by him in the fields of Greece" (MD 140-41). In such various instances, the dead were with him. Catching sight of Peter Walsh, Septimus believes this man in grey is Evans. "But no mud

was on him,” (MD 105), unlike Hector come from battle “with blood and muck all splattered upon him” (*Iliad* 6.268). The customary funeral rites for Patroclus are forthcoming: wrestling, the foot-race, the discus, etc. For Evans there are the nice out-of-door games at “Lords, Ascot, Ranelagh and all the rest of it” (MD 6).

For some, as in the case of Septimus Smith who threatened to throw himself under a cart, “it was cowardly for a man to say he would kill himself” (MD 33). In the usual diagnoses for these soldiers, their injuries were viewed as “the deferred effects of shell shock,” according to the alliterative euphemism of Sir William Bradshaw; these wounds were known less poetically as “war nerves” and “battle fatigue” according to various diagnosticians and misunderstood sufferers. A few with such psychological wounds were kindly given a few days rest in bed (MD 279). Some Frenchmen who had been treated as if there were really nothing the matter endured for years under the effects of shell shock and were still in treatment in 1960. There was also the therapy of Dr. Holmes who advised patients to take an interest in things outside themselves (MD 139).

In the next war, General Patton became famous, not for military prowess but for slapping shell-shocked soldiers who were overcome with a hysterical neurosis regarded as cowardice. Those who might have been executed as “cowards” chose suicide instead and were horribly mangled emotionally like Septimus Smith who leapt to his death: “‘The coward’ cried Dr. Holmes” (MD 226). Although Rezia Warren Smith fails to “bar the passage” of Dr. Holmes despite her efforts, the Verdun pattern is replicated by the intrusive doctor who forces his way past Rezia in a failed attempt to seize Septimus who is sitting on the windowsill and leaps to his death.

Even though there were British subjects who did not think the British invariably right, some freely expressed their ambivalence regarding the war; there were others, like Miss Doris Kilman who starved herself for the Russians and lost her position “because she would not pretend that the Germans were all villains” (MD 197, 187). Clarissa Dalloway herself remains unsure about the difference between Armenians and Albanians. The necessity of maintaining proper expression of one’s patriotic sentiments remains a virtue while diction resembling the Verdun aphorism surfaces at intervals (MD 203). In the Cathedral when Mr. Fletcher wished to go, Miss Kilman “did not at once let him pass” (MD 203). Similarly, while “passing through London” (MD 260), Sally Rosseter, née Seton, comes to Clarissa’s party, having heard of it from Clara Haydon. The battle has left its mark.

The same day, Peter Walsh serenely passes the Cenotaph, the monumental sarcophagus of Lutyens positioned in the midst of the traffic in Whitehall, the main thoroughfare in the City of Westminster; it is the empty tomb that devours the bodies of the dead to which the young soldiers are carrying their wreath rather than to the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Cathedral, both having been installed to mark the end of the First World War (MD 76). This is an instance of Peter’s lack of the ghost of a notion as to what any one else was thinking, a factor that has always annoyed Clarissa (see MD 69).

The Great War is over in *Mrs. Dalloway*, but much has indeed already been forgotten. The King and Queen are recently returned from Italy as indicated by the flag now flying over Buckingham Palace; they have just knighted the Fascist dictator Benito Mussolini as of Monday, 11 June 1923 (MD 6, 27; *Time/Capsule* 104). If invaders were to come again, Septimus would have been more than prepared to block their way.

But for most, the car backfiring in the street is interpreted as a burst tire rather than the report of a pistol. The skywriting aeroplane, with winged words overhead, is not an instrument of aerial bombing. Much has been forgotten. Often it is only the ghosts of the victims who preserve the history of the war. The remains of bodies and explosives still lie beneath the meadows while cemeteries and some several monuments remain on

the various battlefields and in the destroyed villages throughout France. A few ghosts are celebrated, but many are simply, in one way or another, just a part of the landscape.

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Unnoticed Burne-Jones: Ekphrasis in Virginia Woolf’s *Mrs. Dalloway*

Mrs. Dalloway, one of Virginia Woolf’s best-known novels, details a single day in the life of Clarissa Dalloway and her coterie of high society relations and friends in post-World War I England. Of the recurrent memories that punctuate the story I will focus primarily on the incident in the garden at Bourton, the family’s country estate. Clarissa has agreed to meet with Peter Walsh, her erstwhile suitor, and the episode is a flashback given as follows:

The fountain was in the middle of a little shrubbery, far from the house, with shrubs and trees all round it. There she came, even before the time, and they stood with the fountain between them, the spout (it was broken) dribbling water incessantly. How sights fix themselves upon the mind! For example, the vivid green moss.

She did not move. “Tell me the truth, tell me the truth,” he kept on saying. He felt as if his forehead would burst. She seemed contracted, petrified. She did not move. “Tell me the truth,” he repeated, when suddenly that old man Breitkopf¹ popped his head in carrying the Times; stared at them; gaped; and went away. They neither of them moved. “Tell me the truth,” he repeated. He felt that he was grinding against something physically hard; she was unyielding. She was like iron, like flint, rigid up the backbone. (*Mrs. Dalloway* [MD] 62-63)

Famed for his evocative illustrations of medieval chivalry and Arthurian romance Edward Burne-Jones’s study, entitled *The Baleful Head*, stood completed in 1887.² It belongs to an unfinished series of paintings, the

¹ Breitkopf is one of the house guests at Bourton.

² Assigned in college-level surveys of English authors, representing collectively the Victorian Age and containing the full text of *Mrs. Dalloway*, since its third edition the Longman Anthology has been graced by the rich color of English painter Edward Burne-Jones.

Perseus Cycle, fashioned from “The Doom of King Acrisius,” a chapter in verse of William Morris’s *Earthly Paradise*. The eighth and final number in the group, *The Baleful Head* is the harmonious depiction of Perseus presenting the decapitated gorgon: released from captivity, Andromeda and her liberator stand over a still font in order to safely behold the legendary visage that changed soldiers into stone, their refuge a fruit orchard enclosed by marble.³

According to its classical sources, chief among them Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, the story of Andromeda’s plight begins in Aethiopia.⁴ The wife of King Cepheus, Cassiopea, draws the ire of the gods after extolling the beauty of her daughter over that of Poseidon’s Nereids, for which offense the lands are devastated by flooding and exposed to bestial terror, namely the dragon Cetus. Yielding to his people’s pleas, Cepheus, per the oracle’s instruction, attempts to appease the wrathful Poseidon by chaining Andromeda to a large rock in sight of the rampaging creature. Making a fortuitous return journey to Argos, the sandal-winged Perseus is moved by the scene taking place to intervene, on further condition of the king’s consent to a marriage. Buoyed by Athena’s gifts, Perseus slays the dragon in a great arcing descent, to the emancipation of Andromeda and relief of all those residing in Aethiopia. Ovid’s narrative concludes by immortalizing its principle actors, bestowing several new constellations upon the night sky.

Taking another look at the excerpt from *Mrs. Dalloway*, the use of “petrified” is all-too telling; Clarissa is unable to budge and Breitkopf ogles like a corpse, his gaping stare serving as living analog to Perseus’s macabre trophy. An oil painting visionary for its time is made exalted use of in *Mrs. Dalloway*. Any but a cursory examination of *The Baleful Head* ought to remind us of Woolf’s tableau, the unnoticed *mise-en-texte*; surely one perceives “vivid green moss” in *The Baleful Head*’s rectangular panels and earthen floor. In Morris’s “The Doom of King Acrisius,” the verse is a retelling of how the grown Perseus, son of Danaë and equipped by the goddess Minerva, slew the hideous gorgon and wed Andromeda, and an exclamatory “tell me” is spoken multiple times between heroine and hero (Morris 1612; 1660) at the beginning of their courtship. In the Bourton scene the utterance appears not less than four times. Peter’s earlier remark, the moon rising behind them: “‘Tell me,’ he said, seizing her by the shoulders. ‘Are you happy, Clarissa? Does Richard —’” (MD 46), raises that total to five.

Although Burne-Jones relies on Morris’s literature, *The Baleful Head* resembles better the pen-and-ink drawing meant to accompany Dante Gabriel Rossetti’s poem “Aspecta Medusa” than the seaside setting in *Earthly Paradise*. Rossetti has the lovers lean into a constructed pool reflecting at their feet.⁵ At the end of this complicated chain one may safely venture none other source than Burne-Jones presented Woolf with just those visual markers adorning her prose: the verdant garden, the fountain and its placement *between* Peter and Clarissa.

Although the manner in which Burne-Jones stands Perseus and Andromeda is unique⁶ (no small thing, considering the popularity of the subject, depicted numerous times throughout history in painting and literature), there *is* a discrepancy between *The Baleful Head*’s serene

³ See *The Baleful Head* at [https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:The_Baleful_Head_by_Edward_Burne-Jones_\(1885\).jpg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:The_Baleful_Head_by_Edward_Burne-Jones_(1885).jpg).

⁴ Utilizing lexicographer William Smith’s *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*, the Theoi Project (<http://www.theoi.com/Heros/Perseus.html>) is a comprehensive reference on Greek mythology, carefully sourcing the multitude of authored subplots and conflicting revision.

⁵ See <http://www.rossettiarchive.org/docs/s183b.rap.html>. Rossetti appears to have been inspired by a Pompeian fresco, likely that removed from the House of the Colored Capitals and now in the collection of the National Archaeological Museum in Naples.

⁶ Thomas Albrecht, author of *The Medusa Effect: Representation and Epistemology in Victorian Aesthetics*, contends there is no perfectly direct artistic source for Burne-Jones’s arrangement (Albrecht).

bath and the fountain described in *Mrs. Dalloway*, equipped with a defective “dribbling” spout. As motivic subject, however, the change is no mistake but proclaims the obsolescence of phallic potency,⁷ exemplified throughout the novel. Molly Hoff, in her encyclopedic monograph *Virginia Woolf’s Mrs. Dalloway: Invisible Presences*, explains:

The tryst by the broken fountain surrounded by pubic shrubs and moss bears a sexual quality. The dribbling of the broken fountain (perhaps Peter’s impotence) which may suggest his sexual thirst is reminiscent of the tap dripping water in Clarissa’s room. (Hoff 110)

Further, when Joseph Breitkopf pokes his head through the shrubs, his last name evokes his native tongue in which ‘breitkopf’ means ‘broad head.’ Conflating the story and painting gives us the severed head of a German,⁸ Breitkopf standing in as he does for defeated Medusa. It becomes tempting to read in this a deliberate provocation targeting allied Europe’s chief foe during the Great War. Peter Walsh, the expatriate residing semi-permanently in India, serves as the novel’s domestic obtruder.

Attesting to its author’s extraordinary ingenuity, *Mrs. Dalloway* upsets roles set down in antiquity by shuffling associated birthrights and temperaments. For instance, ‘Andromeda’ is defined as the Latinized form of the Greek construction meaning “mindful of her husband,” from a combination of *andros*, genitive of ‘man,’ with *medesthai*, “to be mindful of,” and alternatively “ruler of men,” which favors *medon*, ‘ruler,’ over *medesthai* (“Andromeda”).⁹ A tremendous gulf lies between these poles in their contrariety and relevance to *Mrs. Dalloway*. Between whom this duality should be distributed becomes clear when, scanning the roster of persons remaining, we light on Lucrezia, caring wife to Septimus Smith, a shell-shocked veteran. Marital obeisance thus accounted for, Clarissa can be safely granted the latter etymology (in the matriarchy implied, who should be her subject but Peter?). The content of Lucrezia’s melancholy rumination aligns *her* with the original Andromeda:

Slightly waved by tears the broad path, the nurse, the man in grey, the perambulator, rose and fell before her eyes. To be rocked by this malignant torturer was her lot. [...] She was exposed; she was surrounded by the enormous trees, vast clouds of an indifferent world, exposed; tortured; and why should she suffer? Why? (MD 64)

Is not her torture conspicuously coastal—surroundings rise and fall and Lucrezia is “rocked” beneath open sky.

Overeducated and newly unemployed, Doris Kilman is in love with the 17-year-old Elizabeth, Clarissa’s daughter. Both for her sexual orientation and inferior social standing, Miss Kilman is repugnant to Clarissa, whom she lambastes as “some prehistoric monster armoured for primeval warfare” (MD 123).¹⁰ Again it proves reasonable to consult the myth, so economically does *Mrs. Dalloway* wring its every character’s role, distinguishing hostility from loathing, invitation from fascination. For all Miss Kilman’s unkempt offensiveness the archetypal trinity of

⁷ Hoff reaches this conclusion (see 110).

⁸ Recall that among Septimus’s visual hallucinations “he had seen an old woman’s head in the middle of a fern” (MD 65).

⁹ For “ruler of men” see “Andromeda (mythology)” in Wikipedia. Reading the signs of his marriage’s impending dissolution, Septimus ponders silently: “The rope was cut; he mounted; he was free, as it was decreed that he, Septimus, the lord of men, should be free” (66), a reflection that offers a caricature of patriarchal exultation. As Hoff explains in an annotation to Miss Doris Kilman, “fervor in certainty contrasts with Clarissa’s epistemological uncertainty and thus merits ironical treatment” (Hoff 173).

¹⁰ Incidentally, Hoff connects Miss Kilman’s patchy hair and exposed forehead to Medusa’s “snakey locks” (Hoff 178), an abyssal terror like that of death, as well as to the hooved Minotaur (Hoff 38).

hero, damsel, and scourge remains incomplete. Sally Seton, itinerant rebel turned housewife, a youthful friend of Clarissa's at Bourton, rounds out *Mrs. Dalloway's* multifaced reference to Cetus.

As the catalyst for Clarissa's germinal bisexuality Sally is integral to the other, less distressing mental interlude informing the narrative. After stooping to pick a flower, she kisses Clarissa on the lips. Incidentally the girls' lofty plans, rebellion and the abolition of private property, include reading William Morris and Plato. Sally is now safely Lady Rosseter, but in the years prior to her polite rehabilitation Clarissa feared Sally's recklessness was bound "to end in some awful tragedy; her death; her martyrdom" (177). Cetus is literarily implied, but hardly in one colossal mention; rather, the leviathan's forceful interposition between lovers is supplied by Peter, its terrible presence by Miss Kilman, and its immediate danger by Sally. The near parity of the name Seton to Cetus in sound and pelagic prefixes (the ancestor of 'Seton' refers to a settlement by the sea ["Seaton"], while 'Cetus' gives us 'cetacean') is striking.

Among this small segregated cast, how telling the ambition of the male is to break in upon *Mrs. Dalloway's* lone reciprocal union. In the instant following the memorable kiss, Breikopf and Peter, debating the virile music of Richard Wagner, step into the garden. Peter levies animosity in his rhetorical fashion:

"Star-gazing?" said Peter.

It was like running one's face against a granite wall in the darkness! It was shocking; it was horrible!

Granting the myth's interoperative role, Peter's quip reminds us, with an ironic suggestion of passion "frustrated by the stars," of Athena's ultimate decision to honor Perseus and Andromeda within the firmament:

[Clarissa] felt only how Sally was being mauled already, maltreated; she felt [Peter's] hostility; his jealousy; his determination to break into their companionship. All this she saw as one sees a landscape in a flash of lightning—and Sally (never had she admired her so much!) gallantly taking her way unvanquished. (MD 35)

Above all it is with this encounter that the Spenserian topoi are dashed, then reconfigured to female advantage. Note the language Woolf employs:

It was protective, on her side; sprang from a sense of being in league together, a presentiment of something that was bound to part them (they spoke of marriage always as a catastrophe), which led to this chivalry, this protective feeling. (33)

Enriching the trio's dynamism is a further echo of *Earthly Paradise*: the beast poised to devour, the embroiled Perseus's blade glowing amid the poisonous brack is likened to a flash of lightning. Morris's image resonates with the valor Sally displayed:

But all that passed, like lightning-lighted street
In the dark night, as the blue blade did meet
The wrinkled neck, and with no faltering stroke,
Like a god's hand the fell enchantment broke. (Morris 1573-76)

There is a strong temptation to read in that final line the severing of Sally and Clarissa's brief tryst. Woolf's maneuvering of types here—peevish admiration replacing potent machismo—is deft and cuts *Mrs. Dalloway's* feminism in stark relief.

Regarding the twin faces of Andromeda (i.e., in *The Baleful Head*, both actual and reflected) one begins to suspect Burne-Jones relied on the then-copious collection of life studies littering his studio at The Grange in Fulham. Is Andromeda's historical sitter an amalgam of the Pre-Raphaelite "stunner" type, a touch mysterious, frizzy haired? Every model is problematic. The features of Laura Lytton appear in the 1886 *The Depths of the Sea*, a gesture appreciated as sympathetic to her

death the previous year; the agonizing affair between Maria Zambaco and Burne-Jones had by the early 1870s been minimized following an eruption of scandal, with Zambaco fleeing home to Paris. By this time, Julia Stephen (née Jackson), mother of Virginia Woolf, was undoubtedly occupied with the business of her four young children. Captured on numerous occasions by London's visionary portraitists, Stephen was renowned for her beauty, sitting for George Frederic Watts in 1870 and six years later in the guise of the Virgin Mary,¹¹ an ode to the Roman austerity Burne-Jones met with in his travels across Italy. All this is to say the period during which the Perseus Cycle was undertaken offered Burne-Jones few chances to pose Lytton, Zambaco or Stephen from life as he had done in the past.

I quote again from Woolf, this time her posthumously collected autobiographical essays in *Moments of Being*:

It is perfectly true that she obsessed me, in spite of the fact that she died when I was thirteen, until I was forty-four. Then one day walking round Tavistock Square, I made up, as I sometimes make up my books, *To the Lighthouse*; [...] and when it was written, I ceased to be obsessed by my mother. ("A Sketch of the Past" 92-93)

Note the Hogarth Press brought out *Mrs. Dalloway* on 14 May 1925 when Woolf was 43. Julia Stephen was at least in her late 30s when *The Baleful Head* was begun, by such time unsuited to the youth requisite for Cassiopeia's lofty daughter. Is it Stephen's visage or that belonging to a birch-white generic? In the much-praised biography recalling his aunt the novelist, Quentin Bell speculates: "Burne-Jones used [Stephen] as a model, and I think that the 'Burne-Jones type' owes something to her profile" (Bell 17). Given Stephen's and Zambaco's respective maturity, it follows Burne-Jones fashioned Andromeda after a subjective, irretrievable whim.

Stanley Baldwin, a nephew of Burne-Jones and thrice Prime Minister, inaugurated a major gathering of Burne-Jones drawings and paintings, organized by the Tate Britain in the summer of 1933, the centenary of the artist's birth, with a touching opening address. According to reports the affair was poorly attended. In a typewritten letter to Bell, Woolf remarked:

Yesterday I went to see the Burne Joneses; no I don't like them; save as remnants of Nessas and my youth—floating lilies; things that have gone down the stream of time; which image is more just than you would think; for every picture has one white face looking down, and another looking up out of water." (Woolf, *Letters* [L] 5 206; see also Wildman and Christian)

The letter to Bell almost certainly refers instead to *The Mirror of Venus*,¹² a prosaic take on Venus and her circle of maidens. If Burne-Jones did not rely on a certain model's likeness when he painted *The Baleful Head*, Julia Stephen's pedigree might have tempted Woolf to recognize her mother in the painting, a conclusion that can be drawn from the voluminous testimony left to her heirs: "I have the ordinary persons [*sic*] love of a likeness and desire to be reminded by portraits of real people [...] I am very glad to have these records of them" (L4 6-7).

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¹¹ Stephen was 33 years old when she posed for Burne-Jones' *The Annunciation*, completed in 1879, the year Vanessa was born. See "Editorial Note" in *Julia Duckworth Stephen: Stories for Children, Essays for Adults* (Syracuse UP, 1987).

¹² *The Mirror of Venus* exists in two versions, completed simultaneously in 1877. The first was begun in 1867, the second 1873.

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Photo by Thomas Wong from Burst
<https://burst.shopify.com/photos/london-hotels-flats>

“squares where all the couples are triangles”¹

For years this phrase or similar—such as “lived in squares, painted in circles, and loved in triangles”—about the Bloomsbury Group has been attributed to Dorothy Parker, but no one has ever been able to track it down and verify it. I recently commented in my review of *Queer Bloomsbury* that Regina Marler, in her essay “The Bloomsbury Love Triangle,” assured us that the “famous quip [...] is *not* by Dorothy Parker, but ‘probably the work of Kingsley Martin’ (148 n1). I’ve never thought of him as witty, so I wait to be convinced” (Clarke 58). Subsequently, Vara Neverow² on the Virginia Woolf Listserv provided a reference to an item written by Kingsley Martin, and I discovered that I had had a copy of the article in question for over forty years without realizing its significance.

The New Statesman and Nation had a regular anonymous column, “A London Diary,” signed “Critic.” It had actually inherited the column from the *Nation*, when it had been signed “A Wayfarer,” who was the editor, H. W. Massingham. When the *Nation* amalgamated with the *Athenæum* to form the *Nation and the Athenæum* in 1921, Massingham continued as editor as well as continuing his column until 1923, when he was replaced by Hubert Henderson (with Leonard Woolf as literary editor) under the new management board chaired by John Maynard Keynes. The column lapsed, but was revived after the *Nation and Athenæum* merged with the *New Statesman* to form the *New Statesman and Nation* in 1931.

The column consisted of individual, unconnected paragraphs, usually all written by the editor, Kingsley Martin, but sometimes contributed by others. According to my notes, the column Vara led me to—29 March 1941—was all written by Martin, except for the second paragraph, which was by Raymond Mortimer. It is the third paragraph that is relevant here:

I wonder what people mean by “Bloomsbury”? I asked myself as I looked at the dismantled flat. Certainly it is no longer what Margaret Irwin used to describe in the ’twenties as the place where “all the couples were triangles and lived in squares.” Whatever it was once, it is gone now. Perhaps Göring, whose hand always went to his revolver belt when anyone mentioned culture, had a special down on Bloomsbury? Any way there have been quite a lot of incidents since the Blitz began and no particular sign of the decadence among this varied population that the *Times* seems

¹ This article first appeared in the *Virginia Woolf Bulletin* No. 57 (January 2018): 42-45.

² Vara, too, had been writing a review of *Queer Bloomsbury* and also noticed that Marler had ascribed the witticism to Kingsley Martin. In search of the actual source of the phrase, Vara found a Google Forum discussion that quoted Martin and referenced Margaret Irwin. See *VWB* 91 39 n7 for her researches.



to expect.³ The last incident blew the windows of the flat in; the furniture has long been taken away. But the walls are still lined with books, the fireplace is still intact, with its painted design by an English artist who (Bloomsbury or not) is one of the few whose work is nationally known. As happens to old houses, the atmosphere clung to the place in spite of bare boards. Bloomsbury was after all one of the few sources of serious and artistic literary achievement in the country; and once, long before my day, this house could have been described as the very centre of Bloomsbury. Several books were written in it, including, I think, *Lady into Fox* (a good book, surely, even if born in Bloomsbury). But this house was still better known for publishing books; some of those who most disparage Bloomsbury used to subscribe eagerly for its productions. In my time Bloomsbury had changed its character, and the gatherings I recall in this flat were rather political than literary. [...] (317-18)

Above is Martin's rather cryptic description of 52 Tavistock Square, the location of the Hogarth Press, which was bombed in October 1940. Below is Virginia Woolf's own description:

a heap of ruins. Three houses, I shd. say gone. Basement all rubble. Only relics an old basket chair (bought in Fitzroy Sqre days) & Penmans board To Let. Otherwise bricks & wood splinters. One glass door in the next door house hanging. I cd just see a piece of my studio wall standing: otherwise rubble where I wrote so many books. Open air where we sat so many nights, gave so many parties. (*Diary* 5 331)

It is possible to compare the state of no. 52 in two photographs: in late 1940, presumably just after the bombing (Bedford Estates), and in April 1941, with some of the rubble cleared away (Spalding 17). As for David Garnett's *Lady into Fox*, that was published in 1922, well before the Woolfs moved to Tavistock Square in 1924.

So, who was Margaret Irwin? There seemed to be two candidates. The first (1858-1940), who warrants an entry in the *ODNB*, was a women's labor activist and was appointed CBE in 1927. She seemed a likely person for the politically-minded Martin to refer to. I tried for her phrase in *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* online without success.

I then turned to Wikipedia: "Margaret Emma Faith Irwin (27 March 1889-11 December 1967) was an English historical novelist." She did not seem to be a promising candidate, but I discovered that I had the issue of the *Nation and the Athenæum* that contained a review of her fourth novel, *Fire Down Below* (1928). The review is by Francis Birrell, a peripheral member of the Bloomsbury Group, so it is worth quoting most of it:

Miss Irwin is clever; and perhaps we find here one of the main differences between the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries. It is difficult to believe that people have ever been as clever as they are to-day, and Miss Irwin is clever even among her contemporaries. Her weaknesses are evidently of the imagination, though imagination, too, she in a degree possesses. Her hero is a man of vast artistic potentiality, who lacks any creative power and falls back on scorching to death all those with whom he comes in contact—his wife, his friend, a great painter, the Governor, the daughter of the late rector, the whole village, which is dominated by his great luxurious manor house. [...]

Miss Irwin, again characteristic of her age, is absorbed in morality beyond the dreams of any mid-Victorian. She "wants to say something," and says it with great cunning by the time she has finished.—Scratch a cocktail girl and you'll find a Saint Theresa.—Miss Irwin, so modern and so virtuous, is an example of this great

truth. Incidentally, she is often extremely witty, and several times makes the reader laugh out loud. Her portrait of the old maid, the late rector's daughter, is a real comic creation, expanding into tragic dignity. Incidentally, Miss Irwin makes the only good joke about "Bloomsbury" that I have yet met in print:—

He said[,] "a modern philosopher has defined the desire for immortality as the desire to grow immeasurably fat," [and sighed, for he was as thin as a husk and felt himself as empty. His pear tree must grow fat for him.] Mr. Wem whispered wearily, "I suppose you mean Bertie."

Miss Irwin's talent is at bottom satirical. (Birrell 260)

I ordered up *Fire Down Below* (and her three earlier 1920s novels, just in case) from the British Library, and eventually found the quotation above on page 109. I have added in square brackets the parts silently omitted by Birrell. I cannot say that I find the joke about Bloomsbury very funny, or even that I really understand it. Presumably, the reference is to Bertrand Russell, who was not part of the Bloomsbury Group. In any case, Birrell has missed the boat, for immediately after the passage quoted comes this:

Mr. Wem knew everyone who was a philosopher or politician or artist or writer or thinker, or rather, everyone whom he counted as such, which did not mean that his acquaintance was at all wide. It was in fact limited to a part of London that Peregrine had referred to in his absence from lunch as Gloombsbury.

"Where's that, Father?"

"It is a circle, my fair child, composed of a few squares where all the couples are triangles."

"Perry dear what *are* you saying?"

The children could not understand, but there was Miss O'Farrell; and you never knew with girls. (Irwin 109)

At last, the origin of the epigram has been discovered. To round this off, you may wish to know that the character David Wem is a painter, who, for "several years had failed to enjoy a sad attachment to an elderly poetess who was engaged in one of the three cornered ménages to which Peregrine had referred in geometrical terms" (Irwin 111).

As for Margaret Irwin herself, we can link her tenuously to Virginia Woolf. In 1929, Irwin married John Robert 'Jack' Monsell (1877-1952), a children's author and illustrator from a wealthy Irish family. His sister Elinor 'Eily' Mary (1879-1954) was also an illustrator, engraver and portrait painter; she married Bernard Darwin (1876-1961), a grandson of Charles Darwin, and she is mentioned several times in Woolf's diary and letters (D2, L1-3).

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³ Martin is referring to the editorial of 25 March 1941, "The Eclipse of the Highbrow," discussed in Oldfield xvi.

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REVIEW: *Life in Squares*

Dir. Simon Kaijser. Perf. Eve Best, Phoebe Fox, Lydia Leonard, Catherine McCormack, James Norton, Rupert Penry-Jones

In a biopic, when is a detail wasted? Is it when most of the film’s audience is unable to understand the reference? Or do the details never go to waste, in that they fill out a world or a situation or a background, even if to the casual observer they appear meaningless? Such were the questions that I asked myself as I watched the BBC miniseries on the Bloomsbury Group, *Life in Squares*, which aired in the United Kingdom in July and August 2015 but has yet to appear on American television.¹ In order to write this review, I purchased a DVD copy of *Life in Squares* from Amazon.co.uk; it will not play on most American DVD players, but worked perfectly in the drive of my HP laptop. On just one viewing, I noted details that the series gets right, the minutiae that would delight Woolfians and Bloomsbury enthusiasts but which are likely to slip by everyone else: the congenital tremor in Leonard Woolf’s hands, visible as he unsteadily holds a cup; the awkwardness and dreariness and near-silence of the early Bloomsbury parties; the right paintings on the walls at the right times; the use of nicknames and catchphrases (“Billy” for Virginia Woolf, “on the snout” as Virginia and Vanessa kiss, their “autumn plans”); lines of dialogue adopted from letters or memoirs—David Garnett’s wondering “Shall I marry her someday?” as he holds the newborn Angelica or Lytton Strachey’s questioning of a stain on Vanessa’s dress as “Semen?”; Duncan Grant’s use of a bit of rope in lieu of a belt to hold up his pants. One assumes that this level of detail is the work of the screenwriter, Amanda Coe, who is to be applauded for the diligence of her homework—I imagine her at her desk, surrounded by the works of Quentin Bell, Hermione Lee, Michael Holroyd, Frances Spalding, S. P. Rosenbaum, Richard Shone, and, most likely, Mark Hussey’s *Virginia Woolf: A to Z*. The series gets so many details right, spends so much time and energy on facts that no one but the staunchest Bloomsbury aficionado would notice that I suspect the filmmakers may have seen their project as a corrective to recent filmic portraits such as *The Hours* (December 2002), which caused such an uproar in the Woolf scholarly community. (The first Woolf Conference I attended was at Smith in 2003, and the place was still abuzz with discussion of the relatively recently released film, both for and against.)

The mainstream press reaction in the United Kingdom to *Life in Squares* was mixed, with Emma Woolf, the daughter of Cecil Woolf, arguing in the *Daily Mail* that the series’ depiction of Virginia Woolf does not correspond to her father’s recollections, and with Frances Spalding on the website *The Conversation* praising the series’ imaginative depiction

¹ The series followed the vacuum left by *Downton Abbey*, the fourth series of which deleted a scene with Lady Edith (played by Laura Carmichael) meeting Virginia Woolf at a Bloomsbury party. Woolf can still be seen, played by Christina Carty, in a passing shot, without dialogue.

of the Group’s complex emotional dynamics despite occasional anachronisms and mistakes. I was pleased with much of *Life in Squares*, though there were moments when I said aloud to my husband, “Now, wait a minute: is that Maynard or is that Saxon? And who’s that person sitting over there?” (Students in my Bloomsbury Group seminar who recently screened the series told me that the only way they were able to keep anyone straight was that they had, in the last six weeks, read Bell’s Woolf biography and S. P. Rosenbaum’s two collections of Bloomsbury memoirs and manuscripts.) And therein lies the series’ largest problem: if I, who’ve spent the better part of twenty years studying these people, couldn’t figure out who was whom, what hope would the average viewer have?

Life in Squares is nothing if not ambitious: in the space of 171 minutes it covers the years 1905 to 1941, from the Stephens’ move from Hyde Park Gate in Kensington to Bloomsbury after the death of their father to the suicide of Virginia Woolf, with a coda featuring the painting of Berwick Church by Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell. The series contains what must to the uninitiated seem like a bewildering array of characters, including Virginia Woolf, Vanessa Bell, Thoby Stephen, Adrian Stephen, Lytton Strachey, Duncan Grant, Leonard Woolf, John Maynard Keynes, Saxon Sydney-Turner, Roger Fry, David Garnett, Clive Bell, Angelica Bell, Julian Bell, Quentin Bell, Mary Hutchinson, Vita Sackville-West, and even extended family members like Aunt Mary, Lady Strachey, and Marie Woolf. Faced with this massive cast and with undeniable time constraints (there are rumors that the show was originally intended to be six hours rather than three), Coe and the filmmakers must have sensed that they needed a central character, someone whose through line the audience could follow, someone whose life touched nearly every member of the Group. The choice of Vanessa Bell is a wise one, for many of the Group members, including Virginia herself, attested to Vanessa’s centrality and influence and focus.

I struggled, when thinking about this review, with exactly how to talk about it, what to stress, what to ignore. There is simply too much material to discuss in the brief span of a review, so I will confine my thoughts to the series’ performances and structure. From the outset, the dynamic between Virginia Woolf and Vanessa Bell is central to the piece. As the series opens, we see Vanessa (Phoebe Fox) in soft focus, struggling with a painting by a window at Gordon Square. After the credits, Vanessa and Virginia (Lydia Leonard) are grilled by Aunt Mary (Eleanor Bron, as imperious as when she played Hermione Roddice in Ken Russell’s film of D. H. Lawrence’s *Women in Love* nearly fifty years ago) about their move to Bloomsbury. Virginia, dressed in mourning black and with a book in her lap, looks edgy and nervous, trembling with anxiety, unable to look anyone in the eye. Once rid of their aunt (who, in a later scene, leaves Gordon Square in a huff, managing to make the word “Bloomsbury!” sound almost profane), the sisters go upstairs, and Vanessa, with Virginia watching in amazement, yanks off her corset and flings it out the window onto the pavement below, crying, “Freedom!” Virginia, giggling nervously, follows suit. Thus the relationship is set, and is ratified in a scene soon after, with the sisters brushing their hair before a mirror, dissecting one of Thoby’s very dull evenings, proclaiming none of the men suitable for marriage (except for Duncan Grant, who “has a very fine head,” because, as Virginia claims, “it contains a brain undeformed by Cambridge”) and vowing only to marry each other.

Lydia Leonard (who was remarkable on stage as Anne Boleyn in the RSC’s adaptation of Hilary Mantel’s *Wolf Hall*) plays Virginia with a rapid voice, nervous, darting glances, and a growing strength and sense of humor as the series progresses, all of which had me nodding in approval and agreement. Does she look like Virginia? No. But she portrays her with a spark and flash and nerve that seem authentic. When offered a drink at another of Thoby’s evenings, she says, pointing at her head, “Haven’t you heard? I’m forbidden spirits, on account of being cracked.” Phoebe Fox’s Vanessa is steely and determined, confident that

she knows best how she and her siblings should live, and confident too when she's blatantly flirted with by Clive Bell (Sam Hoare), responding mainly with knowing smiles. Though the relationship between Virginia and Vanessa is central, Vanessa's love for Duncan Grant (James Norton) is given even more screen time. Norton is far more buff and hunky than the real Duncan, but he manages to convey much of Duncan's sweetness and his passionate focus on his art. Around ten minutes into the series, Duncan indulges in mutual masturbation in an alley with a stranger, and nervously buttons his fly when a bobby eyes him with suspicion after his partner has made his getaway. Duncan's consultations with doctors over his sexuality take up part of Episode One, as does his fling with his cousin Lytton Strachey (a very funny and fey Ed Birch). Vanessa confesses her love for Duncan in plain, matter-of-fact terms, but it's not until the second episode when, as the series would have it, consumed with guilt for having put Vanessa through his drama with David Garnett (Ben Lloyd-Hughes), he takes Vanessa for a literal roll in the hayloft, thus making her pregnant. (David Garnett and Vanessa have a startling moment in Episode Two: he grabs her by the arm and says, "You know, Vanessa, if we fucked, you might find me less irritating." She looks at him icily and says, "I don't think we can be so sure about that, do you?")

The series runs into a structural problem at the end of Episode One. Vanessa and Clive are vigorously making love, Vanessa having forgiven Clive for his various affairs but imploring him to end things with Virginia, whose flirtation with Clive she has just discovered. She announces that they must, together, find Virginia a husband, at which point the series jumps a good twenty years into the future. Vanessa is now played by Eve Best, Clive by Andrew Havill, and an unidentified Leonard Woolf by Guy Henry. The three are chatting in the garden at Charleston (the *real* Charleston—permission was granted to shoot there) about the off-screen Virginia's newfound interest in fashion thanks to the influence of Vita. The transition is jarring and bewildering, and for the viewer unfamiliar with the Group, probably incomprehensible. Who is Vita? Who are these actors playing characters we saw thirty seconds ago played by other actors? The episode ends a minute or so later, intercut with continued sex between Vanessa and Clive, with Vanessa and Leonard discussing Leonard's tolerance of Virginia's affair with Vita. This of course makes for a nice parallel—Leonard tolerates Virginia's fling in much the same way that Vanessa tolerates Clive's—but to do so with no warning for the audience can only lead to confusion. Episode Two begins with more back-and-forth cutting between older Vanessa at Charleston preparing to give a party with younger Vanessa giving a party after Virginia's marriage to Leonard (the younger version played by Al Weaver). The episode ends with Angelica Bell's birth, and Episode Three begins about twenty years later, populated solely by the "old" cast, and dealing largely with Angelica's (Lucy Boynton) seduction by David Garnett (now played by Jack Davenport).

Was this "older" cast necessary? Old-age makeup might have suitably transformed the younger actors into their twenty-years-older avatars. But happily the older cast matches up with the younger quite nicely. Though Eve Best doesn't look a thing like Phoebe Fox, her Vanessa can easily be seen as a mellowed, less angry, less determined version of her younger self. And Catherine McCormack (looking striking in her round spectacles—how infrequently we see Virginia in her spectacles in her photographs!) mimics some of Lydia Leonard's gestures and nods and glances, but with a worldliness and a sophistication absent from Leonard's uncertain, unproved Virginia. Rupert Penry-Jones, as the older Duncan, looks like a pale, wan, washed-out version of the hunkier James Norton, a man whose muscles have softened and who now can't be bothered with much but his painting and the odd love affair. Complementing all of these is Lucy Boynton, whose Angelica is often strident but determined to prove herself apart from the confines of her famous family and its satellites.

Life in Squares ought to have been longer. It seems unfair to have hampered the filmmakers with such a limited amount of time and

space; even six hours would most likely not have been enough for the ground they could have covered. As it stands, it probably serves only to confuse viewers new to the Bloomsbury Group. Some critics in Britain complained that the series focused too much of the Group members' sex lives, but I disagree. While there are certainly a number of sex scenes, none are overly graphic or gratuitous, and, for this viewer at least, the focus of the series was on the work: the painting, the writing, the ideas. Virginia is thrilled when asked to review for the *Times Literary Supplement*, and she presents this news to Vanessa as an equivalent to Vanessa having given birth to Julian. Duncan and Vanessa reconcile from a spat by beginning the painting on the wall that will eventually transform Charleston into a work of art. Virginia glories in her newfound fame with *The Years* while out to tea with Vita. Vanessa and Duncan embrace as they look at their handiwork on the walls of Berwick Church. The work, while less glamorous to the television audience than sexy affairs, nevertheless shines through in *Life in Squares*. My sense is that the series was made for us, for Woolfians, for those who will catch the painting of Virginia in the orange chair on the wall, and smile.

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Book Reviews

FROM THE BOOK REVIEW EDITOR

All publishers, authors and scholars should direct inquiries regarding books to Karen Levenback, the Book Review Editor, as should anyone interested in reviewing books for the *Miscellany*.

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REVIEW

A Question of Loss: On Two Editions of Virginia Woolf's *The Waves* **THE WAVES BY VIRGINIA WOOLF**

edited by David Bradshaw. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2015. 190 pages. £6.99 paper.

THE WAVES BY VIRGINIA WOOLF

edited by Michael Herbert and Susan Sellers. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2011. 456 pages. £98 cloth.

I was first assigned this review a few months before the 26th Annual International Virginia Woolf Conference at Leeds Trinity University in June 2016. In doing the math (not my strong suit), even I can see that it has been over a year. Karen Levenback, the book review editor, had kindly asked if I would compare two editions of Virginia Woolf's *The Waves*, one from Oxford World's Classics series, published in 2015 by Oxford University Press in paperback, introduced by David Bradshaw, and another, a hardcover edition, published in 2011 by Cambridge University Press, edited by Michael Herbert and Susan Sellers, with

research by Ian Blyth. Although it hasn't been quite as long as Virginia Woolf, herself, waited to answer her male correspondent in *Three Guineas* (three years!), it is a long time to leave a review unwritten.

I had heartily accepted the assignment, as I had recently been in correspondence with one of the editors, David Bradshaw, about our reading of Jane Harrison's work in relation to *The Waves*. The suggestion in his Introduction that "it could be that Jane Harrison is not just the genius of *A Room of One's Own*, but of *The Waves* as well, and that this novel, at bedrock, is yet another elegy for Harrison and all she stood for and resisted" (xxx) was a position and argument we shared without ever having read each other's work on the subject. When my study on Harrison and Woolf, *Virginia Woolf, Jane Ellen Harrison and the Spirit of Modernist Classicism*, came out in 2014, Bradshaw had written to me that he had wished it had been published earlier, as its publication date overlapped with his proof stages for the Introduction to *The Waves*, ultimately published in 2015 and now, more than two years later, under review here. He wrote that he would have found my work valuable in his own thinking about the novel, and he asked that I let him know what I thought of his reading and analysis. (Needless to say, I was thrilled to receive an email from someone of his scholarly stature, as I'd read and taught his work in my classes for years. And, also, needless to say, I immediately printed out the email and pinned it up over my desk in my office, drawing little hearts and exclamation points in the margins...there go my impartial critical credentials!)

While attending the Woolf Conference at Leeds, I listened to him give his plenary on Woolf and H. A. L. Fisher, asked him a question from the audience, but somehow missed him at dinner. How could that be? I had also missed the fact that he was as ill as he was while he was at Leeds, and that it took him great reserves of strength and perseverance to attend and deliver his paper. If it's possible to know and not know something at the same time, then that was my experience. I was shocked when I heard the news of his death in September, even though I had heard that he had been ill. Although I had written him back the year before, I was angry at myself for not making it a point to thank him in person for his note, and to discuss not his Introduction to *The Waves* so much as his 2013 essay "Beneath The Waves: Diffusionism and Cultural Pessimism," which I wished I had read before publishing my book, but whose publication date overlapped with my proof stages in 2013. I wanted to tell him how I thought his reading of "cultural pessimism" in that essay anticipates Paul St. Amour's *Tense Future* with its investigation into the usefulness of a "between the wars" designation in a world accustomed to the dailiness and futurity of war. In my view, Bradshaw's essay on diffusionism acts as a bridge between Modris Eksteins' *Rites of Spring* (which not coincidentally begins with an epigraph by Herbert Fisher) and St. Amour's *Tense Future*. I had the chance at Leeds to discuss all of this with him, to thank him in person, but I somehow managed, in a phrase, to screw it up.

And so, this review is not a review at all but perhaps more of a hybrid form hovering somewhere between an assessment of two editions and a personal reflection on the question of loss. Lost time, missed opportunities (and deadlines), regret, mistaken shyness, disappointment, the loss of the body, and I suppose what Woolf called in "On Being Ill," "the pit of death" (3). And it hasn't helped, either, that it was written within the context of a great deal of other losses in our community with the passing of Julia Briggs, Jane Marcus, Shari Benstock, and more recently Georgia Johnston and Alex Zwerdling, leading intellectuals, crucial beacons of erudition and articulation of thought, so desperately needed and so very much missed in our own ugly and disturbing times.

But such, perhaps, is the nature of *The Waves*, a novel which might be characterized as a study of the gestations of loss and renewal and loss, again—a novel which rejects a generic designation, is "written to a rhythm rather than a plot," and has no characters, but rather choral voices. Although Bradshaw in his Introduction cautions us to be "wary of reading the titular waves too narrowly" as all are "to be found in

this many-sided, multi-vocal novel" (xxx), he capably synthesizes its many strands into a cogent and clear perspective the reader will value. His argument takes into account the "sustained visionary power of the novel [which] never slackens" (xii) and pays close attention to historical detail and location, approaches which link Woolf's "eyeless, mystical" book to its political and earthly contexts. Like much of his body of criticism, Bradshaw's Introduction is balanced, incisive and persuasive. Building upon his brilliant 2013 essay "Beneath the Waves," mentioned above, this offering investigates Woolf's composition of the novel in the midst of the heated debate on diffusionist theory and the great sea migrations of a civilization predicated upon a lust for capital and the subjugation of women. Woolf had traveled to Paris to ask Jane Harrison, a recent and enthusiastic convert to diffusionist theory, to write a review of its merits. In addition to the parameters of this fascinating debate and its intersections with Woolf's own aesthetic and political theories, Bradshaw's Introduction points to the novel's "relative embeddedness in the real world of its time" (xxvii), making intriguing connections, for example, between the historical Duleep Singh's Elvedon Hall, and Woolf's homonymic mention of Elvedon in the novel. In weighing the complexities and pitfalls of critical engagement in areas which may at first seem to be unrelated, Bradshaw frames his discussion with the balanced and level-headed observation, "It would be rash to make too much of this possible Sikh dimension, but it would be negligent to skirt by it without a pause" (xx). He then teases out a perceptive and, in moments, profound connection between the tensions of India being brought home to provincial England and how these factors in turn emerge in the rise and fall of Woolf's waves: "the waves of the sea, the waves of history, the waves of human migration, the waves of identity, the waves of memory, the waves of empire, what Louis calls 'the protective waves of the ordinary' (TW 54) and the watery waves of oblivion" (xxx) in the novel. This edition is slender and in paperback, so less costly, and includes the basic chronology of Woolf's life, a biographical preface, select bibliography, and useful Explanatory Notes. Students and scholars of *The Waves* should turn to this edition for the significance of Bradshaw's argument and its generative possibilities in rethinking the novel, moving forward.

Textual Studies scholars and students interested in a manuscript's production, circulation, and critical reception would do well to turn to the Cambridge edition of *The Waves*, published in 2011 and edited by Michael Herbert and Susan Sellers, with research by Ian Blyth. The high quality of the advanced archival research is immediately apparent in this edition as is its significance to textual scholarship. Both the General Editorial Preface to the Series by Jane Goldman and Susan Sellers as well as the Introduction specific to this edition by Blyth, Herbert, and Sellers provide a thoroughly researched inquiry into the editing and composition process of the novel. The General Preface provides the guiding principles in editing the Woolf series and the authors' Introduction to this edition targets and unpacks Woolf's intricate and fascinating composition process of *The Waves*.

The Introduction, divided into Composition, Publication, Early Criticism, and Editing sections, is comprehensively supported by the extensive paratexts of the volume, including a Chronology of Composition of *The Waves*, Archival Sources, Archival Abbreviations, Archival Locations, and Editorial Symbols. Even the Explanatory Notes have additional Notes by Jane Goldman. Of particular archival importance and usefulness is the Textual Apparatus (239-396) followed by Textual Notes and Bibliography. Ultimately, the volume is thorough and precise, providing a valuable inquiry into the materiality of written culture as well as the integrated histories of manuscript production with literary and cultural study. The Introduction's section on Early Critical Reception was of particular interest to this reviewer for its discussion of Margaret Yourcenar's translation of *The Waves* and Ruth Gruber's early encounter in her published dissertation with Woolf's novels and with Woolf herself.

Ultimately, I highly recommend both editions but for different reasons: Bradshaw's for its argument and depth of analysis and the Herbert, Sellers, Blyth edition for its archival gravitas and thorough textual detail, keeping in mind, of course, that this truly isn't a review at all, but a brief personal reflection on a question of loss.

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REVIEW

THE OTHER BOY AT THE HOGARTH PRESS: VIRGINIA AND LEONARD WOOLF AS I REMEMBER THEM

by Cecil Woolf. Bloomsbury Heritage. London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2017. Paper. 24 pages. £7 in UK.

THE PATRON AND THE CROCUS AND AN UNPUBLISHED READER'S REPORT

by Virginia Woolf and an unidentified reader
edited with an Introduction by Nicola Wilson. Reading, UK:
Whiteknights Press, 2017. Paper. 10 pages.

TWO STORIES

by Virginia Woolf and Leonard Woolf. 1917. Richmond, UK: The Hogarth Press. Reprinted. Centenary Edition.
Introduction by Stephen Barkway. Fairhaven: Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain, 2017. Paper. Illustrations. 31 pages. £17 (UK add £1.75; for Europe add £4; for the US and outside Europe add: £5.00.)

INTRODUCTION TO THE CENTENARY EDITION OF TWO STORIES PUBLISHED TO CELEBRATE THE ONE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE HOGARTH PRESS 1917-2017

by Stephen Barkway. *Two Stories*. By Virginia Woolf And Leonard Woolf. 1917. Richmond, UK: The Hogarth Press. Rpt. Centenary Edition. Fairhaven, UK: Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain, 2017. Paper. Illustrations. 23 pages. (See pricing above.)

TWO STORIES

by Virginia Woolf and Mark Haddon. London: The Hogarth Press, 2017. Illustrations. 96 pages. Cloth. £8.99; \$14.20. Kindle eBook £4.99; \$9.99.¹

WOOLF AND THE ESSAY

by Susan Sellers. First presented at the 18th Annual Virginia Woolf Birthday Lecture on 28 January 2017. Fairhaven, UK: Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain, 2017. Paper. 30 pages. £4 UK; £6 to overseas addresses.

JUDITH'S ROOM: A POSTHUMOUS COLLABORATION WITH (AND HOMAGE TO) VIRGINIA WOOLF

transformed and edited by Leslie Kathleen Hankins. Original text of *Jacob's Room* by Virginia Woolf published in 1922. Iowa City

and Shallotte, North Carolina: Making Waves Press, 2017. Paper. Illustrations. 256 pages. \$60.²

The seven items I am reviewing were all given to me personally during the 27th Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf, Woolf and the World of Books, at University of Reading. Each of these works is exceptional in its own way, and each is also rare.

Cecil Woolf's *The Other Boy at the Hogarth Press: Virginia and Leonard Woolf as I Remember Them* is based on earlier talks, some of which were given at annual Woolf conferences. In his Preface, Cecil Woolf states that, in part, his essay is "an attempt to remedy" (n. p.) a missing work: Richard Kennedy's sequel to *The Boy at the Hogarth Press*. Kennedy had planned to submit it to Cecil Woolf Publishers but never actually wrote it. Cecil Woolf's remembrance of Virginia and Leonard begins with a multifaceted and very sensory description of the village of Rodmell and of Monks House and its gardens. Cecil Woolf then continues with detailed descriptions of both his aunt and his uncle. The narrative itself is evocative and vivid, offering the reader a nuanced and deeply perceptive glimpse of ordinary daily life with the Woolfs. Each one of Cecil Woolf's memories of his uncle or his aunt is almost palpable and is crafted as a vignette filled with minutiae ranging from the scent of Leonard's pipe tobacco to the description of Virginia's disorderly study at 52 Tavistock Square where her writing table, covered with her materials, stood amidst of piles of stored items of the press. Cecil Woolf also shares with his reader not only his own recollections of the Woolfs but also the direct influences they had on his personal life, noting that his immersion in the daily labors as another boy at the press was almost certainly his inspiration to become a publisher himself. Cecil Woolf knew Leonard for much longer than he did his aunt, and, since he rented a flat from Leonard at his residence on Victoria Square, was able to spend significantly more time with Leonard. Cecil Woolf describes how Leonard, "[a]fter business, [would] knock on my door at teatime" so that they could "indulge in the ritual of strong tea and buttered toast" (18). Cecil Woolf's discussion of Leonard's extraordinary frugality is hilarious and endearing, and one of the most amusing stories is the description of Leonard at an evening performance picking up, dusting off, and eating a wrapped chocolate another theatergoer had dropped on the floor. Though Cecil Woolf's pamphlet is slight in length, it is rich in detail, and his intense and vibrant memories of the Woolfs allow the readers to travel through time to meet very real people and visit real places conjured by the narrative.

The Patron and the Crocus and Unpublished Reader's Report, a tiny thing of beauty, has a lovely cover clearly intended to be viewed horizontally since ink drawings of crocuses in bloom along the edges of both sides of the cover. The petals are painted in daubs of vermilion and orange on the front cover and in shades of crimson and purple on the back cover (other copies are in different colors). As the title indicates, the pamphlet features a reprint of Virginia Woolf's 1924 essay, originally published in the *Nation and Athenaeum*,³ and is accompanied by a "facsimile reproduction of a reader's report" (n. p.). This previously unpublished one-page report, typed on lined paper, is from the Hogarth Press Archive at University of Reading and is stapled into the center of the tiny pamphlet, dividing Woolf's four-page essay at its midpoint. Each of the two items is accompanied by Nicola Wilson's own commentaries. The initial and closing entries are on either side of a smaller sheet of paper than the essay while the observations about the essay and the report appear on the back of the report. The font for the publication is Caslon and is very small. Wilson's entries are truly diminutive, perhaps size 12, while Woolf's essay seems to be in size 18. The report inserted into the pamphlet was selected from the materials on John Hampson's novel *Saturday Night at the Greyhound*, published in 1931 by the press.

² To acquire a copy of the book, please contact Leslie Hankins at lhankins@cornellcollege.edu.

³ The essay can be viewed in its original format at <http://www.unz.org/Publication/NewRepublic-1924may07-00280>.

¹ The volume will be released in the US on 26 June 2018.

Woolf's witty and nuanced essay, which focuses on the necessarily triangulated and symbiotic relationships among author, publisher and patron/reader, is both a cautionary tale and a celebration of creativity. One of my favorite phrases is this: "The twentieth-century patron must be immune from shock. He must distinguish infallibly between the little clod of manure which sticks to the crocus of necessity, and that which is plastered to it out of bravado" (n.p.).⁴

Two Stories, the first work published by Leonard and Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press, was reprinted by the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain in 2017 to celebrate the centenary of the press. For those who have never read Leonard's "Three Jews," the story begins as the unnamed narrator recounts a random encounter at a café in Kew Gardens where a stranger, a man whom the narrator immediately recognizes as a Jew like himself, asks if he may take the empty chair at the table. They begin to converse about their genetic origins in Palestine and concur that they both are out of place under "the delicate apple-blossom and the pale blue sky" of England (8). They also speak briefly of their mostly-secular life styles. The other man then tells the narrator a story about a devout and observant Jewish cemetery-keeper whom he met when visiting the graveyard where his first wife is buried. The story concludes not with the voice of the narrator but with that of the man telling the story about the keeper who discloses to the man that the "eldest boy of mine, he's no longer my son" (17). The son had been cast out by his father after he married the young Christian housemaid who "washed [the] dishes" for the family. The father is outraged not because his son's new wife is "a Goy" (18) but because she had been a mere servant.⁵ The second story in the volume is, of course, Virginia's "The Mark on the Wall," a work which has been extensively discussed and is readily available to readers both in print and online and does not require any summary.

The VWSGB edition is presented in a small cream-colored folder that features on its cover—in purple ink—Carrington's woodcut snail above the authors' names, perhaps a nod to Woolf's predilection to write in purple. The interior of the folder itself is a deep purple, and tucked into the two pockets within are both Barkway's *Introduction* and the reprint of *Two Stories*, the cover of which replicates the exuberant bright red pattern of the pamphlet.⁶ The *Introduction* provides a lively and amusing commentary on the *Two Stories* including such matters as the challenges of using Carrington's woodblocks and the decision to increase pricing as the number of copies dwindled. Barkway also notes that, "*Two Stories*, with a print run of approximately 150 copies, soon became a scarce and desirable publication, even [...] before [the Woolfs] had run out of the original edition" (5), observing that one copy of the pamphlet offered for £55,000 in 2017 (6). As Barkway notes, without the Hogarth Press, Virginia Woolf would not have found the freedom to write as she wished (7), and he provides details regarding the VWSGB republication of the stories, including the intriguing fact that the copy, "although not printed or set by hand, has been *sewn* by hand at three points like the original" with a red ribbon (8; Barkway's emphasis). Barkway also discusses the three cover papers of the original publication: the blue-colored grass paper,⁷ the fragile yellow paper, and the dramatic Japanese red and white paper, a type of paper that continues to be popular in Japan (9). In addition to the Works Cited section, the pamphlet includes an image of the cover of the second edition of Woolf's *The Mark on the Wall* (12) and three appendices. The first and second appendices trace variants of *The*

⁴ Substituting "twenty-first-century" and altering the gendered pronoun makes Woolf's observation fully functional today.

⁵ Those who wish to read the story can access it on the British Library website at <https://www.bl.uk/collection-items/two-stories-written-and-printed-by-virginia-and-leonard-woolf>.

⁶ You can access an original edition of *Two Stories* in digitalized format on the British Library webpage at <https://www.bl.uk/20th-century-literature/articles/the-hogarth-press> as well as a number of other digitalized Hogarth Press publications that appear on the same webpage.

⁷ The British Library's copy features the blue grass paper.

Mark on the Wall while the third transcribes the words from the excerpt that was published as a broadside by the Chelsea Book Club, circa 1921.

The other volume also titled *Two Stories* and discussed here features Virginia Woolf's "The Mark on the Wall" and Mark Haddon's "St Brides Bay." The book functions as conjoined twins and sports two front covers. The first lists Woolf's essay and then Haddon's in a narrow off-white rectangle. When one flips the volume over, one sees Haddon listed first and then Woolf in an identical rectangle (this side also includes the ISBN and functions as the back cover). The inner flap on the first side provides an overview of Woolf and the Hogarth Press and explains that the volume celebrates the founding of the press. The other flap introduces Haddon, who is not only the author of *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time* but also a screenwriter and an illustrator. Within each half of the book, there is a dedicated table of contents, listing an introduction to the Hogarth Press and Woolf's story by Clara Farmer, a brief guide to further reading, and a note about the typesetting of the original text, indicating that this version is not a facsimile. The other half of the book offers, in addition to Haddon's story, an unattributed introduction titled "The Hogarth Press: 100 Years On" which offers a compact history of the press plus the list of the six illustrations in the volume including Carrington's snail, Vanessa Bell's 1925 Hogarth colophon, Haddon's depiction of Woolf, and the 2012 colophon by Louise Fili Ltd. Haddon's own short story offers the vivid third-person narration of a woman's interior monologue. She reflects randomly, as we tend to do, on what is immediately present in the mind, whether she is enjoying smoking a hand-rolled cigarette, searching on her cellphone for the whereabouts of an old friend, thinking of her daughter's wedding earlier that same day, or watching the planets and star constellations in the darkening sky. Appropriately, the tiny hardback 5 x 7" book sports a beautiful dust cover, designed by Ed Kluz, where orbs and swirls depicting Saturn, the Milky Way, star bursts, and galaxies appear in triangles that morph into squares and diamonds of vermilion, lavender and off-white. These recurrent geometric patterns subtly evoke the repeated bursts of red and white on the cover of the Hogarth Press's first publication: *Two Stories*.

Susan Sellers' *Woolf and the Essay* was first presented as the featured talk for the 18th Annual Virginia Woolf Birthday Lecture on 28 January 2017. Sellers' core argument focuses on Woolf's rich and sustained cross-pollination between fiction and the essay, which she argues is a distinctive feature of Woolf's experimental writing style. Sellers makes mention of a number of Woolf's less frequently referenced essays including "Thunder at Wembley," "The Cinema" ("the first essay in the English language" on the topic of film [1926]), "Flying over London," "Miss Ormerod," and "Evening Over Sussex," and then turns to Woolf's longest essays, *A Room of One's Own* and *Three Guineas*, as she explores the synergy of the factual and the fictional in Woolf's work. In the discussion of *A Room of One's Own*, Sellers reflects on the recurrent use of "but" as a means of "resisting the notion that one might come to a logical or single conclusion" (15). Reflecting on *Three Guineas*, Sellers asserts that "the adoption of the epistolary form presupposes a reply," stating that Woolf "makes her call to forge an alternative culture to that of the father-dictators impossible to ignore" (19) in the current political climate.

While the other works discussed above all focus on Woolf's original work, Leslie Kathleen Hankins engages in an inspiring experiment in mutating Woolf's third novel and publishing it through Making Waves Press, which she founded in 2011. The volume itself is substantial to the touch. Printed on glossy, high quality paper, it weighs more than a pound and a half. In the work, Woolf's male protagonist in *Jacob's Room* undergoes a radical metamorphosis, becoming, yes, *Judith* Flanders. Hankins introduces her volume with a number of quotations from Woolf's works and a preface in which she explains the project for the potentially puzzled reader. Suggesting that the reader "Simply pay attention to where Judith takes you," she observes that "this text is

an experiment with the fantastical: changing Jacob into Judith without changing anything else, including Jacob's/Judith's consciousness" (x). Throughout the work, as Hankins indicates, "The quirky visual accompaniment in *Judith's Room* is [accompanied by] an immersion format of archival, eclectic, expressive annotation" (xi), a feature of the project that, for Hankins herself, was very evocative of Leonard and Virginia's early experience with the press. Hankins' source for these illustrations are, as she indicates, "a *mélange*" consisting of such items as "vintage letterpress blocks, [...] vintage postcards, [...] lesbian erotica from the 1920s, [and] old Ward Lock & Co. and Baedeker's travel guides" as well as artwork by Cliff Rappoport. These evocative images enrich Hankins' work, and, even though the volume does not feature a range of mixed media, it is heavily illustrated. Thus, I would argue that *Judith's Room* is truly in the category of the altered book, a text that Hankins has metamorphosed both in the gender shifting and the visual enrichment. The retold novel upends our patriarchal brainwashing and challenges our gendered worldviews. Random quotations from the transfigured novel reveal how a feminine name can disrupt sociocultural conventions. Thus, when Judith "takes her pipe from her mouth" (95) or "stretch[es] out first one leg and then the other and feeling in each trouser-pocket for her chair ticket" (236), the freedoms of men and the constraints of women then (and even now) come swiftly into focus.

Whether by reprinting Woolf's work, celebrating the Hogarth Press and its centennial, or superimposing a radical gender-switch on Woolf's third novel (the first published by the Hogarth Press), these seven works, each of which is unusual and rare, offer uniquely disparate and inspiring approaches in honoring Woolf's work. Further, each of these items is intriguingly tactile and visual in color and shape, in heft and format. Each appropriately calls attention to itself as a *thing*, a solid object, not merely as words floating on a page.

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VIRGINIA WOOLF AND HER FEMALE CONTEMPORARIES: SELECTED PAPERS FROM THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON VIRGINIA WOOLF
 edited by Julie Vandivere and Megan Hicks. Clemson, South Carolina: Clemson University Press, 2016. 234 pages. \$120 cloth.

Those who agree to edit a collection of conference proceedings face a daunting task. They must distill the moods, the messages, and the scholarship of a live event into a compact, neat volume. They must sift through side conversations, technical glitches, and simultaneous presentations to find and offer up a few brief essays that are academically sound and point to new directions in the field.

This task is challenging regardless of the year or the conference or the topic. However, for Julie Vandivere and Megan Hicks, editors of *Virginia Woolf and Her Female Contemporaries* (2016), the challenge was a bit greater. For one thing, the annual international conference on Virginia Woolf is unlike many other academic conferences. In addition to serving up new research from renowned Woolfians, the Woolf conference has also provided its attendees with an academic space marked by inclusivity

and interdisciplinarity. The annual conference, for example, offered undergraduates and high school students the opportunity to present their work alongside established scholars, and also included a theatrical presentation, a gallery show, a printmaking workshop, and a literary reading.

Secondly, Vandivere and Hicks were called to host (and then capture) an event with unique contours. They hosted a milestone for the Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf—its 25th meeting—and they did so within one week of the news that Jane Marcus, one of Woolf's greatest champions, had passed away. These two factors not only shaped their approach to the conference, but to the volume itself, and as Woolf scholars, we are very fortunate that they were at the editorial helm in such a moment.

Virginia Woolf and Her Female Contemporaries is a slim volume (less than 250 pages), but it packs a punch. In it one can find a program from the conference, contributors' notes, and 32 essays that explore connections between Woolf and more than 30 other women – including family members, fellow artists, social peers, activists, and educators. An essay by Mary Jean Corbett opens the collection, arguing that Woolf's contemporaries could include those Woolf acknowledged (either positively or negatively), as well as those who may have shared historical or cultural contemporaneity. This broad definition allows for investigation of connections that Woolf scholars will find familiar, as well as some that expand our understanding of Woolf's network. Although the volume is divided into five sections that propose different ways of understanding the conference's theme, the essays speak across the sections to create a rich and vibrant illustration of the many women working literally and figuratively alongside Woolf.

The interplay between personal connections and literary ones works well in this volume, particularly in the sets of essays that feature female modernists. Links between Woolf and Katharine Mansfield are viewed through multiple lenses through Mary Wilson's discussion of the two writers' relationships with their domestic staff, Gill Lowe's examination of hinge symbolism in their work, and Kate Haffey's analysis of their different approaches to narrative experimentation. Another example of the volume's ability to include multiple dimensions of Woolf herself appears in two essays that explore her history with Rebecca West, with Mark Hussey's examination of the two women's professional relationship pairing nicely with Vara Neverow's analysis of sexual dysphoria in their work and Sylvia Townsend Warner's. Essays on H. D., Dorothy Richardson, and Elizabeth Bowen are included as well.

In some essays, Woolf's work is front and center, while in others, Woolf provides a bridge to the work of another. I was particularly excited by this volume's willingness to redefine Woolf's circle. New conversations emerge between Woolf and unexamined (or forgotten) contemporaries—contemporaries who included Una Marson, Emily Holmes Coleman, Evelyn Scott, Cornelia Sorabji, and Florence Melian Stawell. Parallels are drawn with women who are famous in their own right, but new to Woolf studies, including Georgia O'Keeffe, Zitkala-Ša, Ellen Terry, and Emma Goldman. Whether these connections will bear more extensive analysis will be tested by time, but building these initial links is an important first step in imagining the multiple literary mothers that have shaped the field.

Vandivere and Hicks also deliver a volume that paints a complex portrait of the conference's namesake. In Diane Gillespie's "Advise and Reject: Virginia Woolf, the Hogarth Press, and a Forgotten Woman's Voice," for example, Woolf emerges as a kind but exacting editor, supportive of emerging talent but also true to her aesthetic ideals. In contrast, Woolf's infamous cattiness emerges in essays that focus on her social relationships. Kristin Bluemel questions Woolf's denigration of Gwen Darwin Raverat, while Eleanor McNees paints Woolf as a snarky cousin to Rosamond and Dorothea Stephen. Woolf's strengths are juxtaposed with her anxieties, with Lois Gilmore's "Shop My Closet: Virginia

Woolf, Marianne Moore, and Fashion Contemporaries” providing a glimpse of Woolf’s sartorial angst.

The blend of new voices and familiar ones, emerging scholarship and traditional approaches, is good and true and right for a conference proceeding. However, Vandivere and Hicks take two additional steps to ensure that the volume, like the conference itself, is personal as well as scholarly. After all, to focus only on the research is to miss some of the most treasured components of the annual Woolf conference—the laughter, good food, great stories, and unmatched camaraderie. The editors use a bookend approach to ensure that the vibrant scholarship of the event is situated within a collaborative community. Their introduction provides a valuable primer to those who have interest in planning an academic conference that engages the broader community and is situated in a remote location. Here, with stories of shuttle vans, volunteers, community reading groups, tattoos, and performance spaces, the fellowship of a Woolf conference comes alive. At the end of the volume, our editors have included three brief tributes to Jane Marcus, offered by former students. These pieces are poignant, loving, and filled with gratitude. They truly honor the mentor and colleague that Jane was, as well as the scholar whose work allowed so much of our own to find a place in academia.

My only regret is that the collection could not capture it all. A wonderful innovation of the conference—the Woolfian dialogues and roundtables—could not be reproduced. Nor could the interview with Cecil Woolf or the aesthetic offerings. With such a distinct character, the Woolf conference, like Woolf herself, is tough to pin down. However, Vandivere and Hicks have created a piece that can produce fond memories for those who attended and deep envy and gratitude for those who were unable to participate.

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REVIEW

BEHIND THE MASK: THE LIFE OF VITA SACKVILLE-WEST
by Matthew Dennison. New York: St. Martin’s Press, 2014.
348 pages. \$29.99 cloth; \$19.99 paper.

Quentin Bell’s 1972 authorized biography of his aunt Virginia Woolf set the template for all Woolf biographies to follow, and one could argue that each subsequent biographer has had to make his or her peace with Bell’s book. Some radically contradict him; others treat him respectfully for establishing a chronology upon which they could build their own narratives of Woolf’s life. With the notable exception of Hermione Lee’s massive and (to my mind) definitive 1996 biography, most of these subsequent works have honed in on specific themes or ideas: Phyllis Rose’s *Woman of Letters* (1978) sought to redress Bell’s assumptions and approached Woolf’s life from a feminist perspective; Lyndall Gordon’s *Virginia Woolf: A Writer’s Life* (1984) and Julia Briggs’s *Virginia Woolf: An Inner Life* (2005) put Woolf’s writing squarely at the center of her life; Louise DeSalvo’s *Virginia Woolf: The Impact of Childhood Sexual Abuse on Her Life and Work* (1989) saw Woolf’s life as dominated by the Duckworth brothers’ “interference” in her childhood.

For readers interested in the life of Vita Sackville-West, however, there have been relatively few works to choose from. While there seems to be a resurgence of interest in Sackville-West’s life and work, as reflected by several new books on Sissinghurst (*Sissinghurst: Vita Sackville-West and the Creation of a Garden*, by Sarah Raven and Vita herself [2014] and *Sissinghurst: An Unfinished History* by Adam Nicolson [2010]), Vita arguably remains for most who’ve heard of her merely a legendary gardener and the lover of Virginia Woolf. For years, Vita’s own partial autobiography, *Portrait of a Marriage* (1973), augmented with commentary by her son Nigel Nicolson, stood as one of the only accounts of her life; the “critical biography” written by Michael Stevens (1974) has been long out of print. Victoria Glendinning’s Whitbread Award-winning biography *Vita* (1983) stands in much the same relation to Sackville-West as the Bell biography does to Virginia Woolf: both are biographies authorized by family members; both provide authoritative, chronological narratives of their subjects’ lives; both resolutely refuse to engage in literary criticism. Matthew Dennison’s *Behind the Mask: The Life of Vita-Sackville West* (2014) mirrors, in some ways, the works about Woolf by Gordon and Briggs in that it seeks to place Vita’s writing—in which she exhibited, according to Dennison, a powerful autobiographical impulse—at the center of her life, and to see her less through the lens of her garden or her love affairs but rather through the work that had sustained her since childhood.

When Dennison’s book was first published in 2014, the dust jacket of the St. Martin’s Press American hardcover began with this odd gaffe: “Here, in the first biography [of Sackville-West] to be written in more than forty years [...]” The Woolf listserv was briefly abuzz: What about Glendinning? What about the accounts of Vita’s relationship with Woolf in studies such as Suzanne Raitt’s 1993 *Vita and Virginia* and Karen Z. Sproles’s 2006 *Desiring Women*, which, while not biographies per se, certainly have biographical content? The error was clearly not Dennison’s: a quick glance at his bibliography reveals that he cites all of the above sources and more. (The 2015 paperback changes this phrase on the back cover to “thirty years”—more accurate if one considers Glendinning’s book to be the last full biography, but still problematic in that it ignores significant scholarship.) Dennison almost immediately indicates that his task is different than Glendinning’s in that he intends to view Vita’s writing as a “mask” behind which she hid all her life, a metaphor in keeping with Sackville-West’s need for privacy and concurrent fascination with theatricality and role-playing. Vita was a woman whose often-flamboyant persona could be read as masking an intense need to hide herself, and Dennison mines this concept throughout his book. He quotes prodigiously from Sackville-West’s writings, probably more so than Glendinning, and in this way he does give Vita’s work a centrality and gives readers unfamiliar with her writing a sense of her style both as poet and novelist.

But his overriding metaphor can sometimes seem overdetermined. In his desire to see all of Vita’s published and unpublished writing as a “mask,” he enters a rather dangerous critical arena: should any writer’s creative work be consistently read as autobiographical, even when the parallels and evidence are plain? Such a question is an old one in literary criticism, and is probably unanswerable—certainly within the confines of a book review—but Dennison rarely quotes from Vita’s work without linking it in some way to her life circumstances. Characters in her work are mere stand-ins for the author:

She is Julian in *Challenge*, buoyant with love for Eve; Peregrine Chase in *The Heir*, inheriting, and refusing to give up, the Tudor manor house of Blackboys; Sebastian in *The Edwardians*, handsome, fêted, secretive, heir to a fictional Knole; Nicholas Lambarde in her unpublished story ‘The Poet,’ certain of his writer’s vocation, author of ‘a contemplative poem on solitude’ as Vita would be: ‘The only important thing in the world to him was poetry.’ Most of all, and most revealingly, she is aspects of Miles Vane-Merrick in *Family History*. (57-58).

The speaker of a poem is nearly always assumed to be Vita and not an invented persona, and lines such as “I like things stripped down to truth, / Un-prettyed, unromanticised” (qtd. in Dennison 86) are read as Vita’s own beliefs and opinions. While Vita Sackville-West was never a writer of Virginia Woolf’s caliber, Dennison’s approach does, to my mind, diminish Vita herself and her achievement, making her work appear as a series of endless retellings of her life, loves, longings, and desire for Knole. Dennison is not necessarily wrong about this, of course, but given that he is a historian and biographer rather than a literary critic (this is his first biography of a writer; his other subjects include the Empress Livia and Queen Victoria), I suspect that scholars of Sackville-West might quibble with what might be seen as the simplicity of some of his readings. But he is to be applauded for having attempted it: his reading is both wide and deep, and his knowledge of Vita’s unpublished work is particularly impressive.

Structurally, *Behind the Mask* follows Vita’s life chronologically, but Dennison can’t resist the occasional novelistic flourish: he begins the book with the lawsuit against Vita’s parents upon the death of Vita’s mother’s benefactor, Sir John Murray Scott (known in the family as “Seery”), whose largesse enabled the family to maintain its lifestyle at Knole. By beginning his biography here, Dennison paints Vita’s life as always in the shadow of scandal. There’s no shortage of erotic adventures in the book: Vita is romanced by Harold Nicolson, who, though gay, becomes her husband; she has her legendary tempestuous affair with Violet Trefusis; she beds a number of other alluring women and a few men.

Readers of the *Miscellany* will of course be curious as to how Virginia Woolf is portrayed. Glendinning herself, at the outset of her biography, notes in advance that she will be giving short shrift to Virginia Woolf, because “there are plenty of books” about her (xvii). Dennison gives a rather condensed account of Woolf and Sackville-West’s friendship and affair, often simplifying things that might have been profitably explored, as in “Virginia Woolf admired Vita Sackville-West’s legs and her ancestry; she considered her a second-rate writer” (163). He pays surprisingly little attention to *Orlando*, noting that “[p]redictably Vita adored both *Orlando* and Orlando. She fell in love with a vision of herself that replicated in essentials personal fables stretching back to her childhood” (164-165). More baffling is Dennison’s dismissal of Woolf’s death, which is handled in one sentence: “Virginia Woolf committed suicide on 28 March 1941; a shaken Vita wrote an obituary poem, ‘In Memoriam: Virginia Woolf,’ published in the *Observer*” (267). Granted, *Behind the Mask* is not a biography of Virginia Woolf, but a reading of the extant letters from Vanessa Bell and Leonard Woolf thanking Vita for her condolences, not to mention the exchanges between Vita and Harold, gives an indication that Woolf’s death meant more to her than a mere poem in the *Observer* would indicate. (Not for nothing did she keep the Lenare photograph of Woolf on her desk in the tower at Sissinghurst for the rest of her life.) Woolf is simply one of many to whom Vita was devoted in Dennison’s account, and Woolfians familiar with the story will find no surprises here.

Dennison’s book is breezy and well-paced, written with an eye for telling details and with a sometimes witty, punning ear. Moreover, he seems to *like* Vita Sackville-West, both as a person and as a writer, while not refusing to call her out on her often cruel or manipulative behavior. There are times when Vita herself makes it difficult for Dennison to keep her writing at the center of her life, because, to some extent, I don’t believe that it was. Virginia Woolf’s writing was very much the center of her life, and she led a decidedly less glamorous daily existence than Vita did. Dennison shows Vita pulled between her writing, her romantic exploits, her longing for Knole and her creation of a suitable replacement for it at Sissinghurst. The Briggs and Gordon writing-centered biographies of Woolf work because Woolf was not pulled in nearly as many directions as Vita Sackville-West. Thus, Dennison’s project of

getting behind the mask of Vita’s writing is somewhat diffused by all of the other areas of her life that were *not* part of her mask.

I’m often asked by my students where to begin when reading the biographies of Virginia Woolf, and I still nearly always tell them to begin with Quentin Bell, for I find it to be the ur-text of Woolf biographies. (I do, however, point out the problems and the accusations lobbed against it.) Victoria Glendinning’s *Vita* remains the standard biography of Vita Sackville-West, and it remains the place to begin one’s study, surpassing even Vita’s own *Portrait of a Marriage*, but *Behind the Mask* is a worthy addition to the subject, and will hopefully bring readers a greater understanding of a woman who deserves to be known for more than her love affairs, her tower, her lawns and her flowers.

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A Formative Friendship: Two New Lives

UNIVERSAL MAN:

THE SEVEN LIVES OF JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

by Richard Davenport-Hines. London: William Collins, 2015. 418 pages. £9.99 paper.

BLOOMSBURY’S OUTSIDER: A LIFE OF DAVID GARNETT

by Sarah Knights. London: Bloomsbury Reader, 2015. 620 pages. £9.99 paper.

The Bloomsbury industry continues to grow, fueled by a persistent fascination with the unconventional lives of Virginia Woolf and company, and especially with their complex intimacies. Of course, the personal lives would be less compelling if the Bloomsburyans hadn’t written *Mrs. Dalloway* (Woolf) and *Eminent Victorians* (Lytton Strachey)

and *Vision and Design* (Roger Fry), and if they hadn't introduced a new adjective—Keynesian—into economics and inspired Andrew Lloyd Webber to musicalize *Aspects of Love* by David Garnett. Richard Davenport-Hines's biography *Universal Man: The Seven Lives of John Maynard Keynes* and Sarah Knights' life of David Garnett, *Bloomsbury's Outsider*, both published in 2015, describe the complex intellectual and intimate lives of these two "pillars of Bloomsbury" (Bell 136). The biographies also flesh out, where they intersect, one of the friendships that resulted in the popularization of Bloomsbury's founding mythology as the social product of turn-of-the-century academic debates in ethical philosophy.

In the summer of 1938, the whole world seemed to have become a "welter of unreality" (Woolf, *Diary* [D] 5 167), and Virginia Woolf was listening. Some speakers issued terrifying pronouncements of world-historical importance, with a braying authoritarianism. Hitler uttered a "savage howl like a person being excruciated. [...] The voice was frightening" (D5 169). Other, kinder, voices came from closer to home. Bloomsbury Memoir Club talks, by David (Bunny) Garnett and John Maynard Keynes, sounded much less like the trumpets of autocracies she'd been hearing on the radio than like the still, small voices of a civilization desperately trying to ward off its "inevitable end" (Woolf, *Letters* 6 275). A passing note in her diary from mid-July mentions, "Memoir Club. Desmond [MacCarthy] dined. Molly [MacCarthy] ill. Bunny read" (D5 155). Two months later, Woolf detailed another meeting of the Club, attended by most of its core members—the MacCarthys, the Keyneses, several Bells, E. M. Forster, the Woolfs, and Garnett. This meeting featured a talk by Keynes, "the chief intellectual influence on English public life in the twentieth century" (Davenport-Hines 6). On this occasion, the memoir spoke to personal events that have come to possess a broader social importance. "Maynard," Woolf writes, "read a very packed profound & impressive paper so far as I could follow, about Cambridge youth; their philosophy; its consequences; [G. E.] Moore; what it lacked; what it gave. The beauty & unworldliness of it. I was impressed by M[aynard]. & felt a little flittery & stupid. [...] a very human satisfactory meeting" (D5 168-69).

Keynes wrote his Memoir Club paper, "My Early Beliefs," as a direct response to the memoir that "Bunny read" in July. Garnett's subject had been "the story of my introducing several of my friends to D. H. Lawrence, his intense dislike of them, and my bitter disappointment, which led me to stop seeing Lawrence. Keynes was one of my friends" (Garnett 75). Garnett's memoir remains unpublished and is possibly lost (Rosenbaum 179); but from Garnett's brief description of it, we can surmise that he used the occasion of that Lawrence meeting not only as an opportunity to recall a significant event in his life during the first World War, but also as a peg upon which to hang a disquisition on friendship.

We may never know what Garnett said on the night when "Bunny read." We do know that, like so many in Bloomsbury, Garnett and Keynes regarded friendship as a categorical ethical good. Over the course of the Bloomsburyans' adult lives, as Davenport-Hines writes, it "remained the purpose of civilized existence" (60). The means to this desired end fined themselves down, for both Garnett and Keynes, to the vigorous cultivation of disinterested reason, and an active commitment to intellectual freedom and sexual liberty. Garnett praised Bloomsbury's ethos as "an *intellectual* movement which elevated the pursuit of pleasure" (Knights 558; emphasis in original), while "The motive force of [Keynes's] life was that, if only human stupidity could be overcome, and pessimism eradicated, most of the world's evils were eradicable" (Davenport-Hines 11). Indeed, Davenport-Hines writes, "the pre-eminent lesson" of Keynes's own life was that, "if confronted by conflicting alternatives, when choosing the way forward in practical matters, the sound principle is to take the most generous course" (17).

Nobody personally benefitted more from Keynes's generosity than Bunny Garnett and his family. As Sarah Knights notes, "Bunny was

always struck by what he describes as Maynard Keynes's 'emotional loyalty.'" Bunny himself "greatly benefitted from [Keynes's] astute financial guidance and from his generosity over the years, paying for bees in the First World War" when Garnett and Duncan Grant together performed what was called "essential farm work" as conscientious objectors, and "helping to establish [the bookshop] Birrell & Garnett, funding [Bunny's sons'] Richard's and William's education" (Knights 377).

Garnett posthumously repaid the generosity of his supporter and former lover in the late 1940s, shortly after Keynes's death in 1946. As a founding partner in the publishing firm of Rupert Hart-Davis, he published Keynes's *Two Memoirs* (1949), which brought "My Early Beliefs" out of Bloomsbury and to the broader public. Garnett, a decade younger than his friends, was not an original member of Bloomsbury, but he and Keynes remain forever linked in the history of Bloomsbury's complex private and public development beginning in the lingering Edwardian summer before the outbreak of war. Moreover, the publication of *Two Memoirs* represents a key moment in Bloomsbury's own construction of an abiding myth of the Group's origins and developments. That this myth also happens to be true only confirms the value of Garnett's work.

Garnett, Knights writes, "considered himself a congenital outsider, attracted to experimental living, to life beyond the mainstream" (4). He also "rejected conventional authority or conventional morality, believing personal relationships were paramount, and that in such relationships truth and honesty were more important than exclusivity" (Knights 79). Seldom has a more apt description been written of Bloomsbury as a whole. It applies well to Keynes. Maynard, as his friends called him, subscribed wholeheartedly to "the sentiment that creative minds were justified in breaking rules, when the results might be productive" (Davenport-Hines 49). For Keynes, this sentiment was inspired by his membership in the Cambridge Apostles—"much the strongest corporate bond in his life" (51)—and in particular by the ethical thinking of G. E. Moore. Moore's celebration of personal affection and of the appreciation of beauty shaped the foundation of Keynes's economic, political, and cultural activities, as well as his personal relationships, from his early intimacies with such fellow Bloomsburyans as Lytton Strachey, Grant, and Garnett, to his marriage to the ballet dancer Lydia Lopokova. Davenport-Hines approaches Keynes from several angles, "seven snapshots" (3) forming a multifaceted portrait of Keynes in his times. There is one major omission: Davenport-Hines deliberately avoids any discussion of the technical details in Keynes's economic thinking (these may be found in earlier biographies of Keynes by Roy Harrod, Robert Skidelsky, and Donald Moggridge). And yet, despite this provocative omission (6-7), he achieves a well-fleshed-out portrait of "the climate of [Keynes's] life" (7).

For Davenport-Hines, the most important influence on that climate was Moore. The implicit argument of *Universal Man* follows Keynes's lead. In "My Early Beliefs," Keynes calls Moore's ethical philosophy "a very good one to grow up under"—and an equally good one to guide adult life (Keynes 91). Davenport-Hines applies a Moorean template to a wide variety of Keynes's roles: Altruist, Boy Prodigy, Official, Public Man, Lover, Connoisseur, and Envoy. For Davenport-Hines, "economics was paramount in making [Keynes's] reputation [and] was integrated in all of his seven lives" (127), but Keynes's lifelong Mooreism directed his behavior in all of these roles. This adherence guided Keynes's approach to economics, which he called "the science of public happiness," and to all his other work. Keynes thought economics ultimately "a side of ethics" (Keynes qtd. in Davenport-Hines 326). In *Universal Man*, Keynes's commitment to public service, in economics, politics, and culture, represents a deliberate ethical commitment, and one inspired by the same philosophical ideals that shaped the beliefs of so many Bloomsburyans, including those of David Garnett, forever "Bunny" following a childhood love of a rabbit-fur cap.

Sarah Knights' titular claim, that Garnett was "outside" Bloomsbury, understandably trades on the popular understanding of Bloomsbury unconventionality, but it is plainly absurd. If you hail from the nineteenth-century English intellectual aristocracy that also produced Virginia Woolf and Vanessa Bell, Roger Fry, Lytton and James Strachey, Duncan Grant, Molly MacCarthy, Keynes, and E. M. Forster; if you are the son of Edward and Constance Garnett—he the publisher's reader who fostered the careers of Conrad, Galsworthy, and Yeats, she the translator of Russian literature who, Bunny told her, "probably [did] more to alter the morals of my generation than the war" (Knights 10)—and if your paternal grandparents, including the librarian and writer Richard Garnett, live in an apartment inside the British Museum, in the geographical heart of Bloomsbury; if you bathe naked in rivers with Rupert Brooke, Daphne, Margery, Brynhild, and Noel Olivier and the rest of the group that Virginia Woolf dubbed the Neo-Pagans; if you are the lover of Lytton Strachey, Keynes, and Grant, and the husband of Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant's biological daughter, Angelica; if you form a club for the reading of Restoration drama whose membership roster includes the Strachey brothers, Adrian Stephen, Keynes, Clive and Vanessa Bell, Saxon Sydney-Turner, and Grant; if Evelyn Waugh immortalizes you by placing your 1922 novel *Lady into Fox* alongside Fry's *Vision and Design*, Clive Bell's *Art*, and Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* as a defining text in modernist aestheticism (Knights 370)—then you are centrally and incontrovertibly Bloomsbury.

Where Davenport-Hines's life of Keynes discovers unity in multiplicity and variety made coherent by the controlling thesis of Mooreism, so that the idea of the "Keynesian" emerges clearly across a range of activities, Sarah Knights' life of Garnett takes a more conventional approach, offering a detailed chronicle of Bunny's long life (1892-1981). The book is composed of five parts, each named for one of Bunny's intimates—his mother; then Duncan Grant; Garnett's first wife, Ray (Marshall) Garnett; his second wife, Angelica Bell; and, finally, the close companion of his later years, a woman named Magouche Phillips. Each part comprises numbered but untitled chapters. *Bloomsbury's Outsider* thus begins with a dubious title; it posts almost nothing in the way of thematic signposts at the outset and includes no prefatory or other introductory orientation or context. It simply dives in and traces Bunny's life across almost nine decades of English literary and sexual life, in good part through a resourceful use of letters, most of them still unpublished and resident in libraries across the United States and the UK. This source material enables an extreme degree of intimacy so that, without any apparent guiding purpose, Knights offers a rich (and long-overdue) portrait of a major twentieth-century writer and literary figure who devoted his life to what Peter Ackroyd, reviewing Garnett's 1973 novel *Plough Over the Bones*, called his "solid truthfulness, and a generosity of spirit that does not emphasise one aspect of life at the expense of all others" (Ackroyd qtd. in Knights 531).

The closest Knights comes to a thesis arrives in an appended "Afterlife," which justifies this biographical project by shifting attention from Garnett's life to Garnett's work. Here, Knights describes the negative effect Angelica Garnett's 1985 memoir, *Deceived with Kindness: A Bloomsbury Childhood*, had on Garnett's reputation and then makes the recuperative claim that at root, despite his undeniable libertinage, Garnett "was an original writer of courage and distinction. Moreover, as a publisher, literary critic, editor, historian and bookseller, Bunny was an influential and important figure in the twentieth-century British literary landscape" (557). Knights allows the facts of Garnett's life to speak for themselves; in the spirit of Garnett, who trained as a scientist and brought to all the genres in which he worked, often innovatively, the eye of an impartial observer, Knights sees her subject as in himself he really was. If the real Bunny is significantly different from Knights' Bunny, then it will take some doing to make the case.

It was a year, was 1938, for Bloomsbury credos: Bunny's Memoir Club paper on D. H. Lawrence; Keynes's memoir; Forster's credo "What

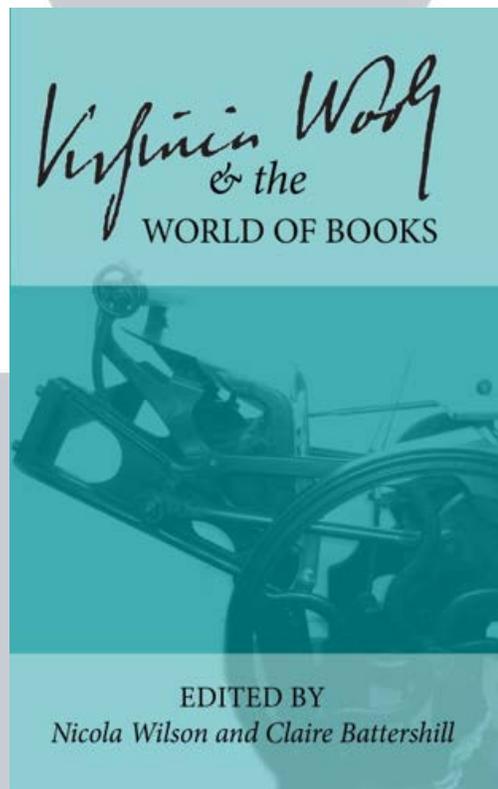
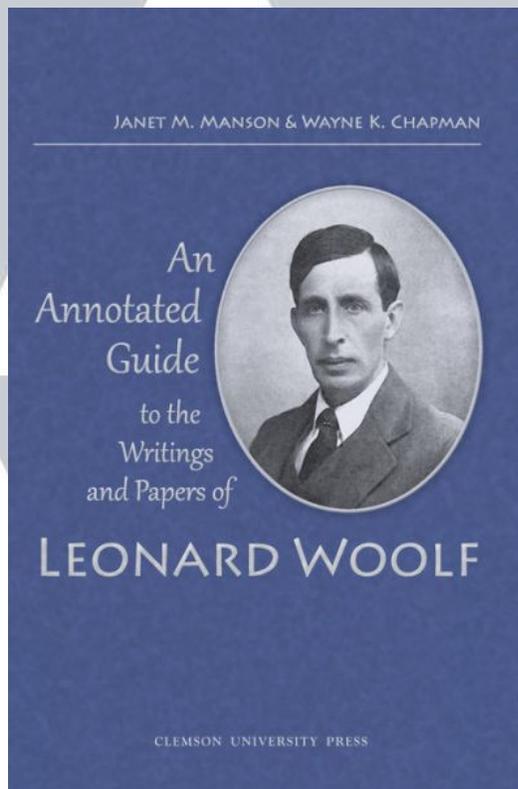
I Believe;" and Woolf's *Three Guineas*, her scathing attack on the ideological conditions that had enabled and continued to sustain not only fascism but also, closer to home, the work of Woolf's credo-writing male Bloomsbury friends. Each of these statements of belief intersects, in its inception, publication, or reception, with all the others. But that is a subject for another day. Richard Davenport-Hines and Sarah Knights, in the places where their stories overlap with each other and with Woolf's diaristic reflections, remind us of the role played in the shaping of Bloomsbury and of what we mean when we say "Bloomsbury," by the friendship of Bunny Garnett and John Maynard Keynes.

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Revised edition of *An Annotated Guide to the Writings and Papers of Leonard Woolf*, by Janet M. Manson and Wayne K. Chapman (2018), 292 pp. (paperback). Normal retail: \$34.95.

50% off: \$17.50 plus s&h

Order at http://bit.ly/AnnotatedGuide_to_LW

The *Annotated Guide* is a finding aid to collections of Leonard Woolf papers, which substantially augments previous research tools.

Virginia Woolf and the World of Books, edited by Nicola Wilson and Claire Battershill (forthcoming, 2018), 310 pp. + (hardcover). Normal retail: \$120.

70% off: \$34.95 plus s&h

Order at http://bit.ly/WoolfSP_2018

Just over 100 years ago, in 1917, Leonard and Virginia Woolf began a publishing house from their dining-room table. This volume marks the centenary of that auspicious beginning. Inspired by the Woolfs' radical innovations as independent publishers, the book celebrates the Hogarth Press as a key intervention in modernist and women's writing and demonstrates its importance to independent publishing and book-selling in the long twentieth century.



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Davison, Professor of Modernist Studies at the Université Sorbonne Nouvelle, Paris; and Jane Goldman, Reader in English and Glasgow University and General Editor of the Cambridge University Press Edition of the Works of Virginia Woolf. In addition to four days of brilliant talks, panels, and special events is a pre-conference trip to Knole and Sissinghurst. We appreciate all the work Derek has already put into the conference and look forward to seeing it all come to fruition in June!

I am also happy to report that this issue of the *Miscellany* includes the winner of the third annual Angelic Garnett Undergraduate Essay Prize, Halle Mason's, "A Modern Gothic: Septimus Smith Haunts the Streets of Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*." Halle wrote the essay for Dr. Emily James at the University of St. Thomas. Congratulations, Halle! The Society officers enjoyed reading all of the impressive entries and are thrilled to see so many undergraduate courses incorporating Woolf's works and engaging future generations of Woolf scholars and teachers.

Here's to a wonderful 2018 for the IVWS and for each of you!

Warmly,

Kristin Czarnecki
President, IVWS



Woolfians gathering at Remi in New York City on Friday, January 5 during the MLA Convention



the Virginia Woolf Society



The Society Column

"I am so cold I can hardly hold a pen"—so wrote Virginia Woolf in her diary on February 11, 1928.

Many of us can commiserate with Woolf given the recent bombogenesis, polar vortex, and long deep-freeze that rang in the new year along with their accompanying snow, sleet, and flooding. Here's hoping you're all making it through the winter safe and sound and that your 2018 is off to a good start!

A look back at 2017 shows several notable accomplishments for the International Virginia Woolf Society. We achieved 501(c)3 status, which means that for U.S. tax payers, any monies paid to the IVWS, such as annual dues and donations, are now tax-deductible. We've seen a nice bump in membership since we spread the good news. In addition, the MLA approved our seven-year renewal application for continued status as an Allied Organization.

Speaking of MLA, our indefatigable Treasurer, Alice Keane, submitted the following write-up of Woolf Society activities at MLA 2018 in New York City:

The International Virginia Woolf Society sponsored a lively and well-received panel at MLA in January 2018 in New York City. This guaranteed panel was Thais Rutledge's **Woolf's Spaces**, which, following the "spatial turn" in literary studies, offered papers that considered the concepts of space, place, and mapping in Woolf's life and work.

Our first panelist in New York City was Katie Logan of Virginia Commonwealth University. The "spatial turn" in Woolf studies most often suggests examination of Woolf's London, but in her paper, "'The Undiscovered Country': Woolf's Geography of Illness," Katie drew attention to another significant "space" for Woolf: illness. Woolf's essay *On Being Ill* (1926) focuses on sickrooms and the manicured lawns where the sick convalesce, and Katie analyzed how, as Woolf's text experiments with intimacy, distance, and border crossings, the spatial metaphor that she develops to describe health and illness allows her to hypothesize about the roles language and storytelling play in crossing bounded spaces and experiences.

Because panel organizer Thais Rutledge, of the University of Texas at Austin, had her flights to New York City cancelled due to the winter storm of January 3-4, panelist Robert Tally, of Texas State University, read both Thais's paper and his own. Thais's paper, "A Place of One's Own: The Need for Space in *Mrs. Dalloway*," explored Woolf's use of stream of consciousness to reveal a character's most intimate thoughts, whether walking the streets of London in *Mrs. Dalloway* or inhabiting the domestic spaces of the home in *To the Lighthouse*. Focusing on the impact of Mrs. Ramsay on the spaces of the summer house in the Hebrides, Thais considered how Mrs. Ramsay's presence influences the guests' experience of the house and its spaces, concluding that, without her, the house and the experiences of those within it lose their significance. Rob's paper, "'She felt herself everywhere; not 'here, here, here': Point of View as Cognitive Mapping in *Mrs. Dalloway*," [editing note: Rob updated his title from the PMLA program version] foregrounded how, for all of the distinctively geographical features of the content of *Mrs. Dalloway*, its setting and background, this novel might be said to "map" its spaces in a more figurative sense, by employing formal techniques that

themselves function as cartographic practices. Rob discussed the ways that Woolf's use of perspective or point-of-view figures forth a cognitive mapping of the social space of Clarissa Dalloway's postwar England, drawing on narrative theory and geocriticism to argue that the shifting perspective or focalization of the novel makes possible a more effective literary cartography in *Mrs. Dalloway*.

Panelist Celiese Lypka, of the University of Calgary, was also unable to travel to New York City due to the storm. Her paper, "Woolf's Spatiality: Relational Bodies and Affective Spaces," was read by Alice Keane, Secretary-Treasurer of IVWS. Celiese's paper mapped the spatial awareness in Woolf's writings, revealing her approach to affective relationality of the body and the internal via liminal space. Addressing passages from *Mrs. Dalloway*, "A Sketch of the Past," and "Street Haunting," Celiese's analysis focused on how the presence of spatiality as affective intensities offers characters the ability to transgress the immediacy of their social spaces in order to connect external, tangible experiences with internal, subjective thought.

On Friday, January 5, Woolfians gathered for a festive Society dinner in New York City at Remi, a gorgeous midtown venue that features authentic Northern Italian cuisine. As with this year's MLA panel, our original numbers were somewhat lessened due to the winter storm and subzero wind chills, but nine of us enjoyed wonderful conversation and conviviality in a lovely loft-like setting with wine, salads, deliciously inventive pastas of all kinds and, of course, decadent Italian desserts.

MLA 2019 is scheduled for Chicago from January 3-6. Mary Wilson from the University of Massachusetts Dartmouth will preside over our guaranteed panel, "*Night and Day* at 100." Her call for papers reads: **Night and Day at 100**: This panel invites papers examining Woolf's *Night and Day* in the centennial year of its publication. What is the twenty-first-century legacy of Woolf's "nineteenth-century" novel?

Long before MLA 2019, however, the IVWS was well represented at its panel at the **Louisville Conference on Literature and Culture Since 1900, scheduled for February 22-24 2018**:

Panelists and Paper Titles:

Cecilia Servatius, Karl Franzens University of Gratz, "The Skull Beneath the Shawl: Tracing Spatial Metaphors of Repression through Woolf's Novels"

Grace Brown, Belmont University, "Lily Briscoe and Queer Identity"

Melissa Johnson, Illinois State University, "*The Weight of Centuries*: Dawn Roe and Virginia Woolf"

And of course, many of us will be gearing up in the coming months for the **28th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf, hosted by Derek Ryan and his team at Woolf College, University of Kent, Canterbury, England, from June 21-24**. The conference theme is "Virginia Woolf, Europe, and Peace," and much tantalizing conference information may be found already at <https://www.kent.ac.uk/english/vwoolf2018/>. Keynote speakers include Rosi Braidotti, Philosopher and Distinguished University Professor at Utrecht University; Claire

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