

Virginia Woolf Miscellany

NUMBER 95

SPRING/SUMMER 2019

Editor's Introduction: The Common Book Collector

Virginia and Leonard Woolf were not book collectors, which is to say that theirs was a working library and they were not precious about the condition of their books. George Holleyman, the Brighton bookseller who arranged the sale of the Monk's House Library to Washington State University, described the general condition of the 9,000 volumes remaining in the Woolfs' library after Leonard's death as "poor": "it was always essentially a working library and neither Leonard nor Virginia cared for fine books or collectors' pieces. No books were kept behind glass and no item was specially cared for. All were on open shelves and became faded and dusty" (Holleyman 2). Holleyman's memorable depiction of the state of the Woolfs' books includes phrases such as "dust laden," "dust-begrimed," "dampish odour," and—quoting Leslie Stephen—"mangy and worthless" (Holleyman 5, 7). This last described Stephen's own portion of the library, the books that Virginia Woolf inherited from her father, included in the sale of the Monk's House Library. Virginia and Leonard Woolf, like Leslie Stephen, were common book collectors, readers and writers who collected books for their use, not their exchange value. Theirs were books read, written on, left splayed open, faded, foxed, torn, and possibly left out in the rain. We might say then that the Monk's House Library is a collection of good books in poor condition; nonetheless, graced as they are with marginalia, sketches, and inscriptions associated with Stephen, the Woolfs, and the Bloomsbury Group, this collection is an invaluable research tool for scholars of Woolf and Bloomsbury.

Antiquarian booksellers tell novice collectors never to buy a good book in poor condition. Such a book has no resale value, unless it has association value in terms of its provenance. But I imagine that many if not most of the *Miscellany's* readership would gladly ignore this advice and pay \$30 for a tattered and "mangy" first American edition of *The Common Reader* simply for its connection with Woolf and the Hogarth Press. How do we, as common book collectors, define the "value" of a Hogarth Press book? *The Common Reader*, for example, was originally listed by the Hogarth Press at 7s, 6d (roughly £15.40 or \$20 in today's money), while that same first edition copy is now valued in the ballpark of £2750 / \$3600 (Maggs 14). While the Hogarth Press's books were originally fairly affordable, their current valuation on the antiquarian book market places them firmly out of the range of many book collectors. What would Virginia Woolf have made of a marketplace in which her *Common Reader* sells to a distinctly un-common collector?



**You can access issues of the
Virginia Woolf Miscellany
online on WordPress at
[https://viriniawoolfmiscellany.
wordpress.com/](https://viriniawoolfmiscellany.wordpress.com/)**

– TABLE OF CONTENTS –
See page 22

**In Memoriam
Cecil James Sidney Woolf**
See page 8-21

**INTERNATIONAL
VIRGINIA WOOLF
SOCIETY COLUMN**
See page 60

**IVWS OFFICERS AND
MEMBERS-AT-LARGE**
See page 59

EVENTS, CFPs AND INFORMATION:

- CFP for the 30th Annual Conference
on
Virginia Woolf
(proposals due 1 February 2020)
See page 4
- CFP for MLA 2021
See page 60
- IVWS panel MLA Chicago 2020
- CFP and the Essay for the IVWS
Annual Angelica Garnett
Undergraduate Essay Prize
See page 3
- IVWS Panel for the 2020
Louisville Conference
- Call for Proposals: Annotated Woolf
Clemson University Press
See page 5

About the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*: The Editorial Board and the Editors

See page 2
Editorial Policies
See page 6



SPECIAL TOPICS & CFPs Issue 97 Spring/Summer 2020 **Virginia Woolf: Mobilizing Emotion, Feeling, and Affect**

Guest Editor: Celiese Lypka
celiese.lypka@ucalgary.ca

Submissions due:
1 February 2020

If you are interested in proposing a special
topic or have or if you have any questions,
please contact Vara Neverow at
neverowv1@southernct.edu



Elizabeth Willson Gordon has argued, convincingly, that an entire sequence of contradictions animates the marketing of the Hogarth Press from the first. If the original intention behind Hogarth Press books was to create affordable and attractive books for texts that the "commercial publisher could not or would not publish" (L. Woolf 80), they were also intelligently marketed, with a "discourse of exclusivity" that confers "distinction" on their coterie audience (Willson Gordon 109). Even the famous imperfections of the handprinted Hogarth Press books "employ casualness as a market strategy"; therefore, "a printing press of one's own is both elitist and democratic" (Willson Gordon 113, 112). This "both-and" model also applies to the tension inherent between the intention and after-life of Hogarth Press books in the rare book market. After all, the personal, handmade, even sloppy printing of the early Hogarth Press books contributes both to their value in the marketplace and to their evocation of a "warm intimacy," as Drew Patrick Shannon describes the act of touching a crumbling and signed copy of Woolf's *Beau Brummel*. Shannon describes the value of this kind of haptic intimacy: "the book that was in my hands, which had once been in her hands, became more, in that moment, than just a book. It fairly glowed with additional life" (Shannon 124). The haptic "value" of an early signed edition, its "warmth," even in a book in such poor condition, clearly exceeds the economic "value" of the book in the marketplace. There's a kind of apostolic succession in touching the book once touched by Woolf: we touch greatness when we brush our fingers over her signature in purple ink, or the rough stitches in embroidery thread she used to bind the pages of *Two Stories* together.

"Virginia Woolf and the World of Books," the 27th Annual International Woolf conference held at the University of Reading, celebrated the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Hogarth Press and provided an occasion for discussing the collecting of Virginia Woolf and Hogarth Press books. As I contemplated my own paper on the topic, I quickly realized that I had many more questions than answers about the history of collecting Hogarth Press books. Historically, when did the demand for Virginia Woolf's books and the Hogarth Press's books increase in the antiquarian book trade? Who has collected these books? Who collects them now? Are Woolf's books more or less desirable than other modernist first editions? How do we define "value" when it comes to antiquarian books? I found myself less interested in the "great" and "important" Bloomsbury collectors (however enviable their private stashes) and more compelled by the passion of common book collectors, like most of us. Who or what is a common book

collector? Paraphrasing Woolf on the Common Reader, I wanted to define their qualities and dignify their aims. I think of the Common Book Collector as someone who pursues a passion for books one library sale, book fair, charity shop, and antiquarian bookstore at a time. We admit to buying old books online, but prefer the serendipity of browsing real shelves with real dust on them. Like the Common Reader, we squirrel away our treasures into “rooms, too humble to be called libraries, yet full of books, where the pursuit of reading is carried on by private people” (V. Woolf 11).

In the spirit of Virginia Woolf, Common Book Collectors refuse the pretension and posturing of high-end collecting. Our book collecting heroes include notably uncommon collectors such as Frances Hooper, who bequeathed her significant collection of Woolf’s manuscripts and books to Smith College. Hooper was an accomplished professional: she founded the Frances Hooper Advertising Agency in Chicago in 1920, becoming one of the first female executives in America. Her book collections were extensive, focusing on illustrations by George Cruikshank and Kate Greenaway, as well as books and manuscripts by Woolf, the Brontë sisters, and Carl Linneaus. And yet in a talk to the Hroswitha Club (a society for women book collectors) she refers to herself as a “collector” in quotation marks, modestly claiming: “I am not one of the great shakes; wherefore the quotes” (Hooper n.p.). While Hooper was undeniably an important American book collector, regardless of gender, those quotation marks around the name “collector” suggest a hesitance, or possibly a resistance, to claiming the term. Instead, Hooper focuses on the pleasures of collecting: “it is very pleasant and absorbing to be a collector. You just naturally are one. Or, I guess you aren’t” (Hooper n.p.). By her definition, book collecting is open to anyone who takes pleasure in the hunt, whether it be for a \$5 book in a charity shop or a \$5,000 book at auction.

The egalitarian nature of this shared pleasure is echoed by many of the contributors to this special issue of the *Miscellany*. When I asked Jon S. Richardson—the rare book dealer whose illustrated PDF catalogs of Woolf and Bloomsbury are freely available—about who collects Hogarth Press books today, his answer was simple: everyone. Everyone, in this case, includes wealthy collectors, Special Collections librarians, scholars, and readers interested in Woolf who save up for one or two special first edition items. Because I was also interested in strategies for collecting Woolf on a budget, I turned this question over to the VWOolf list-serv. As it turns out, a Common Book Collector might look for ex-library copies of Hogarth Press books, seek out American editions of Woolf’s novels with Bell’s dust jackets, or sacrifice quality and dust jacket in order to possess an actual Hogarth Press book. Finally, I was particularly interested in the question of “value” and how we value the books in our collections, if not monetarily, then intellectually and emotionally.

From these questions emerges this special issue of the *Miscellany*. I wanted to consult with a broad array of people in the book trade, from booksellers to special collections librarians, from academics to common readers, in order to gain a broad picture of the current state of collecting Virginia Woolf and Hogarth Press books. Jon S. Richardson generously offered up his time and expertise to our readership with a guide to collecting Woolf and the Hogarth Press for both the novice and experienced collector. He suggests ways to delimit and focus a collection within this field and offers intriguing hints as to the future of the market (keep an eye out for Hogarth Press ephemera). Signing up for his illustrated PDF format catalogs is one way to keep track of the trends and treasures emerging in the marketplace for Hogarth Press and Bloomsbury books, art, ephemera, and more. On a related note, one of the most exciting developments in the antiquarian book trade is the emergence of more women booksellers in the field. While there have always been women booksellers, like Madeline Stern and Leona Rostenberg, the field is notorious for having been shaped by (white) men. Up and coming booksellers like Heather O’Donnell, at Honey

and Wax Books, and A.N. Devers, at The Second Shelf, bring a badly needed feminist perspective to the business. By hosting a prize for women collectors under 30 (Honey and Wax) and focusing on books by women (Second Shelf), women booksellers and collectors reshape the marketplace: “women collectors have benefitted from this [...] more imaginative way of seeing what male dealers once dismissed” (Mehta).

Antiquarian booksellers count among their clients the Special Collections librarians and archivists who do the invaluable work of preserving and cataloging book and manuscript collections and making them available for scholarship. We spotlight here the Virginia Woolf Collection at Victoria University Library, the Hogarth Press Collection at Washington State University, and the Linda Langham Virginia Woolf Collection at Pace University with three pieces from Special Collection librarians Carmen Königsreuther Socknat (Victoria), Greg Matthews (WSU), and Ellen Sowcheck (Pace). Socknat’s essay offers an overview of Victoria’s Woolf, Bloomsbury, and Hogarth Press collection, including its origin as the personal collection of Mary Coyne Rowell Jackman. Here we see the importance of women book collectors in the development of university collections of Woolf and Hogarth Press materials: both Jackman for Victoria and Frances Hooper for Smith College show us that humble beginnings may birth significant collections. We should also mention that Lisa Baskin Unger’s collection of women’s history and literature, now held at Duke University, includes Woolf’s writing desk. At Washington State University, Greg Matthews’s essay shows us how a Special Collections department continues to develop the collection decades after the initial purchase of the Monk’s House Papers. Pursuing Hogarth Press variants offers WSU an intriguing expansion of the Hogarth Press collection. Ellen Sowcheck’s overview of the Linda Langham Virginia Woolf collection spotlights a woman book collector known to many founding members of the International Virginia Woolf Society. Finally, a visit to The Sitting Room in Sonoma, CA offers a first-hand view into another significant collection from a woman (and Woolfian) collector. Our own J. J. Wilson, founder of the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany* and Professor Emerita at Sonoma State University, has opened her house and book collection to the public, creating a vibrant feminist community of writers and readers in homage to Woolf (and to many other women writers).

Every book collection begins with the passion of an individual collector, and the voices and stories of common book collectors form the heart of this issue of the *Miscellany*. Personal essays from Alice Staveley, Emily Kopley, Alex Siskin, Anne Byrne, Kristin Czarnecki, Maggie Humm, Stephen Barkway, and Melody Wilson depict the variety of ways we pursue and live with our book collections. Her mother’s pale green Penguin edition of *To the Lighthouse* prompts Alice Staveley’s reflections on literary inheritance, while Emily Kopley lives with a library of Woolf scholarship. Alex Siskin has combined a career as a Hollywood film producer with building an extensive Leslie Stephen collection, and Anne Byrne discovers her grandmother’s presence in an otherwise unexceptional copy of Lytton Strachey’s *Books and Characters*. The inscription in her copy of the Hogarth Press *Orlando* sends Kristin Czarnecki down a fascinating research rabbit hole, while Maggie Humm outbids Leslie Hankins for a first US edition of *To the Lighthouse*. Stephen Barkway discovers a treasure in purple ink in an otherwise nondescript second edition of *The Common Reader*, and Melody Wilson almost finishes packing her bookshelves. Shorter pieces from Cecilia Servatius, Carla Faria, Annemarie Bantzinger, and Matthew Cheney round out this collection of collectors. Last but not least, Sandra Inskeep-Fox speaks for us all when her poem, “Hoarding Woolf,” circles back to the bookseller: “Thank you, Jon Richardson.” Thank you to Jon Richardson and to all the contributors to this issue, as well as to the VWOolf list-serv for beginning the conversation.

This issue of the *Miscellany* also commemorates our beloved friend, colleague, and publisher Cecil Woolf. From essays on the impact of the Bloomsbury Heritage Series to more personal reminiscences, the articles

collected here begin the process of memorializing Cecil's influence on the global Woolf community. We will miss his presence, his stories, and his good humor and look forward to celebrating him at future Woolf conferences.

Catherine W. Hollis
U.C. Berkeley Extension

Works Cited

- Holleyman & Treacher, Ltd. *Catalogue of Books from the Library of Leonard and Virginia Woolf*. Brighton: Holleyman & Treacher, Ltd. 1975.
- Hooper, Frances. *A Collector in Being*. Kenilworth, IL.: The Chihuahua Press, 1973.
- Maggs Bros. Ltd. *Virginia Woolf. Catalogue 1487*. London: Maggs Bros. Ltd. 2018
- Mehta, Diane. "The Rare Women in the Rare Book Trade." *The Paris Review*. July 5, 2018. Web 16 April 2019. <https://www.theparisreview.org/blog/2018/07/05/the-rare-women-in-the-rare-book-trade/>.
- Shannon, Drew Patrick. "'The Book is Still Warm': The Hogarth Press in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction." *Virginia Woolf's Bloomsbury: Volume 2 International Influence and Politics*, eds. Lisa Shahriari and Gina Potts. London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2010.
- Willson Gordon, Elizabeth. "How Should One Sell a Book? Production Methods, Material Objects and Marketing at the Hogarth Press." *Virginia Woolf's Bloomsbury: Volume 2 International Influence and Politics*. Ed. Lisa Shahriari and Gina Potts. London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2010.
- Woolf, Leonard. *Downhill All the Way: An Autobiography of the Years 1919 to 1939*. New York: Harvest, 1967.
- Woolf, Virginia. *The Common Reader*. London: The Hogarth Press, 1925.

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

Call for Submissions for the International Virginia Woolf Society Annual Angelica Garnett Undergraduate Essay Prize

The International Virginia Woolf Society is pleased to host the 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, undergraduate essays can be on any topic pertaining to the writings of Virginia Woolf. Essays should be between 2000 and 2500 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 a subsequent issue of the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*.

Please send essays in the latest version of Word.

All entries must be received by 30 June 2020.

To receive an entry form, please contact Kristin Czarnecki at kristin_czarnecki@georgetowncollege.edu

MLA 2020

Seattle, WA

January 9-12, 2020

Guaranteed IVWS Panel

"Grossly Material Things": Woolf and the New Materialism

✕

Chair: Kristin Czarnecki, Georgetown College

Organizer: Jane Garrity, University of Colorado at Boulder

Matthew Gannon, Boston College:

"Political Ecology and Post-Individualist Subjectivity in Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*"

Kathryn Van Wert, University of Minnesota, Duluth:

"Virginia Woolf contra Deleuze: New Materialism and the Challenge of Ontological Incompleteness"

Jane Garrity, University of Colorado at Boulder:

"Objects of Emotion"

✕

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

***VIRGINIA WOOLF MISCELLANY* EDITORIAL BOARD**

EDITORIAL BOARD MEMEBERS

Kristin Czarnecki, Georgetown College

kristin_czarnecki@georgetowncollege.edu

Jeanne Dubino, Appalachian State University

dubinoja@appstate.edu

Mark Hussey, Pace University

mhussey@pace.edu

Vara Neverow, Southern Connecticut State University

neverowv1@southernct.edu

Merry Pawlowski, California State University-Bakersfield

Merry_Pawlowski@firstclass1.csusbak.edu

Diana L. Swanson, Northern Illinois University

dswanson@niu.edu

EDITORS

Vara Neverow, Managing Editor

neverowv1@southernct.edu

Martin Brick

brickm@ohiodominican.edu

Charlotte Fiehn

cfiehn@utexas.edu

Celiese Lypka

celiese.lypka@ucalgary.ca

Cecilia Servatius

cecilia.servatius@edu.uni-graz.at

BOOK REVIEW EDITOR

Karen Levenback

killevenback@att.net

Profession and Performance

The 30th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf



University of South Dakota
Vermillion, SD

June 11-14, 2020

<https://www.usd.edu/arts-and-sciences/english/annual-conference-on-virginia-woolf>



— Proposals are due by 1 February 2020 —

250 words for an individual paper proposal; 500 words for a panel proposal

Submit the proposal to: Virginia.Woolf@usd.edu

The Department of English will host the conference at the University of South Dakota. The theme of the conference, “Profession and Performance,” brings together two significant terms. The first term (profession) mattered deeply to Woolf. It calls to mind not only her sense of herself as a writer but also the set of specialized occupations she addresses in *A Room of One’s Own* (1929) and *Three Guineas* (1938), areas of study and livelihood traditionally reserved for the sons of educated men. The second term (performance) invokes the Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf’s commitment over the past three decades to the arts, to theater, to music, to the spoken word and to their resonances with the performance and performativity of Woolf’s life and writing.

The combination of “Profession and Performance”
occasions and encourages a cluster of other meanings and projects as well:

- * the dynamic link between Woolf’s social critique (what she professed) and her art (its performance);
 - * modernism’s role in the professionalization of literature and criticism;
 - * the livelihoods and lifestyles of Woolf and the Bloomsbury Group;
 - * investigations of identity and community;
 - * Woolfian meditations on professions (i.e., on occupations, commitments, allegiances or declarations);
 - * common reading and specialized study;
 - * profession as (public) performance (and vice versa);
 - * questions of affect and attachment;
 - * reflections on the selves and the worlds we profess / perform in daily life, in politics, in ethics, in institutions and in ongoing efforts to teach and learn;
 - * the performative life of professionalization (or the subversion of professionalization);
- and many more.

If you have any questions, you can contact the conference organizer,
Benjamin Hagen, at Benjamin.Hagen@usd.edu.

<https://www.usd.edu/arts-and-sciences/english/annual-conference-on-virginia-woolf>

Follow the hashtag #vwoolf2020 on Twitter.



INTERNATIONAL VIRGINIA WOOLF SOCIETY PANEL
LOUISVILLE CONFERENCE ON LITERATURE AND CULTURE SINCE 1900
20-22 FEBRUARY 2020

G-5 International Virginia Woolf Society
Saturday 10:15 AM – 11:45 AM Room: Humanities 117

Chair: Suzette Henke, University of Louisville

1. Samantha Doggett, Wright State University, "To the Lighthouse: The Mythology of Mourning"
2. Sarah Beth Gilbert, Villanova University, "Virginia Woolf's Fantastical Feminist Sci-Fi: *Orlando*, Gender Subversions, and the Critique of Identity"
3. Laura Tscherry, Indiana University Bloomington, "'Isn't it odd how much more one sees in a photograph?'"—Words, Images, and Action in Virginia Woolf's *Three Guineas*"
4. Yan Tang, University of Nebraska Omaha, "The Choran Imagery of Water in Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*"



The Virginia Woolf Miscellany Online

Issues of the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany* are available at:
virginiawoolfmiscellany.wordpress.com.

The editorial guide to formatting for the *Miscellany* as well as the current issue are available directly on the website and previous issues can be accessed by accessing the links to the archives.

(Note: the project to scan and post all issues from 1-61 is still in progress.)

All issues are fully searchable in PDF format.

If you need access to a specific issue or article that is not available online, please contact Vara Neverow at neverowv1@southernct.edu

All issues to the present as well as those from Fall 1973 to 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/F51ivwoolfsoctyfondst.htm>
http://library.vicu.utoronto.ca/collections/special_collections/f51_intl_v_woolf_society/

The archive of the IVWS and the VWS 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/F51ivwoolfsoctyfilelist.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 kllenback@att.net
or by surface mail:

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



Call for Proposals: Annotated Woolf Clemson University Press

Molly Hoff's annotated guide to *Mrs. Dalloway* (Clemson, 2009) offers multiple entry points for students first approaching Woolf's celebrated and often misunderstood novel. Hoff's masterful annotations provide a guide for in-class student readings as well as points of departure for new scholarship.

Clemson University Press seeks proposals for complementary annotated guides to *Jacob's Room*, *To the Lighthouse*, *Orlando*, *The Waves*, *A Room of One's Own*, and other works commonly taught at the undergraduate level.

For additional details or to propose an annotated guide, please contact John Morgenstern (jmorgen@clemson.edu), director of Clemson University Press.



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* and updates from the IVWS Newsletter. Members also have access online to an annual Bibliography of Woolf Scholarship. 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.org.uk/membership>

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

Birthday Lecture*—AGM (free) with Conference*—Study Days and Weekends*

Reading Group meetings

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

Subscriptions for the year ending 31 December 2020 are £10 for UK-based students (includes all benefits above)

£20 UK, £26 Europe and £30 outside of Europe;
five-year memberships (five years for the price of four) beginning in 2020 are £80 UK, £104 Europe and £120 outside Europe.

The Society is always delighted to welcome new members.

If you wish to join the VWSGB, please email Stuart N. Clarke at stuart.n.clarke@btinternet.com for a membership form and information about how to pay, or write to:

Stuart N. Clarke
Membership Secretary
Fairhaven, Charnleys Lane
Banks
SOUTHPORT PR9 8HJ
UK



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)
- Virginia Woolf and the Writing of History (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:

Nicolas Boileau
12 Traverse du Ricm
13100 Aix-en-Provence
FRANCE

If you wish to join the SEW's mailing list, please send an email to marie.laniel@gmail.com.



Virginia Woolf Miscellany GUIDELINES FOR SUBMISSIONS AND EDITORIAL POLICIES

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

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

CFPs

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

Miscellaneous Submissions

*Even when individual issues are themed, the **Miscellany** accepts submissions unrelated to the theme. Such submissions should be sent to the **Managing Editor, Vara Neverow** (rather than to the **Guest Editor**) at: neverowv1@southernct.edu.*

Guidelines for Submissions

*Submissions should be no longer than 2500 words at maximum and shorter articles are strongly preferred. Articles should be submitted electronically, in .doc or .docx MS Word format in the style of the 7th edition of the **MLA Handbook** published in 2009 (not the 8th edition published in 2016). For a copy of the current **Miscellany** style guide, go to the Virginia Woolf Miscellany website at <https://viriniawoolfmiscellany.wordpress.com/the-virginia-woolf-miscellany-editorial-guide-to-style-spring-and-fall-2019/>. Editorial note: While previously published work may be submitted for consideration, the original publication must be acknowledged at the time of submission (see above).*

Editing Policies

The Editors reserve the right to edit all submissions for length and to correct errors. If time permits, contributors will be consulted about changes.

Permissions

Contributors are responsible for obtaining permissions related to copyrights and reproductions of materials. Contributors must provide the Editors with original written documentation authorizing the publication of the materials.

Reimbursement for Permissions

The Editors will assist contributors to the best of their ability with regard to permissions for publication, including costs of up to \$50 per item. However, the Editors have the option to decline to publish items or to pay for items. The Editors will consider requests to publish more than one item per article or more than five items per issue but will be responsible for funding items only at its own discretion.

Publication Policies

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

NOTE: *The Editors and the Editorial Board take no responsibility for the views expressed in the contributions selected for publication.*

Rights of Publication

*The **Miscellany** retains all rights for future uses of work published herein. The contributor may, with the express permission of the Editorial Board of the **Miscellany**, use the work in other contexts. The contributor may not, however, sell the subsidiary rights of any work she or he has published in the **Miscellany**. If the contributor is granted permission and does use the material elsewhere, the contributor must acknowledge prior publication in the **Miscellany**.*





Woolfian Resources Online

Virginia Woolf Miscellany:

Issues of the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany* are available in PDF format at <https://virginiawoolfmiscellany.wordpress.com/>. The editorial guide to formatting and the current issue are listed separately, while archived issues are listed in separate sections. If you do not see the issue that you wish to access, please contact Vara Neverow at neverowv1@southernct.edu. (These issues are also available to view through EBSCOhost.)

The Three Guineas Reading Notebooks Online:

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

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

Facebook:

The International Virginia Woolf Society is on Facebook! You can become a fan and friend other Woolfians at <https://www.facebook.com/International-Virginia-Woolf-Society-224151705144/>. The Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain also now has a Facebook page: <https://www.facebook.com/VWSGB/>.

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.

VWListserv:

The VWListserv is open to one and all. To join the VWListserv, please go to the IVWS home page at <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 are available online in PDF format at <https://virginiawoolfmiscellany.wordpress.com>. If you have questions or are seeking 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 VWOOLF Your first name 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 VWOOLF.

Materials from most of the sources mentioned above are included in the IVWS/VWS archive at the E. J. Pratt Library, Victoria University, University of Toronto even though they are entities separate from the Society itself. Individuals who have materials that may be of archival significance should consult Karen Levenback at 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 from the 13th and the 15th Annual Conference, published by Clemson, are available in downloadable PDF format online at http://tigerprints.clemson.edu/cudp_woolf/. The Selected Works from the 12th and 14th Woolf conferences are available to view or download 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>.



In Memoriam

Cecil James Sidney Woolf

20 February 1927 - 10 June 2019



Edited by Paula Maggio



Cecil Woolf in Tavistock Square next to the bronze replica of Stephen Tomlin's 1953 bust of Virginia Woolf installed by the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain in 2004. The photo was taken by Paula Maggio.

Remembering Cecil Woolf¹

Cecil Woolf: Revered by Scholars and Common Readers Alike

Cecil Woolf, the oldest living relative of Virginia and Leonard Woolf, died Monday, June 10, in London at the age of 92 after suffering a stroke. He was also a dear personal friend and a much-loved member of the Woolf community, revered by scholars and common readers alike.

A speaker at Woolf conferences and the founder of Cecil Woolf Publishers, a small London publishing house in the tradition of the Woolfs' Hogarth Press, Cecil was also a tremendous mentor and friend to the many Woolf scholars, both new and old, that he met at Woolf-related events. Wherever he went, whether an Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf, an event sponsored by the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain, or a simple visit to a London bookshop, he impressed those he met with his unassuming charm, astute intelligence, and subtle wit.

¹Paula Maggio posted her beautiful tribute to Cecil Woolf on 10 June 2019. This remembrance and other heartfelt comments by other Woolfians can be viewed at: <https://bloggingwoolf.wordpress.com/2019/06/11/in-memoriam-to-our-dear-cecil-woolf-mentor-friend-speaker-publisher/>

I was lucky enough to meet Cecil at my first Woolf conference, the 17th, held at Miami University of Ohio in Oxford in 2007. I had just completed my Master's degree at Kent State University in Kent, Ohio, for which I had written my thesis on Woolf and war. Drew Shannon, organizer of the 29th Woolf conference at Mount St. Joseph University held in Cincinnati in 2019, and Kristin Czarnecki, current president of the International Virginia Woolf Society, realized I was a newcomer and graciously took me under their wings. In the process, they pointed out Cecil Woolf. I was awed, excited, and determined to meet him.

The next day, I wasted no time introducing myself to this famous but amazingly approachable gem of a man. We hit it off immediately and a 12-year friendship began, during which Cecil published five monographs I wrote or compiled for his Bloomsbury Heritage Series. Throughout those years, we corresponded by Royal Mail and email, with Cecil offering gentle encouragement, helpful advice, recommended reading, and moral support. Later, I learned that all his authors received the same considerate care. I was not surprised.

Ever the gracious host for newcomers to his city of London, Cecil gave me a personal tour of Bloomsbury after the 2016 Woolf conference. We spent seven hours exploring Bloomsbury together, with one stop for lunch and another for tea. Throughout our six-mile walk on that fine June day, the conversation with this witty, insightful, and well-read man never flagged.

Knowing I was alone in London, he and his wife Jean Moorcroft Wilson also hosted me for dinner at their London townhouse during that trip, a meal we ate on the table where Virginia and Leonard worked at the original Hogarth Press. I was thrilled.

I was so thrilled by the experience that I left behind my small Virginia Woolf doll—which Cecil called my “mascot”—after setting her up for a photo shoot on the Hogarth Press table in the kitchen. Upon arriving at my hotel without her, I emailed Cecil about my forgetfulness. He graciously delivered my little Virginia the next day, adding a bit of whimsy. She arrived in a box wrapped in white paper and marked with the address of my hotel. Included was a clever card that read, “Dear Paula, I’ve come home! Love, Virginia XX.”

Cecil and Jean regularly invited Woolf scholars and common readers into their home, where the wine was plentiful, the food expertly prepared, the company delightful, and the ambiance distinctly Bloomsbury. After the 2017 event, they held a post-conference party, where art by Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell surrounded guests. And after the 2018 conference in Canterbury, the couple hosted a dinner for a small group of Woolf conference attendees still in London.

At conferences, Cecil displayed and sold his volumes in the Bloomsbury Heritage Series and was often a featured speaker at those events. The reminiscences about his famous aunt and uncle and the time he spent with them are treasured by conference-goers. Cecil later documented his stories in *The Other Boy at the Hogarth Press: Virginia and Leonard Woolf as I Remember Them*, the monograph he published in 2017 as part of his Bloomsbury Heritage Series. I will always treasure the copy he signed for me. That year, at the 27th conference at the University of Reading in Reading, England, Cecil was also called upon to speak and perform a ceremonial cake cutting at the 100th anniversary of the Hogarth Press.

Cecil was often invited to assist at ceremonies honoring his Uncle Leonard. In 2014, he planted a Ginkgo biloba tree in Tavistock Square garden to commemorate the centennial of the arrival of Leonard in Colombo, Ceylon. Also that year, Cecil spoke at the unveiling of a Blue Plaque commemorating his uncle's 1912 marriage proposal to Virginia at Frome Station. He sometimes attracted media attention. At the Woolf conference in New York City in 2009, he was interviewed by

The Rumpus, sharing stories of Virginia and Leonard, as well as his own history in publishing.

It is fortuitous that at this year's Woolf conference, with its theme of social justice, an entire panel was devoted to Cecil's publishing work on the topic of war and peace. Held on June 8, it featured papers by me and four other Woolf scholars. The panel title was "The Woolfs, Bloomsbury, and Social Justice: Cecil Woolf Monographs Past and Present" and it included the following:

Chair and Organizer: Karen Levenback (Franciscan Monastery), Introduction

Lois Gilmore (Bucks County Community College), "A Legacy of Social Justice in Times of War and Peace."

Paula Maggio (Blogging Woolf, Independent Scholar), "Cecil Woolf Publishers: Using the Power of the Press to Advocate for Peace."

Todd Avery (University of Massachusetts, Lowell), "Just Lives of the Obscure: Cecil Woolf, Biography, and Social Justice."

Vara Neverow (Southern Connecticut State University), Respondent

After our panel ended, we made a commitment to publish our papers in a suitable medium. We agreed that such work should be made available to current and future scholars who want to explore, recognize, and document the legacy of Cecil Woolf and Cecil Woolf Publishers regarding topics of Woolf, war, peace. It is for that reason that those papers are included in this special section that pays tribute to Cecil Woolf and his legacy.

Paula Maggio
Blogging Woolf



Cecil Woolf as I Remember Him

After the elder generations of one's family are gone, mourning old friends and exemplars is a duty that comes without calling. Still, it is a high honor to remember Cecil James Woolf, my friend of thirty years, gentleman, author, and fellow of the book trade. Probably the distinction that has most defined our entire relationship—besides our remarkable wives, Jean Moorcroft Wilson and Janet Marilyn Manson—was the coincidence of children, respectively, of slightly overlapping ages: three of their five to our two. Though he was twenty-three years my senior, he was also my peer as a father. No matter the circumstances, he always asked about the children.

In 1989, Marilyn and I were named alternates for a competitive Fulbright project on the development of Leonard Woolf's political thought. To maintain eligibility for the next year, when we did in fact receive the award, I ventured alone to London, Sussex, and Dublin to begin fieldwork on the project as well as to continue same on a broader track with the Yeats family. The highlight in London was the first of many "English High Teas" with Jean and Cecil, at the much-heralded table upon which Leonard and Virginia Woolf had cut their books, in 1917, at the Hogarth Press. Cecil was at that time nearly retired as director of the eponymous press, Cecil Woolf Publishers. He was a man whose wit, usually held in reserve, might be mistaken for shyness. To compensate for my own unpolished social skills, I learned that Cecil shared my affection for good Irish whiskey, when it was available, or Jack Daniel's Tennessee, when it was not. Consequently, such became a token to acknowledge hospitality when I visited Cecil and Jean without the benefit of my family.

But in the memorable winter, spring, and long summer of 1990, the Manson/Chapmans were a household on Ruskin Walk, Herne Hill,

London; and the oral, biographical history that Marilyn and I picked up from the generous Woolfs of Mornington Crescent was invaluable toward that Leonard Woolf canon we were constructing for our project. During those months, we made our contribution to *Virginia Woolf and War* (ed. Mark Hussey), read proofs and indexed our first books, and banked research for *Women in the Milieu of Leonard and Virginia Woolf* (1998), for *An Annotated Guide to the Writings and Papers of Leonard Woolf* (2005, rev. 2017), and for numerous conference papers and documentary works, including nos. 15 and 22 in the Bloomsbury Heritage Series monographs, published by Cecil Woolf in 1997 and 1999. Jean was and is the general editor, but Cecil was still overseeing production and meticulously setting type after the fashion of the early Hogarth Press. No. 15, dubbed *Leonard and Virginia Woolf Working Together and the Hitherto Unpublished Manuscript "In^l Re^{NS}"*, was an opportunity to introduce to the series an instance of documentary editing that we had discussed in the Hussey collection. No. 22 was a more ambitious piece of typesetting as it is a critical edition of Leonard Woolf's multilingual school essay, "Monarchy" (given, in paired dashes, the subtitle *An Hitherto Unpublished Manuscript*). The booklets succeeded one another, as teas, cookie baking with Jean and the children, and years of industry flew by with nearly annual reunions in London until eleven years ago.

Meanwhile, the annual Virginia Woolf conferences began in the U.S. about the same time my family took up residence in Clemson, South Carolina. Jean visited us as our first guest and read a paper that became in the series *Leonard Woolf, Pivot or Outsider of Bloomsbury* (1994). Also, she gave a talk in the university's mock courtroom on Leonard Woolf and European collective security, before a gathering of historians, political scientists, and chosen graduate students. Not long after that, she and the Bloomsbury Heritage series were popular fixtures at the conferences—all the more so when those events migrated across the pond, as one did for the millennium in Bangor, Wales, and then, in 2004, when Cecil Woolf was given perhaps his best audience in the capitol city by courtesy of the Institute of English Studies, University of London, which, ironically, hosted the Woolfs almost in the spirit of homecoming. More triumphs followed.

During all the conferences that Cecil attended, until Leeds in 2016 (the latest one in which I represented Clemson University Press in its global partnership with Liverpool University Press), Cecil and I generally "talked shop," finding ourselves in each other's company in an exhibition room between sessions. In that way, we tutored each other as publishers, considering his small trade press and my scholarly academic one. Small operations, I suppose, were suited to both of us. In his case, zero-based budgeting permitted him to publish volumes of letters and poems by Baron Corvo, after publishing a fine Soho Bibliography with Rupert Hart-Davis. Of this, he was deservedly proud and sometimes spoke of it and of successfully marketing his Authors Take Sides series. Digital technologies perplexed him, and he sometimes seemed amused to see me tangled in their web apart from my intended life as a research scholar. But, in truth, financial scrimping came as naturally to me as it did to both of my accustomed research subjects, one at the Hogarth Press and the other at the Cuala Press in Ireland. In the end, the example of Leonard Woolf has been much publicized in the talks and public interviews that Cecil enjoyed giving with his wife, now a distinguished biographer of the English war poets. As he was loved so will he be missed.

Wayne K. Chapman
Clemson University



Memories of Cecil Woolf

In the winter/spring of 1990 I was living in the Devon village of Bridford with my then-partner, who was on a teaching exchange at the University

of Exeter. On a home exchange as well, I eagerly perused our hosts' bookshelves. Amidst economic theory, British naval history, and what may have been the complete works of Daniel Defoe, a worn orange spine with faded lettering caught my eye: *A Writer's Diary* by Virginia Woolf. I had left a longstanding job to embark on this adventure, a precious interlude in which to explore my options and chart a new course for my life. Maybe writing would be part of it. *A Writer's Diary* was the perfect companion for my musings, and it introduced me to Woolf's life and writing. I reveled in both and embarked on reading all of Woolf's work. The Exeter Public Library gave me a good start on the novels, one after another, and the letters, augmented by the Quentin Bell biography.

Near the end of the spring term, after which we would be in London for two weeks before a summer stay in the Netherlands, I came across *Virginia Woolf, Life and London: A Biography of Place* by Jean Moorcroft Wilson. This is the book I wanted with me in London, as I explored the streets and squares of Bloomsbury in search of Woolfian homes and haunts. It wasn't available at Exeter's bookshops, a special order might not arrive in time, and I wouldn't have time to search for it in London.

The publisher, Cecil Woolf, listed an address in London. A relation, perhaps, one of the Woolfs? I wrote to him and explained my dilemma. Within days the book arrived in the mail with a discreet handwritten invoice. A letter, which I've treasured for almost thirty years, followed a few days later. It reads as follows:

Thank you for your letter of the 8th and please excuse this slight delay in writing to you. We sent off my wife's book as soon as your letter arrived and I trust you received it safely and hope very much you will enjoy it. The day after you wrote, on the 9th, Jean left for the States where she plans to spend six weeks doing research for a biography of the First World War poet, Siegfried Sassoon. Since at the moment I am running our publishing business and looking after our young family, five children ranging from 6½ to 17 yrs, you will appreciate that I'm stretched to the limit. Too busy for comfort!

I was a schoolboy of fourteen when Virginia died, but, yes, I do remember her. I'm referred to in her diaries as "the boy with the sloping nose" (I used to box when I was at school: hence the slope!) and there are one or two other references to me in her journals. Since I lived in my uncle Leonard's London house for more than twenty years after the war, obviously I knew him a great deal better. One of these days I plan to write a book about him.

I do hope you have had a very enjoyable stay in Britain. Do try to fit in one or two of Jean's Virginia Woolf walks before you go!

With my best wishes,

Yours sincerely,
Cecil Woolf

Imagine my thrill, as a budding Woolfian, to have stumbled serendipitously across a living legend on my first foray into this world! Several years later I learned about IVWS and attended my first conference at Smith College in 2003. It was in Denver at the 2008 conference—where I gave my first paper—that I met Cecil and Jean in person. I was starstruck; they were charming. Over the next several years, in addition to chats at conferences, Cecil and I had frequent communication over the two monographs I wrote that he published, augmented by exchanges of personal stories, holiday greetings, and repeated invitations to visit. Sadly, I never did, as I've heard what a gracious host he was, but I'll always have the memories of my timid

approach and his gracious response, which set me firmly on my path as a Virginia Woolf scholar.

Alice Lowe
Independent Scholar



Visiting 1 Morningson Place

A visit to 1 Morningson Place. Books are piled all the way up the stairs when you climb to the second-floor parlor with Cecil, and on your way you pass a wall of Jean's elegant brimmed hats, yellow and red feathers fluttering. Books and feathers: I can't think of Cecil without Jean, as he led quite a versatile life and she so enjoyed sharing it with him. He was a modest, energetic and tough-minded bookman, a gentleman, a publisher. "Like Leonard," he said, "I published my wife's first book." When they first met in the British Library—years ago—he urged Jean to write her dissertation about World War I poets, a topic that has led to her stellar career as a biographer and the publication of a series of World War I poets that Cecil established. But she is one of the many, mainly women, that he urged to write, establishing for the Virginia Woolf societies a series of attractive Bloomsbury Heritage booklets (now 87 of them) reflecting the original perspectives of its members, and, importantly, carrying on Virginia and Leonard's Hogarth Press legacy.

It was delightful having literary conversations in the evening at their home with Jean's usual roast and vegetables (roast beef, his favorite), the kitchen filled with warm smells, and the meal served on the old wooden Hogarth Press table of Virginia and Leonard. His hearty appreciation of food could not escape one's notice, and always the generous host, he kept one's glass full and urged the sampling of his favorite Stilton or a delectable chocolate. Piled high in the adjoining room was Cecil's overflowing desk—papers, reams of notebooks, folders, proofs—out of which miraculously emerged Cecil Woolf publications. And across from Cecil's workspace, in the corner is a chair where Jean writes her biographies or sews, altering one of her gorgeous gowns. Cecil was a versatile man, once a financier and a book collector and dealer, and, handy, as he could fix plumbing and electrical systems and climb ladders into his 90s. Yet mainly a well-read literary man: Jean remembers him sitting in the adjoining room, with all their children under ten (with the baby on his lap), crowded round listening to him reading aloud "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner." "Who else," she says, "would do that?"

Generous and encouraging, Cecil often had a quizzical look, and tilted his head sideways when listening. Or playful, a wry smile would appear as he listened to one of Jean's strong opinions, proud in his shy way of her pluckiness. Or, sometimes, he would turn his head, look at you directly through his horn-rimmed glasses and say, "Why don't you write that?"

Patricia Laurence
City University of New York



He Will Live on in Our Hearts, Minds, and Memories

Like so many others, I was profoundly saddened by Cecil's passing. His congenial participation, with Jean, in Woolf conferences added greatly to our collective experience, both serious and not-so-serious. The ever-expanding series of Bloomsbury pamphlets over which he expertly presided expanded Woolf studies in both scholarly and delightfully idiosyncratic directions.

I'll never forget Cecil's warmth and kindness to me personally. I greatly enjoyed working with him on the pamphlet of my reminiscences of Leonard Woolf, to whom he was the living link (and the living link to Virginia as well, of course). Dining with him and Jean at their home, at

the same rustic kitchen table at which I had shared lunches with Leonard many years before, is among the most thrilling experiences of my life.

I'm sure that everyone who knew Cecil wished he could have lived forever. I'm consoled by the fact that he lived a long, full, and generous life and that he will live on in our hearts, minds, and fond memories.

Roberta Rubenstein
American University



Recalling "Moments of Being" With Cecil Woolf²

I met Cecil Woolf in the summer of 2004, at the "Back to Bloomsbury" Virginia Woolf Conference in London. I'd just heard him speak about his memories of Virginia and Leonard, and nervously approached him in the lobby of the Senate House. He immediately grasped my hand, and, visibly upset that someone had made a rather nasty remark about Leonard as a husband, he peered at me through his glasses with those big, clear eyes (his most striking feature, to my mind), and said, "Can you tell me WHY some people hate Leonard?" I was both startled by the question and flattered that he should ask me, given that I was a graduate student at my second Woolf conference, and what the hell did I know? I answered that I, for one, don't hate Leonard, and think that he was the best husband Virginia could have asked for. At which point he gripped my hand more tightly, and a friendship was born.

We began corresponding almost at once. I think every Woolfian who met Cecil spent the first bit of time in his presence overcoming the fact that he KNEW VIRGINIA WOOLF. But happily this was really the least of it, at least for me, and I quickly began to love the man for himself: for his wit, his charm, his ceaseless energy, his tack-sharp mind, his kindness and consideration. And, underneath his charm, there was his biting wit. I will forever cherish the occasional whispered remark in my ear at many an event, remarks calculated to make me giggle and which required whatever poise I possess to keep myself straight-faced. And what might have seemed like name-dropping to the outsider was simply a catalog of his friendships and acquaintances. He'd say, "Jean, what year was it that we had Edward Heath over for dinner?" (Yes, that Edward Heath.) Or, "I bumped into Quentin Crisp in Regent's Park, and he said..." Or, "T. S. Eliot once said to me..." And his priceless anecdote about Duncan Grant, looking long-haired and shaggy in the 1960s, wandering around Piccadilly; when questioned by Cecil about his appearance, Duncan spacily replied, "Well...my barber died."

Over the years, we stayed in each other's homes, ate many meals together, drank countless bottles of good wine, watched films together, took walks together. The Woolfs' kindness to me and my husband John McCoy was boundless. They also quite graciously entertained three groups of my students from Mount St. Joseph University, regaling them with stories of Leonard and Virginia, and letting the students touch the Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant paintings, and the lovely table from the Omega Workshop in their sitting room. I will always remember the quiet room full of students, listening to Cecil speak in his soft, sometimes gravelly voice.

Some other moments of being:

Cecil and Jean coming to my rescue when I was stranded in London for a night on my way to Barcelona, coming to pick me up at the Mornington Crescent tube station, hustling me to their house, planting me at the table where Leonard and Virginia once printed Hogarth Press books,

Jean making me a plate of scrambled eggs at one in the morning and Cecil soothing my nerves over my missed flight. Sitting with Jean and Cecil and John in our pajamas at our dining table late at night after

² Drew Shannon's remembrance was originally posted on Paula Maggio's *Blogging Woolf* website.

the conference proceedings in Georgetown, drinking wine and eating cheese and talking about the literary life in London. Watching *Dog Day Afternoon* (Cecil was obsessed with Al Pacino, though he'd never seen this one) on DVD, which I'd bought for him earlier that day, on a small TV screen in their sitting room, the four of us hunched over together. When Al Pacino screams, "Attica! Attica!" Cecil said, "Only in America. Only in America." Interviewing Cecil about his history in publishing and the colorful figures he encountered there. With his usual modesty, he said, "Surely you've had enough. Aren't you bored?" His patience with me as I labored over a monograph for him, which I simply couldn't get finished due to busyness, teaching, and neurosis. When I finally turned it in, he said, "Ah, at last. I have your magnum opus."

There are others, but some I prefer to keep to myself.

Rest easy, Cecil Woolf. Thank you for being our link to a past that we all long to connect to, and such a force of nature in our present.

Drew Shannon
Mount Saint Joseph University



He Charmed and Held the Room

I first met Cecil Woolf with Jean Moorcroft Wilson at the "Back to Bloomsbury" Woolf conference in 2004. Cecil gave the welcome address and it was clear from the warm reception how highly his audience esteemed him. Cecil was able to charm and hold a large room of Woolfians with his amusing anecdotes and delightful memories of his time at the Hogarth Press and of his Uncle Leonard and Aunt Virginia. Here was someone who had touched the mantle of Virginia Woolf; we were spellbound!

Out of the limelight Cecil was rather unassuming and even self-deprecating. He underplayed his own writing, his activism and his role as a supportive and encouraging publisher. He was a passionate pacifist but also a patriot. I found him to be a generous conversationalist, an attentive listener. Cecil had a wonderfully dry, ironic wit. I will always remember his wry, slightly lopsided smile. We will miss the man: his humour, his wisdom, his unshakable integrity.

Gill Lowe
University of Suffolk



Calling into the Grotto: A Remembrance of Cecil Woolf

I first met Cecil Woolf and Jean Moorcroft-Wilson at the 2006 Woolf conference in Birmingham, England. I was twenty-one. The previous summer I had backpacked around England in Woolf's footsteps, guided in part by Jean's book *Virginia Woolf, Life and London: A Biography of Place*. Now here was Jean, and here was Woolf's nephew, who so much resembled Leonard—in appearance and in handwriting, as I saw when he wrote me the bill for several Bloomsbury Heritage monographs. I was nearer than footsteps; I was now following faces. Cecil and Jean and I stayed in good touch. I remember Cecil, who died in June, as a caring editor, lively correspondent, and thoughtful friend.

At the 2010 conference, in Georgetown, Kentucky, Cecil asked if I would write a Bloomsbury Heritage monograph on Woolf and the Auden circle, a topic I had been researching for my doctoral dissertation on Woolf and poetry. About thirty to forty pages, due in March, in time to sell at next year's conference? Cecil's interest, and his deadline, motivated me to start writing. *Virginia Woolf and the Thirties Poets* (Bloomsbury Heritage Series, 2011) became the final chapter of my dissertation—and now, book manuscript—but it was the first one I wrote.

Cecil offered crucial suggestions on structure, as well as encouragement. In January 2011 I reported over email that the book was at sixteen-thousand words and approaching twenty; in early February that it was clocking in at twenty-seven; in late February, “I admit that it is 33K words” (25 Feb. 2011); and in early March, forty-five thousand. “Prepare yourself for a little judicious pruning!,” Cecil replied (9 Mar. 2011). He delicately judged it “An excellent piece of work, but rather long for the purposes of the Bloomsbury monographs” (29 Apr. 2011). I trimmed it down to thirty-five thousand (seventy-six published pages) and Cecil seemed satisfied.

He then gave munificent attention to the text, querying details and word choices, instructing me in “Cecil Woolf Publishers’ House Style” (23 Jan. 2011), tolerantly accepting the many changes I made to the proofs, and calming me when I discovered what seemed a terrible error. I had included an image of a typescript letter from Stephen Spender to Woolf, held in the Monks House Papers, thinking it the original. But on June 1, in the Berg Collection at the New York Public Library, I discovered the handwritten original of the letter. The typescript was only a copy. To my frantic email, Cecil replied with patient reassurances. The book has already been printed, he explained, and anyway,

what you’re talking about is really not serious and, between ourselves, it’s not something that is going to be noticed (I speak from experience) and even if it were, it wouldn’t in any way detract from the value of the book. I have told you and I tell you again, it’s a very good piece of work [...] and we’re delighted to be publishing it. [...] So do please relax and enjoy. (1 June 2011)

The next day Cecil detailed the “experience” from which he spoke:

Sadly, this is not Utopia that we’re inhabiting, we’re humans, not gods, and these silly little mistakes occur. Like you, I’m a perfectionist and hate it when things are not just so, we just have to try to live with them. Years ago I published a book on the folklore in William Blake’s work. It was set in hot metal, linotype (where the words are set in solid lines). We checked the page proofs meticulously, but when the book was printed I discovered that one line had obviously fallen out after the proof stage and been replaced upside down. Imagine my feeling of outrage! But the truth is that so far as I am aware, no one has noticed. What it means, of course, is that the text is there. All you have to do is turn the book round to read it. And, after all, what we’re talking about now is something a great deal less serious? (2 June 2011)

A week later, in Glasgow, at that year’s conference, Cecil and Jean hugged me in welcome and pointed to their stack of my book. I was very happy, and grateful, to see my essay in print, typed Spender letter and all.

Besides editorial guidance, Cecil’s emails offered punchy phrases. Money was regularly “wonga” (e.g., 9 Mar. 2011); on receipt of my essay he was going to “bomb it off” to the typesetter (e.g., 7 May 2011). Weather would provoke verbal invention: “It’s a great relief to see the sun after weeks of dirty-pocket-handkerchief-grey skies!” (9 March 2011).” Money-related messages would be softened with amusing lines or anecdotes. On sending me Bloomsbury Heritage books before I had paid for others recently purchased, “credit in this firm is elephantine” (23 Feb. 2015). Should I make my check out to Cecil Woolf or Cecil Woolf Publishers? The former, absolutely, because depositing a check made out to the latter got him into all sorts of trouble with “the US tax guys.” “The silly chumps probably think I’m some kind of big-time fraudster! I’m hoping I shan’t be extradited any day soon. If I am, I hope you’ll visit me in whatever New York jail I wind up in. And don’t forget to bring a fruitcake containing a hacksaw blade, like in the movies” (27 Sept.

2012). Well, it never came to that, but I didn’t forget how to write Cecil a check.

“I’m a perfectionist,” he wrote; he was also a romantic. This combination came through in descriptions of his childhood. For instance:

I grew up in the countryside and look back with a sense of sheer wonderment on the freedom to roam that our five London-born and -bred children only really knew on occasional visits to Lincolnshire. [...] [B]esides a stableful of horses (my parents were horse-mad) and at any time at least half-a-dozen dogs, we had 40 (yes, four o) Siamese cats. As for my two sisters and I, we had pet mice, rabbits, budgerigars, canaries, ferrets &c—a veritable zoo! I should perhaps have said, just mad! (10 Mar. 2011)

This rural menagerie is an Eden from which there could only be an exile: his own children’s urban world seems constricted by comparison. On another occasion Cecil wrote, “Keep warm, Emily! When I was a child, in this kind of weather my Mum used to send us out with large tin trays to use as toboggans and pockets stuffed with baked potatoes, which served a double purpose!” (28 Dec. 2010).

He elaborated in another email the same day:

it was great fun and the idea of baked taters was a good one, the only thing was that, being kids, we had scoffed them long before we reached the ominously named Gallows Hill, where we did the tobogganning! It probably saved her the trouble of washing pockets filled with horrible, cold, squashed potatoes on our return. (28 Dec. 2010)

It all sounds charming. But the idyll is flawed, admitting either cold children or dirty pockets.

I visited 1 Mornington Place twice, each time its own idyll. We ate tea and cake amidst books and papers, red feathers and purple brims, and discussed Edward Thomas, Robert Graves, South Africa, the Powys family, and our own families. But on my second visit Cecil found something for which to apologize:

The two hours passed far too quickly. Five minutes after you left, I remembered to my shame, too late, that the plan had been to have a drink before we were obliged to separate. To that end I had put a nice bottle of chardy in the fridge, but what’s the point of telling you now!! I had invited you to tea and a drink and you had no drink. I’m extremely sorry. [...] Next time you’re here, if I forget, I hope you’ll say in a loud voice, Where’s my drink?! Here’s to the next time! (20 Mar. 2011)

Cecil makes a toast to the possibility of making a toast. Identifying the defect in our reunion, he can imagine a future in which to set it right. “[T]his is not Utopia that we’re inhabiting”—but maybe it used to be, in childhood, and maybe it can become so again. Forty Siamese cats of long-ago; a deferred Chardonnay. Cecil’s romanticism looked both backwards and forwards.

To me, Cecil—shy, gentle, confiding—was, above all, an attentive friend. He repeatedly invited me to publish further with him, and repeatedly invited my husband and me to visit him and Jean. He seriously considered traveling to Boston for our wedding, and wrote joyfully when our son was born, remembering his own time at home with five young children.

The last time I saw Cecil was at the 2015 Woolf conference, in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania. At the banquet, Jean interviewed Cecil about his aunt, who, of course, had died when he was fourteen. Cecil described his first memory of her: “I led Virginia down by the hand to a sort of little grotto below our house, 300 yards from the house—oh, ancient sort of grotto, with water in it. And I remember we called each other’s names.

‘Virginia!’ And she called ‘Cecil!’” (4:21-44 minutes). Now it is we who call, our voices echoing into the grotto.

Emily Kopley
Concordia University

Works Cited

“Cecil Woolf interviewed at Bloomsburg University.” Bloomsburg University of Pennsylvania. 22 Jul. 2015. <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5Nc7YHLFrmQ>>. Accessed 1 Aug. 2019.

Emails between Cecil Woolf and Emily Kopley.

With thanks to Jean Moorcroft-Wilson for permission to quote from Cecil Woolf’s emails to the author.



He Was Game for All Sorts of Capers

I first met Cecil at the 2015 Virginia Woolf conference in Pennsylvania. I was hosting the 2017 conference for the centenary of the Hogarth Press and wanted to talk to him about it in advance. A colleague had mentioned this to him and, when he’d asked them about my own writing, they’d told him that I’d written a book on British working-class fiction.

This was my connection to Cecil. When we chatted later that day—me bounding across a courtyard to catch him—he was graciously, generously interested in my own research, when I was so keen to talk to him about his connections to Virginia and Leonard and the Hogarth Press. Later, he sent me an article he’d written in 1958 on Robert Tressell’s *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*, a “working-class masterpiece,” published in a restored version in 1955. Cecil’s was one of the early reviews describing the re-publication of Tressell’s full manuscript in the mid-1950s, work made possible by the painstaking biographical and editorial research of Fred Ball and Frank Swinnerton. In his review, Cecil pointed to the value and rarity of Tressell’s book as a working-class novel, highlighting also “the simplicity of literary greatness about it.” He draws on the language of critic Raymond Williams—“a whole way of life is recreated for us,” Cecil points out—and invokes his great aunt’s use of Dr Johnson’s “Common Reader,” stressing that this too is Tressell’s audience (151). Despite the generally restrained tone of the article, towards the end, Cecil’s anger and politics come through:

That was fifty years ago. It is sad and discreditable, but nevertheless true, he would find little change in the catering trade in 1958. Those of us who at one time or another have earned our bread and cheese by manual labour in the catering industry can declare that the conditions and mode of life described by Orwell in *Down and Out in Paris and London* between the wars are still current today (157).

It is a brief moment of understated candor that seems typical of Cecil. The article is a synthesis of helpful and insightful critique, tinged with a quiet outrage that the kind of working conditions, unemployment, and poverty that Tressell was describing in the 1910s were still very much a part of late 1950s Britain.

Cecil graciously agreed to support the 27th Annual Virginia Woolf conference at Reading, as he did so many of the other Woolf conferences. The timing around the Hogarth Press centenary was perfect. Cecil spoke at the Hogarth Press 100th birthday party at Reading’s Special Collections about his life as a publisher and of working with Leonard at the Press, and this coincided with his bringing out his own volume that year, *The Other Boy at the Hogarth Press: Virginia and Leonard Woolf as I Remember Them* under his own imprint. The party was wonderful and we were honored by Cecil’s willingness to be so involved. He cut the cake with Clara Farmer, MD of the current Hogarth imprint at Penguin Random House, and was game for all sorts of capers. I will cherish the memory of jumping into his car to try and direct him

around our tortuous one-way traffic system, and the car leaping forward towards the pedestrianized student zone while Cecil was steadily unfazed. Cecil was gracious and kind and willing to put up with all sorts of infelicities that inevitably crop up when attending an event of the scale of the Woolf conferences. I admired his steely determination to get stuff done and to be involved and travel the world to continue attending them, right up into old age, and I was humbled by his generosity, kindness, and down-to-earth interest in other people. I feel honored to have known him.

Nicola Wilson
University of Reading

Work Cited

Woolf, Cecil. “A Masterpiece Restored.” *Aylesford Review* 2 (1958): 149-57.



Remembering Cecil

I saw an email about submitting memories of Cecil Woolf, and I hope I made it in time. I first “met” Cecil online in 2014 when I wanted to donate to the Frome plaque in honor of Leonard and Virginia Woolf. I was first-year law student from the United States and wasn’t sure how to do this or who to contact. I sent an email to different addresses I could find online, one of them being his. He was the only one who responded, and I could not believe I was corresponding with the Cecil Woolf! He was so kind in his response, even asking if he could address me as ‘Adela’, and, of course, he pointed me in the right direction. A year later, I was fortunate enough to attend the 2015 Virginia Woolf Conference in Bloomsburg, and I emailed him saying I would be there—if he even remembered me as that law student who emailed him the year before. He emailed me back saying he looked forward to meeting me! In person, he was even kinder. I was so excited to meet him. I was able to purchase one of his books, which he signed, and he liked my Mrs. Dalloway costume. We corresponded again and now I treasure those emails. I was happy to see that he continued to go to every Woolf conference and I found his commitment to that and to his own work inspiring. I’m grateful for all his personal work and his work keeping the Woolfs’ memories alive. It is that spirit that I think keeps us coming back to these books and to the Woolfs year after year. It is now 2020 and I am no longer that first-year law student, but I will always remember that kindness he extended me. I still can’t believe he’s gone, but perhaps I don’t think he will ever be “gone” with the legacy he’s left for us.

Adela Hurtado
J.D., Fordham University School of Law



**“The Woolfs, Bloomsbury, and Social Justice:
Cecil Woolf Monographs Past and Present—Roundtable or Panel?”
Virginia Woolf and Social Justice
29th Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf
8 June 2019**

**Organizer: Karen Levenback
Panelists: Lois Gilmore, Paula Maggio, Todd Avery,
and Vara Neverow**

Introduction to “The Woolfs, Bloomsbury, and Social Justice: Cecil Woolf Monographs Past and Present—Roundtable or Panel?”

Although uncertain of whether to call it a roundtable or a panel, my first impulse in assembling a session on Cecil Woolf Publishers at the 29th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf, “Virginia Woolf and Social Justice,” 6-9 June 2019, was to look for scholars with a connection to Cecil and the monographs he so lovingly published. I took an approach similar to that of Mark Hussey with his roundtable

on Woolf and Violence at the 24th IVW Conference,¹ with the guide questions eventually morphing into full length papers and the roundtable becoming a panel. The papers might be based on the monograph written by the panelist but could certainly take to account other Cecil Woolf publications. As we were listed in the program as a panel—that is what we became.

At 9:00 A.M., on Saturday, 8 June, 2019, we met in the Recital Hall at Mount St. Joseph University in Cincinnati. Leaving introduction of the panelists to the end, I began the session with a PowerPoint designed to offer definition and purposes, and to offer examples of monographs published by Cecil Woolf, focusing on those of the panelists.² The Cecil Woolf monographs in the Bloomsbury Heritage Series: *The Life, Works, and Times of the Bloomsbury Group*, begun in 1994, to date include some 86 titles and the War Poets Series: *The Lives, Works and Times of the 20th Century War Poets* numbers, by Cecil's count, "nearly 40 titles" (actually 37 to date).³ I think it fair to assume that Cecil on some level continued in the family business,⁴ following the penchant of his uncle and aunt in printing whatever they liked; after all, as Cecil said in a 2015 interview with Sasha Graybosch published in *The Rumpus*, publishing is "a very personal business" and "publishers kept in touch with booksellers."

Our plan was to focus on how Cecil's work reflected his own, as well as his uncle and aunt's concern with social justice—the term's definition to be found somewhere between the fair and the just—the responsibilities, obligations, and privileges of individuals and society and the benefits that accrue therefrom:

"A concept of fair and just relations between the individual and society...measured by... distribution of wealth, opportunities for personal activity, and social privileges," according to *Wikipedia* (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Social_justice).

"Our understanding of social justice is inextricably connected to our definition of terms like equality and freedom, and to sweeping policy questions about the relative responsibilities and obligations of individuals and society," according to Michael Reisch in "Defining Social Justice in a Socially Unjust World" (343).

"Social justice is a moral imperative that originated in ancient literature. Today, there are differences of opinion about the precise definition of the phrase social justice. But the general concept is that individuals and groups should receive fair treatment and an impartial share of the benefits of society," according to Barbara Hemphill in "Social Justice as a Moral Imperative" (1).

Subrata Banerjee is one of the earliest scholars to explicitly equate Virginia Woolf with the concept in her essay "Remembering Virginia Woolf: A Writer Who Stood for Social Justice and Fairness," a reference I discovered while trolling the internet. Interestingly, using Boolean operators in searching for "Virginia Woolf and social justice" and the "Bloomsbury Group and social justice," I also found a wide range of sources that were identified on Google and Google Scholar, including Alex Zwerdling's *Virginia Woolf and the Real World*, Christine Froula's *Virginia Woolf and the Avant-Garde*, and my own, *Virginia Woolf and the Great War*, as well as Jane Goldman's *The Cambridge Companion to Virginia Woolf*, H. K. Bhabha's *Nation and Narration*, E. Unterhalter's *Cosmopolitanism, Global Social Justice and Gender Equality in Education*, and numerous other print and digital writings.

However, Cecil Woolf's monographs were not included. The participants on this panel suggested why excluding them from discussions of social justice is unacceptable. The participants were::

Karen Levenback (Franciscan Monastery), Introduction

Lois Gilmore (Buck's County Community College), "A Legacy of Social Justice in Times of War and Peace: Authors Take Sides"

Paula Maggio (Blogging Woolf, Independent Scholar), "Cecil Woolf Publishers: Using the Power of the Press to Advocate for Peace"

Todd Avery (University of Massachusetts, Lowell), "Just Lives of the Obscure: Cecil Woolf, Biography, and Social Justice"

Vara Neverow (Southern Connecticut State University), Respondent

Karen Levenback
Franciscan Monastery

Works Cited

- Avery, Todd. *Saxon Sydney Turner: The Ghost of Bloomsbury*. Bloomsbury Heritage: 73. London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2015.
- Bhabha, Homi K., ed. *Nation and Narration*. New York: Routledge, 2005.
- Banerjee, Subrata. "Remembering Virginia Woolf: A Writer Who Stood for Social Justice and Fairness." 26 January 2018. https://www.linkedin.com/pulse/remembering-virginia-woolf-writer-who-stood-social-justice-banerjee?trk=portfolio_article-card_title. Web. 26 January 2019.
- "Cecil Woolf Interviewed at Bloomsbury University." 22 July 2015. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5Nc7YHLFrMQ>. Web. 20 May 2019.
- Froula, Christine. *Virginia Woolf and the Bloomsbury Avant-garde: War, Civilization Modernity*. New York: Columbia UP, 2007.
- Goldman, Jane. *The Cambridge Companion to Virginia Woolf*. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2012.
- Graybosch, Sasha. "The Rumpus Interview with Cecil Woolf." *The Rumpus*, 16 June 2009. <https://therumpus.net/2009/06/the-rumpus-interview-with-cecil-woolf/>. Web. 20 May 2019.
- Hemphill, Barbra. "Social Justice as a Moral Imperative." *The Open Journal of Occupational Therapy* 3:2 (Spring 2015): 1-7. <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1150&context=ojot>. Web. 26 January 2019.
- Hussey, Mark, et al. "Roundtable: Woolf and Violence." *Virginia Woolf Writing the World: Selected Papers from the Twenty-fourth Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf*. Ed. Pamela L. Caughie and Diana L. Swanson. Clemson, SC: Clemson UP, 2015. 1-22.
- Levenback, Karen. *Virginia Woolf and the Great War*. Syracuse: Syracuse UP, 1999.
- . *Virginia Woolf, Melian Stawell & Bloomsbury*. Bloomsbury Heritage: 83. London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2017.
- Maggio, Paula. *Virginia Woolf, Vanessa Bell and the Great War, Seeing Peace Through an Open Window: Art, Domesticity & the Great War*. Bloomsbury Heritage: 78. London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2016.
- . *The Bloomsbury Pacifists and the Great War*. Bloomsbury Heritage: 84. London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2018.
- . "Re: Quick Question." Text message to Karen Levenback, 3 June 2019. Email.
- Neverow, Vara. *Septimus Smith: Modernist and War Poet: A Closer Reading*. Bloomsbury Heritage: 76. London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2015.
- Reisch, Michael. "Defining Social Justice in a Socially Unjust World." *Families in Society: The Journal of Contemporary Human Services* 83, (September 2002): 343. https://www.researchgate.net/publication/297463212_Defining_social_justice_in_a_socially_unjust_world_vol_83_pg_343_2002. Web. 26 January 2019.
- "Social Justice." *Wikipedia*. Web. 26 January 2019.

¹ For more information about the roundtable, see Hussey, et al., 2-3.

² For more information about the monographs written by the panelists, see Avery, Levenback, Maggio, and Neverow.

³ Paula Maggio, email message to author, 3 June 2019.

Unterhalter, Elaine. "Cosmopolitanism, global social justice and gender equality in education." *Compare: A Journal of Comparative Education* 38 (October 2008): 539-53.

Zwerdling, Alex. *Virginia Woolf and the Real World*. Berkeley: U of California P, 1986.



A Legacy of Social Justice in Times of War and Peace: *Authors Take Sides*

In Cecil Woolf's written remarks read by Mark Hussey at the 28th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf in Canterbury in 2018, Cecil makes particular mention of discussing his project *Authors Take Sides on Vietnam* with Leonard Woolf in the 1960s as he was working on the publication. And, although Cecil does not remember debating political subjects with his uncle and aunt until after the Second World War, he gives us some insight into the legacy of social justice associated with Leonard, Virginia, and Cecil Woolf, among others in the Bloomsbury circle. In his remarks, Cecil writes of "Leonard being rather taken aback when he said, with some emphasis, 'I am *not* a Communist,'" although Cecil never thought he was. Leonard's comment suggests a characteristic resistance to labels associated with Bloomsbury figures, yet Leonard felt it important enough to contribute to Nancy Cunard's first leftist publication of *Authors Take Sides on the Spanish War*. Indeed, as Victoria Glendinning asserts in "The Political Woolf," Leonard "could subscribe to a political dogma only up to a point—the point being, where observation and common sense told him something different. He was his own man" (40). Leonard contributed to Cecil's volumes on Vietnam in 1967, which also indicates the importance Leonard ascribed to the work. A remark Cecil made to *Blogging Woolf* editor Paula Maggio in June of 2018 when she visited him in London shows how important the *Authors Take Sides* publications were to him. At that time, Cecil said he was thinking of producing another volume of *Authors Take Sides*, perhaps on the war in Syria. My goal is to argue for the significance and originality of the *Authors Take Sides* series, to illustrate some responses reflecting ideas of social justice, and to emphasize the integrity of Cecil Woolf and his achievement.

The *Authors Take Sides* "series" began with the response to the Spanish Civil War¹ by the "Writers and Poets of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales" published by the *Left Review* under the auspices of Nancy Cunard, in particular. Responses to the questions "Are you for, or against, the legal Government and the People of republican Spain?" and "Are you for, or against, Franco and Fascism?" are organized based on "for," "against," and "neutral" and arranged in alphabetical order within the categories. Stephen Spender, Pablo Neruda, and Tristan Tzara were among those who called for the abandonment of the "the equivocal attitude, the Ivory Tower, the paradoxical, the ironic detachment, [that] will no longer do," asserting that, "We have seen murder and destruction by Fascism in Italy, in Germany—the organization there of social injustice and cultural death" (*Spanish* 3). The concept seems to have resonated with urgency as The League of American Writers responded in 1938 with their own version, *Writers Take Sides: Letters about the War in Spain from 418 American Authors*, following the same format of Cunard's pamphlet of question, response, and categorization. Cecil Woolf Publishers added editions on Vietnam (1967) with both a British and an American version, the Falklands (1982), a reissue of Cunard's 1937 pamphlet (2001), and Iraq and the Gulf War (2004).

The idea of "legacy" I proposed in the title suggests a climate of engagement that necessitated and legitimized the response to war, expressed concern for the damage to humanity, and called for peace. At Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, at the 17th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf (2007), Cecil Woolf remembers Leonard as "a political thinker and activist, editor, prolific author, publisher,

literary critic, feminist, pivotal figure in Bloomsbury and so on" ("Cecil Woolf Remembers" 9). In keeping with Leonard's political engagement, Brigitte Bechtold asserts, "there is much in Woolf about obvious factors used in social exclusion, in denial of social justice and valuation of human beings, subjects definitely of interest to feminist thinkers and activists today" (10). I believe Leonard and Virginia provided inspiration conducive to the development and production of the *Authors Take Sides* texts.

How are we to think about *Authors Take Sides* and social justice in times of peace and war today? In 2006, a report from the United Nations International Forum for Social Justice articulates the problem stating: "In this fast-moving world, the majority of societies and political regimes, including those founded on democratic principles and ideals, have problems achieving and maintaining a balance between individual freedom and social justice" (9-10). Cecil Woolf's work, particularly the series *Authors Take Sides*, extends and enhances the efforts made by Leonard and Virginia Woolf, Cunard, and others by establishing the form, context, and connections necessary to address the crises of social justice in fraught times. Along with the contribution of editors John Bagguley and Jean Moorcroft Wilson, this series garners importance. It provides a forum for multiple voices to express opinions about war, peace, and social justice; it permanently records those voices; it renews and extends the literary genre developed by Cunard; and it works within the legacy of Leonard's and Virginia's thinking about war and peace. I argue that Cecil's *Authors Take Sides* volumes illustrate the value of his press and the integrity of his vision.

A brief history of *Authors Take Sides on the Spanish War* is appropriate so that we can understand how Cecil established and sustained the value of this new literary form. The initial Left-leaning *Authors Take Sides* was published in 1937 primarily through Cunard's energy and the network of friends with whose support Cunard engaged in a "lifelong battle against social injustice," according to Lois Gordon in *Nancy Cunard: Heiress, Muse, Political Idealist* (xii). Questions sent to prominent writers asked them to take a position on the war and respond for publication. Of the 148 mostly British contributors (subjectively categorized as: for 127, neutral 15, and against 5), most responses identify a political stance and make a statement about Franco, Fascism, and the conditions or systems that produced a war that many saw as the end of humanity and justice. We are reminded of the devastating loss of Julian Bell and other young men who went to Spain for the cause, of the photographs of "dead bodies and ruined houses" as Virginia described in *Three Guineas* (11). Leonard Woolf, in his brief statement for the "legal government" and the "people of Spain," and "civilization," in *Authors Take Sides on the Spanish Civil War*, condemns the "barbarity" (29). Cecil Woolf's reissue of that original volume indicates a belief in the importance of the publication and, indeed, the importance of writers' voices in peace and war.

In 1967, Cecil Woolf and John Bagguley produced *Authors Take Sides on the Vietnam War* in two editions—one focusing on Great Britain and the other on America—that illustrate innovations made with the form and important links with the original pamphlet. Both the American and British editions of *Authors Take Sides on Vietnam* dedicate the text "To the memory of Nancy Cunard who conceived and compiled *Authors Take Sides on the Spanish War*, and the Introductions in both editions link the publications with a brief history of the 1937 pamphlet and its questions, along with a justification for the present text. In the American edition the editors write, "It occurred to us that a similar book on the war in Vietnam might prove a useful record of the views of writers—a cross-section of the intellectual community at this time" (viii). In addition, the complete 1937 questionnaire appears in Appendix II, along with excerpts from 1937 responses in Appendix III. Cecil Woolf and John Bagguley's decision to interlace their publication with components of Cunard's text signifies a debt to Cunard, a foundation for modification according to circumstances and cultural changes, and a means to elucidate nuances of war, peace, and social justice through contrast and juxtaposition. The

¹The title of the volume does not include "Civil."

editors' willingness to modify the highly adaptable form and their careful explanation of editorial decisions also indicate their integrity, objectivity, and authenticity.

Acknowledging the complexities that developed over 30 intervening years, Woolf and Bagguley explain the simplistic for/against/neutral positions do not work for the American "intervention" in Vietnam survey. The editors revise the questions, globalize the requests to include writers of the U.S., Britain, France, and Germany, and, as noted above, produce different versions for American and British readers, a further adaptation. The questions—"Are you for, or against, the intervention of the United States in Vietnam?" and "How, in your opinion, should the conflict in Vietnam be resolved?"—required respondents to consider a question "dominating current debate" (American 13; British x). The editors' sensitivity to American and British readers calls attention to the efforts to maintain the relevance and significance of purpose. The British edition separates "in systematic fashion" the responses into various and arbitrary "themes...which found no place in 1937" (xi). The categories Black and White, To Choose or not to Choose, The Tragedy of War, Legal Aspects, Strategic Aspects, and Historical Aspects illustrate an effort to organize responses on the basis of clarity, interest, and nuance, while acknowledging the inconsistency of the scheme. However, the editors simplified the organization of the American edition because of the "directness" expected by the American reader (14). The success of the Vietnam edition rests in the increased number of responses.

Cecil Woolf Publishers produced two more volumes. Returning to the alphabetical format for both, the first, *Authors Take Sides on the Falklands: Two Questions on the Falklands Conflict Answered by More than a Hundred Mainly British Authors* (1982) Cecil Woolf and Jean Moorcroft Wilson address a distant and ambiguous conflict in the defense of islands, which are part of the imperial legacy, versus what some saw as the Fascist regime in Argentina. Many responses call attention to concerns of social justice, beyond false patriotism and the illegality of war. The text, in its unique way, seems to be influenced by a similar question posed by Virginia Woolf in *Three Guineas*, "How are we to prevent war?" *Authors Take Sides on Iraq and the Gulf War* (2004) states that "its intention, like its predecessors, is to be informative and thought-provoking," and "present an objective record of a cross-section of the intellectual community" (7). In addition to emphasizing the detachment of their personal views (*Iraq* 7), Woolf and Moorcroft Wilson stress the notion that these voices are vital, that writers and intellectuals, while not specifically politicians, "provide a germ of hope for the future" in the "free discussion of problems, the identification of intransient factors of the time and region, the ingenious exploration of possibilities, [and] the imaginative search for solutions" (14). These adaptations evidence an awareness of cultural changes in thinking about war and what it means to social justice, as well as the humanitarian costs.

It is the thoughtfulness and desire for truth and objectivity that accentuates the vitality of the *Authors Take Sides* series, collecting the works of those whom the editors identify as "enquiring, imaginative, rational, intellectually responsible and, above all, rarely boring" contributors (*Iraq* 8). The series of texts that Cecil continued to publish based on the model of Nancy Cunard's original 1937 pamphlet is a touchstone for the accomplishments of this extraordinary family of individuals and provides a means to assess the political engagement of writers and publishers. We need to acknowledge the value of what seems to be a new and vital genre developed in 1937 and continued through the effort of a small press and the oversight of someone like Cecil Woolf. We do need a new volume recording voices of thinkers, writers, artists, and all others who respond to a new questionnaire addressing Syria, and/or the war in Iraq/Afghanistan, America's longest war. We need *Authors Take Sides* to remind us of the human cost of war and its devastating effects on social justice, now more than ever.

Lois Gilmore
Buck's County Community College

Works Cited

- Cunard, Nancy, ed. 1937. *Authors Take Sides on the Spanish War*. Reprint. London: Cecil Woolf Publisher, 2001.
- , ed. *Authors Take Sides on the Spanish War*. London: Left Review, 1937. British Library online collection. <https://www.bl.uk/collection-items/authors-take-sides-on-the-spanish-war#>. Web. 18 September 2019.
- Bechtold, Brigitte. "More Than *A Room and Three Guineas*: Understanding Virginia Woolf's Social Thought." *Journal of International Women's Studies*, 1.2 (May 2000): 1-11.
- Glendinning, Victoria. "The Political Woolf." *Virginia Woolf Miscellany* 72 (Fall/Winter 2007): 40.
- Gordon, Lois. *Nancy Cunard: Heiress, Muse, Political Idealist*. NY: Columbia UP, 2007.
- "Social Justice in an Open World: The Role of the United Nations." *The International Forum for Social Development. Department of Economic and Social Affairs. Division for Social Policy and Development. United Nations*, 2006. <https://www.un.org/esa/socdev/documents/ifsd/SocialJustice.pdf>. Web. 18 September 2019.
- Woolf, Cecil. "Cecil Woolf Remembers Leonard Woolf." *Virginia Woolf Miscellany* 72, (Fall/Winter 2007): 9-12.
- . Oral Interview. By Paula Maggio. 25 June 2018.
- . "Remarks." Holograph. 28th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf, 23 June 2018. Canterbury Cathedral Lodge, Canterbury, England. Keynote Address. Read by Mark Hussey.
- Woolf, Cecil and John Bagguley. Introduction. *Authors Take Sides on Vietnam: Two Questions on the War in Vietnam Answered by the Authors of Several Nations*. Ed. Cecil Woolf and John Bagguley. NY: Simon and Schuster, 1967. 13-15.
- Woolf, Cecil and John Bagguley, eds. *Authors Take Sides on Vietnam: Two Questions on the War in Vietnam Answered by the Authors of Several Nations*. American edition. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1967.
- . *Authors Take Sides on Vietnam: Two Questions on the War in Vietnam Answered by the Authors of Several Nations*. British edition. London: Peter Owen, 1967.
- Woolf, Cecil and Jean Moorcroft Wilson, eds. *Authors Take Sides on the Falklands: Two Questions on the Falklands Conflict Answered by More than a Hundred Mainly British Authors*. London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 1982.
- . *Authors Take Sides on Iraq and the Gulf War*. London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2004.
- Woolf, Virginia. *Three Guineas*. 1938. San Diego: Harcourt Brace & Company, 1966.



Cecil Woolf Publishers: Using the Power of the Press to Advocate for Peace

Cecil Woolf, nephew of Leonard and Virginia Woolf and their oldest living relative, is a renowned figure among Woolf scholars and has spoken at many Annual International Conferences on Virginia Woolf. Indeed, Cecil has delighted us with his childhood recollections of Virginia and Leonard and his experiences as an adult with Leonard in London. He also documented those stories in *The Other Boy at the Hogarth Press: Virginia and Leonard Woolf as I Remember Them* (2017), the monograph he published as part of his Bloomsbury Heritage series. Cecil has not shared all of his stories, however. Some stories we have yet to hear are those that explain his deep commitment to peace as a social justice issue, a commitment born out in the volumes published in both his War Poets and Bloomsbury Heritage series. When we look at the history of Cecil Woolf Publishers, we see that it has a long tradition of using the power of the press to advocate for peace as a social justice issue. Since 1994, when it published the first of eighty-six monographs in its Bloomsbury Heritage series, and 2005, when the first of thirty-

seven volumes in the War Poets series appeared, Cecil and his wife, general editor Jean Moorcroft Wilson, have used their small press to make the case for peace.

I will attempt to unearth Cecil's commitment in two ways. I will share an overview of the central works he has published in the Bloomsbury Heritage series that focus on war, peace, and art, although that series features titles on a wide range of Bloomsbury topics that are not book length, ranging in length from 15 to 80 pages. I will also share the personal experiences of key authors for that series—including myself—who have worked with Cecil as a publisher dedicated to pushing these thematic publications forward with perseverance, energy, and foresight. Under the mentorship of Cecil and Jean Moorcroft Wilson and the auspices of Cecil Woolf Publishers, writers from Patricia Laurence to Karina Jakubowicz to Vara Neverow to myself have been encouraged to explore the Bloomsbury Group's connections to war and to peace, to explain how group members expressed these themes artistically, and to discern what that means for us today.

When we study the monographs in the Bloomsbury Heritage series that deal directly with war and peace, two facts stand out. In the early and later years in the series' history, war and peace are important themes. One of the first monographs in the series, its fifth published in 1996, deals with the topic of war. Jean Moorcroft Wilson herself wrote *Virginia Woolf's War Trilogy: Anticipating Three Guineas*, which focuses on the common thread of war running through three of Woolf's novels, *Jacob's Room* (1922), *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925), and *To the Lighthouse* (1927). In it, Moorcroft Wilson explores Woolf's fictional treatment of war, theorizes about the meaning and symbolism of war in the novels, and shows that war was a theme that interested Woolf long before she published her anti-war polemic *Three Guineas* in 1938. Moorcroft Wilson concludes with the thought that, through writing *To the Lighthouse*, Woolf used her art to come to terms with World War I (16).

It was ten years later, 2006, before Cecil published his next monograph dealing strictly with war and pacifism, Patricia Laurence's groundbreaking *Julian Bell, the Violent Pacifist*. Laurence examines Bell's childhood playing war games and his early pacifism as an anti-war poet and author of *Why We Did Not Fight* (1935). She documents his 1937 "turnabout from pacifism" as he embraced "'military virtues' and the necessity of having 'force' at hand, even if not used, 'to make the political changes that alone can save us'" (16). She describes his rejection of the pacifism of his parents, his aunt, and the artistic friends who had surrounded him throughout his formative years. And she details his commitment to "a life of action" (36) in the Spanish Civil War by joining a British Medical Unit as a lorry driver but was killed in Brunete while repairing shell holes in the road on 6 July 1937.

It is later, from 2012 through 2018, that Cecil Woolf Publishers launched six monographs in seven years that deal with issues of war and peace. This concentrated emphasis on the Bloomsbury Group's connections with war and peace begins with Lolly Ockerstrom's *Virginia Woolf and the Spanish Civil War: Texts, Contexts & Women's Narratives*, published in 2012. While Moorcroft Wilson connects *Three Guineas* with three of Woolf's novels, Ockerstrom provides the political and social contexts for that groundbreaking and controversial extended essay by discussing the work of women combatants, nurses, journalists, fiction writers, poets, memoirists, and activists during the Spanish Civil War. As Ockerstrom puts it, the work of women such as Nancy Cunard, Martha Gellhorn, Sylvia Townsend Warner, and Kate O'Brien "when read in concert with one another, provide valuable historical information about the Spanish Civil War, even as they continue to offer us ways to think about the root causes of war in our own time" (34). Ockerstrom argues that women's literary work, including Woolf's, adds a wider range of perspectives on a war usually reported and depicted exclusively by young men from around the world. (34).

War, and the Great War specifically, is a reoccurring subject in five monographs that Cecil published from 2015 through 2018. Considering that the centenary of the Great War was widely commemorated in the United Kingdom throughout that time, it is not surprising that "the war to end all wars," including Britain's unparalleled resistance to compulsory service, would appear as a prevalent theme for Cecil Woolf Publishers during those years. In the first of the five monographs, *Septimus Smith, Modernist and War Poet: A Closer Reading*, Vara S. Neverow discusses Septimus Smith's role in *Mrs. Dalloway* as a post-war "visionary bard and...mystic" (9). She argues that Septimus's unusual thoughts and visions are not just the symptoms of the shell shock he suffered as a soldier during World War One but are also evidence of his creative abilities as a Modernist war poet (4), and she links his "scribbled writings and ramblings" to such World War One poets as Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon (16).

While Karina Jakubowicz's 2016 monograph *Garsington Manor and the Bloomsbury Group* does not focus on the Great War, it cannot avoid the topic, as Garsington in Oxfordshire was a key refuge for conscientious objectors within Philip and Ottoline Morrell's circle. Consequently, Jakubowicz devotes an entire chapter to the role the manor played as a country retreat and location for farm labor for pacifists Clive Bell, Lytton Strachey, and others. In that chapter, Jakubowicz includes this telling quote from Ottoline Morrell, which emphasizes the pacifist spirit that was Bloomsbury's:

Philip and I were hoping to make a centre at Garsington for those who were still under the control of reason, who saw the War as it really was, not through false emotional madness, and the intoxication of war fever. We hoped that they would at least meet and think and talk freely, and realize there were other values in life. (18)

Jakubowicz successfully portrays Garsington as a center for war resistance, as well as artistic expression, during the years of World War One.

That same year, Cecil published my own monograph, *Virginia Woolf, Vanessa Bell and the Great War, Seeing Peace Through an Open Window: Art, Domesticity & the Great War*. This volume gives an overview of Woolf's unwavering pacifism, as well as that of her sister Vanessa Bell. It goes on to discuss the artistic form their war resistance took by focusing on the feminine spaces of the private home, as symbolized by the domestic motif of the window in three of Woolf's novels and in a selection of Bell's paintings. For them, the window separates the domestic or private sphere from the public or social sphere. It then becomes an expression of their pacifist aesthetic and their rejection of both militarism and patriarchy.

Hilary Newman's *Virginia Woolf and Rebecca West* came out the following year, the fourth volume with a focus on the Great War in a four-year period. In it, Newman devotes one chapter to a discussion of "The First World War: *Mrs. Dalloway* and *The Return of the Soldier*." Her discussion focuses on the two authors' use of the trope of the returned shell-shocked soldier in both novels. Newman dissects each author's use of narrator, the wartime trauma suffered by combatants and non-combatants alike, mental illness, and the effect of class on each novel's characters' lives and choices.

In 2018, the final year of the Great War's centenary, Cecil published my work *The Bloomsbury Pacifists and the Great War*. This volume documents the human costs of the Great War worldwide and outlines the history of Britain's peace movement in broad strokes. It establishes the Bloomsbury Group's commitment to pacifism during that conflict, presenting the group as members of the vanguard of opposition. The monograph explores the responses of key members of the group to the war's onset and to conscription, tracing their location, their activism, and their connections to each other throughout the war. It also details how

group members provided each other with crucial emotional, intellectual, and physical support throughout the war's four years.

I reached out to several key authors in the Bloomsbury Heritage Series to learn what Cecil did to encourage them in their exploration of the theme of peace as a social justice issue. Of course, that specific terminology—peace as a social justice issue—was never used in the verbal or written interactions between Cecil and his authors. Nevertheless, the fact that he was open to the ideas they presented—from Julian Bell as a violent pacifist to Septimus Smith as a war poet—and was eager to publish their work indicates the importance he places on peace. Laurence shares her recollections:

My work on Julian Bell evolved after the publication of *Lily Briscoe's Chinese Eyes* as I had much material on him that did not fit into the book. Cecil encouraged my work, published a beautifully edited long monograph, with several photos of Julian in China that had never been seen before. We shared an ironic moment recalling how Julian and Quentin loved playing war and war games as children while his pacifist family was handing out white feathers during WWI.”

Jakubowicz pitched her idea for a Garsington-themed monograph after meeting Cecil at the launch of Caroline Zoob's book *Virginia Woolf's Garden: The Story of the Garden at Monk's House* (2013). She wrote:

He had written an introduction to that book, and had been very supportive of her. I told him about my PhD, and we had a short chat. In the months afterwards I was in the process of compiling quite a lot of material on Garsington that I knew wouldn't fit in my thesis, and I thought it might be smart to put it into a pamphlet for him. I pitched the book to him as a companion piece to his other texts on Ham Spray and Asheham. He was initially unsure of how well it would fit into the theme of “Bloomsbury,” but he was convinced by the proposal.

According to Jakubowicz, she and Cecil “didn't discuss pacifism, or the role of the text in pacifist scholarship,” but the two-page proposal for the project that she sent Cecil detailed the chapter that would cover how Garsington Manor “functioned as a refuge for conscientious objectors during the First World War.”

Neverow, who presented a paper on Septimus Smith as war poet at the 24th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf at Loyola University in Chicago in 2014, wrote that she “cannot recall whether Cecil asked me to submit the essay or whether I thought he might be interested and pitched it to him. I think it was likely the latter.” An email from Cecil to Neverow dated 4 April 2015, is typical of the kind of gentle encouragement that he provides his authors. It reads:

Dear Vara,

I hope this finds you thriving. I'm writing now in the hope that you may be able to send us your proposed Septimus Smith essay. I probably told you, unlike many publishers I make it a practice not to breathe down our authors' necks, as it were—but at the same time making it clear that we're always happy to read drafts and discuss problems &c. This may, of course, result in an author interpreting the silence as indifference, which with Septimus S is very far from being the case.

If you were able to get it to us fairly soon, we would love to publish it in time for Bloomsburg¹ in June.

My experience as one of the authors writing about peace for Cecil Woolf Publishers is similar to those already shared. Like Neverow's *Septimus Smith: Modernist and War Poet*, my *Virginia Woolf, Vanessa Bell and the Great War, Seeing Peace Through an Open Window: Art, Domesticity*

& *the Great War* started out as a paper delivered at a Woolf conference, this time the 25th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf at Bloomsburg University in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania in June of 2015. Cecil attended my panel and asked me afterward if I would submit my paper for publication. Of course, I said yes, and he published it the following year.

But the history of *The Bloomsbury Pacifists and the Great War* is much longer and more convoluted. The process extended over a period of eleven years, with Cecil's ongoing patience, perseverance, and support indicating how important the topic was to him. The idea for this project was clearly his. As I recall, Cecil mentioned the subject of the Bloomsbury pacifists to me when I first met him at my own inaugural Woolf conference, the 17th, held at Miami University of Ohio in Oxford, in 2007. But it wasn't until after he published my first monograph in 2009 that he brought up the subject again in earnest. He reintroduced it in a letter sent through the post dated 17 July 2009, after the 19th Woolf conference in New York City:

Other projects I discussed with people at the conf[erence] were... Woolf and Film, Woolf and Humour, and of course, Bloomsbury and Pacifism by my favourite author, which last I'm hoping appeals to her. I am putting a copy of Frances Partridge's 'A Pacifist's War' in the post to you. Unfortunately, the war it deals with is 1939-45, not 1914-18, but I think it is probably worthwhile reading. It seems to me a very good subject, but you must not feel you have to take it on unless you really want to. Of course I would like you to.

Three weeks later, in a letter dated 7 August 2009, Cecil sent another prompt about the monograph, “I'm longing to hear whether, now you're a published Author, you're raring to go on your next opus. Bloomsbury and Pacifism is a very good subject, I think, and you're the right person to tackle it.” Cecil mentions the project again in letters dated 10 November 2009 and 18 December 2009, asking me to write and let him know whether I have “managed to make a start on Bloomsbury and Pacifism.” I had not. By 26 April 2010, Cecil admits that it is “a big topic which I didn't expect to drop out of your sleeve” and proposes a 2011 publication date.

Our correspondence, by Royal Mail and email, went on until late last year—2018—with Cecil never doubting that the project was valuable and that I would complete it, despite years of delays. Throughout, he provided persistent and ongoing gentle encouragement, recommended reading, tidbits about conscription in Britain in the 1910s, and other helpful advice about the Bloomsbury pacifists. He also wrote reference letters to support my applications for both a Berg Fellowship at the New York Public Library and an NEH grant so that I could conduct research for the project. Cecil's unwavering dedication to the Bloomsbury pacifists project, along with two sentences he included in the 31 March 2011 Berg reference letter, demonstrate his working commitment to peace as a vital social justice issue: “This work will, incidentally, bring together two salient themes of this publishing house, Bloomsbury and war/pacifism. Over the years we have published a considerable number of books on both these subjects.”

I assert Cecil's deep commitment to peace as a social justice issue, despite a recent caveat sent to me by his wife, Jean Moorcroft Wilson, in an email dated 26 May 2019: “My main impression is that Cecil, like Leonard and all his immediate Woolf family, cared greatly for justice, Yet I can say with some conviction that Cecil is not a Pacifist in all situations. He did not consider the Second World War, for instance, wrong and fought in it proudly.” Like many who supported that war from the battlefield or the home front, Cecil seems to have considered World War II a just war, which in Just War theory may be seen, according to Robert E. Williams in “Jus Post Bellum: Justice in the Aftermath of War,” as “the Golden Mean, perhaps, between pacifism and holy war” (167). Cecil achieved that delicate balance. Through his work as a publisher, he shows his commitment to pacifism and peace as a social

¹ Bloomsburg University hosted the 2015 Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf.

justice issue. Through his military service as a lance-corporal fighting in Italy in World War II, he showed his support of a war he considered both necessary and just. He has, indeed, found “the Golden Mean.”

**Paula Maggio
Blogging Woolf**

Works Cited

- Graybosch, Sasha. “The Rumpus Interview with Cecil Woolf.” *The Rumpus*. 16 June 2009. <https://therumpus.net/2009/06/the-rumpus-interview-with-cecil-woolf/> Web. June 1, 2019.
- Jakubowicz, Karina. *Garsington Manor and the Bloomsbury Group*. Bloomsbury Heritage: 77. London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2016.
- . “Re: Garsington Manor.” Message to Paula Maggio. 22 May 2019. E-mail.
- Laurence, Patricia. “Re: Cecil Woolf Publishers as advocate for peace.” Message to Paula Maggio. 23 May 2019. E-mail.
- . *Julian Bell: The Violent Pacifist*. Bloomsbury Heritage: 46. London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2006.
- Maggio, Paula. *Virginia Woolf, Vanessa Bell and the Great War, Seeing Peace Through an Open Window: Art, Domesticity & the Great War*. Bloomsbury Heritage: 78. London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2016.
- . *The Bloomsbury Pacifists and the Great War*. Bloomsbury Heritage: 84. London, Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2018.
- Neverow, Vara S. “Re: Cecil Woolf Publishers.” Message to Paula Maggio. 26 May 2019. E-mail.
- . *Septimus Smith, Modernist and War Poet: A Closer Reading*. Bloomsbury Heritage: 76. London, Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2015.
- Ockerstrom, Lolly. *Virginia Woolf and the Spanish Civil War: Texts, Contexts & Women’s Narratives*. Bloomsbury Heritage: 66. London, Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2012.
- Wilson, Jean Moorcroft. “Re: Questions about Cecil Woolf Publishers for my conference presentation in June.” Message to Paula Maggio. 26 May 2019. E-mail.
- . *Virginia Woolf’s War Trilogy: Anticipating “Three Guineas.”* Bloomsbury Heritage: 5. London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 1996.
- Williams, Robert. E. Jr. “Jus post Bellum: Justice in the Aftermath of War.” *The Future of Just War: New Critical Essays*. Ed. Caron E. Gentry and Amy E. Eckert. Athens: U of Georgia P, 2014. 167-80.
- Woolf, Cecil. “Re: Paula’s recommendation letter.” Message to Paula Maggio, 31 March 2011. Email.
- . “Re: INSERT SUBJECT LINE HERE.” Message to Vara Neverow, 4 April 2015.



Just Lives of the Obscure: Cecil Woolf, Biography, and Social Justice

Lately we all have been thinking about justice and injustice of many kinds, perhaps with a particular urgency. I have been thinking about it in the context of *biography*—and Woolf—and Bloomsbury—and modernism—and radio modernism. Knowing the irony of the gesture, I’m going to be selfish; I’d like to ruminate on biography in these various contexts, and to ask a few questions and raise a few possibilities as part of the endless effort to clarify my own motivations and intentions. These motivations and intentions guide my work as an incipient biographer and as a cultural historian both of radio modernism and of Bloomsbury’s contributions to life-writing and to life-depiction in the arts (I’m thinking specifically of Duncan Grant’s religious murals in Berwick Church and Lincoln Cathedral). By way of context, and perhaps even justification: I have recently co-edited, with Michael Lackey, an issue of the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*, on “Woolf and Biofiction”; I have been invited to co-author a biography of a now-forgotten BBC radio and television pioneer named Lance Sieveking; I am writing a

book exploring how Lytton Strachey’s biographical innovations helped shape the emergence of biofiction beginning in the 1920s. And I have been fortunate to contribute two quasi-biographical ‘booklings’¹ to Cecil Woolf Publisher’s Bloomsbury Heritage Series: *Desmond and Molly MacCarthy: Bloomsberries* (2010) and *Saxon Sydney-Turner: The Ghost of Bloomsbury* (2015). In other words, I have been thinking quite a bit lately about the recent history of life writing; about what it means to write biography—its aesthetic and ethical opportunities and responsibilities; about how careful attention to the details and textures of a life in the act of crafting a “life” might itself constitute a type of justice, however small; and about Cecil Woolf’s—and indeed his and Jean Moorcroft Wilson’s—direct and indirect encouragement in these endeavors.

In her late essay “The Art of Biography” (1939), Virginia Woolf notices the new social, cultural, and technological conditions of life-writing in the early twentieth century (conditions echoed in our own age of selfies and ousies and mobile phones). “We live in an age,” she writes, “when a thousand cameras” reveal “every character from every angle,” with the result that “so much [more] is known” about any given individual than in previous ages (195). These changed conditions lead to changes in the craft of biography. The contemporary growth and evolution of biography, especially under the influence of Lytton Strachey, who in *Eminent Victorians* said he thought the modern biographer overburdened by a “vast [...] quantity of information” (9), led Woolf to ask the “inevitable” question of merit; she considers, in direct challenge to that famous dictum of Carlyle’s, “whether the lives of great men only should be recorded. Is not anyone who has lived a life, and left a record of that life, worthy of biography—the failures as well as the successes, the humble as well as the illustrious” (195). This passage, at once ethical and political, recalls key passages on the relative value of masculine and feminine subjects for fiction in *A Room of One’s Own* (1929): what kinds of subjects—in other words, what kinds of lives—are appropriate material for fiction? Yes, great men probably deserve biographies, but so too do the ordinary among us, regardless of sex or gender, who live lives too, and who remind us that life happens in the ordinariness of the everyday—not as something to be emulated or aspired to, but as something done, naturally, by everyone. Lorraine Sim’s work brilliantly addresses modernism’s fascination with the ordinary in the context of Woolf studies. In *A Writing Life*, Annie Dillard speaks more broadly when she notes, “How we spend our days is, of course, how we spend our lives. What we do with this hour, and that one, is what we are doing” (32). Woolf’s passage on biographical worthiness in “The Art of Biography” also echoes her reflections on the value of biography for social and political criticism published the previous year in *Three Guineas* (1938). There, in her opening pages, Woolf asks her correspondent, “How then [...] can we answer your question, how to prevent war?” and appeals for help to “that marvelous, perpetually renewed, and as yet largely untapped aid to the understanding of human motives which is provided in our age by biography and autobiography” (9).

More vitally even, Woolf’s radically democratic assertion of universal biographical worthiness recalls the “Lives of the Obscure” portraits in her first *Common Reader* (1925), where “The obscure”—the line between books and people here is not entirely clear—“sleep on the walls, slouching against each other as if they were too drowsy to stand upright” (106). Into this library, this *vivary*, enters the biographer, who “likes romantically to feel oneself a deliverer advancing with lights across the waste of years to the rescue of some stranded ghost [that] wait[s], appealing, forgotten, in the growing gloom. Possibly they hear one coming. They shuffle, they preen, they bridle. Old secrets well up to their lips. The divine relief of communication will soon again be theirs” (106-07). The drowsy obscure are much like the historical oddities and eccentrics that are the subjects of Strachey’s exquisite miniature portraits—and like the severely odd and eccentrically

¹ This term was coined by my wife, Gigi Thibodeau.

ingenious Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo, several of whose lost works were retrieved in the late 1950s and 1960s by Cecil Woolf. These sleepers hail the biographer into ethical encounters with Taylors and Edgeworths, with Eleanor Ormerod, and with Laetitia Pilkington (as a proto-Shakespeare's Sister). These encounters, for Woolf, define what we might call, expanding the modernist momentary lexicon, "moments of looking" or "moments of attention." For, she continues, these forgotten sleepers in their gloom, these "sudden and astonishing apparitions staring in at us, all taut and pale in their determination never to be forgotten," call the biographer into action with their "passionate desire for redress" (110). Who and what is the biographer in this situation? She answers: "In the whole world there is probably but one person who looks up for a moment and tries to interpret the menacing face, the furious beckoning fist, before, in the multitude of human affairs, fragments of faces, echoes of voices, flying coat-tails, and bonnet strings disappearing down the shrubby walks, one's attention is distracted for ever" (110). The biographer, then, is one who looks up for a moment at a face—who attends to it and honors it. (Then, of course, it gets messy. As Strachey argued, it may be "as difficult to write a good life as to live one" [10]).

It is a privilege to honor Cecil Woolf. Others knew him much better than I do; others here have written works for the Bloomsbury Heritage Series that speak, much more directly than I can do, to specific examples of social justice in Cecil's work as a publisher (and perhaps too in his earlier editorial work). It seems clear, though, that Cecil's concern with social justice, perhaps especially in the context of war, echoes that of his aunt Virginia, who looked up for moments—of increasing urgency across the 1930s—to interpret menacing faces and furious fists. Cecil's record as a publisher reveals his understanding of biography, but also of scholarship and archival retrieval directed to the common reader in general, as an opportunity to illuminate lives as things both intrinsically valuable and socially symptomatic. Bloomsbury well knew that, in Virginia Woolf's phrase, "the public and the private worlds are inseparably connected" (*Three Guineas* 168). So too does Cecil Woolf. Many of the scores of contributions to the Bloomsbury Heritage Series bespeak a shared concern for justice in general, and for social justice—a concern that arises from an understanding that individual lives happen, yes, privately in drawing rooms among friends, in bedrooms between lovers, in squares where circles love in triangles. But that they also happen in the world; the world conditions the most private of intimacies; and the ways that individuals conduct themselves and understand themselves and each other in drawing rooms and bedrooms, and in boardrooms and lecture rooms, express an irreducibly complex existential and ideological embeddedness in physical and social life.

My own growing interest in biography proceeds from the simultaneously intellectual and ethical joy—and ethical obligation—of retrieving relatively obscure lives from darkness and helping them to speak again, of themselves and of their broader historical moments of living. Cecil Woolf actively and joyously fostered that interest; and the more, and more closely, I attend to specific moments in the creative lives of individuals such as Duncan Grant and Paul Roche, Saxon Sydney-Turner, Molly MacCarthy, Dora Carrington, and especially Lytton Strachey, the more fascinated I grow by the challenge of reading lives symptomatically while respecting their irreducible uniqueness. I don't know that my own bit of scholarly work on Bloomsbury's ghosts contributes to social justice in any direct or even any really meaningful indirect way. But to the extent that it represents an honest attempt to see lives as in themselves they really were (Woolf's attitude to the biographical craft was rather Arnoldian in this respect)—or in the absence of information to imagine what they may have been—it embodies a habit that I strive to cultivate in daily life and which was encouraged by Cecil's endorsement of these acts of recovery. My hope is that in their own small way these booklings embody an ethic of care, a habit and a moment of attention that honors the Woolfian tradition as articulated by Virginia Woolf and carried on by Cecil Woolf and Jean Moorcroft Wilson.

Todd Avery
University of Massachusetts Lowell

Works Cited

- Avery, Todd. *Desmond and Molly MacCarthy: Bloomsberries*. Bloomsbury Heritage: 59. London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2010.
 —. *Saxon Sydney-Turner: The Ghost of Bloomsbury*. Bloomsbury Heritage: 73. London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2015.
 Dillard, Annie. *The Writing Life*. New York: HarperCollins, 1989.
 Strachey, Lytton. *Eminent Victorians*. Intro. Michael Holroyd. London: Penguin, 1986.
 Woolf, Virginia. "The Art of Biography." *The Death of the Moth and Other Essays*. San Diego: Harcourt Brace, 1970. 187-97.
 —. "The Lives of the Obscure." *The Common Reader: First Series*. Ed. Andrew McNeillie. San Diego: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1984. 106-33.
 —. *Three Guineas*. Annotated and Intro. Jane Marcus. Orlando: Harcourt, 2006.



Responses and Reflections

As Paula noted in her presentation, Jean Moorcroft Wilson, who could not attend the conference due to Cecil's health issues, recently shared with us via an email in which she reported that Cecil is very touched that he is the focus of this panel. Paula has quoted in her presentation Jean's comment "that Cecil, like Leonard and all his immediate Woolf family, cared greatly for justice [but] that, with some conviction Cecil is not a Pacifist in all situations. He did not consider the Second World War, for instance, wrong and fought in it proudly." It is also worth keeping in mind that Cecil is not just a veteran of World War II but is also directly connected to World War I. Philip Woolf, Cecil's father, fought in the Great War and his brother Cecil was killed outright by the same mortar shell that severely wounded Philip. After Philip was discharged from hospital, he was re-deployed to the Front in France where he fought until the end of the war. Philip named his son Cecil, linking him at birth to an uncle whom he would never know. War had left a deep emotional and physical scar on Cecil's father. Such memories and experiences are transmitted and transmuted to the next generation in a variety of ways. To be blessed with the name of a loved one is also to be wounded through grief.

A significant number of works released by Cecil Woolf Publishers focus on war and politics. Among the many publications from the press are Diana Gould's 1984 *On the Spot: The Sinking of the 'Belgrano'*, the Argentinian vessel that was destroyed during the Falklands War by the Royal Navy submarine *Conqueror* in 1982; Tam Dalyell's 1986 *Thatcher: Patterns of Deceit*, a volume in the series Men and Documents; Hugh Hanning's 1998 *Peace: The Plain Man's Guide to War*; and John Press's 2006 *Charles Hamilton Sorley*, the eighth volume in the War Poets series that also includes Christopher Saunders' 2007 *Edward Thomas and the Great War: All Roads Lead to France*. Cecil Woolf Publishers released Quentin Crisp's 1998 *How to Have a Life Style* and reprinted Mark Hussey's essential volume *Virginia Woolf: A to Z* after it was discontinued by Oxford University Press. The Bloomsbury Heritage series was launched in 1994. On June 16, 2009, in an interview with Sasha Graybosch for *The Rumpus* during the Woolf and the City conference hosted by Anne Fernald at the Fordham University Lincoln Center Campus, Cecil stated that, "people would present me with a work on a Bloomsbury topic that wasn't book length. Some of these I saw were very good and that's how we started with the monographs.... The first title we did in the monograph series was juvenilia, written by Virginia at the age of 10 or 12, hitherto unpublished, called A Cockney's Farming Experiences. Others are unpublished texts by Bloomsbury people, like Clive Bell, E.M. Forster, Lytton Strachey—I'm trying to present entirely original pieces."

Karen Levenback, who organized this panel (or roundtable), has engagingly explained her rationale for launching it and has shared her experiences with Cecil Woolf and Jean Moorcroft Wilson in her introductory presentation, an overview illustrated with photographs of Cecil and Jean in various venues.

Lois Gilmore's paper builds on her presentation at the Woolf conference at University of Kent in 2018. There, she also spoke about Cecil Woolf Publishers' series *Authors Take Sides*. The subtitle of that paper was "Art, Writing, and Peace," and the presentation connected the series to a deeply political argument for peace and a passionate call for resistance against Trumpism. Lois's paper today continues her study of the series, exploring both its relevance and value. And appropriately, her paper begins with a reference regarding Cecil's own perspective on pacifism. She also offers us a compact overview of the volumes on Vietnam, the Falklands, and Iraq and the Gulf war, all of which were and continue to be highly problematic conflicts. Each volume of *Authors Take Sides* was published during the conflict and each offered multifaceted rationales and conflicted perspectives, reminding us that warfare is anything but simple and straightforward. As Lois indicates, the origin of *Authors Take Sides* derives from Nancy Cunard's efforts to shine a light on the Spanish Civil War by garnering the responses of contemporary British writers for the *Left Review* in 1937, and Cunard's pamphlet was republished by Cecil Woolf Publishers in 2001. These works provide an awareness of war's consequences and a willingness to wrestle with the concepts of conflict. Such rational, carefully articulated debates are needed now more than ever in an era of escalating authoritarianism marked by attacks on the press, vicious social media, outright boldfaced lies, and the unchecked propagation of really fake news.

Paula Maggio's "Cecil Woolf Publishers: Using the Power of the Press to Advocate for Peace" examines two other series—specifically the War Poets and the Bloomsbury Heritage monographs. As Paula points out in her quotations from Cecil's emails, Cecil has always been very persuasive in his charming and supportive responses. Flexible and understanding, forgiving but also gently persistent, he has always made insightful suggestions for revision and has urged lagging contributors to complete their projects in time for publication. His kindly nudges never bruise the delicate ego of the writer, nor would Cecil ever suggest that the author is lackadaisical even though the promised work may have been on pause for several years. Cecil reminds me always of a gifted teacher who wants a shy star student to be more assertive, but he knows that too much pressure will be unproductive. Paula provides us with a lovely glimpse of the synergy and the inner workings of Cecil's interactions with those whom he publishes.

Todd Avery's "Lives of the Obscure: Cecil Woolf, Biography and Social Justice" is an intriguing reflection on biographical works published by the press. For instance, Todd points out that Cecil brought back into focus "the severely odd and eccentrically ingenious Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo," a remarkable person who called himself Frederick William Serafino Austin Lewis Mary Rolfe. Not only did Cecil resuscitate a number of the author's texts, he also published a detailed bibliography of his work. Todd observes that "Cecil's record as a publisher reveals his understanding of biography, but also of scholarship and archival retrieval directed to the common reader in general, as an opportunity to illuminate lives as things both intrinsically valuable and socially symptomatic," and thus he highlights the keen awareness and insight evident in Cecil's publications. Todd also reflects on his semi-biographical "booklings," *Desmond and Molly MacCarthy: Bloomsberries* and *Saxon Sydney-Turner: The Ghost of Bloomsbury*, published by Cecil Woolf in 2010 and 2015 respectively. The term bookling, conceived by Todd's wife, Gigi Thibodeau, also evokes the miniature perfection of the Bloomsbury Heritage series. I think that all of us who have worked with Cecil and Jean would agree with Todd's observation that they embody an "ethic of care, a habit and a moment

of attention that honors the Woolfian tradition as articulated by Virginia Woolf."

In closing, I should note that when Cecil and Jean launched the tiny monographs of the Bloomsbury Heritage series, they created an extraordinary intellectual, creative, cultural, and historical haven for Bloomsbury scholarship, giving those deeply invested in Woolf and Bloomsbury a uniquely inspiring opportunity to explore on a compact scale a vast number of topics free from the limitations, frustrations, and delays of peer review. From my own perspective as the managing editor of the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*, a publication that welcomes even tinier submissions and publishes essays that are less than 2,500 words long, Bloomsbury Heritage is a kindred project—a welcoming environment creating a space for a scholarly venue that nurtures small but insightful works that are valued precisely for their brevity and their keenly narrow focus. Cecil and Jean have created through their publishing venue a singularly convivial intellectual community that thrives on the exchange of ideas that would otherwise never have been offered. I do hope these responses and reflections have been almost as compact and focused as a Bloomsbury Heritage pamphlet.

Vara Neverow
Southern Connecticut State University



Cecil Woolf at the 2017 Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf at Reading University holding his monograph, *The Other Boy at the Hogarth Press*, #82 of the Bloomsbury Heritage series, published in 2017 by Cecil Woolf Publishers.



Cecil Woolf holding a copy of Jean Moorcroft Wilson's *Virginia Woolf: Life & London: A Biography of Place*, originally published in 1987 by Cecil Woolf Publishers. He is standing outside of 46 Gordon Square, the home to which Virginia Stephen, her sister Vanessa, and her brothers Thoby and Adrian moved in 1905 after Leslie Stephen died. The photograph was taken in 2016.

Both photos were taken by Paula Maggio.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

GUEST EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: CATHERINE W. HOLLIS **The Common Book Collector**

EVENTS, CFPS AND INFORMATION

Thanking the IVWS for continuing support	
Paula Maggio's "Blogging Woolf"	
VWM Editorial Board	
IVWS MLA 2020 Panel for Seattle, WA	
CFP the Annual IVWS for the Annual	
Angelica Garnett Undergraduate Essay Prize	
Announcement of the 30th Annual International Conference on Woolf	
Profession and Performance	
IVWS Panel at Louisville 2020	
Call for Proposals, Clemson UP: Annotated Woolf	
VWM Online	
The IVWS Archive Information	
How to Join the International Virginia Woolf Society	
How to Join the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain	
Société d'Études Woolfiennes	
VWM Guidelines for Submissions	
and Editorial Policies	
Woolfian Resources Online	
A Brief Overview of Resources for Woolfians	

IN MEMORIAM CECIL JAMES SIDNEY WOOLF

EDITED BY PAULA MAGGIO

Remembering Cecil Woolf: Revered by Scholars and Common Readers Alike	Paula Maggio
Cecil Woolf as I Remember Him	Wayne K. Chapman
Memories of Cecil Woolf	Alice Lowe
Visiting 1 Morningside Place	Patricia Laurence
He Will Live on in our Hearts, Minds, and Memories	Roberta Rubenstein
Recalling "Moments of Being" with Cecil Woolf	Drew Shannon
He Charmed and Held the Room	Gill Lowe
Calling into the Grotto:	Emily Kopley
A Remembrance of Cecil Woolf	
He Was Game for All Sorts of Capers	Nicola Wilson
Remembering Cecil	Adela Hurtado
The Woolfs, Bloomsbury, and Social Justice: Cecil Woolf Monographs Past and Present—Roundtable or Panel?	
29th Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf 8 June 2019	
Introduction to "The Woolfs, Bloomsbury, and Social Justice: Cecil Woolf Monographs Past and Present— Roundtable or Panel?"	Karen Levenback
Cecil Woolf Publishers: Using the Power of the Press to Advocate for Peace	Paula Maggio
A Legacy of Social Justice in Times of War and Peace: Authors Take Sides	Lois Gilmore
Just Lives of the Obscure: Cecil Woolf, Biography, and Social Justice	Todd Avery
Responses and Reflections	Vara Neverow

THE COMMON BOOK COLLECTOR

Edited by Catherine Hollis

Some Thoughts on Collecting Woolf	Jon S. Richardson
Virginia@Victoria:	Carmen Königsreuther Socknat
The Woolf/Hogarth Press/ Bloomsbury Group Collection at Victoria University's E.J. Pratt Library	
Judging Books by their Covers:	Greg Matthews
Collecting Hogarth Press Variants	
The Linda Langham Woolf Collection	Ellen Sowchek & Brendan Plann-Curley

1	A Library One Can Eat In	Catherine W. Hollis	31
	Thinking Back Through My	Alice Staveley	31
1	Mother's Bookshelves		
3	A Library of Woolf Scholarship	Emily Kopley	32
3	Book Collecting Notes:	Alex Siskin	34
3	Leslie Stephen and Me		
3	Some Thoughts on Other People's	Anne Byrne	36
3	Attachment to Books—and My Own		
3	My First Purchase	Kristin Czarnecki	38
	The Silent Auction	Maggie Humm	38
4	Hours in a Bookshop	Stephen Barkway	39
	The Joy of Not Being First	Cecilia Servatius	40
5	A Glorious Moment	Carla Lento Faria	41
5	Book Collecting by a Common Reader:	AnneMarie Bantzinger	41
5	From The Voyage Out to a Voyage In, and Then to a Voyage Out		
5	The Books in the Living Room	Matthew Cheney	42
5	Clearing the Shelves	Melody Wilson	42
6	Hoarding Woolf:	Sandra Inskeep-Fox	44
6	Filling Up One's Own Room		
6	TRULY MISCELLANEOUS		
	Reading	Ann Fisher-Wirth	44
7	"something so varied and wandering":	Lesley Higgin's &	44
7	"restless" Subjectivity in Virginia Woolf's Fiction	Marie-Christine Leps	
	Virginia Woolf, Greek Accents, and The Waves	Robert B. Todd	47
8	A Novel Marriage	Molly Hoff	49
9	BOOK REVIEWS		
9	Call for Reviewers		51
10	How to Contact the Book Review Editor		51
10	REVIEW:	Eleanor McNees	51
11	Modernist Lives:		
	Biography and Autobiography at Leonard and Virginia Woolf's Hogarth Press		
11	by Claire Battershill		
13	REVIEW:	Eileen Barrett	53
13	Virginia Woolf's Modernist Path:		
13	Her Middle Diaries and the Diaries She Read by Barbara Lounsbury		
	REVIEW:	Karina Jakubowicz	54
13	Virginia Woolf's Rooms and the Spaces of Modernity by Suzana Zink		
	REVIEW:	Karen Levenback	56
14	Virginia Woolf and the World of Books: The Centenary of the Hogarth Press:		
17	Selected Papers from the Twenty-Seventh Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf		
19	edited by Nicola Wilson and Claire Battershill		
19	REVIEW:	Alice Keane	57
20	An Annotated Guide to the Writings and Papers of Leonard Woolf, 3rd (Revised) Edition by Janet M. Manson and Wayne K. Chapman.		
	REVIEW:	Peter Stansky	58
23	The Olivier Sisters: A Biography by Sarah Watling		
25	Recently Published and Forthcoming Books on Virginia Woolf and Bloomsbury		59
	List of the IVWS Officers and Members-at-Large		59
29	The Society Column	Kristin Czarnecki	60

Special Topic Issue 95



The Common Book Collector



Edited
by
Catherine Hollis

Some Thoughts on Collecting Virginia Woolf

My wife Peggy and I have been specializing in works by and about Virginia Woolf and the Bloomsbury Group for nearly 40 years. We started as neophytes trying to cover modern English literature plus Jane Austen, gradually focusing our efforts on Woolf and the Bloomsbury Group. This change more or less paralleled developments in the rare book business generally as dealers became more and more specialized and a serious market really existed only for the scarcest or most unusual material. We have always worked by mail and gradually the trade has moved in this direction. No longer can one drive through the Cotswolds finding books in every town.

We miss the old bookshops run by generally intelligent lovers of books, which had the benefit of physically demonstrating to new collectors the scope of the subject being sought. Now one has to go to major book fairs (such as those in London or New York) to see the available material and, even then, literature is woefully under-represented. The next best source of information would be a visit to the few major literary shops still operating such as Peter Harrington in London, Peter Stern in Boston, or Tom Goldwasser in San Francisco. The Antiquarian Booksellers' Association of America (ABAA) or Provincial Booksellers Fairs Association (PBFA) circulates guides to members that will direct you to more localized opportunities. Unfortunately, hopping along to London or San Francisco becomes expensive, thus many literature dealers exist only online or by mailed or emailed catalogs. We, like most dealers, are happy to email our catalogs to those requesting them because the costs are almost nil.

How Then to Collect Woolf? You start naturally with an interest perhaps piqued by her novels or biographies of her family and friends or perhaps just her reputation in modern feminist writing. And then, akin to peeling an onion, you realize that Virginia and Leonard Woolf lead to the Hogarth Press and to Vanessa Bell, and on to Duncan Grant and Roger Fry, and they to E. M. Forster, J. M. Keynes, Lytton Strachey and Clive Bell. There are the mistresses and lovers, the homes (Tavistock Square, Hogarth House, Asheham House, Charleston), and on to the

next generation—Julian, Quentin, and Angelica Bell and the generations beyond them, all sprinkled with the Garnett family. This leads to the main detour of all: Vita Sackville-West. With a canon of her own including poetry, fiction, gardening, and just good writing, Vita brings Harold Nicolson, who has created several shelves of unusually elegant prose and whose interest in politics links back to Leonard's. Thus, the ultimate issue in collecting Woolf is HOW TO STOP!

We have many clients who have chosen to start and stop with the Hogarth Press, since that covers all of Woolf's major works and safely circumscribes the quest to 504 books. We derive this number by using Howard Woolmer's delimitation of books published by the press before the 1946 sale to Chatto & Windus as detailed in his *Checklist of the Hogarth Press* (generally available online but make sure you buy the 1986 revised edition). But, on further examination, we see that the goal of 504 books is largely illusory because No. 3 (C. N. Sydney Woolf's book, *Poems*, done in 1918) is likely unavailable with only a handful of copies thought to exist (most in institutional hands) at prices exceeding \$50,000. One needs to be realistic about the potential time line for completion (many of the most elusive books seem to turn up only once in a generation) as well as the cost. These considerations have led many, including institutions, to further limit their goals.

Several delimitations present themselves:

1. **Books illustrated by Vanessa Bell.** Vanessa illustrated all of her sister's books published by the Hogarth Press in distinctively designed jackets which clearly justify the interest shown them by collectors. Later printing jackets can be found for reasonable prices while offering the same art experience as first editions. Otherwise Leonard was very limited in his use of Vanessa's talents. She did two jackets for books by Anna D. Whyte (a New Zealander), one being *Change Your Sky*, a novel that suggests a trip to Florence and thus Bell's striking design of the Duomo makes ultimate sense. The other book by Whyte is *Lights Are Bright* in which a striking ring of lights in a harbor setting reflect the last scenes of the book. Both of these jackets can be found on the Victoria University Library website; both of them are nearly impossible to obtain at any price. Joan Easdale's *Amber Innocent* and Edmund Blunden's *Charles Lamb* are two books whose Bell jackets are more available. Susan Buchan's *Funeral March of a Marionette* is relatively common, as is Henry Green's *Back*. A true rarity in jacket is Bell's design for Mary Gordon's *Chase of the Wild Goose* about the two lesbian ladies of Llangollen: we were lucky to have one of those last year. Another striking Bell jacket is on Edward Upward's *Journey to the Border*, which is very scarce but obtainable. I do not believe I have ever seen an explanation of how Leonard selected Vanessa to design any particular jacket and, of course, he had a small stable of other artists he used such as John Banting, Richard Kennedy, E. McKnight Kauffer, et al. Bell also created the jacket for an American edition (Doubleday) of the collected *Hogarth Essays*, which is very rare in complete condition and also NOT published in the UK. Another very scarce but obtainable Bell jacket is the one on Roger Fry's translations of *Mallarmé's Poems* (Chatto & Windus, 1936). [See also Ephemeria below.]

2. **The Hand Printed Books.** Many libraries have opted for collections of the 34 books hand-printed on letterpress, a task originally undertaken as therapy for Virginia's depressive moods but presumably continued because they enjoyed the process. The books run the gamut from T. S. Eliot to more forgettable poets; they were mostly books of poetry because the length is more conducive to letterpress work. Woolmer has carefully noted the print run of each, and since most run under 200 copies, all handprinted books are, by definition, scarce, although they do turn up frequently. They rarely come up for sale as a group unless you are lucky enough to meet up with a catalog of a complete collection; the Traub Collection issued by Peter Grogan in 2017 is a case in point and included the rare Cecil Woolf *Poems*. Another important example is the Reedman Collection in the Glenn Horowitz catalog mentioned below.

3. **The handmade papers.** In many of the early Press books, the Woolfs used most unusual Continental paper to cover the books. Indeed, many books bear numerous variations in paper, suggesting they only had two or three sheets of each pattern. *Paris* by Hope Mirrlees (Woolmer 5) is a good example; likewise, *Daybreak* by Fredegond Shove (Woolmer 24).

4. **An author-based collection.** Auden, Spender, Graves, Eliot, Sackville-West, Kitchin, Lehmann, Fry, and Day-Lewis each had multiple books published by the Hogarth Press. But fair warning: going down this route may trigger an even larger quest for all of the books by these authors, which leads inexorably to the bibliographies for each, and further temptations.

5. **Dustjacket designers.** Of course, Vanessa Bell is the most pre-eminent, but Leonard used several artists for multiple assignments: Trekkie Ritchie Parsons, John Banting, and of course Richard Kennedy (of *A Boy at the Hogarth Press* fame) whose striking motif was used on eleven jackets in an assortment of colors.

6. **Ephemera.** A little known sub-field of the Hogarth Press is the study of the printed catalogs, advertisements, and announcements. Mostly written by Leonard (who else was there to do it?), they provide rich insight into the Woolfs's marketing efforts. The greatest treasures are (a) the yearly catalogs which had color designs by Vanessa Bell on the paper covers and exist only in a handful of copies and (b) other Announcements from the 1920s which were written by the Woolfs and hand printed on their letterpress. A prime example would be the *Autumn 1924 Announcement*, which can be viewed on the Victoria University website.

7. **Your own formulation.** Taking off from Willis's examination of various "clumps" of books by the Press, and fortified by Helen Southworth's collection of detailed essays in *Networks of Modernism*, you could collect many sub-sets of the Press books organized by your own limiting theory, whether politics, dust jacket illustrators, gay writers, female writers (often pseudonymous), biography, etc.

8. **Proofs & Dummies.** Each book produced by the Hogarth Press started with a printer's proof for review by the author and the Woolfs. They came in two forms - a) unbound collections of printed signatures, perhaps with an elastic to hold them, and b) bound proofs, usually in tan wrappers, with all pages enclosed in the wrapper and glued or stapled depending on length. Usually only 5-6 copies were created. The indices were often blank and illustrations omitted, although noted. Once marked up, the printer created the first edition. There was often a dummy book prepared with blank contents to show the cover printing and perhaps to test book jacket designs. We have only ever seen one of these, but they do exist: because the "dummies" represented valuable paper (which soon became rare during WWII rationing) they were often consumed, and indeed, the only dummy we have ever handled became a notebook/sketch book for young Quentin. Because proofs and dummies represent the earliest form of a particular book some collectors seek them out to supplement the first editions.

9. **Beyond the Hogarth Press- Bloomsbury Ephemera.** Here the sky is the limit. We have in mind catalogs of exhibitions of Bloomsbury artists including Omega Workshop artists; of special note are the short catalog/announcements by the Bloomsbury Workshop in London, operated for several decades as a labor of love by Tony Bradshaw and producing sumptuous printed pamphlets with color plates and commissioned essays. Beyond those obvious examples, the field can extend from the log book of the Godrevy Lighthouse (yes, Virginia Woolf visited) to the medical files of the institution where Roger Fry's wife, Helen, was institutionalized, and everywhere in between.

Stray thoughts. Many of the hardest books to find are those intended for a juvenile audience, probably because they were not well cared for. Kathleen Innes's four books on the League of Nations and Barbara

Baker's book, *The Three Rings* (1944), are prime examples. *Three Rings* was illustrated by Trekkie Ritchie Parsons, which suggests another illustrator to collect, although most of her work post-dates Woolmer's checklist and occurred in the late 1940s and 50s, usually for Chatto where her husband was the principal director.

One question I have often asked is: why did Leonard or Virginia publish a given book? There are doubtless as many answers as there are books. Willis and Southworth provide some guidance here but much remains undiscovered.

My own nomination for the "Ingrate of the Year" award would be I. Harris's 1942 *Calcium Bread Scandal* (Woolmer 491), which I was able to skim when last we had a copy. In this book, Dr. Harris apoplectically charges Churchill's Government with near treason in putting calcium in the national bread supply without any health benefit (he asserts): all this during WWII while Leonard needed a government allocation of paper in order to keep the Hogarth Press in existence. The rarity of this book, with an ostensible 2000 copy print run, suggests most copies were dumped in a bin, although Woolmer did not detect a formal pulping. Perhaps Leonard got the "word."

Values of Woolf material. Was it Wilde who said of a character that he "knew the price of everything and the value of nothing"? Something clearly to be avoided in pegging dollars and pounds to Woolf's work. Still a few comments may be ventured.

Because of Woolf's pre-eminent reputation as a woman writer, the value of her work has always been valued highly by the rare book market. Prices of her most significant books (*Mrs. Dalloway*, *Jacob's Room*, *To The Lighthouse*, *A Room of One's Own*) have risen significantly in value during the last 30 years, while values of lesser regarded works have not. The jacket is key here, and in the case of Woolf, this means a Vanessa Bell jacket: there we see the prices approaching \$75,000 in some cases, depending largely on condition. One disturbing factor is that the supply of even jacketed first editions is increasing (observe the listings online) indicating that new collectors may not be fully supplanting exiting collectors; in the long run, if true, this is not good for values. Already the lesser works languish at prices lower than a decade ago, so this is perhaps a good time to start a jacketed Woolf collection.

The most sought after of Woolf's books also reflect the so-called "high-spot" premium where another pool of collectors, having little interest in any particular author, are searching for major works by Hemingway, Faulkner, Fitzgerald and Woolf, to name a few. There, prices have stabilized at record levels, helped no doubt by the 2018 stock market. Beyond a jacket, the book market values most highly either signed or inscribed works where prices for books given to a sister or Bloomsbury friend can rise very high indeed.

Some Important Woolf Collections. One could do worse when starting down the collecting road than to look at some collections already formed. We recently acquired a catalog of a 1991 exhibition of Woolf books held at Victoria University in Toronto, created by Mrs. Mary Jackman and given to that University to form the nucleus of what has become one of the three or four most inclusive collections of Woolf material in North America. Mrs. Jackman attributed her devoted collecting of Virginia Woolf to the gift by her mother of a first edition of *A Room of One's Own*.

Another fascinating collection was launched by William Beekman in New York City, as described in a 2008 Grolier Club catalogue by William Beekman and Sarah Funke entitled *This Perpetual Flight, Love and Loss in Virginia Woolf's Intimate Circle*.¹ The Beekman Collection included many books acquired from another extensive collection formed in the U.K. by Robert Reedman, itself the subject of a previous Glenn

¹ Editors' note: Beekman's materials were acquired by Berg Collection at the New York Public Library in late 2019.

Horowitz catalog in 2005. Reedman had the benefit of haunting sale rooms and contacting dealers in the 1960s and 70s before the run-up in Woolf prices and before any but the most astute recognized their significance. A reading of either well researched catalog is akin to a short seminar in Woolf studies.

To gauge the range of interests held by Leonard and Virginia, one could start with the catalog of the Monk's House Library, which is now at Washington State University, where a complete collection of Hogarth Press books can also be found. The catalog (originally produced by the Holleyman book firm) has been reproduced and is often available from online sources. Many of the Woolfs' books were disposed of by Leonard, and later on by Trekkie Parsons, before the sale to W.S.U.; although some occasionally re-enter the market as another possible collecting theme, tracking these down is bound to involve frustration.

Recently we had a rare catalog from Cambridge University, *Virginia Woolf 1882-1941—An Exhibition Organized by S. J. Hills* (1991) that reflects their rich holdings of material, not only by Woolf, but also by all of her relatives and many of her friends, including notably Thoby Stephen's pamphlet *Compulsory Chapel*. While not beautifully produced (or even illustrated) the catalog, with its detailed entries, shines a beacon on all corners of Woolfiana.

Methods of Acquisition. Collectors are still prowling the outside book trolleys of open shops looking for lurking treasures. There are fewer to be had because the internet has leveled the playing field for dealers, and even a remote country antique shop confronted with a book never seen will check AbeBooks to get a handle on price. They may still price it lower than its market value, but you are unlikely to find a £1 price on a £500 book. Abebooks.com is a good source for reading copies of major books and for critical works. Those of you in the scholarly field will know that publishers are using print on-demand to maintain extremely high prices on new critical works; this shows no sign of abating and, unless one finds a resale through an estate sale or reviewer, prices for new critical works remain high.

My best advice is to seek out catalogs from dealers whose wares interest you and, once you have a goal in mind, approach them for quotes of the material you are seeking. You will definitely not get a bargain, but you might get the book. Most dealers sell a high percentage of their books directly to customers who have registered specific wants with them. Quotes are always without obligation although usually for a short time frame or even "subject to prior sale" for really scarce items. **Good Hunting!!**

Further Inquiries. Peggy and I would be pleased to assist anyone seriously interested in forming a collection or desiring further guidance. **We can be reached at yorkharborbooks@aol.com or P. O. Box 1269, Concord, MA 01742.**

**Jon S. Richardson
Concord, MA**

Works Cited

- Bradshaw, Tony. *The Bloomsbury Artists, Prints and Book Design*. Scolar P, 1999.
- Connolly, Cyril. *100 Key Books of The Modern Movement*. London: Cross & Ravenscroft, 1965.
- Cross, Robert S. and Ravenscroft Hulme, Ann. *Vita Sackville-West: A Bibliography*. New Castle, DE: Oak Knoll P, 1999.
- Kirkpatrick, B. J. and Clarke, Stuart. *A Bibliography of Virginia Woolf, 4th Edition*. Clarendon P, 1997.
- Rhein, Donna E. *The Handprinted Books of Leonard and Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press, 1917-1932*. UMI Research Press, 1985.
- Southworth, Helen, ed. *The Hogarth Press and the Networks of Modernism*. Edinburgh UP, 2010.

- Willis, J. H. *Leonard and Virginia Woolf as Publishers: The Hogarth Press, 1917-1941*. Charlottesville: UP of Virginia, 1992.
- Woolmer, J. Howard, ed. *A Checklist of the Hogarth Press 1917-1946*. Revere, PA: Woolmer/Brotherson, 1986.



Fig. 1: Cover of *Amber Innocent* by Joan Adeney Easdale published by the Hogarth Press



Fig. 2: Cover of *Chase the Wild Goose: The Story of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby Known as the Ladies of Llangollen* by Mary Gordon published by the Hogarth Press

Virginia@Victoria: The Woolf/Hogarth Press/Bloomsbury Group collection at Victoria University's E. J. Pratt Library

The Woolf/Hogarth Press/Bloomsbury Collection at Victoria University was developed out of the generosity of Mary Coyne Rowell Jackman, who received a copy of *A Room of One's Own* as a wedding present from her mother in 1930.

Mary was born in 1904, to Nellie Langford Rowell, class of Victoria 1896, and Newton Rowell, a prominent Ontario politician and lawyer. Her aunt was Professor Mary C. Rowell, class of Victoria 1898, who

taught in the Department of French. Mary attended Victoria College, earning her BA in 1925. After her marriage to Henry Rutherford Jackman, a Toronto lawyer, and while raising four children, she expanded her role as a women's advocate, volunteering with many artistic associations and University committees, and eventually receiving honorary degrees from Victoria University and the University of Toronto. In 1993, the year before her death, she was nominated for the Order of Canada.¹

This wedding present created a spark, as Mrs. Jackman wrote in her reminiscence, "How the Woolf Collection Came to Be," printed in the preface of the catalogue for the 1982 exhibition at the E. J. Pratt Library:

my interest in Virginia Woolf's writing was stimulated. Sometime later, a friend, Professor Kenneth MacLean, of the Department of English, Victoria College, offered me the catalogue of a rare-book dealer in London, Bertram Rota Ltd., and suggested perhaps I might like to collect first editions of V. Woolf's work. This I did, and my interests were broadened by the arrival of early books and further catalogues, so that I also began to include works of the Bloomsbury Group. I soon realized these books should be made available to students."²

In 1963 Mrs. Jackman presented a number of first editions of Virginia Woolf's works and Hogarth Press publications to the Annesley Hall Women's residence library in honor of her mother and aunt. However, as the collection grew, it was decided that this valuable material should be catalogued and properly housed in the E. J. Pratt Library. Over the years the collection continued to expand with generous gifts from Mrs. Jackman, the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council, Friends of Victoria University Library and many other donors, so that today we have over 5800 items in our collection, with Woolmer's *Checklist of the Hogarth Press* fully represented, including all of the hand printed books, many in variant issues and bindings.

It is now the most comprehensive collection of its kind in Canada and has been a resource for a number of international publications, including Jans Ondaatje Rolls' *The Bloomsbury Cookbook*; the exhibition catalogue *Virginia Woolf: Art, Life and Vision* by the National Portrait Gallery; as well as the recent Folio Society edition of *A Room of One's Own*. We also loan materials for such international exhibitions as *British Bohemia: the Bloomsbury Circle of Virginia Woolf* in Krakow (2010); *A Room of Their Own: The Bloomsbury Artists in American Collections*, which travelled from Duke to Cornell and then to four other U.S. museums; and the 2017 Dulwich Picture Gallery retrospective exhibition of Vanessa Bell's work. In addition, many digitized images from our collection have been contributed to the Modernist Archives Publishing Project (MAPP; <https://www.modernistarchives.com/>).

Since the hand printed books are the earliest publications of the Hogarth Press and arguably the most interesting in terms of publishing process, the decision was made early on to purchase as many variants as possible for research purposes. The Library owns, for example, nine different copies of *Daybreak* by Fredegond Shove, all three states of the label of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* and all three variants of *Two Stories* in the blue, yellow and iconic red patterned paper.³

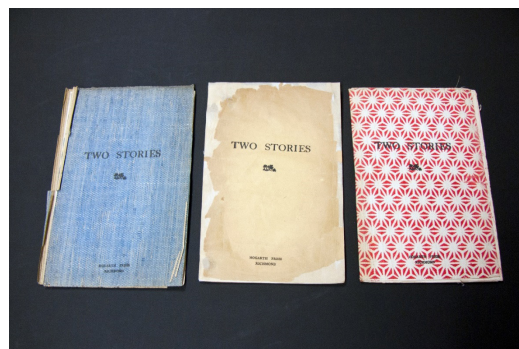


Fig. 1: Copies of *Two Stories*. Leonard and Virginia Woolf. 1917. Courtesy of Victoria University.

As the Press became more of a going concern, printing was taken over commercially, but the important interaction of the written and visual elements remained. In addition to illustrations such as woodcuts in the publications themselves, many of the dust jacket designs are very original and attractive. These were often created by Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant, E. McKnight Kauffer, Trekkie Ritchie Parsons, John Banting and other artists of the day. The Library's goal has been to purchase copies in dust jackets whenever possible.

The range and scope of the collection eventually expanded to include even more material relating to the publishing process. As a result, the Library continues to actively collect proof copies, especially those with corrections. For instance, our copies of *Prelude* by Katherine Mansfield are with and without the line print by J. D. Fergusson, which Mansfield selected but Virginia disliked and had removed. We also have preliminary page proofs to proof the typesetting, containing pencilled corrections assumed to be by Leonard Woolf.

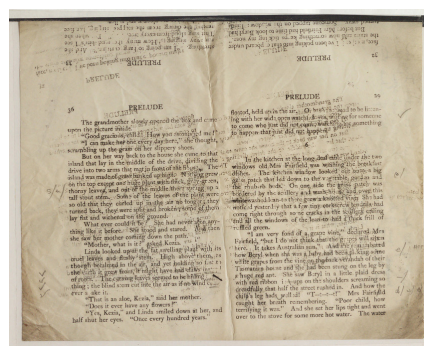


Fig. 2: *Prelude*. Katherine Mansfield, with annotations by Leonard Woolf. 1918. Courtesy of Victoria University.

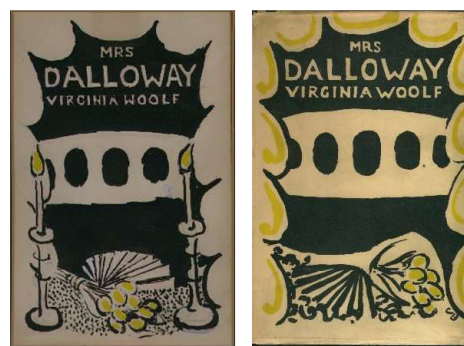


Fig. 3: Vanessa Bell. Sketch and final dustjacket for *Mrs. Dalloway*. 1925. Courtesy of Victoria University.

¹ For further information see the documentary commissioned by her daughter Nancy Ruth: "Mary Rowell Jackman: A Person in Her Own Right, 1904-1994," Mississauga: Nancy's Very Own Foundation, c. 2005. Also, check our special collections page for more information on our holdings of her papers: http://library.vicu.utoronto.ca/collections/special_collections/t29_mary_rowell_jackman.

² Bertram Rota was established in 1923, and is still in operation as a respected rare book dealer in England.

³ "Blue marbled paper boards; white label lettered in black. Note: The label appears in three states: with a border of asterisks, with a single rule above and below the title, and without rules. The size of the label varies for each state." (Woolmer 19).

includes work by Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant, and Richard Kennedy. Shown is a graphite, ink and watercolour sketch on paper by Vanessa Bell for *Mrs. Dalloway*, one of two we own. The sketch is on the left and the final dust jacket is on the right.

Since the artistic and design elements are integral to the work of both the Press and the Bloomsbury Group, the Library also collects catalogues of solo or joint exhibitions where Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant, Roger Fry and other artists such as Mark Gertler, Henri Gaudier-Brzeska and Walter Sickert displayed their art. We also collect catalogues with cover or other illustrative art or written text by members of the Group.

The Library acquires publications by Hogarth Press authors and members of the Bloomsbury Group that were not necessarily published by the Press, but that round out the publishing output of these individuals. This would include Omega Workshops, Chatto and Windus, and many other publishers. Here we have Vita Sackville-West's *Chatterton*, a play she self-published in 1909 at age of 16, with only 100 copies printed. The Library copy was given to Evelyn Irons by the author; with a gift card inscribed "V."

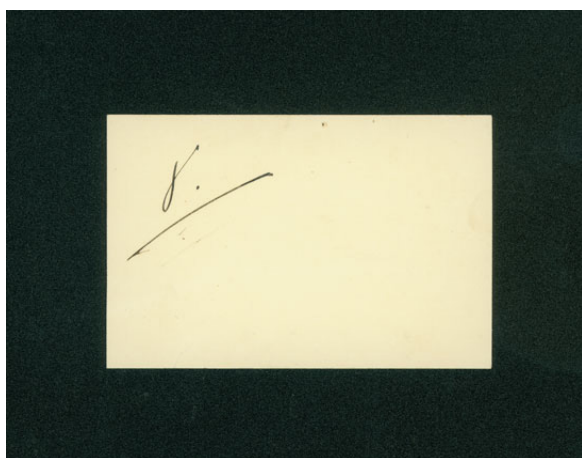


Fig. 4: Gift card. Vita Sackville-West. 1909. Courtesy of Victoria University.

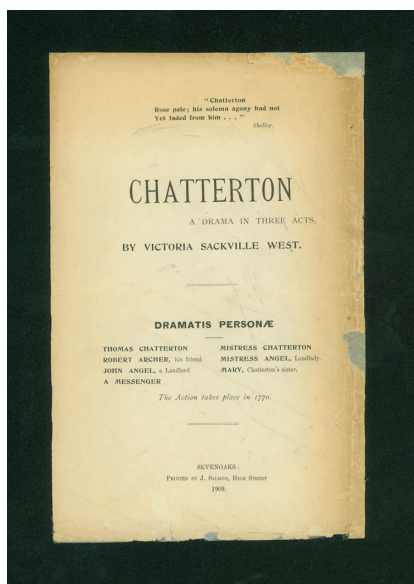


Fig. 5: *Chatterton*. Vita Sackville-West. 1909. Courtesy of Victoria University.

Of course, we collect as many editions as we can of Virginia Woolf's work, based on B. J. Kirkpatrick's *Bibliography*, adding new editions as they are published. Currently the Library has over 60 copies, including translations, of *The Voyage Out*.

As translations are important indicators of the impact of an author's work, the Library actively collects those listed in Kirkpatrick's *Bibliography*, as well as newer translations since its publication, so that presently we have over 40 languages represented. Here are some samples of first early translations into their respective languages; clockwise from the top left we have:



Fig. 6: Miscellaneous translations of Woolf's novels. Courtesy of Victoria University.

Jacob's Room. Swedish. 1927; *Mrs. Dalloway*. German. 1928; *To the Lighthouse*. French. 1929; *Orlando*. Czech. 1929; *Orlando*. Italian. 1933; *A Room of One's Own*. Spanish. 1936; *Clarissa*. Hungarian. 1948.

The next generation of the Bloomsbury family of authors and artists continued to play a role in furthering this heritage and the Library collects their works in many media as well. This includes Vanessa's son Quentin Bell (1910-1996), an artist and art historian who created five pottery plates based on a selection of Virginia Woolf's novels: *To the Lighthouse*, *Jacob's Room*, *A Room of One's Own*, *The Waves*, and *Mrs. Dalloway*. These were donated to the Library by the Estate of the late Bloomsbury scholar Prof. S. P. Rosenbaum, along with a selection of Quentin Bell's pottery. Below is the plate based on *Jacob's Room*.



Fig. 7: Plates representing five novels by Virginia Woolf. England: Quentin Bell, 1979. Courtesy of Victoria University.

We also search for original artwork inspired by Virginia Woolf and members of her family and circle, such as this Virginia Woolf commemorative medal by Marta Firlet.⁴

⁴ Marta Firlet is a Polish artist. The Library also owns a commemorative medal of Lytton Strachey and a small sculpture of Virginia Woolf by this artist.



Fig. 8: Virginia Woolf commemorative medal. Bronze; 10 cm in diameter. Marta Firlet. Edition of 12. 2001. Courtesy of Victoria Library.

The Library also seeks out artifacts that relate to Virginia and Leonard Woolf and the Press, such as the painted wooden door plaque for The Hogarth Press. This plaque almost certainly dates from shortly after the Woolfs' move into 52 Tavistock Square in March 1924.



Fig. 9: Door plaque. Painted wood. 1924. Courtesy of Victoria University.

As there is a wealth of secondary literature available, the Library collects a wide range of biographies, bibliographies, serials and critical works to support this Special Collection. We also look for movies, posters, programmes, music, plays and novels that draw upon the works and life of Virginia Woolf and the Bloomsbury Group as inspiration for new artistic creations in various media.

Naturally we also have acquired amusing items that represent the continuing effect of the Group and Woolf in particular on popular culture, such as paper dolls, t-shirts and figurines.



Fig. 10: Miscellaneous Woolf Memorabilia. Courtesy of Victoria University.

If you wish to explore images from this collection, please see our Digital Collections located on the Victoria University Library and Archives Special Collections page. Go to http://library.vicu.utoronto.ca/collections/special_collections. Select Digital Collections. Browse Collections. Library Special Collections. Scroll down and select the

Woolf/Hogarth Press/Bloomsbury collection for images of many of our holdings and links to full cataloguing records. Much of the material I have referenced is available here and more is constantly being added. The Special Collections page also provides links to a number of related exhibitions and collections, such as our Woolf, Bloomsbury Group, Hogarth Press Ephemera collection.

I hope that this introduction has provided some idea of the range of the collection which has blossomed from one gift to become a very substantial contribution to the field of Woolf/Hogarth Press/ Bloomsbury studies.

Carmen Königsreuther Socknat
Victoria University Library, Toronto

Works Cited

- Eliot, T. [Thomas] S. [Stearns]. *The Waste Land*. Richmond: Printed and published by Leonard and Virginia Woolf at The Hogarth Press, 1923.
- Green, Nancy E. and Christopher Reed, eds. *A Room of Their Own: The Bloomsbury Artists in American Collections*. Ithaca, NY: Herbert F. Johnson Museum of Art: Distributed by Cornell University Press, 2008.
- Grupa Bloomsbury *Brytyjska bohema kręgu Virginii Woolf* [British Bohemia *The Bloomsbury Circle of Virginia Woolf*]. Krakowie: Międzynarodowe Centrum Kultury, 2010.
- Kirkpatrick, B. [Brownlee] J. [Jean]. *A Bibliography of Virginia Woolf*. 4th edition. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1997.
- Mansfield, Katherine. *Prelude*. Richmond: Hogarth Press, 1918.
- Mr & Mrs L. Woolf and The Hogarth Press*. 1 object: wood; 23 cm x 10 cm x 2 cm. 1924.
- Rolls, Jans Ondaatje. *The Bloomsbury Cookbook: Recipes for Life, Love and Art*. London: Thames & Hudson, 2014.
- Sackville-West, V. [Victoria]. *Chatterton: A Drama in Three Acts*. Sevenoaks: Printed by J. Salmon, 1909.
- Shove, Fredegond. *Daybreak*. Richmond: Printed and published by Leonard and Virginia Woolf at The Hogarth Press, 1922.
- Spalding, Frances. *Virginia Woolf: Art, Life and Vision*. London: National Portrait Gallery, 2014.
- Vanessa Bell*. Ed. Sarah Milroy and Ian A. C. DeJardin. London: Philip Wilson Publishers, 2017.
- Virginia Woolf 1882-1982: The Hogarth Press and Bloomsbury: An Exhibition, February 15-March 15, 1982, E. J. Pratt Library, Victoria University*. Toronto: E. J. Pratt Library, Victoria University, 1982.
- Woolf, Virginia. *Clarissa*. Budapest: Franklin-Társulat Kiadása, 1948. Hungarian translation of *Mrs. Dalloway* by István Nagypál.
- . *Un cuarto propio*. Buenos Aires: Sur, 1936. Spanish translation of *A Room of One's Own* by Jorge Luis Borges.
- . *Eine Frau von fünfzig Jahren = Mrs. Dalloway: ein Roman*. Leipzig: Insel-Verlag, 1928. German translation of *Mrs. Dalloway* by Therese Mutzenbecher.
- . *Jacobs rum*. Helsingfors: Holger Schildts Förlag, 1927. Swedish translation of *Jacob's Room* by Siri Thorngren-Olin.
- . *Mrs. Dalloway*. London: Published by Leonard & Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press, 1925.
- . *Orlando: imaginarni životopis*. V Praze: Symposion, 1929. Czech translation of *Orlando* by Staša Jilovská.
- . *Orlando: romanzo*. Verona: A. Mondadori, 1933. Italian translation of *Orlando* by Alessandra Scalero.
- . *La promenade au phare*. Paris: Librairie Stock, 1929. French translation of *To the Lighthouse* by Maurice Lanoire.
- . *A Room of One's Own*. New York: The Fountain Press; London: The Hogarth Press, 1929.
- . *A Room of One's Own*. London: The Folio Society, 2017.
- . *Two Stories*. Written and printed by Virginia Woolf and L. S. Woolf. Richmond: Hogarth Press, 1917.

—. *The Voyage Out*. London: Duckworth & Co., 1915.
 Woolmer, J. Howard. *A Checklist of the Hogarth Press, 1917-1946*.
 Revere, PA: Woolmer/Brotherson, 1986.

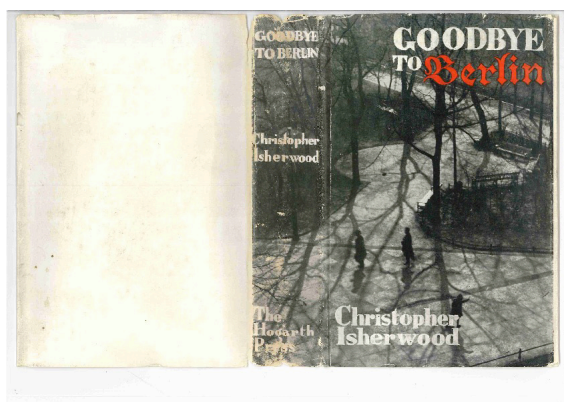


Judging Books by Their Covers: Collecting Hogarth Press Variants

Upon receipt of the Library of Leonard and Virginia Woolf, Washington State University's Manuscripts, Archives and Special Collections (MASC) began to collect materials to enhance this collection. Works by authors and artists affiliated with Bloomsbury, as well as secondary sources devoted to these individuals, their work, and the group itself have become important collecting areas for MASC. In addition, MASC continues working towards its goal of holding copies of every title published by the Hogarth Press between 1917 and 1946. One of the most interesting aspects of MASC's Woolf-oriented collection development, however, is procuring titles on a "wish list" of Hogarth Press variants described in J. Howard Woolmer's *A Checklist of the Hogarth Press*.

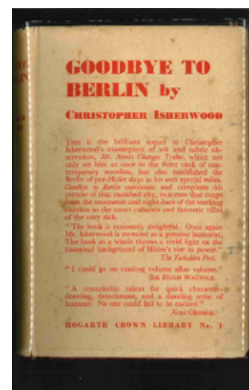
Hogarth Press variants include several types of differences among the books published over the course of the press's history. The most common variant is subsequent impressions of a title. More exotic variants exhibit differences in covers, bindings, ink color, and borders. Some Hogarth Press titles are particularly rare because they were published in limited or numbered editions or in editions intended for specific markets. Rarer still are the few titles distinguished by the use of extraordinary materials during publication, such as the 1931 numbered edition of Rilke's *Duineser Elegien* (Woolmer 268) which features a handful of copies printed on vellum.

The MASC recently acquired a variant copy of Christopher Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin* (Woolmer 451) that exhibits elements that make Hogarth variants so intriguing. This particular book is a third impression of a title originally printed in 1939. As such, it features pages printed in January 1940 that were bound in June 1942. The first two impressions and some copies of the third were produced with grey cloth covers lettered in red and accompanied by a white dust jacket designed by Humphrey Spender. These dust jackets were printed in black and red and illustrated with a reproduction of a Hans Wild photograph (Fig. 1).



In contrast, the third impression copies released in 1942 were bound in dark red cloth with gilt lettering. The simple buff dust jacket lettered in red also varied from its earlier, more elaborate iteration, and included

a note that Isherwood's work was the first title issued in the Hogarth Crown Library (Fig. 2).



This note appears only on the dust jacket, further underscoring the unique printing and binding history of these books.

Keeping track of such variants requires scholarship and collection knowledge possessed by few. Dr. Trevor Bond, MASC Head, and Julie King, MASC cataloger, are most familiar with the Woolf Library's history and contents. As such, they provide invaluable guidance with ongoing collection development. Trevor maintains strong relationships with many vendors, including booksellers outside the U.S. Julie possesses an extraordinary memory of individual books and what distinguishes one variant from another. Her insights often steer us away from purchasing duplicates.

Woolf and Hogarth experts outside the department also help with collection development. Professor Emeritus Dr. Diane Gillespie continues to research and publish on Woolf. Her expertise is formidable, particularly in respect to dates and events in Woolf chronology. Often, items she requests for research expose areas currently lacking breadth and depth in MASC's Woolf collections, thus influencing future acquisitions. To facilitate the acquisition of Hogarth variants in particular, MASC has shared its wish list with a few trusted partners, primarily booksellers specializing in Woolfiana.

As such, MASC continues to enjoy a years-long and productive relationship with Jon Richardson, owner of *York Harbor Books*. In addition to holding a copy of MASC's wish list, Jon keeps scrupulous records of the organization's purchases. As a result, he identifies Hogarth Press and other Woolfiana titles currently held by MASC to avoid duplicate purchases. Jon also notifies MASC of Woolf-relevant items that fall beyond the scope of Woolmer's work. It is always exhilarating to note in a Richardson catalog or correspondence that something on offer is rarely seen, unrecognized by a Woolf bibliographer, or is not in Woolmer.

Greg Matthews
Special Collections Librarian
Washington State University

Work Cited
 Woolmer, J. Howard. *A Checklist of the Hogarth Press 1917-1946*.
 Revere, PA: Woolmer, 1986.



The Linda Langham Virginia Woolf Collection¹

“Collecting an individualized and representative sampling of Woolf’s work is a challenging, intriguing, and life-long adventure. Continuous and conscious planning, expert information, limited (yet expandable) objectives, high standards, and personalized investment parameters virtually ensure that one will have a memorable experience and a memorable collection.”

Linda Langham, “Virginia’s Pages: Collecting Woolf’s First Editions & Letters” (231)

Introduction

The Linda Langham Virginia Woolf Collection, housed in Pace University’s Birnbaum Library, consists of all the published works of Virginia Woolf, including various editions of her novels, letters, essays, diaries and journals. It also contains significant subcategories of works by and about the Bloomsbury Group and other authors directly or tangentially associated with Woolf—whether by literary style or lifestyle—such as Jane and Paul Bowles and Jeanette Winterson. Secondary sources include literary criticism, biographies, literary journals, conference proceedings, annuals and other miscellany and ephemera. Collected over the span of 45 years, it was given to the University by Ms. Langham in 2015 and dedicated in 2018.

Linda Langham the Collector

Born in 1950, Linda J. Langham attended a small college for women in northwestern Philadelphia where she majored in English Literature, receiving her B.A. in 1972. Two years earlier, at the insistence of her best friend Peggy Field, she had purchased her first copy of the limited edition of *Orlando, A Biography*. At the time, the price of \$50.00 for a single book without a dust jacket seemed high to her, despite the fact that it was signed by the author of *Mrs. Dalloway* and *Three Guineas*.

This initial purchase led to a lifetime of collecting the works that make up the Virginia Woolf Collection. While not an academic herself—her career was in the corporate world—Ms. Langham was a familiar presence at Woolf conferences and contributed her first-hand knowledge as a collector to the field of Woolf studies. In her 1994 article, “Virginia’s Pages: Collecting Woolf’s First Editions & Letters,” Ms. Langham offered advice to the novice collector. Her suggestion: act quickly.

Alacrity is called for. Factors continue to converge which may someday make the establishment and preservation of a Woolfian library an endeavor feasible only for the most affluent. The posthumous award to Woolf of the status of genius and the economics of fame are mingling (enlivened by Woolf’s long-standing and newly emerging audiences) to hasten the arrival of a time when readers of Woolf, desirous of a first edition of *To the Lighthouse*, *Orlando* and *A Room of One’s Own* will need to practice rather extraordinary financial sacrifice and maneuvering to obtain them.

The ironies of this situation would not be lost on Woolf: the outsider becomes accepted; her products become lucrative commodities, gradually being changed from dust collectors into collector’s items; her books, decorated and wrapped with her sister’s artwork, exclusive property reserved, for all intents and purposes, solely for the very types who maintained the systems and forces that marginalized and excluded her while she lived. (230-31)

Excellent advice from a knowledgeable and prudent collector.

After years of collecting privately, Ms. Langham contacted Pace University professor and Woolf scholar Mark Hussey about finding her collection a permanent and accessible home. Her greatest concern was that the collection remain intact and not be broken up and sold separately, as individual titles can command high prices. With Dr.

Hussey as intermediary, Pace University agreed to accept the collection. It now resides in a light-filled room of its own, complete with a rocking chair, work desk and reproductions of Woolf family photographs on the walls, on the second floor of the Birnbaum Library in downtown Manhattan.

Some Highlights of the Collection

First American and British editions of all the major works of Virginia Woolf, many featuring book jackets designed by her sister Vanessa Bell, are treasures of the collection. In addition to these and numerous subsequent American and British editions, there are translations of a number of titles, including *The Voyage Out* in French and *Orlando* in French and Russian. Woolf’s immediate circle is represented with titles by and about her husband Leonard Woolf, as well as on the history of the Hogarth Press, Virginia and Leonard’s publishing venture. There are also works by family members: sister Vanessa Bell, brother-in-law Clive Bell and nephew Quentin Bell.

Likely to be of interest to scholars of the period are works by some of the major personalities in Woolf’s circle of friends and acquaintances, such as Vita Sackville-West, together with some of lesser known figures such as Frances Partridge and Julia Strachey.

There are sub-collections of the works of Jane Bowles and Paul Bowles, including a number of the latter’s translations of other authors, and Jeanette Winterson, with copies of all her published works in English and in multiple translations.

Linda Langham could be described as a completist. She also collected works in which Virginia Woolf appears as a fictional character, among them Christine Duhon’s novel *Une Année Amoureuse de Virginia Woolf*, Jacqueline Harpman’s *Orlanda*, in a translation by Ros Schwartz, Edna O’Brien’s play *Virginia*, and *The Shadow of the Moth*, by Ellen Hawkes and Peter Manso, intriguingly described as “a novel of espionage” in which Virginia Woolf plays an important role.

Rounding out the collection are copies of most of the standard works of Woolf bibliography, literary criticism and analysis, volumes of the *Woolf Studies Annual*, *Virginia Woolf Conference Proceedings* and individual special issues of *The Charleston Magazine*, *South Carolina Review* and *Twentieth Century Literature* devoted to Virginia Woolf.

Consulting the Collection

“Sounding above the voices and tunes of our festivals, the call to gather and preserve Virginia’s pages resonates. Listen, listen: for the common readers of tomorrow’s tomorrow as well as for oneself.” (Langham 231)

The Birnbaum Library of Pace University is proud to be the custodian of the Linda Langham Virginia Woolf Collection and, in keeping with Ms. Langham’s wishes, to be able to make it available to scholars, researchers, students and perhaps incipient collectors. For further information or to make an appointment to visit the collection, please contact Pace University Archivist Ellen Sowchek at esowchek@pace.edu.

Ellen Sowchek
University Archivist
Pace University

Brendan Plann-Curley
Reference Librarian
Birnbaum Library of Pace University

Work Cited

Langham, Linda J. “Virginia’s Pages: Collecting Woolf’s First Editions & Letters.” *Virginia Woolf: Emerging Perspectives: Selected Papers from the Third Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf*. Ed. Mark Hussey and Vara Neverow. New York: Pace UP, 1994. 230-38.

¹ Both Ellen Sowchek and Brendan Plann-Curley were involved throughout the process of acquiring the collection and making it accessible.

A Library One Can Eat In

In 1981, in a small Sonoma town in Northern California, a group of like-minded feminists opened a community library. They wanted a place to read and write, to discuss books, and above all, they wanted “a library you can *eat* in” (Farver). The Sitting Room was born then and continues to thrive 38 years later.

Eminent Woolfian and Professor Emerita at Sonoma State University, J. J. Wilson is one of the Sitting Room’s founders and she continues to live (six months out of the year) in the library itself, which is run from her home. 6,000 books strong, The Sitting Room houses an extensive collection of women’s literature, art, poetry, rare books, and archives. Each room in the house contains a themed collection of books, archives, and objects: e.g., the Poetry Room, the Writing Room, the Art hallway, and the Woolf Wall (pictured below) which graces the living room/workshop area. Each collection is curated and organized by a dedicated volunteer, keeping the library’s offerings up-to-date and somewhat organized. In addition, the full catalogue of books is searchable through the library’s online database, Sappho. The Sitting Room hosts writing groups, classes, and talks year-round and is currently open six days a week. Not bad for a community library run by passionate amateurs.

J. J. Wilson calls the Sitting Room “an enactment of Woolf’s vision, but not an altar to her.” Much more than a room of one’s own, The Sitting Room is a library for everyone inspired by the values of feminism, conversation, and friendship. Its guiding spirits include not just Woolf, but also Tillie Olson, Zora Neale Hurston, Adrienne Rich, Audre Lorde, and Meridel Le Sueur. The Woolf-inspired art of Suzanne Bellamy and other feminist artists creates a rich visual tapestry for the library and the events it hosts. Indeed, Wilson has collected many of Bellamy’s ceramic pieces, in addition to the Woolfian inspired prints she is known for. A gorgeous Woolf-inspired painting by Isola Tucker Epps in the living room is in fact the only item Wilson took with her when under fire evacuation orders in 2018.



Woolfians will find the library’s archival holdings varied and rich. Because Wilson was one of the founders of the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany* and its former editor, the archives contain all sorts of treasures: correspondence with the International Virginia Woolf Society, letters responding to articles in the *Miscellany* (there’s a doozy of one from Nigel Nicolson), Wilson’s reading notebooks and teaching notes, and extensive collections of exhibition catalogues, pamphlets and newsletters related to Bloomsbury and Woolf. Anyone interested in documenting the history of the IVWS would be advised to complement a search of the official IVWS archive at the Victoria University Library in Toronto with Wilson’s collection of materials at the Sitting Room.

Tea, snacks, and comfortable armchairs fill the Sitting Room. Some materials are circulating, but it is easy and pleasant to spend a day reading through the non-circulating materials. Students and professors from nearby Sonoma State use the library’s resources for research and discovery, community members pop by to read and think, and local writers hold workshops and readings. As an enactment of Woolf’s vision of an Outsider’s Society, filtered through second wave feminism’s grassroots community organizing, the Sitting Room continues to be relevant and lively today.

For more on the Sitting Room, and to access its online catalogue, please visit <http://www.sittingroom.org/>.

Catherine W. Hollis
U.C. Berkeley Extension

Works Cited

Farver, June. “2% Milk is the New Half and Half.” *The Sitting Room Past, Present and Future*. Sonoma, CA: The Sitting Room, 2012.
Wilson, J. J. Personal Interview. 30 May 2018.



Thinking Back Through My Mother’s Bookshelves

Leah Price, in *How to do Things with Books in Victorian Britain*, describes book history as a discipline whose practitioners are not always conscious of its unique conflation of subject of inquiry with object of interpretation:

Book History differs from most scholarly disciplines in that its object of study is also its means of transmission—the message is also the medium. For all its interest in marginalia and marginalized persons, the history of books is centrally about ourselves. It asks not only how past readers have made meaning (and therefore, by extension, how others have read differently from us); but also, closer to home, where the conditions of possibility for our own reading came from. (37)

In reflecting on the topic of this Special Issue of the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*, I have been rethinking, or more evocatively, re-collecting, where, in my own education, the conditions of possibility for reading Woolf derived. Where, in short, did I first encounter a Woolf novel? And what kind of Woolf edition conditioned my entry?

Like many, I suspect, I first encountered Woolf in book form as an undergraduate during a first-year English survey course.¹ In those days, my institution, the University of Toronto, had full year September to April courses in most subjects. First-year English ran the gamut from *Beowulf* to Virginia Woolf in two broad bounds broken only by winter break. I didn’t know who V. Woolf was when I first saw it on a sheet for “oral presentations” handed out the second week of September (her name, now I think of it, cannily abbreviated). But she offered exactly what a shy, homesick first year student needed to deny time’s passage: seven long months before she would have to stand up and say something in front of a class. So, thanks to a quixotic mix of academic calendaring and terror, I signed my name in the next to last slot, set up on a delayed collision course with V. Woolf and *To the Lighthouse* come spring.

I survived first semester, but returning home to Newfoundland in late February for Reading Week—a phrase that still sparks bibliophilic, culturally situated delight—I remained unsure whether Toronto was for me. But I also had an urgent book to find. It was, after all, *reading* week, not spring break. So I went into my mother’s study and looked along

¹ I have a fugitive memory of chancing upon an earlier, cinematic Woolf, when I walked into the TV room one day to find my parents watching an odd drama on PBS. Long lingering shots on an impossibly boring and quite possibly mute dining room scene met my gaze and turned my heel; years later, I was able to name this memory, attributing it to the underwhelming 1983 adaptation of *To the Lighthouse*, starring a young Kenneth Branagh as Charles Tansley.

her shelves. This was a room I knew well. I used to sit on the floor at the base of her desk when I was quite young, as she graded undergraduate assignments (sometimes giving me character quizzes to grade, an answer template in my hand and an admonition to be generous with my check marks if Laertes or Tiresias came close to the correct spelling). And there it was: V. Woolf, *To the Lighthouse*, in a slightly worn pale green Modern Penguin mid-1960s edition with (I think, though I can't find evidence on Google) the Vanessa Bell painting of a faceless V. Woolf darning the red stocking. The memory of finding this book connects me to my mother's library, with its wall length shelves that had always drawn my eye, recalling an angled vision from a neck craned upwards, squinting at the titles on the top shelf. The sea of spines and papery possibilities—a literal wall of books—occasioned awe and intrigue. (I can still see Galsworthy's *To Let* on the top shelf, my childish imagination filling in the clearly censored 'I' in the word 'toilet' and thinking my mother must have shelved it there because of its salacious content.) As academics, my parents were the first in their families to go to university in the austere but changing world of postwar Britain; they left for Canada in the mid-1960s as a young married couple, building a domestic life which always contained two equivalent home studies—not libraries exactly or offices, but studies. It's a word that only now I write it reveals a conflated verbal and nominal essence: an imperative action—to study—as well as a space for contemplation and repose. Action, aspiration, equality and solitude, all wrapped up together. An offer to a young girl of both solid landings and adventurous voyages.

I took the book and read *To the Lighthouse* in my sister's room, recently vacated by her own departure for graduate school. I remember its fragile cover, browned pages, a sense that it was a borrowed book, but made familiar, made legible, because it had been passed on. I remember my mother's spidery, illegible marginalia (my students accuse me of the same holographic heresies today), but narrowing my eyes, looking away from them, so as not to be overly influenced. I was somehow worried this might be 'cheating' if I was reading this book to prepare a paper for an oral presentation. Now, I understand that both the looking and the refusal to look was a deeply Woolfian theme imbricated within the novel itself. Such are the legacies and portals for imaginative entry Woolf revealed—and made real—to women. But in that moment, it was enough just to make it through a first reading, to read it at home, and to take back to Toronto my fugitive perceptions—along with the Penguin paperback stashed in my luggage—to strike out again for a city which was still for me relatively foreign terrain.

Books allow us to voyage imaginatively to new lands, but as physical objects stacked in bookshelves or stashed in backpacks, they also move with us in ways that make possible, to paraphrase Price, the conditions by which we (eventually) read our own lives. Thinking back through my mother's bookshelves, I am struck now by how little we know of our parents' lives or journeys when we are eighteen and on the cusp of adulthood; how crucial it is to think we are separate and independent, with the privilege and trials of forging our own visions, even though, as we age, we loop back, confronting with shared books in hand our overlapping but divergent histories. Books and their passage from one generation to another tell us stories we might not find elsewhere. For women readers in particular, those narratives are still being written, still being found. Having a mother with her own bookshelves—how many young girls are afforded that privilege even now?—was formative.

Only recently have I learned more about my mother's own professional travels, from a B.A. (Hons) in History to a career as a Professor of English, a quirk of transformation necessitated by what jobs were available in a university newly expanding, newly Canadian, and needing excellent instructors in English.² (Her department chair offered the job on the condition she produce a Master's degree in the discipline, effectively

starting again. So she went to the library and hauled home a shelf of Henry Green's novels because they seemed underexplored. She did have an eye for the obscure. Later she completed her doctorate, just as I was beginning my own.) My mother recently told me that her memories of her undergraduate experiences—so alien to her own family—were of a library that, as institution, was foreboding: she thought she had to read *everything in it* if she were to graduate at all. I think of this when I teach; how my first-generation students may be feeling exactly the same thing, even in an age when the internet has, allegedly, democratized knowledge. I think that one of the many privileges of an upbringing where my parents equally shared intellectual space, each having studies of their own, was to know that part of the academic life or of intellectual work in the abstract was to learn *how* to own, collocate, select, and disserve pieces of books as forms of embodied knowledge in ways that don't require consumption of a library's worth of reading. That is both the trick and the talent, the privilege and the price, of this sort of life which I weave into my classes today.

But I also am thinking forward into the future, as now, a parent myself, I wonder how the books in our house may (or may not) be imprinting themselves on our sons. My youngest son has, in fact, usurped my study, forsaking his own bedroom at the age of four or five because our house—a classic modernist Californian ranch, two large blocks joined by a long corridor—severs the children's bedrooms from ours. My study is closest to our bedroom, and so my son, Jacob, has moved in. I wonder as he sleeps surrounded by a phalanx of Woolf what dreams he dreams. He did tell me the other day he wants to be "an author." For me, it's time to find a new room.

Alice Staveley
Stanford University

Work Cited

Price, Leah. *How to Do Things with Books In Victorian Britain*. Princeton: Princeton UP, 2012.



A Library of Woolf Scholarship

The rare Woolf editions are the most glamorous in my library. For the interested or indulgent houseguest, I take down the fine jacketed British first edition of *Between the Acts*, a gift from my parents on my college graduation. I also show off the slightly less fine jacketed British first of *The Waves*, to me the most beautiful specimen imaginable of sunning and foxing. I won it at auction during my first pregnancy, before disciplining myself in the economies of motherhood. For my students, I bring to class my jacketed first edition of the Modern Library *Mrs. Dalloway*, with Woolf's introduction revealing that she originally intended the suicide to be Clarissa's. My edition is signed by George and Joan Brewster, a remarkable New England couple: he was a painter and architect, she a poet and theologian, and together they supported land conservation and helped establish Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art. The Brewsters signed three times, as though to prevent my feeling proprietary.

These glamorous books are among the most publicly visible of my Woolf collection, most of which sits in our living room on two Ikea "Billy" bookshelves. From the street outside our apartment, one can see the top shelves, which feature my precious volumes by Woolf, Hogarth Press material, and particularly handsome spines: the published drafts of Woolf's books, tall colorful books on Bloomsbury art, and silver or gold titles that catch the light. Inside our apartment, one can see nothing more, because the two bookshelves are behind our piano, to prevent our young children from clipping a dust jacket further. My books are thus protected, but not my knees or eyes: to retrieve a work, I climb over

² Memorial University College was founded in 1925 in honor of the fallen in the Great War. After confederation with Canada in 1949, Newfoundland became Canada's tenth province and the college became a university.

toddler-detering crates full of research material and slide into the two-foot-wide shadow between the piano and the shelves. In this shadow, unable to catch the light, are the scores of books documenting the history of Woolf scholarship and the runs of journals that imply my aspiration to completeness. Here are monographs published in Tokyo and New Delhi, historic special issues of journals, now-scarce conference proceedings, and offprints from the 1940s. In this temporary arrangement, most of the scholarship is invisible. I'd like to call attention here to this obscured half of my collection—of less obvious appeal to my houseguests and students, unlikely to be put up for auction, and unable to impress passerby. But my library of Woolf scholarship is a crucial resource for my work, and building it has given me many joys.

Thinking of a work's provenance often unites gratitude with recollection. I am grateful to past scholars, such as Winifred Holtby, Ruth Gruber, Alice Fox, Julia Briggs, and Jane Marcus, for the example and encouragement their books offer. I am grateful to the many present scholars who have inscribed to me their books and offprints. I am grateful to booksellers—such as the late William Reese of New Haven, the late Peter Howard of Berkeley, and Jon Richardson of Concord—for their knowledge, help, and generosity. I am grateful too to the booksellers from whom I have bought online, although the interaction has a thinner narrative. I am grateful to my past self for finding a drab pamphlet that turns out to be useful for an essay I'm now writing, or for buying both the British and American first edition of a biography so that, as I now prepare a class on Woolf's reception, I can compare the jacket copy. I am grateful to my curator friend who gave me a rare auction catalogue she received at work, and to my bridesmaids, who gave me the three-volume *Concordance* as a wedding gift.

Thinking of a work's provenance often unites gratitude with recollection—a word that implies the endless joy of collecting. For example, looking at the signature on the inside cover of Lyndall Gordon's Woolf biography, "James Milholland, Jr. / State College / Autumn 1985," I remember when the signee's widow unpacked the book from a cardboard box in her garage and handed it to me along with various American firsts of Woolf, the publishing of which her husband had overseen. Milholland was a longtime editor at Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Woolf's American imprint. He and his wife retired to my hometown, State College, Pennsylvania. This is the location of Penn State University, of which James Jr.'s father had at one time been president, and from which my own father recently retired as an English professor. So my copy of Gordon's biography unites the place of my childhood with a passion of my adulthood.

I am proud of what I have put together and of how my collection has informed my writing. Here are three examples.

When I was working on an article about Woolf's friendship with George "Dadie" Rylands, I looked through my bookseller lists and auction catalogues to see if any books previously owned by Rylands had been put up for sale. Several had been, and I was delighted to find, in Sarah Funke's 2002 catalogue for bookseller Glenn Horowitz, that Woolf had inscribed *The Waves*, "Dadie / with love from / Virginia" (Item #26, p. 36). Woolf's inscriptions hardly ever express such strong affection. Rylands had alluded to this book in a letter I had read in the Monks House Papers at the University of Sussex, a letter that begins, "Dearest Virginia / Your presentation has made me very pleased and proud. I think that in *The Waves* you have achieved the masterpiece towards which you were searching from *Jacob's Room* onwards; and you have achieved it by writing a poem" (qtd. in Kopley 954). Rylands' long letter prompted Woolf to ask him for more analysis of *The Waves* and poetry. Quoting Woolf's inscription to Rylands in my article gave context to his letters on *The Waves* and confirmed the high esteem in which Woolf held Rylands. Demonstrating this esteem was critical for my argument, which was that Rylands' writing on Shakespeare, in *Words and Poetry* (Hogarth Press, 1928), helped embolden Woolf to adapt elements of verse for prose, much as Shakespeare had adapted elements of prose for verse.

Ten years ago I found, in the rare books department of the Strand, in New York City, a very good first edition of Jean Guiguet's *Virginia Woolf et Son Oeuvre: L'Art et la Quête du Réel* (1962), inscribed "with the author's compliments." I wasn't able to test my French, because the pages are brittle and many uncut, but the acquisition moved me to buy Jean Stewart's English translation (Hogarth Press, 1965), a nice companion to my Hogarth Press book by Stewart, *Poetry in France and England* (1931). Guiguet's analysis struck me as well-observed and well-said, as in this sentence: "All her quest, all her efforts were devoted to the elimination of wasted time, to the expression of pure intensity; and that is the way that leads to poetry" (456). I began acquiring further French scholarship, such as Floris Delattre's *Le Roman Psychologique de Virginia Woolf*, the first book on Woolf. (Holtby's "critical memoir" came out the same year, 1932, some months later.) My copy bears the striking signature of Aida Foster, a British dancer and founder of the Theatre School that bears her name. And while living in Paris for a few years, I passed an afternoon at an Escher-esque vault of old newspapers, finding articles on Woolf in French periodicals from the 1920s and 1930s. (La Galcante is on the aptly named Rue de l'Arbre Sec—Street of the Dry Tree.) Drawing on these slowly gathered sources, I'm now drafting an article on the French reception of Woolf.

The decades-old insights of Guiguet, Delattre, and others demonstrate that scholarship in the humanities, unlike in the sciences, is not inevitably superseded; the date of an article does not necessarily make it more or less persuasive or relevant. I had been researching the Woolfs' library for years before I bought George Holleyman's 1975 *Catalogue of Books from the Library of Leonard & Virginia Woolf, taken from Monks House, Rodmell, Sussex and 24 Victoria Square, London and now in the possession of Washington State University, Pullman, USA*. I already owned the *Short-title Catalog* edited by Julia King and Laila Miletic-Vejzovic (2003), regularly consulted the detailed online catalogue, and had visited the library itself. One might have thought securing Holleyman a duty rather than an asset. But, though his listing is partial, it is the only source of certain information. I have been working on an essay about Virginia Stephen's 1902 edition of Wordsworth, unusual in having heavily decorated endpapers. Holleyman describes these drawings at length: "The surrounding end paper has been quartered and coloured with green, mauve and blue crayon giving a panel effect. . . . A crayon drawing suggesting a view with trees from a window, mainly in browns and greens, covers the two back end papers" (Section II, p. 8). In fact, the sketch is difficult to make out. I am glad that Holleyman's eye agrees with my own, and that I can cite the proof of this.

Of course, one doesn't need to be a collector of Woolf scholarship to be a Woolf scholar. A great university library, interlibrary loan, and the internet can supply most of the non-archival material one might want. But they cannot supply all, and they cannot supply the immaterial rewards of a private collection.

All the joys of building my library, as well as some pain, obtained in a 2012 windfall. New to Montreal, I visited for the first time the used bookstore The Word, near the McGill University campus. The owner, Adrian King-Edwards, studied my stack at the counter and said, "If you're interested in Bloomsbury, have you heard of S. P. Rosenbaum? I just bought some of his library. You're welcome to take a look. I've got two boxes in the car and seven in storage." We went to his car and carried the two boxes into the store. On browsing these, I looked through the seven boxes in "storage," meaning Adrian's house, a nearby Victorian greystone with professional reference books and first editions of modern poetry. I went home with two boxes for my library, one-and-a-half of them books from Rosenbaum's collection.

These books include the 4th edition of Kirkpatrick and Clarke's *Bibliography*, several handsome books on art and design, many works on Woolf and her circle inscribed to Rosenbaum by their authors, and many books on Bloomsbury written or edited by Rosenbaum himself. Particularly meaningful to me is a very good jacketed copy of *A Lecture*

on *Lectures*, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (“Q”), published by the Hogarth Press in 1927. I had written about this book in my dissertation: Quiller-Couch defends the pedagogical virtue of lecturing, and Woolf takes issue with his defense in her 1934 essay “Why?” After acquiring Rosenbaum’s *Lecture on Lectures*, as I revised my dissertation into a monograph, I kept finding more allusions to Q in Woolf’s work. I felt that luck wafted from my shelves; the acquisition seemed to become an amulet. The flyleaf reads “S. P. Rosenbaum / Toronto / April ’73,” and almost all my books of his are similarly signed. Often the margins contain penciled check marks, question marks, and queries. For instance, in Anne Olivier Bell’s pamphlet *Editing Virginia Woolf’s Diary* (this is #72 in a signed run of 200), Rosenbaum has written in the top margin of the first page “an apologia?” Evidently this is how he heard Bell’s unwarranted modesty. A prefatory note explains, “The following account was written in the first instance at the behest of Professor S. P. Rosenbaum of the University of Toronto, who in 1979 bullied me into addressing a seminar of real editors....” (n.p.).

A few years after this fortunate visit to The Word, I researched in Rosenbaum’s archive at Toronto’s E. J. Pratt Library. Files relating to *The Platform of Time*, his edited collection of Bloomsbury material, were helpful, but I kept thinking about what was not in the archive: his library. The archive had his letters from Angelica Garnett, but I had his copy of *The Eternal Moment*, which Garnett had affectionately inscribed. I felt both smug and troubled: smug that I possessed complementary material, troubled that I owned material not meant for me. I understood why Toronto’s archive didn’t include the books Rosenbaum had owned. It already had the titles, and his markings didn’t add much research value. I thought of my own library, likewise doomed to dispersal. But I imagined a future Woolf scholar happy to discover a book inscribed to me by today’s great scholars, and was comforted. Woolf will always captivate, and her rare editions will always have market value. But scholarship on Woolf is less assured of readers or buyers. It is up to us to give this work attention. Successive ownership indicates not a loss of meaning, but a gain. So I console the ghosts of George and Joan Brewster, James Milholland, Jr., Aida Foster, and S. P. Rosenbaum: we should hope, not fear, that our books become another’s. They are never only ours, no matter how many times we sign our name.

Emily Kopley
Concordia University

Works Cited

- Bell, Anne Olivier. *Editing Virginia Woolf’s Diary*. The Perpetua Press: Oxford, 1989.
- Funke, Sarah. *Virginia & Leonard Woolf: Glenn Horowitz Bookseller*. New York: Glenn Horowitz, 2002.
- Guiguet, Jean. *Virginia Woolf and Her Works*. Trans. Jean Stewart. [trans. of *Virginia Woolf et Son Oeuvre: L’Art et la Quête du Réel*. Paris: Études Anglaises 13: Didier, 1962.] London: The Hogarth Press, 1965.
- Holleyman, [George]. *Catalogue of Books from the Library of Leonard & Virginia Woolf, taken from Monks House, Rodmell, Sussex and 24 Victoria Square, London and now in the possession of Washington State University, Pullman, USA*. Brighton: Holleyman & Treacher, 1975.
- Kopley, Emily. “Virginia Woolf’s Conversations with George Rylands: Context for *A Room of One’s Own* and ‘Craftsmanship.’” *The Review of English Studies* 67.282 (2016): 946-69.

Book Collecting Notes: Leslie Stephen and Me

In 1980 I did a UC Berkeley senior thesis on George Eliot, and then I went to San Francisco State and plotted out a Master’s thesis on Strachey, Woolf and Forster. I didn’t bother to write the thesis or get the Masters after I was accepted into the Berkeley PhD program, and there, in the introductory PhD course, I worked on Thackeray’s *Henry Esmond*, based on Virginia Woolf’s *Common Reader* suggestion. George

Eliot studies were overheating, it seemed, while Thackeray was being neglected. Discovering that Virginia Woolf’s father put the brakes on a storied mountain climbing career when he married Thackeray’s daughter, that the antecedent of the failed philosopher Mr. Ramsay was a literary historian as well as an extraordinary figure in literary history, was an intriguing revelation to a fledgling scholar. As I was getting to know Woolf, her work and her world more deeply at SF State, she led me to Thackeray, and then it was Thackeray who pushed me towards a singular approach to Leslie Stephen.

At this time I began to acquire books and I became subject to a virulent strain of bibliomania. I was reading quickly and deeply enough that the literature, philosophy and history shelves of Berkeley’s massive book emporiums started making sense to me, were worthy of careful study in themselves, and I found that I could stand and stare at them for hours on end. Slowly I began to discriminate quality and values, and discover some gems, almost all of them beyond my means. My mother was a librarian, but I wasn’t around any significant home libraries growing up and didn’t know any book collectors. Much later, wandering into professors’ office hours and studying their shelves, I dreamed about having my own stately work space, where I would be surrounded by books.

I developed the idea of searching for Leslie Stephen books, and this quest became my ticket to enter stuffy and precious antiquarian booksellers’ shops. Stephen’s books were not easy to find. They would appear rarely, and there were never more than two or three of them at any given bookstore. The Bay Area and my home in Los Angeles were good stomping grounds. I wasn’t a mature, affluent collector; I was an eager and unkempt grad student. Having the knowledge and ability to inquire about Leslie Stephen was a handsome passport in itself, as it turned out. I got to look at all sorts of wonderful books, getting to know the values of twentieth-century first editions, and seeing sets of Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot. I loved Johnson and Boswell and the eighteenth century too—following and sharing Stephen’s love for it—and I even became a student and collector of collecting, reading up on the great Johnson collections. I was becoming a stuffy antiquarian all on my own, to a degree.

This was the Silver Age of Virginia Woolf and Bloomsbury collecting, I imagine. There were good Woolf books everywhere, but they were expensive, by my lights at least. It would have been easy to put together an impressive Virginia Woolf collection with the \$1000 that I used to go to Hyde Park Gate, Gordon Square and the British Museum and St. Ives, and living under the shadow of the Jungfrau for three months. I was too young and too poor to participate, but as my knowledge of the antiquarian book world became more sophisticated, I got to see the game play out.

I slowly gathered copies of most of Stephen’s books. It was a lot of work, taking up (wasting) a lot of time, but I was genuinely obsessed. I wasn’t a polished or systematic collector, getting on mailing lists and ordering from catalogues. Buying books at a distance and having them shipped was beyond me. I went to bookstores, every bookstore, driving far afield, combing the shelves, haunting them, while checking in compulsively at the Berkeley book emporiums, Moe’s and Shakespeare & Co. and later Black Oak, to name only the top tier. I tiptoed into Peter Howard’s Serendipity Books, spent more than I had, and regretted my lowly station. I was trying to build a working scholar’s library, both deep and wide. Stephen’s position as a philosopher, critic, editor and biographer led me to buy books by similar nineteenth-century intellectuals, to go alongside my acquisitions of eighteenth-century literature. I collected literary biography, and books about biography. Fine books would appear from time to time, unrecognized and unwanted, their prices relatively depressed.

My collecting of Leslie Stephen’s books went well, although it was a bit disorderly. In my collection, there’s a good ex-library copy of the first

American edition of *The History of English Thought*, and decent copies of the later books *The Science of Ethics*, *Social Rights and Duties* and *Letters of John Richard Green*. My *Hours in a Library*, not so difficult to find, is overly scruffy, while the less common *Studies of a Biographer* is in better shape. Stephen's EML (English Men of Letters) *George Eliot* (irony there) and a volume combining his *Pope* and *Johnson* (and E. Gosse's *Thomas Gray*) are nice books, and there's a good copy of the late *English Literature and Society in the 18th Century*. At the top of this secondary heap is the *Life of Henry Fawcett*, a fine copy which must be quite scarce, and it's nearly a treasure. Also in the mix are the Hogarth Press *Some Early Impressions* (1924—an intriguing date for Woolf to publish a book by her father, as she wrote in her diary in October "I see already the Old Man," the beginnings of *To the Lighthouse* [*Diary* 2 317]) and Oxford UP's 1932 *Sketches from Cambridge*. The copy that I had of *An Agnostic's Apology* was a poor, tiny thing, and it fell apart, and I'm sad that my copy of *The Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen* is a 1972 reprint. I have a 1951 Noel Annan *Leslie Stephen*, and some other secondary works like Desmond MacCarthy's *Leslie Stephen*. And I have FOUR copies of Frederic Maitland's *The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen*. My working copy is a 1968 reprint from the Gale Library of Lives and Letters, and I have two Duckworth 1910 reprints and one Putnam first edition. This volume is, of course, Virginia Woolf's first appearance in print.

I should note that collecting Leslie Stephen leads one into the world of mountaineering literature. This is where his books, or "book," I should say, becomes pricey. First and early editions of *The Playground of Europe* were uncommon, and never cheap. I only saw two or three in my time, I would guess, and they were expensive enough that I could resist. But I have three later editions of the book, and a Hogarth Press *Men, Books and Mountains* (1956) as well. I also have a modest general mountaineering library, as Stephen studies lead an enthusiast in that direction. The gem there is a copy of George Mallory's *Boswell the Biographer* (1912), the value of which might not be recognized by the average Johnsonian. Eventually I found the books that were the cornerstones for studying mountaineering literature at the time, Ronald Clark's *The Victorian Mountaineers* (1953), Claire Eliane Engel's *A History of Mountaineering in the Alps* (1950) and Wilfred Noyce's *Scholar Mountaineers* (1950). It was one thing to have these books in ones' carrel at the library, another to be able to put them up on my own shelves.

And then there are the treasures, the books I want to single out just now. The first of these is a signed copy of Noel Annan's revised *Leslie Stephen* (1985). Lord Annan came to Berkeley to receive the Clark Kerr award in 1985, and he gave an address about post-war Britain. This was probably the peak of my academic career, I would guess. Sitting for a few minutes with the first, assiduous, accomplished Leslie Stephen scholar, an English Lord no less, was the closest I came to entering the inner circle of Stephen and Woolf studies. Annan was an impressive personage, but I had a hard time figuring out exactly why he was such a big deal. It wasn't so easy to get information in those days. I had a fair understanding of World War II, but didn't know enough at the time to appreciate Annan's efforts in military intelligence or his role on Churchill's war council. I didn't know how universities were organized, especially British ones, the area in which Annan was a titan as well as a historical authority. He was kind to me, though, and seemed happy to find a passionate young Leslie Stephen scholar knocking around in Berkeley.

The second highly-prized volume is an ex-library copy of Sir James Stephen's *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*, a new edition from 1883. The obscurity of this book is daunting, and I don't recall having seen another copy of it. It's one thing to get to Leslie Stephen from Virginia Woolf, but it's quite another to go to her grandfather and to be able to engage directly with Annan's "intellectual aristocracy," to read Sir James on St. Francis, Martin Luther and on the Clapham sect. It contains a

brief *Biographical Notice of Sir James Stephen*, by his elder son, James Fitzjames. The notice is dated July 16, 1860 (see below.) Opening the book—which has many uncut pages, including the Wilberforce essay—reminds me that Leslie Stephen's father wasn't just the Colonial Undersecretary, uprooting slavery in the British Empire. A truly eminent Victorian, he was a man of letters in his later years, and a biographer. This volume could have provided the subject for a nice chapter for the dissertation I was planning, which was to be about Leslie Stephen as a biographer, about the tradition of literary biography from Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* to Lytton Strachey and Woolf. I wanted to examine how Stephen revised and updated Johnson's *Lives* and embedded his own text in the massive *Dictionary of National Biography*, Stephen characteristically obscuring his own persona and accomplishment. Sir James' *Essays* is a nice out-of-the-way volume to have, and I might even cut those pages and read it now—why not?

Finally comes *Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel—1860*. This one seems like the rarest of the rare as far as my Stephen collection goes. I wish I had taken notes on these things, as I have no idea how I found it or where. I probably stumbled on it at some store with a good collection of mountaineering books. The thing is, it's not even a mountaineering book, really. It's a Victorian travel book. I knew exactly what it was the moment that I saw it, which suggests that my Stephen studies and book-hunting were at a relatively advanced stage at the time.

Vacation Notes is singular, not just because it's Leslie Stephen's first appearance in print. His first published sentence is "The season of 1860 was as remarkable in the Alps as elsewhere for a long continuance of bad weather." The essay "*The Allelein-Horn*" is the only item authored by the Rev. Leslie Stephen, M.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Stephen's literary debut was published before he renounced his religious orders and his fellowship. It was composed during a period of profound turmoil in Stephen's life. His father, Sir James Stephen, "injured himself by a walk on his seventieth birthday (January 3, 1859)" (*Life of JFS*, pg. 169), and he died in September, two months before Darwin published *The Origin of the Species*. Stephen's 1860 Alpine tour, taken after he had lost his father and just as he was beginning to lose his faith, was his third, and by the end of it, when he sat down to write the essay which became his first published work, he already had five first ascents to his credit. Much Woolf commentary concerns the role that the aged and broken Leslie Stephen's death played in his daughter's life and her eventual liberation and ability to write. But perhaps Sir James' death and its auspicious timing was no less significant in determining Leslie Stephen's own course and career. The short essay in this obscure Victorian travel book stands right at the critical juncture in that progress.

My own academic progress was interrupted shortly after I met Lord Annan. I couldn't pass the German exam, and when I got a second small installment of family funds—I spent the first one on books—I went to London and Switzerland for the better part of a year. When I returned I passed the exam and my orals, but by then I was lured in by Hollywood and my Los Angeles roots. It turned out that my literary studies were more effective preparation for a movie business career than any film school. I started out in what I call "Book-to-Film," reading fresh manuscripts, working with screenwriters, and doing cool stuff like corresponding with Tom Stoppard. My collecting mania became generalized and waned, but I continued to build my library, going down different paths. Later my academic interests were rekindled as my daughter studied literature at Wesleyan and Oxford, writing a thesis which included a chapter titled "'Unenticed by Flowers': *Orlando* as Parody of the Father's Life Work." I started a blog, zhiv.wordpress.com, reading along with her and my son as they went through college. I discovered that it was fun and easy to write up my notes and thoughts on a wide range of reading, and I tapped some of the Stephen and Woolf reserves as well. And now it seems like I've come full circle, wrapping up with movies and looking forward to picking up some of

my unfinished academic and literary work, and perhaps building up my collection again as I go along.

Alex Siskin
Los Angeles, CA



Some Thoughts on Other People's Attachment to Books—and My Own.

When Leonard posted copies of Virginia Woolf's books in 1949 to Nancy Nolan in Dublin, she was as surprised to receive them as I was to read about it in her letter to him.¹ Mrs. Nolan was an Irish reader of Virginia's books who embarked on a correspondence over three decades with Mr. Woolf, from 1943 until his death in 1969. Nancy had asked Leonard if he could lend her *The Voyage Out* and *Night and Day*. Nancy wrote, "I've given up asking my bookseller for them, and they might never have been written for all the other bookshops seem to know of them. But if I can't buy them, I wonder if you would be good enough to lend them to me?" She reminded Leonard, "you did lend me your copy of Joan Bennett's 'Virginia Woolf' which emboldens me to ask you" (Nancy Nolan [NN] to Leonard Woolf [LW] 26 April 1949).² He replied, "I am afraid that *The Voyage Out* and *Night and Day* are not in print and are almost unobtainable. We are reprinting them but it will take some time before they are again on the market. I am therefore sending you a copy of each but I should be very glad if you would return them to me after you have read them as I am, myself, very hard up for copies of these two books" (LW to NN 5 May 1949).

For Nancy Nolan reading was more than a pastime. She was an ardent collector of Virginia Woolf's novels and biographies and she devoured Virginia's essays. "Evening Over Sussex: Reflections in a Motor Car" was a favorite. She sought out reviews of Virginia's writings and was "staggered" that Desmond MacCarthy, "an important critic," did not understand Woolf's portrayal of the fugitive, transient nature of beauty or womanhood ("Street Haunting: A London Adventure") in his review of *The Death of the Moth*. For Nancy, *A Room of One's Own* was closest to her heart: "It's a delight to read and very stimulating. I love the quick, flashing turns from one point to another, and her way of being puckish when she is being most sedate" (NN to LW 17 April 1943). Nancy reread *The Waves* and *The Years* one after another. For her, *The Waves* "has a charm of its own" (NN to LW 17 April 1943). She was "disappointed" in *The Years*, finding that Mrs. Woolf "is not herself. The characters are dulled and although it is good, other people could have written it" (NN to LW 2 March 1943). She was concerned that Mrs. Woolf's "vitality was diminished" (NN to LW no date 1943). Because of her long correspondences with Leonard (1943-1969), she and her family received regular gifts of Hogarth Press books from him as well as his review copies from other publishers. His first gift to her was a copy of *Mrs. Dalloway*. One of her final requests of Leonard was to ask if he would sign her newly purchased copy of the fourth volume of his autobiography, *Downhill All the Way*, which he duly did (LW to NN 28 April 1967). Without doubt Nancy was a bibliophile and a lover of second hand books whose meager income curtailed but did not inhibit what was essential to her life. She confessed to Leonard, "I was rather horrified, lately, to realise how many books I'd bought in 1961—all, or nearly all secondhand" (NN to LW 17 January 1962).

Could Leonard too be considered to be a bibliophile? Nancy used the word "bookman" to describe him and it is an appropriate expression

of his prodigious life with books as publisher, reader, editor and author. Bookman captures the physical and mental labor of the body that printed, published and sold books, as well as the intellectual cast of mind of a man who believed in the transformational power of words. Leonard read and mined books to write reviews, to advance arguments and to earn a living. Bookman invokes the generosity of mind of a person who also loaned his out-of-print copies of Virginia's writings to a relative stranger, because she too loved books. Nancy's frequent letters to Leonard about books that she had read, enjoyed or found wanting in some aspect, also mention the aesthetic and sensuous appeal of a binding, the quality of paper, settings and font. Leonard sent her *Flush*, another gift.

Thank you very much indeed for "Flush"; it was exceedingly good of you to send it, and I appreciate it very much. It was the more pleasurable because it was so entirely unexpected. It came quite safely and I am delighted with it in this edition; the wide margins and the creamy paper make it so restful to the eyes, and it is a most welcome addition to my set of Mrs Woolf's books—the most valuable of them all. (NN to LW 17 April 1943)

Until I had read the 25 year correspondence of Nancy Nolan and Leonard Woolf, I had little idea that other people exchanged intimacies and cared about what seemed to me to be ineffable aspects of books. So what is it, this strange attachment to books—particularly those that are old, or even antediluvian? I turn to my shelf of Woolf books to diagnose the state of my own condition—am I permanently entangled in the lure of old books, hard-backed of course, or is this infatuation a mere passing fancy?

On my shelf, scattered on the floor and piled on my desk, is a small working collection that started with Woolf's *Diaries*, *Letters*, and *Collected Essays*, as well as biographies of Woolf, purposively gathered from second-hand bookshops. These books are well worn with ragged wrappers, text underlined by many pens and sometimes accompanied by press cutting inserts, indecipherable annotations, loving or moralizing dedications. Some pages have long parted company with the spine. At first, eager to read more and again, I randomly bought any edition of Virginia's novels. I began to notice the differences in cover illustrations, written introductions and started to look for original, hard-backed, Hogarth Press/ Chatto and Windus publications. Curiosity drew me on. Eschewing on-line, fully catalogued, defined, virtual book prospecting, I looked for the comfort of the unconfined and unexplored secondhand bookshop wherever I was. There my attachment to the old was unchained and unobserved. Happily I searched the pleasant smelling stacks for books on any aspect of Bloomsbury, by any author, lured by paper wrappers designed by Vanessa Bell, Dora Carrington, Enid Marx or based on illustrations by Duncan Grant. If the wrappers were absent, as they usually were, I was content with the texture of a fading gilt embossed hardcover with attractive embellishments, a spine with decorative patterns, title, author and publisher. Random publications from the Hogarth Press that no longer have anything to do with my work found a way into my basket. Peering to read the titles of books piled too high, shelved three-deep in a dimly lit, narrow corridor of a Belfast bookshop, I recently found a book to bring home. I was delighted with my £3 purchase, *Venture to the Interior* by Laurens van der Post, Hogarth Press, 1955. The edges are foxed and the upper part of the dust jacket is torn—freshly, I notice with dismay.

I am aware of the lacunae in my vocabulary to describe the parts of a book. I know not the anatomy of this object. I learn the correct term for "freckles," the difference between free and pasted endpapers and the oddly named "diaper" for the attractive patterns on bindings. I attend a book-making workshop and cut book boards, make the paper covers, decorations and bindings. I try, unsuccessfully, to orient the grain of the paper parallel to the spine. My hands are sore and legs tired from standing hunched over a table in a cold workroom for long periods of time, as I try to paste an end paper onto an inside cover. My hand-cut boards are lop-sided but I persist in trying to come to know a book by its

¹For a short account of the Woolf-Nolan correspondences, see Byrne 32-34.

²All quotations from the correspondences of Nancy Nolan and Leonard Woolf are from the Leonard Woolf Papers, University of Sussex, SxMs-13.

parts. This is a failed enterprise. I begin to reconsider the nature of my attachment to old books. Earlier on in their correspondence, Nancy wrote to Leonard that her time spent caring for her book collection, dusting each book and cleaning the room especially set aside for her library, was to the detriment of housework and a matter for some complaint by others. But she perseveres with her care. Later in life, Nancy has to relinquish the carefully collected, shelved and dusted tomes, as she moves to new places to live but with less space for books. “My poor books are in a terrible mess there—but I can’t help it at present. They are to be put in a new bookcase running along the whole of one wall in my future bedroom, but it will only be three shelves high—perhaps it could be made higher later on” (NN to LW 24 April 1967). Looking for some trace of her imagined lament, I habitually search for her signature, “Mrs Nancy Nolan” on the inside of old books, even those used to add decorative atmosphere to lounges of pubs or hotel foyers. Another pointless endeavor? Perhaps.

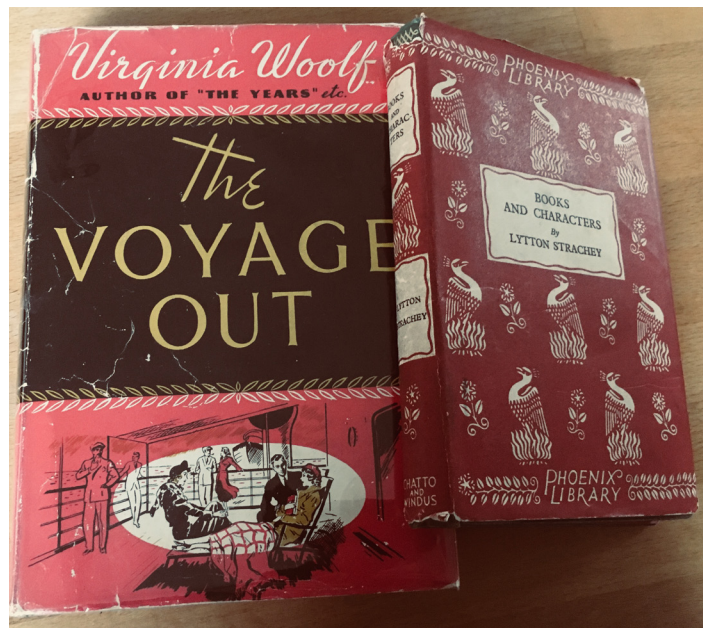


Figure 1: *The Voyage Out* (New York: Blue Ribbon Books, 1920) and *Books and Characters* French and English (London: Chatto and Windus, 1928). Books are courtesy of N. C. Britton and T. A. Byrne.

And then, at an auction in Meath, I acquire a slim Phoenix edition (1928) of *Books and Characters* by Lytton Strachey. The distinctive red and white dust jacket is intact but worn at the head and tail with some fraying at the corners. The publishers text is printed neatly on the inside flap, “Cloth 3s. 6d. net”. Barely visible, thin skeins of fine muslin weave lie on the surface of the pasted end papers, inside front and back. (Designed to strengthen the joint and binding of book boards, papers and leaves, in many Hogarth Press editions, this delicate fabric lies behind rather than on top of the endpapers.) The fore-edge of the text block is discolored, the first part well thumbed, while the remainder is pristine, leaves unopened and unread. A cream calling card is used as a bookmark at the chapter, “Voltaire’s Tragedies.” I open the flyleaf—so named as it flies free of the pastedown—it appears to have a tea stain in the lower right-hand corner. In black ink, T. A. Byrne has signed and dated the book with an address, Gormonston, February 27th 1930. I am unnerved to read the name of my paternal great grandmother, Thomasina Arnold Byrne. Though we did not meet, her book survived the journey from author, publisher, bookshop, and her sitting room chair to auction house to me. Having read seven chapters of Strachey’s eccentric portraits of the great, the good and the damned, their books, dramas, plays and poetry, why did Thomasina stop at Voltaire? Did she have her fill of old arguments and the chaos of other people’s lives? Or perhaps she left the book behind her on a train, as often was the case with her bone-handled black umbrella, her name stamped on a copper band for its safe return. I ponder the

puzzle of Thomasina’s interrupted reading. Would she have enjoyed reading about the spirited adventures of Lady Hester Stanhope, a woman on her own like herself? Would Thomasina have been as intrigued as I am by Lady Hester’s wardrobe, on the occasion of her meeting with Pasha, Mehemet Ali in Cairo? Strachey writes that the bold and brave Hester “wore a turban of cashmere, a brocaded waistcoat, a priceless pelisse, and a vast pair of purple velvet pantaloons embroidered all over in gold” (244).

I recall Virginia’s words on the “wild” and “homeless” precariousness of secondhand books, whose appeal of “sudden capricious friendships with the unknown and the vanished” continue to exude their charm.³ Caught in their mystery, I remain confounded by the magical allure of books. Compounded by my serendipitous encounter with my great grandmother’s copy of Lytton’s Strachey’s *Books and Characters*, it forever re-connects me to her. Until one day I too have to let it go.

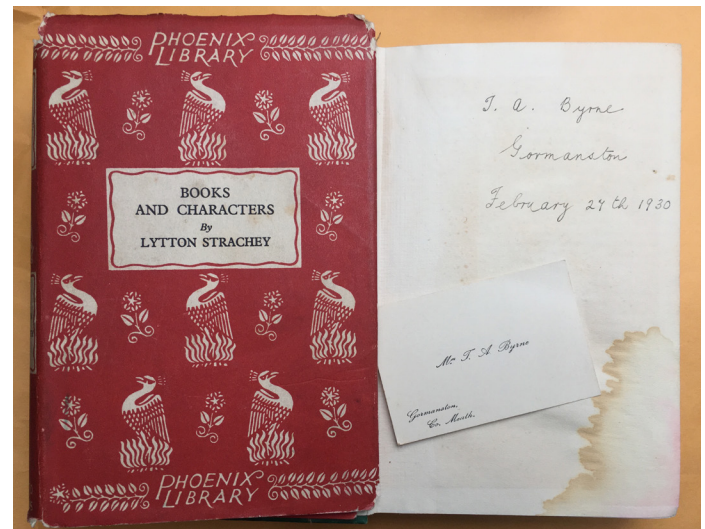


Figure 2: *Books and Characters* by Lytton Strachey (London: Chatto and Windus, 1928). Inscription courtesy of Thomasina Arnold Byrne.

Anne Byrne
NUI Galway, Ireland

Works Cited

- Byrne, Anne. “A Passion for Books: The Early Letters of Nancy Nolan to Leonard Woolf (1943-1944)” *Virginia Woolf Miscellany* 86 (Fall 2014/Winter 2015): 32-34.
- Nolan, Nancy and Leonard Woolf. Correspondence. Leonard Woolf Archive, University of Sussex, The Keep, Brighton, UK. 5 January 2020.
- Strachey, Lytton. *Books and Characters French and English*. London: Chatto and Windus, 1928.
- Woolf, Virginia. “Street Haunting: A London Adventure.” *The Death of the Moth and Other Essays*. London: Readers Union/The Hogarth Press, 1943. 19-29.

³ “Books are everywhere; and always the same sense of adventure fills us. Second-hand books are wild books, homeless books; they have come together in vast flocks of variegated feather, and have a charm which the domesticated volumes of the library lack. Besides, in this random miscellaneous company we may rub against some complete stranger who will, with luck, turn into the best friend we have in the world....Thus, glancing around the bookshop, we make other such sudden capricious friendships with the unknown and the vanished” (Woolf, “Street Haunting” 25).

My First Purchase

I vividly remember my first purchase of a first edition Virginia Woolf. I had recently begun graduate school, was living in downtown Cincinnati, and often browsed a nearby rarified used bookstore—no messy stacks of mass-market paperbacks here. One day, peering at expensive books locked in a glass cabinet, I spied a first American edition, no dust jacket, of *The Voyage Out* for \$75. First editions, dustjackets, bindings, reprints—such things were barely on my radar then, and I didn’t own any such treasure yet. I went back to my apartment and called my mother, breathlessly telling her about what I had found. My birthday was coming up, and she insisted I head straight back to the store and buy the book, and she would send me a check for it. So I did, and thus began a life-long mission to track down first or otherwise special editions of Woolf (and Jean Rhys).

Since then I have amassed a good number of them: some are American first editions, some are from the Hogarth Press, some have the Vanessa Bell dustjacket (or reproductions thereof), some are without. I have a first edition Hogarth Press *Orlando* that’s been rebound, bought in London at Tony Bradshaw’s Bloomsbury Workshop (which sadly is no more). I found a first edition Hogarth *Captain’s Death Bed and Other Essays*—a clean, crisp copy in a pristine dustjacket—at Black Swan Books in Lexington, Kentucky. I have a first American edition of *To the Lighthouse* (no dustjacket) and the first Modern Library edition of *Mrs. Dalloway*, with its small brown leather cover and an introduction written by Woolf, both books given to me by a woman in my parents’ retirement community. I bought a first American *Three Guineas* with dustjacket online, and the merchant sent it gift-wrapped—a lovely touch. At Brattle Books in Boston, I was ecstatic to find a first edition Hogarth copy of *The Years*, with portions of the tattered, chipped, original Vanessa Bell dustjacket hanging on for dear life. The list goes on, and I remain forever on the prowl for special editions I might add to my collection.

I suppose I cherish these books for the same reasons any bibliophile cherishes her collection. To me, each one is a work of art—not only because of the words inside but also the thick, creamy paper and the beautiful dustjacket art. I relish the tactile experience: the heft of the books in my hands and that heady used-bookstore, old-paper smell. And even though I know it’s not true of most Hogarth editions, I imagine Virginia handling each book: stacking it, wrapping it, mailing it. It creates a *frisson* and makes me feel closer to her. (I know that’s all in my head, but as Professor Dumbledore so wisely said, “Of course it is happening inside your head, Harry, but why on earth should that mean it is not real?”) And I delight in finding bits and bobs within the books’ pages, mementoes of their previous owners: I’ve found bookmarks, postcards, and newspaper clippings about Woolf or Bloomsbury or Vita Sackville-West. I read inscriptions, some nearly a century old, and am happy that a once-beloved book, particularly one given as a gift, has found its way to me and my shelves for many more years of appreciation.

The first words of my Hogarth Press *Orlando*, for instance, are not “He—for there could be no doubt of his sex,” but rather “Constance Mary Clay / 1930 / from Muriel / Gileston Manor,” written before the novel’s title page. Gileston Manor, an Internet search tells me, is a grade II listed Georgian manor and country house, with parts dating back to medieval times, next to St. Giles Church in a village called Gileston in St. Athan, Vale of Glamorgan, Wales. Currently, it’s a venue for weddings and other special occasions. When the manor’s last male heir (surname Jule or Giles) died in 1673, the house went to two female heiresses—a more progressive chain of events than those of the early twentieth century, when custom barred Vita Sackville-West from inheriting Knole. Did Muriel live at Gileston Manor, or was she visiting Constance there? Were Muriel and Constance friends, lovers, or both? Did they traipse through the manor and its gardens? Did they read and talk late into the night, living parallel lives to Vita and Virginia at Knole?

Given that they had some kind of Gileston Manor connection, *Orlando* must have struck a special chord with them.

Searching online for “Constance Mary Clay” leads to myheritage.com, where I learn of a Constance Mary Clay from England who lived from 1878-1946. In 1906, when she was 28, she married Edward James Minchinton, and they had three daughters. There’s another Constance Mary Clay (born Barrett), circa 1903 to circa 1971, who married William Clay in Stockton, Durham, England, circa 1924, when she was 21. Together, they had four children. Both Constance Marys appear on census forms from England and Wales. The site also notes a Constance Clay who lived from 1571-1684. I like to imagine her as one of the female heiresses who inherited Gileston Manor in 1673—perhaps she was a late sixteenth-/early seventeenth-century rendition of Woolf’s Mistress Joan Martyn. With echoes of *Mary Beton*, *Mary Seton*, and *Mary Carmichael* in my head, I see one last Constance Mary Clay, under “England and Wales Death Index.” This Constance Mary lived from 1900-1981. Could one of these women have been the recipient of Muriel’s (now my) Hogarth Press *Orlando*, at age 52, 27, or 30? If she was the first Constance I came across, she would have been Constance Mary Minchinton by 1930, when she received the book, but Muriel pointedly addresses her by her given name of Clay—a feminist gesture for the time.

I will never know precisely who these women were, of course, but their names in my copy of *Orlando*, purchased with my mother on a beautiful rainy day in London in January 2001, remind me of the relationships forged and nurtured over the years alongside—perhaps because of—the writings of Virginia Woolf. So cheers, Constance and Muriel, wherever you are! I’m taking good care of your book.

Kristin Czarnecki
Georgetown College



The Silent Auction

At the 2014 Woolf Conference at Loyola University, the silent auction table displayed a first US edition of Woolf’s *To the Lighthouse* in excellent condition with original book jacket. I was about to embark on a University of East Anglia/Guardian Diploma in Creative Fiction to finish my novel *Who Killed Mrs Ramsay?* (now entitled *Talland House*).¹ The novel takes the artist character Lily Briscoe from Virginia Woolf’s *To the Lighthouse* into a work of historical fiction—set between 1900 and 1919 in picturesque Cornwall and war-blasted London. I interweave Lily’s life with fictionalised versions of the real-life people (the painters Louis Grier and Eliza Stillman, Hilary Hunt, son of Holman Hunt), events, and places Woolf knew. The novel paints Lily’s life into the “missing” years of *To the Lighthouse*: as a suffragette, nurse, and professional artist. At the end of the novel Lily solves the mystery of Mrs Ramsay’s sudden death.

Scenes from *To the Lighthouse* always have an incredible resonance for me because my mother died aged forty-nine when I was thirteen, the same ages as Julia Stephen and Virginia at Julia’s death. So, working out how Mrs Ramsay died seemed, in some strange way, a way of finally coming to terms with my own mother’s death—like Lily placing Mrs Ramsay into a second portrait. My Lily gradually took over my life, my feelings, even my physical characteristics. She’s always early for appointments, she’s an only child whose mother died suddenly when Lily was an adolescent, even her fingers are the same odd shape of mine. Sometimes I wondered if I existed outside the novel. I felt that if I could win the *To the Lighthouse* edition somehow, in some magic way, I *would* finish my novel and gain the diploma.

¹ The novel will be published by She Writes Press on 11 August 2020.

What would be the best technique? To bid daily? Perhaps other bidders might take pity seeing my declared enthusiasm? Or to make one substantial very late bid? As it happened, I bid and rebid during the conference and waited desperately by the table during the last half hour before bids would be sealed. At five minutes to the hour Leslie Hankins bid a higher amount. I smiled weakly, and watched Leslie walk away then, at one second to deadline, stomach tensed, I made a higher bid and won the volume. Perhaps Leslie, knowing that there was still time, was encouraging my bid.

The amount I paid was all my remaining dollars. I had no money left for food and water at the airport or a gift for my partner, but clutching the edition (too precious to pack in the hold), I felt an overwhelming sense of happiness. And I did finish the novel and gain the diploma. Again, magically, the unpublished novel was shortlisted for the Impress Prize and Fresher Fiction Prize (Humm 2017) and, as the redrafted *Talland House*, shortlisted for the Eyelands and Retreat West prizes 2018.

After decades of academic writing, fiction writing seems another country, another world, with its different hierarchies of agents and editors, rules of engagement, and profile “creation” not least on Twitter—all completely new and intimidating to me at seventy-three. Twitter has a recent campaign, in which I participate as @MaggieHumm1, led by the wonderful writer Joanna Walsh as @badaude, to persuade arts and literary prize givers to change their entrance rules from “young” (or using named age ranges), to “emerging” artists and writers. The Tate Turner Prize removed their age restriction in 2017.

In some ways, I often incorporated fictionalised sections into my critical writing. For example, making analogies between Washoe the female chimpanzee, who learned American sign language, and continually crossed between her natural repertoire and ASL, and feminists in the academy who survive by learning to speak two or more, “languages” (Humm 1998). Or placing the life of La Malincha, lover of Cortés, alongside Zora Neale Hurston who, towards the end of her career, hoped to discover an ancient Mayan city and wrote a Guggenheim proposal while living in a town called Puerto Cortés (Humm 1991).

Yet while similar techniques can feature in both academic and creative writing, most notably the use of transitions, the differences are crucial. Academic writing is, or should be, clear and explicit, clarifying and defending an argument (although mine is, sadly, often associative rather than linear). Creative writing, on the other hand, is suggestive, with ideas and similarities between events implicit rather than explicit—the old “show” not “tell.” A single image can carry an overriding theme.

Research is common to both kinds of writing. The research for *Talland House* was huge but easier for an academic than for an emerging fiction writer, I would imagine. Yet, oddly, it was surprisingly more enjoyable than for an academic book. I read Cornish newspapers for the months when Lily is in St. Ives for weather, incidents, and atmosphere. I loved working in the airy, light map room at the top of the British Library looking at old photos of St. Ives for housing types, street scenes. I read artists’ memoirs and turn of the twentieth-century art journals for a sense of artists’ lives. I read everything on-line about World War I in London and how it felt to be there, for example, when the Germans switched from Zeppelins to Gotha bombers in 1917. Woolf experienced Gothas in Richmond December 1917. She wrote: “discussed the raid, which, according to the Star I bought was the work of 25 Gothas, attacking in 5 squadrons & 2 were brought down” (Woolf 85). I googled about music halls, other leisure pursuits, clothes, transport, and the accurate names of buildings. St. Ives and London became characters in my novel.

The most difficult creative writing task was keeping the research to a discreet underpinning not, as academics often do, glorifying it in long footnotes. What the research also did, was to bring me much closer than ever before, to a fuller sensation of Woolf’s worlds—the smell and

feel of Talland House’s escallonia hedge, an almost haptic sense of the impact of bombs on London’s buildings, streets and inhabitants.

This sense of historical and sensory completeness began with my acquisition of *To the Lighthouse* at the Chicago Woolf conference. It, and the literary prize short listings, have given me the impetus to continue creative writing: short stories and a second novel, tentatively called *Rodin’s Mistress*, about the tumultuous love affair of the sculptor Auguste Rodin and the painter Gwen John. Thank you, to the International Virginia Woolf Society, and to Leslie Hankins, for inadvertently sending me on this journey.

Maggie Humm

Emeritus Professor, University of East London UK.

Works Cited

- Humm, Maggie. *Border Traffic: Strategies of Contemporary Women Writers*. Manchester: Manchester UP, 1991.
- Humm, Maggie. “Feminist Literary Theory.” *Contemporary Feminist Theories*. Ed. Stevi Jackson and Jackie Jones. Edinburgh: Edinburgh UP, 1998. 194-212.
- Humm, Maggie. “Who Killed Mrs Ramsay?” *Freshers 3*. Ed. Tom Ellen and Lily Iveson. Bournemouth: Bournemouth UP, 2017. 73-75.
- Woolf, Virginia. *The Diary of Virginia Woolf: Volume 1: 1915-1919*. Ed. Anne Olivier Bell. London: The Hogarth Press, 1977.



Hours in a Bookshop

My collection of Hogarth Press books started unwittingly when I was 20 in 1982; I treated myself to discovering Woolf’s books in Uniform Edition hardbacks, one per month, purchased with a discount directly from the Press’s trade counter in Covent Garden on my way to work at my first job in Farringdon. Back then, I was not aware that the Woolfs founded the Press, let alone that I worked only a stone’s throw from where they purchased that first printing machine, the table-top Excelsior, that was to inspire them to establish the Hogarth Press in 1917.

During the succeeding years, buying Woolf’s books in hardback felt right instinctively. It led to decisions that baffled non-bibliophile friends of mine who, for example, questioned why I forked out £100 to buy the five volumes of Woolf’s *Diary* in hardback, when I already had them in the Penguin paperback edition.

It was only after I purchased J. Howard Woolmer’s bibliography that I appreciated fully the breadth and scope of the titles published by the Hogarth Press. I made a point of buying books published by the Press when I saw them for sale; not with a view to collecting them all but as time has gone on it feels more like an unarticulated goal.

Of course, the prices of Hogarth Press books vary greatly. Some appear to be commonplace and are very cheap; while others seem scarce (often for no logical or even bibliographical reason) and are expensive; occasionally ludicrously so. Some bookdealers with scant knowledge price common Hogarth Press titles—such as late Uniform editions of Woolf’s novels—at ridiculously high prices because of the link between author and publisher.

In my own personal collecting transition, the graduation from purchasing the odd £5 or £20 book to buying an old book costing three figures or more came in the mid-1990s when I saw and touched for the first time ever a page with Woolf’s fine-nibbed signature in violet ink. It was in a copy of her *Beau Brummell*, published in 1930 by Rimington & Hooper of New York, which is a very large-format book (Royal quarto). It is difficult to describe the almost religious thrill I experienced, gazing at Woolf’s beautiful signature; as I looked at it, it became, as James Ramsay might have put it, “fringed with joy.” I deliberated for weeks and eventually agreed to buy it for the then towering sum of £250,

despite the fact it didn't have its original slip case. That purchase, the bookdealer was aware, acted as the gateway drug into a world of serious book buying. Just like a gateway drug, mine was a secret verging on shame that could not be wholly shared with anyone other than a fully empathetic fellow addict.

Since then I have taken my book collection far more seriously. With an interest such as Woolf and Bloomsbury, the potential for buying books never dries up, for the more one reads, the further one's eye strays from its original focus. One finds oneself buying first editions of Rosamond Lehmann and Ivy Compton Burnett, and the more recent multitudinous volumes of Eliot's letters, and then there are D. H. Lawrence's. One "needs" to buy books by all the other Stephens, Vita Sackville-West, Katherine Mansfield and of course some of the obscure volumes that Woolf reviewed. An empty foot or two of bookshelf, in my house, is a rare and fleeting thing to behold that realizes its potential effortlessly only too soon.

Like all book collectors, I have paid over the odds for some things and have been lucky enough to find some wonderful surprise bargains along the way. There is nothing worse, bibliographically speaking, than hearing about other collectors' good fortunes. However, I had one find that was so extraordinary that I want to share it with you. That memorable day started much as any regular Saturday might have: I took myself off to nearby Richmond with the aim of looking around a couple of second-hand bookshops in the hope that I would find a title I had previously been unaware of, or a book to plug a gap in my collection. I went into a small bookshop which I had visited many times before and where I had once bought a copy of John H. Willis's *Leonard and Virginia Woolf as Publishers*.

I didn't find anything in the usual fiction and biographical sections but, on the verge of giving up, the spine of a book suddenly caught my eye in the literary criticism shelves. It was the second edition of Woolf's *The Common Reader*, which has a grey spine, not dissimilar to the first edition, but also a distinctive paper label which is absent from the first. The boards are the same plain grey as its spine, differing from the paper-covered boards on the first edition. (Uniquely in Woolf's Hogarth Press publications, the upper board of the first edition carries the same Vanessa Bell design as the dustjacket.) I already had a first edition and so I hesitated before examining it; why should I spend on an inferior issue of the first edition I already had?

Naturally the inquisitive bibliophile in me won. I pulled it from the shelf and riffled its pages. Nothing particular about it, some garish scribble on the front free endpaper that rather spoiled it. It was not for me. I looked again at the scribble and at the pencilled price (£4.50). Under the red crayon of an over-exuberant and distracting ownership signature was some small, fine writing. It was in violet ink, unmistakably in her distinctive hand, the word "Virginia"! I looked again and saw it was part of a brief inscription:

A belated wedding present
for Irene from Virginia

It is no cliché or hyperbole to say that the blood in my ears boomed as I took the book to the counter to pay. In the brief time I had, hot and in a daze, I wondered whether the man taking the money would spot that it was a book signed by the author and automatically move the decimal point two or three places to the right! Instead he said there was 25% off all purchases today and the cost was reduced to £3.37!!

Back home I worked out that the dedicatee was most likely Irene Noel-Baker, an old friend and contemporary of Woolf's youth. From the Monks House Papers I obtained a copy of a postcard Noel-Baker had sent to Woolf on 10 June 1927 asking her to lunch and saying that she had "just ordered yr. book which someone tells me is wonderful". Now, with that date, it was most likely to be *To the Lighthouse*, but perhaps it

was *The Common Reader* and, noticing the order from a friend, might Woolf had inscribed it and sent it as a gift? It would have been typical of Woolf's irony that she alluded to a wedding which had taken place many years earlier, after they had lost touch. Irene Noel had married Philip Baker on 12 June 1915. Noel-Baker was an extraordinary man: educated at King's College, Cambridge, he served in the War, won an Olympic medal, became an MP and Secretary of State for Foreign Relations. He wrote two books on disarmament for the Hogarth Press, won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1959 and was created a Life Peer in 1977. The final coincidence was that Philip Noel-Baker formally unveiled the blue plaque on Hogarth House in 1976; less than 100 yards from where I uncovered a treasured prize of my own.

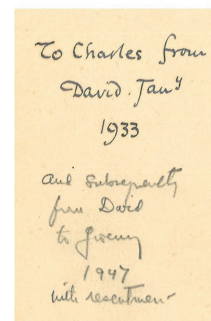
Stephen Barkway
Independent Scholar



The Joy of Not Being First

To Charles from
David. Jan. 4.
1933

and subsequently
from David
to Jeremy
1947
with resentment



These inscriptions, the first neatly in ink, the second scrawled haphazardly in pencil, are on the flyleaf of a 1929 Hogarth uniform edition of *Mrs. Dalloway*. These inscriptions are what make reading this particular copy of the novel unique—each reading begins with speculative amusement regarding the re-gifting (love?) triangle of Charles, David, and Jeremy. From there, flipping past the title pages, the novel begins without introduction and ends without notes or an afterword (although, on its back board, someone—Charles, David, or Jeremy?—has neatly penciled in the pages on which 'Miss Kilman' and 'clouds' appear).

Reading an early edition is simultaneously humbling and demystifying. First, there is a sense of awe at holding *the thing itself*; one can experience Woolf's work as she published it, fonts, paper, binding and, with a bit of luck, dust-jacket and all—the book as object bridging reader and author through time and space. Such volumes are now exceedingly rare and, if they do appear for auction, are far out of reach of the "common reader"; thus, to read them involves special archives. Permission to touch, leaf through, and *smell* such volumes feels weighty with power: one remembers reading of barred library doors in *A Room of One's Own* and thinks, perhaps, *progress*: not only is Woolf's work now

in prestigious libraries of the sort her narrator was shut out from, but the libraries in question are now open to all regardless of gender. Then, with a jolt of amusement, one notices how askew the pasted-in correction to a caption is below a smudged woodcut in the 1919 *Kew Gardens*; how could something so haphazard possibly have been the work of an author so venerated? Such tangible evidence of Woolf's fallibility integrates a human note into the mystique of the author—yes, here is *Kew Gardens*, pivotal work, but also: here is a volume with smudged ink and last-minute fixes, held together with haphazard knots of string.

A similar epiphany of mundanity can be had with the more accessible Hogarth editions: to readers content with “early” rather than “first” editions, intrigued rather than repelled by traces of earlier readers (inscriptions, book-plates, after-images of bookmarks left too long between pages), there can be something freeing about reading a Woolf text which is *only* a Woolf text. Without the trappings—introductory essays, timelines, maps, end-notes—of later scholarly editions, these books become, suddenly and banally, *just novels*. Reading Woolf as presented by the Hogarth Press is simply to *read*—rather than analyze or study. Knowing there are no explanations, help, or interpretations within the book, one must read for oneself, and for the sake of reading: that is, as a “common reader”.

Undercutting this is the inescapable thrill of analytic assessment, bolstered by the unique situation of Woolf as author/publisher—every facet of the book is potentially authorial. Beyond directly work-related questions—is this blank line, spelling, or illustration retained in later editions?—the physical books themselves invite comparison and contemplation. For example, the generous margins, font-sizes, and paper quality tapers off as war rationing begins. In stark contrast to the sensuous slide of the thick cream pages of *The Waves* (which *sound* like waves—an intentional iconicity?), turning pages of *A Haunted House* is a delicate, tentative affair, as the yellowed, brittle pages threaten to crease or crumble. Without other data, one would guess this volume to be considerably older than its predecessor: here, the struggle to continue producing literature in wartime is tangible.

Reading Woolf “directly” is an experience which can be both simple and scholarly. It can aid literary study, but can also enrich the experience of reading Woolf for pleasure. These volumes form a bridge between past and present, and link not only author and reader, but also the various readers who have left their traces, however faint and cryptic, between the pages. In *Orlando*, the titular character comes into possession of Queen Mary's prayer book and muses on the mingling of a spot of the monarch's blood, and the pastry-crumbs, hair and tobacco-flakes left in the course of later use—a “meeting-place of dissemblables.” When reading a volume which has clearly been through many hands, my reading experience is enriched by the traces of those who have read before me. Each inscription, underlining, or faint trace of humanity adds itself as a backdrop to my reading, like the rustle and breath and reactions of others in an audience enhances the experience of watching a play in the theatre. I hope that someday, when my little collection passes on to some future reader, the traces of my own reading, using, and loving of these books will be treasured in turn, and not seen “with resentment”.

Cecilia Servatius
University of Graz



A Glorious Moment

I believe my most glorious moment acquiring Virginia Woolf's books was when I finally bought her five volumes of the *Diaries*. I could not be happier, since it took me a long time to be able to buy them all. That happened because I live in Brazil, and except for Woolf's novels, it is very difficult to find or purchase her physical books in English. If you want to buy her novels, there are a number of editions from different publishing houses available in bookstores or online. However, full editions of her *Diaries*, *Letters* or *Essays* are almost impossible to find in Brazilian bookstores. Sometimes you can find an old edition in English being sold on a used book website that we Brazilians often use, *Estante Virtual*, but that is extremely rare.

It seems to me that the people who have Woolf's books here in Brazil do not give or sell them very easily. There are only a few translated editions, and they tend to offer only a selection of texts. For example, when it comes to Woolf's *Diaries*, there is a translated edition from 1989, now out of print and very difficult to find, which only comprises a small selection of Woolf's diary entries instead of the full text. In order to have access to any complete edition, Brazilians have to import the books through Amazon or other online bookstores like *Livraria Cultura* or *Saraiva*. That makes the process longer and much more expensive. Consequently, when I decided to buy Woolf's *Diaries* I had to do it online and wait a long time for the books to arrive. This time, after searching through online bookstores, I decided to buy it through *Livraria Cultura*, the store with the best price at the time, but also the one that would take longest to deliver the books. I waited about two months and when they finally arrived I was extremely happy.

Buying Woolf's *Diaries* meant that now I was becoming serious about studying this author and could take a step further in my knowledge. It was my first significant step since I had discovered Woolf's work and it was also the beginning of my bookshelf, made of the five novels and now the five volumes of *Diaries*. Nowadays, I buy a book every time I get the chance, which means that my collection and my bookshelf are growing more and more each day. It has been eight years since I read my first Virginia Woolf novel and it is crazy to think how much I have learned about Woolf until this moment, but also how much there is still there to learn.

Carla Lento Faria
Universidade Federal de São Paulo
São Paulo, Brazil



Book Collecting by a Common Reader: From *The Voyage Out* to a Voyage In, and Then to a Voyage Out

Did it really happen like that? One reads one novel, ‘just’ one in an endless stream of novels. Then this one book jumps into one's lap never to leave again. For me, reading and collecting started with *The Voyage Out*. Virginia Woolf's name, in spite of my education geared towards languages and literature, never came up. What a discovery! Did she write more novels? Yes, she did! The library in Bilthoven didn't carry her work but a good bookshop might have one or two titles, second-hand books shops might have a novel or two. And so, little by little my collection of Virginia Woolf's writings grew.

To get to know Virginia Woolf in Dutch translation was never an option for since I like reading English so much. However, when in 2003 I was asked by Natalya Reinhold from the University of Moscow to participate in her symposium to talk about the reception of Virginia Woolf in The Netherlands, I found pitifully few translations and even fewer reviews. Dutch translations had appeared years after the first publications in the UK. What I found even more shocking was that when a book was reprinted, the same translation was used over and over again (see Bantzinger 131-48). The tide might be turning. In 2017, a Dutch translation was published of *The Years*; in 2018 a Dutch translation of

The Voyage Out, each being a first, and both being very well received by the reviewers.

From the '70s on, touring the UK and in particular London I would go to every second-hand bookshop, take out every book from the literature/biography/literary criticism section, turn to the notes and/or bibliography to see whether there was a mention of her, her relatives, her neighbors, her Bloomsbury friends or friends of their friends, write down titles of the books mentioned that I didn't own. In the process I found treasures. Whether beaten-up books or new, I didn't and still don't care.

How to buy books in an age without the internet, without Pay Pal, without Amazon? One writes letters to publishers, one sticks money in an envelope and hopes for the best. Usually that worked pretty well. Once on a mailing list of second-hand bookshops, the booksellers happily send you their catalogues, becoming collectors' items themselves. What fun I could have with those, especially when they listed books I had never heard of.

And what good fortune that around that same time her *Letters* and *Diaries* were published. Virginia's work in English weren't too difficult to come by, even the *Letters* and *Diaries* one could buy or order in the 'better' bookstores. Expensive, very expensive those volumes were.

An important source of information were (and are) the book reviews in the *Miscellany*—not as international as it is now—whose first issue, Volume 1, No 1, Fall 1973 fell on my doormat. I also was fortunate to be part of the Society from the very beginning when it was founded in 1976, and I am the proud owner of all the issues to date. (My collection also includes all of the Selected Papers from the Annual Conferences on Virginia Woolf, starting in 1991). They have been my summer reading since then.

I feel blessed to have a "hobby" like this, the reading and collecting, and I will certainly continue to enjoy my books for a long time to come. *The Voyage Out* turned out to be a voyage in, learning and studying in a room of my own, and, from 2003 onward, when I attended the Russian symposium Woolf Across Cultures, organized by Natalya Reinhold, it became a true voyage out, meeting and talking with and becoming friends with people in the Woolf community, and regularly attending the Annual Woolf conference starting with Gina Potts' and Lisa Shahriari's Back to Bloomsbury held in London in 2004.

AnneMarie Bantzinger
Bilthoven, The Netherlands

Works Cited

Bantzinger, AnneMarie. "Holland and Virginia Woolf: The Reception of Woolf's Translated Work in the Netherlands." *Woolf Across Cultures*. Ed. Natalya Reinhold. New York: Pace UP, 2004, 131-48.



The Books in the Living Room

As a book collector without a pile of spare cash, I'm lucky that I have no desire for pristine copies; even if I could afford such things, I'd be afraid to hold them, and I don't want to own books that would better be hidden away in a safe-deposit box. At an antiquarian book fair, I once saw a first edition of *Mrs. Dalloway* priced at \$40,000, and I was aghast. What could one *do* with such a book other than insure it and hide it away, bringing it out now and then to trumpet the glories of your wealth?

I have no need for books best cared for by professional archivists. I keep my Woolf books in the living room; I want to live with them. I'm attracted to the aesthetic qualities of older books, certainly, but what keeps me sometimes stretching my budget beyond where it

ought to go is a desire to feel a sense of communion with past readers of the book in my hand.

That feeling was most powerful when I bought a box of Woolf books a few years ago. For some time, I had been looking for an affordable set of the Harcourt edition of the *Collected Essays* from the 1960s. I kept reading bruised and broken library copies of those books simply because even when well worn, their shape and design felt more elegant to me than the scholarly editions of the essays published later. Idly wasting a few minutes searching through eBay one day, I found a single lot of books by and about Woolf, a lot that included the four-volume *Collected Essays* among quite a few other books, both everyday paperbacks and more collectible (though not especially rare) hardcovers. Some of the books were in good shape, some less so. The asking price was more than I wanted to spend at one time, but it was also under \$200, and I'd seen sets of the *Collected Essays* alone selling for more than that. I hesitated, but, remembering with regret a few past hesitations, I soon hit the *Buy It Now* button.

The books arrived a week or so later in a big box, and they were more wonderful than I had anticipated. The mix of titles strongly suggested they had been owned by a serious Woolfian, someone who had collected the books over decades. I was grateful to be able to give them a new home where they would be appreciated and used.

The *Collected Essays* volumes were beautiful and almost pristine, but the excitement of the collection grew when I took an American hardcover of *Between the Acts* out of the box. When I opened the novel, a piece of newspaper fell out. I picked it up and unfolded the brittle newsprint. It was from a March 1941 issue of *The New York Times*. Above a picture of Woolf stood the words "MISSING IN ENGLAND" and below the picture a headline and sub-heading: "VIRGINIA WOOLF BELIEVED DEAD: Novelist Is Thought to Have Been Drowned Friday — Had Been Ill".

I almost fell to the floor. An obituary would have been one thing, but to be transported back to a moment where Woolf was missing (but not yet confirmed dead) was overwhelmingly powerful, as it wasn't a moment I'd ever really considered before. For a few seconds, I was a *New York Times* reader in 1941, and one of my favorite writers was presumed to be lost, but not yet certainly gone.

With tears in my eyes, I skimmed the article, then folded it up, put it back in the novel's front pages and placed the book into the space I'd made for it on the Woolf shelves in my living room. Whenever I look at that copy of *Between the Acts*, I purposely avoid the clipping I know is in it.

By cherishing these books, I feel in some way that I've not only kept the spirit of their previous owner alive, but also the spirit of Woolf herself. I dream that after my own death, these books will be collected and cherished by someone who can do the same. I hope they will be given away, or sold for a nominal amount, no matter their supposed value on the market, a market that cannot value what is most valuable, but can only turn books into commodities that must be kept in glass cases.

Matthew Cheney
Plymouth State University



Clearing the Shelves

We are approaching the end of the summer and I must start thinking about returning to school. I love my work, but the grace of summer is hard to relinquish. Each moment is precious now, and as I wander around the kitchen scheduling veterinary appointments, I catch sight of a package that arrived just yesterday. My husband dropped it

there unceremoniously saying, “You got something from England.” I responded that I couldn’t remember what it might be. He said, “I’ll bet it’s a Virginia Woolf book.”

We are also in the middle of a real estate transaction and are preparing to move. The new house is smaller than our current home, and I will lose some bookshelves. This has created a bittersweet mood as I pack. I have now packed all of the books—except my Virginia Woolf collection.

I teach at a community college and I include Virginia Woolf whenever I can. I use *A Room of One’s Own* in composition classes and have taught *Mrs. Dalloway* and *Orlando* as primary novels in sections of Women’s Literature. The last time I taught Women’s Literature I began with *A Room of One’s Own*, but I didn’t focus on Woolf. I have begun to wonder if focusing on her is more meaningful for me than for my students.

My ideal Women’s Literature course uses Woolf as a fulcrum. First, we read women writers from before Woolf to whom she refers (always reading Woolf’s criticism) and then more contemporary writers who refer to Woolf during and after her life (always reading their observations on Woolf). Woolf remains in the center, where she belongs. It’s a great joy for me but as I address current trends and authors (and our students), and since this is a survey course, I second-guess my intentions. Will they understand her? Is she relevant to them? Will fewer students take my classes? Will I earn a reputation as an antiquated pedagogue?

The truth is, it is perfectly possible to cover a wide range of writers on both sides of Woolf, and as I have just received an essay that includes the sentence: “Leaving behind a carefully thought out suicide note and a mountain of literature, Virginia Woolf changed the very definition of what a life’s work could be,” I think I will stay the course.

This fall, however, I will be studying Woolf’s non-fiction with a group of women from Portland through the Oregon Literary Arts Association. We received a reading list and some suggestions for preparatory reading, and I’m finally working through Hermione Lee’s biography. It’s not typical summer reading, but it’s beautifully written and Lee reveals layer after layer of Woolf, and each revelation engulfs me. Literally. While reading the chapter on houses I made a hold request for the audio of *To the Lighthouse* through my local library. This has been my method for collecting Woolf for years. Just this morning, over croissant and coffee at a local boulangerie, I completed Lee’s chapter on siblings and ordered a copy of *Flush* as a Christmas gift for my granddaughter. I learned as well that for only \$2,200.00 I can purchase a signed copy of the book. I am tempted...but the real estate transaction looms.

When I finally pick up the cardboard packet from High Street Books and Records in London I can’t quite recall what I ordered. I recall that I ordered it while sitting under an umbrella in a pool lounge chair in the desert of Oregon while my husband swam with our grandchildren. I had just begun the Lee biography and was reading along when a book was referenced—and I had to have it. I had my smartphone, so I got on eBay and now some book is on the counter in my kitchen.

Unpacking a new book days after packing hundreds from the shelves in our current home seemed ironic, but as I have said, I hadn’t packed Woolf yet, so it was not inconvenient. I had packed all the classics, the Plato and the Ovid. I had packed the modern novels and the Arthurian stuff. I had packed the cookbooks and the books about crafts. I had proceeded through these to the main bookshelf—the one in the foyer, the one I want people to see when they walk in the door. The one I must have ready access to. Gradually I packed from that large shelf the family photo albums, the Shakespeare. Then I packed my collection of California Mission books and the general poetry. Then the feminist theory books were put into boxes, then the Sylvia Plath, the Adrienne Rich, the Audre Lorde. I packed Emily Dickinson, Charlotte Brontë, Elizabeth Bishop, Sharon Olds. My new biography (still unread) of Zora Neale Hurston, the new copy of the early Shirley Jackson stories

and all of last summer’s (I read one author per summer) Jane Austen. A prior summer’s Harper Lee—biographies, criticism, and the new novel included. I had also read Truman Capote, but that was a library copy.

I took a breath and packed *Paris was a Woman* and *Women of the Left Bank*. I packed Gertrude Stein and HD. I put them all into boxes where there was no air and put them in stacks in the garage. Then I looked back at the big shelf and kept winnowing. First, I packed the general books on Bloomsbury, then the books about the Hogarth Press—would I need them? I packed, with reticence, the Leonard Woolf. And I kept trying... trying to make the move simpler. I couldn’t very well pack the diaries or the essays...the novels maybe...but no. I could refer to them online if need be, during the four weeks of the upcoming reading group. Then my hand brushed Stape’s *Interviews and Recollections* (1995) and Bishop’s *A Virginia Woolf Chronology* (1989), both fairly recent acquisitions: the temptation to skim some collected gossip, just to dip into a given day of her life...and it was time to stop.

The cardboard from High Street Books and Records gave me pause. It was fitted tightly to the secreted book and I doubted I could get scissors in there, so I started to tear. To my surprise, it tore easily along the corrugation in triangular pieces to reveal a hardbound book in its dustcover and I reminded myself to buy from this vendor again. The title, *Women & Fiction: The Manuscript Versions of “A Room of One’s Own”* sang to me. I love manuscript versions; I love facsimiles and variorum editions. I relish, I suppose, taking a thing apart to an infinite level, down to its atomic origins to see how it works. I love words. I believe that words matter. Woolf changed “illiterate” to “uneducated” in one place in “Shakespeare’s Sister,” I see, as she tries phrases and revises them—sometimes, as here, seeming to soften the edges, but other times simply testing ideas. It’s like sitting with her; it’s like watching her mind work, keeping her present and always available.

Which is what I think I am doing with my Woolf collection (including the songs by Florence and the Machine, and, of course, The Indigo Girls). My copy of the *Letters* was purchased at Powell’s in Portland many years ago at least partly because of the flowers pressed in it. I paid sixty dollars for the set—used—as an undergraduate. I will never part with it. I have multiple copies of *To the Lighthouse* and *Mrs. Dalloway*, each marked with each reading. I have *Vanessa and Her Sister*, *A Very Close Conspiracy*, and *Mrs. Woolf and the Servants*. I’m certain my collection is miniscule. But I do have *A Boy at the Hogarth Press* and *The Marmoset of Bloomsbury*, so it is egalitarian. I learned to love *The Hours*, though reluctantly, but I’m struggling with *Mrs. Woolf in Manhattan*. Yes, I have stooped that far. I do not own a copy of the Albee play.

I might be a groupie. The facilitator of the Literary Arts group refers to us in her emails as “Woolfies.” I do indeed consider myself a Woolf “something.” Perhaps a Woolfian. But I am not a Woolf scholar. That is too linear. Like the time I read *Mrs. Dalloway* with the intention of tracing the timelines. Like poking a soufflé. I know what happened in Woolf’s life. I know that she collected moths with her siblings and I know about the moth on the windowsill and the struggle to live and to die. I have a sense of her fears and her bravado. I embrace her indignation. I appreciate her worldview. I envy the interstices she occupied. She was sometimes neither here nor there, so she created the world—orchestrating characters drawn from her life and from her imagination, refining what does and does not happen to them, and what they think and feel about it—and how they change. I have no desire to parse her. Rather, I live my life with the bookshelves, in whatever home they perch, and I feel her. I muddle along teaching and writing and living always comforted just to know she is there.

Melody Wilson
Portland Community College



Hoarding Woolf: Filling Up One's Own Room

(that which) "she collected with her own hands...knew more
about her
than we were allowed to know."
Virginia Woolf, "The Lady in the Looking Glass: A Reflection"

The mirror was removed long ago
To make more room for glass cases. In these
She is also reflected, housing as they do
All her friends, her thoughts marginalized on their pages.

One day in June she found Beau Brummel
Hiding in the Strand, a purple squiggle of mustache spelling
Woolf

Across the title page;
She had to own it.

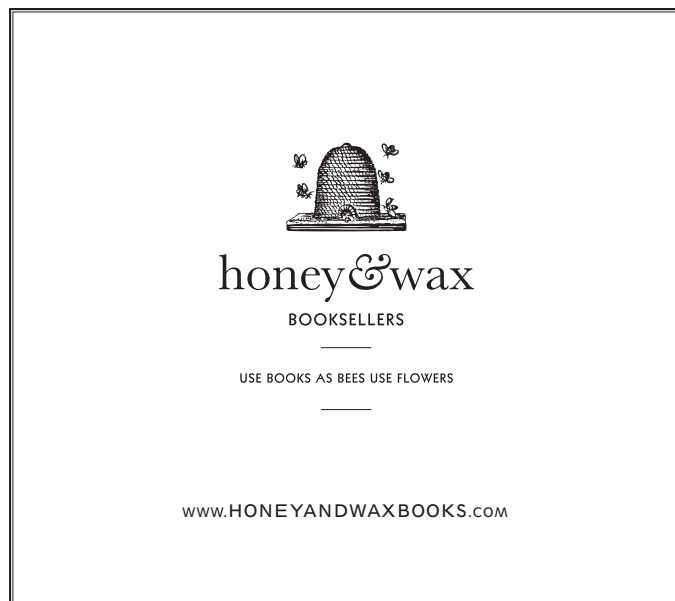
Then a gift of Clive's letter meant to seduce Christobel,
seducing her instead, expanding the focus
To all Bloomsbury, to Charleston, to Sissinghurst, to Garsington
(surely that strand of hair, now carefully curated and tucked away
was Ottoline's.) She found it in Ottoline's own copy of David
Cecil's book

("Dearest Ottoline, from Cecil" on flyleaf in pencil);
Lytton Strachey's bookplate designed by Carrington,
Well, THAT was a treasure;
A lovely watercolor with careless provenance but clearly VB,
So who else could it be?

All this and more
Maxing out her budget (Oh, thank you Jon Richardson,
bookseller),
Changing hoarding to something more acceptable.
The Woolfs forever at her door.

Strange how one's sense of self expanded as the cases filled;
The floor creaking, chairs sinking beneath the piles;
Exits blocked.
It is all one long drama, going out between the acts
For refreshments, sitting down again with no space to put them.
Everything inventoried but never properly filed; yes,
That was how she was also as she aged.

Sandra Inskeep-Fox
Independent Scholar



Here Ends the Special Topic The Common Book Collector

Truly Miscellaneous

Reading¹

And, you away, / As with your shadow I with these did play

—William Shakespeare

I was fifteen, in Berkeley. I sat on my bed in that third-story room, its white curtains patterned with pink roses. I was doing something solitary and adult, something the world would not expect of me—not, for once, schoolwork, but tackling sentences beyond what I had ever experienced. For fifteen minutes between homework and dinner, I read, baffled and summoned, about a woman who read to a boy, and a man who came and stood near them and said of the weather, *It won't be fine*, like cold water thrown on them where they sat.

I read this because my mother gave it to me, when I told her I was bored. The twilight sun coming in through my windows high above the bay lit up my room with such a glow as one scarcely lives through. I was not only enraptured, but also lost because I had no idea what was going on. Those sentences swooped and dived and did not light, like seabirds, the mind free to go the strangest places, the wedge-shaped core of darkness, and Mrs. Ramsay felt invincible as long as she held a child and felt its head warm and live beneath her chin. Then, let them say what they liked, they could not harm her.

Mrs. Ramsay was Woolf's mother, and how Woolf felt about her mother was how I felt about my mother, this adoration so far beneath personalities it might as well have been rocking on the moon. Rocking in the womb. And when Mrs. Ramsay reads the sonnet, sitting with Mr. Ramsay in the library after dinner, it's as if she is foretelling her own death, the death that will happen suddenly, soon, in parentheses. *From you have I been absent in the spring...* she reads. *From you have I been absent in the spring...* Virginia writes, speaking to a ghost, creating out of shadows the mother she lost when she was thirteen.

Ann Fisher-Wirth
University of Mississippi

¹ Originally published in *The Bones of Winter Birds* (Terrapin Books, February 2019).



**"something so varied and wandering":
"restless" subjectivity in Virginia Woolf's fiction**

What, then, can restlessness produce? Famous for rooms that enfold, empower, and expose identity politics, Virginia Woolf's fiction experiments with travel motifs in order to reconfigure both the possibilities and limitations of subjectivity. Train trips, bus rides, and voyages out, however, do not stand in opposition to places of fixed and stable identities; her texts insist that common antinomies such as inside and outside, institutions and individuals, are necessary yet misleading categorizations. Organizing lives around and because of them, believing that the private and public are separate domains, serves only to reiterate

established relations of power drawn according to gender, class, race, and nation. In the new urban environments forged by and through imperialism, mass migrations, women's and workers' struggles, and war, social peace requires a new consolidation and administration of identities—people need to know their place. Woolf's task is to reveal how "place" and subjection are inextricably linked, yet also unnatural and contingent (and therefore transmutable). This three-part essay moves from a cursory analysis of the emergence and social promise of omnibuses in London and in Woolf's textual city to a consideration of their governmental function. The final section discusses her experimental essay "Street Haunting" and how it encourages new modes of seeing and becoming.

Part 1—Riding the Bus

Although Blaise Pascal introduced a prototype of public transport to Paris in 1662, regular omnibus travel was only introduced in 1819. Ten years later, in July 1829, London saw its first horse-drawn bus running "between Paddington and the Bank via the New Road" (Day 1). By 1900, almost 200 million riders frequented horse-drawn buses each year. By 1910, there were as many motor-buses as there were horse-drawn vehicles (approximately 1200) (Day 37, 46). But horse-powered buses, which were losing favor in the early 1910s, suddenly went out of service in August 1914, when the animals were enlisted for military service. So too were motorized buses, hundreds of which were immediately refitted or built for front-line action, where they "took food and ammunition to the...troops and took the wounded back to safety" (Day 52). Almost bizarrely, patrol buses were "still wearing their London advertisements" at Dunkirk in 1914. Yet, by the time of the carnage at Ypres and the Somme, in 1916, the buses had been suitably repainted (Day 52).

Some clarification is required, in terms of transportation modes.¹ Trams, which "issued workmen's tickets from the 1870s...became the working-class conveyance" (Day 30). That is why working-class characters in James Joyce's *Dubliners* or D. H. Lawrence's short stories clamber on and off of trams. Buses, on the other hand, accommodated the middling classes (Day 30). As the initial advertisements stressed, "'a person of great respectability attends his Vehicle as Conductor; and every possible attention will be paid to the accommodation of Ladies and Children'" (Day 5). Thus the "new" women of late Victorian, Edwardian, and Georgian London could circulate unescorted, discover new areas of the city and themselves, and experience incongruous adjacencies—within the limits of propriety and security. When the paths of Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus Warren Smith nearly converge on Oxford Street, for example, the narrator observes that "old ladies on the tops of omnibuses spread their black parasols....The British middle classes sitting sideways on the tops of omnibuses with parcels and umbrellas, yes, even furs on a day like this" (*Mrs. Dalloway* [MD] 13-14). As Griselda Pollock observes in relation to the painters of the era such as Mary Cassatt and William May Egle, the omnibus "represents a hybrid space—a public space where people of several classes and both sexes are thrown into confusing proximity and potentially 'exciting' situations" (218).²

In "The Mark on the Wall" (1917), the narrator is encouraged by the omnibus's spectacle of diversity and unexpected sameness to consider how prose fiction must change in order to be an apt vehicle for cogent analysis: "As we face each other in omnibuses and underground railways we are looking into the mirror; that accounts for the vagueness, the

gleam of glassiness, in our eyes. And the novelists in future will realise more and more the importance of these reflections, for of course there is not one reflection but an almost infinite number" (*Complete Shorter Fiction* [SF] 79). At this stage in her career, when Woolf is attempting to develop a more flexible narrative method that eschews the realist mode's illusions of "knowledge" and judgment, the omnibus visually represents an opportunity only imperfectly understood and realized. Just as frequently, however, the motorized omnibus's familiar reverberations contribute to the incessant urban soundscape. At the end of "Kew Gardens," also published in 1917, the narrator concludes with aural rupture: "But there was no silence; all the time the motor omnibuses were turning their wheels and changing their gear" (SF 89). This might seem like a strange note on which to end an experimental short text that uses Kew's luxuriant flowerbeds and meandering paths to workshop a narrative method that moves in and out of characters' consciousnesses and conversations with supple ease—but Woolf, one could suggest, was developing a processive narrative that, carefully but sparingly anchored in quotidian reality (like the sound of gears grinding), explores multiple psychic routes and social destinations. Woolf's prose fiction was becoming a "hybrid space" in which unexpected juxtapositioning made the sentence, the paragraph, and the text a "meeting place of an extraordinary number of perceptions which have not yet been expressed" (*The Essays of Virginia Woolf* [E] 4 439).

In *Night and Day* (1919), the street is a welcome reprieve for Katherine Hilbery and Ralph Denham from the so-called "civilization" of a Cheyne Walk drawing room:

How they came to find themselves walking down a street with...a steady succession of motor-omnibuses plying both ways along it, they could neither of them tell; nor account for the impulse which led them suddenly to select one of these wayfarers and mount to the very front seat....They were borne on until they saw the spires of the city....They had followed some such course in their thoughts too; they had been borne on, victors in the forefront of some triumphal car...masters of life. (*Night and Day* [ND] 455)

Agency and volition are always carefully scrutinized by Woolf; any and all "victories" in the cause of a person's independence or emancipation from social controls are carefully assessed. As Rachel Bowlby suggests, Woolf uses the omnibus to dramatize the complexities of characterization and subjectivity (85).³

From the omnibus, we would hazard, Woolf not only derives a contemporary model of social hybridity, but also, from its upper deck, a reminder that perspective is paramount. The new, as yet "unnamed variety of the novel," she predicts, "will be written standing back from life, because in that way a larger view is to be obtained of some important features of it; will be written in prose...capable of rising high from the ground, not in one dart, but in sweeps and circles, and of keeping at the same time in touch with the amusements and idiosyncracies of human character in daily life" (E4 438).

And so it is for the young Clarissa Dalloway, and years later her daughter Elizabeth, in *Mrs. Dalloway*: public transportation seems to fulfill unacknowledged desires or answer questions as yet inchoate. How can life be seized and changed? How can one cease to traffic in the ordinary long enough to acknowledge, as Clarissa Dalloway does, "looking at the omnibuses in Piccadilly," that "it [is] very, very dangerous to live even one day" and at the same time refuse to "say of anyone in the world...that they were this or were that...she would not say of Peter, she would not say of herself, I am this, I am that" (MD 9). The sight of omnibuses as they "swooped, settled, were off—garish caravans, glistening with red and yellow varnish" (MD 101) elicits from Elizabeth Dalloway similar thoughts and longings. Mounting a bus to the wilds of the Strand, she imagines a future which would be anathema to both her mother and her

¹ Unlike omnibuses, trams (known to North Americans as streetcars, trolleycars, or trolleys) depend upon some kind of track (whether the vehicle's power source is horse, steam, or electricity). Compared with the fixed track or rail of the tramway, omnibus routes could be adapted more readily to suit changes in urban and suburban demographics.

² See Mary Cassatt, *In the Omnibus* (1891), as well as: William Maw Egle, *Omnibus Life in London* (1859); John Morgan, *Gladstone in an Omnibus* (1885); Henry Bacon, *Egalité* (1886); Mme Delance-Feugard, *Un Coin de l'Omnibus* (1887); George William Joy, *The Bayswater Omnibus* (1895).

³ Bowlby also presents an excellent analysis of "Street Haunting" (209-17).

mentor Doris Kilman: she “would become a doctor, a farmer, possibly go into Parliament,” rather than assume the role of “perfect hostess” or Christian reformer (MD 102). Sailing eastwardly on top of a bus that is focalized as an “impetuous creature—a pirate...reckless, unscrupulous, bearing down ruthlessly...and then rushing insolently all sails spread up Whitehall....[S]he was delighted to be free” (MD 101).⁴

Part 2—Driving the Bus

But: Elizabeth Dalloway only goes so far, as far as her additional penny will take her, then heads back home to Westminster, “calmly and competently” (MD 104). Who or what is driving her back? Put another way, why are possibilities of transformation post-World War I no less limited than they were pre-war; why are radical ambitions experienced as being ultimately illusory by both characters and readers alike, who know that rebellious youths and “pioneers” usually find themselves “borne on” (MD 103) retracing predictable paths of identity formation? *Mrs. Dalloway* displays how particular lives are shaped by regulatory mechanisms directed to the population as a whole, thus exploring *avant la lettre* Michel Foucault’s theories of governmentality, those mechanisms of power and domains of knowledge engaged in the governance of the one and the many. Despite obvious generic differences, their works uncover the myriad deployments of security measures—by state, religious, philanthropic, labor, intellectual, and social work organizations—fostering the life of the nation. This mode of power operates through *the right disposition of things*, along the spaces of serialization, normalization, forecastings: an abstract, informational space superimposed onto a geographic one. As Foucault maintains, “To govern...is to structure the possible field of action of others” (“The Subject” 790). First described as the “police,” this form of bio-power works to encompass every aspect of life, and claims the survival and happiness of the population, and the nation, as its field of intervention (*Dits* 2: 252). Or, in the words of the immovable Mr. Budge, the truncheon-wielding policeman in *Between the Acts* who “does [his] duty...directing the traffic of ‘Er Majesty’s Empire’”: “I take under my protection and direction the purity and security of all Her Majesty’s minions; in all parts of her dominions....Go to Church on Sunday; on Monday, nine sharp, catch the City Bus....Over thought and religion; drink; dress; manners; marriage too, I wield my truncheon.... The ruler of an Empire must keep his eye on the cot; spy too in the kitchen; drawing-room; library; wherever one or two, me and you, come together” (*Between the Acts* [BTA] 87).

Buses are emblematic of governmental forces: they foster social and spatial mobility only within the established routes and timetables of economic and political development. Literally and metaphorically, omnibuses helped to make sense of the new modes of communication and administration then emerging to govern the population. Wide-ranging legal instruments were described as “omnibus” bills; burgeoning mass-market periodicals proudly identified themselves as “omnibuses” (*The National Omnibus*; and *General Advertiser* [1831], *The Lancashire Omnibus*, a *Journal of Literature and Amusement* [1832]); multi-volume books were marketed as literary omnibuses. Even waiters’ helpers became “bus” boys charged with the smooth flow of service. Woolf’s repeated turn to omnibus tropes whenever characters are struggling to think otherwise of themselves and their future, their place in society, is thus brilliant: in Foucault’s words, it “makes the visible visible” (*Dits* 540-41). But again, what a character in *Night and Day* terms the “queer sense of heightened existence” afforded by physical mobility (ND 74) comes at a cost: any “instalment of...freedom” (ND 406) is already a part of subjectivization. The tension between relations of power and fictions of the “self” is vividly illustrated by the taut juxtapositioning of three key moments in *Mrs. Dalloway*: Elizabeth Dalloway’s omnibus adventure, already cited, is followed immediately by Septimus Warren Smith’s suicide, which is followed immediately

by Peter Walsh’s memory of Clarissa, “sitting on the bus going up Shaftesbury Avenue,” theorizing the self as a social and relational process: “she felt herself everywhere; not ‘here, here, here’; and she tapped the back of the seat; but everywhere....So that to know her, or any one, one must seek out the people who completed them; even the places....[T]he unseen part of us, which spreads wide, the unseen might survive, be recovered somehow attached to this person or that, or even haunting certain places, after death. Perhaps—perhaps” (MD 114). And just so: this textual moment is “recovered” and reconfigured two years after *Mrs. Dalloway* in Woolf’s hybrid essay “Street Haunting: A London Adventure.”

Part 3—Who’s Driving Now?

“No one perhaps has felt passionately towards a lead pencil” (E4 480). Thus, Woolf begins “Street Haunting: A London Adventure,” the essay which actually gives us two texts and a mandate. A witty, seemingly casual yet exquisitely modulated exercise in *flânerie* has, as its diagnostic counterpoint, a diagram of governmental forces producing individual pleasures as well as maneuvering among wars between spouses and countries, connecting “the splendours and miseries of [local] streets” to the empire (E4 486). Reading only the *flânerie* only provides “consumer satisfaction”—the pleasure and leisure of a privileged, cultured life. Experiencing both themes drives the reader to use the “spoils” of this London adventure to thwart existing “currents of being” and think differently about subjectivity.

Strategically, ironically, the narrative begins and ends by reiterating the Odyssean myth (so dear to male modernists) of The Return: a favored individual escapes the familiar, leaves behind the usual “self our friends know us by” (E4 481), discovers other realms, yet happily comes home to be “shelter[ed] and enclose[ed]” by the comforts of “the old possessions” (E4 491). The formal method of “Street Haunting”—eight vivid and only seemingly random scenes, strictly alternating between interiors and exteriors—traces straight lines from carefully measuring spoonfuls of tea to “measur[ing] the pyramids,” from building and decorating imaginary houses to “settling in India for a lifetime, penetrating even to China and then *returning* to lead a parochial life at Edmonton” (E4 487; emphasis added). The narrative implodes fictional distinctions between home and nation, urban landscapes and international politics: a simple London square contains “a country...and its peace” (E4 482), “good citizens” (E4 486) who know how to respond to contingencies by assuming their proper identities and by going for brisk walks also form an “army” (E4 481; 482) ready to be stirred into action.

At the outset, the narrator claims that going to buy a pencil is a “pretext” for “street rambling” (E4 480); for the reader, however, “Street Haunting” is an excuse and a pre-text for seeing the visible, for acknowledging the web-like connections between local centers of power-knowledge producing both proper citizens and working governments. Yet, as the narrator constantly insists, this story can only entertain if one stays at the surface, if one remains enthralled by the “champagne brightness of the air” (E4 480) and “glossy brilliance of the motor omnibuses” if, secured by “the old prejudices,” one avoids “digging deeper than the eye approves” (E4 482). The reader is literally driven, “borne on,” by a narrator that focalizes, in an almost surreal collage, “oddities and sufferings and sordidities” (E4 482) that encourage the reader to see differently, to refuse to settle back into the comforts of the known.

The narrator begins by promising, conspiratorially, “As we step out of the house on a fine evening between four and six, we shed the self our friends know us by.” And in this condition of unknowing and unknowability (“no longer quite ourselves”) we are available for alternative impressions and perceptions. Only then can the familiar “wear a certain look of unreality” (E4 481) and subjectivity be imagined and practiced in relation to “desires which are utterly at variance” with

⁴ Clarissa and Elizabeth Dalloway’s bus rides are mentioned but not analyzed in Judith Wilt’s “The Ghost and the Omnibus: The Gothic Virginia Woolf.”

so-called normalcy (E4 486). Woolf's narrator is both painter and bus conductor when she observes:

[W]e are streaked, variegated, all of a mixture; the colours have run. Is the true self neither this nor that, neither here nor there, but something so varied and wandering that it is only when we give the rein to its wishes and let it take its way unimpeded that we are indeed ourselves? (E4 486).

And yet that "self" is never imagined by Woolf to be a state or condition stable, fixed, and unified. "[W]e're splinters & mosaics," she mused in September 1924, "not, as they used to hold, immaculate, monolithic, consistent wholes" (*Diary* 2 314).

Typically for Woolf, the subversive potential of "Street Haunting" is subtly discharged. Woolf's role as writer is to make governmentalized life visible—not in a grand gesture of universal intellectualism, but rather in a reserved yet "restless" (E4 488) exercise in knowing otherwise. In order to de-form governmental categories and measures, Woolf rewrites the plots we know—the plots we read, and live by—to erode the acceptability of social norms, question the complicity and viability of conventional aesthetic forms and metanarratives, and authorize new modes of becoming in discourse. Subjectivity thus involves subjectivization *and* the conditions of possibility for what Foucault terms self-elaboration "as a practice of freedom." According to Woolf, the "insecurity of life" (E4 489) is both the cost and the reward of living in the present productively. Thus, the city text, crisscrossed by omnibuses that displace, disorient, and transport—that enable wandering and restlessness—encourages heterogeneity and discernment.

Conclusion

Budge the policeman rules best "*wherever one or two, me and you, come together*" (BTA 118-19). Woolf brings readers together only to disperse them, now encouraged to devise alternative routes and subjective modes. Just as Foucault advocates when, half a century later, he writes in 1977 that "to make them appear in what they hold that is small, that is fragile and consequently accessible . . . to modify, by a measure of reality which, in the strict sense of the term, encourages" (*Dits* 2: 139-40), Woolf's work spotlights intolerable aspects of power and the habits that render them less discernible. Texts such as "Street Haunting," *Night and Day*, "Kew Gardens," and *Mrs. Dalloway* create a new relation between writer and reader: not as individuals, but as historically contingent social positions in knowledge and experience that are therefore capable of change.

Lesley Higgins and Marie-Christine Leps
York University

Works Cited

- Bowlby, Rachel. *Feminist Destinations and Further Essays on Virginia Woolf*. Edinburgh: Edinburgh UP, 1997.
- Day, John. *The Story of London's Underground*. London: London Transport Executive, 1979.
- Foucault, Michel. *Dits et écrits: 1954-1988*, vol. 2. Ed. Daniel Defert et al. Paris: Gallimard, 2001.
- . "The Ethics of the Concern of the Self as a Practice of Freedom." *Ethics: Subjectivity and Truth: The Essential Works of Foucault 1954-1984*. 2 vols. Ed. Paul Rabinow; trans. Robert Hurley et al. 281-301.
- . *Power/Knowledge: Selected Interviews and Other Writings 1972-1977*. Ed. Colin Gordon. New York: Pantheon, 1980.
- . "The Subject and Power." *Critical Inquiry* 8 (Summer 1982): 777-95.
- Pollock, Griselda. *Differencing the Canon: Feminist Desire and the Writing of Art's Histories*. London: Routledge, 1999.
- Wilt, Judith. "The Ghost and the Omnibus: The Gothic Virginia Woolf." *Gothic Modernisms*. Ed. Andrew Smith and Jeff Wallace. New York: Macmillan, 2001. 62-77.

- Woolf, Virginia. *Between the Acts*. Ed. Susan Dick and Mary S. Millar. Oxford: Shakespeare Head Press/ Blackwell, 2002.
- . *The Complete Shorter Fiction*. Ed. Susan Dick. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1985.
- . *The Diary of Virginia Woolf*. Vol. 2. Ed. Anne Olivier Bell assisted by Andrew McNeillie. Harcourt Brace, 1980.
- . *The Essays of Virginia Woolf*, Vol. 4: 1925-1928. Ed. Andrew McNeillie. London: Hogarth Press, 1994.
- . *Mrs. Dalloway*. Ed. Morris Beja. Oxford: Shakespeare Head Press/ Blackwell, 1996.
- . *Night and Day*. London: Triad Grafton/Collins, 1978.



Virginia Woolf, Greek Accents, and *The Waves*

"A gentleman never misplaces his accents."

—Louis MacNeice

Virginia Woolf's engagement with Greek literature has now been the subject of several studies.¹ This note, by contrast, will focus on her knowledge of, and attitude toward, a minor aspect of the Greek language, its accents.² The topic arises from a puzzling sentence in *The Waves* (1931) when Neville, a sensitive, introverted and precise classical scholar at a public school,³ has complex feelings about his popular schoolmate Percival. These have turned his heart "rough; it abrades my side like a file with two edges: one, that I adore his magnificence; the other that I despise his slovenly accents—I who am so much his superior" (*The Waves* [TW] 28.8-1).⁴

Neville's excruciating emotions aside (see also TW 26.28-29.6; 46.10-16), what were these "accents"? In a note to his edition (Woolf 2015) David Bradshaw took them as "probably a reference to the way Percival pronounces and/or stresses Latin and Greek" (181). But the connection with classical education is not, I think, with any oral performance in Latin and/or Greek by the "magnificent" one but rather with the way he has used accents in writing Greek versions of English texts in prose and verse.⁵ Such compositions in both Latin and Greek were essentially pastiches of ancient authors, and were central to a classical education in English public schools ca. 1890-1900, when the male characters in *The Waves* were attending one.⁶ Leonard Woolf recalled that while at St. Paul's School in London in the 1890s, for a time he spent "the whole school day, doing Greek and Latin composition" (*Sowing* 74-75), where in the case of Greek he would have had to place accents correctly. Those that were incorrectly placed might well have been considered as written slovenly.

But why would Neville feel superior about his knowledge of Greek accents? The answer is almost certainly because it was difficult to master them since the syllables on which accents appeared in texts and dictionaries were not invariably stressed and therefore accents were not easily memorized. Since the early eighteenth century in Britain, the stress accent in Greek had been determined by the rule for stressing

¹ The bibliography in Prins' *Ladies' Greek* gathers most of this literature.

² This subject was opened up by Fowler (220), as part of an analysis of Woolf's emphasis on reading Greek. See also Koulouris (64-65).

³ He is mostly presented as a Latinist who aimed to "explore the exactitude of the Latin language" (TW 23.21), and was particularly engaged with Catullus "whom I adore" (TW 68.14-15), Lucretius, and Virgil (TW 23.23-25). See note below regarding formatting.

⁴ All references to *The Waves* are to the page and line numbers of the Cambridge edition of Woolf published in 2011.

⁵ Bradshaw essentially takes the adverb "slovenly" to be modifying the suppressed past participles "pronounced" and "stressed" whereas I claim that "written" is suppressed here. See the *OED* under "slovenly, adv." for the formation of such compounds.

⁶ See Bradshaw (xvii) in Woolf 2015 on the vague chronology of the novel.

syllables in Latin.⁷ Thus in a case such as the three-syllable Greek word for a human being, *an-thrō-pos* (ἄνθρωπος) there is an acute accent on its first syllable, but the rule taken from Latin prescribes a stress on the penultimate syllable when, as here, it is “heavy” (i.e., the “o” is a long vowel, omega, which makes the syllable longer in speech and creates its heavy quantity).⁸ The accented Greek syllable is therefore left unstressed and can be learnt only by observation (see further Allen 149-61).⁹ So the system of Greek accents coexisted with a system for stressing syllables, converging occasionally, but, as in our example, diverging, and doing so often enough to make accents difficult to learn.

Neville was “the most slavish of students” (TW 68.15), carefully distinguishing tenses while at preparatory school (TW 14.24-26), “scissor-cutting, exact” (TW 92.1), single-minded (TW 71.23-25), entering “curious uses of the past participle” into a notebook (TW 68.16-17), and planning, albeit reluctantly, on an academic career (TW 54.30-55.5; 135.24-5) running “in and out of the skulls of Sophocles and Euripides like a maggot” (55.3-4). He would certainly have been willing to memorize as necessary the accents seen in dictionaries and texts and to learn rules for their placement as the only effective way of counteracting the procedure he was being taught to follow in stressing syllables in Greek.

Virginia Woolf too would have learnt (how well we cannot know) to stress the syllables of Greek words in accordance with the system described here.¹⁰ Her seven years (1897-1903) of study, concluding with intensive private tutoring by the formidable Janet Case (1863-1937),¹¹ were, however, focused on learning to read Greek, not on translating passages of English into Greek with the accents marked, as Neville and Percival would have been required to do in preparation for examinations. When Miss Case described her pupil’s exercises as “detestable” (*A Passionate Apprenticeship* 183), she was probably referring among other things to misplaced and omitted accents in practice sentences, and instead was willing to read Greek drama with her pupil “without grammar, without accents” (*Essays VI* 111). Even so, Woolf’s lessons will have revealed how difficult it was to learn accents, while she could have gathered from male classicists in her circle how important they

were in Greek studies in elitist educational institutions.¹² With this background she could later present Neville, at school around 1900 when she was starting to learn Greek, as expressing pride in mastering accents and showing contempt for someone performing imperfectly.

Janet Case had been a contemporary of Elizabeth Anna Sophia Dawes (1864-1954) at Girton College, Cambridge, in the early 1880s, where they shared the stage in a college production of Sophocles’ *Electra* in 1883.¹³ Case must have known, or known of, Dawes’s treatise on pronunciation of 1889 in which an argument was made for stressing the accents of ancient Greek in the same way as in modern Greek (Dawes 74-79; cf. n. 9), and so Woolf may have picked up from her tutor something of the flavor of such discussions. She briefly returned to accents when writing *The Waves* between mid-1929 and early 1931, but the novelist who made Neville a rather pathetic figure, trying to maintain self-respect by claiming superiority in the matter of Greek accents, was living in a changing world. In April 1929, the British Classical Association recommended that where accents could be given no oral value they should not be “insisted on” (see Anon. 46), and since the prevailing system that made accents so difficult to learn was unlikely to change, this decision was a license to dispense with them in the educational system. Virginia Woolf’s youthful avoidance of Greek accents made her in this, as in so much else, well ahead of her time.

Appendix: Janet Case and a Greek Particle

Accents might be largely dispensable, but particles were another matter. In the brief memoir Woolf wrote in 1903 (*Passionate Apprentice* 181-84) after a period of study with Janet Case, she remarks that her tutor “had her grammar at her finger tips—she used to pull me up ruthlessly in the middle of some beautiful passage with ‘Mark the *ar*’” (182). The italicization of *ar* in Leaska’s edition is designed to indicate that this is a transliterated Greek word, specifically the particle *ara*, which has been elided (i.e., lost its final vowel) before a word beginning with a vowel. There is, however, no footnote in the edition to explain that Janet Case was pointing out (“Mark” here surely means “Notice”)¹⁴ the shade of meaning conveyed by this particle, the “mode of thought” it expresses (Denniston xxxvii).

When *ara* has an acute accent on its first syllable (ἄρα) it makes the sentence within which it occurs into an inference, whereas when that syllable has a circumflex accent (ἄρα) it appears first in the sentence and introduces a question. Case must be drawing Woolf’s attention to the former usage, which might be more easily overlooked by beginners, and so *ara* could have been translated as “then” or “therefore.” Greek particles can be challenging but cannot be ignored, which is why Virginia Woolf recalled as a prime example of Janet Case’s attention to detail her warning not to overlook the significance of even the least of them.

Robert B. Todd
Emeritus, University of British Columbia

⁷ This system extended to the Netherlands and the British Empire, but was soon abandoned in the United States (see Allen [151-52]).

⁸ When Bradshaw speculates that Percival’s accents involved “the way he pronounces and/or stresses Latin and Greek,” this is a possibility as far as stressing syllables goes, since both languages operated under the same rule, which Percival might have violated orally, or mentally, in either of them by perpetrating a “false quantity” (a cardinal sin in classical education) and stressing the wrong syllable. Pronunciation was another matter entirely, with different systems of pronunciation, notably for diphthongs, existing in Britain not only between but within both languages into the twentieth century. Errors of pronunciation in whatever system was being used could occur even if a syllable was being correctly stressed.

⁹ The Greek accent, originally a pitch accent, was already a stress accent when Byzantine scholars brought Greek to Western Europe in the fifteenth century and their practice was followed in many countries, but not in Britain, thanks to an influential treatise of 1684 that coordinated Greek with Latin to the detriment of its accent system (Allen 150-51). Accents were at times even abandoned in printing and writing Greek in Britain until in the first decades of the nineteenth century they became firmly established and were required, at least in principle, in the educational system of the public schools and the universities (Allen 152-53).

¹⁰ Prins talks of women not being “trained (a) to write ancient Greek with the proper accents, or (b) to pronounce it with the proper accentuation” (170; my subdivisions). While (a) was true outside academia, as for (b), in Britain at least, the “proper accentuation” used in pronunciation was the quantitatively based stress accent described here, which was unavoidably conveyed by the way that Greek was pronounced by any competent teacher.

¹¹ On her studies of Greek at King’s College London between 1897 and 1901 see Kenyon Jones and Snaith. On Case and her relations with Woolf see Alley, Fowler (219-22), Perry (*bis*), Prins (40-41), and also Woolf’s own accounts at *A Passionate Apprentice* 181-84 (1903), and in an obituary of 1937 (*Essays* 6 111-14).

¹² Leonard Woolf, her friend Saxon Sydney-Turner, and a major scholar, Walter Headlam (1866-1906)—briefly her suitor (see chapter 2 in Hall)—were products of the linguistically exacting Cambridge Classical Tripos. Earlier she would have learnt of procedures in public schools from her brother Thoby who was at Clifton College. On his studies of Greek see Golden.

¹³ On Dawes see Hardwick. On the production of the *Electra* see Prins (122-37). Dawes appears in a photograph of the chorus for this play in the Girton College Archives GCPH 7/4/1/17 (kindly confirmed by Matilda Watson).

¹⁴ *OED*, “mark, v., III.26.” There are examples of this usage at TW 51.7 and 209.20. Golden (87) takes “Mark” to mean “the act of making (*sic*; marking?), and the result of a physical impression,” and connects it both with Woolf’s short story “The Mark on the Wall” (Dick 83-89), and her annotations to texts, of which Golden (90-91) offers some photographic specimens. Conceivably, though, I think, improbably, Case was telling her pupil to inscribe a mark on her text to highlight the particle (cf. TW 67.26-27), but that is some way from Golden’s proposal.

Works Cited

- Allen, W. Sidney. *Vox Graeca: A Guide to the Pronunciation of Classical Greek*. 3rd ed. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1987.
- Alley, Henry M. "Virginia Woolf's 'Miss Janet Case: Classical Scholar and Teacher.'" *Twentieth Century Literature* 28 (1982): 290-301.
- Anon. "Greek Accents Committee." *Proceedings of the Classical Association* 36 (April 1929): 46-47.
- Dawes, E. A. S. *The Pronunciation of Greek, With Suggestions for a Reform in the Teaching of that Language*. London: D. Nutt, 1889.
- Denniston, J.D. *The Greek Particles*. 2nd ed. Rev. K. J. Dover. Oxford: Clarendon P, 1954.
- Dick, Susan ed. *The Complete Shorter Fiction of Virginia Woolf*. 2nd ed. Harcourt: Orlando, 1985.
- Fowler, Rowena. "Moments and Metamorphoses: Virginia Woolf's Greece." *Comparative Literature* 51 (1999): 217-42.
- Golden, Amanda. "Textbook Greek: Thoby Stephen in *Jacob's Room*." *Woolf Studies Annual* 23 (2017): 83-108.
- Hall, Sarah M. *Before Leonard: The Early Suitors of Virginia Woolf*. London and Chester Springs: Peter Owen, 2006.
- Hardwick, Lorna. "Dawes, Elizabeth Anna Sophia (1864-1954)." *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, 15 (2004): 524-25.
- Jones, Christine Kenyon and Anna Snaith. "'Tilting at Universities': Woolf at King's College London." *Woolf Studies Annual*, 16 (2010): 1-44.
- Koulouris, Theodore. *Hellenism and Loss in the Work of Virginia Woolf*. New York: Routledge, 2016.
- Perry, Kate. "Case, Janet Elizabeth (1863-1937)." *Dictionary of British Classicists*. Vol. 1 (2004). 161-62.
- . "Case, Janet Elizabeth (1863-1937)." *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* 10 (2004): 466-67.
- Prins, Yopie. "OTOTOTOI: Virginia Woolf and the Naked Cry of Cassandra." Ed. Edith Hall et al. *Agamemnon in Performance*. Oxford: Oxford UP, 2005. 163-85.
- . *Ladies' Greek: Victorian Translations of Tragedy*. Princeton: Princeton UP, 2017.
- Woolf, Leonard. *Sowing: An Autobiography of the Years 1880 to 1914*. London: The Hogarth Press, 1962.
- Woolf, Virginia. *A Passionate Apprentice: The Early Journals*. Ed. Mitchell A. Leaska. London: The Hogarth Press, 1990.
- . *The Essays of Virginia Woolf Volume VI 1933-1941 and Additional Essays 1906-1924*. Ed. Stuart N. Clarke. London: The Hogarth Press, 2011.
- . *The Waves*. Ed. David Bradshaw. Oxford: Oxford UP, 2015.
- . *The Waves*. Ed. Michael Herbert and Susan Sellers. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2011.



A Novel Marriage

"They spoke of marriage always as a catastrophe."
—Virginia Woolf, *Mrs. Dalloway*

A novel relationship, the marriage of shared language and imagery, exists between *The Wise Virgins* of Leonard Woolf and Clarissa, the fictional virgin of *Mrs. Dalloway*. Failure to perceive this may be due to regarding their disparate narratives without noting the allusions characterizing the intimacy between them. In addition to the quantities of language in common, each of these novels has borne a similar burden, *Mrs. Dalloway* being perennially viewed as autobiographical, and *The Wise Virgins*, having been called a *roman à clef* (Parsons, "Introduction" *The Wise Virgins* xi; xii). Tacit associations between them leave impressions of a cosy rapport. Novels, like Royals, tend to marry among themselves.

The heroine of Leonard Woolf's *Wise Virgins* of October 1914 comments, "It's the voyage out that seems to me to matter," alluding to Virginia Woolf's first novel (Spater and Parsons 61). The proto-

Dalloway-like plot of Leonard's novel is a study of class differences, religious distinctions, and the love affair between Harry Davis (Leonard) and Camilla Lawrence (Virginia) concluded when Harry marries Gwen Garland, a young admirer with whom he oddly feels some "impotence" (*WV* 209). Impotence will be seen as a significant condition in both works. Hence, the plot should be regarded by some as a satirical comedy, the events in caricature of an effete society; this may be said of *Mrs. Dalloway*, but not quite so effete and hardly as bitter.

When Virginia Woolf read her husband's novel on 31 January 1915, she remarked that Leonard's was "very bad in parts; first rate in others," and she saw "why the good parts are so very good, and why the bad parts aren't very bad" (Woolf, *Diary* 1: 31-32). As for Leonard's opinion of *Mrs. Dalloway* with words and phrases borrowed from his novel, his terse comment came in January 1925 when he saw the typescript. According to Virginia, "L. read it; thinks it my best" (6 January 1925; Woolf, *Diary* 3: 4).

It has been assumed by some scholars that Leonard Woolf is guilty of "severely criticizing his wife Virginia in the thinly-veiled portrait of her in *The Wise Virgins*." Helene Levine-Keating, reviewing Louise DeSalvo's *Conceived with Malice: Literature as Revenge*, asserts that DeSalvo saw *The Wise Virgins* as "a novel of revenge and betrayal [which] almost destroyed his marriage" (Levine-Keating 216). DeSalvo reported it to be a description of a sexually inadequate woman, and, with Woolf's experience of incest and abuse, "one of the major causes of Virginia Woolf's ensuing breakdowns, the cause of her suicide attempt and subsequent three years of illness" (Levine-Keating 217). Sexual incompetency, however—the particular narrative effect of a different flow-chart—becomes a major motif in *Mrs. Dalloway*.

Some have suggested that, as social comedy, *Night and Day*, Virginia's second novel "tells the [*Wise Virgins*] story that Virginia was to recast from a different angle and with another voice" (jacket flap of the 1914 edition of *The Wise Virgins*).¹ The same may be claimed for *Mrs. Dalloway*. There has been no commentary, however, on the relationship between Leonard's *Virgins* and Virginia's *Mrs. Dalloway*, notorious for incorporating preformed language even from Leonard's perceptive and highly intelligent work. It is characteristic of Virginia Woolf's own satirical style that *Mrs. Dalloway* would introduce, instead of the cold indifference of a "sexually inadequate woman," an amusing portrait of the sexually inadequate man of an ancient folk tradition.

The similarities between *Mrs. Dalloway* and *The Wise Virgins* may invite anxiety regarding originality. In the Renaissance, William Shakespeare—who appropriated material from his predecessors—was implicitly authorized to do so if he was adjudged to have improved upon the original in some way. There was no question of false pretenses. The stunning creativity in the plots, which in Shakespeare were famously named "borrowed plumes" (Aesop), has become a requisite originality. A modern example, which validates contemporary borrowed plumes appears in the relationship between *Romeo and Juliet* famously recycled as the musical *West Side Story*. The value added to a simple love story by association with Shakespeare's comedy, a work of art too popular for it to be considered coincidental, had livened up the narrative.

In *Mrs. Dalloway*, the matter of "false pretenses" that denies any originality is explicitly introduced when Lady Bruton's luncheon company, Hugh Whitbread and Richard Dalloway, collaborate in ghostwriting her letter to be published in *The Times* in her name (MD 165-67). No such crime exists between *Wise Virgins* and *Mrs. Dalloway*. It is intended that plumes borrowed from the model be applied to a new context, making use of elements that only cohere through prior recognition necessary for their status to be acknowledged. If material borrowed from Leonard achieves significance by coherence developed in

¹ See also Mark Hussey's "Refractions of Desire: The Early Fiction of Virginia and Leonard Woolf."

Mrs. Dalloway, it remains to be explored how Virginia has added to their worth.

Plumes *Mrs. Dalloway* borrowed from *Wise Virgins* are various and very familiar to readers of *Mrs. Dalloway*; some are quite small. The copious presence of italicized words in both novels suggests a common source, perhaps Jane Austen. Words and phrases in *Wise Virgins* also reappear in *Mrs. Dalloway* in various contexts, such expressions as “hard as nails,” “queer fish,” “false pretenses,” “take me with you,” “it was a very nice place,” and “rising and falling,” phrases that repeat in *Mrs. Dalloway* (see WV 104; 171 and MD 3; 32; 83). *The Wise Virgins* likewise contains many exaggerated expressions found in *Mrs. Dalloway*. It seems a mystery, like the “mysteries” into which the Greeks “initiated their young men and women” (WV 198). The aposiopesis, an incomplete sentence, is featured in *The Wise Virgins*, providing some 25 examples as if the characters were unable to complete the thought. In *Mrs. Dalloway*, the three or four instances invite the reader to complete the thought herself.

These small similarities are suggested in *Mrs. Dalloway* when Clarissa, too, senses herself as a laminated personality, “very young; at the same time unspeakably aged” with a feeling of being outside herself, “looking on”; Harry Davis seems “to be divided into several consciousnesses, one watching the other” (MD 11-12; WV 149). In another context, Richard Dalloway, commenting on the relationship between Elizabeth Dalloway and her tutor, Miss Kilman, says: “But it might be only a phase...such as all girls go through” (MD 15). The phenomenon draws attention to the narrator of *Wise Virgins* who comments, “Women, and especially young women, are continually suffering little bursts of passion for one another” (WV 55). According to the vicar in *The Wise Virgins*, it is a stage that everyone passes through, a rite of passage (WV 193; Simonds 84).

Characterization is a subtle matter. Harry is a foggy, who like Peter Walsh, slouches about with his hands in his pockets (WV 69; MD 115). Yet the prolonged portrait of Mrs. Brown in *The Wise Virgins*, the “elephantine” woman dropping her aitches, is not as charming as with Mrs. Dempster’s Cockney idiom (WV 127; MD 40). She is also subtly linked with Aunt Helena described as “one of nature’s masterpieces,” the description which John Donne exploits in describing the elephant (Donne, *The Progress of the Soule* l. 381; MD 246).

Camilla, whose characterization DeSalvo viewed, as noted above, as a “sexually inadequate woman,” is detailed; her indecision about marriage to Harry extends over several chapters compared to the brief notice that dillydallying receives in *Mrs. Dalloway* (MD 10). Clarissa argues with herself that she had been right not to marry Peter or they would have been destroyed, a thought that returns later in the day: “Now I remember how impossible it was to ever make up my mind—and why did I make up my mind—not to marry him?” (MD 61-62). Camilla’s indecision, however, becomes prolonged. Harry, very much in love, thinks “If he died at that instant...he would have died...with Camilla’s hand in his” (WV 146). In *Mrs. Dalloway* this translates as *Othello*: “If it were now to die ’twere now to be most happy” (MD 51).

Harry impatiently demands that Camilla terminate her indecision, “You must end it, one way or the other” (WV 152). Likewise, Peter thinks, “It’s got to be finished one way or the other” (MD 96). Camilla’s sister Katharine counsels her on the issue and the requirement returns repeatedly, “You’ll have to decide...whether you are or you are not going to marry Harry” (WV 81; 83; 110; 113; 115). Two of the chapter headings in *The Wise Virgins* are cleverly devoted to this matter: “Camilla Neglects to Make Up Her Mind” and “Camilla Makes Up Her Mind.” “Tell me the truth,” demands Peter (MD 97). Katharine makes the same request of Camilla: “Tell me the truth” (WV 163). Without suggesting Camilla’s presumed sexual inadequacy, Camilla simply tells Harry, “I’m not in love with you” (WV 153). Harry feels as if her words “had struck him like a blow” (WV 153). The trauma for Peter when Clarissa rejects him is “as if she had hit him in the face” (MD 97).

Peter Walsh, whose account is also associated with an ancient literary custom where everything is real, feels that women “don’t know what passion is. They don’t know what it is to men” (MD 121). Harry Davis is of the same opinion: “They don’t know, they simply don’t know what desire is” (WV 96). It seems a mystery, like the Mysteries into which the Greeks “initiated their young men and women” (WV 198). On the other hand, Clarissa Dalloway contradicts this accusation, answering, “she did undoubtedly then feel what men felt” which like the world, swollen with some pressure of rapture, “gushed and poured” (MD 47). In *Mrs. Dalloway*, however, the mysteries are much more ambiguous, a designation which extends into the mystery of life itself. In most cases men are not supposed to see. Often, such mythic matters have an extended relationship that may not coincide with the cultural context of the fiction.

On behalf of the Greeks, Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* in particular includes frequent reference to Mysteries, as in the stories of Pentheus and Agave, Juno and Ino, Procne and Philomela, and Medea, always with the cautionary, “No prying into mysteries” (see Hoff 74). Rituals such as the Eleusinian rites of Demeter in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* 2.556 usually exclude men from women’s mysteries. Passersby in *Mrs. Dalloway* are thus affected, “mystery had brushed them with her wing;...the spirit of religion was abroad” (MD 20). An equivalent ritual takes place between Clarissa and Sally Seton who kissed Clarissa on the lips, a gift with the attendant religious feeling of some revelation (MD 53). For Clarissa the mystery, the sacred event that involves love and religion, however, is interrupted when Peter faces them; it is “like running one’s face against a granite wall in the darkness!” “It was shocking; it was horrible!” (MD 53; 193; 195). For Peter, however, when such actual meetings had been painful, he currently finds merely that “there was a mystery about it” (MD 232).

The cautionary mantra uttered in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* 7.560, “No prying into mysteries,” is rashly violated by those confronted with women’s rites including Peter Walsh. The battered woman singing opposite Regent’s Park Tube station, a creature of mixed fantasy and realism, undoes Ovid’s cautions with wild abandon: “If someone should see, what matter they?” (MD 124, 125). Mystery rites are always considered secret, and women’s rites, the most sacred of all, are always closed to men. Rituals limited to women exclusively include those Mysteries dedicated to the Bona Dea, to Bacchus, and to Priapus among others. The Mysteries of Eleusis in honor of Demeter are both secret and semi-public, but not to be revealed; Horace does not trust the man who would reveal the rites of Demeter (Horace *Odes* 3.2). The issue of women’s mystery rites results in a major problem for Peter Walsh and his having witnessed Sally’s relationship with Clarissa Dalloway. No such circumstance comes between Harry and Camilla.

Peter’s encounter at Bourton ties him to women’s rites, a motif which becomes significant. Clarissa feels his hostility when he faced Sally and herself, which she perceives as “his determination to break into their companionship”: “It was shocking; it was horrible!” (MD 53). The event involves the moment when, as noted above, Sally Seton kissed Clarissa Parry on the lips. On the other hand, the emphatically sacred nature of the event for Clarissa, the companionship exhibited between them as they walked up and down on the terrace, entails “revelation” and a “religious feeling.” It is something “infinitely precious, and secret, wrapped up, which she was not to look at” (MD 52-53). The occasion suggests sacred rites, women’s mysteries. This type of event resembles several narratives, historical and literary.

An historical event, the famous example involving Publius Clodius Pulcher, a Roman politician, concerns the 62 BCE scandal which resulted when he intruded on the rites of the Bona Dea. In pursuit of a romantic interest, a friend of Julius Caesar’s wife, he had dressed himself as a woman in order to gain access to Caesar’s house undetected where she was participating in the event; he is reminiscent of the cross-dressing “Miss Nancy,” companion of (Lord Gayton) at Clarissa’s party (MD

270). Tried for immorality, Clodius was acquitted only through a bribed jury. The memory of his behavior endured in Roman history and is considered universally an amusing occurrence. As Juvenal comments (1st century CE), “What altar does not attract its Clodius in drag” (Juvenal, *Satires* 6, 312-45).

A literary example, more scholarly than fantastic, appears in Euripides’s Greek drama, *The Bacchantes* (405 BCE), in which Pentheus wishes to see the rites of Bacchus. In female garb he does so but is torn to pieces by the women who discover him. His mother, Agave, who led the frenzy, is naturally the first to have recognized him. Another literary example, consonant with Peter’s scholarly background, appears in *The Satyricon* (16-18), the comic Roman novel of Petronius (1st century CE). The hero has accidentally come upon the secret grotto of Priapus where the secret ritual is taking place. Having been informed, “No man on earth may look on forbidden things and escape punishment,” he is consequently stricken with impotence (Petronius 31). Apparently, the only male who is butch enough to escape impotence is Heracles who burst into a women’s ritual in drag (Propertius *Poems* 4.9).

Peter gives no account of his intrusion into Clarissa’s moment of happiness. Subject to imaginative musings playfully borrowed from Terence’s comedy, *Eunuchus* (161 BCE), he fixes on a woman of varying realism whom he trails in Trafalgar Square, “but other people got between them in the street” (Terence 236; MD 80). Later he retains an impression comparable to the long-ago occasion; his segmented chronicle later comments on “a sense of pleasure-making hidden... young people slowly circling... Absorbing, mysterious... that one passed, discreetly, timidly, as if in the presence of some sacred ceremony to interrupt which would have been impious” (MD 248). The consequence for Peter, unlike Pentheus who is “mauled and maltreated,” will cause Peter’s sexual inadequacy. Traditionally, the punishment for the unfortunate male who intrudes into women’s mystery rites is impotence. Such customs of belief correspond to the folkloric tradition of mythology in which these fictions are set (Bowers 91; 92; 130; and 132).

The aptonymic significance concerning Peter’s name focuses ironically on his failings: “The troubles of the flesh” (MD 77). Moreover, he seems euphemistically aware of his own infirmity, lamenting his inability to “come up to the scratch” and being “not altogether manly” (MD 240; 237). Clearly his affliction is not to be thought metaphorical (Squier 109). Still smarting about his failed relationship with Clarissa and hinting at the cause for his condition, Peter’s account is essentially correct: “Clarissa had sapped something in him permanently” (MD 241). According to the Classical myth, his sexual failings accurately derive from Clarissa’s long-ago “mystery” rites with Sally at Bourton.

Mrs. Dalloway’s modifications of *The Wise Virgins* clearly enlivens, even spices up the discourse. Sexual inadequacy in the woman of *The Wise Virgins* compares insufficiently with the folk occasion of the “mysteries” that causes Peter’s sexual infirmity in *Mrs. Dalloway* although a thematic link exists between mysteries that merely develop the motif of maturation and emotional growth and the explicit Mysteries of Classical tradition, the occult motif implied in *Mrs. Dalloway*. The mystery rites in *Mrs. Dalloway* have borne this comic *topos* as their fruit when Virginia demonstrates the *chutpah* to create a sexually impotent man in place of Leonard’s sexually inadequate woman. Ironically, the union has begotten an even greater narrative.

Molly Hoff
Independent Scholar
(Published posthumously)

Works Cited

- Aesop. “The Jay and the Peacock.” *Peacock Plumes*. Ed. D. L. Ashliman. 2000-2014. <https://www.pitt.edu/~dash/type0244.html>
Bell, Quentin. *Virginia Woolf: A Biography*. NY: Quality, 1972.
Bowers, Maggie Ann. *Magi(cal) Realism*. London: Routledge, 2004.

Donne, John. *The Progress of the Soule*. <https://www.bartleby.com/357/174.html>.

Hoff, Molly. *Virginia Woolf’s Mrs. Dalloway: Invisible Presences*. Clemson, SC: Clemson UP, 2009.

Hussey, Mark. “Refractions of Desire: The Early Fiction of Virginia and Leonard Woolf.” *Modern Fiction Studies* 38 (Spring 1992): 127-46.

Juvenal. *The Sixteen Satires*. Trans. Peter Green. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1967.

Levine-Keating, Helene. Rev. *Conceived with Malice*. By Louise DeSalvo. *Woolf Studies Annual* 3 (1997): 216-18.

Ovid. *Metamorphoses*. Trans. Rolfe Humphries. Bloomington: Indiana, 1955.

Parsons, Ian. Introduction. *The Wise Virgins*. By Leonard Woolf. NY: Harcourt, 1979. xi-xviii.

Petronius. *The Satyricon*. Trans. William Arrowsmith. New York: Mentor, 1959.

Simonds, Peggy Muñoz. *Myth, Emblem, and Music in Shakespeare’s Cymbeline*. Newark: U of Delaware P, 1992.

Spater, George and Ian Parsons. *A Marriage of True Minds*. NY: Harcourt, 1977.

Squier, Susan. *Virginia Woolf and London*. Chapel Hill: U of North Carolina P, 1985.

Terence. “Eunuchus.” Ed. Bovie Palmer. Trans. Douglass Parker. *Five Roman Comedies*. NY: Dutton, 1970.

Woolf, Leonard. *The Wise Virgins*. Intro. by Ian Parsons. NY: Harcourt, 1914.

Woolf, Virginia. *The Diary of Virginia Woolf*. Vol. 1. Ed. Anne Olivier Bell. NY: Harcourt, 1977.

—. *The Diary of Virginia Woolf*. Vol. 3. Ed. Anne Olivier Bell assisted by Andrew McNeillie. NY: Harcourt, 1981.

—. *Mrs. Dalloway*. NY: Harcourt, 1925.



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*.

Please direct any queries to Karen Levenback at

kllevenback@att.net



REVIEW

MODERNIST LIVES: BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY AT LEONARD AND VIRGINIA WOOLF’S HOGARTH PRESS

by Claire Battershill. London: Bloomsbury Academic, 2018. 231 pages. \$114 cloth.

In her opening Acknowledgements Claire Battershill states, “This book is, among other things, a love letter to libraries and archives” (xi). Certainly *Modernist Lives* reflects its author’s deep mining of Hogarth Press and Woolf archives from the E. J. Pratt Woolf Collection at

Victoria College, University of Toronto, to the Harry Ransom Center at the University of Texas, to the Hogarth Press Archive at the University of Reading. Following the comprehensive history, *Leonard and Virginia Woolf as Publishers: The Hogarth Press, 1917-41* (1992) by J. H. Willis, Battershill's study extends a useful quantitative and qualitative analysis of Hogarth Press publications beyond Virginia Woolf's death in 1941 to the incorporation of the Press by Chatto and Windus in 1946. In confining her survey to biographies and autobiographies broadly defined, Battershill adheres to the stipulated intent of the *Historicizing Modernism* series—to highlight “empirical accuracy and the value of primary sources” (x). After examining the 522 Hogarth Press titles in the Pratt collection, Battershill situates the two genres within the larger aim of the Press to publish a wide range of diverse genres by often fledgling or little-known authors. The Woolfs' deviation from the “standard” format of biographies and autobiographies, what Willis had termed the “diversity and heterogeneity of Hogarth Press writers and their publications” (x), demonstrates the experimental (and therefore presumably modernist) approach of the Press to the two overlapping genres. Noting both the Woolfs' personal preference for biographies and the public's general desire for more publications in this genre, the introduction poses the book's central question: “If life writing was so important to Virginia Woolf, and Virginia Woolf is so important to our critical understandings of life writing, what can the biographical and autobiographical works published at the Hogarth Press tell us about those genres and their relation to literary modernism?” (8).

Battershill devotes the next six chapters to answering this broad question, sometimes at the expense of a convincingly coherent structure. The book oscillates between Virginia Woolf's opposed biographical counters “granite” and “rainbow” in its endeavor to balance factual details of the Hogarth Press publishing practices—solicitation of titles, marketing, sales figures—with qualitative analysis of a handful of biographies and autobiographies the Press published. This dual approach is occasionally uneven in the transitions between material evidence and more abstract literary appraisal as well as in the eclectic range of works Battershill selects to analyze. As Battershill demonstrates, however, this eclecticism was persistently characteristic of Hogarth Press publications. The two appendices, the first chronologically categorizing Hogarth Press publications of biographies and autobiographies and the second listing sales figures and print runs, are particularly useful in demonstrating the ongoing engagement of the Press with the two genres. It falls to the intervening chapters between Introduction and Conclusion to adduce the links between biography, autobiography and literary modernism in chronologically arranged discussions of Hogarth publications on Tolstoy, Virginia Woolf's biographies, two Hogarth Press biographical series and the hybrid “autobiografiction” works of Christopher Isherwood and Henry Green.

The first chapter details the range of Hogarth Press publications between 1917 and 1946 with an inserted table that reveals the single category of biography and autobiography in fifth place behind poetry, novels, politics and literary criticism. Battershill alludes to a number of autobiographical subgenres such as the “vocational autobiography” and the family chronicle to illustrate the elastic generic boundaries of the Press. She accords a scant notice to Woolf's biographer-father, Leslie Stephen, whose *Some Early Impressions* (1903) Hogarth chose to collect and republish in 1924, noting that Stephen's book “offers a suggestive example for examining the relationship between biography and autobiography, and for demonstrating the ways in which even Leslie Stephen abandons many of the *Dictionary of National Biography*'s more restrictive principles...when he writes about his own life” (34). In fact, an experimental biographer in essays distinct from the *DNB* entries and arguably a proto-modernist himself, Stephen's voice would have enhanced the discussion of biographical theory in Chapter 3. In a late essay on biography for the *National Review* (1893), Stephen exhibits a remarkable awareness of what would, after both Harold Nicolson and Lytton Strachey, be termed “modern biography” when he states that “The

biographer of modern times may be often indiscreet in his revelations; but so far as the interest of the book goes the opposite pole is certainly the most repulsive” (Stephen, “Biography” 177).

Taking its epigraph from a comment by Vita Sackville-West in response to Tolstoy, “‘A Fig for Literature! This is life,’” Chapter 2 proffers four biographies of Tolstoy published by Hogarth in the early 1920s to demonstrate the preference of the Press for multiple, even contradictory, versions of a life. Such “polyvocality” evident in the differing authorial methods from Gorky's spontaneous “Table Talk” to Sophie Tolstoy's memoir to Tolstoy's love letters indicates, Battershill suggests, “a deliberately modernist biographical program” promoted by Hogarth Press (59). Of the six chapters, Chapter 2 achieves the best synthesis between press publication details and literary analysis of the disparate works.

Chapter 3, “Elastic Categories: Debates about Biography and Autobiography (1923-1929),” lends a crucial definitional and theoretical framework for *Modernist Lives*. While its placement is problematic—it might have served better as the opening chapter—it engages, in addition to Virginia Woolf's well known theories in “Art of Biography” (1927) and “New Biography” (1939), key theories of Leonard Woolf and Harold Nicolson, the latter of whose work, *The Development of English Biography*, Hogarth published in 1927. Battershill offers an astute evaluation of Leonard Woolf's underestimated significance as both critic and literary editor of the *Nation* and *Athenaeum*. Drawing the chapter's epigraph, “The Science and Art of Biography” (1929), from Leonard's *The World of Books* column in that periodical, she shows how Nicolson, Virginia Woolf and, most obviously, Lytton Strachey all purposely blur what increasingly became an artificial distinction.

This blurring of fact and fiction, a hallmark of modernist biographical practice, according to Battershill, strikes the keynote for Chapter 4's analysis of Woolf's three biographies, *Orlando* (1928), *Flush* (1933), and *Roger Fry* (1940), all published by Hogarth Press. Most useful here is the way in which Battershill re-contextualizes readings of Woolf's three works in light of other Hogarth Press biographies. Taken together, these three biographies display extreme poles of the genre in the twentieth century from the time-traveling fanciful Orlando who defies the chronological account of a life, to the imaginative biography of a Victorian spaniel, to the more traditional authorized biography “factually” documented by the biographical subject's own letters.

Chapters 5 and 6 further support Battershill's claim that Hogarth Press was in the forefront of the genre-blending and genre-bending characteristic of literary modernism. Chapter 5 explores two biographical series launched by Leonard Woolf, the first, *Biographies Through the Eyes of Contemporaries* (1934), conceived on the model of a popular French series that sought “to remove the personality of the writer in order to attempt to show the subject...without the interventions of any kind of narrator” (129). Though only two works of the projected series were published, one on Charles Lamb and one on the Brontës, the method of presenting the biographical subject directly through the eyes of contemporaries was another example of a modernist experiment that departed from the authorial control typical of “standard” biographies. The second series, *World-Makers and World-Shakers* (1937) evinced a different method and targeted a specifically juvenile audience. Hoping to attract the attention of teachers and heads of schools throughout England and beyond, Leonard Woolf solicited short (80 page) biographies of famous people as a way to teach a reinvigorated sense of history to adolescents between 12 and 15. The four published in this series—*Socrates*; *Darwin*; *Joan of Arc*; and *Garibaldi, Mazzini and Cavour*—reinforced the Press' broadly eclectic choice of subjects and blended the genres of historical account and biography. Both series, as Battershill correctly notes, revealed the role of the publisher (in this case Leonard Woolf) as “cultural theorist,” with the latter series having a “cautiously pedagogical aim” (123; 134).

Chapter 6 offers case studies of two works of autobiographical fiction to supplement the previous discussions of biography. Here, borrowing S. P. Rosenbaum's depiction of Leslie Stephen's *DNB* methodology of "reticent autobiography" (167), Battershill argues for the conflation of narrator and narrated in both Isherwood's *Lions and Shadows* (1938) and Green's *Pack My Bag* (1940). Interestingly, the two works were, at the insistence of their authors, advertised as novels, further demonstrating the permeability of "real and fictional" in the problematic generic category of autobiography and, perhaps as Battershill suggests, in the case of Isherwood, to "reframe" autobiographical methods "in concentric narration that adds layers of irony to their use" (153). In *Early Impressions* Leslie Stephen had defended the genre's mixture of fact and "impression," noting, "If my confession implies that they must be taken with a certain reserve, an impression is in its way a fact" (Stephen 10).

Modernist Lives is careful to adhere to its stipulated chronology and therefore does not include in the final chapter discussion either of Leonard Woolf's multi-volume autobiography or Woolf's posthumous "A Sketch of the Past," both of which might have offered further proof of generic experimentation characteristic of literary modernism. Nevertheless, it propels readers to examine the fluid cultural and economic concerns inherent in the generic choices of a modernist press and to read both biography and autobiography in a broader context.

Eleanor McNees
University of Denver

Works Cited

- Stephen, Leslie. "Biography." *The National Review* 22 (October 1893): 171-83.
Stephen, Leslie. *Some Early Impressions*. 1903; rpt. New York: Burt Franklin, 1968.
Willis, J. H., Jr. *Leonard and Virginia Woolf as Publishers: The Hogarth Press, 1917-41*. Charlottesville: UP of Virginia, 1992.



REVIEW

VIRGINIA WOOLF'S MODERNIST PATH: HER MIDDLE DIARIES AND THE DIARIES SHE READ

by Barbara Lounsberry. Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 2016. 280 pages. \$59.94 cloth; \$24.85 paper.

In *Virginia Woolf's Modernist Path: Her Middle Diaries and the Diaries She Read*, the second volume of her study of Woolf's diaries, Barbara Lounsberry focuses on the critical post-war period, the most productive years of Woolf's career. Woolf's accomplishments between 1918 and 1929 show a writer in full command of her artistry from the modernist breakthrough of *Jacob's Room*, the acclaim of *Mrs. Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse*, and *Orlando*, the sought-after short stories and literary essays, to her renown as a feminist thinker. Lounsberry's contribution is to illustrate how throughout this period, Woolf also imbues another genre with her genius, emerging as one of the most innovative diarists of the twentieth century:

Woolf strips the *periodic diary* down—presses it about as far as it can go and still convey life. Some might point to busy days to explain the scaled-back number of entries; however, Woolf was busy throughout her professional life. Sparse entries allow her to escape the diary's greatest traps: daily dullness and numbing repetition. Instead, she can explore the fragment, the art of concision, the rhetoric of brevity (2).

Throughout this critical decade, Woolf produces "her mature, spare modernist diaries" (1). The writing in the diaries is lean, inward, and experimental. Lounsberry analyzes their aesthetic value and their relationship to Woolf's other writing, revealing parallels and intersections between Woolf's private and public writing. An additional and fascinating aspect of Lounsberry's book is her critical attention to

fourteen key diaries Woolf read during this period, showing how "Woolf sought in others' diaries the natural human voice and also suggestive life traces beyond her own that she could transform into art" (8). The connections Lounsberry suggests between Woolf and some of these writers are an open invitation to future Woolf scholars.

For those of us who have neither seen nor held Woolf's diaries, Lounsberry describes the material qualities of each of these thirteen notebooks, giving us a visceral experience of their look and feel. We learn that in 1919, Woolf "chooses a large diary book—10 ¾ inches long and 8 1/2 inches wide—with a dark gray paper cover...[;] she prepares the book's white unlined pages as if each is a canvas. She draws a red vertical line one inch from the edge of each page" (22). The cover design of the 1920 diary is "Tiny aquamarine pagodas, bridges, and leafy-branched trees" (35), and we learn that Woolf "prepares its white unruled pages" (35). The 1925 diary has a teal blue cover, "a single shade suited to the book's narrowed scope" (116). In 1927, Woolf chooses a "burnt-orange calfskin cover" (186) for her loose-leaf paper for her diary, as Lounsberry quotes Woolf, in which to "snare a greater number of loose thoughts" (4).

Lounsberry provides insight into Woolf's sense of purpose for the diaries. Of course, the diaries will be a useful source for her memoirs, as Woolf writes in 1927, "[O]h yes, I shall write my memoirs out of [these diaries], one of these days" (188). In this regard, the diary functions as a container for Woolf, "some deep old desk, or capacious hold-all, in which one flings a mass of odds & ends without looking through them" (28). Moreover, as Lounsberry contends, this private writing "offers Woolf's fullest expression of her mature diary goals" (27): "the habit of writing thus for my own eyes only is good practice. It loosens the ligaments. Never mind the misses & the stumbles" (28). The 1920 diary is both Woolf's "diary of the soul" (34) and a diary of conversations. Woolf stretches her artistic muscles by including "play scenes" (66) in 1923 and "a writing 'programme' for *Mrs. Dalloway* and *The Common Reader*" (90) in the 1924 diary. Nothing better illustrates Woolf's engagement in the public world than the ten entries in her 1926 diary devoted to the General Strike (137). In this eye-witness account, Lounsberry writes, Woolf preserves more, "than merely the face of the crisis. Her Strike Diary registers—often through vivid similes—the emotional and spiritual currents of a strike, and in this respect it stands out" (138).

Lounsberry's nine chapters follow a pattern. Each begins with an introduction that creates the social and personal context, followed by a detailed summary of the diary. Chapters conclude with discussion of one or two of the diaries Woolf was reading at the time. Here Lounsberry is more persuasive about the influence of some diarists than of others. We learn that in 1919 Woolf read the anti-war diaries of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, which Lounsberry assumes, "gave her indelible views of war as male sport" (33). But since Woolf never wrote a review of these diaries, all we really know about what she thought of them is from her dismissive comment to Lytton Strachey—"I read Wilfrid Blunt (diaries) at breakfast. I don't like aristocratic writing, do you?" (33). Lounsberry suggestively describes the possible influence on Woolf of W. N. P. Barbellion's *Journal of a Disappointed Man*, which Woolf received in 1920. Favoring modal verbs, Lounsberry reads Cummings' descriptions of a suicidal man and his trials with Harley Street doctors as a possible influence on Woolf's creation of Septimus Warren Smith. Sounds intriguing but Lounsberry lacks evidence that Woolf read the book.

Lounsberry is on firmer ground with her discussion of the seventeenth-century diarist John Evelyn. We know Woolf read *The Diary of John Evelyn* in preparing her essay "Rambling Round Evelyn" (1925) for *The Common Reader*, and it's easy to assume with Lounsberry that Evelyn's lavish descriptions of the "Russian ambassador's grand entrance into London replete with furs, Persian carpets, Persian hawks, bows and arrows, and other presents" (48) inform Woolf's *Orlando*. No one could doubt the influence of Chekhov on Woolf. The Hogarth Press published

The Note-books of Anton Tchekhov, Woolf studied Russian in part to be able to read Chekhov, and she regularly praises his body of work, including in *The Common Reader* essay “The Russian Point of View.” Agreeing with other critics, Lounsberry concludes, “Chekhov’s diary and notebooks illustrated for Woolf extreme brevity and compression, the path she increasingly follows in her second, modernist diary stage” (65).

Lounsberry introduces an obscure South African diarist whose work she assumes Woolf read. “Please let the Boer woman send us her book,” Woolf wrote to Katherine Arnold-Foster on August 23, 1922, “though we are rather overwhelmed at present” (74). Would an overwhelmed Woolf have read Alida Badenhorst’s diary? For Lounsberry the answer is not only yes but also that “Woolf might easily have identified with the South African diarist,” “who shares Woolf’s love of nature and diagnosis of tuberculosis” (75). Badenhorst’s sharp disdain for doctors—“A doctor is a murderer and no more”—“would fortify Woolf’s thoughts for *Mrs. Dalloway*” (75). Woolf’s early essay “The Genius of Boswell” (1909) is evidence enough for Lounsberry that she read or reread the gift of Boswell’s *Journal of a Tour to Corsica & memoirs of Pascal Paoli*, which Woolf received from Augustine Birrell, in the summer of 1923. Lounsberry provides a careful six-page summary of the volume interspersed with Woolf’s supposed reactions—“Woolf saw Boswell’s diary method” (84); “In a passage that might have particularly arrested Woolf” (88); “Art is long; politics short, Woolf might have observed of Boswell’s enduring *Journal*” (89).

Woolf’s brief review of *Letters and Journals of Anne Chalmers* appeared in 1924 in *Nation & Athenaeum* as did her review of the first volume of Stendhal’s journals. Lounsberry imagines Woolf’s probable enjoyment of the young Chalmers, whose letters and journals, “recall and immortalize a dead mother. They evoke summer holidays at the sea with a large and clever family and even offer the name Mrs. Ramsay” (101). But can we conclude that “Stendhal’s early journals incite Virginia Woolf further toward the soul, toward even greater nuances of character change and complexity—in short, even deeper into the psychological novel” (106)?

Lounsberry’s suppositions about Lady Anne Clifford’s *Diary*, which includes a “lushly detailed and astute” 48-page introduction by Vita Sackville-West (108), are more compelling to me. As Lounsberry writes and the work of other feminist critics supports, Anne Clifford “gave Woolf a portrait of a Renaissance woman” that would influence *Orlando*, *A Room of One’s Own*, and Woolf’s life-long desire to tell the secret history of women’s lives. Woolf’s essay on Swift’s *Journal to Stella* moves, in Lounsberry’s observation, “from a savvy portrait of Swift into a study of the less heralded women of his life, ‘Stella’ and ‘Vanessa’” (135). We know Woolf was a serious scholar of Swift and more readily accept Lounsberry’s conclusion that “Swift’s *Journal* ‘replenishes’ Woolf’s ‘cistern’ when she feels dry and besmirched and gives her matter for *To the Lighthouse* and *Orlando*” (136).

For me Lounsberry is most convincing and compelling in her analysis of Woolf’s reactions to the diaries of Beatrice Webb in 1926 and Katherine Mansfield in 1927. Woolf found Webb’s *My Apprenticeship* “enthraling” (149). Denied a formal education like Woolf, as a young girl Webb had the run of her father’s vast library, and she describes “extracting, abstracting and criticizing” what she read (150). Woolf admires the discipline of Webb as she chronicles her reading and social observations of nineteenth-century life, which surely informed her own diary of the Great Strike. “She is the product of science, & the lack of faith in God; she was secreted by the Time Spirit,” Woolf writes in her diary. “She taps a great stream of thought” (154). Webb appeals to Woolf as a woman and intellectual who shared her interests in the critique of economics and power. “In *My Apprenticeship*,” Lounsberry writes, “Webb calls the exercise of power the prime—yet subconscious—force in British life” (155). Webb seeks evidence in the domestic sphere of letters and diaries as well as in the public sphere. As Lounsberry notes, “Webb’s memoir showed Woolf that letters and diaries can underwrite cultural criticism: that private prose can do public work” (159). Here Lounsberry soundly

concludes that Webb’s writing provides the seeds for Woolf’s thinking in “Professions for Women” and *Three Guineas*.

As Webb influenced Woolf’s understanding of politics and power, Katherine Mansfield’s 1927 journal enhanced Woolf’s affinity for Mansfield and “their shared passion for their art” (196). Lounsberry helpfully critiques the expurgated version of the *Journal* that Woolf read, noting how John Middleton Murray’s editing distorts Mansfield, projecting “an image of a pure soul, a saintly suffering mystic, that in the full spread of her notebooks and papers proves simple, sentimental, and false” (191). Woolf’s review of the work pays “public tribute to this valued friend and fellow artist” (202). Lounsberry contends that Mansfield’s *Journal* brought artistic order to life’s fragments and “reinforced Woolf’s own sense of time’s evanescence” (203). Lounsberry persuasively concludes that reading Mansfield’s journal inspired ideas that Woolf explored in *A Room of One’s Own*:

Mansfield declares in her first diary entry of 1915: “for this year I have two wishes: to write, to make money. Consider. With money we could go away as we liked, have a room in London, be free as we liked, and be independent and proud with nobodies. It is only poverty that holds us so tightly.” (*Journal* 18). Part of the “Eternal Question” of her failure to write in 1918 is the complaint “I haven’t a place to write in or on,” and a 1921 item reprises: “But I bitterly long for a little private room where I can work undisturbed.” *A Room of One’s Own* may be Woolf’s private gift to Katherine Mansfield. (203-04)

Throughout my reading of Lounsberry’s detailed analysis, I kept referring to Woolf’s “How Should One Read A Book?” Lounsberry reads the diaries through her lens; then she reads Woolf reading the diaries of others. As Woolf writes, “This, then, is one of the ways in which we can read these lives and letters; we can make them light up the many windows of the past; we can watch the famous dead in their familiar habits and fancy sometimes that we are very close and can surprise their secrets” (“How Should One Read A Book?,” 576). *Virginia Woolf’s Modernist Path* lights up many windows, illuminates Woolf’s habits of reading and writing, and reveals suggestive secrets about how one writer might influence the art of another.

Eileen Barrett
California State University, East Bay

Work Cited

Woolf, Virginia. “How Should One Read A Book?” *The Essays of Virginia Woolf*, Vol. 5. Ed. Stuart N. Clarke. London: The Hogarth Press, 2009: 572-84.



REVIEW **VIRGINIA WOOLF’S ROOMS AND THE SPACES OF MODERNITY**

by Suzana Zink. Cham, Switzerland: Palgrave Macmillan, 2018. 223 pages. £63.99, \$99.99 cloth.

When Virginia Woolf claimed in *Three Guineas* that “as a woman I have no country,” she described women as outsiders who had no power over their physical and political environment. For Woolf, space was never merely a backdrop, instead it was a dimension that was shaped by the most powerful members of society and that controlled its inhabitants in turn. She suggests that if women have no say in how their country is governed then they have no ownership over it, and therefore no responsibility towards it. This understanding of freedom as a question of property had been previously posited by Woolf in *A Room of One’s Own*, where she claimed that women must have their own space in order to write fiction. Such locations are necessary, she argues, when so

many places of education and study tend to reject women. The private room thus serves as a means to invent fictional narratives away from the interruption of social ones, and in this fashion the room becomes a narrative in itself, a way of controlling the meaning and effects of one's environment.

Considering the importance of rooms in Woolf's writing, an exploration of the subject is long overdue. *Virginia Woolf's Rooms and the Spaces of Modernity* by Suzana Zink takes the first step in examining this theme, and she succeeds in exploring it from a number of angles while also situating it within Woolf's wider spatial politics. It is published as a part of Palgrave Macmillan's "Geocriticism and Spatial Literary Studies" series and it sits well alongside other works such as Lisbeth Larsson's *Walking Virginia Woolf's London* (2019). This book is part of a steady stream of publications on Woolf's relationship with space and place, but differs from many of these (such as Peter Fullagar's *Virginia Woolf in Richmond* [2019]) in its emphasis on the literary over the biographical.

Zink's approach may come as a surprise to those expecting a study focused purely on interior, domestic locations. Zink positions her focus on Woolf and rooms in relation to the spatial turn in modernist studies, particularly "the recent critical focus on the interior spaces of the city," but expresses her wish to contribute to this "by adopting a broader view of 'rooms' and attempting to foreground their connection within the wider material and discursive spaces in which they are located" (24). In this way, Zink turns away from a purely domestic and literal interpretation of rooms, and asks how they interact with surrounding spaces. As Zink states in her introduction, "Woolf's rooms are not discrete spaces, conceived in strict separation from other 'geographies' of modernity, but, rather, they connect with, and participate in, these geographies" (5).

Zink's approach is best demonstrated in the book's third chapter, "Out of Rooms: Imperial Routes and the Impasse of Becoming in *The Voyage Out*." Zink begins by considering the rooms that contribute to the life of the protagonist, Rachel Vinrace. Rachel's development is described as one that manifests through space; it evolves through rooms, continents, and countries. Zink then places Rachel's personal narrative alongside the wider topography of Santa Marina, highlighting its complex history of colonization and the way it is seen (or wilfully reimagined) through the eyes of tourists. In this way, Rachel, the tourists, and the locals are seen to be existing in relation to the limitations of their environment. While it might be possible to "voyage" through spaces, it is not so easy to escape the process of constructing, or being constructed by, their meanings. The motif of travel, Zink suggests, presenting "the problematic relationship between home and away," only interrogates "the extent to which Rachel can 'step outside' the pre-existing order imposed by her birth, education and class" (55).

Zink deftly demonstrates that rooms are a crucial part of Woolf's depiction of politics and power. She particularly focuses on the presentation of gender and space, and repeatedly returns to the question of how rooms either empower or restrict the women in Woolf's work. She explores this in her reading of *Night and Day*, where "the Hilbery home provides the perfect setting for the exploration of women's roles" (81). Katharine Hilbery lives in a house that is dominated by the "greatness" of an illustrious male ancestor, Richard Alardyce. The house has effectively become a museum to his memory, and Zink sees it as an example of "the Victorian home turned monument to the dead" (77). She links this to Woolf's conception of "Great Men's Houses," and demonstrates how these spaces can sanctify and retain outdated social mores and notions of greatness. Katharine and her mother are charged with sustaining the greatness of Alardyce, and so are unable to cultivate their own. As Zink explains, "the practice of ancestor worship within the Hilbery home hinders Katharine's full understanding of her own individuality" (80). Meanwhile, as Zink points out, the servants who live in the Hilbery's damp basement are also suffering from the social and physical architecture of Victorian living.

Zink's analysis of *Night and Day* leads neatly to her focus on women's access to educational spaces. This begins with an analysis of *Jacob's Room* and then turns to *A Room of One's Own*. In her reading of *Jacob's Room*, Zink highlights how the text depicts the space of the university as dominated by men and suggests that, consequently, for women to embark on an education is for them to effectively 'trespass' onto forbidden territory. She presents the novel alongside the contemporary debate over whether women should be granted degrees by the University of Cambridge, and also examines a lesser known piece by Woolf, entitled "The Intellectual Status of Women." This serves to demonstrate how the presentation of women and education in *Jacob's Room* anticipated many of the arguments in *A Room of One's Own*.

Zink places less emphasis on the text itself than one might expect in her analysis of *A Room of One's Own*. Instead, she foregrounds the text's contemporary readership, an area examined through the twenty-one surviving letters that readers sent to Woolf about the book. She states that "the letters echo the writer's arguments and often use the room trope to map out the readers' own spatial negotiations of their (gendered) identities" (126). She also uses them to examine the circulation and reception of Woolf's work, and to provide a detailed insight into some of these readers' lives. As Zink has discovered, many correspondents wrote about the rooms and conditions from which their letters emerged, and she pays close attention to how they situate themselves spatially and socially in relation to Woolf's ideas. It is true that these letters can only shed light on a particular portion of the text's readership, namely women who liked the book enough to want to write to its author, and who had the time and inclination to do so. However, Zink uses this fairly limited material to view the text in light of the real lives of the women it affected, foregrounding their rooms and private worlds.

The book's penultimate chapter considers *The Years*, and argues that the novel presents a spatial history, a history told through rooms and their inhabitants. There is more detail on the room as a domestic space, as Zink considers the language of interiors and style. She picks up on the theme of time and memory that emerged in the chapter on *Night and Day* and posits that the rooms in the novel are "spaces at once material and expressive of psychic interiority" (154). She shows that the text "charts the Pargiters' progress by means of a number of spatial shifts whose significance is bound up with the issues of gender and class" (155). That Woolf saw her own family and personal history through a series of 'spatial shifts' is evident in the final chapter of Zink's book, where she studies sections from *A Sketch of the Past*, and builds on the notion of rooms as a psychological space of memory.

Virginia Woolf's Rooms and the Spaces of Modernity is successful in demonstrating the importance of rooms in Woolf's fiction. It gives something of an overview of how these rooms function textually, while still providing detailed and rigorous analyses backed up by archival research. Zink's work touches on a number of interesting areas, including Woolf's readership and her use of space and place in her work more generally. In presenting Woolf's writing chronologically, Zink also gives an insight into how this theme developed throughout the course of Woolf's literary career, while also showing a keen awareness of the rooms that defined Woolf's personal history.

Karina Jakubowicz
Florida State University

Works Cited

- Fullagar, Peter. *Virginia Woolf in Richmond*. London: Aurora Metro Press, 2019.
- Larsson, Lisbeth. *Virginia Woolf's London*. London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2019.



REVIEW

**VIRGINIA WOOLF AND THE WORLD OF BOOKS:
THE CENTENARY OF THE HOGARTH PRESS:
SELECTED PAPERS FROM THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL
INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON VIRGINIA WOOLF**
edited by Nicola Wilson and Claire Battershill. Clemson, South Carolina:
Clemson University Press, 2018. 302 pages. \$120 cloth.

It was with great anticipation that I received *Virginia Woolf and the World Of Books: The Centenary of the Hogarth Press: Selected Papers from the Twenty-Seventh Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf*, having unfortunately missed what had promised to be a most memorable conference, and expecting, as has been the case before, not only a snapshot of representative excellence in the papers chosen for publication, but, importantly, a full program of the conference, listing the participants and papers at every session, every keynote, every roundtable, as well as theatrical performances and art exhibitions. But there is no such listing anywhere in the volume¹ and it was only through the kindness of Mark Hussey (who responded to my need for a program on the listserv), that I was able to appreciate the entire range and scope of the conference. Until recently, this was, as far as I could determine, a rare omission,² the entire program alerting the reader not only to the composition of the conference from which a small number of papers were selected, to current, individual research projects and interests of participants (a bonus for a book review editor), as well as the actual dates of the conference (these too are missing from this volume of selected papers). Acknowledgments, which seem to be the focus of the introduction rather than separately included, deprived the editors of the opportunity taken by so many others to alert readers to the selection process and introduce the titles selected. The fact that the volume is made up of conference papers seems downplayed; “[t]he 27th annual Virginia Woolf Conference” (sans “international”) is mentioned only once—in the third paragraph—of the Introduction (viii) and the book is presented as a collection of essays commemorating “the centenary of the Hogarth Press.” Yes, but... I don’t mean to quibble—these omissions suggest an effort to obfuscate the heritage and the energy of the conference. (The location of the conference is also avoided—it was at the University of Reading, by the way, though this is not even revealed in the introduction.)

I did not anticipate beginning this review on a negative note and other than depriving their readers of this essential but missing sense of the whole, Nicola Wilson and Claire Battershill have done an excellent job of selecting a wide range of papers and organizing them, although only one of the three keynotes is included, Ted Bishop’s wonderfully entertaining and witty, erudite and illustrated “Getting a Hold on Haddock: Virginia Woolf’s Inks,” involving audience participation with “the hammers, jars, and bags of material laid out on the table” (3) and his exegesis on “how one gets a hold of a haddock by writing it down: the capacity of ink to fix reality”: Woolf’s “lifelong preoccupation” (10).

As it is, the volume is divided into twelve sections (!), counting the one paper included under **Keynote** and a most interesting **Editing and Teaching Woolf**, which includes two roundtables: one on MAPP, the Digital Archives Project (first introduced at the 23rd Woolf Conference

at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver in 2013³), led by Elizabeth Willson Gordon; and the other, on Editing Woolf, organized by Jessica Berman. The first is of especial interest as “Learning through the (Digital) Archive: Notes on Undergraduate Research,” while introduced by Willson Gordon, is made up of “reflections” on the project by three undergraduate research assistants “trained on MAPP’s Drupal interface and engaged with the data model that underpins MAPP and to which they were contributing” (234). The second in spite of the reluctance of Berman to engage in “easy companionship” (243) is finally about accessibility and welcoming the insights offered by the contributors to the volume and the roundtable. In addition to those already mentioned (and those described below), the book also includes sections on: **Craftsmanship; Hours in the Library; The Art of the Narrative; Making New Books: Creative Approaches; The Book in the World: Woolf’s Global Reception; Editing and Teaching Woolf; Intertextuality; and Lives in Writing.**

Virginia Woolf and the World of Books is so rich that isolating favorites is an exercise in futility (how did those fortunate to be at the conference choose among the offerings?). Of the fifty papers chosen by Wilson and Battershill, each of the three in **In the Archives** is fascinating, offering unique archival experiences and discoveries, two of which I found of particular interest: Alice Staveley’s “unconventional” story of her “search” (20) for a recording of “Craftsmanship” and her discovery of “how the editing of Vita’s [BBC] talk [in the mid-1950s] involved the repurposing of Virginia’s” (24); and Amanda Golden’s discourse on the “idea of an archive” in the works of Virginia Woolf (28), leading to her conclusion that “[t]he space of the archive becomes one in which the writer, like the reader, creates and interprets texts” (29).

The Hogarth Press is represented multiple times in three sections and its eponymous one includes Eleanor McNeese’s fascinating treatment of “Alternative Histories: Hogarth Press’s World-Makers and World-Shakers Series”; “*After the Deluge, The Waves*,” Sangam MacDuff’s masterful examination of the simultaneous publication of the works in October 1931 and their “analogous representations of individual and communal psychology” (81); and two more worthwhile papers: Megan Beech’s use of Hope Mirrlees’ typographically challenging *Paris: A Poem* as exemplifying the Hogarth’s Press’ commitment to the modernist aesthetic represented by it and Virginie Podvin’s discussion of the Press as “A Singular Art Gallery.”: “Virginia’s ambiguous relationship with painting became a successful collaboration” (99).

Likewise, the papers included in **The Art of the Book** are uniformly extraordinary, as might be expected in a conference whose subtitle is “The World of Books”: Maggie Humm’s “Vanessa Bell’s ‘Tiny Book’: Woolf, Impressionism, Roger Fry, and Anti-Semitism” is brilliant, building on Beth Rosenberg’s *Woolf Studies Annual* issue on “Virginia Woolf and Jews,” and issuing a call to eschew complacent readings and “rethink... Woolf and Bloomsbury’s early politics” (139); Hana Leaper’s discussion of the “pleasurable asymmetry” (123) of the Virginia Woolf/Vanessa Bell collaboration in “Kew Gardens”; and Claudia Tobin’s call for an examination of the relation of Charles Mauron, Virginia Woolf, and Roger Fry, proposing that “Mauron’s theory of art and psychology represents a nexus between [them]” (128).

In the context of a *Selected Papers* volume, there are always papers that one wishes were included: Jane de Gay’s on “the Bible in the Library of Virginia and Leonard Woolf,” for example, and Drew Shannon’s “Making Her Books Her Own: The Diary of Virginia Woolf in Manuscript”; but I guess by leaving out the program, the reader would not know what is missing.⁴ (Fortunately, Notes on Contributors remains.)

¹ In “proceedings” from the first annual conference, *Virginia Woolf Miscellanies*, the program is an appendix.

² I found that in addition to the volume under review (*Virginia Woolf and the World of Books*) only the Selected Papers from the 12th Conference (*Woolf: Across the Generations*, 6-9 June 2002) and the 26th (*Virginia Woolf and Heritage*, 16-19 June 2016) lack Conference Programs—although an email from Clemson University Press claimed that programs had not been included for several years. In a subsequent discussion with John Morgenstern (the current editor of Clemson UP) at the Cincinnati Conference, I learned that programs from conferences were no longer in the publication plan for these volumes. In fact, as it turns out, *Selected Papers* from Woolf Conferences are on their way out, in favor of differently organized and formatted volumes; as per his email of 30 September 2019, conference programs will be available at a website curated by Clemson UP.

³ On a search for “MAPP,” in 2018 I discovered that Google erroneously states the MAPP was “launched” at the Reading Conference in 2017 (when I rechecked on 14 September 2019, I found that this language remains).

⁴ To be fair, for whatever reason, not all participants, including keynote speakers, choose to submit their work to volumes of selected papers.

Nevertheless, this volume is not only a worthy representation of the most excellent papers delivered at the 27th International Conference on Virginia Woolf, but deserves a prominent place in the library of any scholar interested in Virginia Woolf, the books she wrote, the books she published, and the ones she created. Both Nicola Wilson and Claire Battershill are owed our thanks.

Karen Levenback
Franciscan Monastery

Works Cited

- Gay, Jane de, Tom Breckin, and Anne Reus, ed. *Virginia Woolf and Heritage: Selected Papers from the Twenty-Sixth Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf*. Clemson, SC: Clemson University Press, 2017.
- Hussey, Mark and Vara Neverow-Turk, ed. *Virginia Woolf Miscellanies: Proceedings of the First Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf*. New York: Pace University Press, 1992.
- “MAPP.” Google. 30 August 2018 and 14 September 2019.
- Morgenstern, John. Emails to author. 11 August 2018 and 30 September 2019.
- Pawlowski, Merry M. and Eileen Barrett, ed. *Woolf: Across the Generations: Selected Papers from the Twelfth International Conference on Virginia Woolf*. Bakersfield, CA: Center of Woolf Studies at California State U, Bakersfield. Web. http://woolf-center.southernct.edu/pdf/VW-Publication12_Full.pdf.
- Rosenberg, Beth C. “The Belated History of Woolf and Jews.” *Woolf Studies Annual*, Special Focus: Virginia Woolf and Jews 19 (2013): 7-9.



REVIEW

AN ANNOTATED GUIDE TO THE WRITINGS AND PAPERS OF LEONARD WOOLF, 3rd (Revised) Edition

by Janet M. Manson and Wayne K. Chapman. Clemson, SC: Clemson University Press, 2018. 276 pages. \$34.95 paper.

Janet M. Manson and Wayne K. Chapman’s new third edition of their annotated guide to Leonard Woolf’s *oeuvre* is a welcome resource for scholars of Bloomsbury. Impressively detailed in scope and user-friendly in format, the guide is now in its third version and first printing. Manson and Chapman began their ongoing project to gather archival materials and develop a research tool for Leonard Woolf’s writings in the late 1980s (xii). Earlier versions of the *Annotated Guide* were published in ebook format in 2005 and 2006. The authors’ purpose for the *Annotated Guide* is to share information about “the location, nature, and extent of primary materials” (viii), in a form that is useful for an international audience.

Since Leonard Woolf’s published works cross disciplinary lines, genres, and chronological periods to an unusual degree, and his periodical writings, especially while literary editor of *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*, are frequently unsigned, compiling a comprehensive finding tool for Woolf’s writings was a major challenge. As Chapman explains the goal: “In a way, we aimed to provide on Leonard Woolf the kind of bibliographic information one finds in the pages of *Woolf Studies Annual* on Virginia Woolf” (viii). With the present volume, Manson and Chapman have succeeded admirably.

Following an Introduction that provides an overview of the project and research acknowledgments, the *Annotated Guide* is structured in three major parts, an Appendix, and a listing of related archival collections and resources. Part One of the main text offers a detailed compilation of the signed published works of Leonard Woolf, divided into easily browsable main categories: authored books and monographs, edited books and monographs, and journalism. The first and last of these categories are subdivided for quick reference. Journalism entries are listed for each

publication in chronological sequence (Woolf’s signed pieces in *The Nation*, *The Athenaeum*, and *The Nation & The Athenaeum* are collated separately, for example). Woolf’s authored books and monographs are sorted into five categories, reflecting his interdisciplinary range: autobiographies; correspondence and diaries; drama and fiction; literary and social criticism and history; and “practical politics” (to use Manson’s and Chapman’s evocative term) and international affairs.

Part Two of the *Annotated Guide* focuses on the unsigned published writings of Leonard Woolf during his literary editorship of the then-merged *The Nation & Athenaeum*, as well as its separate forebears (*The Athenaeum* as a literary magazine and *The Nation* as an independent periodical). Woolf’s unsigned published writings in the *Nation & Athenaeum*’s successor, *The New Statesman*, and in *The Political Quarterly*, are also included in separate sections. Part Two will be of interest to scholars of Bloomsbury’s networks of print culture, as well as researchers focusing more specifically on Leonard Woolf.

In Part Three, Manson and Chapman compile a list of selected political books in Leonard Woolf’s libraries at Monk’s House in Sussex and 24 Victoria Square in London. The library selections are usefully indexed by author, subject, and title. This is a work in progress, as Chapman notes. The first edition of the *Annotated Guide* included 467 library titles, and “nearly 300” were added to the second edition (xi). More comprehensive coverage may follow in future versions: “The rest of Leonard’s share of the library may be built into the system eventually. At present, our selection on politics wouldn’t even constitute half of the books that are associated with Leonard Woolf in the library as a whole” (xi).

The *Annotated Guide* also offers four short reprints of important material published elsewhere. These include Manson’s “Notes on *The Nation* and *Athenaeum* Archival Records”¹ (Appendix A, 254-57) and Chapman’s “Collaborative Reviewing by Leonard and Virginia Woolf” (Appendix B, 258-62). As Chapman observed in 1998—an observation that has ongoing resonance—“part of Virginia Woolf’s canon achieves clarity as the immense *oeuvre* of Leonard Woolf is worked out” (259). Appendix C (263-69) reprints Chapman’s “Virginia Woolf’s Contributions to the Anonymous, Composite Reviews in *The Nation* and *Athenaeum* 1924-1928” and Appendix D (270-74) reprints his 1998 review of B. J. Kirkpatrick and Stuart M. Clarke’s fourth edition of *A Bibliography of Virginia Woolf*. If that bibliographic effort was, in Chapman’s words, “a foundation on which scholarship flourishes” (273), so too is this present guide to Leonard Woolf’s writings.

The *Annotated Guide* closes with an essential list of archival collections and related resources. The authors have taken care to adapt useful features during the revision process; for example, hyperlinks from the second edition, including those for archives, have been converted to citations and cross-references within the printed text of the third edition. Last but not least, the third edition of the *Annotated Guide* illustrates the value of skillful authorial control over the book design process: typeset in Minion Pro by Wayne Chapman with production and design specialist Charis Chapman, the volume is a pleasure to read in hard copy. This latest version of *An Annotated Guide to the Writings and Papers of Leonard Woolf* will be an invaluable resource for researchers who wish to navigate the extensive, and still significantly unexplored, interdisciplinary archives of a central Bloomsbury figure.

Alice Keane
Queens College, City University of New York

Works Cited

- Chapman, Wayne K. and Janet M. Manson, ed. *Annotated Guide to the Writings and Papers of Leonard Woolf*. Clemson, SC: Clemson University Digital Press, 2005. Ebook

¹ Appendices A-C were originally published in Chapman and Manson’s *Women in the Milieu of Leonard and Virginia Woolf: Peace, Politics, and Education*.

- . *Annotated Guide to the Writings and Papers of Leonard Woolf*. 2nd Ed. Clemson, SC: Clemson University Digital Press, 2006. Ebook.
- . *Women in the Milieu of Leonard and Virginia Woolf: Peace, Politics, and Education*. New York: Pace University Press, 1998.



REVIEW

THE OLIVIER SISTERS: A BIOGRAPHY

by Sarah Watling. New York: Oxford University Press, 2019. 416 pages. \$29.95 cloth.

This quite fascinating book begins and ends with a discussion of a fraught meeting between Christopher Hassall and Noel Olivier Richards on 7 September 1962. Hassall was just completing his biography of Rupert Brooke and wanted to consult with Dr. Richards about it as well as, if possible, have access to her letters from Brooke. It was a long and difficult meeting and, ultimately, she did not show him the letters. She had been the great love of Rupert Brooke's life; he had become infatuated with her when she was fifteen. She and her three older sisters were affiliated with the group of young people, including Brooke, whom Virginia Woolf christened the Neo-Pagans. Younger than the Bloomsbury Group, they were different yet with certain similarities and connections. Some were Apostles and many were at Cambridge, most notably Brooke and also Lytton's younger brother, James Strachey, who wished to be Rupert's lover. He would later have a long, loving affair with the married Noel as well as of course being the translator of Freud for the Hogarth Press. Noel died in 1967 and the letters were eventually published as *Song of Love* in 1991, edited by Dame Pippa Harris, Noel's granddaughter. (She is thanked in this book but oddly her book is not in the bibliography.) The Neo-Pagans (there is an excellent eponymous study of them by Paul Delany, published in 1987) were less intellectual and more athletic than Bloomsbury, their most characteristic activities being camping and nude swimming. Virginia Woolf once enjoyed the experience not with the group but with Brooke himself in Byron's pool in Grantchester. Though not non-existent, there was less sex among them than in the Bloomsbury Group despite what one might expect. Nonetheless, sex was certainly on Rupert's mind.

If I might be permitted a personal reminiscence, I had in a sense a rather similar encounter on a much smaller scale with Dr. Richards in the early 1960s—I've forgotten the exact date. Fortunately it was not an obstacle in my research. William Abrahams and I were working on our study of Julian Bell which ultimately became *Journey to the Frontier* (1966). David and Angelica Garnett had very kindly invited us to Sunday lunch at their country house and our fellow guest was a Dr. Richards. We didn't know then that in fact she had grown up as had her sisters with David Garnett in Limpsfield and was a very old friend of his. After lunch having coffee in the not large drawing room when we were talking to Garnett about Julian we could not miss hearing Dr. Richards saying to Angelica, according to my memory, "I don't understand how these Americans can think they can write about us. In any case, I'm not sure how good biographies can be. They say Boswell is good but I'm not so sure." As it happened we were going on that day to stay with Quentin and Olivier Bell when he was still at Leeds University. We mentioned that Dr. Richards didn't seem to approve of our enterprise. Olivier informed us that she was her aunt and her dislike of biography was based on her years of fending off and not co-operating with the many who wished to see her Brooke letters and talk to her about him. We now realized that we had read about Noel and her sisters in the David Garnett memoir books where they are presented in a loving way as wonderful creatures.

Now we have the full stories of the four sisters, all of whom had interesting lives, and the author legitimately claims that they are feminist tales. So they are, but nevertheless, indicated by the framework of this very book, would we be reading about them if Noel had not had an

intense but apparently unconsummated relationship with Brooke from 1909 until his death in 1915 when he became an iconic figure? Perhaps sadly in retrospect the most memorable moment of the sisters' lives was at the very beginning, when they were part of the Neo-Pagans, suggested by the author herself in the title of the English edition of this book: *Noble Savages*. The biographies of the sisters are deftly told. Yet only one, I think it is fair to say, Daphne, might have had a study of her own if it hadn't been for their earlier, almost mythic, existence. It is sometimes difficult to keep all the characters straight, not only the sisters but their husbands and their sixteen children. A family tree with names and dates would have been useful. Their father, Sydney Olivier, later Lord Olivier, is an important figure, a founding member of the Fabians, Governor-General of Jamaica, and Secretary of State for India. He and his wife Margaret are significant people in the text. The family spent quite a bit of time in its early years in Jamaica and that connection presumably had some influence on *The Voyage Out*, not discussed here. Margery was the eldest sister; she began well with an education at Newnham College, Cambridge and was quite active in the suffrage movement. Tragically, quite early she became mentally unstable and spent most of her life in institutions. The second, Brynhild, was mostly involved with working the land, generally unsuccessfully, first married to Hugh Popham and then Raymond Sherrard. The third, Daphne, had quite a distinguished career in education. She became a disciple of Rudolph Steiner and founded the first Steiner school in Britain. Particularly vivid is the story of the three younger sisters during the Second World War. Noel, the youngest, had a pioneering career as a woman doctor.

For Woolf scholars a great bonus of the book is reading quite a bit about Anne Olivier Bell, a daughter of Brynhild. Known as Andy in her youth she emerges, as she was in real life, a deeply appealing figure. As all readers of the *Miscellany* know, she is the magnificent editor of the Virginia Woolf diaries. In so many ways she was a central figure in so many aspects of Woolf activities. It fits nicely into this book that she eventually adopted the family surname as her first name. When writing and referring to her one had to remember that it was Olivier and not Olivia.

One of the great strengths of this book is that it tells the story of the sisters with great immediacy and detail. Although there are endnotes it is not clear as it might be how the author knows so much about their daily life. Presumably from published and unpublished material but that is less explicit than it might be. Are there some details that are educated guesses? In any case, one is deeply grateful to recover, told so vividly, so much about four intriguing women. Their lives stand on their own but they are of special interest to the readers of the *Miscellany*: they were in their earlier years and to some extent later on adjacent to the Bloomsbury Group. (One of Noel's children, Virginia, had Virginia as an attentive godmother.) Then in later years to our benefit Olivier as well as her husband and children did so much to preserve the legacy of Virginia Woolf and her friends.

Peter Stansky
Stanford University

Works Cited

- Delany, Paul. *The Neo-pagans: Friendship and Love in the Rupert Brooke Circle*. London: Macmillan, 1987.
- Garnett, David. *The Golden Echo*. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus, 1953, 1955, 1962.
- Harris, Pippa. *Song of Love*. London: Bloomsbury, 1991.
- Watling, Sarah. *Noble Savages*. London: Jonathon Cape, 2019.



Recently Published and Forthcoming Work on Virginia Woolf and Bloomsbury

- Peter Adkins and Derek Ryan, eds., *Virginia Woolf, Europe, and Peace: Vol. 2, Aesthetics and Theory*, Clemson University Press (Selected Papers from the 28th Conference on Virginia Woolf), 2020.
- Claire Battershill, *Modernist Lives: Biography and Autobiography at Leonard and Virginia Woolf's Hogarth Press (Historicizing Modernism)*, Bloomsbury Academic, 2019.
- Jessica Berman, ed., *A Companion to Virginia Woolf (Blackwell Companions to Literature and Culture*, 2019 (paperback).
- Peter Fullagar, *Virginia Woolf in Richmond*, Aurora Metro Press, 2019.
- Michael Hone, *The Bloomsbury Set: Homosexual Renaissance*, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2017.
- Gillian Gill, *Virginia Woolf and the Women Who Shaped Her World*, Houghton Mifflin, 2019.
- Kristina K. Groover, ed., *Religion, Secularism, and the Spiritual Paths of Virginia Woolf* Palgrave Macmillan, 2019.
- Benjamin D. Hagan, *The Sensuous Pedagogies of Virginia Woolf and D.H. Lawrence*, Clemson University Press, 2020.
- Elsa Högberg, *Virginia Woolf and the Ethics of Intimacy*, Bloomsbury Academic, 2020.
- Elsa Högberg and Amy Bromley, eds., *Sentencing Orlando: Virginia Woolf and the Morphology of the Modernist Sentence*, Edinburgh University Press (2018).
- Matthew Ingleby, *Bloomsbury: Beyond the Establishment*, British Library Publishing, 2018.
- Hilary Macaskill, *Virginia Woolf at Home*, Foreword by Cecil Woolf, Pimpernel Press, 2019.
- Barbara Lounsberry, *Virginia Woolf's Modernist Path: Her Middle Diaries and the Diaries She Read*, University Press of Florida, 2019
- . *Virginia Woolf, the War Without, the War Within: Her Final Diaries and the Diaries She Read*, University Press of Florida, 2020 (paperback).
- Ariane Mildenberg and Patricia Novillo-Corvalán, eds., *Virginia Woolf, Europe, and Peace: Vol. 1 Transnational Circulations*, Clemson University Press (Selected Papers from the 28th Conference on Virginia Woolf), 2020.
- Vara Neverow, Jeanne Dubino, Gill Lowe and Kathryn Simpson, eds., *Virginia Woolf: Critical and Primary Sources*, Bloomsbury Academic, 2020.
- Stephanie Paulsell, *Religion Around Virginia Woolf*, Penn State University Press, 2019.
- Darya Protopopova, *Virginia Woolf's Portraits of Russian Writers* Cambridge Scholars Publishing, 2019.
- Derek Ryan and Stephen Ross, eds., *The Handbook to the Bloomsbury Group*, Bloomsbury Academic, 2018
- Katharine Smyth, *All the Lives We Ever Lived: Seeking Solace in Virginia Woolf*, Crown, 2019.
- Sarah Watling, *The Olivier Sisters: A Biography*, Jonathan Cape, 2019.
- Nancy Worman, *Virginia Woolf's Greek Tragedy*, Bloomsbury Academic, 2018.



Officers of the IVWS serving from January 2018 through December 2020

PRESIDENT: Kristin Czarnecki
Kristin_Czarnecki@georgetowncollege.edu

VICE-PRESIDENT: Ann Martin
ann.martin@usask.ca

TREASURER/SECRETARY: Alice Keane
akeane@umich.edu

HISTORIAN/BIBLIOGRAPHER: Drew Shannon
drew.shannon@msj.edu

ARCHIVAL LIAISON:
 Karen Levenback
kllevenback@att.net

Officers of the IVWS serving from June 2019 through June 2022

MEMBERSHIP COORDINATORS
 Stephen Barber
smbarber@uri.edu &
 Erin Kingsley
ekingsley@king.edu

MEMBERS-AT-LARGE January 2018 through December 2020

AnneMarie Bantzinger: ambantzinger@hotmail.com

Elizabeth Evans: evansef@gmail.com

Emily Hinnov: emhinnov@yahoo.com

Erica Delsandro: ericadelsandro@gmail.com

Alex Nica: internationalvirginiawoolfsoci@gmail.com

Ex Officio

Vara Neverow, Managing Editor of the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*
neverowv1@southernct.edu





the Virginia Woolf Society



The Society Column

Hello and happy new year!¹ I hope you all enjoyed the holidays and that your 2020 is off to a good start—a fraught sentiment, to be sure, given the many crises facing our world today. Our Australian friends in particular are in our thoughts as they contend with the devastating fires sweeping the country.

I have just returned from MLA in Seattle, where I chaired the International Virginia Woolf Society's guaranteed panel, "'Grossly Material Things': Woolf and the New Materialism," on Saturday, January 11. The panel was organized by Jane Garrity, Professor of English and Associate Chair of Undergraduate Studies at the University of Colorado at Boulder.

The first presenter was Matthew Gannon, a doctoral candidate in English at Boston College. His paper, "Political Ecology and Postindividualist Subjectivity in Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*," establishes a dialogue with Amitav Ghosh, focusing on Ghosh's assertion in *The Great Derangement* that "our collective inability or unwillingness to address the problem of climate change can be explained by a failure of imagination which in many ways is a problem of literature and literary forms" (Matthew's paraphrase of Ghosh). Matthew points out that Ghosh overlooks or discounts modernism in his assessment of such a failure and that *To the Lighthouse* is "thoroughly concerned with the nonhuman." Indeed, he writes, the "Time Passes" section arguably stands as the most sophisticated non-human perspective in modern literature. Matthew explores many other moments in the novel that disrupt the human or achieve an intertwining human and nonhuman consciousness.

Katie Van Wert of the University of Minnesota, Duluth, presented "Virginia Woolf *contra* Deleuze: New Materialism and the Challenge of Ontological Incompleteness." Deleuze envisions one as being both part of a crowd and separate from it, a balancing act that requires one "to be on the edge, to take a walk like Virginia Woolf," and he praises Woolf's "pack of wolf-multiplicity." Katie applies the Deleuzian concept of Becoming to *Mrs. Dalloway*, noting that, although "Clarissa develops her own theory of impersonal becoming," it is "Septimus Smith [who] might be a better example of someone who tragically 'slips between things,'" a concept central to Deleuze's Becoming. Septimus, instead of "fac[ing] subjectivity as undeliverable message, [...] jumps from a window into the Real, the impossible yet ineluctable pre-subjective." Septimus's death is "the symbolic re-inscription of an absolute rupture into the flux of [Clarissa's] party." Katie in her conclusion observes "Woolf's vision of vibrant multiplicity is built around a double absence—the death of another, elsewhere, in an act of sheer negation."

Jane's paper, "Objects of Emotion," focuses on Patti Smith's photographs of Bloomsbury-related objects, many of which Smith took during her Charleston residency in 2003 and which were displayed in a 2017 exhibition at Dulwich Picture Gallery called "Legacy: Photographs by Patti Smith and Vanessa Bell." Smith's black-and-white Polaroids demonstrate her fascination with the relationship between things and ideas—the intimate link between objects and embodiment, a source of fascination for Bloomsbury Group members as well. Jane finds that for Smith, "the thing itself" provides a source of modernist fascination. Her small-scale photos of, for instance, Vanessa Bell's bed, Roger Fry's hat, a jar of paintbrushes, and a chair, along with Virginia Woolf's bed and the walking stick she took with her on March 28, 1941, draw viewers into an

intimate space redolent of the aesthetic aura of objects. The photographs provide a visual trace of absence, evoking not grief but remembrance. Thus, tangible objects perform the function of memorialization.

The panel was well attended and prompted lively comments and questions. Stay tuned for further details regarding MLA 2021 in Toronto, where Mary Wilson's (University of Massachusetts Dartmouth) "Archival Woolf" will be our guaranteed panel:

Archival Woolf. This panel will explore Woolf and the archive: Woolf's own engagement with archives, the representation of archival research in her fiction and essays, and/or our understanding of her work via archived materials. Please send abstracts of no more than 300 words by Wednesday, March 11, to Mary Wilson (mwilson4@umassd.edu).

On the evening of Friday, January 10, Elisa Kay Sparks hosted a dinner party in her beautiful, art-filled West Seattle home. Amanda Golden, Karen V. Kukil, and I, along with Elisa's houseguests and Clemson friends Gabe Hankins, Karen Kettlich, and their children, Imogen and Sterngrim, enjoyed an evening of wonderful fresh food from Pike Place Market and lively conversation. Though the weather outside was frightful, the scene inside Elisa's home was warm, colorful, and cozy (and yes, there was a delightful fire). Many thanks to Elisa!

The next IVWS-sponsored panel may be enjoyed at the University of Louisville Conference on Literature and Culture Since 1900. Please see the panel information on page 3 in this issue of the *Miscellany*.

Looking further ahead, we eagerly anticipate the 30th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf, hosted by Benjamin Hagen at the University of South Dakota in Vermillion from June 11-14. Proposals are due 1 February 2020. Special events include a plenary dialogue with Aarthi Vadde of Duke University and Melanie Micir of Washington University in St. Louis, and a plenary talk by Carrie Rohman of Lafayette College. For further information on the conference, please see the call for papers on page 4 in this issue of the *Miscellany*.

I wish now to extend a warm welcome to the IVWS's two new Membership Coordinators, Stephen Barber of the University of Rhode Island and Erin Kingsley of King University. Many thanks to them as they undertake their new responsibilities, and thanks as well to Vara Neverow, who has been instrumental in passing on documents, spreadsheets, passwords, and the like to Stephen and Erin, not to mention a wealth of institutional memory and information.

As Ann Martin (Vice President), Alice Keane (Treasurer), Drew Shannon (Bibliographer), and I head into our sixth and last year as IVWS officers, we will be asking for nominations and holding elections in the spring for new officers to serve a three-year term, 2021-2023. A description of officer duties may be found in the By-Laws on the IVWS web site, <http://sites.utoronto.ca/IVWS/history--by-laws.html>, and we would be happy to answer any questions you may have as you consider nominations (self-nominations are welcome, too).

Kristin Czarnecki
President, IVWS

¹ This issue of the *Miscellany* was originally scheduled to be published in Spring/Summer 2019 but was delayed.