TO THE READERS

It has been a special pleasure editing this issue of the Virginia Woolf Miscellany during my stay in England. Though it meant delaying the publication considerably, the perspectives added make VWM more truly international. We hope that writers from abroad will continue to enrich our understanding of Virginia Woolf and invite them to send any brief written contribution (no more than 1200 words) to VWM’s next editor, Jane Marcus, The Newberry Library, 60 W.Walton St., Chicago, Illinois 60610. Her deadline will have to be soon (October 2), if we are to return to the regular publishing schedule.

There are so many old and new books that need reviewing, so many notes and queries we all have, as well as jokes, diatribes, poems, art work, etc., “so much still to be pondered about,” as the Washington STAR recently said in a review of Bloomsbury books, that every issue, even enormous ones like Winter 1977, has to leave out a lot of good material. To do otherwise would stretch the VWM format and budget to the breaking point. As it is now, even with this relatively slender issue, we are operating in the red, anticipating a flood of donations from all of the readers who have not previously contributed to float us into the black again. Please send what you can, as soon as possible, so that VWM’s credit will continue good at our wonderful printers. We would like to take this occasion, in fact, to thank our skillful and faithful helpers at Sonoma State’s Reprographics, without whom, . . .

And again to add that without YOUR donations, future issues of the VWM will not be possible. Karen Petersen, who coordinates our mailing volunteers, has asked us to announce that back issues of most of the VWM are available to new subscribers. Simply write VWM at the regular mailing address–and you might enclose a donation.

J. J. Wilson
Sonoma State College

DUNCAN GRANT, 1885-1978

Duncan Grant died on the 8th of May at the age of 93. His central role in the original Bloomsbury Group, and the extraordinary range of his friendships with so many leading figures in the intellectual and artistic life of our century, has ironically tended to overshadow his own very real achievements as a painter and designer. For that reason I do not propose to explore those affiliations in this brief tribute to an artist who, as much as any other, was responsible for the introduction of modernist art into England. At the same time it can hardly be sufficiently stressed that his work was at all times intimately related both to his immediate society and to his own most remarkable personality. As John Piper wrote as long ago as 1931: “no British artist has ever preached less or prophesied more.” (The Listener, 24th June, 1931)

Having explored the entire experimental gamut of modernism in one astonishing decade, 1910 to 1920, it remained to him to attempt to resolve that apparent dualism between representational and non-representational art which he considered misleading and culturally inhibiting. This belief effectively left him in a situation of semi-exile on the outskirts of the ‘official’ British art world with which, in any case, he had little sympathy. His influence was consistently felt however over half a century, both as a teacher - though no teacher was ever less didactic - and as a prime mover behind the development of such institutions as C.E.M.A., the A.I.A., The Euston Road School, and the Arts Council of Great Britain.

Duncan was a great encourager. He got people to do things. In this respect an example which characterizes a lifetime’s work is provided by the Omega Workshops, where, while Roger Fry was out chatting up patrons, he assembled a host of talented and under-employed painters to the task of establishing a kind of design which was at once adventurous and intensely serious. There were few early twentieth century artists in England whom he did not help at some time or another.

Unfortunately he received all too little encouragement himself. He seemed remote to the generation between the two World Wars, whilst to his own contemporaries he was doomed to appear the eternal ‘wunderkind’, deftly waving the very brushes for which Bloomsbury was tarred. It was Duncan’s fate never quite to fit in. Nonetheless, the specific development of English Art Deco would be inconceivable without the example of his work, together with that of Vanessa Bell, whilst their Post-Impressionist paintings represent a sadly neglected area of European art. At the same time it was Duncan Grant’s special achievement to effect a local continuity between the British ‘Aesthetic’ Movement of the late nineteenth century, and the School of Paris in the early twentieth.

In a sense his virtuosity in so many fields of activity - fabrics, ceramics, interior design, woodcuts, theatre work, book illustration, easel painting, etc. - worked against his reputation. He was too various. For the English tend to expect their artists at least to be decent enough to stick to one thing at a time, and to go on duplicating themselves continually without any awkward and irritating evidence of innovation or change, which Duncan undoubtedly saw, with Donne, as “the nursery / Of musick, joy, life, and eternity.” He would keep on changing.

Duncan Grant then was passionately committed to “the silent kingdom of paint.” Like so many of his friends he felt a strong distinction between the practices of painting and of writing. This is perhaps a matter for some regret, since his letters and occasional writings show a gift for words which comes as no surprise to anyone who knew him. Indeed, his conversation was often no less giddy with wit and imagination than that of Virginia Woolf herself. What was he doing for Christmas 1976? “Oh! That AUDACIOUS day!” Approached
by someone at his 85th birthday party: "I met you 30 years ago..." "Then so did I!" As an undergraduate in 1970 I was once sent into Lewes with a hastily made up shopping list on which I found the word 'brainwave', sandwiched between cheese, wine-vinegar, and turps!

His humour and generosity are legendary. Never a rich man, he understood poverty from first-hand experience. To the end of his life he received visitors cordially, if sometimes quizzically, being far more interested in the world they brought to him than in plunging back into his own spectacular past. For this reason he was sometimes bamboozled by the unscrupulous, and occasionally exploited.

Whether painting the chickens at Wisset blue in 1916 or thinking of "improving" the dahlias at Charleston fifty years later, Duncan’s whole life, like his art, was a delicious blend of fact and fantasy. The variety and plenitude of his career, together with his serious questioning of the relation between Art and Decoration in our times, will guarantee him a significant place in the final telling of the art of this century.

Duncan was extremely drawn to Keats’s lines concerning the “holiness of the heart’s affections and the truth of the imagination,” I can think of few people who have attempted more gently or with greater success to live up to that ideal. It is marvellous to know that he managed only three weeks before he died, in spite of great infirmity, to visit the Cezanne retrospective in Paris. He was buried, as he wished, in the church-yard at Firle, next to Vanessa Bell.

Simon Watney
Polytechnic of Central London

Virginia Woolf appears in Mr. Shone’s study primarily as Vanessa Bell’s sister, and Vanessa Bell herself as “the pivotal figure” in Bloomsbury. I prefer to see the two sisters as a kind of double center for the group, but the emphasis given here to the elder is extremely useful and informative. As Mr. Shone states in his introduction, he has chosen to give most space to the previously unrecorded activities of the artists and their friends, focusing particularly on the 1910-20 decade. Here again the emphasis is well-placed and extremely useful. Roger Fry and Clive Bell figure prominently at this time and later; other artists who worked with the Bloomsbury figures, like Keith Baynes and Stephen Tomlin, also appear, as does Wyndham Lewis in all his antagonism. David Garnett and Maynard Keynes are also evident in their important supporting roles.

The apparatus of the book is also well thought out and attractively presented. Mr. Shone’s selected bibliography includes catalogues. There are detailed chronologies provided for both Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant. And the blue-flowered boards of the cover, in true Bloomsbury fashion, “are adapted from a design by Duncan Grant, 1968.”

Elizabeth Heine
The University of Texas at San Antonio

Two Books on Bloomsbury art reviewed:

Wonderfully simply for picture-gazing, with its 170 illustrations (eight color plates), this study is also a mine of information about Bloomsbury activities. Mr. Shone has had access to much unpublished material, letters as well as paintings and drawings, and has also had the benefit of comment and information provided by the late Duncan Grant. The combination of many quotations from Vanessa Bell’s letters and of Duncan Grant’s memories helps to extend the “portraits” provided from those in the art works to more fully dimensional indications of character. Nor is the analysis of the art limited to portraits. The productions of the Omega Workshops and the role of Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant as decorators are fully examined. It is delightful to realize that when W. B. Yeats visited Lady Dorothy Wellesley at Pens in the Rocks he dined in a room designed by Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant, with their murals on the walls; illustrations of the room are included.


This book too is handsomely illustrated (eight color plates) and well-produced, albeit expensively, as a first venture by the new Oxford Polytechnic Press. Its publication was coordinated with an exhibit at Oxford which confirmed the strong impression given even by the black and white exemplars; the portraits and landscapes, seen in the original, were wonderfully convincing and memorable. “Don’t these paintings have character!” one of the viewers exclaimed, a review Carrington would have appreciated, much as she dreaded public exhibits.

Long-time admirers of Carrington’s artistic work cannot but be grateful to her brother for putting out the book which finally does justice to her as an artist. Grateful, and gratified in that...
told you so” way to hear Sir John Rothenstein in his foreword confessing to “a certain shame” at the art world’s ignorance of this “most neglected serious painter of her time.” What might have happened to her career, had she received this kind of recognition during her lifetime! As the author points out, Roger Fry’s encouragement “would have made a world of difference in Carrington’s confidence.” (p.37) But as this book makes clear she suffered from the lack of support and ironically, given her rejection of conventional women’s roles, was frustrated by housekeeping duties and other more subtle traps from following her artist’s bent.

Aside from the reproductions and some marvelous photographs, this new book adds a dimension to our view of her elusive character which Gertler’s Letters and David Garnett’s edition of her Letters and Diaries could not; the family background and early years come through vividly, as does her increasing despair toward the end of her life, before and indeed aside from Lytton Strachey’s illness and death, which can only be sensed in the published excerpts from her diaries. There is, nevertheless, much more to be said about Carrington’s life and work and it is to be hoped that the complete edition of her letters and diaries which Sir John calls for will be forthcoming.

When reading in the manuscript collection at King’s College recently, I came across a classic statement of artistic anguish in one of Carrington’s letters to Rosamond Lehmann which shows how marvelous the material is from her letters and may indeed serve here to give her the last word, in that inimitable style:

“It’s rather maddening to have the ambition of Tintoretto and to paint like a diseased mouse.”

J.J. Wilson
Sonoma State College

PROPOSED POLICY ON VIRGINIA WOOLF’S UNPUBLISHED MATERIAL

Readers of this periodical will hardly need to be told that the past ten years have seen a tremendous revival of interest in the works of Virginia Woolf. They may however be interested to learn that this phenomenon has brought with it painful and difficult moral problems for those who are called upon to publish or to sanction the publication of her works. The reason is clear; in the prevailing state of enthusiasm it is natural to print, not only that which she in her own lifetime offered to the public, but also things which she herself never did publish and very likely never would have published.

In a great many cases, beginning with Between the Acts, I am sure that the publishers have been right even when they disregarded Virginia’s known or presumed wishes. I hope and believe that the policy which has been pursued has been justifiable. But a natural process of exhaustion obliges us now to consider that large body of writings which consists of notes, facsimiles, cancelled chapters and preliminary drafts which, if the chaos at Monks House had been less appalling, would probably have been destroyed by the author’s own hand. Thus we are passing insensibly from an area in which publication seems quite justifiable to one in which it becomes necessary but horribly difficult to draw a line. The dilemma is particularly acute for a copyright holder who has grave doubts concerning his abilities as a critic.

“But,” it may be asked, “why draw a line anywhere?” Anything that Virginia wrote is of interest to scholars. Moreover she wrote in stages, producing draft after draft, correcting and reconstructing until, like a painter who goes on modifying every touch until he achieves a perfectly harmonious design, she arrived at the version that satisfied her. And just as, by studying drawings, sketches and x-ray photographs we can learn a great deal about a painter’s intentions, so by looking at all the variants of a novel we can form a picture of the creative and critical operations of the novelist.

For the literary critic who already knows Virginia’s work, a palimpsest of this kind may be of the highest interest. But consider the reactions of a wider public. A short time ago a reputable scholar suggested the publication of an earlier version of one of the novels, not only because it would be of interest to other scholars but because it could be offered as, in effect, a new novel to the “generalist Woolf reader.” This, I must say, arouses acute misgivings - suppose that the reader agrees with Virginia in condemning the earlier version, suppose that it is below her usual standard? Then, surely it is unfair to give it currency. Some such deflation of values following any inflation of published matter must surely be apprehended. Scratch the bottom of the barrel and you will come up with impurities.

In the present situation it seems desirable to divide the Woolf analogues into three categories. There are drafts and unfinished essays or articles which may however be well offered to the learned public, a public which has presumably arrived at its own critical estimate of Virginia and will not be misled by the imperfections of a discarded text. Such offerings would I feel find their natural home in learned journals. There are other texts which are of so slight a character that they are better left for examination in the archives. Finally, there may still be writings which can properly be offered to the general public; they are, I must admit, unknown to me.

Such, it would appear, are the general principles which should govern the copyright holders in granting or withholding permission. But it appears also that this is a policy which needs to be explained to Woolf scholars and concerning which they might like to express their views.

Quentin Bell,
University of Sussex

N.B. In addendum to the above, Lucio Ruotolo wishes VWM readers to know of the special issue of Twentieth Century Literature which, by kind permission of Professor Quentin Bell, will be devoted to the presentation of some of these unpublished materials: the early diaries, “Anon.” “Friendships Gallery,” portions of the Knole Orlando holograph and the rejected conclusion of Between the Acts. Assisting Professor Ruotolo in the editing will be John Graham, Ellen Hawkes, Madeline Moore Hummel and Brenda Silver, and it is scheduled to appear in Fall 1979.

The University of Sussex Library welcomes donations of copies of any published books, articles, etc., however small, in the field of Woolf studies. These provide a nucleus of secondary material to complement the major collection of primary sources already housed in the Library. Any such donations are much appreciated by the Archives (which is working with almost no budget for acquisitions), as well as by the scholars from far and wide who come here to consult the Monk’s House and Leonard Woolf papers. The address to use:

The Librarian (Manuscript Section)
University of Sussex Library
Falmer, Brighton BN1 9QL, England
WHERE WAS CHARLES TANSLEY WHEN THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT HIM?

I have for a long time been puzzled by what appears to be an anomaly in the narrative at the beginning of To the Lighthouse. The problem may be simply stated in the following form: where was Charles Tansley when Nancy Ramsay described him hyperbolically as "the hundred and tenth young man to chase them all the way up to the Hebrides" (p. 15)? All page references are to the 1960 impression of the Hogarth Press edition) and Rose Ramsay complained that he fished for compliments about his tie (p.18). I do not know whether this question has been raised before in commentary upon the novel, but I should be interested to learn the opinions of other readers.

Part of the problem, of course, is Virginia Woolf's psychologically expressive narrative technique, telling the story by passing from one "stream of consciousness" to another, each of which is highly allusive, and elusive, as regards the specifics of time and place. The constant shifting of the narrative from one point in time to another, without explanatory links or the conventional changes of tense, is particularly crucial to the question I wish to raise about Charles Tansley. (Professor Lodge is author of The Modes of Modern Writing, published in the U.S. by Cornell University Press in 1977, which includes a fascinating chapter on Virginia Woolf's narrative techniques.)

The "basic action" of Part I of the novel (i.e., the action by reference to which we place everything else that is narrated) begins at about six o'clock on a late summer evening. Mrs. Ramsay is at the drawing-room window with her son James; Mr. Ramsay and Charles Tansley are walking up and down in the garden outside the window. James asks if he can go to the Lighthouse the next day, and Mrs. Ramsay says he may if the weather is fine. Mr. Ramsay stops at the open window to say, "But it won't be fine" (p.12) and is supported by Charles Tansley:

"It's due west," said the atheist Tansley, holding his bony fingers spread so that the wind blew through them, for he was sharing Mr. Ramsay's evening walk up and down, up and down the terrace. That is to say, the wind blew from the worst possible direction for the landing at the Lighthouse. Yes, he did say disagreeable things, Mrs. Ramsay admitted; it was odious of him to rub this in, and make James still more disappointed; but at the same time she would not let them laugh at him. "The atheist," they called him; "the little atheist." Rose mocked him; Prue mocked him; even old Badger without a tooth in his head had bit him, for being (as Nancy put it) the hundred and tenth young man to chase them all the way up to the Hebrides when it was ever so much nicer to be alone. (pp.14-15)

Clearly Nancy's remark is prior to Tansley's about the wind, but it is not, at this point, specifically located in time and space. The text continues: "'Nonsense,' said Mrs. Ramsay, with great severity," and, after a paragraph describing Mrs. Ramsay's protective reverence for the male sex: "She turned with severity upon Nancy. He had not chased, she said. He had been asked." (p.16)

In the next paragraph it becomes clear that this rebuke is delivered at a meal at which her three daughters (at least) are present:

She was now formidable to behold, and it was only in silence, looking up from their plates, after she had spoken so severely about Charles Tansley, that her daughters - Prue, Nancy, Rose - could sport with infidel ideas which they had brewed for themselves of a life different from hers... (p.16)

The next paragraph reverts to the basic action at the window ("'There'll be no landing at the Lighthouse tomorrow,' said Charles Tansley"), but soon Mrs. Ramsay's thoughts have returned to the complaints of her children about this young man:

But it was not that they minded, the children said. It was not his face; it was not his manners. It was him - his point of view... And he would go to picture galleries, they said, and he would ask one, did one like his tie? God knows, said Rose, one did not.

Disappearing as stealthily as stags from the dinner-table directly the meal was over, the eight sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay sought their bedrooms, their fastnesses in a house where there was no other privacy to debate anything, everything: Tansley's tie; the passage of the Reform Bill; sea-birds and butterflies; people... (p.19)

At this point it seems reasonable to deduce from the text that the discussion of Tansley, beginning with Nancy's remark, and ending with Rose's, took place at a meal at which all the Ramsay children were present. From later evidence (for instance, a reference of Mr. Carmichael's having "slipped something into his glass at lunch" on page 22) we may infer that the meal was lunch, probably at the same day as the basic evening action. It is equally reasonable to assume that Charles Tansley could not have been present at this meal to hear the remarks made about him. Although he is described later in the text as having been "snubbed" these remarks would have been insults rather than snubs if delivered in his presence. The fact that the speakers refer to him using the third person pronoun also clearly implies his absence. However, as the narrative proceeds from page 19, it appears that Charles Tansley is present in the house at this time and therefore, logically, would have been present at the meal:

She went from the drawing-room, holding James by the hand, since he would not go with the others (p.19)... Insoluble questions they were, it seemed to her, standing there, holding James by the hand. He had followed her into the drawing-room, that young man they laughed at; he was standing by the table, fidgeting with something, awkwardly, feeling himself out of things, as she knew without looking around. (p.20)

If it were not for the difficulty I have raised, it would be natural to infer from this passage that Charles Tansley was present at the lunch, and, having been left alone ("snubbed"?) afterwards, has followed Mrs. Ramsay and James from the dining-room to the drawing-room.

One possible solution to the problem involves Mr. Ramsay. Where is he during the discussion of Charles Tansley? It seems unlikely (though not impossible) that the girls would speak so disrespectfully about his protegé' in his presence. We might deduce that Mr. Ramsay and Charles Tansley left the luncheon table before the others, leaving the girls free to air their dislike of the young man. But this seems an unlikely breach of etiquette, since the meal would not have been finished (we are told the children left the table as soon as it was). And if Tansley was engaged with Mr. Ramsay in some way, why does he appear in the drawing-room immediately after lunch, obviously feeling lonely and left out?

The most likely explanation, in my opinion, is that Virginia Woolf began the account of the Ramsay children's discussion of Charles Tansley with no specific time or place in mind, but at some stage in the compositional process decided to locate it at lunch on the same day as the basic action, thus creating for herself an anomaly in the position of Tansley which she either did not notice or could not entirely disguise. But if I misjudge the novelist, I should be glad to be corrected and enlightened.

David Lodge
University of Birmingham

AWARD GIVEN TO BOOK ON VIRGINIA WOOLF

Congratulations to Avrom Fleishman, Professor of English at The Johns Hopkins University, who has won the 1977 Explicator Award for his Virginia Woolf: A Critical Reading, published in 1975 by The Johns Hopkins University Press. The annual contest was sponsored by the Explicator Literary Foundation and is given to the best book of explication de texte published during the years 1975-76 in the field of English or American Literature.
THE GIRTON LECTURES: Who was there?

Sometime ago VWM was asked to try to find reports from people who had actually attended Virginia Woolf's lectures which later were published as *A Room of One's Own*. The following account is reprinted from Kathleen Raine's remarkable autobiography, *The Land Unknown*, by kind permission of the author and her publishers (Hamish Hamilton in England and Braziller in America).

It was during the summer term that Virginia Woolf visited Girton - the first famous person with whom I had ever been in the same room. She came - it is all history now - at the invitation of the Girton Literary Society, to give her paper, *A Room of One's Own*. The meeting took place in Girton's reception-room, with its mural panels, the work of a benefactor of the College who, having lived before the benefits of higher education, had devoted those long, idle Victorian hours (what happened to all that abundance of time after the turn of the century?) to embroidering in wool on ivory satin rather heavy foliage and flowers and birds and squirrels for the pleasure of those ladies who were to be educated away from the immemorial and symbolic occupations of Helen, Penelope, Persephone, and Blake's Daughters of Albion. The portrait of Lady Carew herself, in voluminous blue silk, hung over the chimney, reminding us that the eye of the Liberal aristocracy was upon all our comings and goings. The grand piano, draped with a piece of oriental embroidery, was pushed to one side. Outside those tinted neo-Gothic windows cedar and tulip tree spread their branches over the sweep of the lawns upon whose green cedar-shaded carpet I was now no trespasser, but one of the happy and thrice-happy permitted to walk.

In the fairy land of the Girton reception-room, then, members of the Literary Society were gathered for coffee, after Hall; young Eton-cropped hair gleaming, O, Chinese shawls spread like the plumage of butterflies. (I vainly longed for one of those shawls, fringed with silk and embroidered with silken flowers and birds, fashionable at that time.) With Virginia Woolf had come her friend Victoria Sackville-West: the two most beautiful women I had ever seen. I saw their beauty and their fame entirely removed from the context of what is usually called 'real' life, as if they had descended like goddesses from Olympus, to re-assend when at the end of the evening they vanished from our sight. The divine *mana* may belong to certain beings merely by virtue of what they are; but *mana* belongs also to certain offices, royal or priestly; and masters in some art were, in those days, invested with the dignity of their profession. A 'great writer' had about him or about her an inherited glory shed from the greatness of writers of the past; and about Virginia Woolf this glory hovered. Every sacred office can be discredited, and in the present world, in England, the profession of the writer has been brought into disrepute by the same looting of sanctuaries as has taken place in other spheres of life.

I had not read any of Virginia Woolf's novels at the time; a few months before I had not even heard of her. Now from her famous paper I learned for the first time, and with surprise, that the problems of 'a woman writer' were supposed to be different from the problems of a man who writes; that the problem is not one of writing but of living in such a way as to be able to write. *A Room of One's Own* made claims on life far beyond mine: a room and a small unearned income were, to me, luxuries unimaginable. To elude the vigilance of my parents, and to write poems on the marble-topped table of a Lyons' or an ABC tea-shop was all I had at home, or for long after, hoped for. At Girton I had a room of my own; but while feeling it my due, I did not, at the same time, expect it to last, any more than a dream lasts; and yet, within that dream, we accept all that comes as a matter of course.

"A CURIOUS KIND OF RELATIONSHIP": VIRGINIA WOOLF AND LOGAN PEARSSALL SMITH

Between 1945 and 1947, four volumes of a short-lived literary journal called *Orion* appeared in London, edited by Rosamond Lehmann, D. Kilham Roberts, C. Day Lewis, and Edwin Muir. Its first volume included a reminiscence by Leonard Woolf of his early years in India ("Memoirs of an Elderly Man"). Volume II (Autumn, 1945) contains a piece by Logan Pearsall Smith, entitled "Tavistock Square" (pp. 73-86). It is an account of his relationship with Virginia Woolf and reprints fourteen letters, nine of them written to her by Virginia. One each of her letters dates from 1919 and 1922; two from 1925; and five from 1932. The volumes of *Letters* published thus far by Nicolson and Trautmann have included only the 1925 correspondence. But the other letters, the article itself, and the relationship it describes provide another fascinating glimpse of this complex character who was Virginia Woolf.

Logan Pearsall Smith (1865-1946) was an American expatriate writer who settled in London after attending Oxford at the turn of the century. Perhaps his most characteristic works were his volumes of short prose sketches and aphorisms, collected in 1933 under the title of *All Trivia: Trivia, More Trivia, Afterthoughts, Last Words*. The Hogarth Press published his *Stories from the Old Testament* (1920) and a pamphlet, *The Prospects of Literature* (1927). It was mainly through the Press that his relationship with Virginia Woolf was sustained, though they were connected as well through Smith's sister, who was Bertrand Russell's first wife.

He and Virginia were, he says in the article, "friends, or at least enemy-friends, a good many years." "A curious kind of relationship had blossomed, cactus-like" between them; "one of those minglings of friendship and malice which add to the exasperation of life, but still more to its interest." The aptness of this description is reflected in the vivid picture of him we get through Virginia's eyes. After one of his visits in 1919, she good-naturedly describes him to Lady Ottoline Morrell as a "frost-bitten old prude" who reminds her of a priest or a eunuch (May 21). In her diary she puts him down as "kindly & humane of course; rather than human" (May 18); and she worries about Lytton becoming "a Logon, a superior dilettante" (May 25).

Smith seems to have brought out the epithet-maker in her. "Very magisterial and judicial," she characterizes him in a letter to Ethel Sands (May 28, 1924); "a little censorious, mildly buggeristical," is her verdict to Clive Bell (Jan. 23, 1924). For Smith's part, he remembers her as having had "this lunar remoteness, this disdain, like that of Artemis with her bow of silver." And he insists (in 1945) that "it is as a letter-writer that she will be best remembered."

Virginia Woolf's first letter to Smith is dated October 23, 1919, and concerns a book of his which he has sent her, along with his bible stories for children which Hogarth subsequently published. She is noncommittal about the book (she admired the printing). And her comment on the bible stories was that she liked his preface, but "I can't say that I believed in it."

Her next letter (Oct. 26, 1922) is less typical of their correspondence but more significant. Thanking him for a letter in praise of *Jacob's Room*, she writes: "I don't think it is quite a success, but I hope (perhaps vainly) that the next one will be. The effort of breaking with complete representation sends one flying into the air. Next time I shall stick like a leech to my hero, or heroine."

Her two letters to Smith in January, 1925, were occasioned by his criticism, on a visit to her house, of the recent contributions by Bloomsbury intellectuals to the London edition of an
A lovely footnote to the article and letters appears in Robert Gathorne-Hardy's Recollections of Logan Pearsall Smith (London: Constable, 1949), pp. 44-45. He tells of a practical joke Smith claimed he played on Virginia Woolf around 1932. Writing in the guise of a man whose name had appeared in one of her novels, Smith sent her a letter complaining that the association in the novel between the character with his name and that of a lady whose name had also turned out to belong to a real Londoner had caused him scandal. He was so upset, he wrote, that he had had to give up his job as an attendant in an underground lavatory. Then, while lunching with Virginia one day, Smith arranged for a friend to phone, claiming that he was the scandalised man. After the call, she told Smith who it had been. "What did you say," asked Logan. "I told him to go back to his lavatory," she answered.

Jerry Wasserman, University of British Columbia

A NOTE ON SCROLLOPING

As Anne Olivier Bell remarks in her preface to Volume I of the Diary, Virginia Woolf "wrote a very pure and grammatical English, and although her choice and use of words often appears almost miraculous, it is never eccentric or jarring." Or almost never, one might just add.

There is at least one exception worth noting, if only to prove the rule. I refer to the interesting "eccentricity" in the following passage from the Diary (7 February 1923, II Diary, p.232):

"... that I might have to select, what a jumble of mess I have to blaze in my own head queen!" He wonders, then whether he and Virginia are "enemies," since they never see each other. She regrets that fact (Oct. 31), and suggests that it might be because of his well-known dislike of Bloomsbury. He responds with an ironic letter, and her reply (Nov. 6) is the longest letter of the correspondence. She has mocked his Chelsea, she admits, just as he has her Bloomsbury; but really, each respects the other. She wonders at his irony - "how can you look so sensitive to all the jolts and how must you laugh at me and my friends behind my back?" - and explains frankly that she gave up Chelsea society because "such intercourse seemed to me dull, barren, fruitless, uninteresting." She proposes instead that they should mock at each other face to face. And she concludes, in reference to his previous letter, "either through age or habit I have become almost impervious to pin-pricks. If you want to rub them in you will have to prick a good deal harder."

With his next letter he sends the Little Logan tract, hoping it might help to salvation some of the Apaches of Bloomsbury as it had those of the Wild West. She responds with amusement ("it is certainly edifying in the extreme"), and a comment in another context on how "intoxicatingly beautiful" she finds the peerage: "the old English peerage, I mean - not the rich peerage, nor - I was going to say the American peerage..." (Nov. 27). In the last letter she finally agrees to his visit on December 15. His reception, Smith says, was polite but not overly warm, and their relationship continued at a distance. Smith recalls one further set of letters they exchanged when he asked her whether she would be willing to join the B.B.C. Committee on Spoken English. She first agreed but later asked him to withdraw her name. "She had never," she wrote, "been on a committee, and did not regard herself as an authority on linguistic or any other questions."
CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS TO VOLUME I OF THE DIARY

Since I don’t know when there will be an opportunity of making corrections and improvements to Volume I of the Diary, I would like VWM to print my list of these, many of which are due to the vigilance and erudition of correspondents:

Misprinted or mistaken dates on p.vii (A Writer’s Diary appeared of course in 1953, not 1956); Duncan Grant was born in 1885, not 1895 (footnote 12, page 5); Marjorie Strachey died in 1964, not 1969 (footnote 40, page 15); G.E. Moore was born in 1873, not 1875 (footnote 7, page 155); Alexander Kerensky died in 1970, not in 1926 (footnote 17, page 160); Cortot should read Mozart in footnote 10 on page 311.

To my great pleasure Elizabeth Heine has found the clue to “Effie’s Story” and “The Third Generation,” and her note in VWM no. 9 should serve to correct my footnotes on pp. 4 and 19; and I am now certain that I was wrong in identifying Mr. Grote among the “Eccentrics” VW plans (p. 23) to write about: she must surely refer to his wife, Mrs. Harriet Grote (1792-1878), that “Grenadier in petticoats” of whom she would have been reading in Fanny Kemble’s Records of Later Life, 1882, Vol. II, p. 47ff.

And may I take this opportunity to say that I share Margaret Comstock’s regret - expressed in her review in your last issue of Volume I of The Diary of Virginia Woolf - at the lack of information therein upon the 1917 Club, clearly a congenial and very much frequented meeting-place for the Woolfs and their circle. But alas I simply couldn’t unearth anything beyond superficial references to it. I had no success in my fairly persistent attempts to find the club records or membership lists, or any account of its programme of political activities. Here, perhaps, is an opportunity for someone with greater tenacity and more time than I could afford to give to this particular and possibly rewarding subject.

Anne Olivier Bell, Cobbe Place, Beddingham, Lewes, Sussex

FROM THE READERS

Virginia Woolf on Stage

(There is an over-increasing amount of dramatic activity, based on Virginia Woolf’s life and work, VWM [Issue no. 8] reviewed Sara DeWitt’s presentation which is running again this summer at San Francisco’s SHOWCASE, and we have received these notices of two new enterprises from New York and Paris.)

Dear VWM:

VIRGINIA is a three act play concerned with the last four years of Virginia Woolf’s life. The entire action of the play takes place at Monk’s House, Rodmell: their country home in Sussex, England, 1937-41. The play focuses on Leonard and Virginia, the circumstances of World War II, her relationship with Vita Sackville-West, and Virginia’s continuing threat of madness leading finally to her suicide.

Last July (1977) I played the part of Virginia Woolf in a new comedy by Victoria Sullivan entitled “AN EVENING IN BLOOMSBURY” performed off-Broadway in New York. My fascination for this remarkable woman was such that even afterward I continued my research. After reading everything available by and about her (which today is considerable!), the play seemed to emerge by itself.

VIRGINIA is now being considered for production both in America and in England and was a finalist in the Eugene O’Neill Theatre Contest.

Katherine Rao 400 West 43rd, Apt. 37-D, New York City 10036

Dear VWM:

Virginia Woolf is the subject of a theatrical production in which two young French actresses staged for the first time at the Contemporary Art Festival in La Rochelle at the end of June 1978, and later at the Theatre Oblique in Paris (July 7-July 30, 1978).

In spite of the obvious biographical reference contained in the title, “Stones in the Pocket” is by no means a crude dramatized account of Virginia Woolf’s life. It is, rather, a survey of her imaginary world, as charted by her novels, and an exploration of the relationships between her writings and her life. Dramatized scenes from The Voyage Out, Jacob’s Room, Mrs. Dalloway, To the Lighthouse and The Waves alternate with short excerpts from A Writer’s Diary and Moments of Being spoken by an actress in the shadow of the main stage. These autobiographical extracts are not meant to shed light on Virginia Woolf’s fiction but rather to stress the close correspondence between her real and imaginary worlds.

While avoiding all facile effects and melodrama, the two authors have drawn a portrait of Virginia Woolf which is anything but tedious or dryly intellectual. It is a passionate and poignant rendering of Virginia Woolf’s desperate fight against such obsessions as eventually led her to commit suicide, of her vital need to exorcise them through her art, and of her parallel quest for literary perfection. Great discrimination has been shown in the choice of the texts which subtly combine to impress on the audience the logic of this double movement toward self-destruction and literary achievement.

One might naturally object to the authors’ deliberate omission of any reference to Night and Day, The Years and, above all, Between the Acts, and yet, on purely aesthetic grounds this omission might seem justifiable. Much as one might admire Between the Acts, it is doubtful whether any passage from this novel could compete in sheer poetic splendor and dramatic force with the few, carefully selected soliloquies from The Waves or could form a more fitting conclusion to the extracts from the works of Virginia Woolf. It might be added, too, that as no other novel has been so excellently translated into French (by Marguerite Yourcenar), The Waves is particularly appropriate to convince a French public of Virginia Woolf’s mastery as a writer. Indeed, “Stones in the Pocket” was highly praised by the dramatic critic of Le Monde, and the theatre was crowded on the first night in Paris.

Anglo-Saxon readers of Virginia Woolf Miscellany will surely be happy to hear that Virginia Woolf can not only inspire talented young theatrical companies but also appeal to the French public at large.

Françoise Pellan
University of Dijon, France

MORE FROM THE READERS

Dear VWM:

Apropos Professor Swanston’s correction in the last issue to Dr. Beja’s “London of Mrs. Dalloway” in respect of the statues in Trafalgar Square: that of General Gordon (by my great-uncle Hamo Thornycroft) did stand in Trafalgar Square with his back to the National Gallery until some time in the ‘thirties when the whole layout of the square was re-designed, and the dreadful new Charles Wheeler fountains were installed. Gordon did not emerge from his enforced retirement to take up his present position facing the embankment until after the 1939-45 war.

Anne Olivier Bell
Cobbe Place, Beddingham, Lewes, Sussex
There has been a good deal of discussion, abroad and in Sussex, about the eventual fate of Monk's House (in Birmingham, Michigan a reading group even got together a small but heartfelt donation toward its upkeep). Certainly the University of Sussex is aware of the widespread interest and Professor Norman MacKenzie has been asked to chair a committee to explore all the possibilities of making its special associations available to a larger public someday. He has said that he would welcome suggestions from VWM readers. However, recently VWM received the following notice from the estate agent, so apparently no new plans have yet emerged.

MONK'S HOUSE, RODMELL, SUSSEX. To let from early September 1978, the last home of Virginia and Leonard Woolf. Delightful cottage and garden maintained substantially unchanged in quiet Sussex Village. Suitable writer/researcher. Rent equivalent approx. $150 per week, including services. Prefer minimum let, 6 months. Write R. E. Bailey, University of Sussex, Brighton, Sussex. BN1 9RJ, United Kingdom.

VIRGINIA WOOLF AT MLA
The Modern Language Association, meeting this Christmas in New York will still have events of interest to VWM readers. We know already that Lucio Ruotolo's special session No.66 on The Waves (papers by Professors Graham, Heine, Schlack, and Willson) is scheduled for December 27, 9-10:15 p.m., Rhinelander Center of the Hilton. There will be some kind of social gathering too, we hope (any ideas of appropriate time, place, genre?), perhaps held as a benefit for the VWM.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning
AURORA LEIGH AND OTHER POEMS
Introduced by Cora Kaplan
"Speed and energy, forthrightness and complete self-confidence - these are the qualities that hold us enthralled" - Virginia Woolf

The first 20th century edition of AURORA LEIGH, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's 'story poem' which looks at all the great social concerns of Victorian England but especially Aurora/EBB's development as woman and poet, has just been published by The Women's Press Ltd. (12 Ellesmere Road, London, E3 SQX, UK). This edition has a 15,000-word introduction by Cora Kaplan, brilliantly highlighting the sources, importance and delights of this work, described by Ellen Moers in Literary Women as 'the great feminist poem.' It is available in the U.S. through Women in Distribution, Inc., P.O. Box 8858, Washington, D.C. 20003. ($5.95 · 416 pp.)

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