

Virginia Woolf Miscellany

NUMBER 72

FALL/WINTER 2007

TO THE READERS:

Is Holland an Island?

Until January 30, 1989, for me, it certainly was. In the introduction: *Umbrellas and Bluebonnets, Virginia Woolf and Bloomsbury, A Centenary Celebration*, Jane Marcus writes that she was first surprised to learn she was named as the leader of the Woolf Cult. . . and then. . . dismayed when a pile of letters (mostly from women in small Southern American towns) arrived, asking how they could join this apparently elusive Woolf group (1).

I sympathized with these women; I was a woman from a small Southern American town, here in the middle of Holland. Why not add to the pile? I did, I wrote to Jane Marcus and Karen Levenback answered quickly on her behalf, and with the arrival of my first *Virginia Woolf Miscellany* (4 pages),* my island slowly became a peninsula in the Woolf world.

The following 15 years, like the previous 15, I stuck to my Virginia Woolf corner not bothered about any developments in the literary world beyond. I saw the rise of Charleston, the founding of the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain, the addition of International to the Virginia Woolf Society, the transition of the *VWM* to from Sonoma State University to Southern Connecticut State University, and, recently, the growing interest in Leonard Woolf as more than the husband of Virginia. Most of us have not been aware of the fact that in Sri Lanka, his literary work has been part of their canon, his work as a civil servant positively recognized. We will see evidence of that recognition in this issue of the *Miscellany*. Publication of Victoria Glendinning's biography of Leonard Woolf and Christopher Ondaatje's *Wolf in Ceylon* have certainly contributed to the rise in interest.

Therefore when I suggested an issue on Leonard Woolf to the editors of the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*, I was very honoured and happy to be asked to accept contributions. Reactions to my call-for-papers have been wonderful and overwhelming at times. In this issue I have selected contributions addressing many different aspects of Leonard without claiming to be complete. His political activities, journalism, literary work, years in Ceylon, gardening as well as stories and memories from and about his relatives and friends are in this issue. You will find shoulder to shoulder the contributions by professors and students, the experienced and the not-so-experienced, men and women with a great publishing volume behind them and those publishing for the first time, and contributors from many different backgrounds, fields of interest, and continents. They all found a home here.

The idea of writing this To the Readers letter without mentioning any names is impossible. Allow me therefore to give my special thanks to Cecil Woolf whose contributions, permissions, and encouragements give this issue something extra special.

It is with great sadness and sorrow we have to miss a contribution by Julia Briggs who wrote me on the 15th of October 2006 one thing that might be worth exploring is the private allusions to Leonard in Woolf's work, though these are, by their very nature, difficult to identify. It was not to be, but her work on Virginia Woolf will live on.

REMEMBRANCES

~*B. J. Kirkpatrick* page four

~*Julia Briggs* page five

~*Jean Guiguet* page eight



See page three for:

~**Book Review Editor contact info.**

~**IVWS/VWS Archive**

Thank you contributors for your wonderful articles. It has been unbelievably rewarding working with you and learning so much from you. I hope you all feel as proud as I do about participating in this international league, an international cooperation Leonard dreamt of.

Thank you Vara and Susan for your continuous help and support. Thank you Johanna, for your love of Ceylon and your dedication to me.

And to answer my own question, Holland is an island no more for the past year at least it has been a crossroad of busy highways.

AnneMarie Bantzinger
Bilthoven, The Netherlands

Works Cited

Glendinning, Victoria. *Leonard Woolf. A Life*. London: Simon & Schuster, 2006.

Marcus, Jane. Ed. *Virginia Woolf and Bloomsbury. A Centenary Celebration*. London: The MacMillan Press, 1987.

Ondaatje, Christopher. *Wolf in Ceylon. An Imperial Journey in the Shadow of Leonard Woolf 1904- 1911*. Toronto: HarperCollins, 2005.

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18th Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf
June 19-22, 2008
University of Denver
Denver, Colorado
Woolf Editing / Editing Woolf

The editor is regarded by most authors as a person whose mission is the suppression of rising genius, or as a traitor who has left their ranks to help their natural enemy, the publisher (Leslie Stephen, *The Evolution of Editors* 1896).

Any text is an edited text, and critics and theorists neglect the principles of its editing and construction at their peril (George Bornstein).

The Conference will include submissions on the following topics:

Editing as revision, recovering lost voices, censorship, biography, translation, Woolf's ords and fragments, drafting, rewriting, editing as a profession: Hogarth Press, Leonard Woolf as Editor, Leslie Stephen and the Victorian Editor, Editions of Woolf's Works: Print, Film, Theatre, Digital, Online, Woolf's relationships with Editors, Editing and Anonymity, Special Editions / Collections / Teaching Editions, Letters to the Editor, Editing / Adapting Woolf's texts for other media (film, theatre, dance, music, art)

For further information contact Conference Coordinator Eleanor McNees at emcnees@du.edu. See the conference website: <http://www.du.edu/woolf/index.html> for registration and other information.

VWM Spring 2008

Madelyn Detloff is the guest editor of the Spring 2008 *Miscellany*. The issue will include brief articles, lesson plans, and collaborative dialogues on teaching Woolf and Woolf teaching.* Submissions by students, K-12 teachers, and instructors at all levels of higher education are welcome.

*Submissions should be sent to detloffm@muohio.edu by **May 29, 2008**.* Electronic submission preferred.* Please write MISCELLANY SP. 2008 in the subject heading.* Hard copy submissions may be mailed to Madelyn Detloff, English Department, 356 Bachelor Hall, Oxford, OH 45056.

VWM Fall 2008

Thaine Stearns will edit the Fall 2008 *Miscellany* on Woolf, the Photograph, and Photography. The issue will focus on Virginia Woolf's engagement with photography. There

is a wide range of references to photography in Woolf's work, and with the re-inclusion of the original photographs in the new American Harcourt edition of *Three Guineas* (2006), fresh attention to camera-work both notional and actual is particularly relevant. This issue will extend the admirable work already extant on the subject and on Woolf's more general interest in visual images and material culture. Submissions of articles, reviews, and studies of photographs, cameras, and photography in Woolf's oeuvre are all welcome, as are interesting photographs, of course.

Deadline for submissions:

August 31, 2008

Electronic submission preferred: inquiries and submissions should be sent to stearnst@sonoma.edu. Hard copy submissions may be mailed to Thaine Stearns, Department of English, Sonoma State University, 1801 E. Cotati Avenue, Rohnert Park, CA 94928.

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MLA 2007 IN CHICAGO

The Panels:

Thursday, 27 December

38. New Modernist Studies and Virginia Woolf

3:30-4:45 p.m., Grand Suite 3, Hyatt Regency Chicago

Program arranged by the International Virginia Woolf Society

Presiding: Mark F. Hussey, Pace University, NY

Virginia Woolf Studies in the Era of World Literature, Sanja Bahun, University of Essex

Is Modernist Studies Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, Madelyn Detloff, Miami University, Oxford

Speak to Me of Abduction: Woolf and Sackville-West's Wild Ride, Joanna E. Grant, Auburn University, Auburn

Friday, 28 December

208. Gastronomical Woolf

10:15-11:30 a.m., Columbus Hall H, Hyatt Regency Chicago

Program arranged by the International Virginia Woolf Society

Presiding: Andrea E. Adolph, Kent State University- Stark Regional Campus

The lamp in the spine does not light on beef and prunes: Virginia Woolf on Privileged Dining and Intellectual Work, L. Jill Lambertson, University of Michigan

Virginia Woolf, X. Marcel Boulestin and the *Vogue* for French Cooking in *To the Lighthouse*, Leslie Kathleen Hankins, Cornell College

Nostalgic Appetites: Tracing Wartime Rationing in Woolf's *Between the Acts*, Andrea E. Adolph, Kent State University- Stark Regional Campus

The Party: held at the home of Pamela Caughie

Address: 2940 West Greenleaf, West Rogers Park

Time: December 28, beginning at 6:30 pm

Directions: Shuttle from the conference to the party available starting at 6:15.

2008 UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE

CONFERENCE ON LITERATURE AND CULTURE SINCE 1900

Panel arranged by the International Virginia Woolf Society

Panel Title: Before She Was Virginia Woolf: The Early Diaries, Letters, and Essays.

Panelists:

Drew Shannon, College of Mount St. Joseph, Training for eye & hand: The Diaries, Notebooks, or Journals of Virginia Stephen

Kristin Czarnecki, Georgetown College, Yours Affectionately, AVS: Finding the Stephen, Dodging the Woolf in the Early Letters

Beth Rigel Daugherty, Otterbein College, But there is a knack of writing for newspapers which has to be learnt: Virginia Stephen, Apprentice Essayist.

THE IVWS & VWS ARCHIVE INFORMATION

Thanks to the diligent efforts of Karen Levenback, Past President of the VWS, Melba Cuddy-Keane, Past President of the IVWS, and Carmen Knigsreuther Socknat, Head of Bibliographic Services at E. J. Pratt Library, Victoria University, University of Toronto, the archive of the VWS and the IVWS has at last found a secure and permanent home. The archive is now officially housed in the collection.

All archival materials should be sent to the IVWS Historian-Bibliographer who will then arrange the transfer of materials.

Contact information for current IVWS officers is on the IVWS website: <http://www.utoronto.ca/IVWS.ca/IVWS/>.

19TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON VIRGINIA WOOLF

June 2-7, 2009

The conference will be held at Fordham University's Lincoln Center Campus, New York, New York. Call for papers and details to follow.

MLA 2008 IN SAN FRANCISCO

Call for Papers

° Troping the Light Fantastic: ° Woolf's Use of Desire and Pleasure. °° Discussions of the use of desire, pleasure, and intimacy to treat topics rarely associated with sex and sexuality: ° creativity, inspiration, epistemology, politics, spirituality. ° Abstracts of 500 words or less due by March 15, by email to Brenda Helt, helt0010@umn.edu.

Orlando's house was no longer hers entirely: ° Property in Virginia Woolf. ° This panel seeks new theoretical or socio-historical approaches to representations of real, personal, and intellectual property in Woolf's fiction, non-fiction, and biographical materials. ° Abstracts of 500 words or less due by March 15, by email to Jamie McDaniel, jlm25@case.edu.

VWM GUIDELINES FOR SUBMISSIONS AND EDITORIAL POLICIES

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

Submissions should be no longer than 2500 words **at maximum** and shorter articles are strongly preferred; articles should be submitted electronically, in MS Word format and in compliance with current MLA style (see the 6th edition of the *MLA Handbook*).

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

Contributors are responsible for obtaining permissions related to copyrights and reproductions of materials. Contributors must provide the Editorial Board with original documentation authorizing the publication of the materials. The Editorial Board will assist contributors to the best of its ability with regard to permissions for publication. However, the Editorial Board has the option to decline to fund permissions exceeding \$50 per item. The Editorial Board will consider requests to publish more than one item per article or more than five items per issue but will only be responsible for funding additional items at its own discretion.

The Editorial Board takes no responsibility for the views expressed in the contributions selected for publication.

Submissions accepted for publication may be published in both hard and electronic copy. The web address is http://home.southernct.edu/~neverowv1/VWM_Online.htm. The *VWM* backfile is available online in full text digital format through EBSCOhost's *Humanities International Complete* and *Literary Reference Center*.

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BOOK REVIEW EDITOR

Publishers, authors and scholars should direct inquiries regarding book reviews to Karen Levenback at klllevenback@worldnet.att.net.

BROWNEE JEAN KIRKPATRICK (1919–2007)

Of Scottish descent, Brownlee Kirkpatrick grew up in Sevenoaks. During the 1940s she undertook a librarianship qualification with the University of London, and as her project compiled a checklist of Virginia Woolf's published works. Previously, all that had been available was B. J. Toerian's rare thirty-eight-page *A Bibliography of Virginia Woolf, 1882–1941* (Cape Town: Stone Press, 1943). In the course of her research, she contacted Leonard Woolf for advice, and when Rupert Hart-Davis suggested to Leonard Woolf in the early 1950s that a bibliography be compiled for his Soho Bibliographies series (it was taken over by Oxford UP in 1975), Leonard remembered Miss Kirkpatrick. Her volume was carefully scrutinised by Hart-Davis's panel (she had difficulty persuading them that details of dust-jackets should be included), among whom was John Hayward (1905–65), the literary scholar and friend of T. S. Eliot. In her Woolf collection were a number of foreign translations, some of which were sent on to her with covering letters from Leonard. The first edition of *A Bibliography of Virginia Woolf* was published fifty years ago, the second in 1967, and the third in 1980 in which she paid tribute to Leonard:

I am especially grateful for his permission to undertake it [the bibliography], for his unfailing assistance and the ready access he gave me to his collection of Virginia Woolf's works during the first edition and the 1967 revision. I look back in gratitude not only to the pleasure the bibliography has given me but to the many visits I made to Monk's House and the flowers and fruit with which I returned laden to London. I also owe much to the late John Hayward for his generous and incomparable counsel in all things bibliographical.

Meanwhile, she undertook *A Bibliography of E. M. Forster*, which was published in 1965. Forster wrote in his Foreword: It has been such a pleasure to watch Miss Kirkpatrick at work and to give her what help I could. Her energy and patience, her accuracy and insight have all impressed me greatly. It was reprinted with corrections in 1968 (and there was a second edition in 1985).

About this time Hart-Davis asked her to undertake a bibliography of his friend, the poet Edmund Blunden (1896–1974). This led to ten years' painstaking and tedious work. The book is over 700 pages long and there are almost 3400 contributions to periodicals and newspapers. Checking the proofs took a year. Someone told Brownlee that Blunden was *just* worth a bibliography. It was published in 1979.

Brownlee's own library of the subjects of her bibliographies was comparatively poor, for she had primarily used Leonard Woolf's, Forster's, and Hart-Davis's own collections. However, her Katherine Mansfield collection must have been unrivalled, for, apart from her personal interest (she said I dubbed it confessed that she preferred Mansfield's writing to Woolf's), there was no one close to turn to. Indeed, she was surprised to discover that, for the first time in my experience, [there was] little information from publishers and printers. Nevertheless, her *A Bibliography of Katherine Mansfield* (1989) was her masterpiece, although that was not a word that she would have used. Brownlee regretted that the Woolf bibliography had been the most successful, for it was her first and she knew that she could have done better. Actually, it stood the test of time as far as accuracy was concerned, but if we look at the additional categories in the Mansfield bibliography, we can see what she had in mind: Selections, Braille, Talking Books, Reported Speech, Stage and Film Scripts, Extracts from Unpublished. . . Journals and Other Material, Films, etc.

What the Woolf bibliography did was help maintain Woolf's reputation in the dark days of the fifties and sixties. When Leonard Woolf published *The*

Captain's Death Bed and Other Essays in 1950, he wrote that this volume will probably be the last. However, *Granite and Rainbow* appeared in 1958, in which Leonard wrote:

The discovery of the essays now published was due to the zeal and intelligence of Miss B. L. [sic] Kirkpatrick and Dr. Mary Lyon. Miss Kirkpatrick has devoted infinite pains to the preparation of her *Bibliography of Virginia Woolf*. . . Without the work of Miss Kirkpatrick and Dr. Lyon I should never have found the essays now published in this volume.

The Times reviewer marvelled: How the centre-piece of the book, . . . Phases of Fiction, came to be overlooked is extraordinary (19 June 1958, p. 13).

In 1989 Brownlee discovered over forty more reviews by Woolf in the *TLS*, mainly dating from 1907 and 1908, and these will be included with other discoveries in an appendix in *The Essays of Virginia Woolf*, Vol. VI. If you read her 1992 article, Virginia Woolf: Unrecorded *Times Literary Supplement* Reviews, in *Modern Fiction Studies* (Vol. XXXVIII, No. 1), you will understand the amount of work she undertook. She doesn't mention the dust and the dirt.

Nor the huge volumes. Before I met Brownlee, I somehow imagined her as a tall, willowy, faintly Woolf-like figure, but in reality she was tiny, and she lived in a very small terraced house in the Portobello Road. Although I think I went over the whole of the house, I could never grasp how she managed to produce so much material, for she was so tidy that the expected piles of paper were lacking. I think the loft must have played a significant part. She had lived in the same house since 1953, and she had seen enormous changes in the area. She could still remember the estate agents sneering at her for thinking of buying a house in that road, then filled with large families in rent-controlled properties – how did they squeeze in? She could not afford the Kensington side of Notting Hill Gate, and of course women could not get mortgages in those days. Now it is not the families that have to squeeze in, but four-by-fours. Brownlee was middle-class, elitist in the sense of preferring excellence, and had a cultured accent that even the Queen no longer possesses. Confounding stereotypes, she was a Labour voter whose vote was always wasted, for she was in the Kensington and Chelsea constituency, one of the safest Conservative seats in the United Kingdom.

For most of her working life Brownlee was a librarian with the Department of Ethnography of the British Museum, but for four years she acted as the first qualified librarian that the Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies in Canberra had. Whether she was ever in charge of staff, I do not know, but I find it hard to imagine: knowledgeable, kind and gentle, even authoritative, I do not see her telling other people what to do.

Leonard Woolf told her that she probably earned about a farthing an hour as a bibliographer; after her retirement she worked for years at the Department of Ethnography several days a week for nothing. She told me: I like to keep busy and I like to bring order out of chaos. Not a bad summing up. I last visited her on Virginia Woolf's birthday this year. It was an honour and a privilege to work with her on the fourth edition of *A Bibliography of Virginia Woolf* (1997), in a tradition of excellence independent of academic or other pressures.

Stuart N. Clarke



Julia Briggs
1943-2007

A rather poignant story goes with the picture. It was taken at a wedding reception in 1983, in the Codrington Library at All Souls, by a brilliant young philosopher from California, Susan Hurley, who was the first woman to become a Fellow of All Souls. Julia died on the morning of 16 August [2007], and Susan that night – both from secondary cancers originating with earlier attacks of breast cancer. I received the picture. . . from Susan's husband Nick Rawlins, as a gift. . . it is the best picture of Julia that I've ever seen.

Robin Briggs, email to the *VWM* editors

I REMEMBER JULIA . . .

This morning, on this lovely first of October, it gives me an eerie start to reread Julia Briggs's introduction epigraph in *Reading Virginia Woolf*. She chose a line from Philip Larkin's poem "Absences": "Such attics cleared of me! Such absences!" (xi). That's what happens, of course: "What am I to do with these, Mr. Bonamy?" asks Jacob's mother (*JR* 176). We who are left have to go through drawers and closets and attics and basements and offices and studies, room by room, clearing out possessions, giving away meaningful items, wondering what to do with files and syllabi and papers and letters and books, emptying the spaces that had been filled, it turns out, not with things at all, but with a presence.

And yet our minds do not empty. We are fully and painfully aware of the absence in our lives, in our world, but in the attic of the brain, we refuse to clear Julia out. There she sits, eagerly listening, with that infectious, almost ornery grin and those sparkling eyes.

I remember Julia in the audience with her student Marion Dell, smiling and nodding in encouragement as I talked about Anny Ritchie at the Bloomsbury conference in 2004. And I remember Julia talking about numbers and form in Woolf at that same conference, engaging us with her ideas and examples, persuading even the skeptics in the audience that there just might be something to this. I remember a flurry of emails later that summer as we tried to figure out how to connect for a meal or even a coffee and finally, regretfully, giving it up as impossible. We reassured ourselves—we would do it another time.

I remember Julia's invitation to visit her in Oxford for a weekend in August 2001. That summer, a time that has taken on the patina of early summer 1914 in Great War memoirs, I was doing research at the University of Sussex and the British Library after attending the Wales conference. I was learning English and loving it, had small but pleasant lodgings, and was focused on my work, but weekends were lonely, and I was homesick. It meant so much to me to spend some time in a home, to have home-cooked food, to be squired around Oxford (even in the rain!) just like the tourist I was, to visit the Ashmolean, to actually be in the Bodleian. I remember Julia picking me up at the train station, then driving through the light-filled Cotswold countryside to a Friday-night filled village inn/pub for an excellent dinner. I remember our conversation about Woolf and scholarship and academe and England and politics. I remember waking up to light filtering through a blind that had red poppies on it, going out for pastries, and then getting a real chance to look at Julia's beloved home—the terraced garden, the marvelous kitchen with red and black utensils, the book-lined living room testifying to her previous projects, the doll house her father had built. I remember the tangible comfort there, the ease with which she welcomed me into her days. I remember ending up at the kitchen table over and over again, for coffee, for tea, for a wonderful dinner of pasta and salad. I remember her questions about my work, her passion about manuscripts and typescripts and editing, her ideas and plans for what she was calling an intellectual biography, her asking "What do you think?" as she articulated its possible direction. I remember going to a lovely Swedish film called "Together" on Saturday night and thinking its gentle humor matched my sense of Julia. I left on Sunday with something precious—intellectual stimulation, rest and respite, and the sense of having made a new friend.

I remember the quick email responses afterwards whenever I wrote with a question about editing. I remember how Marion Dell's face lit up when she talked about Julia's guidance and support. (As much as she cared about and promoted careful scholarship, Julia cared about and promoted people even more.) I remember Julia's curiosity, brilliance, and generosity to other scholars, arguments, perspectives. I remember Julia's phenomenal work, its

thoroughness, lively style, and clarity. I remember Julia's continuing to be open to people and ideas and experience after having been betrayed.

But most of all, I remember Julia's way of paying attention, her wide grin, her lively eyes. She greeted life and people and work with a heart filled with joy, and it showed on her face, in her voice, in her body, and in all those rooms now cleared of her. There she sits

Beth Rigel Daugherty
Otterbein College

Works Cited

Briggs, Julia. *Reading Virginia Woolf*. Edinburgh: Edinburgh UP, 2006.
Woolf, Virginia. *Jacob's Room*. 1922. San Diego: Harcourt, 1978.

JULIA BRIGGS (1943-2007)

In June 2004 Stephanie Schoen and I watched Julia Briggs as she cradled egg yolks in her lively fingers, separating out the whites as she passed each yolk from palm to palm. The whites and yolks must be beaten separately to make an airy omelet, she told us in her subterranean kitchen after the Fourteenth Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf. Stephanie and I were en route to Wales. Ten minutes later we ate a perfect omelet at the kitchen table overlooking her blowy garden. After lunch she escorted us to the Codrington and the Bodleian libraries, giving me an inscribed copy of the 1995 Oxford Bibliographical Society publication *Arks for Learning*. This was my first visit to Oxford where Julia taught for many years at Hertford College.

Julia Briggs was often described as "the most beautiful don at Oxford," and my first sight of her on June 14, 2001 at the Eleventh Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf in Bangor, Wales, did not disappoint. I loved her black jeans, plummy voice, and perpetual smile as she talked about Woolf and Englishness. Julia embodied Englishness to me. My friend Clare Morgan introduced me to Julia and to Andrew McNeillie at the banquet the following night. They wanted to meet the editor of Sylvia Plath's unabridged journals as the three of us shared a common devotion to authorial texts.

Julia visited Smith College in 2003 for the Thirteenth Annual Conference. She was a featured speaker and the only scholar who lectured in the Mortimer Rare Book Room. We borrowed two copies of *Paris* by Hope Mirrlees from David Porter to illustrate Julia's talk, "Printing Hope." She spoke for ninety minutes about the fifth publication of the Hogarth Press. As Julia told us, Mirrlees's concrete poem, which was written in 1919 and hand set by Virginia Woolf, anticipates many of the modernist conventions later seen in Eliot's *Waste Land* and Joyce's *Nighttown* section of *Ulysses*. Her extraordinary lecture is part of the selected papers from the conference.

During the conference at Smith, Julia began her research for an educational website on the "Time Passes" section of *To the Lighthouse*. A set of corrected page proofs for the American edition of the novel is part of the Frances Hooper Collection. With a grant from the Leverhulme Trust, the digitization project got underway in October 2006 and the first phase was unveiled on March 16, 2007 at the Society for Textual Scholarship conference by Nick Hayward from De Montfort University, where Julia was now a research professor. Unfortunately, Julia was too ill to travel to New York City. The project includes digital images of the manuscript, first English, first American, and typescript that was used for a French translation of "Time Passes." A team of Woolf scholars will continue Julia's brilliant work of contextualizing these manuscripts to reveal Woolf's creative process.

Last week I participated in the Sylvia Plath 75th Year Symposium at Oxford. Julia was on my mind throughout the proceedings. My lecture on the betrayal of Plath's mentor Marianne Moore could not be farther from my experiences of Julia Briggs, a woman devoted to the empowerment of the next generation of Woolf scholars. On October 27 when Andrew McNeillie raised his glass to Sylvia Plath at the Oxford University Press and read from her birthday poem "Poppies in October," I also thought of the untimely deaths of Virginia Woolf and, most recently, Julia Briggs, the woman who lovingly cradled egg yolks to nourish me three years ago, a friend whose red heart always bloomed through her coat so astoundingly . . .

*Karen V. Kukil, Curator of the Sylvia Plath and
Virginia Woolf Collections
Smith College*

JULIA

I think I was in love with Julia Briggs. But then everyone was in love with Julia Briggs. She was a radiant beauty and a brilliant critic. When you liked a particular essay or reading of a novel or a witty footnote, she would laugh and her eyes would twinkle, as if her work were meant as a gift for you, given with joy, her pleasure in giving you intellectual pleasure.

On November 15 last year Julia Briggs gave a dazzling multi-media talk to my CUNY seminar on World War I. We are all still talking about it; first because she generously poured out so much information and interpretation in two hours, as well as giving a lesson in textual studies on Virginia Woolf; and, secondly, because her lecturing manner was low-key and humble before the texts of a great writer, and fully responsive and engaged with her audience as she spoke. Her eyes roamed the room, checking to see if everyone was with her.

As Woolf does in her *A Room of One's Own* talk, Julia Briggs made us feel that we were helping her read the texts. She opened up the book in a field where critics often close the book with a bang, sure that there is nothing more to be said. She discussed the war in Woolf's novels as only a great critic can. But she had none of the arrogance famous critics invariably adopt as a style of dominating the texts and intimidating the audience. One of my students' notes make clear that her style was to ask questions. Was Mrs. Dalloway's obliviousness being satirized? She is protected from shock, reads about the war in a newspaper, said Julia, but notice that Septimus must meet the 20th century head-on and is doomed for it. Jacob is the Unknown Soldier. We only have his artifacts. Because of his class, Jacob acts as if he owns the world. The irony is that being born into that class dooms you to almost certain death. I can hear her saying these words. How she will live on, not only in her books, but in notes taken at her talks, which then enjoy another life as the students bring their Briggs readings into their own classes.

Julia's gentleness hid her immense talent, as her natural critical style puzzled those used to being dominated by theoretical language and theory itself. Both her writing and her speaking can now be seen as the humble scholar's answer to an age of critical arrogance. Julia Briggs used Woolf's style as an essayist as her model. But she was amazingly good on her feet. We had just that morning received a copy of a lost Robert Frost poem. She read it and said immediately that it was written for Edward Thomas and showed us, with great glee, the passages in Thomas's poem that it echoed. Such a performance couldn't be faked. She chuckled, pleased with herself and sharing the insight with all of us, as if it couldn't have been hers alone.

It is my opinion that Julia Briggs's critical biography of Virginia Woolf's books, aside from giving us all a rest from the life, will be seen as the book that restored Woolf to her place in English literature. The subtle stressing of the Englishness of Woolf's novels naturalizes them into the history of English fiction from Austen to Thackeray through Meredith to Modernism. The Woolf in question (forgive the pun) sits down with Lamb. *Virginia Woolf: An Inner Life* should have been titled *Virginia Woolf: English Novelist*. It serves, in a way that Hermione Lee's huge, detailed and pugnacious biography cannot do, as the one Woolf book I and my students turn to that simply accepts Woolf as a major intellectual force and a great writer. Lee seems to have tried to digest three generations of Woolf criticism and all its arguments and quarrels only to overwhelm the reader. We go to Briggs for clarity, enjoying the emphasis on the creative process. She seldom interferes with her subject, but lets her speak for herself, a rare quality in biographers and critics.

Perhaps it was this same quality that gave her the insight to edit the Penguin series. Her last collection of essays I recommend to readers especially for her work on Hope Mirrlees' poem *Paris*, which was published by Woolf at the Hogarth Press in a series of what I call "waste land" poems that also included Nancy Cunard's *Parallax*. After I found *Paris* well over a decade ago, it became the centerpiece of my Modernism seminar and many of my students have worked on it. It was a major source for Eliot's poem. I convinced Julia to do an annotated edition for Bonnie Kime Scott's new *Gender and Modernism*. It is a stunning piece of work on a poem that I hope will now become part of the standard Modernist reading list.

Julia was a learned woman but she wore her learning as lightly as the gorgeous blue velvet hat she bought when she visited me in Cambridge. She was an astonishing beauty, a woman from another age until she laughed. The summer before last, a day after the terrorist bomb exploded on a bus under her window, she made her way to meet me at the Frida Kahlo exhibit at the Tate Modern. The long introduction to the show gave a detailed account of Kahlo's life, but failed to mention that she was Jewish. For the next hour we argued over why the London exhibition had suppressed this information, an ongoing debate we had about Jewishness in England in general. We were both disturbed and engaged by Kahlo's horrifyingly personal paintings of the crippled body. Julia was one of the few friends who stayed with me for my second bout with breast cancer. She had just recovered from her own cancer and sent me books from her sister, also a survivor, on a macrobiotic diet. But when she came to visit she brought the latest Paris macaroons, never one to give up the pleasure of life.

It's true. Julia was always falling in love. I met some of her lovers, approving and disapproving as one does. But she never listened, her love life as tumultuous as her writing was calm and unruffled. She brought me to Oxford and Leicester; I brought her to New York and we met at conferences. Once in Wales I was in a great deal of pain and could barely walk. After our public appearance together on the platform as Good Cop/Bad Cop, opposites in the field, the mad, bad American feminist and the cool accomplished English scholar, she stayed up all night with me and we giggled like schoolgirls. She took me once to an Irish play about a bad mother and fussed around me with tea and sympathy while I cried my eyes out. She told everyone the story of my coming to the Bodleian and ordering copies of *Vogue* from 1922 while people around me read crumbling manuscripts.

At a Woolf conference she organized many years ago in Oxford, Julia brought the whole conference home. As she dished out what she called "only nursery food" to her family and many of the English Woolfians I'd never met, she tried to make me feel at ease. Look over there, she said, nodding at a shawled figure radiating warmth, with crowds sitting at her feet. She looks like Mrs. Ramsay, but she's really Gillian Beer. And there she was.

Julia Briggs was a scholar in many fields; her mind was engaged lately by textual studies, along with Shakespeare and children's literature. She bought a copy of the first Harry Potter book but couldn't get through it, a mark, I think, of the clarity of her mind. I remember the moment because she had taken her visiting scholar to find an Italian cookbook by Rogers and Gray. In New York my husband, who also adored her, cooked salmon for her from one of the book's recipes. Julia was a person to eat and drink with, to go to concerts and plays with, to argue with until we both gave up and agreed to disagree. The summer she died we were to have gone to Glyndebourne with her. Now when we watch the DVD of the controversial Glyndebourne production of *Julius Caesar*, a Handel opera she also loved, we think of her.

Her eyes. Her hair. Her smile. Her lovely presents. Her lovely presence. O Julia.

Jane Marcus

REMEMBERING JULIA

For Merry,
my co-Woolfian,
with much love
From Julia
June 2006

It may have been the very first day I arrived in her flat in Bloomsbury in 2006, the day she came to meet me at the train station in a taxi to help me with my luggage, that she inscribed a copy of her *Virginia Woolf: An Inner Life* and handed it to me. I think back to a moment in 1999 I feel privileged to have shared, when Julia, in the throes of composing the book, spoke to me at length about the chapter on *Mrs. Dalloway*, inwardly writing as she talked. I gained insight into Julia writing as Julia sought to understand Woolf writing.

Fast forward to 2006 and Julia's Bloomsbury flat. I walked into a tiny entryway that opened to a large living room filled with light from a wall of windows looking out to the London sky and a balcony filled with Julia's plants. We dragged chairs out to the balcony and sat toasting the sunset and the view of London as we chatted. I understood now why she was so keen to buy this flat in 2004. Though tiny, it opened up to the whole world of London, views of steeples, train stations, monumental buildings, and sounds of the streets below mingled with church bells. When I arrived, I could tell that Julia was distracted, thinking of her still unwritten paper for our panel at the upcoming Joyce conference in Budapest. I knew that she needed the space to think and write in the solitude of her flat, so I cheerfully spent four entire days researching at the British Library. On the last day, as I returned at twilight from Colindale, Julia greeted me at the door, beaming. She'd finished her paper. Merry, she said, please read it. I took the pages and sat, and as I read, I was stunned at the grace and elegance of her prose. How could she, in just four days, have produced this brilliantly finished foray into the origins of creativity in Joyce's *Portrait* and Woolf's *The Waves*?

Flash back to 2000 and Julia's conference in Leicester on women writing between the wars. Jane Marcus and I are there together sharing Julia's lovely house in Oxford. We take coffee into the long, narrow garden, and then we pile into her car in search of Nancy Cunard's childhood home. O, it's Toad's wild ride—Julia driving but utterly lost in the Kentish countryside, Jane in the passenger's seat attempting to navigate, and me in the back seat peering

at the map and trying to help. By sheer chance, we find the house. It's an imposing mansion which stands behind huge wrought iron locked gates. I take a picture of Jane in front of the gates. We're in a state of despair—how can we get in? The house is under renovation, and there's activity in and around it. Jane suggests that we drive around back. We do, and find no locked gate but easy entry onto the grounds and a friendly workman who has no problem with our touring the house. We wander through the house—huge mullioned windows, a medieval choir overlooking the living area—for hours, only much later encountering a caretaker who tells us that it is absolutely forbidden for us to go inside. Little does he know that we've already been inside and we run for the car, giggling.

Fast forward to 2006 once more. Can it be that after a flurry of email exchanges following our panel for the Joyce conference in Budapest planning for future collaborations, we don't communicate again after December? Julia's last words by email wish me a wonderful 2007. I'm puzzled when I send her an announcement of my second granddaughter's birth in June of this year and I don't get a response. But, I think, she must be busy; I certainly am. She was busy, bringing her life with moving serenity to its inevitable conclusion. And I did not know.

To Julia,
my co-Woolfian,
Mentor, colleague, dear friend,
You live on in your words and our memories
With much love,
Merry
November, 2007

Merry Pawlowski

IN MEMORIAM

Jean Guiguet

Stuart Clarke notified the VW Listserv that Professor Jean Guiguet died on Wednesday, January 30, 2008. He was 94.

CECIL WOOLF REMEMBERS LEONARD WOOLF

Talk given at the Virginia Woolf Conference banquet,
University of Miami, Oxford, Ohio
June 9, 2007

It is a privilege to be invited to address members of the International Virginia Woolf Society. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to speak about Leonard Woolf.

There is so much information about Bloomsbury, so much to read one can sink oneself in the family life of Virginia, Vanessa, Duncan, Roger, Clive, Lytton and the others indefinitely. Bloomsbury addicts have sometimes told me they know more about that group of writers and artists than they know about their own family and friends. And tonight my brief speech is to talk about my uncle, Leonard Woolf, one of my father Philip's older brothers.

Inevitably, he will be forever seen as the husband of a literary genius. Without Virginia, he would be remembered in Britain, if at all, for his contribution to the founding of the League of Nations and co-founding of the Hogarth Press. But the judgements of posterity are notoriously unjust. The truth is that without Leonard, Virginia would not have been able to develop her genius and achieve the position she occupies today.

Leonard was a political thinker and activist, editor, prolific author, publisher, literary critic, feminist, pivotal figure in Bloomsbury and so on. He left five volumes of autobiography, but fascinating though they are, we rarely catch more than a tantalizing glimpse of the man below the protective carapace he constructed as a schoolboy. That makes him a hard character to read.

I think as a way in, I would like you to consider why the highly eligible daughter of the eminent man of letters, Leslie Stephen, who was to attract a host of suitors, finally chose to marry what she calls a penniless Jew. Leonard, you recall, met and became a close friend of Virginia's brother Thoby at Cambridge and through Thoby he met Virginia just three times and then only briefly. Remembering one of those meetings with the two Stephen sisters, many years later, Leonard wrote Their beauty literally took one's breath away. Then it was Vanessa who had attracted him and Virginia who had attracted Lytton Strachey. Failing to fulfil his academic promise at Cambridge, Leonard had entered the Ceylon Civil Service. While he was away, he kept closely in touch with Lytton, exchanging some two hundred letters full of Bloomsbury gossip.

Remembering Virginia at this time, Duncan Grant wrote: She appeared very shy and probably was so, and never addressed the company. She would listen to general arguments and occasionally speak, but her conversation was mainly addressed to someone next to her. . . there was always something a little aloof and even a little fierce in her manner to most men at the time I'm speaking of. Despite this fierceness, she received five or six proposals of marriage, most of which came from socially and intellectually acceptable suitors. One of these was from Lytton, who had written to warn Leonard in 1908: Don't be surprised whatever may happen, or if you hear one day I don't know that you will that I've married Virginia.

One suspects that after this surprising declaration, Lytton expressed some doubts in a letter that's been lost, since early 1909 finds Leonard writing, The most wonderful of all would have been to marry Virginia. She is I imagine supreme [supreme is a word that recurs frequently in Leonard and Lytton's correspondence]. Do you think she would have me? Write to me if she accepts. I'll take the next boat home. Lytton received this letter on 19 February 1909, two days after himself proposing to her. He writes to Leonard, Your letter has this moment come with your proposal to Virginia. The day before yesterday I proposed to Virginia.

Poor Lytton! Even as he proposed he realized the whole thing was impossible. How one would love to go back in a time-capsule to 17 February 1909 and be a fly on the wall at 29 Fitzroy Square to eavesdrop on this scene. He tells Leonard, I was in terror lest she should kiss me. If you came and proposed she'd accept. She really, really would. As it is, she's almost certainly in love with me, though she thinks she's not. A final paragraph, added the next day, reports sadly that she has now told him she's not in love with him and he has told her he will not marry her. Lytton promises to hand on Leonard's proposal to Vanessa. Whether Vanessa ever passed it to Virginia, we may never know.

It was two more years before Leonard was due for home leave. The six-and-a-half years in the Far East was a defining period for him; it not only brought about marked changes in his thinking on imperialism, it gave him invaluable objectivity, maturity and experience, not least of women. He had gained a great deal of self-confidence, which was to stand him in good stead in his courtship of Virginia. But more than anything, perhaps, what helped him was his steely determination.

While we know that Vanessa, who was now married, considered Leonard a highly suitable husband for her sister and Virginia herself appears to have felt positive about him, there were problems. She sums these up in a long and very honest letter she wrote Leonard on May Day 1912. She tells him she wants everything love, children, adventure, intimacy, work but she also says, By God, I will not look upon marriage as a profession. She goes on to touch briefly on his being Jewish (You seem so foreign), her own instability (I am fearfully unstable), the strength of his physical desire and finally her profound uncertainty about marriage at all. She closes by writing, You want to know of course whether [I will ever] marry you. How can I say? I think [I] will because there seems no reason why [I] shouldn't.

I find it an admirable and very endearing letter, but many a lesser man receiving such mixed messages would have given up and returned to his job, in this particular case, gone back to Ceylon. Clearly Leonard was not unduly dismayed, since the following day he resigned from the Ceylon Civil Service.

Virginia's reference to his Jewishness is a tactful understatement. At that time English society was anti-Semitic, xenophobic and class-conscious at all levels, though of course there were exceptions. The Stephen family was emphatically not one of them. You may recall that the younger Stephens even felt ashamed of having a French relative four generations earlier. So it is no surprise to read in a letter she wrote Ethel Smyth twenty years later, How I hated marrying a Jew how I hated their nasal voices and so on.

Leonard himself seems to have had very real sensitivities about what has been described as the cultural gap between the Woolf and Stephen families. As he points out in his autobiography, his family's roots did not stretch back into English history as the Stephens. But they had been in England more than a hundred years by 1900 and were well established. His father, Sidney Woolf, was a brilliant and prosperous lawyer a Queen's Council at a time when there were only 175 QC's in the entire country specialising in the law of Compensation and the author of an authoritative work on the subject which had gone through several editions. He was at the time of his premature death offering himself as a parliamentary candidate. Sidney's father, Benjamin, Leonard's grandfather, had started life as a hard-working tailor and built up a successful business with five shops in London's exclusive West End, including one in Bond Street. Benjamin's wife, Isabella Philips, was the daughter of an early Jewish Lord Mayor of London, and Benjamin himself was a friend of the famous tenor John Braham, who in turn was a close friend of Charles Lamb.

Leonard himself, a product of the ancient London public school, St Paul's, and Cambridge University, was also by education if not superior at least equal to

Virginia's brothers, and his election to the elite Apostles Society sealed his social as well as his intellectual position. Of course, following the sudden death of his father, the Woolf family was not as well off as the Stephens, but then money has not usually determined class in England.

They were different days from these and for all that Leonard was manifestly awed by the Stephen/Strachey intellectual aristocracy with its unquestioned assumptions and manners as he saw them so unlike his own. Leonard's carapace concealed, or partially concealed, a deep insecurity as I hope to show later.

Virginia refers in that May Day letter to being Fearfully unstable, so Leonard had been warned, though whether he was aware that she had suffered three mental breakdowns already is far from certain. But love is blind and however much he prided himself on being a rational man, he was a great romantic and a determined suitor. Though Virginia still felt no physical response to Leonard, she accepted his proposal at the end of May and they were married in August 1912. For his part, Leonard was passionately in love with Virginia, but it was probably more for her mind than her body that he loved her. In his secret diary he named her Aspasia, after the famous Athenian mistress of his own great hero Pericles, said to be the wisest woman of her time.

I believe the answer to the question I opened with why did Virginia choose Leonard is that he was extraordinarily caring and kind, he was unselfish, he was masterful (an important quality when you remember that she tended to be indecisive). Jean Moorcroft Wilson, in *Virginia Woolf Life & London* writes:

Virginia, who had reason to know, always emphasized his great kindness. Through her frequent bouts of severe depression, flu and other mysterious illnesses, Leonard nursed her like a perfect angel. He cooked for her, fed her and played music to her whilst having to carry on with his own busy life. Yet his kindness was tempered by a certain severity, which made Dora Carrington christen him the grizzly wolf. He could also be very detached, which added to the impression of severity. He sits on the edge of my bed, Virginia told a friend during one of her illnesses, and considers my symptoms like a judge. Indeed there was something very judicious in Leonard.

In addition, Leonard had an unusually good mind; like her he had inherited the no-nonsense, nose-to-the-grindstone Victorian work ethic; he had a well-developed sense of humour, he loved books and writing; he hated humbug and pretentiousness; he was ready to take her on with all her problems no small matter, surely, in an age when the drugs used today to treat mental illness were undreamt of he had been a close friend of her late brother Thoby; and, above all, they loved being together. It was a real marriage of true minds.

My own recollections of Leonard fall into two distinct parts before the war, when Virginia was alive and I was a schoolboy, and post-war when Leonard was a widower and I had grown up.

My earliest memories of Leonard and Virginia are of their visiting us at our house in the Buckinghamshire countryside. That was long ago in the dawn of time when I was about seven or eight. Leonard and Virginia were then in their late fifties. They both seemed to me quite tall, but in fact Leonard was no more than medium height for those days, about 5 feet 9 inches and very spare. The first thing you noticed with Leonard were his blue eyes: sharp, piercing, cold, sceptical with his warm, friendly smile. He had a long, wrinkled face, tanned by the Empire's sun and weathered by the British rain, with a fairly conspicuous nose, bushy eyebrows and unruly, wiry, grey hair. His head was narrow and jutted forward a little. He was a quiet, shy man, but when he spoke he sounded very deliberate and his voice was slightly higher-pitched than the

average. Something no child could fail to notice was his pronounced tremor, head tremor and hand tremor. (Virginia, you remember, said this was something that affected his whole life). When he drank tea or coffee, or a glass of wine, he would arrange a handkerchief or table napkin carefully round the back of his neck and draw the cup or glass up to his lips to avoid slopping the contents on his hostess's damask cloth. He generally wore autumnal-coloured corduroy trousers and a tweed jacket in the country and heavy polished leather shoes.

Virginia herself was no longer the beauty we all know from Beresford's iconic photograph, but still an attractive woman; she wore rather long, loose, dark clothes and, of course, a hat and gloves. They both smoked: he a briar pipe, which required frequent relighting, she cigarettes in a long holder.

Virginia records one of these visits to our house in her journal. She doesn't mention an occasion, while no doubt Leonard and my father puffed on their pipes and discussed the gathering European storm, when I led her by the hand down a steep slope below our garden, to see an ancient watering place that had been built into the hillside. It was quite small with clear, icy cold water and a vaulted roof which created an echo. I remember we called each other's names. One felt it had been there for centuries, if not millennia. On another occasion I showed Virginia my bedroom, which had a massive old oak beam across the ceiling that had once served as a ship's keel.

Not long after that I stayed with them during the school holidays at both Monks House and Tavistock Square, the first of several visits. One of the differences between staying with those Woolfs and other members of our family was that they were hospitable but one was never entertained by them. They gave one a warm welcome and then left one alone to look after oneself. After one visit E. M. Forster paid to Monks House he complained in his diary of having been neglected. Leonard and Virginia's strict working discipline was an unmixing blessing to this young visitor. I was thankful not to be whisked through the countryside and introduced to strangers. I preferred to be left to explore and generally do my own thing. Another difference, by the way, was that unlike other aunts and uncles, Leonard and Virginia were always plain Leonard and Virginia, never uncle and aunt.

There was nothing extravagant about Monks House. On the contrary, there was an almost monastic simplicity and austerity about this charming, untidy house. I'm relieved to think that I never stayed there in really cold weather, because the only heating was from the occasional smouldering log fire. Forty years later, after Leonard had died, Saul Bellow rented the house from the National Trust, but even then found it so cold that after a week he flew back to Chicago. One of the delightful things about Monks House in those days was the flowers; cinerarias of many bright colours, vast white and orange lilies, dahlias, carnations, red hot pokers. Leonard was an expert and indefatigable gardener; Virginia loved the magnificent garden and orchard but was no gardener herself.

The house had a pleasant aroma of woodsmoke, pipe tobacco, fruit and flowers. Summer at Monks House, as I remember it, was sunshine flooding in through the windows; country sounds of birds, bees (though Leonard was not a beekeeper), cattle, horses, tractors; tea on the lawn and long, light evenings, when I was initiated into the art and mystery of bowls, before we all adjourned to the sitting room to talk, read or listen to recorded music.

In London, when she had finished her work, Virginia would sometimes accompany me to perhaps the British Museum, or the London Library; and in Sussex, we might walk along the Ouse Valley, or into Lewes, for shopping. Whatever we talked about alas, again, I cannot remember the interesting and often funny things she said, but I do remember she did *not* talk about her work.

At about this time, 1938 or '39, my father was having to make frequent visits to London to meet representatives of the Board of Jewish Guardians, whose offices were a few hundred yards from Tavistock Square. My father's boss, James de Rothschild, was sponsoring the rescue of as many Jews as possible from Nazi Germany. While my father discussed with the Guardians the pressing problems of providing asylum for a significant number of threatened people, I would be in that hive of literary activity, the basement of number 52, happily helping to wrap up Hogarth Press books, or interrupting my uncle or aunt in their work.

When war came in 1939, travel in England became increasingly difficult and I had not seen Leonard and Virginia for some months when my English tutor at school and friend, G. Wilson Knight, himself a distinguished author and critic and admirer of Virginia's work, told me of her death. Roger Fry, Lytton Strachey, Dora Carrington and now Virginia were all dead. The heroic age of Bloomsbury was over.

Time passes and by the end of the war I was a young soldier, in the army of occupation in Italy. It was more than two years before I returned to civilian life and since two of my uncles—Leonard's brothers Herbert and Edgar wanted me to work for them in their substantial and long-established business in the City of London, I needed somewhere to live. After being bombed out of Mecklenburg Square in the war, Leonard had taken a short lease on one of those tall, narrow, cream-painted Regency houses in Victoria Square, just behind the gardens of Buckingham Palace. He had a vacant flat on two floors which he offered me, and thus began nearly thirty years of being Leonard's tenant. During that time, particularly in the early years, I saw a great deal of him. Sometimes we would have tea together; he would knock heavily on my door, with a paper bag of buns or crumpets he'd bought on the way from the office; other times we would go out for dinner. We shared a taste for curries, the hotter the better. Now and then we would go to the theatre.

When I first met my wife, Jean Moorcroft Wilson, she asked me what Leonard was like. Was he, she asked, a stick?—meaning, I think, was he the rather humourless and solemn-looking man depicted in virtually all the photographs? I told her my uncle was emphatically *not* a stick, quite the contrary. He was, like many of us, a mass of contradictions. He certainly did not suffer fools, gladly or otherwise: he said himself that he was not a good mixer, but he was an extremely friendly and democratic man. He would not have agreed with Stendhal who, you may recall, believed that the writer or painter should raise every possible barrier—space, social standing, money, love—between himself or herself and the outside world. Myself, I think I understand Thomas Hardy, who when his wife accused him of speaking to no one for a fortnight, protested that he had spoken to the milkman only the week before, to wish him good morning.

Leonard was a highly companionable and stimulating companion. He was a great *enjoyer*: he enjoyed a lot of things. He was a very youthful old man. He became the incarnation of Yeats's senatorial, smiling public man. And he was a modest man. The generation gap between us was bridged by common interests: literature, politics (in those days I thought Leonard was far too inclined to sit on the political fence), publishing, family, and a profound love of the countryside.

Leonard was a much-loved and community-minded figure in the village of Rodmell. He was sociable as well as reclusive. I remember when I stayed with him at Monks House after the war, when he was a widower, his devoted servant-cum-housekeeper, Louie Everest would prepare the evening meal and leave it for him to heat up. If anyone called round, or telephoned, while he was cooking or eating his supper, nothing would induce him to respond.

Everyone who knew him has his store of Leonard stories. I have several of my own. I held him in high esteem, but it is impossible to talk of him without referring to his extreme carefulness with money, his fanatical punctuality, his obsession with recording the precise and often minute details of his daily life, his lifelong refusal when he was wrong ever to admit it and apologise (there was one exception to this, though in that particular case it was too late to apologise. I am referring to his handling of Virginia's last illness).

Leonard's over-developed sense of economy would have commended itself to Charles Dickens's Scrooge, though unlike Scrooge he was not mean. He never, in my experience used a new envelope for a letter, always recycling before that word had passed into everyday usage—an old one, crossing out or pasting over the address. His partner, Trekkie Parsons, was evidently not a needlewoman, since when he wore a hole in one of his socks, he would paste a patch over it with an adhesive called Copydex. Those of you, ladies and gentlemen, who wear pyjamas at night will know that the tops and bottoms, jackets and trousers don't wear out simultaneously. Leonard, however, solved this problem; he discovered a shop in London where they sold pyjama tops and bottoms separately and passed this indispensable information on to his friends. Such points may seem trivial, but such is the stuff of our lives.

And then there was the capricious, subversive, quirky side of Leonard. He was a maverick. One of my cousins, a niece of his, was getting married and the reception was to be held in a unpromising outer suburb of London, the kind of place which makes one's heart sink at the very name. When I asked him whether he would be attending and told him where it was, he thought carefully for some moments and then suggested that rather than trailing out to Ealing, or was it Tottenham?, we should have an opposition party somewhere rather more tempting. And so we spent a couple of very agreeable hours eating and drinking to the bride and groom at an Italian restaurant in Soho. Whether we ever got to the official party, I don't remember, but I suspect we didn't quite make it.

In a brief talk such as this no more than the slightest impression of Leonard can be given. In opening, I referred to the protective coating, or carapace, he constructed as a protection against what was too raw or painful for his young sensibility, and I spoke too of his insecurity. Virginia said that Leonard's inherited tremor had moulded his life wrongly since he was five. All his shyness, his suffering from society, his sharpness and definiteness. She said that while her own principal shortcoming was snobbery, Leonard's was cowardice. I don't know what precisely she had in mind. He had his faults, certainly, and he could be cowardly. (I'm thinking of his portrayal of his own family in his novel *The Wise Virgins*.) But he could also be bold.

He was quite capable of standing up for what he believed in. Let me give you just one example. He and Virginia were walking home one evening from a children's fancy-dress party in London. Virginia dressed as a Mad March Hare, with floppy ears, and Leonard was in a carpenter's costume with an apron and chisels. On the way, they came on one of those scenes familiar in any town when the pubs close: a prostitute was being hectorred unreasonably by a policeman. That was an occasion when, despite his bizarre outfit, he stood up bravely to the policeman and insisted that he leave the girl alone.

I believe Hermione Lee was right in thinking that Leonard's carapace was a strategy not only for protection but also and perhaps more importantly for gaining inclusion, inclusion as a boy with his schoolmates, inclusion as a newcomer in Ceylon, with his dog and his bridge-playing, when he was accepted by his colleagues as one of us and a gentleman and, when he came home, he longed to be accepted into the Stephen/Strachey intellectual aristocracy.

I don't think I noticed that he was growing old, at least not until one evening when I met him in the house and we started talking. He told me he had been to a film at Curzon Cinema. Having seen Jacques Tati's latest film at that cinema only a few days earlier, I said, "Oh, yes, Jacques Tati's *Jour de Fête*." "No, no, no," he said very emphatically, "we saw Jacques Tati, in *Jour de Fête* at the Curzon Cinema. I realized then that he was getting a little hard of hearing.

The last time I saw him in London was when I caught a glimpse of him running down Victoria Street, to catch a bus to his office, at the age of 89. A few days later, I had a phone call from Trekkie Parsons to say he had suffered a stroke; he was calling out for me to go to him. I went at once to visit him at Monks House. He lingered on courageously and uncomplainingly for a few months, unable to do two of the things that mattered most to him, read or write, which, very naturally, greatly depressed him. He was nearly ninety when he died. That was nearly forty years ago and like the few others alive today who knew Leonard, I still miss him.

When I look back on all this, I wonder how on earth I could have failed to record for you every word that was spoken in those far-off days. But we shouldn't forget what Virginia herself said about being a child at 22 Hyde Park Gate when Alfred Lord Tennyson dined with her parents and remembering him saying only "please pass the pepper or somesuch." Like her, I was in the happy trance of youth, almost exclusively self-absorbed, or at any rate myopic.

Cecil Woolf

ARE YOU A QUAKER? CONVERSATIONS WITH LEONARD WOOLF

In the spring of 1967, when I was in the beginning stages of tracking down the sources of Virginia Woolf's reading notes in the Berg Collection, I realized I needed access to the books in Leslie Stephen's library, inherited by his daughter on his death. I was a postgraduate student in London at the time and had corresponded with Leonard Woolf once before about the notebooks, so I wrote him a letter asking, among other things, where Leslie Stephen's library was and whether there was a bibliography of its contents. The books are here in Sussex, he responded, and if you are in the neighborhood you are welcome to come and use them. Who could resist? I wrote back immediately saying it just happens that I'm going to be in the area next week if that's convenient; it was.

It wasn't the first time that I had met Leonard. A year before a friend and I had driven down to Sussex to see the University, then in its heyday one of the centers of political activism and greatly revered by all of us studying at more staid universities. Let's take a look at Monks House while we're down here, I suggested, and we did. We were standing in front of the house when a gardener came out of the gate. "Are you friends of Mr. Woolf?", he asked. "I've corresponded with him," I answered, and he told us we could wait for him in the garden. That was an unexpected treat! We wandered around, looking in the windows of the cottage where Virginia had written and now Trekkie Parsons had her easel; we looked in the windows of Monks House itself. Just as we shut the gate behind us Leonard drove up; we introduced ourselves, and he asked if we would like to see the gardens. So we did another tour while Leonard asked us questions about ourselves. When he heard Danny was from Cape Town, he talked about South Africa; when he heard I was from the US, he told us stories about his recent trip to the States. We thanked him for the tour and left.

Now I was back, in the house itself, sitting on the floor in front of bookshelves full of Leslie Stephen's books, working as fast as I could to copy down as many titles, publishers, and dates as I could. I knew this was a one-shot deal. Mid-afternoon Leonard asked if I would like some tea; "I'd love some," I said. We sat down at the kitchen table.

"Where are you from?" he began.
"Philadelphia," I said.
"Are you a Quaker?"

This, I suspected, was not the question he actually wanted to ask me.

"No," I replied.
"What is your background?" he continued.
"Eastern European Jewish."
"Do you mind being Jewish?"

It was, by any standard, an unorthodox question. I thought a minute and replied that having grown up in an environment where almost everyone I knew was Jewish I never thought much about it; it was just what I was. I did, though, I added, mind having been raised in an atmosphere where the first question my parents asked about a person was "Is he or she Jewish?"

After that Leonard again began to tell me stories, this time about his trip to Israel, including the story of visiting his former neighbor from Rodmell who had emigrated there and now lived on a kibbutz. I have a vivid memory of him describing how the neighbor had walked a long distance to have dinner with Leonard, carrying a suitcase of books that he then carried back with him after dinner was over. Leonard, it was clear, was very moved by this experience. When the last volume of his autobiography, *The Journey Not the Arrival Matters*, was published in 1969 and I read his description of this meeting, I realized he must have working on the book during the period of my visit. As Victoria Glendinning comments in her recent biography, "In this last volume Leonard addressed his Jewishness, as the culture that made him what he was" (429).

Shortly after my visit to Monks House I returned to the US, and while I occasionally told the story, I didn't think much about it. I knew from an older Jewish couple I had become friends with during my time in London that my own lack of self-consciousness about my Jewish background would have been difficult if not impossible for Leonard and was still rare in England. I had, indeed, found myself more aware of being different in England than I ever had been before, and it wasn't just my being American. But it wasn't until some years later, when Virginia and with her Leonard became the focus of so much biographical attention, that Leonard's question began to resonate for me. Almost a decade after the original conversation, when I was doing research in London, I met Dan Jacobson, the South African writer whose own Jewish roots were central to his writing and his sense of self. I don't recall now how we got talking about Leonard Woolf, but I told him my story; in turn, he told me about the letter he had received from Leonard in response to his review of the fourth volume of the autobiography, *Downhill all the Way*, published in *Commentary*, a journal of Jewish culture, March 1968. In this letter, published in full in Frederic Spotts' edition of Leonard's *Letters* and in part by Glendinning, Leonard writes,

As regards my Judaism, I know that it is strange that it should have had so little effect upon my life. I have always been conscious of being a Jew, but in the way in which, I imagine, a Catholic is conscious of being a Catholic in England or someone else of being of Huguenot descent, or even perhaps in the way a man is

conscious of having been at Cambridge and not Oxford. I have always been conscious of being primarily British and have lived among people who without question accepted me as such. Of course I have all through my life come up against the common or garden antisemitism, from the Mosley type to some of my best friends have been Jews. But it has not touched me personally and only very peripherally. (565-566)

It is exactly this impersonal attitude that mystified Jacobson about all four volumes of the autobiography he had read. Clearly, he comments, Leonard:

didn't belong to [his family]. He certainly doesn't belong to the Jews. Having described the nature of his parents' beliefs and what remained of religious practice in their house, the fact that he is a Jew simply doesn't come up again, it just doesn't enter into his life: at least until he mentions that he was warned to avoid traveling in Hitler's Germany before the outbreak of the war. Did his being a Jew never affect, one wonders, his career or social life in the seven years he spent as a colonial official in Ceylon, his only companions during that time being other colonial civil servants not in general the most enlightened, tolerant, or tactful of British social groups? Did it not arise in the political work he carried out later in England, especially during the rise of Nazism? We can't say: he doesn't think it important enough to tell us. In his reticences as in his candor, here and elsewhere, this particular Jew, product of St. Paul's School and Trinity College, Cambridge, provokes one to declare that the English are simply impenetrable, the most opaque people in the world, sphinxes all. (80)

St. Paul's takes me to the next conversation about Leonard and being Jewish in England that increased my understanding of the original encounter, this time in the 1990s with a British academic who, like Leonard, had been a Jewish scholarship student at St. Paul's. It was not, he told me in no uncertain terms, a pleasant experience when he was there in the 1960s, and he couldn't imagine it would have been any easier for Leonard at the beginning of the century. When, in preparation for writing this piece, I asked him to confirm what I remembered of our conversation, he put it this way:

I went to St Paul's in the mid-1960s; soon after arrival I had my first taste of being called a Yid, a term I had never heard before. Looking back, it seems to me that St Paul's was very split about Jews; on the one hand, it boasted its Christian foundation, and when I was there actually had a quota system for Jews (I can't recall the exact percentage). When it was founded in 1509 the school consisted of 153 scholars (a reference to the miraculous draught of fishes, John 21:11) of all countries and nations indifferently (but I don't think the indifference extended to non-Christians!); boys who held scholarships at the school when I went there wore a little silver fish in their lapel. . . Jewish boys held a disproportionate number of these scholarships, because in operating the quota system the school chose clever Jews, in order to increase its chances of getting entrance awards to Oxford and Cambridge, the big lure for prospective parents. I was one of these scholars, and went on to get an entrance scholarship to Cambridge, so I did my bit for recruitment. But I was . . . miserable for the entire time I was there except when being taught English literature.¹

While Leonard never talks about being a Jew at St. Paul's, Glendinning does, commenting, astutely, that while Leonard writes in some detail about developing a carapace to present to the outside and usually hostile

world, he omitted to say why it was so essential for him to have one. He was good at his work, he was good at games. Perhaps he was sensitive about his small stature, his late physical development, the tremor in his hands? Or, as she then insinuates, perhaps it was his being a Jew. To make this point she cites passages from both Compton Mackenzie's novel *The East Wind of Love*, in which, Mackenzie later told Leonard, Leonard was the model for the Jewish student Emil Stern, and from Mackenzie's autobiographical description of Leonard as a schoolboy, both of which emphasize his Jewishness, and follows this by Mackenzie's graphic description of how he delighted in persecuting the Jewish boys at St. Paul's. Mackenzie's account of the anti-Semitic bullying endemic at St. Paul's, confirmed by G. K. Chesterton's equally graphic description, and his too easy dismissal of it as resentment at the way our Jewish schoolfellows used to sacrifice everything to reaching the top of the class, are, as Glendinning writes, inadequate explanations of the anti-Semitism so common among all the classes in England at the time as to be normal. For Glendinning, Leonard's insistence to the end of his life that when he was a boy, he never realized I was any different from anyone else and only once, perhaps, heard somebody at school say you dirty Jew, does not alter her conclusion: that the carapace and character Leonard invented at St. Paul's, as he put it in his autobiography, to face the world with originated, to a large extent, in fear, in mental, moral or physical cowardice, and that, being a Jew, Leonard had every reason to be fearful at St. Paul's (33-36).²

Now, forty years after my conversation with Leonard Woolf and a great deal more knowledgeable about the realities of his and others' experiences of being Jewish in England, I find myself coming back to my original sense that Leonard's question, Are you a Quaker?, was a deferral of the underlying question he actually wanted to ask, Are you Jewish? It's possible, I admit, that I'm wrong about this: that it was my own consciousness at the time of being Jewish that led me to read his question as a deferral, as well as my understanding that Leonard had a problematic relationship to his own Jewishness. And he certainly would have known about the connection between Philadelphia and Quakerism, his sister-in-law Karin Costelloe Stephen being the descendent of a prominent Quaker family from Philadelphia and the surrounding areas in New Jersey. Nevertheless, could or would Leonard have asked me, Are you Jewish? I think not, however much the question of what it meant to be Jewish might have been on his mind while writing the last volume of his autobiography. In contrast, Do you mind being Jewish? seems to me just right, offering an insight into his complicated, ambivalent, perspective as he looked back, objectively and subjectively, at his own complex life.

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Notes

¹Private email; cited with permission of the author.

²Leonard's comments are from the first volume of his autobiography, *Sowing*.

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MEETING LEONARD WOOLF: A GIFT OF FLOWERS

Excerpt reprinted from Reminiscences of Leonard Woolf (London: Cecil Woolf Publishers, 2005) with the kind permission of Cecil Woolf and Jean Moorcroft Wilson

From 1966 to 1969, as a young Fulbright Scholar living in Mecklenburg Square where Virginia and Leonard Woolf lived until August 1940, when their flat was bombed during the war I was pursuing a doctoral degree in English at Birkbeck College, University of London. My dissertation project focused on Virginia Woolf's response to Russian literature and its influence on her writing. Very early in my scholarly pursuit, I discovered that Woolf's notes on Russian literature were located not in London (where I had come to study) but in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library.

Eventually I obtained photocopies of several manuscripts of her reviews and reading journals. However, even then, I couldn't proceed; I was uncertain of too many words in Virginia Woolf's sometimes illegible handwriting. Very green scholar that I was then, I simply wrote to Leonard Woolf, querying whether he might be able to assist me in my efforts to decipher problematic words and phrases. Though I don't recall my precise thoughts, I imagine I expected that, if he agreed to assist me, he would respond by mail to copies of the words in question that I would send him. Instead, to my utter surprise and delight, he invited me to Monks House for that purpose.

On the afternoon of that first meeting [April 25, 1968], I purchased a bouquet of daffodils, an offering to mask my nervousness. I needn't have worried; when I arrived at Monks House, Leonard had been working in his garden and greeted me in his garden attire: muddy trousers and a somewhat ragged corduroy jacket. (Although we weren't on first-name terms at the time, most people today who had any personal connection with him refer to him familiarly as Leonard.) As I walked through the entrance to the house a glass conservatory filled with uncountable pots, vases, and troughs of flowers, shrubs, and plants of every description I quickly realized that he was a serious gardener and that, under the circumstances, my small bouquet was truly superfluous. However, he accepted the daffodils with pleasure, as he endearingly commented that one could never be surrounded by too many flowers. Immediately, I felt at ease. Despite the vast differences between us in age and circumstance, Leonard established a mood of warmth and informality that persisted throughout the year and a half of our friendship.

During that initial visit, he responded to my questions about his garden by giving me a full tour of his extensive horticultural collection, which was visible not only in the informally landscaped gardens of Monks House but throughout several greenhouses. His collection ranged from many varieties of geraniums and begonias to unusual South African and Indian plants and shrubs, from bedding trays of asters and marigolds to fuchsia and jasmine. At the time, I didn't recognize these plants by name; Leonard patiently identified each blossoming flower. When I admired his magnificent arum lilies in bloom, he spontaneously cut half a dozen and presented them to me.

That day at Monks House was the first of several during which Leonard and I worked together on Virginia's difficult handwriting. First, for about an hour we would sit at the table in the sitting room and scrutinize problematic words and phrases in the manuscripts; we would succeed in recovering with certainty only a dozen or so words. Leonard himself confessed doubt about some words, conceding that Virginia's penmanship often bordered on the illegible, perhaps partly as a result of her self-imposed discipline of writing while standing at her high-top desk. After an interval of concentration on the manuscripts, we would repair to the kitchen of Monks House for afternoon tea. There, we would sit across from each other at the wooden-plank kitchen table and munch on biscuits and a sandwich of cold lamb's tongue and lettuce or some other filling, followed by gingerbread and tea. As we ate and talked, Leonard's Siamese cats would tip-toe nonchalantly between us right across the table-top, moving daintily around our plates. Afterwards, I would

wash the dishes while Leonard dried them; then we would move to the upstairs sitting-room and converse about a number of subjects ranging from literature and art to politics and music.

At the time of my friendship with Leonard Woolf, I was too much in awe of the special situation in which I found myself to offer any particularly probing scholarly questions about Virginia's life or works, apart from those that were directly pertinent to my dissertation research. Even after all these years, I still recall the thrill I felt as I sat in the very chairs in which Virginia Woolf herself had sat and observed the very rooms in which she had lived and written. Although I was awed, I was not intimidated; Leonard was unpretentious and easy to talk to. He often asked me about myself including my opinions on various subjects that interested him and volunteered information about himself. His recollections were distinguished by an extraordinary sense of detail that seemed remarkable at the time and seems even more so now. He was writing his autobiography at the time, a process that undoubtedly refreshed his recollections of earlier periods and events in his life. During our first meeting, he recalled some of the particulars of his youth in the previous century (he was born in 1880), including the fact that as a youth he had greatly enjoyed bicycling. In addition to cycling to school each day from his home in Putney to St Paul's School in Hammersmith, he and his friends took adventurous longer trips to points all over Britain and as distant as Edinburgh. In a more literary vein, Leonard remembered with great clarity writers who had already receded into literary history by the time I met him.

About Virginia. . . Leonard spoke with a great sense of immediacy. He felt that those who called [her] a recluse as some of her unkind critics apparently did were unfair, for she enjoyed being with her friends and sought isolation only during periods of mental shakiness. Reflecting on her emotional illness, he insisted that she was not insane. In his view, the fluctuation of moods she experienced, ranging from exhilaration to depression, occur on a smaller scale in everyone. In Virginia's case, the mood pendulum traveled a much wider arc and, once it had swung to either extreme, was much more difficult to bring back to equilibrium than would be the case in a more emotionally stable person. . . . As Leonard observed in his autobiography with a somewhat different emphasis than that of his comments to me

I am quite sure that Virginia's genius was closely connected with what manifested itself as mental instability and insanity. The creative imagination in her novels, her ability to leave the ground in conversation, and the voluble delusions of the breakdowns all came from the same place in her mind she stumbled after her own voice and followed the voices that fly ahead [Virginia's words]. And that in itself was the crux of her life, the tragedy of genius. (Woolf 80)

During one of my visits, Leonard asked me if I had ever considered remaining permanently in England myself (I had considered the prospect), which led to a discussion of the position of the outsider. Having lived in Ceylon during his career as a civil servant, he had concluded that no matter how long one lived in a country, if one had not been born there one would always remain an outsider. He observed that being a foreigner had contradictory effects. While it sharpened one's senses one *noticed* more at the same time one also felt slightly dissociated. . . . Nonetheless, Leonard said he would be pleased if I remained in England because otherwise he would probably never see me again a comment that, given his age, made me particularly sad. Indeed, after that visit in December of 1968, I never saw him again, though we continued to communicate.

Though Leonard was 87 and 88 when I knew him, he was admirably self-

sufficient, living alone except for a devoted menagerie of dogs and cats (at the time, two of each), the assistance of a housekeeper, visits from friends and as was confirmed only several years ago his intimate companion for many years after Virginia's death, Trekkie Ritchie Parsons (see Adamson), whom I met during several of my visits. Far from being retired, he was extremely active and involved, both mentally and physically. The one sign that might have betrayed his age was a tremor in one arm and hand; however, he had had the hereditary tremor since his youth. I have a written list, in Leonard's handwriting, of several words in Virginia's reading notes that I had found problematic and brought to his attention for further scrutiny. Because of his tremor, the words in his shaky script though more legible than Virginia's are also difficult to read.

During my initial visit, when it was clear that we would not finish deciphering the uncertain words in Virginia's manuscripts, Leonard extended an invitation for me to return in a fortnight to continue our work. He expressed concern that, although he had enjoyed my company, the young usually find the old boring. I vigorously disagreed; there was nothing boring about Leonard Woolf! Having established that I should return on a date two weeks hence, he asked me to arrive after 1:30 pm because, as he put it, I work every day from 9:00 to 1:00. I'd consider it immoral not to.

[I spent several more afternoons with Leonard at Monks House, poring over Virginia's handwriting and discussing a variety of subjects. After I returned to the U.S. in January 1969, we exchanged letters. In July of that year, his health began to fail; he died at Monks House on August 14, 1969.] My treasured and unforgettable friendship with Leonard Woolf might be summed up by the flowers we exchanged during my first visit to Monks House: I gave him a very small bouquet of daffodils and he reciprocated with lilies.

Roberta Rubenstein

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LEONARD WOOLF IN HOLLAND A BRIEF LOOK AT HIS DUTCH ANCESTORS

I must now think about my past, writes Leonard Woolf in *Sowing* (12), the first volume of his autobiography. He considers his past, the genes and chromosomes of his ancestors, and is surprised to find himself looking out of a window upon a garden in Sussex. He feels himself a Londoner with a nostalgic love of the city and civilization of ancient Athens. But he muses that while:

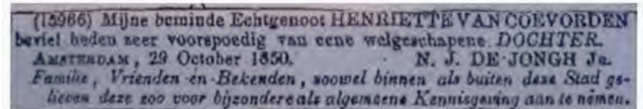
his Rodmell neighbours' forefathers were herding swine on the plains of eastern Europe, and the Athenians were building the Acropolis, my Semitic ancestors, with the days of their national greatness, such as it was, already behind them, were in Persia or Palestine. And they were already prisoners of war, displaced persons, refugees, having begun that unending pilgrimage as the world's official fugitives and scapegoat. (13)

Had he looked over his shoulder to the years just before his own life, and not as far back as Persia or Palestine, he would have found his family background on his mother's side well-rooted in Dutch society. His family members found over the six generations were, with two exceptions, whom I

later found were living and working in this country, all born in the Netherlands. Leonard is right that over the centuries, due to persecution, pogroms, and discrimination driven by economic, political and religious forces, there had been a constant flow of Jewish people from Eastern Europe westwards where, as we shall see in the case of Holland, restrictive and discriminatory rules were also in place.

The picture he paints of his mother Marie de Jongh (Entry #1: b. Amsterdam, 29 Oct. 1850 - d. London, 5 Jul. 1939) in his autobiography is brief. His portrayal of her as Mrs. Davies in *The Wise Virgins* is unkind. He briefly sketches his maternal grandfather Nathan Jacob de Jongh Jr., known as Nathan Jr. (Entry #2: b. Amsterdam 1816 - d. London 1887) and grandmother Henriette van Coevorden (Entry #3: b. Amsterdam, 14 Jan. 1814 - d. London 1902). His grandparents lived long lives and had their house close by, therefore he should have known more about them. He writes that they seemed to belong to a different century, (*Sowing* 17), but never mentions that they came from another country and culture.

Nathan Jr. had been a diamond merchant both in Amsterdam and in London. The census of 1851 shows the de Jongh family living at 876 Nieuwe Keizersgracht in Amsterdam. This was a good address (and still is) where Nathan, his wife Henriette van Coevorden, Aaltje de Vries (live-in-housemaid, Groningen 1824), Marie and her brothers and sisters were all registered.¹



the announcement of Marie's birth in the newspaper: My beloved Spouse HENRIETTE VAN COEVORDEN very successfully gave birth today to a well-formed DAUGHTER. Amsterdam, 29 October, 1850. N.J. DE JONGH JR. Family, friends and acquaintances, in as well as outside this town please accept this so very exceptional as well as general announcement.

In the London census of 1862, the date the family supposedly moved to London, the de Jongh family isn't mentioned but in the census of 1871 it is.

Think of Amsterdam and you think diamonds (Lipschitz 27). Spanish and Portuguese Jews (working with diamonds from Brazil) brought their experience in this trade to Amsterdam. In the sixteenth century many religious minorities suffered persecution all over Europe, and Amsterdam provided a haven for them. Religious minorities, Jews included, weren't allowed to join a guild society, but the diamond trade, a relatively new one at the time, wasn't part of the guild system (27).

In the second half of the nineteenth century London became the center of the diamond trade with extensive diamond finds in South Africa, still a colony of Great Britain (31). Therefore, between 1850-1880 London saw a great influx of Jews, among them Nathan Jr., who continued working in the diamond trade and, just as in Amsterdam, settled at a good address, Woburn Lodge (*Sowing* 16), where the family continued living the comfortable life they were used to.

Leonard's great-grandfather Joseph Nathan de Jongh (Entry #4: b. Amsterdam 1784 - d. Amsterdam, 2 Oct., 1849) worked as a sollicitieur.²



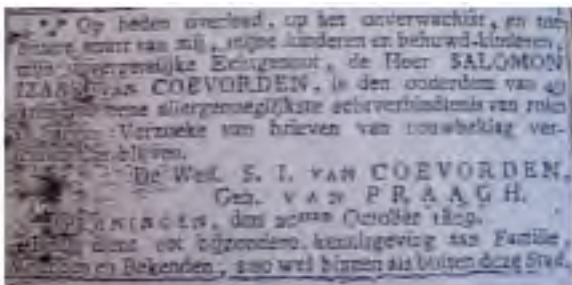
the announcement of Joseph Nathan's death in a Dutch newspaper: Today passed away after manifold suffering our dear Father and Father-in-law Mr. J.N. DE JONGH, at the age of over 65 years. Amsterdam, 2 October 1849. N.J. DE JONGH JR, on everyone's behalf.

At this point we have to leave this maternal grandfather's side of the family. To date I haven't been able to find any information about Joseph Nathan's wife nor for the rest of the de Jongh relatives (de Jongh is a very common surname in Holland).

With the family of Leonard's grandmother, Henriette van Coevorden, we move north to Groningen. This branch of the family can be traced back further in time. (Spelling of the names differs widely: from here on I will use the spelling of names as Stichting records in *The Jewish Citizens of the Town Groningen and its Environment 1549-1945* for consistency).

Henriette was the seventh child of eleven children³ fathered by Salomon Izaaks van Coevorden (Entry #6: b. Coevorden, 9 Nov. 1781 - d. Groningen, 20 Oct. 1829) and Frouwke Salomons van Praagh (Entry #7: b. Groningen 1783 - d. Nieuwe Pekela 1840).

Salomon Izaaks is first mentioned in Groningen in 1800 when he married Frouwke and last mentioned in 1811. He worked as a salesman and lived in the Jewish quarter. For a fee of 75 guilders⁴ he obtained a membership in the Synagogue in 1801 and in 1803 a citizenship for Groningen. On 10 July 1804 he received a membership in the merchant guild as a half-guild brother. On 26 March 1807 he obtained a pass from the city council for a trip to Leer en Emden, exceptional and important facts as I will show later. On 7 January 1821 he was given permission to perform circumcisions (Stichting 43).



the announcement of Salomon Izaaks' death in a newspaper: Today died, most suddenly, and with bitter sorrow of mine, my children and children-in-law, my unforgettable Husband, Mr. SALOMON IZAAK van COEVORDEN, at the age of 49 years after a most agreeable matrimonial alliance of over 28 years. Please spare us letters of condolences. Groningen, the 20th October 1829. The Widow S. I. van COEVORDEN, born van PRAAGH. This serves as special announcement to Family, Friends and Acquaintances, in as well as out of Town.

Great-grandmother, and widow, Frouwkje died in 1840 in Nieuwe Pekela (a town in the province of Groningen 38 km the town of the same name). Frouwke's father (Leonard's great-great-grandfather) Salomon Lammerts van Praagh (Entry #14: b. Wildervank, 1748) lived in Wildervank, a town 36 km from Nieuwe Pekela.

Salomon Lammert is next mentioned in Groningen in 1773 and finally in 1811. We know that he was able to read and write and signed his name in Latin letters, facts important enough to put on record (Stichting 36). His address was in the Jewish quarter near the Synagogue, where he ran a china shop together with his brother Marcus (Stichting 35). The record states that Marcus usually wore a wig.⁵ Salomon earned a membership from the merchant guild as a full guild brother. He received a citizenship in 1779. (usually linked to a membership of a guild society). Salomon also traded in golden coins and sold lottery tickets, something which another brother Mozes Lammerts did for a living as well.

In 1775 Salomon married Leonard's great-great-grandmother, Mietje Wolf Hecht (Entry #15: b. Amsterdam 1759 - d. Groningen Sept. 1807). Their

notice of intended marriage was posted in Amsterdam in 1775. She is first mentioned in Groningen in 1775 (Stichting 36) and finally in 1807. Remarkably, the records show that she too was able to read and write and signed her name in Latin letters.

Mietje Wolf Hecht's parents (Leonard's great-great-great-grandparents) were Wolf Arons Hecht (Entry #30: d. Amsterdam c.1764) and mother Matje Calmers (Entry #31: d. Altona c.1784) (Stichting 36). We know that their notice of intended marriage was posted in Amsterdam in 1755. The only other thing known (so far) is that Mietje Wolf Hecht's mother (Leonard's great-great-great-great-grandmother) was named Marianne Eliaser (Entry #63) and together with Jozef Mozes (Entry #56) is the relative furthest back in time I have been able to trace.

We have followed the family tree branch of Frouwkje van Praagh and her mother's side of the family called Hecht. Let us now look at Frouwkje's father's side, the van Praagh family. I have mentioned her father Salomon Lammert van Praagh (Entry #14) and his successful circumstances in Groningen (member of a guild, citizenship of Groningen).

Salomon's father Lammert Josephs van Praagh (Entry #28: b. 1711- d. Groningen 1798), and grandfather Jozef Mozes (Entry #56: b. Nikolsburg/Mikulow c. 1680) and Salomon's mother Vogelina Izaaks (Entry #29: b. 1713 - d. Groningen 1800). What is known about them? They married in 1734 in Amsterdam. He is first mentioned in Groningen in 1771 (Stichling 34) and last in 1798. Like other relatives he became a member of the Synagogue in 1787 for f31 (the equivalent of \$527) (Stichling 34).



His tombstone was originally placed in the Israelitish cemetery called the Jew Camp at the Bloemensingel, Groningen, 1747-1827, then transferred in 1954 to the Israelitish cemetery at the Moesstraat Groningen (Stichling 411).

Blessed among the sons is Asjer (Deut.33:24) / and raised up above the beloved and sublimed / he went the road of the good and feared / God, with respect of His blessed Name, the gentleman Lemmel first son of the gentleman the late Josef from Praag. He passed away / with a good name and in the old age / at night and he was buried the next day, the early evening of the Holy Sabbath / 27 of the month Elloel. I will fulfill the number of your days (Ex.23:26). (Stichling 48; tombstone #422)

The last branch I'd like to follow (Entry #3) is Henriette's family on her father's side. Leonard mentions the family name van Coevorden⁶ in *Sowing*⁷ (18). As a matter of fact the family took the name from the town where they originated. I have above mentioned Henriette's father (Leonard's great-great-grandfather) Salomon Isaak van Coevorden (Entry #6) and shown the advertisement announcing his death, so will move on to his father Izak Mozes van Coevorden (Entry #12 b. Mistelfeldt bei Lichtenfels 1740 - d. Beieren, Germany 1800).

We first encounter Izak Mozes as a leaseholder of a pawnshop from 1756 - 1781 and as a merchant in draper's goods. In 1761 he received permission to lodge in Coevorden. In 1764 he received a full citizenship. A fierce and enterprising fellow he must have been, not afraid to expand his business, venturing out to Den Bosch (Coevorden-Den Bosch, 204 km) and buying a piece of land. In 1768 he got a citizenship for Den Bosch as well, gaining the

right to live and trade there. To me he is a perfect example of men being able to get on against adverse winds.

In 1779 this same Izak Mozes built himself a new home in the Sallandsche straat in Coevorden on a piece of land bought from Gerrit Lusing. He was not afraid to stand up when he felt injustice was done to him; for example in 1794 in Dalen (5 km away from Coevorden), he complained at a judicial court that in October 1793 he and his daughter were badly beaten and wounded by Isra l Levij. On 23 March 1796, in Zweeloo (19 km away from Coevorden), Izak complained that that night a barn which he rented from the Landschap (Landscape) was broken open and that his goods were thrown in disarray and that the straw bags were taken in front of the doors without him being aware that something was taken and who had done such a thing. In 1798, Izak complained that Hendrik van Engen had no misgivings assaulting him, beating him and wounding him to such extent that . . . , etc. (Coevorder Family Book 163). This can only be a sign that at the time his rights to file a complaint as a Jew were the same as those of any other person, at least in Coevorden.

Lastly, I can give you some names and dates of Izak s (Entry #12) wife Hendrina van Raalte (Entry #13: b. Raalte 1740 - d. Coevorden 1815), Leonard s great-great-grandmother, her father Salomon J. van Raalte (Entry #26: b. 1715 - d. c.1767), and her mother Jette Judith Jacobs Joel (Entry #27: b. 1715).

As I suggested in the beginning of this article, Holland was no exception to surrounding countries as far as discrimination was concerned. Until 1795 Jews were second class citizens, barred to a great extent from economic resources and discriminated against on social and juridical grounds. (Stichting 1) We have a detailed account of the various laws and rules barring not only Jews but other religious minorities as well from settling and working in Dutch towns.

Discrimination against Jews officially ended on 13 September 1796 when the National Meeting in The Hague passed a resolution which should have put an end to this period of discriminating laws.

I have barely touched on the plights and fortunes of the several members of Leonard s family. One thing is obvious, according to the documentation they did very well indeed, holding jobs, living in town, being members of the synagogue, being part of large families. Leonard suggests that there might be non-Jewish blood considering some descendants were fair-haired and facially very unlike the typical Jew (*Sowing* 19). I cannot find any evidence for that.

Somewhere hidden in family, council, library and religious archives is a wealth of information about the social circumstances of the times and families we have been looking at. My conclusion is that Leonard Woolf had every reason to be proud of his Dutch ancestors.

AnneMarie Bantzinger

Notes

¹ Ester b. 1833 (probably a younger sister of Nathan), Flora b. 1842, Anselm b. 1843, Karel b. 1845, Benjamin b. 1846, John Isidor b. 1847, Elisabeth b. 1849, Marie Balhilda b. 10-29-1850, (Leman Felix W. b. 01-29-1853, Willem b. 1857 - d. 1875) Although some names correspond with the ones Victoria Glendinning gives in her *Leonard Woolf, A Life*, some don t. Glendinning doesn t give dates.

² *Solliciteur*, not in use in Dutch today, resembles the English word solicitor and had almost the same meaning.

³ Moses Salomon b. May 1803, Michiel Izaak Itzehok b. 1805 - d. 1859, Lemel Asser Lammert b. Sept. 1806, Manus Jechiel Michiel b. 1807- d. 1871, Betzalel Salomon b. 1810, Henri tte b. 1814 - d. 1902, Mietje Salomon b. 1815 - d. 1882, Joel b. 1816, Joseph Salomon b. 1817.

⁴ In USD in 2005, this sum would be approximately \$567. www.ilsng.nl/hpw/calculate.php.

⁵ A sign of wealth.

⁶ Another example of the difference in spelling within the same family. Leonard writes Henri tte s maiden name as Van Coeverden (*Sowing* 18).

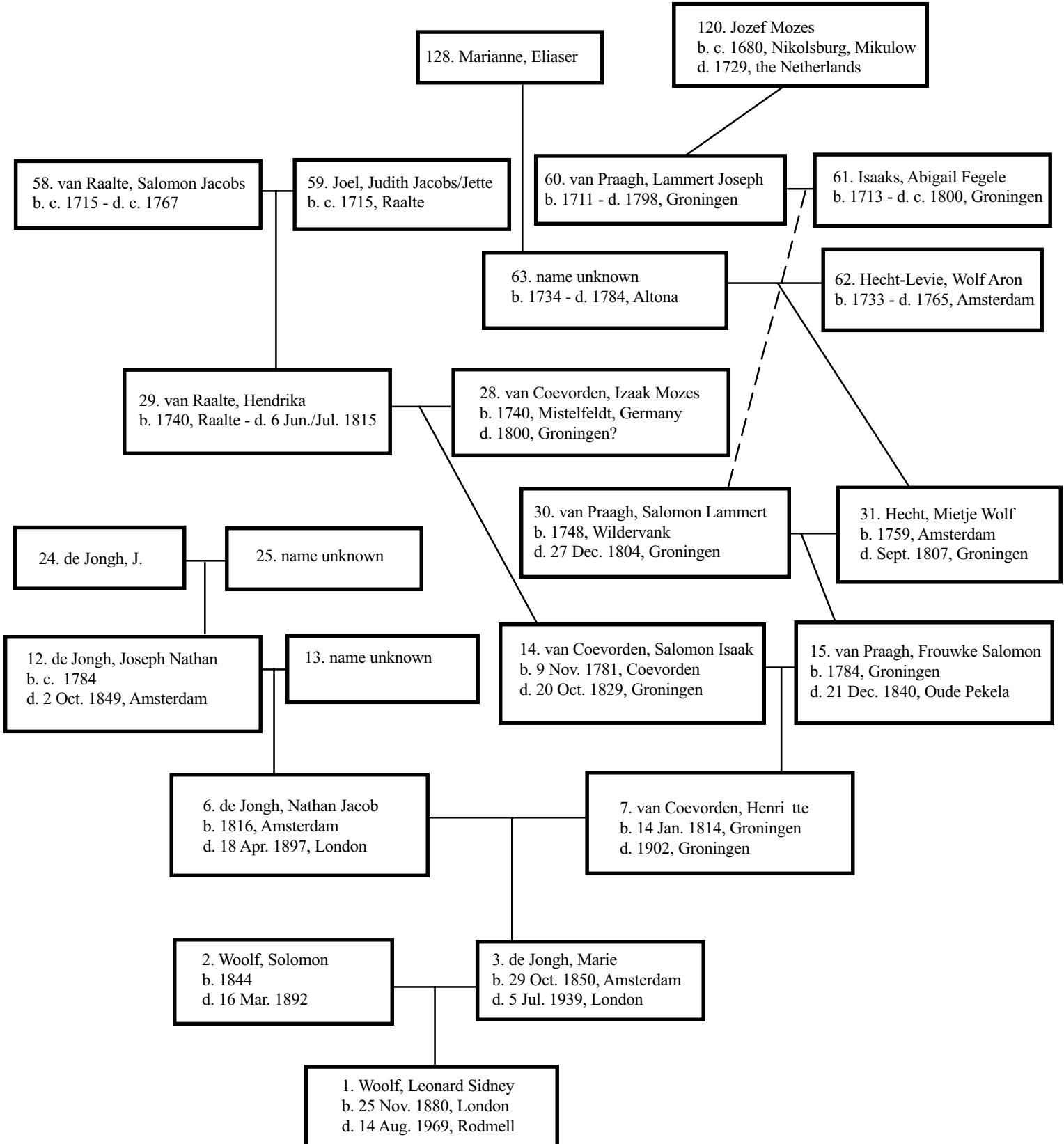
⁷ The story that one of her ancestors discovered and named Vancouver Island, which Leonard admits has no foundation in fact (*Sowing* 18).

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**LEONARD WOOLF IN HOLLAND:
A BRIEF LOOK AT HIS DUTCH ANCESTORS**



LONE WOOLF

On 16 December 1904, Leonard Woolf disembarked in Colombo, a very new recruit to Britain's Civil Service and, according to his own description of himself at that time as contained in *Growing*, the second volume of his autobiography, a very innocent, unconscious imperialist (*Growing* 25). The seven years Woolf spent in Sri Lanka (formerly Ceylon) changed his life, and permanently altered his outlook on the world. The event marked the beginning of a seven-year experience that gave Sri Lanka its first great English-language work of fiction, *The Village in the Jungle*.

Leonard Sidney Woolf was born in London in 1880 into the family of a wealthy Jewish lawyer. He was educated at St Paul's, a leading British public school, and subsequently at Trinity College, Cambridge. Some of the friendships he made during his undergraduate years (such as that with Lytton Strachey) were sustained through letters during the seven years he spent in Ceylon; most of them were resumed by him on his return. These friends formed the nucleus of what would later be called the Bloomsbury Group, and included the philosopher G.E. Moore, the economist John Maynard Keynes, the novelist E.M. Forster, Thoby Stephen (son of the writer and editor Leslie Stephen) and several art critics including Clive Bell and Roger Fry.

At the turn of the century Britain was at the height of its power as an industrializing and imperialistic nation. Young idealistic Englishmen in their twenties were interested in what they regarded as Britain's obvious moral duty to bring civilization to the backward societies of the colonies. Being by birth and education a member of the ruling class, young Leonard very naturally decided to join the colonial Civil Service and assume that duty in an outpost such as Ceylon.

Although at Cambridge there had been scope for the expression of individual interests, Woolf discovered, as soon as he left Tilbury Docks on the P. & O. *Syria*, that there were among British people abroad certain norms of dress and behaviour to which the newcomer would be wise to conform. The dress code on board ship, for example, was strict. The Pukka Englishman and Englishwoman dressed for dinner. Several of Woolf's fellow-travellers might have been contemplating months to be spent in wild and remote parts of the Empire, but they took along with them the evening clothes that enabled them to dress correctly, whether they were playing bridge among fellow Britishers at the local Club, or dining quite alone on a mosquito-ridden veranda in the heart of a wilderness in Borneo. Readers of *The Village in the Jungle* may remember that scene in the novel when jungle-dwelling Silindu appears out of the night to confess to a British magistrate that he has just killed two men. The Sinhala-speaking magistrate, having dined alone in his residence, is still in evening dress. Silindu, weary after a journey of many miles on foot, wears only a loin-cloth. The moment in which these two men converse for the first time without the intervention of an interpreter underlines one of the novel's most important themes, as modern civilization purportedly encounters man at his most primitive.

Woolf's postings in Ceylon established him successively as an Assistant Government Agent in three outstations: Jaffna, Kandy and Hambantota. In outstations, the local Club played a very important part in the lives of British officers and residents. Woolf could ride and play bridge; he also played a good game of tennis, and these sporting and social activities helped him to fit in with the life of the Club. Woolf's letters to Lytton Strachey reveal his scorn of several under-educated Philistines among his British colleagues, but he seems to have kept these subversive feelings under wraps. He did not go to the opposite extreme, by cultivating friendships with local dignitaries, and instead kept them at the right official distance. It becomes evident as we read his autobiography and his letters, that here was a man who was playing a part: an actor on the great stage of Empire.

While on leave in Britain in 1912, Woolf took what he was later to call the icy plunge back into his old life and re-entered the circle of his Cambridge friends. But the world had changed, and so had Woolf. His role as a servant of imperialism had disillusioned him about many concepts that he had never questioned in 1904: imperialism, for instance, and even the nature of civilization itself:

The seven years in Ceylon left a mark upon my mind and even character which has proved indelible, a kind of reserve or withdrawal into myself which makes me inclined always to stand just a little to one side of my environment. (246-47)

That is the mark, in fact, of the lone wolf which separates itself from the pack and hunts apart from it: an animal whose characteristics Leonard Woolf knew well from his reading of Kipling's fiction.¹ In the last week of April 1912, while still in England, Woolf resigned from his post in the Civil Service. And before the year was out, he accomplished two other things of importance: he married Virginia Stephen, and he wrote a novel that Edward Arnold published in 1913, *The Village in the Jungle*.

This remarkable book preceded E.M. Forster's novel *A Passage to India*, and anticipated the ironic stance taken by Forster (and later by George Orwell) in relation to the British Raj. Its memorable poetic evocation of the terror and beauty of the southern jungle, and its unsentimental but sympathetic understanding of the isolated communities that lived in it in the author's time went unremarked in the literary journals and magazines. Lytton Strachey dismissed it as a book that had 'too many blacks' in it (Spotts 197 n2) a remark that sounds offensively racist today. Strachey's off-hand, casual dismissal of the book was, however, typical of British attitudes in its time. As the years passed, and Woolf became increasingly involved with political developments in Britain and Europe, the public memory of his years as a colonial civil servant diminished steadily. A few of the obituaries marking Woolf's death in 1969 mentioned the novel, but they did so merely in passing, as if it were an exotic aberration on the author's part that did not really fit in with the rest of his life's work. Woolf's major contribution to the arts, remarked one writer, was in the patient devotion with which he had nursed Virginia Woolf through her spells of mental illness, thereby ensuring the emergence of the world's foremost female literary genius.

Writing *The Village in the Jungle* seems to have given Woolf an opportunity to exorcise his demons, in particular the demon of guilt. He was able, from the time of its publication, to put the imperial experience behind him, and grasp the new challenges presented by his marriage, by British and European politics, and soon to dominate everything else by a looming world war.

An interesting feature of this complex novel is the manner in which legality becomes symbolic of all that Leonard Woolf, a meticulously efficient agent of imperialism, had begun to turn against during his last years in Sri Lanka. His duties as Assistant Government Agent in the Southern Province of what was then Ceylon included frequently presiding as a judge in the Police and District courts of the region, and the novel was born of his first-hand experience of the way justice functioned under the Raj. Woolf's quiet, despairing irony targets the inadequacy of a legal system that enforces petty regulations while ignoring the moral disorder beneath what is legally admissible:

I shot him through the back.
Where did you get the gun?
It was my gun. I had it in my house.
Was it licensed? (140)

The stage and scenery of imperialism, and the posturing of the A.G.A./actor himself, become elements in an unreal farce played out against the vast panorama that meets the magistrate's eye as he hears the case that has been brought against two villagers, Silindu and Babun. The reality of the interminable jungle is framed like a picture in the heavy wooden doorway, and confronts the accused, the accusers, and their judge, standing in perpetual and ironic contrast to the unreal voices that argue in the court-house (111). And yet it was to his post as A.G.A. of Hambantota that Woolf owed the authenticity of character and incident, and the insight into motive that give his novel its solidity. His work kept him sitting hour after hour in a Government office, watching from his room the perpetual coming and going along the verandah of every kind and condition of human being, transacting with them the most trivial or the most important business, listening to their requests, their lies, their fears, their sorrows, their difficulties and disasters.

Increasingly doubtful of his right to function as lawgiver in a subject society, Woolf presents the local notables enlisted in the service of Government, the headman, the traders, and the middle-men as agents of an order that opposes the sources of instinctive life. The corruption of the headman (a minor official) and his henchmen, and the legality that ties the hands of the magistrate, are reflections, equally, of an unjust system.

The novel's plot follows the inexorable process by which Silindu and his family, and ultimately the village itself, are destroyed. Silindu's stride, animal-like, seemed to show at once both the fear and the joy in his heart (10); his mind moves vaguely with hatred, he falls upon his enemy with the wild beast's sudden rage, he loves with the uncomplicated passion of an animal, and provides for his children in much the same way that a leopard hunts to feed its cubs. This joyous, half-primitive creature, tortured beyond endurance by the headman's persecution, reacts at last with the fury of the cornered wild buffalo. The twenty years' jail sentence that punishes him for killing his tormentors dooms him to a domestication that to him is a death in life; he becomes the human equivalent of the village buffalo that may be seen threshing paddy on the threshing floor, plodding patiently upon its endless round:

A wooden mallet was put into his hand and a pile of cocoanut husk thrown down in front of him. For the remainder of that day, and daily for the remainder of twenty years, he had to make coir by beating cocoanut husks with the wooden mallet. (164)

Virginia Woolf's nephew Quentin Bell was amazed, as a child, to find that Leonard could speak English: 'The first impression, and it was an enduring impression, was of someone from a distant land. Bell also remarks that Woolf was not separated from his fellows by a superior Cambridge arrogance. If he ever had that quality he lost it in Ceylon. There he developed a patience and respect for simple people, and learned how to get on with ordinary persons. As a socialist and active member of the Labour Party, Woolf involved himself in supporting movements for colonial self-rule, and in opposing the imperialist policies of the British government. One such occasion was in his work with the press and in the House of Commons following the 1915 riots between Sinhalese and Muslims in Ceylon, which had been quelled by martial law.

This occasion is of particular relevance to my theme of Woolf as a remote sort of person, indeed, a 'lone wolf' in the societies in which he moved. Two Sinhalese statesmen of that time, E. W. Perera and D. B. Jayatilake, visited Britain in order to present the Sinhalese case, and found in Leonard Woolf an active and energetic advocate of their cause. During their sojourn in London, the two gentlemen paid a social call on Mr. and Mrs. Woolf, and E. W. Perera, following the custom of his country, according to which only a barbarian pays a visit empty-handed, courteously presented Virginia Woolf

with a small gift of hand-made lace. This custom of gift-giving, a part of everyday life in Sri Lanka, was well known to Leonard Woolf and was perfectly understood by him, as evidenced by the incident in *The Village in the Jungle* in which Silindu is careful to take a present of game with him when he calls on the headman Babehami. And yet, it appears that the Bloomsbury intelligentsia had little interest either in Woolf's Sri Lankan experience, or in the novel that reflects it, or surely Virginia Woolf, unarguably one of Britain's outstanding minds of that era, would not have reacted to the colonial visitors with the ignorance and insensitivity she displayed on the occasion. These are the words with which she recorded E. W. Perera's visit on 16 October 1917:

We came back to find Perera, wearing his . . . diamond initial in his tie as usual. In fact, the poor little mahogany coloured wretch has no variety of subjects. The character of the Governor, & the sins of the Colonial office, these are his topics; always the same stories, the same point of view, the same likeness to a caged monkey, suave on the surface, inscrutable beyond. He made me uncomfortable by producing an envelope of lace—a souvenir from Ceylon, Mrs Woolf—more correctly a bribe, but there was no choice but to take it. (D1: 60-61)

Virginia Woolf's views, reflected clearly in her insularity, her colour-prejudice, her racist comments on the Sinhalese visitors, and her quickness to interpret E. W. Perera's courtesy as a bribe, tell us a good deal about the less attractive aspects of the Britain to which Leonard Woolf had returned in 1912, and from which he seems to have kept himself remote. The incident helps, perhaps, to explain the failure of *The Village in the Jungle* to find an appreciative audience in Britain, although in Sri Lanka and in Southeast Asia generally, it is regarded as the first great work of creative art to emerge in modern times from the experience of local living.

Woolf's centenary in 2004 saw the publication of a new edition of *The Village in the Jungle*, which corrected misprints and other errors that had appeared in the first (1913) edition, and remained uncorrected through subsequent reprints. This edition also provides a number of crucial passages that were excised from Woolf's manuscript at its first printing, and examines possible reasons for their omission (Gooneratne 2).

Yasmine Gooneratne

Note

¹ Any passages of *The Village in the Jungle* have close affinities with Kipling's *The Jungle Book*. Especially notable are Silindu's tales of his conversations with wild animals in the forest, which bear comparison with Kipling's story 'Red Dog' in *The Second Jungle Book*. Similarly, the descriptions of the jungle as it gradually overwhelms the village of Beddegama have much in common with Kipling's story, 'Letting in the Jungle.'

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LEONARD WOOLF CENTENNIAL

December 16, 2004

Tavistock Square Gardens, Bloomsbury

Your excellency, Madam Mayor, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, Good afternoon and welcome. Thank you for turning out to help make this a memorable occasion. I am honoured that the Ceylon Bloomsbury Group have invited me to plant a tree marking the centenary of my uncle, Leonard Woolf's arrival in Colombo, Ceylon, now Sri Lanka.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for us to visualise that pre-1914 world in which Leonard set sail for Ceylon on a P. & O. liner from Tilbury.

Without getting bogged down in history, let me give you one or two facts and figures. In the year 1904, nearly 800 million people citizens of Aden to Zanzibar were enjoying the privilege, or suffering the burden, of being subjects of King Edward VII. The Roman Empire by comparison covered some 11 million square miles, a quarter of the globe. The acquisition of it all had been a somewhat haphazard process going back to 1583, when the British took nominal possession of Newfoundland and by 1609, the first imperial settlers, a group of castaways had been washed ashore on Bermuda to inspire the first imperial work of art, *The Tempest*.

The dissolution of the British Empire was rather more rapid than that of imperial Rome. In less than two decades, following the Second World War, it had shrunk to a handful of scattered outposts and today those who inhabit the colonial possessions number about 168,000.

Leonard's voyage out to Ceylon in 1904 took about three weeks. Colombo, the capital, where he landed a hundred years ago today, was in his words:

a real Eastern city, swarming with human beings and flies, the streets full of flitting rickshaws and creaking bullock carts, hot and heavy with the complicated smells of men and beasts and dung and oil and food and fruit and spice.

A far cry from the gentle world of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he'd spent the last five years, and his home in suburban Putney. Indeed, the next seven years were to change his attitude to life forever. When we read his autobiography, we can feel the spirit and vitality of this young Englishman in Ceylon.

His pro-consular career begins on the lowest rung of the administrative ladder, as a cadet in the Jaffna district of the Northern Province. Clearly he was a highly efficient bureaucrat; he was ambitious and a workaholic. He was a whirlwind of efficiency, worked ten, twelve hours a day and often longer. One of the first things he did was to insist that all letters were answered the day they were received. Two and a half years later he is posted to Kandy and promoted and this was the phase when he pursued a strenuous social life, besides working long hours.

A shy, reserved man by nature, Leonard now dined out with fellow Europeans; he went to dances, played tennis, hockey, bridge, bicycled, rode his horse; he gambled, drank and lost his virginity. That hectic year was followed by further promotion to the rank of Assistant Government Agent, Hambantota, in the Southern Province. This was an extraordinarily rapid promotion. He was now the youngest AGA and three years younger than the next youngest Assistant Government Agent. He was, in effect, ruler of a district covering a thousand square miles with a population of 100,000.

After Kandy Hambantota was, he tells us, a social desert. He had no social life. It was during this period that he really immersed himself in the life and culture of the country and the people and gathered the material that went towards the writing of his classic novel, *The Village in the Jungle*.

By the summer of 1911, he was due for home leave. He returned to England with his elder sister, Bella Sidney Woolf. Bella, who was my aunt, was an accomplished author; she wrote a number of books on and set in Ceylon. Her first husband had been a distinguished botanist and after his early death, she had visited Leonard in Ceylon. It was during that visit she met her future second husband, a colleague of Leonard, who went on to become Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Gambia.

Back in London, Leonard renewed his acquaintance with another writer, Virginia Stephen. He had loved Ceylon and its people, and successful as his career as a colonial administrator had been, his heart was no longer in his work. He had grown to dislike imperialism. He no longer believed in the legitimacy of colonial rule. He did not want to become a colonial governor. His ambition was to marry Virginia.

Before his leave expired, he resigned from the Colonial Service, but the story of his relationship with Ceylon does not end there, or with the writing of the novel. Half a century later, at the age of eighty, Leonard returned to the island, by now a self-governing country. He set out with some misgivings, since there had recently been a number of serious riots, with considerable loss of life and destruction of property. The other doubts arose from the fact that by the 1960s imperialism and colonialism had become dirty words.

Such fears were unnecessary. As he told me on his return from Sri Lanka, Leonard was astonished and delighted with the warmth of the reception he received. He was later to write that he had never had such a enjoyable or interesting journey as the three weeks travelling up and down the country. He visited the four places in which he had worked as a civil servant Jaffna, Mannar, Kandy and Hambantota. At the end of the visit, on the day he left for England, the *Ceylon Daily News* had an article which began as follows:

Mr Leonard Woolf's presence here after a lapse of fifty years inevitably takes one's mind back to the public service of the colonial era. Immediately one remembers such names as Emerson Tennent, H.W. Codrington, Rhys Davies, Sir Paul Pieris, Senerat Paranavitane, and others who, like Woolf, not only worked conscientiously at their day-to-day

tasks, but found time through their extra-curricular research to make an essential contribution in such fields as history, literature, and oriental studies. One quality characterised the public service in this period – the ideal of service to the community. The public servants of this era were not afraid to move among and with the people.

Leonard himself was fairly objective about colonialism. While acknowledging some positive sides of the administration, as he knew it, he firmly believed there was no substitute for self-government.

It is sometimes difficult to speak objectively about a close relation one has known intimately. Loyalty and truth do not always coincide. Speaking of Leonard presents no such problem. He was an exceptionally honest man in every way; he had a formidable intellect, unusual intellectual integrity and clarity of vision. He was an immensely kind and loveable man. I don't know that *everyone* who worked for him loved him. He worked hard himself, as we have seen, and demanded a great deal from others. Like all of us, he had his shortcomings.

Planting a commemorative tree, which is why I am here, may not be as glamorous an undertaking as launching an ocean-going liner or opening an amusement arcade, but it is no less worthwhile.

This Maidenhair Tree, or Ginkgo biloba, is a fascinating tree. Although it is ranked with the conifers, it really belongs to a far more ancient group of plants. It is the only tree living today that has survived unchanged from the Carboniferous era (360 million years ago); fossils of almost identical trees are frequently found in seams of coal. The native country of the Maidenhair tree is southern China. It has been grown in Europe since the eighteenth century. It grows slowly but when it's fully mature it will reach a height of ninety to a hundred feet.

I think we can judge Leonard's own thoughts on today's exercise from a sage remark in his autobiography. He writes – the wise man gratefully accepts the fact that, if he is ever given a bouquet, it will only be when he resigns or dies.

Cecil Woolf

LEAVING THE SAHIB LOG? MULK RAJ ANAND ON LEONARD WOOLF

Increasing academic awareness of the global location of modernism has led to a reassessment of the place of Leonard Woolf within the Bloomsbury Group, and by extension to a reassessment of the politics of the Group itself. Like his friend E. M. Forster, Woolf had direct experience of colonialism, having served as a colonial official in Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) between 1904 and 1911. His

disenchantment with the British Empire, subsequently chronicled in his autobiography of these years *Growing* (1961), led to his role as an anti-imperialist intellectual in the British Labour Party, which resulted in a series of books and reports that were highly critical of British imperial policy. Yet as Elleke Boehmer observes, while Woolf explicitly set himself in opposition to the dominant imperial culture, at another level he remained to an extent complicit with its values and perceptions, especially with regard to racial thinking (Boehmer 184). Thus, alongside the critique of the injustice and exploitation of economic imperialism in his *Empire and Commerce in Africa*, for example, Woolf nonetheless describes Africans as savages and members of the non-adult races who remain in need of European supervision and education (352, 354).

While Boehmer provides an excellent account of the textual anxieties in Leonard Woolf's fiction that resulted from his estranging self-awareness of his role as colonizer (187), we may remain curious as to how the contradictions between his explicit anti-imperialism and his unacknowledged complicity with imperial racism were lived out, not least because we continue to inhabit the incommensurable dimensions of the personal and the global which modernism had begun to adumbrate. In Woolf's short fiction *Pearls and Swine*, first published in 1921 but composed in 1912 or 1913, the ex-colonial administrator appears deeply cynical about colonial ideologies of progress and the civilizing mission, and is alienated from the solidity of bourgeois England by a sentimental attachment to a colonial world that is lost but which come[s] back to one in a moment all in a heap (183-84). Yet the return of these colonial days occurs as much as a scene of tension and anxiety for the ex-colonial as of nostalgia, since as well as providing an alternative pole of identification, it marks the unsettling of his own self-certainty along with his confidence in the imperial project: How one hated it and how one loved it! (184). A somewhat different picture appears in the figure of Leonard Woolf himself in a brief but insightful chapter of Mulk Raj Anand's episodic Bloomsbury memoir, *Conversations in Bloomsbury* (1995). Here Anand recounts a late summer afternoon spent drinking sherry under a chestnut tree in Tavistock Square with Woolf and E. M. Forster, an encounter that marked the beginning of his friendship with both men. In the light of Woolf's earlier fiction and ongoing political writing, this episode sheds some light on the lived experience of this uneven global predicament.

By the time of his death in 2004, Anand had become one of the most prolific and prominent Indian writers in English, but when he first met Leonard Woolf in the 1920s while studying philosophy at the University of London, Anand was the younger man by twenty-five years; and having fled the repression that followed the Jallianwala Bagh (or Amritsar) massacre of 1919, he lacked economic means, secure social location, academic status, or any kind of public recognition or celebrity. Obscure and dislocated though he was, Anand was able to hold his own (at least by his own account) in conversations with such luminaries as D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, Clive Bell, and most prominently T. S. Eliot, whose ignorance about India and willingness to accept Kipling's vision of it spurred Anand into some spirited exchanges. Anand describes the

context for his refusal of intellectual and colonial deference in both political and personal terms: as a participant in the demonstrations that followed the massacre of 1919 he was imprisoned and beaten on the orders of the British military; and on his release, he had to confront his own pro-British father, a long-serving non-commissioned officer in the imperial Indian army and a forceful personality in his own right. More broadly, Anand saw his sympathies lying with the human condition in [its] lower depths (ix), and his sense of colonial and caste injustice in India sensitized him to the class hierarchy of inter-war England. However, Anand's account of the Bloomsbury circle is far from an exercise in *ressentiment*. His tone is self-reflexive, modulated, and often empathetic, although this empathy does not blunt his criticism of the limits of metropolitan understanding: I decided in my mind that I would fight for the freedom of my country forever, Anand writes, though I may admire these English writers for their literary skills (24).

In the course of *Conversations in Bloomsbury*, Woolf and Forster come to stand out among the other Bloomsbury and Oxbridge intellectuals Anand encounters: while most of them almost deliberately avoided politics in their talk, Woolf and Forster are perceived as unusual in their awareness not only of imperialism but also the rising threat of fascism (viii). However, Anand is initially apprehensive, an understandable reaction given the picture of metropolitan myopia and condescension that his memoir describes, and he owns that though I valued the contacts with the eminences of the Bloomsbury Group, I was nervous and on edge about the undeclared ban on political talk (ix). On the occasion of the invitation to meet Woolf and Forster, this apprehension was heightened by his uncertainty about Forster, who appeared to demur about the politics of *A Passage to India* at a recent lecture to the Indian Student's Union. Although aware of Woolf's critical writing on imperialism and Forster's unflattering portrait in *A Passage to India* of the *Sahib log*, as Indians collectively termed the British Anglo-Indians who ruled the Raj, Anand admits that [m]y nerves were taut.

The crux of Anand's anxiety seems to lie in the relationship between the public world of politics and the intimate and personal world, a relationship he articulates in terms of the possibilities of the novel: I felt I must know whether politics was admissible in the novel, he explains (71). In these terms, this first intimate encounter with Woolf and Forster forms an important step in his engagement with an intellectual milieu that seems foreign precisely because it separates the personal and the political: in my reading of the memoir, Anand's initial apprehension suggests an uncertainty as to whether the two men had really left the *Sahib log* which they dared to criticize in print and from which Woolf had officially resigned.

As it turns out, Anand's anxiety is quickly dispelled. His questioning of the politics of *A Passage to India* is immediately undercut by Forster, who refuses the formality of Anand's address (Mr. Forster, Sir) by offering I am Morgan to all my friends, and this gambit sets the pattern for their subsequent conversation. The three men approach the political obliquely, through the ways it shapes or

distorts the personal, first in terms of Anand's upbringing and then, when Woolf rejoins them with the sherry, in terms of the imperial mentality born of English racial and class hierarchy. Together Woolf and Forster link the imperial and patriarchal character of the British upper and middle classes to emotional and sexual repression: we go and compensate ourselves for our guilts by bossing other people, observes Woolf, adding that in our Public Schools they breed sadists like Kipling who talks of lesser breeds beyond the law (75). And commenting on the violent repercussions of this repression, he recalls his role as a colonial magistrate:

I found our boys in the tea plantations running riot[. . .] No coolie woman was safe[. . .] One coolie woman came to my court and said the Planter Sahib had locked her up in a room, raped her five, six times a day and threatened to shoot her if she tried to escape (74).

Anand's response is to hope for an antidote to repression in what Morgan [Forster] and [D. H.] Lawrence and [Aldous] Huxley are saying, although Woolf remains skeptical that our young in trousers can ever sit down without chairs (75-6). It is Forster who finds hope for a different future in the experimental schooling of Bertrand Russell and the literary example of the Irish, although Anand notes [h]is voice was full of anguish, and he concludes that We English always bypass feelings (76). Rather than sharing this pessimism, however, Anand writes that he is encouraged to hope :

I was elated by the natural way in which both these men had made me feel easy in their company with their humanness, without the bluff of the white Sahib superiority. That was the way in which the wise men of the West reared their young to become adult, without putting on patriarchal bluff. And their awareness of the hates that lurked in English society inspired me to open my eyes and ask myself how much of my own antagonism to the Sahibs was not due to compensatory impulses (77).

Yet if Anand's memoir provides a powerful testament to Leonard Woolf's friendship and his sharp sense of the hatred and violence of the *Sahib log*, it also suggests that his personal ease and casual manner involves a residual reliance on some of its most deep-seated assumptions and ways of thinking. Woolf's opening gesture of friendliness is to offer Anand a drink with the comment that As a wog this young man will drink sherry (73): the intention here seems to be one of alignment and affiliation, placing Anand on terms of intimacy by assuming that like them, he is not hidebound by social conventions and will share a drink in the informal setting of the public park. But the use of the racist term wog requires Anand to exclude its offensive implications via an appeal to Woolf's public persona as an anti-imperialist:

Leonard, I replied gauchely, You told the students you are writing a book on Imperialism. So I know you are not likely to call me wog in the manner of the Colonels of Pall Mall (74).

Yet if Woolf's public critique of imperialism reassures Anand of his benign intention, this linkage also underscores the residue of racialized thinking which emerges there: Anand's informality and ease is somehow still a function of *his* racial origin, while that of Woolf and Forster is presumably a personal quality that rises above their own. Despite the vehement critique of British hatred and violence, and his sympathy for the female coolies who suffer its brutal effects, Woolf retains a confidence in his personal capacity to transcend race and culture that is not fully extended to others.

In reading Anand's memoir my intent is not to discount his appreciation of Woolf's personal kindness or his respect for Woolf's public stand against imperialism; nor is it to subject Leonard Woolf to an unrealistic standard of moral or political rectitude. Instead, I would suggest the episode is revealing in terms of the contradictions and connections between public and private, personal and political, which become intensified by the global predicament bequeathed by empire. For Anand, the generosity of Woolf and Forster leads him to question both his own personal motivation and that of the political movement under Gandhi, whereas for Woolf the encounter seems more reassuring: moments after his mention of the rape of native women, Anand observes Woolf staring at the soft glow of the setting sun and imagine[s that] his eyes were filled with nostalgia for the tropical light of Ceylon, the lush world of the supposed garden of Eden (75). In this description there is little of the anxiety which attended the ex-colonial officer's nostalgia in *Pearls and Swine*, and which in Boehmer's reading is this crucial feature of Woolf's fictional representation of imperialism. Boehmer argues that in turning away from fiction after 1913 to focus on political journalism and report writing, Woolf chose . . . to bracket off the unusually intimate understanding represented by his Eastern experience and to think in broad trends and global structures (211, 212). Following Boehmer we might conjecture that after the anxious and unsettling experience of his fiction writing, this shift allowed Woolf to experience his relationship to imperialism in a more stable and less fraught way: yet in so doing it may have limited the estranging self-awareness that his fiction was able to articulate (187).

Graham MacPhee

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EASTERN STAR-DUST OR CRUDE EXOTICISM : LEONARD AND BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF IN CEYLON

When Bella Sidney Woolf is remembered, it is most often as Leonard Woolf's favourite sister. Witty, spirited and three years older than Leonard, Bella was his closest family member and a life-long confidante, signing herself your ever loving Belle in her frequent letters to dearest Len. Bella was also an accomplished travel writer, author of over two dozen books, children's stories, and numerous journalistic articles in the *Times of Ceylon*, *National Geographic*, and the *Crown Colonist*. Her tourist's handbook *How to See Ceylon* (1914) was original in being the first conveniently pocket-sized guidebook to Ceylon. So popular that four new editions appeared between 1914 and 1929, the guide helped to consolidate the genre of colonial travel writing in Ceylon and to legitimize the role of Anglo-Ceylonese women writers. Yet Bella's own writing in the guide and in her volumes of essays, *Eastern Star-Dust* and *From Groves of Palm* (1922), constructs a sensualized, Orientalized, feminized Ceylon in precisely the kind of sentimental language which her brother Leonard eschews in his own diaries, letters and autobiography of his seven years in the Ceylon Civil Service. In contrast to Leonard, who criticized the crude exoticism of colonial life in Ceylon (*Growing* 22) and set out to undermine it in his novel *The Village in the Jungle*, Bella Woolf declares that her intention is to convey the magic and colour and humour of Eastern life (*How* 227). Thus, the enduring relationship between Bella and Leonard is fascinating not only because of their influence on each other's artistic and intellectual development but because of the divergences in their literary aesthetics and politics, which grew more pronounced as Bella embraced her role as colonial governor's wife.

Bella first travelled to Ceylon in 1907 in order to visit Leonard. Living in his bungalow behind the Temple of the Tooth in Kandy, she met and courted his friend Robert Lock, the Assistant Director of the Peradeniya Botanical Gardens. In the letters between Bella and Leonard after 1908, when he was transferred to Hambantota, a sense emerges of her as a mediator between Leonard and Anglo-Ceylonese colonial society, where she was completely at home. With customary terseness, Leonard wrote in *Growing* that her presence made a great difference to my life, helping to alleviate his sense of loneliness and alienation (134). She visited the family of his love-interest Rachel, performed the social circuit which he disliked, and in a 27 July 1909 letter delivered what she self-deprecatingly termed a highly improving discourse in which she advised him to marry as soon as his status permitted: You'd better marry as soon as you have got into a class where the Govt. doesn't faint at matrimonial intentions. But I can't think of any girl who would suit you in Ceylon. You need a very special girl and if you don't find her you'd better steer clear of matrimony (Spotts 148). The same letter bears witness to the depth of her solicitude for him:

Your last letter made me feel very sorry because it was full of loneliness and that's one of the worst complaints to which flesh is heir to. I was sorrier than ever that I couldn't join you in Hambantota, for I often think how much I would have enjoyed that verandah overlooking the sea (and how much I should have disenjoyed it when you were away!) but for all you would had someone to turn to and that's what you need! (Spotts 148)

Bella followed her own advice and married Robert Lock in 1910 and happily immersed herself in the writing of her guidebook, with Leonard's encouragement.

The guidebook is unique in incorporating practical tips for travelers alongside more traditional scenic description and in being written by a woman with

both male and female travelers in mind. Yet, under discursive pressure to inscribe a space for women writers within the confines of Anglo-Ceylonese imperialist-patriarchal culture, she establishes her authority by drawing on other socio-historical accounts of Sri Lanka by male colonial writers such as Sir Emerson Tennent, John Still, H. W. Cave, and R. L. Spittell. Her representation of the never-to-be-forgotten scene of the East draws on the cult of the sublime associated with the island since the 19th century and replicates the set-piece descriptions of approved cultural attractions repeated again and again in the ethnographic travelogues preceding hers: Adam's Peak, the Pearl fisheries, the Peradeniya Botanical Gardens, the great irrigation works at Anuradhapura, the tea plantations and hill country at Nuwara Eliya, although these are depicted with a vivacity and sensuousness which renders them still evocative. Her colourful account of the annual Perahera procession in which the sacred Tooth Relic of the Buddha is paraded by a retinue of painted elephants, is still cited in the modern Lonely Planet guide to Sri Lanka, while the guidebook itself was recently reprinted in Colombo in 2002. Bella's Ceylon is an Orientalist fantasy of primitivist antiquity, a lotus-land characterized by glamour, mystery, and languor :

The sense of mystery that pervades all Eastern life only enhances its fascination. It intensifies the longing that comes under the grey skies of the West for the sun-dappled roads beneath the palm-trees, the shrill chirping of the crickets, the graceful gaily-clad people passing up and down on brown noiseless feet, the tom-toms beating fitfully, the lonely jungle roads, the scented moonlight turning the palms to silver. The fragrance, the languor all the glamour of the land of never-ending summer (*How* 227)

In her attempt to aid the stranger, looking down on the motley throng to distinguish between all these people (*How* 57), she infelicitously repeats the racial hierarchies and categories constructed by the colonial administrators, including the stereotype that the Dravidian Tamil coolies are more peaceful and law-abiding than the allegedly indolent, hot-tempered half-Aryan Sinhalese (226). In *Eastern Star-dust* and *From Groves of Palm*, she performs a move characteristic of Anglophone women's travel writing about South Asia, eschewing the male pastimes of hunting and shooting in order to establish herself as a feminine author by revealing the hidden mysteries of Arabian Nights harems and the lives of indigenous village women.

By contrast, Leonard Woolf frequently ironizes his descriptions of landscape and people and deliberately reverses or deflates exotic tropes. His failure to visit cultural sites, especially while in Kandy, is not only a result of his rigorous work load, but also because of his developing anti-imperialist consciousness, his reiterated distaste for the conventions of Anglo-Ceylonese society and tourism.^o Instead, his interest in culture is manifested in his knowledge in the local village culture of the districts where he served, demonstrated in his novel through the incorporation of oral forms and modes of address, indigenous beliefs and local Sinhalese idiom (Boehmer 207).

Richard Boyle observes that for Bella and other European writers, the island represented an exotic other. . . during a period when Europe was undergoing rapid industrialization and urbanization (xvi). In his diaries, Leonard Woolf worried about the destruction of ancient pastoral ways with the coming of the railroad and the motor car (*Growing* 31), while Bella deplored the road-hog who puts life in jeopardy and destroys the peace of the country-side and appealed to drivers to remember the world was not made for motorists and villagers had not had time to grow accustomed to the car (227). Not only was she writing during a period of intense industrialization but also

during the birth of mass tourism, and her books describe the flood of ocean liner passengers disgorged from the lines from all corners of the earth into the increasingly cosmopolitan port of Colombo, the gay city of Ceylon (*How* ix). While Bella found this influx of people heady and exciting, exclaiming that Colombo palpitates with life and the romance of those who wander up and down the earth (*How* 63), she also mourned the Westernization of traditional culture: It is unfortunate that so many natives are adopting English dress, blind to the fact that it destroys all their individuality and Oriental grace (*How* 59). Her writing is therefore marked by imperialist nostalgia and her sentimental fantasy of Ceylon as an Eastern paradise is disturbed by ambivalence at the ways in which economic imperialism has altered and destroyed indigenous life:

As one passes through the villages, one speculates on the daily joys and sorrows and amusements of the people gossiping in the doorways. Outwardly it is Arcadia, and one is tempted to compare the lot of a Ceylon native sunshine and rice and ripe fruits and a mat and chattie to make up his sum total of his possessions with that of the English poor. It comes perhaps as a shock to hear the large percentage of crimes of violence in Ceylon. (*How* 224)

Bella's contemplation of poverty and social violence reveals a liberal sensibility which distinguishes her from her contemporaries: While she was not a prominent social reformer in Ceylon at the time, neither was she a typical memsahib. She occupied a middle-ground, from where she was able to appreciate the allure of the island yet remained largely aware of the realities of life for the local inhabitants (Boyle xvi). Bella's foreword to the guidebook suggests that Leonard was responsible for her insights into the material realities underlying the illusion of colonial bliss:

It is a pleasure above all to acknowledge how much I owe to my brother, Mr. Leonard Sidney Woolf (late of the Ceylon Civil Service), in whose bungalow it was my privilege to spend many months. From his intimate and introspective knowledge of the people, so strikingly set forth in his book *The Village in the Jungle*, I have gathered in a small way a fuller understanding of the Island.

Bella was particularly sensitive to the plight of women, and throughout her books on Ceylon, as in all her writing, her feminist sensibility comes through, despite her patronization of Oriental women:

It is the women who have the poorest time in village life. The ordinary villager cultivates his patch of paddy and then lazes on a cane couch before his door, while his wife pounds the paddy, collects and chops the firewood, fetches water in the heavy chatties, cooks and does every other odd job. Women occupy the traditional Oriental subservient position among the Sinhalese. When they are educated, their influence will do much to elevate the tone of village life. (*How* 224)

As a 18 December 1908 letter from his younger sister, Flora, smartly records, Bella rebuked the boyish Leonard when he did not see rightly on the issue of the women's vote: Your suffrage sentiments are terrible: Bella tells me she dealt with them (Spotts 143). Despite urging Leonard to marry and entering into two fulfilling marriages of her own, Bella also remarked sharply that Women stand to lose so much by marriage nowadays, at least women with brains (Spotts 148). After her first marriage, to Robert Lock, she continued to send Leonard articles on the progress of suffrage Knock-out Blow to the Suffragettes! (22 Oct. 1913) and to put him in contact with women

activists and philanthropists. During the early years of his marriage to Virginia, Leonard Woolf became a feminist activist in the pattern of Margaret Llewelyn Davies, the socialist pacifist behind the Women's Co-operative Guild, and traveled the country lecturing working class wives about suffrage, the inequities of women's wages, and capitalist exploitation (Fromm 173). Bella was inspired and took up the cause herself, writing to him in 1914:

I want to join the Woman's Co-operative Guild. Can you put me in touch with the right people? I was much impressed by the meeting [. . .] It does seem to me that Co-operation is the most effective solution of much present day trouble. One is continually in one's own small way brought into touch with the octopus-like coils of low wages. (20 Jun. 1914)

Throughout her life, Bella sought to make British imperialism into a tool of women's enlightenment and education—her twist on the civilizing mission—founding and working for women's organizations in Colombo, Hong Kong and the Gambia whose goal was to eliminate the double marginalization of women through chauvinism and racism. In one of her final letters, she wrote to Leonard, then planning his return visit to Sri Lanka:

When you are in Colombo I wish you would take a look at the Women's International Club which Lady Bertram and we younger people (as we were then) founded in order that we might have a meeting place for women of all races. You doubtless knew Tom's and my feelings with regard to the want of contact between Europeans and Ceylonese and how all were welcome at our house. (4 Dec. 1959)

After the tragic death of her first husband in June 1915, Bella remarried to Leonard's friend Wilfred Thomas Southorn, Principal Collector of Customs of Ceylon, with whom Leonard had shared a bungalow when he first arrived in Kandy. In a 5 January 1905 letter to Lytton Strachey, Leonard described Southorn as the epitome of the well-intentioned but unintellectual colonial official, calling him: nice, but I fear, brainless, though, thank God, heavens above Millington (Spotts 71). Southorn subsequently served as the Colonial Secretary in Hong Kong and later was knighted and appointed Governor of the Colony and Protectorate of the Gambia. As Lady Southorn, Bella thus went on to live precisely the life Leonard rejected when he wrote savagely to Strachey,

Sometimes I think I shall just bury myself in [work] & never come back again. If I did this & this were not a miserable little Crown Colony [. . .] & if I didn't die or marry a prostitute, why I suppose then I should become Colonial Secretary of some wonderful phantasmagorical British Utopia with a KCMG. (Spotts 137)

Throughout his seven years in Ceylon, Leonard's initial attraction to the paternalistic idea of devoting his career to the improvement of the country, which he genuinely loved, was gradually overwhelmed by his growing impression of how evil the [colonial] system was beneath the surface for ordinary men and women (*Growing* 159). By the time he resigned, his uneasy ambivalence had matured into a specifically anti-imperialist politics.

By contrast, Bella's breathless letters from Hong Kong scrawled in increasingly hieroglyphic handwriting because she was so busy—overflowing with enthusiasm for her husband's colonial career, alongside evidence of her own work:

I do hope that while we are at home that Tom will have his chance at some Governorship—will give him further scope. It's not mere wifely prejudice but it's really remarkable how beloved he is here by all sections of his [Council]. . . & how they appreciate the immense amount of work he does outside the office in every direction. I've just been to the Police Boys Club—which Tom inspired and in which I'm keenly interested. It's for boys of all kinds—not criminals—and they live there & have a teacher for Chinese English & games & swimming [. . .] Kelly & Walsh are bringing out a short book of mine and it should be ready in August. (13 Jun. 1930)

In Hong Kong, Bella wrote *Chips of China* and *Under the Mosquito Curtain* and contributed to the arts, playing an important role in the establishment of the first radio stations in the colony. She remained committed to the idea of benign or paternalistic imperialism as a humanitarian force—improving the life of those in the colonies, and saw her husband as the embodiment of the good administrator. Leonard occasionally consulted Bella about the character of various colonial authorities she encountered in order to gather material for his political writing on imperialism, but did not trust her pro-imperialist sensibility, as in his 1929 letter to Sidney Webb reveals. He protests the grossly unfair taxation of natives and appropriation of indigenous land in Kenya and calls for a new Governor who would stand up to the planters and end the exploitation:

The only man in the service of whom I have ever heard anything which would make me think that he might do so is Clementi who is now Governor in Hong Kong. I do not know him personally, but my brother-in-law is Colonial Secretary there and I have heard a good deal about Clementi from my sister. I must admit that I do not set very great store by her judgment; on the other hand, I have got the impression that it is just possible that . . . he would be less pliable to the wrong kind of settler than previous Governors. (Spotts 394 -5)

Later, Bella and Leonard occasionally discussed Sri Lankan politics, with Bella noting the sudden death of the first Prime Minister—How sad about Senanayake. I wonder if Kotalawala will step into his shoes (2 Mar. 1952) and Leonard replying, I see that they have made Senanayake's son prime minister. I don't know anything about him or whether he is a good person but I expect you know him (28 Mar. 1952). While Leonard was a passionate supporter of Sri Lankan self-rule, Bella was more paternalistic, writing that the young Senanayake now promoted to giddy heights—had probably been a very small boy; as they say on the West Coast of Africa—when she was in Ceylon. Their correspondence on such affairs was often muted, sidestepping the political for the personal, but remaining affectionate, so that Bella exclaimed, How often Tom and I talk of those Ceylon days. I only wish we could meet, we three should tire the sun with talking (2 Mar. 1952).

Bella's travel writing was consonant with a mode of imperialist representation which her brother deliberately rejected. Nonetheless, throughout their lives they read each other's work and exchanged criticism. She served as an early mentor to his own writing, urging him to submit verses and articles to the *Jewish Chronicle* while she was first beginning her career by writing children's stories. She was a fierce advocate of *The Village in the Jungle*, disseminating it amongst influential friends, transmitting messages from members of the publishing industry, and passing on accolades from those she met:

Dearest Len, It s a shame to bother you [to] write letters when you have enough to worry you already. But I do so want to know if you are at Hayward s Heath & how Virginia stood the journey [.] [.] Do let me have a line. I felt all today that I d give anything to have a talk with you. I had a letter from Beachie last mail he says I have read *The Village in the Jungle* & am not surprised at Sir H. Clifford s eulogy. It is a work of genius & made a deep though very painful impression on me. [.] [.] What are you doing about the book? I may be up in town for a few days later in Oct. & wonder if we could meet. I d so like to see you. (22 Sept. 1913)

Unlike Virginia, Bella much preferred the *Village in the Jungle*, which arguably transcends Forster s *Passage to India* in the sophistication of its portrayal of the traumatic colonial encounter from the perspective of indigenous people, to his second novel: It s unfortunate for this book [Wise Virgins] that *The Village in the Jungle* seems to me such an exceptionally fine piece of work that I set up a very high standard for you now (17 Aug. 1913). When Leonard sent her the draft copy of *Wise Virgins*, she delivered nine pages of criticism, declaring, I have been absolutely candid a dangerous thing with most people. But you asked me for my candid opinion & I ve spent nearly a week s thought over it (12 Aug. 1913). She was shocked at his thinly-disguised portrayals of family and friends, which she found unethical: I have good friends too whose failings I could use for stories & make a success of them but I should despise myself horribly if I did so, And if that s the price to pay for being a great writer, I d sooner remain inglorious (19 Nov. 1913). She sharply criticized his pessimism and use of ethnic stereotypes: If you set out to describe Jews or anyone, I think you should give them their due. People aren t all black or all white but chiefly grey or particoloured with some & in some cases a good deal many threads of gold (17 Aug. 1913). She also called him up short on his depiction of certain aspects of the women s sphere:

Why should you attack a cr che I cannot see Given the world as it is, women of the poor classes have to go out to work [.] [.] The cr che provides a well-lighted, comfortable nursery in which the children are looked after by competent women & fed at regular hours. I fail to see what there is to jeer at here or in those who give up time to do it. (12 Aug. 1913)

She followed her emphatic rejection with an entreaty that he write more about Ceylon:

I do *not* think *The Wise Virgins* should be published [.] [.] I think any other subject would have been better for your second. Personally I am wholly out of sympathy with the idea that another book must follow hot-foot on the heels of its predecessor. Why don t you give Ceylon another chance? I understood you had written several short stories. Can t you incorporate these in a book for Arnold? (11 Jan. 1914)

Taking her advice, Leonard later published these stories as the Hogarth House edition of *Stories of the East*. Bella s reaction to his novel was painful but it is a mark of the closeness of their relationship that it did not cause a breach, and soon she was making corrections on the page proofs of *Virgins* while asking Leonard whether he could review *How to See Ceylon*:

My guide isn t out yet. They haven t even acknowledged the index I sent ages ago, I suppose it s lost. You can t review it, I imagine, because I laud your book in the Preface? I read a review of yours

in the New Weekly and thought it the most alive thing in the paper. Otherwise a dull rag don t you agree? (24 Apr. 1914)

Leonard did review her third book about Ceylon, *From Groves of Palm*, in the *Nation and Athenaeum* (30 Jan. 1926), and helped edit manuscripts of her later books, including *The Gambia: The Story of Life in the Groundnut Colony*, of which he remarked, it will require a good deal of editing as the English is very odd (1 Apr. 1949). He also read her contracts, for which she wrote in thanks, I am very grateful to you for saying you will look through this agreement and tell me if I should sign it as it stands. You have so much experience in these matters that your advice is of the greatest value (18 Sept. 1949).

For most of their lives, Leonard and Bella were in different countries and her letters from the colonies constantly regret their inability to spend more time together, wishing their meetings were not so spasmodic. When she and Tom returned to England on furloughs, Leonard frequently sent her flowers from his garden violets and snowdrops and they exchanged books through the post: Boswell, Freud, Laurens van der Post. Leonard and Virginia s library contained dozens of books inscribed from Bella and W. T. Southorn, a large proportion on Ceylon. Bella was ever solicitous of Leonard s headaches and periods of exhaustion and sensitive to Virginia s ill health. Upon hearing the news of Virginia s suicide, she wrote emotionally from Christiansbourg Castle in Accra:

My dearest Leonard, what am I to say to you? If ever words failed me, they do so now [.] [.] We had no idea of the calamity that had befallen you until the day before yesterday [.] [.] I hope our wire will reach you if only this foul war were over we should urge you to come to us [.] [.] The sound of the sea pounding at the base of the walls day & night was very trying; next to our room were old slave dungeons very uncanny [.] [.] Please write to me if you can. I treasure the memory of seeing you both at the flat before we left. My heart aches for you, dearest Leonard, in the loss of one so gifted & beautiful with whom you shared so many years one of the most perfect companionships that ever existed. (11 Apr. 1941)

On the top of a second letter she scrawled a postscript, underscoring for emphasis, I can t say *what* I feel I only wish you were here. But if it is any comfort you know that you were the greatest joy in V. s life and you must have thousands of *happy* memories storied up. Your loving Bella Southorn. (23 May 1941)

Throughout the 1940s and 1950s her letters grew less frequent, as she became wholly absorbed in the war effort in Africa and in her husband s administration of what she teasingly called a Gaggles of Governors (26 Feb. 1942). When Tom retired after over 38 years of strenuous work in the Tropics, they finally returned to England. However, Bella would outlive her beloved husband. Devastated by his death, her stream of letters to Leonard grew once more profuse: Life is almost unbearable without Tom and I wonder why one has to live to 81 and perhaps longer after a life so full of combined work and interests, only to find oneself alone with nothing to which to look forward. If one could work I should begin a book but my glaucoma is a perfect curse to me (19 Apr. 1958). Going blind, her hands shaking, Bella s typescripts grew poignantly messy, the words slanting off the page. Nonetheless, even after losing her left eye, she continued to write her article on *The Colour Problem*, to offer corrections on Leonard s autobiography in progress, to criticize his representation of their mother in a radio broadcast,

and to exercise her ever-wry humour, declaring herself quite ready to wear a black patch like Nelson (21 Aug. 1958).

As if completing a circle, her last letters to Leonard were about Ceylon and the intensely nostalgic feelings provoked by his 1960 return visit to Sri Lanka:

I treasure the memories of my time with you and at Peradeniya and am always grateful to you for giving me my first taste of the East (8 Jan. 1960). Committed as ever to women's causes, she asked him to look up old activist friends: Miss Ray Blaze who has thrown herself heart and soul into the advancement of women in Ceylon, Laurel Casinader, the moving spirit of the Association of Ceylon Women, Ida Goonewardene, who was a great helper in Guides and other Social Service (8 Jan. 1960) and keenly requested his impressions of the new Ceylon (3 Feb. 1960). Near the end, her letters grew despairing: Many thanks for your welcome letters from Ceylon [...] They seem to be in a tangle over their elections. Still it is only in tune with the sorry scheme of things entire. Everything seems to have gone wrong since Tom died and life by oneself is hell (22 Mar. 1960). Her last concluded by reiterating an old theme the good work of the Civil Service, and its adulteration by the evils of racism and corruption:

Many thanks for your letter and the cuttings. I was much interested in them. It is good to think that the much maligned Civil Service laid such a good foundation. However politics surprises in himself as Count Smorltork says so much chicanery and double dealing that the C.S. must be forgiven its own special fault of non-social contacts with the coloured folk. (2 Apr. 1960)

Bella died at age 83 in 1960 from tropical fungus on the lung, an affliction of which she had earlier written, It is tiresome for one feels so slack and weary but if it is the price one has to pay for the sunshine and life of the Tropics, it is worth it. I wonder we are not all covered with blue mould here (2 Aug. 1958). After her death, Leonard fulfilled her wish that that he speak at the Association of Ceylon Women. The letter which Bella's Tamil friend, Laurel Casinader, subsequently sent him is a fitting closing tribute to a intelligent, gifted writer who regardless of her early infatuation with exoticism and eastern star-dust became more practical in her view of the complicated legacies of colonialism and who might be said, to paraphrase Frederic Spotts characterization of Leonard Woolf's own early ethos, to have lived out her life in dedication to service, not power :

She was a great and noble person, one who served and who in the serving, taught many the joy of doing so. We will always remember the part she played in Ceylon in making life fuller and more free than it had been in past times. To you we send our deep sympathy: may the knowledge that we mourn with you on the passing of so great a soul be ever a small consolation. (27 Nov. 1960)

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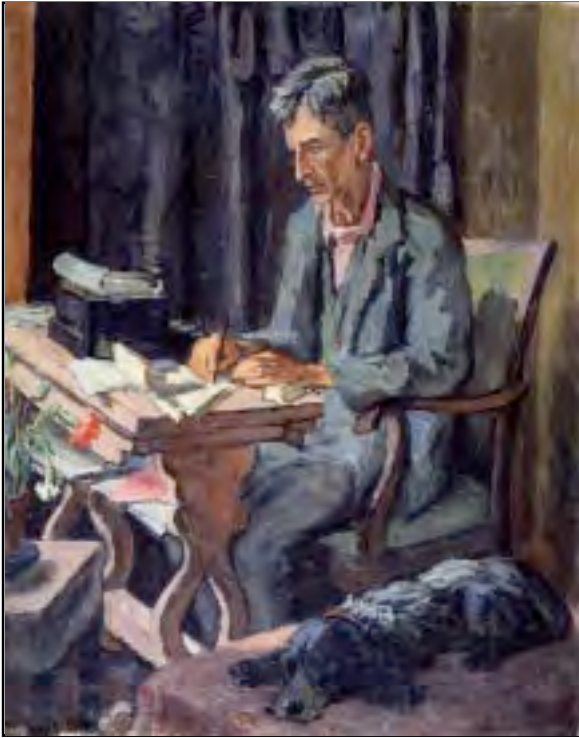
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**LOOKING BACK
LEONARD WOOLF INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE
University of Ruhuna
18-19 December, 2004**

In order to commemorate the 100th anniversary of Leonard Woolf's arrival in Sri Lanka and in acknowledgement of his tremendous contribution to the scholarship of Sri Lankan culture and society, this international conference was held at the University of Ruhuna which is near to the Hambanthota District where Woolf served for nearly four years. The two days of the conference were devoted to two overarching themes as 'Culture and Society in a Colonial Context' and 'Culture and Society in a Post-Colonial Context' while either day had three parallel sessions in four separate conference rooms where altogether 63 papers covering various aspects of colonial and postcolonial aspects of life in Sri Lanka that can be related to Leonard Woolf research were presented. The Chief Guest at the conference was Emeritus Professor Yasmine Gooneratne from Macquarie University of Australia. Professor Gooneratne held the key-note address based on her own research on Leonard Woolf and launched her edition of *The Village in the Jungle* by Leonard Woolf in the presence of a distinguished academic gathering composed of reputed scholars including Professor Manfred Domroes of Mainz University of Germany, Professor Carol Amaratunga of Ottawa University of Canada, and Professor Laksiri Jayasooriya of University of Perth, Australia. The conference was organized in collaboration with Sri Lanka Studies Network, University of Ruhuna, Sri Lanka, and the University of Ottawa, Canada. The conference led to the formation of an Annual Leonard Woolf Lecture at the University of Ruhuna and the first lecture in the programme was held on 15 November 2006 by Emeritus Professor DCRA Goonetilleke from the University of Ruhuna.°

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**LEONARD WOOLF INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE
Cambridge University
22 October, 2005**

This Conference was held on October 22nd 2005 by the Cambridge Society in association with The Ceylon Bloomsbury Group in Lucy Cavendish College.

The introduction was by N. Sivasambu whose thesis was that Leonard Woolf should not be seen as an imperialist on his arrival in Colombo in 1904 and as an anti-imperialist on his departure seven years later. An alumnus of Trinity College, he was a scholar, an intelligence and a sensibility formed by the influences of Cambridge, the Apostolic succession and nascent Bloomsbury when he met the Stephen siblings, Thoby, Vanessa and Virginia and their father in Thoby's rooms in Cambridge before he left for his, to us, fateful voyage. He concluded by saying that Cambridge should also see him in his relation to us: this would be a contribution: Leonard Woolf is a bridge between Cambridge-Bloomsbury and London, from the now to the future.

Valerie Grosvenor Meyer's paper read out by her husband, Michael, gave an overview of literary Cambridge beginning in the 14th century and coming down to the present. Victoria Glendinning, who had just completed her biography of Leonard Woolf, dealt with Woolf as a man who was many faceted in his interests and achievements. She also focused on his relation of love for Virginia. Sir Christopher Ondaatje illustrated his talk using his recently completed book, *Woolf in Ceylon*, which traces Woolf's journeys through Ceylon in the course of his professional duties. Ms. Alison Hennegan spoke on Virginia Woolf: On not going to Cambridge. Her attitude towards Cambridge was ambivalent, she said: Not going to Cambridge was the making of her. Her father's library was a school of education. Perhaps one might say that her sensibility was not of a kind that could make her accommodate herself to the conventional orthodoxies of lecture and tutorials. Mr. Michael Bywater had an interesting title for his talk, *Another Village, Another Jungle: the Academy in the Creative World*. The Village was Cambridge; the Jungle was the outside world. Through Virginia Woolf's two works, *A Room of One's Own* and *Three Guineas* he set out her essential ideas and values.

As the first ever Conference on Leonard Woolf held at Cambridge University, what was a noteworthy event and occasion concluded with the memorable: Presentation in the Master's Lodge of an inscribed copy of the Woolf novel, *The Village in the Jungle* to Trinity College Library. Introducing this occasion, N. Sivasambu passed on to speak of Henrietta Garnett in terms of her family and literary lineage before handing the inscribed copy of the novel to Lord Rees who graciously accepted it on behalf of his College.

*N. Sivasambu
Co-ordinator: The Ceylon Bloomsbury Group*

**JANE ELLEN HARRISON, THE SOCIETY OF HERETICS, AND
LEONARD WOOLF'S COMMUNAL PSYCHOLOGY AN ESSAY
WRITTEN DURING TIME OF WAR***

The word heretic has still about it an emotional thrill a glow reflected, it may be, from the fires at Smithfield, the ardours of those who were burnt at the stake for love of an idea. (Harrison, *Heresy and Humanity* [H & H] 27)

These opening words were addressed by Jane Ellen Harrison to the inaugural meeting of the Cambridge Society of Heretics, on December 7, 1909 (H & H 28n1). With this essay I map a web of connections among essays by Harrison, scholar of classical archeology at Newnham College, the Society of Heretics she helped establish, and Leonard Woolf's *After the Deluge: A Study In Communal Psychology* [AD].¹

There may seem an insuperable divide between Harrison's brief lecture and Woolf's three volume contribution to political philosophy. The former was an overview of human society, ranging widely from the social structure of "The essays by Harrison cited in this paper appear in the collection *Alpha and Omega* and are not listed individually among the works cited. All page references are to the book.

the simple savage to the differentiated structure of contemporary British society. The latter was a lengthy excursus on sets of political ideas (e.g., the democratic Trinity of happiness, equality and liberty in volume one) shaping European thought and action between 1789 and 1914. Yet there is a certain resonance between Harrison's rhetoric: those who were burnt at the stake for love of an idea, and Woolf's formulation: ideas for which men are prepared to die or to make others die (*AD* 1:31). A comparison of phrases in her essays published in *Alpha and Omega* [AO] (1915) and phrases in *After the Deluge* [AD] suggests a significant relationship between the two.

Though of different generations, Harrison and Woolf shared many of the same friends, participated in a common ethos and wrote out of the same intellectual moment. Duncan Wilson wrote:

[Leonard] never shook off or wanted to shake off the influence of the Cambridge enlightenment—the desires of its various principal luminaries to debunk bourgeois hypocrisies, to reduce complex questions to simple dimensions, to provide simple and systematic answers and to make these answers widely known. (243)

Wilson's formulation is well fitted to Harrison, who must be counted among those principal luminaries with whom Woolf shared intellectual desires. Wilson's choice of the term, Cambridge enlightenment issues directly from Stuart Hampshire's lengthy review of the final volume of *After the Deluge*, *Principia Politica* (1953), cited by Wilson. It is interesting to note that Hampshire dated the beginning of this enlightenment, with which both he and, subsequently, Wilson associate Woolf's later writing, to 1903; that is, to the end of Woolf's time at Cambridge. One may infer an after-life of the intellectual (and social) relationships, first forged at Cambridge. In the literature about Woolf, are most commonly cited influences are the lasting relations among the Apostles. Thus, both Hampshire and Wilson cite Woolf's fellow Apostle, G. E. Moore, as a life-long influence.

Woolf came up to Cambridge the same year Harrison was elected to Newnham College's first Associates Research Fellowship, 1899. The terms of her contract allowed Harrison to develop her work on the primitive origins of Greek religion (Robinson 122), work which bore fruit in the publication of *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion* [PSGR] (1903) and, more importantly in respect to Woolf's concept of communal psychology, *Themis: The Social Origins of Greek Religion* [T] (1912). A flamboyant figure, JEH was well-known to faculty and students alike.

To read Harrison is to be exposed to contemporary currents of thought. A dynamic and charismatic lecturer, Harrison served as a synthesizer of new ideas from the emerging social sciences and conduit for specialized knowledge to a broader public. In 1898, 1901-02, and 1902, Harrison delivered three series of public lectures at the Cambridge Archeological Museum and frequently read papers in less formal venues. For these lectures, Harrison brought together material from across the broad range of her interests: from the latest Continental as well as British theory and research, the developing fields of psychology, sociology, and anthropology, and the traditional domains of Classical archeology and philology. Some of the lectures were published in scholarly journals, while several of the informal papers appeared as pamphlets or in periodicals. Some were revised and collected into *Alpha and Omega*.

Notes to the essays in *Alpha and Omega* give a partial sense of her reading during the first decade and a half of the twentieth century. Throughout, she refers to her Oxford colleague, Gilbert Murray. An article on religion by Bertrand Russell is cited in *Heresy and Humanity*, as is Julian Huxley's

The Individual in the Animal Kingdom. In her quest to understand the origin of the religious impulse, Harrison had drawn on the philosophers Friedrich Nietzsche and Henri Bergson. But she turned especially to the social sciences. Among sociologists, Emile Durkheim was a constant reference; Levy-Bruhl is also cited. She was well acquainted with the anthropological work of her colleagues, Tylor and Frazer, and read the Europeans Preuss, Hubert and Mauss, as well as the contemporary field-work of Lumholtz, Hewitt, Codrington and Haddon.

Within the social sciences, her reading and interpretation of the latest work in the emerging discipline of psychology is most relevant to Woolf's communal psychology. She read W. Wundt's *Voelkerpsychologie* (1900), but stated that her psychology was almost wholly based on the work of Mr. McDougall and Dr. William James (Homo Sum 87n1). William James *Psychology* (1890) was fundamental to much of her thinking; his lectures on *The Varieties of Religious Experience* (1901-02) had been especially helpful during her work on the 1902 Dionysus lectures (Robinson 167). W. McDougall worked in social psychology and Goldstein lists his 1920 book, *The Group Mind*, among those Woolf would have known (466). Late in her career, Harrison read Freud and Jung.

Harrison's eclectic methodology, drawing widely and freely from material in diverse fields, is reflected in Woolf's own, seemingly encyclopedic references in *After the Deluge*. The first set of public lectures (on Delphi) gives a sense of how Harrison combined evidence not normally appearing together. The lectures were dramatically corroborated by photographs lent to her by Homelle. For the first time an English audience could see for themselves the *omphalos*, or navel stone, archeological evidence for what might otherwise have been no more than speculation (Robinson 124). Harrison then combined this strictly archeological evidence with her readings of literary texts by Homer and Aeschylus and the recently published work of Erwin Rohde on primitive spirituality to put forward her theories regarding pre-patriarchal religious practice and belief. For the 1902 lectures on Dionysus, Harrison pursued a line of practical field work suggested by botanist Francis Darwin, rather than the traditional, strictly philological approach (Robinson 153). These lectures appealed to a broad audience. While Leonard Woolf would not have attended the inaugural meeting of the Heretics (he was posted to Ceylon between December 1904 and May 1911), he may have attended these. Or, he might well have heard about them from Fellows at Trinity or fellow Apostles. Bertrand Russell, for one, was intimately involved in the Dionysus lectures (Robinson 149-50).

He may also have heard Harrison's reading of a short version of *Alpha and Omega*, read before the Trinity College Sunday Essay Society, perhaps 1902 or 1903. Leonard was a member of this society, whose purpose was the discussion of subjects connected with religion (Glendinning 44). Again, though Woolf may not have attended this particular meeting, he might have heard something of its content from fellow members Lytton Strachey, Thoby Stephen, G. M. Trevelyan, or philosophy don at Trinity and fellow Apostle, J. M. E. McTaggart, whom Leonard liked [. . .] a lot (Glendinning 44). Or, he might have read the expanded version published, like *Heresy and Humanity*, in *Alpha and Omega*. I will return to this essay, which lays out themes fundamental to the conceptualization of *After the Deluge*.

In the context of Harrison as a principal luminary, I would like to suggest the Heretics Society as an intellectual community, in addition to the Apostles, serving Woolf during the years he was developing the ideas which took the shape of a study in communal psychology. Harrison's biographer writes:

[Her] attempt to formulate religious phenomena in non-Christian language was part of an intellectual current at Cambridge [. . .]

At the time that Harrison was working on *Themis* there were a considerable number of academics at Cambridge who, like her, felt that the institutional ties of the university to the Church of England were an intellectual straightjacket. [. . .] Anthropology was beginning to be studied as an academic discipline, and yet there was no forum for the exploration of religious issues from a non-confessional standpoint. (Robinson 232-33)

The Society of Heretics answered a clear need for humanist discussion not addressed by the University's several other discussion societies. Again, Robinson: Unlike the Apostles, whose membership was limited to twelve at any one time, the new society was open to all, and women were encouraged to participate (233).

Early secretary and later president of the Heretics, P. Sargent Florence, remarks: Today, the revolutionary impact may not be appreciated of the discussion of religion upon the majority of the society's membership (228). The society's twelve founding undergraduates evidently consulted Harrison, whose anti-clerical credentials were well established. They adopted her suggestion for a name, the Heretics (Robinson 233). Harrison's association with the society spanned her remaining years at Cambridge. After the inaugural lecture, she addressed them on two subsequent occasions: Unanimism and Conversion (25 Nov. 1912) and Russia and the Russian Verb (Autumn 1915).²

By 1913, the society had grown to a membership of 200. While it served primarily the needs of undergraduates, over the course of its life (1909-1932) its honorary membership included dons, distinguished alumni and public figures. One may infer from Harrison's remark during her 1912 lecture before the society that a significant number of Heretics were Trinity men. She referred some of my audience to a paper she had read to them before we became Heretics (*Alpha and Omega* 61). The paper she refers to was *Alpha and Omega*, read before the Sunday Essay Society.

The following names were culled from Florence's essay. McTaggart, G. E. Moore, Bertrand Russell and G. H. Hardy, all of whom addressed the society, were Trinity Fellows and fellow Apostles with whom Leonard was friendly during his years at Cambridge (Spotts 5-6). In fact, the second speaker at the inaugural meeting was McTaggart, member of the Sunday Essay Society whom Glendinning characterizes as atheistical and republican (44), qualities which would have endeared him to both Harrison and Woolf. Of Leonard's friends from Trinity, Lytton Strachey, G. M. Trevelyan and Clive Bell addressed the Heretics, as did other acquaintances: Rupert Brooke, Roger Fry, Kingsley Martin and J. A. Hobson.

The abbreviated list given by Florence of public speakers at Heretics meetings makes clear that 1) Woolf would have been at home in the society and 2) the breadth and bent of society lectures would have enriched Woolf's familiarity with contemporary thought. Maynard Keynes and G. Lowes Dickinson (both Apostles, if from King's) were honorary members as early as 1911. Papers were read by Dr. W. H. R. Rivers and Malinowski; from the natural sciences came Julian Huxley and A. S. Eddington; economics was represented by Frank Ramsay and Maurice Dobb; and psycho-analysis was addressed by Dr. Ernest Jones and Adrian Stephen. Dmitry Mirsky introduced Dialectical Materialism to Cambridge in 1931, subsequent to Woolf's friendship with Mirsky, begun in Harrison's Paris apartment and ended only by Mirsky's ill-fated return to the Soviet Union. Virginia presented Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown to the Heretics in 1923, and Leonard himself read *Hunting the Highbrow* in 1926 (Florence *passim*).

The genesis of Woolf's notion of communal psychology is not entirely clear. Terms such as group, mass, or crowd psychology are common in the

discipline and were familiar to Woolf. For example, when reviewing three war-time books in January 1916 for the *New Statesman*, Woolf wrote: Even before the war crowd-psychology had become fashionable; war [. . .] has set many an intellectual writing about this new science (qtd. in Goldstein 467). By the second decade of the twentieth century, interest in the psychology of such diffusely understood concepts as group mind or collective consciousness was wide-spread. The work of Patrick Geddes may be cited as an example of how quickly psychological theories extended into other fields and were given practical application. A social progressive (and honorary member of the Heretics by 1911), Geddes applied William James's notions of individual and collective consciousness, drawn from *The Principles of Psychology* (1890), to practical social issues in his work as a city designer. Volker M. Welter discusses this under the suggestive heading, *From Individual to Communal Psychology* (40).

Another example of the rapid diffusion of psychological theory into the public domain is Wilfrid Trotter's *The Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War* (1916). Harrison had made extensive use of Trotter's 1909 paper, *The Sociological Application of the Psychology of Herd Instinct* in *Heresy and Humanity*, even concluding the essay with the word *herd*. She cites the paper again, together with Trotter's 1908 paper, *Herd Instinct and its Bearing on the Psychology of the Civilized Man* in *Homo Sum* (1909), reprinted in *Alpha & Omega* (88n1). These two papers constitute chapters one and two of Trotter's 1916 book (Robinson 206n19). Leonard reviewed the book for the *New Statesman*, 8 July 1916.

The concept of herd psychology entered the common parlance of Bloomsbury. In a diary entry for Thursday, 22 November 1917, Virginia Woolf records a dinner conversation with Clive Bell and Roger Fry. Old Roger takes a gloomy view, not of our life, but of the world's future; but I think I detected the influence of Trotter & the herd, & so I distrusted him (D 1:80). The herd finds its way into *Crome Yellow* (1921) by Leonard's friend Aldous Huxley. In this thinly disguised satire of a social week-end at Ottoline Morrell's country estate, Scogan, a modern-day philosopher king, propounds a Rational State in clear mimicry of Plato's *Republic*. The populace of the State is divided into three species: the Directing Intelligences, the Men of Faith, and the Herd. In Scogan's State, the Herd will be kept happy by a systematic conditioning in the very beliefs which science has worked so consistently to destroy.³ Peter Bowering continues: The inadequacy of Scogan's scientific attitude becomes increasingly manifest: he is condemned to a life devoid of imagination and speculation. [. . .] The aridity of this kind of existence appalls even Scogan (39). The post-Darwin, post-war malaise Huxley ironically satirizes had been addressed directly by Harrison in *Heresy and Humanity* (1909):

Science broke the binding spell of herd-suggestion. For that great boon let us now and ever bless and praise her holy name. She cleared the collective haze, she drew sharp distinction, appealing to individual actual experience, to individual powers of reasoning. But by neither individual sense-perception nor ratiocination alone do we live. Our keenest emotional life is through the herd, and hence it was that, at the close of last century, the flame of scientific hope, the glory of scientific individualism that had blazed so brightly, somehow died down and left a strange chill. Man rose up from the banquet of reason and law unfed. He hungered half unconsciously for the herd. It seemed an *impasse*: on the one side orthodoxy, tradition, authority, practical slavery; on the other science, individual freedom, reason, and an aching loneliness. (35)

We begin to glimpse, here, in the opposing attractions of reason on the one hand and collective emotion of the other, the complex balancing act Woolf attempts in *After the Deluge*. The preface to volume one of *After the Deluge*

states: This work is an attempt to study communal psychology, by which I mean the psychology of man as a social animal (v). Acknowledging that man is by nature a social animal, he accepts the inevitability of herd, or communal, psychology. For Woolf, the question was not whether modern man should retreat from scientific reasoning and the modern consciousness of individuality or eliminate herd characteristics from his psychological make-up, but whether the twentieth century could develop an international [as opposed to national] communal psychology (Wilson 180). Woolf's investigation into the causes of the Great War neither subscribed to the great man school, nor faithfully chronicled material events. As an event in human history, the war was caused by human psychology (AD 1:29). Taking his lead, I believe, from Jane Harrison, Woolf searched for the war's causes in the minds of men.

How can Woolf reconcile traditional, communal psychology with his espousal of democratic values? Surprisingly, Harrison had found consolation in what she understood of Trotter's theory of herd suggestion. It suggested a strategy for dealing with the intractable force behind religious views, views on matters social and political in fact, all traditional views (H & H 30-31).

We feel at once quieter and kinder; all or most of the sting is gone from the intolerance, or even ostracism, of our friends. When they look sad, and hint that certain views are not respectable, we no longer think our friends as unreasonable and cruel. They are *non-reasonable*, *pre-reasonable*, and they are hypnotized by herd-suggestion. [...] Further, we begin to see what we, as heretics, must do; not reason with our opponents that would be absurd but try, so far as we can, to get this immense force of herd-suggestion on to the side we believe to be right. Suggest to people that an unverifiable opinion is as unsatisfactory an implement as, say, a loose tooth; and as to a mental prejudice, it is simply a source of rottenness, a decayed fang out with it! (32)

By taking apart, in exhaustive detail, the ideas, thoughts and beliefs which motivated Europeans into entering and fighting the war, Woolf exposes them as unverifiable opinion and mental prejudice and makes a case for how very unsatisfactory these ideas are for living at peace with each other. To convince people of this was a long shot, but Leonard felt it worth devoting three decades of his life to the attempt.

It is perhaps impossible to pin down the origin of the term communal psychology. Goldstein asserts that communal psychology was a particular discipline of [Woolf's] own invention, and that he coined the term in his 1926 article, *The Sum of All Villainies* (466). However, the term appears throughout the early pages of *After the Deluge*, which Woolf began writing possibly as early as 1920 (AD 3:15). An interesting bit of evidence appears in the new preface to the 1927 edition of Harrison's *Themis*. She wrote:

I see now what I scarcely realized in the first excitement of writing that, though prompted and indeed forced upon me by a great archaeological discovery, the book is really addressed not so much to the specialist as to the thinker generally. It is in a word a study of herd-suggestion, or, as we now put it, communal psychology. [...] That the gods and rituals examined are Greek is incidental to my own specialism. (vii)

Communal psychology was most likely common parlance, like herd psychology a few years earlier, and not a newly coined phrase, first appearing in a 1926 issue of *The Nation and Athenaeum*.

Another question arises: how does Harrison's investigation into the religious impulse contribute to Woolf's investigation into the causes of the 1914 war? We must begin with *Themis*, and its sub-title the social origins of religion. *Themis* (1912) was the outcome of Harrison's research and thinking during the first decade of the twentieth century, work which had found public expression in that decade's lectures and publications. Leonard had numerous occasions to become acquainted with the substance of her work: attending lectures or discussions while at Cambridge or, later, reading the lectures in pamphlet or periodical form. We know that, together with the collection *Alpha and Omega*, Harrison's *Ancient Art and Ritual* (1913), which summarized for the layman Harrison's major themes of the preceding decade, entered the Woolf household before Leonard began writing *After the Deluge*.

First, in respect to religion, Woolf's feelings are well known. Indeed, his much-noted antipathy to the religious concept of sin is given elaborate attention in *After the Deluge*, a lengthy section of volume one being devoted to the contradictory communal psychologies of Christianity and Democracy (AD 1:216-39). But there is a reason the adjective religious appears so frequently in his discussion of various political or social or economic doctrines.⁴ Woolf subscribed to the same theory as did Harrison concerning the social origins of doctrine, whether theological or social or political, or, as Harrison characterized them, traditional views. Here is Woolf on the intricate psychology of nationalism and imperialism:

The religious element is obvious and has been referred to above. From the middle of the eighteenth century until the present day the ancient, official Gods of the world's four major religions have been steadily losing their hold upon the human mind. In the Goetterdaemmerung many people who still feel the impulse of religious belief and emotion have transferred them from Jehovah, the Trinity, or Allah to other objects. In the transference patriotism has often gained what the more ancient religions have lost; the altar of the nation or the empire is substituted for that of Christ or the Virgin Mary; and the State exacts that worship and loyalty which before was given to the Churches. (AD 1:237-8)

As Harrison had stated, that the gods and rituals examined in *Themis* were Greek was incidental. Her subject was equally worthy of examination by a specialist in international government.

As a starting point for Woolf's interest in social origins, let us consider a particularly striking clause, nearly hidden by grammatical subordination. What did Leonard have in mind when defining practice as merely a name for the process by which men's beliefs and desires solidify in action and become materialized as history (AD 1:280)? The meaning can be parsed by a close reading of the first four chapters of *Ancient Art and Ritual*, where Harrison lays out the psychological ground rules for the intimate, causal relation between what men think (believe and desire together) and what men do (collectively). This meaning can also be extracted from the citations in the next, concluding section. These citations must stand in for the many more which could have been included. I cite at length to avoid any distortion caused by paraphrase.

The preface to *Alpha and Omega*, dated New Year's Eve, 1914, concludes:

The proof-sheets came into my hands soon after the outbreak of the War. Publication seemed to me impossible. Seen in the fierce glare of war, these theories academic in origin and interest on Art, on Philosophy, even on Religion, seemed like faded photographs. But later, thinking intently on the War itself, I have come to see otherwise. The same realities underlie our academic

thinking and our international conflict. This I have tried to make clear in an Epilogue on the War: Peace with Patriotism. (vi)

This section discusses two fundamental moves Harrison makes in *Alpha and Omega*, that essay first read before the Sunday Essay Society, then expanded into the title essay of the collection published at the beginning of the war.

For Harrison, the subject of *Alpha and Omega* is the spirit that lies behind [Religion] some element which I do believe to be essential to human progress, and therefore a thing to be conserved (183). Harrison's first move, relevant to my comparison with Woolf, is an examination of the difference between human and non-human psychology. Of the psychological methods evidenced by human behavior in trying to influence the world about him (mechanical, magical or anthropopathic, this last being characteristic of religious behavior), she first notes that animals are capable of mechanical action; they do learn from experience.

An animal also can behave anthropopathically. He can treat a man as a man, a dog as a dog. He can appeal with great skill and effect to human emotions. But, unlike man, he does not behave anthropopathically to natural forces; he may show fear at the sound of thunder, but he does not try to placate it by gambolling and begging. He has, we are inclined to say, too much sense. Perhaps we ought to say he is too closely limited by instinct. Constant, imminent experience teaches him that man is man, and thunder is thunder; the wise dog has no illusions. (188-89)

Let us set beside this passage from chapter three of *Principia Politica*, the third volume of *After the Deluge*, which treats the training of animals (and humans). We will see that the parallel presentations of psychology serve the same purpose.

One of the most remarkable facts in 19th-century European history has been the political blindness of the patriotic imperialist conservatives in every country, their complete inability even to learn, as the mouse or monkey, by the process of trial and error [...] It would, no doubt, be too much to expect that conservative patriots and imperialists should have learnt what was staring them in the face by a process of deduction, for to infer the particular from the general, to use *a priori* reasoning is denied to the lower animals and requires a fairly high level of mental development. But the opposite process of induction reinforces the instinct of self-preservation over a wide area and various levels of animal life; it is implicit in the system of learning by trial and error. Even the amoeba has a rudimentary capacity for induction and owes its continued existence to it, while the dog whose mouth fills with saliva when he hears a bell ring has learnt at least to infer a general law from particular instances and has his feet on the road which leads to the inductive method of modern science. One might therefore have hoped or even expected that the 19th-century patriot and nationalist would have used the inductive method politically and have learnt from the considerable experience of nationalism. Unfortunately nothing is more remarkable than the obstinate persistence with which human beings refuse to learn by their political experience. (AD 3:36-7)

Why has the wise dog no illusions where human beings refuse to learn by their own experience? Woolf repeatedly identifies as the sticking point the human capacity for language:

I have in the course of my life kept uncaged in my house, sharing my daily life, a large number of different animals, from the common or garden cat and dog to a leopard and a monkey. The problem of domesticating animals is the same as that of civilizing human beings; it is easier only because man is probably the most savage and cruel of all animals and because the other animals have not committed man's mistake of inventing abstract ideas and words to interpret or misinterpret them. (AD 3:113)

A cat cannot reason as a grown man can, because, unlike the man, it has not developed the art of speech and therefore presumably cannot have general or abstract ideas. (AD 3:118)

This was Harrison's second move in *Alpha and Omega* :

From the point of view of science, man, compared with the duckling, is a poor product. The lower animals within their limitations are so wise; they lack the power to progress, but, checked as they always are by experience, all avenues to the worst form of idiocy and mania are also closed. Why is this?

Because psychologists tell us the lower animals have no free ideas, or, at least, such faint ones that the free ideas do not become a motive power to action.

Of course, these free ideas, this faculty man has for registering an impression and recovering it as a motive, is at the back of all this progress. It is equally at the back of all his self-deception. He stores up, so to speak, a number of loose, irresponsible, possible motives (for all ideas are potentially desires), and these are free i.e., unchecked by immediate experience. Once the ideas are free, and a man is straightway, in the fullest sense of the words, at the mercy of his ideas, for better for worse he is the prey of auto-suggestion.

Probably, almost certainly, the capacity for free ideas to the motor point goes with the capacity for language. Speech holds ideas, clarifies them, frees them, and gives them life-blood. The fancies that flit across our brain, and probably across the feebler brains of animals, remain ineffective phantoms till speech grips and crystallizes them.

Speech makes thought communicable, and a thing that can be communicated gains, though it loses; it becomes at once more solid and less real, more abstracted.

Religion, then, and magic and theology, are not, so to speak, things in themselves: they are elements in our great human heritage of free ideas of imagination. (190-2).

The motive power of words or ideas or thoughts which are not things in themselves goes to the heart of communal psychology as Woolf understood it. In the opening exposition of his subject, Woolf wrote:

The ideas which form the content of communal psychology, and which are causes of world catastrophes and landmarks in history, are not simple. They have puzzled the wisest and subtlest minds, and few if any of those who are prepared to die or to make others die for them could express them in intelligible language. In the acts and facts which we call history these ideas are transformed into ideals, and word and action both show that neither among those who follow nor among those who resist these ideals is there

any general agreement as to the meaning to be attached to them. (AD 1:31-2)

Throughout *After the Deluge*, Woolf returns to this point: the words and ideas which motivate communal action (freedom, self-determination, democracy) do not designate actual real things in themselves. They condense the intensely felt emotions which Harrison identifies as the heart of communal life, into a fuzzy haze. The emotions thus crystallized, bear the full force of tradition.

A community, nation, state, government, party, group, not only has inconsistent and contradictory beliefs and aims; it is not only that they march out to battle under banners inscribed with watchwords, like liberty and democracy, the meaning of which they can neither explain nor understand. The strangest and the most important fact about communal psychology is that its content is largely the ideas, beliefs, and aims of the dead. (AD 1:32-3)

If we return to Harrison's *Heresy and Humanity* (1909), we can discern the skeleton onto which Woolf strung his ambitious political, communal history of the years between 1789 and 1914.

We all know nowadays that the simple savage leading a free life is, of all mythical beings, most fabulous. No urbane citizen in the politest society is half so hide-bound by custom as the simple savage. He lives by imitation of his ancestors i.e., by tradition. Long before he obeys a king he is the abject slave of that master with the iron rod the Past; and the Past is for him embodied in that most dire and deadly of all tyrannies, an oligarchy of old men.

Science is from the outset the sworn foe of herd-suggestion. Herd-suggestion, being a strange blend of the emotions and imaginings of many men, is always tolerant of contradictions. Religion revels in them; with God all things are possible. Science classifies, draws ever clearer distinctions; herd-suggestion is always in a haze. Herd-suggestion is all for tradition, authority; science has for its very essence the exercise of free thought. So long as we will not take the trouble to *know* exactly and intimately, we may not must not choose. We must advance as Nature prescribes, by slow, laborious imitation; we must follow custom; we must accept the mandates of the *Gerontes* the old men who embody and enforce tradition. We must be content to move slowly. (28-9)

Jane Ellen Harrison traced Greek communal religious psychology backwards through time, searching for its origin in the mist of pre-history, in the distinctly human psychology with its capacity for language and its consequences for communal belief and action. Leonard Woolf, accepting the same psychology, traced the modern European communal political psychology forward through the slow and unconscious shifts in ideas compounded of the emotions and imaginings of many men. Harrison wrote as well:

We must not be unjust to collective opinion; it does move, though slowly, and moves even without the actual protest of open heresy. Things were said and written a century or two ago which, though no definite protest has been made, could not be written or said now. There has been a slow, unconscious shift. (32-3).

Woolf wrote with the hope of nudging the future direction of collective opinion towards a more humane form. Or, as Harrison suggested in her inaugural address, as heretics we must try to get this immense force of herd-suggestion on to the side we believe to be right (32).

I hope to have shown that Leonard Woolf's study of communal psychology was not a discipline of his own invention, but, rather, the elaboration, in painstaking detail, of a current of speculation rooted in the Cambridge enlightenment and the writings of Jane Ellen Harrison. The Heretics Society, before which both spoke, shared more than their mutual spirit of humanist inquiry. Describing the tone of heretics discussion, Florence emphasizes their careful use of words, largely a legacy of Moore's teaching, through an insistent refrain: what precisely do you mean by N? Florence writes: Fictional words like rights, spiritual, morals, sin, were criticized for their magical potency particularly in putting over religious authority (248). The tone of the Heretics discussion is the tone of *After the Deluge*.

If the discipline of communal psychology has found no practitioners after Leonard Woolf, that negates neither its intrinsic interest nor its utility in helping to see through the haze in which men still go out to kill or be killed under the banners of freedom and democracy or Allah akhbar and death to the Infidel.

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Notes

¹ The third volume of *After the Deluge* bears a separate title, *Principia Politica*. For the sake of conformity, references to volume three are listed as AD 3.

² Unanimism and Conversion appeared as the third chapter of *Alpha and Omega* (1915). An expanded version of the second lecture appeared as a pamphlet. The second reference is to *Russia and the Russian Verb: a Contribution to the Psychology of the Russian People* (Cambridge: Heffer and Sons, 1915).

³ Woolf, like Huxley, is concerned with the specter of the Rational State, which his analysis of late nineteenth-century, democratic neo-authoritarianism addresses (AD 1:290-335).

⁴ It is important to note here that I am using Woolf's vocabulary, which closely parallels Harrison's.

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LEONARD WOOLF AND PSYCHOANALYSIS

. . . having failed as (a) a civil servant, (b) a novelist, (c) an editor, (d) a publicist, I have now sunk to the last rung [. . .] literary journalism. (Woolf qtd. in Glendinning 224)

These words of self appraisal written by Leonard Woolf at a time when he was Literary Editor of *The Nation and Athenaeum* (L 283, 4 May 1923) are typical of his very nature and well characterize his usual attitude towards every new situation he had to face in life. Curiously, however, such an attitude was not one of pessimism or desertion, but rather of adaptability and challenge. Leonard Woolf was a man of many properties, even though the fact of being the husband of the famous and influential Virginia Woolf has mostly left in the shade the remainder of his capacities.

I myself have repeatedly thought it difficult to ascribe a definite and minimally coherent and trustworthy picture to Leonard Woolf, not only at the family level as a protector/guardian/tyrant husband, but also as an active politician or a not altogether straightforward pacifist or women's rights advocate. The personality of Leonard Woolf has always puzzled me, making me feel uncomfortable for a quasi-antagonistic view that I feared far too severe and even unjust. It is true that his silent, austere and unsmiling figure, more ready to coerce and command than to cherish or compromise, could not attract sympathy at first sight. Many of his virtues and defects, for that matter will probably remain forever ambiguous or unconfirmed. But a time has perhaps come for me to start studying his personality with whatever means may be found at the researchers' disposal, to try and do him more justice than has happened so far.

Abstaining from contemplating Leonard merely as Virginia's husband and in connection with the consequences his behaviour may have or not have had on her life and well-being, I chose to ponder his activities as a publisher and as a writer who expressed his ideas and even forecast in such cogent subjects as foreign affairs, home and foreign politics, independence rights for colonized countries and equal rights for women. This being, however, a task for several years' research and study, for the moment I will focus my attention on a particular aspect of his activities which seems of considerable interest in literature, as well as in the study of his personality: his connection with and opinions about Freud and the emerging theories on psychoanalysis.

Beyond literary journalism, that last rung of Leonard Woolf's aspirations, much has to be considered under the light of the theories of Freud, the discoverer of the first instrument for the scientific examination of the human mind. It is probably true that Leonard, although a confessed admirer of Freud's personality, did not think much of psychoanalysis as a means of cure and self knowledge. But he himself was surely a very interesting object for psychoanalytical study. The way he adapted himself to the circumstances (mostly unexpected), making the best of poor prospects, may be seen as a process of sublimation and the gradual abandonment of the pleasure principle for the acceptance of the principle of reality. Leonard Woolf is not currently seen as an unhappy person, one who feels unhappy in his way of life. On the contrary, his sense of adaptability worked and he led a very satisfactory life; he liked what he did and he did it with conviction. He liked to write and he wrote all through his adult life; he liked politics and he made himself heard, sometimes in an influential way; he liked to control money and he could do so, partly due to his wife's earnings; he liked animals and he always had some; he liked gardening and he tended his garden to the end of his life; further, he liked to be obeyed and he surely was: he was ever domineering, both at home and at work. If he could not be the crowned king of his castle the famous writer, politician or public personality, or else, in his words: if he was not the successful civil-servant, novelist, editor or publicist he was, undeniably, the real ruler of his world, the minence grise of his kingdom. That was enough for him. He always had the foreknowledge to take a new path when one proved unsuitable; and he

had the flair to put himself at the service of the most promising project. It is true that he fought some unpopular battles women's rights, conditions for international peace but he then followed his convictions and the future proved him right.

If the detractors of Leonard Woolf are numerous (cf. recent Irene Coates's *Who's Afraid of Leonard Woolf: A Case for the Sanity of Virginia Woolf*), the group of those who praise his varied accomplishments seems to be increasing gradually since Quentin Bell's favourable portrayal of his character in the authorized biography of his aunt Virginia, culminating in Victoria Glendinning's panegyric *Leonard Woolf: A Biography*. The editor of his *Letters*, Frederic Spotts, considers the Woolfs a good fit even in their dissimilarities or psychological contrasts and to support this opinion he emphasizes Leonard's strength and devotion, his solidity and toughness (161), going as far as ascribing to him the forbearance and grace of a saint (164). It is true that, after the first years' adjustments, the couple managed to create habits of cohabitation and of extracting happiness and fulfilment from their life together. Freud would perhaps speak of techniques of aim-inhibited love or, going deeper, perhaps he might have discerned some kind of hypnotherapy in Leonard's capacity to control and direct Virginia's life and health care, receiving from her a response that, in his opinion, suited the interests of them both. Indeed, one may easily imagine the possibility of Leonard using some personal kind of the Dr. C. M. M. Methode, metaphorically putting his hand on Virginia's forehead and saying, instead of 'Now you will remember, a definite Now, you will want to do as I think best, The truth is that the method, whichever it was, did work favorably for many years.

Leonard Woolf's concern with psychoanalysis and Freud's works began rather early, while his wife's overt position was one of distrust and non-adherence (although many of her writings denounce her knowledge of psychoanalysis and of psychoanalytical methods). Spotts stresses that Leonard was among the first persons in Britain to be acquainted with Freud's writings and he was deeply impressed by Freud's ideas. No one outside the medical profession did as much as he to introduce Freud to the English-language public or to popularize his ideas (161). This claim is confirmed by the correspondence exchanged with Freud himself, Ernest Jones, and members of the Institute of Psycho-Analysis, mainly connected with the Hogarth Press having become the publisher of the Standard Edition of Freud's works. The righteousness of Leonard's procedure as a publisher is shown in the letter he wrote to Freud on 14 April 1931:

We are sending you a cheque for £23.3.3d., royalties on account of the books published by us together with a statement. You will probably notice that we are paying a royalty on your two books *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* and *Group Psychology* on which we have not previously paid a royalty and I think I ought to explain how this comes about. When we took over the publication of the Institute of Psycho-Analysis, the Institute had already published six volumes. We purchased the stock and rights in these six volumes for a sum down and there was no obligation for the payment of royalties to authors. We have now repaid the original cost to us of these volumes and, although we are not under legal obligation to do so, we do not think it would be fair, now that we are making a profit, not to pay a royalty to the authors. We are therefore paying a royalty of 10% on the copies sold by us during the year and shall continue to do so in the future. (*Letters* 304)

This integrity was a trait of Leonard Woolf's character in all his actions and attitudes, only shadowed by the fact that he was always prone to fight for *his own* concept of the right position in a particular situation, never considering the possibility of other people's viewpoints. He was, admittedly, a difficult person to work with. That he succeeded in keeping his wife under his protective

supervision for so long with hardly any opposition can only be a proof of how much he learnt with psychoanalysis, in spite of his lack of confidence in the therapeutic benefits of its methods, which he never contemplated following to try to alleviate his wife's mental disturbances. Anyhow, in view of Virginia's negative position towards psychoanalysis, this would probably have been refused by her.

Considering Leonard's strategies to adapt himself to circumstances and to create a *modus vivendi* that would bring happiness and fulfilment to his life, we may again avail ourselves of psychoanalysis and the light it has brought to our innermost ways of protecting our *ego* against our instinctual demands. Freud studied and enumerated gradually in his writings different methods of defence used by our unconscious to help us deal with unpleasant situations or reminiscences. Leonard Woolf exercised methods of repression (for instance, of his sexual instincts), and of displacement (for instance, when he wrote *The Wise Virgins*, and later, as fiction proved unsuitable, when he turned to writing on political and human rights affairs), and thus he managed to deal with his instinctual aims and to acquire the grounds for a successful life, both as the protector and coach of a genius (as he labelled his wife) and as a prominent counsellor in international affairs and in the building of the League of Nations. While Virginia turned against her self as a defence, and sought emotional protection in her escapes to delusion and madness, Leonard replaced his original dreams and ambitions by the accompaniment, guidance and nurturing of his wife's career and by his own position of *minence grise* in the social and political fields. He kept his strictness of habits, the obsessive precision in household book-keeping, the everlasting love for animals and gardening, and an altruistic view of colonized peoples' rights and peaceful methods in international relationships. Bringing Virginia's attention and action to his field of interests towards the building of platforms of understanding amongst nations to foster international peaceful coexistence and welfare, Leonard was putting into practice at home what he advocated at the international level. He followed his path undisturbed, and his life may be seen as an unsmiling achievement of a successful self-built happiness.

However, this self-effacing, low-profile scheme of securing happiness came to a point of verging upon exhaustion for lack of fresh nourishment. This circumstance was made more crucial by the ordeals of the present and the uncertainty of the future, which destabilized the strict order that had always ruled his life and brought about accrued, mainly self-centred war anxieties. On the side of his wife, and affecting his mission of undisputed protection and guidance, he was surely beginning to sense some breaches in the uncontested obedience and disciple-like procedure that had so far worked to perfection proving the success of his quasi-hypnotizing methods of good marital coexistence and understanding. For instance, Virginia, for the first time, had *dared* send a manuscript to the publisher without asking for his prior approval.

The time of his prominence in the knowledge of international affairs and the significance of his advice near the Labour Party were gone, much the same as the dream of the League of Nations was something of the past. He had not much left over, beside his methodical precision with accounting figures, the gardening, and the pets. It was not enough. At this real point of no return, destiny opened a new perspective for him at the sentimental level: he became more and more involved in his feelings for Trekkie Parsons, the one who did not need his help or guidance and, on the contrary, could provide a peaceful sensation of stability.

The consequences of so many interrelated circumstances culminated in the tragedy of March 1941, Virginia's suicide, closing one chapter of Leonard's life and opening a new one, prolific with the crops of the past and the expectations of those to come.

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LEONARD WOOLF AND FASCIST ITALY

Leonard Woolf was a stalwart opponent of war who had little patience for public figures whose leadership deliberately or inadvertently subverted those mechanisms of governance that preserve peace within a nation or among neighboring states. After Mussolini's dramatic March on Rome, Woolf's attention as a journalist and critic increasingly turned to the menace of Fascism and the ineptitude of British and European statesmen. In an essay entitled *Statesmen and Diplomats*, for example, he coalesced the material of at least two reviews from the *Nation* and *Athenaeum* to render a discouraging assessment of the state of affairs up to and somewhat beyond 1919 and the adoption of the League of Nations Covenant at Versailles:

Personally I do not believe that there was a single statesman's object of any war fought in the last hundred years which was worth the bones, not of a Pomeranian Grenadier, but of a stray cat, he said in 1927 (*Essays* 187). In 1936, however, he hoped that League states might liquidate Mussolini before Mussolini liquidated Ethiopia, qualifying his pacifist convictions to allow military intervention against Italy if force, as a lesser evil, were needed to solve the Abyssinian crisis. If diplomacy failed, as he expected, lesser evil meant a short and resolute war by definition, as League members such as Abyssinia were assured that if attacked[,] all the other members would support the victim of aggression against the aggressor (*League* 8). He doubted the League would rally in this instance although he appealed to the aggregate that it must stand by its ability to distinguish without prejudice the instruments and methods of peace and civilization from those of war and barbarism (35). What happened to Leonard's thinking between 1927 and 1936 to make him a proponent of exceptional war? What had he wagered personally besides his stake in the League of Nations as one of many originators during the Great War of 1914? (Implicitly, this stake was riding in an editorial, *The Resurrection of the League*, published in 1937, when he recommended that England, France, and Russia should collectively confront both Italy and Germany).

Reading and analyzing Fascist ideology and viewing the cultic leadership of Mussolini and his more frightening German adherent, Hitler, account for most of the change. In reviewing Margherita Sarfatti's official life of Mussolini in 1925, Woolf connected the ideology and the personality of the dictator: Here are those wonderful photographs of Mussolini making faces like a superman which seem to impress the readers of the *Morning Post*, but which make every-one else laugh. Here, too, Woolf added, is all that boastful vulgarity which makes the Fascist violence, brutality, and cupidity

more than usually disgusting. The book was commended as a revelation of the capacity of man for stupidity (Biographies 117). But in 1934, after the Nazis rose to power in Germany, Leonard began to write his first and best-known book on 1930s-era muddled reasoning in political life, *Quack, Quack!* Its cover and inside plates took advantage, comically, of similarities between images of the bellicose dictators and effigies of the Hawaiian war-god, rendering thus a Polynesian Fuhrer and Polynesian Duce, primitive Chiefs who depict the superhuman sternness of the god and the terror which he instils (47). The figures so impressed Virginia Woolf that she undertook a similar strategy with the visual rhetoric of *Three Guineas* (see Pat Laurence's chapter in *Women in the Milieu of Leonard and Virginia Woolf*). Leonard's plates occur in chapter one, *Quack, Quack in Politics*, which he finished on 21 November 1934, as noted in Virginia's *Diary* (4: 262), and he carried on vigorously with chapter two, entitled *Intellectual Quack, Quack*, which he endeavored to finish in February 1935 (see LW, *Letters* 324; VW, *Letters* 5: 373), completing the whole work, seemingly without fanfare, on March 2 (VW, *Diary* 4: 284). The book was officially published by the Hogarth Press on May 27, four days before the Woolfs returned, with their marmoset Mitz, from nearly a month's tour by car through The Netherlands, Germany, Italy, and France. The book received a favorable review in *TLS* on the day it came out (on 30 May) and, as Virginia observed, seriously without a sneer, though without much grasp (*Diary* 4: 317). Second and third issuings followed the success of the first, in 1936 and 1937.

Having seen for himself how matters stood for the common man in the two Fascist states gave Leonard a theme and a new authority from which to advance in his journalism the rhetoric of an already well-reasoned book. In a word, he made the argument *personal* in two critical pieces for *The New Statesman and Nation* in the first two months after publication of *Quack, Quack!* Word searching electronically in the latest edition of the online *Annotated Guide to the Writings and Papers of Leonard Woolf*, by J. Manson and W. Chapman, facilitated this discovery and another one in connection with the satirical tone of *Quack, Quack!* chapter 1 on the war-bent dictators of Germany and Italy, and with Leonard's detailed account of the drive to Rome and back that he published thirty-five years later in *Downhill All the Way*.

As the main objective here is to summarize Woolf's analysis of Italy in 1935 in light of Mussolini's tract *The Political and Social Doctrine of Fascism*, then-recently translated for the Hogarth Press from the original of 1932, let us consider Woolf's concluding riposte to Signor Mussolini's views of war and the right way to train a military nation—a rhetorical drubbing that invoked the words of the king of Brobdingnag and the Houyhnhnm after hearing an account of the European nations (little pernicious vermin and Yahoos) in *Gulliver's Travels*. Swift was to Woolf the supreme satirist, and Gulliver's discourse on war mounted to a region above satire, a kind of jeremiad in which jokes become the poetry of human degradation; in a 1927 review of a reprint of the first edition of *Gulliver's Travels*, a book for which Leonard confessed a peculiar affection, Swift's sublimity involved a terrible passion, a kind of icy, frozen passion. His satire burns one in the same way as ice seems to burn the tongue (*Gulliver's Travels* 115). If Woolf aspired to this effect, there was no more convenient way to deliver it than to quote the admired passages at length, which he did for the better part of three pages in *Quack, Quack!* (67-69). He followed, too, his own example of the spirited pamphlet of 1925, *Fear and Politics: a Debate at the Zoo*, to which he alludes in the opening paragraph:

Some hundreds of thousands of years ago man was merely an animal; his politics were the politics of the jungle. If you want to see what his communal life then was, you may study the ways of the jackal, the wild ass, and the wild swine; . . . his psychology was

that of the savage, morose ape which you may see sitting in the zoological gardens in a cage upon the bars of which is the notice: Danger. This animal bites. (*Quack, Quack!* 9)

Other analogues would include *The Village in the Jungle* (1913), *The Gentleness of Nature* (ironically titled, 1917), and especially *Freedom and Authority*, the third chapter of *Principia Politica* (1953). But personal authority, that of globe-trotter . . . as a political or social observer of the savages of Germany and Italy in May 1935, was first employed by Woolf in an essay misleadingly signed A. C. but correctly attributed to him in the Contents of the 29 June 1935 issue of *The New Statesman and Nation*. The title, *Up and Up or Down and Down*, figuratively anticipates *Downhill All the Way*, and it compares Leonard's recollection of a month's travels in Italy in 1933 with his latest experience travelling for pleasure in a motor-car, keeping eyes and ears open and . . . mouth on occasions judiciously shut; for,

if you avoid politicians, distinguished persons, and journalists[;] if you talk to ordinary men and women going about their ordinary business or pleasures, you may get a bird's-eye view of a social or political situation which has interest or even value. This is particularly true of countries governed by dictators. You cannot be 24 hours in a totalitarian or fascist state without realising that there is a psychological relationship between the rulers and the ruled which does not exist except in war time in democratic countries. . . . Excitement and enthusiasm is, like the currencies, not easy to stabilise; it tends either to go up and up and up or down and down and down. The dictator relies on enthusiasm and he must therefore try to keep it perpetually rising. (*Up and Up* . . . 957)

Woolf argues in this article that the thermometer of excitement in Germany in 1935 had reached the point he experienced in Italy two years before, when [t]he processions of infants carrying rifles or of their elders in medieval costume always evoked at least the hum of approval. Every one except the peasants assured you that things were much better in Italy than they had been (957). So when he drove from Holland to Bonn with Virginia and Mitz the marmoset, Leonard was back again in the psychological atmosphere of Italy in 1933. It was the Minister-President G ring entering the town of Bonn instead of Binda winning a bicycle race. The excitement was the same (957). Avoiding political content in her letters from Germany as a precaution against exciting the censors, Virginia noted glibly that There is. . . a great deal to say about Germany although sleep forbids; they had almost met Hitler face to face; and Leonard drove with the marmoset on his neck, provoking all the children to cry Hail! (or Heil) as the three of them passed (*Letters* 5: 392). The adults responded similarly, as Leonard recounted in *Downhill All the Way* (193-95).

But when they crossed into Italy in 1935, he was amazed to find that something had happened, that [w]herever one went, whether to Verona or Arezzo or Rome, the ordinary man in the street seemed now to be impervious to State or Governmental excitement (*Up and Up* 958). The dictatorship showed signs of cracking, and the dictator had but one solution to the crisis, which was to make an actual war, the greatest caldron of natural excitement and herd enthusiasm. Mussolini's thoughts turned to Abyssinia because, facing the emotional deflation of his subjects, his only chance of reinflating them and himself [was] by war (958).

On 27 July 1935, Woolf repeated his assessment in *The Failure of Fascism*, a review-essay in *The New Statesman and Nation* on two books: *Mussolini's Italy* by Herman Finer and *Mussolini Red and Black* by Armando Berghi. No one can go to Italy, Woolf wrote, without feeling that Fascism is in that country heading for disaster. . . . The Italian regime has proved a

dismal failure; the only thing which keeps it in its place is Mussolini himself (130), and, faced with failure, he needed a war to maintain his authority. The Italian Fascist State is . . . simply Mussolini ; philosophical hocus-pocus was the medium for the transformation of the State into Benito Mussolini. . . . He wills, and his will is the truth (131), but a regime founded upon humbug, flattery, and bluff founders upon fact, Woolf argued, concluding that that is what he saw happening in Italy.

Of course, he had already exposed the quackery of Mussolini's political theory and had satirized the dictator as a ridiculous war-god. In *Quack, Quack! Mussolini's Political and Social Doctrine of Fascism*, with Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, was found devoid of merit when submitted to the test of logic and facts. By Leonard's reckoning, only six of twenty-six pages of the Duce's treatise present Fascist doctrine positively; otherwise, Fascism is negatively countenanced in the repudiation of persons, ideals, aspirations, and doctrines to which it is opposed (55). If unwise rhetorically, the emphasis on what fascism is not does little to support the claim that it is a completely individual thing in regime and doctrine, or that it is unique with its own distinct and peculiar point of view (57). Point by point, Woolf finds parallels in some of the worst, the most barbaric, and the most stupid governments known to history (58). And he registers much the same complaint as he later made in the *New Statesman and Nation* about Italy's perpetual, feverish, childish enthusiasm for uniforms, salutes, marching, and bicycle races (65). He writes that, in militarizing the urban population, Mussolini could only claim to make the trains run on time and to lay first-class motor roads throughout the country. The latter, in particular, was a lie this I know by experience not to be true, Leonard testifies, the fascist roads of Italy being in general considerably inferior to the non-fascist roads of France (65). Mussolini banished the hooting of motor horns in Rome and . . . transformed the noisiest and most beautiful of the great European cities into the most quiet and beautiful of them all (Up and Up 958) but had done nothing really to improve conditions for the people because economic facts are not impressed by. . . quack, quack. . . [.] and economic regeneration is not obtained nor are budgets balanced by suppressing all political criticism, waving flags, and militarizing the children (*Quack* 65). Like other despotic oligarchies, the regime in Italy was being driven to take the only possible steps to conceal its failure at home and maintain the quackery. It stokes up the bellicosity of its subjects, it turns them into a nation of soldiers, and prepares for the next war (66). And with that the stage was set for a devastating comparison between Gulliver in two books of his *Travels* and Mussolini in the *Manchester Guardian* of 19 September 1934.

In fairness to Italy, and especially to Rome, which Leonard and Virginia both loved, the variety of fascism operating there in 1935 was less brutal, less efficient, and less stupid than the Teutonic variety in Germany. For in Italy, the Latin still has a tradition of civilized intelligence that makes impossible his tolerating the exaggerated imbecility to be found in Herr Kube or in almost any German newspaper (69). By 1970, Leonard still favored the Italians:

Beneath the surface of Italian life the vulgar savagery of Mussolini and his thugs. . . was. . . much the same as that of Hitler and Goering; but whereas German history has never allowed civilization to penetrate for any length of time. . . into the German people, Italian history has been civilizing the inhabitants of Italy so deeply and so perpetually for over 2,000 years that no savages. . . have ever been able to make the Italians as uncivilized as the Germans. (*Downhill* 194).

In fairness to Germany, intellectual quackery existed everywhere. Like Oswald Spengler, England's Thomas Carlyle contributed to the ideology that

barbarians used in the 1930s to betray civilization. (Opportunity begs someone to compare Woolf's reading notes in Spengler's *The Decline of the West* [2 vols.] with *Quack, Quack!* and two precursory reviews in the *Nation and Athenaeum* of 1926 and 1929.)

Still, in 1935, in Italy, whether Jew or Gentile, one did not require a marmoset. . . to protect [one] from the native savages.

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THE POLITICAL WOOLF

Leonard Woolf could not possibly have known, when he married the fascinating and emotionally fragile Virginia Stephen, that she would become an iconic figure worldwide, and considered one of the most significant authors of the twentieth century. But because of this, he has hitherto been chiefly remembered as the husband of genius.

But his own work-life was always as intense as his private life. At the Hogarth Press, which started as a hobby shared with Virginia, and became a business run chiefly by himself, his publishing acumen, and the confidence he inspired in his distinguished authors, are deeply impressive. He himself published two novels, *The Village in the Jungle* and *The Wise Virgins*, before Virginia Woolf had published her first, and both are in print today. He also wrote a play, and personal, private poems. His literary activity, when he abandoned fiction, expanded into perceptive articles and book reviews, and for years he edited the back half, the literary half, of the *New Statesman*, as well as writing political pieces for the front half; and he later was co-editor, with his friend William Robson, of the *Political Quarterly*.

For his central intellectual preoccupation, after he returned in 1911 from seven years as a young colonial administrator in Ceylon, was always politics. His initial involvement was with the Women's Guild of the Co-operative Movement, which was widely seen as an alternative economic system, cutting out the middleman in trade and commerce. His work for the Women's Guild, in particular in connection with the working conditions of women in the industrial north of England, left him with a lasting admiration for the kind of working-class woman who could hold down a tough factory job, cook dinner for the family with a baby on her hip, and speak at political meetings with, he thought, less bombast and more good sense than most men. Perhaps because he was a Jew, and thus always subtly apart from the mainstream of upper-class English society to which his wife's family strongly belonged, he had effortless empathy for outsiders and the underprivileged, and he was one of nature's feminists.

His subsequent and permanent passion was for international relations, before it was spelt with a capital I and a capital R and became an academic discipline. Woolf believed that intellectuals should not inhabit an ivory tower, but engage with the way society is ordered. He was a Marxist and a socialist, of an idiosyncratic kind. Where exactly does Woolf stand? complained his more ideological hard-left colleagues, puzzled by, for example, his early rejection of Stalin's regime in Russia. But Woolf had a horror of blind faith and irrational belief. He subscribed to no religious dogma, and 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.

His political working life spanned the two world wars and beyond, and he had influence. His book *International Government* (1916) was initially conceived as a study for the Fabian Society and commissioned (for almost no money) by Beatrice and Sidney Webb. It turned out to be the text which informed the British delegation's contribution to the charter of the League of Nations, at the Peace Conference after the Great War.

As a polemical journalist, editor, and prolific author, his lifelong mission was to argue for the prevention of the barbarity and insanity of future war, through international cooperation and collective security.

Nationalism, so far from being a virtue, seemed to him the source of most conflict, though he loved England, and especially his own corner of England in rural Sussex. In the period between the two world wars, if Virginia was the person who gave meaning to his private life, how to prevent the coming war was the cause that dominated his work-life.

Not only did he write books and articles, but in that tense decade between the wars he joined most of the many working-parties and pressure-groups—such as the League of Free Nations Association, the Union of Democratic Control, FIL (which stood for For Intellectual Liberty)—often with competing schemes for world peace and/or political freedom, and with the overlapping memberships often squabbling between themselves. He spent evening after evening in the proverbial smoke-filled rooms—for like almost all men then, Woolf smoked a pipe. His wife, though she agreed wholeheartedly with his principles, found his colleagues pretty tedious and unattractive, and often resented the time taken up by his political activities.

Woolf was not a signed-up pacifist, but he believed both the world wars could and should have been avoided, and were entered upon for the wrong reasons—though once the truth about the holocaust became known, he felt that the war against Hitler had to be fought. The really striking thing is that some of his trenchant analysis of power politics is as shockingly relevant today as it was more than half a century ago. He was classed by his critics with the political idealists, considered by the so-called realists (whose spokesman was the academic historian E.H.Carr) as naive and feeble-minded. Peter Wilson of the London School of Economics, in *The International Theory of Leonard Woolf* (2003), came to the conclusion that the dichotomy between idealists and realists has done much damage to the evolution of I[nternational R]elations. It is a mental habit that Leonard Woolf spent his entire political career seeking to dissolve.

I would go further. Woolf spent his entire career proving the idealist-realist dichotomy to be false. He argued that the realists were the idealistic group, in that peace and stability could never be achieved by their methods of power politics and war. Leaders, he wrote, fighting to make the world safe for democracy were actually fighting to impose their will, and the self-determination of small nations was determined in fact by larger powerful ones to suit themselves. This was all in his book *The War for Peace* published in 1940, over 60 years ago. It is as if we have learned nothing. He defined another enemy to rational progress and peace as Communal Psychology, the primitive herd instinct that either clings to conventions as absolute laws, and/or responds to demagoguery, and the irresistible call to hatred of the Other, with a lemming rush into barbarism.

Woolf became the *eminence grise* of the British Labour Party. His major involvement in party mechanics began in 1917 the period when Labour was for the first time becoming a potential party of government. The new and upcoming Labour MPs, most of them coming from the provinces and without a university education, were not so experienced, well-read, well-informed, well-travelled, as Conservatives or Liberals. Woolf became Secretary of an advisory committee on International and Imperial Questions, to formulate Labour policies, and to inform, brief and counsel the party behind the scenes. Soon there was so much to address that the committee split into two, with Woolf as Secretary to both, meeting alternate weeks, over decades. He was not paid for any of this work. He not only set the agenda, he had a large personal input,

generally vehement and opinionated, as was his nature. He was a passionate man, and believed in reason so passionately that he was sometimes *un*reasonable.

His influence over these long years was crucial, but invisible to the public in general except in his books and articles. He was a natural free-lance, not an organisation man, though administration always fascinated him. He said and no one has ever been lyrical about it before or since that administration was the flower and fruit of civilisation. But he was not just a desk man. He was a walker, and an obsessional hands-on gardener. He had a quiet, natural affinity with all animals, and was much loved by a marmoset who spent her days on his shoulder and her nights in his bedroom. The well-being of his fragile wife was his first concern, and to an extent distorted and limited his career. It meant he could never go away from home for more than a very few days, so to take just a couple of examples he was unable to go to Russia to report on the results of the 1917 Revolution, as he was asked to do; and he wrote his anti-imperialist polemic *Empire and Commerce in Africa* (1920) without setting foot in that continent.

He always had so much on hand that he insisted on planning his own time, never agreeing to work full-time for the political periodicals where he was on the staff. He had many friends and colleagues at the London School of Economics and his books were on their reading-lists, but he never became an academic. His lack of academic status and his disregard for academic methodology were used against him, as the universities took over the social and political sciences after World War II. His last big book, *Principia Politica* (1959) was poorly received by academic reviewers. Now that the balance is swinging back to include in public debate the intelligent, thoughtful generalist, the value and nature of his discursive literary manner, in what he intended as his signature work, and his status as a public intellectual, as we understand the term today, become apparent.

He was an experienced if not a brilliant public speaker, and he was persuaded, unwillingly, to stand for Parliament. He did not try very hard to get elected, and he was not elected. The life of a back-bench MP, putting in time in the House of Commons and toeing the party line, had no allure for him at all. Yet he was, paradoxically, extremely competitive, both intellectually and in sport he played all games from chess to croquet to squash to cricket, and he always needed to win, even when playing with children.

At the end of his long life in his late eighties he died in 1969 he was disillusioned by what he saw as the failure of the Left and the inability of nations and peoples to learn anything at all from history. Observing how barbaric wars were still erupting all over the world, how our own society seemed no more humane than it had been in his youth, how the British empire had broken up leaving a legacy of internal dissension and violence, he said he felt he had achieved no more than if he had spent all those thousands of hours of political activism just playing ping-pong.

But as he wrote in the fifth and final volume of his autobiography, *The Journey not the Arrival Matters* (1969), though all I have tried to do politically was completely futile and ineffective and unimportant, for me personally it was right and important that I should do it. For us too it remains right and important to follow him in standing up against what he called barbarism, and to preserve what he identified as the permanent values: human relations, happiness, truth, beauty or art, justice and

mercy. The constants in Leonard Woolf's character, it seems to me, are honesty, persistence and energy. Perhaps we can now begin to appreciate this complex, inspirational, multi-faceted man, as he emerges out of the shadows.

Victoria Glendinning

PHOTOGRAPHY IN LEONARD WOOLF'S QUACK, QUACK IN POLITICS

Quack, Quack! is a political essay published by Leonard Woolf in May 1935. In the first part, Quack, Quack in Politics, he offers a close reading of Mussolini's *Political and Social Doctrine of Fascism* (1932) and of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, showing they appeal to emotion rather than the intellect and extol the virtues of patriotism, nationalism, intolerance and ignorance. He argues that in troubled times, the quacks, the divine kings and medicine-men primitive people relied on and who based their power on fear, hatred, and the victimization of scapegoats, come back; he identifies Mussolini and Hitler as quacks and thus proves that, with them, barbarism is back and civilization threatened.

What is particularly interesting for the reader today is not so much Woolf's text and its now somewhat hackneyed arguments as the triangular relationship established by the author between text, image and image. How the image is mediated by verbal language as well as by the other image, another form of language; how one deconstructs the other; what it tells us about Nazism and Fascism's hold on the visual image is what this essay means to explore.

Indeed, the hundred pages or so of the essay come with four photographs: two of effigies of the War-God Kukailimoku from the Hawaiian Islands; one of Hitler and one of Mussolini.¹ In order to prove that Nazism and Fascism work along ancestral rules and coincide with a return to primitive instincts, Woolf refers first to the photographs of the German and Italian leaders and comments upon them by quoting from Frazer's *The Golden Bough*. The leaders making speeches are compared with Frazer's description of Polynesian kings working themselves up to the highest pitch of apparent

frenzy, [. . .] the features distorted, and the eyes wild and strained (45). Both are said to be surrounded by the same priests who interpret to the people the often vague declarations the chiefs make. Finally, the Polynesian chief wears a piece of cloth, an indication of [. . .] the indwelling of the god with the individual who wore it (46), analogous to the swastika or the black shirt. Woolf then turns to the photographs of the two Hawaiian effigies which he has placed face-to-face with the German and Italian leaders. The photographs have been selected because the war-gods are supposed to produce the same impact on the beholder as the Nazi or fascist propaganda photographs: They are faces, Woolf writes not of individual human beings, but of generalized emotions of the savage (47). Depersonalized emotions create terror in the beholder even if the effigy itself is a vivid representation, not only of a terror-producing being, but of a terrified human being (48), something he will expatiate upon later, referring to Freud's analysis of the inferiority complex (86). Through Frazer's text and the effigies of the war-gods, Woolf highlights the similarities between the fascist leaders and the primitive chiefs, thus showing that Nazism and Fascism are a regression to primitive instincts. Frazer's text and the images are clearly meant to illustrate his point as is further underlined by the insertion of the photographs within the two pages of commentary.

Yet the diptych-like arrangement of the photographs suggests that the images are also conceived as mirror-images of each other. By placing the leader's photographs face-to-face with the effigies, Woolf, far from submitting the image to the text, introduces a dialogue not only between the text and the photographs but between the photographs themselves. Each photograph sheds a light on the other and reverberates in turn on the text in an interplay that exceeds by far the illustrative function. This dialogic relation is what I would like to look at more closely.

For today's reader, the propaganda photographs of Mussolini and Hitler have become sadly familiar but their documentary function is altered by the presence of the effigies facing them on the page. When we first open the book, the visual impact of the first effigy is the greater, the magnified terror-striking eyes of the war-god first catching our eye, before we register the pathetic shape of the mouth which makes us go back to the eyes and see them as enlarged by fear. The photo of the war-god re-focuses our gaze and makes us focus on Hitler's eyes and mouth rather than on his hand which is first striking; through a mimetic effect, it makes us notice in the frightening hero the eyes enlarged by fear. Even the hand appears now not so much as aggressive as a prop on which he supports himself; and the attributes of power—uniform, swastika, tie, belt—now read as masks failing to hide fear. The effigy thus helps to unmask the figure mythified by the Nazi propagandists. In other words, the photograph of Hitler is, as it were, turned upside down by the first photograph which exposes the negative of the other photograph, the fear at the heart of the terror-striking figure.

In the second set of photographs, what is striking is the curved shape of the war effigy, whose head folds on itself in a sort of helmet, in a slightly obscene aggressiveness confirmed by the shark-like row of teeth. From the effigy, we turn to the photograph of Mussolini and immediately the effigy diverts our gaze from the massive figure of Mussolini to his finger. A detail Barthes's *punctum*² that could go unnoticed if the photo stood on its own, now gives its meaning to the whole picture. The hook-like finger, magnified as a fearsome round-shaped helmet in the effigy, can also be related to the curved barred window at the back of the leader which reveals the crooked finger's menacing promise of imprisonment. The shape of the finger sends us back to the curved shape of the beret and the head, suggesting similarities with the curved head of the war statue, both aggressive and

protective, thus suggesting in return introversion and fierce egotism in Mussolini, some form of mental crookedness or perversion.

In both cases, the presence of the war statues affects the very photographs, altering their message. The photograph on the left superimposes a second code of reading on the first one, encoded in the propaganda photograph. The intended transparency of the propaganda photograph is blurred, the consensual reading it calls forth is questioned, and the encoded meaning is contradicted by the superimposed one.

It is interesting at this point to compare the use Woolf makes of photography in his essay with the use Virginia Woolf makes of it in *Three Guineas*, published three years later. Virginia inserts photographs of respected, impressive male personalities but the female beholder soon turns them into ridiculous and even barbarous objects of satire or laughing-stocks.³ In *Quack, Quack!*, the role of the statues is similar to that of the female beholder (not that the statues look in any way like women!). The photographs of the German and Italian leaders on their own are impressive, frightening propaganda photographs; when faced by the war effigies, they read differently: the effigies play the part of a second, metaphoric beholder whose power of perception and exposure partly exceeds that of the authorial beholder commenting on the photograph in the text.

Together, these various functions of the photographs end up in creating a satirical effect. The effigies of the war-god, through their magnifying function, become caricatures of the heroic images of the Duce and the Führer, turning them into grotesque figures. A bold move for someone writing in 1935, at a time when Mussolini was much admired by such people as Churchill who could assert in 1933 that Mussolini was the greatest living legislator (Falasca-Zamponi 53).

Part of the caricatural function of the stone statues consists in revealing both the inhuman nature of the two leaders and their potential petrification or paralysis. The choice of bodiless statues further emphasizes the leaders' lack of substance and reduces them to gods with feet of clay. This process of reification turns the leaders into lifeless statues, which is a way of depriving them of power.

It should also be noticed that the utter bareness of the statues serves as a foil to the artificiality of the photographs and the manipulative skills of the propagandists. In both plates, the leaders stand on a podium, a theatrical pose obviously meant to highlight their superiority and power as well as the quasi-divine state they can reach through oration. The backdrop is chosen with care, a bucolic setting in the first case, contrasting with the rigidity of the pose and suggesting that through strength, happiness can be reached; whereas in the second case, the uniforms of the soldiers in the image of the Duce and the barred window in the background emphasize the stern nature of the regime, the necessity of obedience and of the crushing of individual freedom in order to achieve strength and power. What the effigies reveal is that manipulation is at work in both regimes and their iconography; Leonard Woolf implicitly recognizes the power of photographs as an essential element in the formation of the fascist regime's self-identity (Falasca-Zamponi 3), something critics have recently demonstrated. The two leaders are exposed as trying to construct their identities and concomitantly achieve a form of sacralization through rituals of dressing, speaking, and behaving. Whereas photography, in the age of mechanical reproduction, usually reads, according to Benjamin, as a form of emancipation from the cultic and ritual function primitive art objects perform, Nazi and fascist photographs retrieve the ancient cultic function. Leonard Woolf suggests through the juxtaposition

of photographed cultic objects and fascist leaders that Nazism and Fascism use the remnants of auratic symbols, and this to political ends. And if the leaders' aura is constructed, it follows that it can be deconstructed. Such is the subversive political message the dialogic relation between the photographs sends back.

Moreover by revealing the manipulations in the photographs, the effigies implicitly question the reality of the leaders' power and inevitably lead the beholder to adopt the same critical stance. They are an open door to the criticism of the subjects of the photographs: through them, an indirect call to rebellion is launched. And here we must notice that while Virginia Woolf's derision of the British institutions aims at preventing war, Leonard Woolf's derision of the Nazi and fascist leaders reads as an act of subversion, an indirect call to topple these figures. The photographs thus read as an indirect plea for war.

We know that *Quack, Quack in Politics* was finished in November 1934.⁴ It is interesting to remember at this point that both the Woolfs were at that time pacifists. In this essay, the juxtaposed photographs seem to anticipate Leonard Woolf's change of opinion that will be voiced in October 1935 and reveal his latent, still unspoken desire to wage war against Germany and Italy; adopting and adapting a phrase Walter Benjamin uses for the cinema and photography, we could say that they function as the 'optical unconscious' of the text.

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Notes

¹ For the images from *Quack, Quack!* themselves, please see Patricia Laurence, 'A Writing Couple: Shared Ideology in Virginia Woolf's *Three Guineas* and Leonard Woolf's *Quack, Quack!* in *Women in the Milieu of Leonard and Virginia Woolf: Peace, Politics, and Education*, edited by Wayne K. Chapman and Janet M. Manson (New York: Pace UP, 1998) pages 125-43.

² 'Le *punctum* d'une photo', c'est le détail qui a une force d'expansion' (Barthes 74).

³ See Gualtieri's article.

⁴ See Virginia Woolf's diary (21 November 1934).

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MODERNITY'S OTHERS: FASCISM AND OTHER PRIMITIVES IN *QUACK, QUACK!*

Less than a decade after serving in the Colonial Service in Ceylon from 1904-1911, Leonard Woolf voiced his opinion of the damaging effects of imperialism in *Empire and Commerce in Africa: A Study in Economic Imperialism* (1920). The book condemns the egregious exploitation and extermination of African inhabitants and lands by European nations in the name of economic progress. Ultimately critical of the capitalist system that sustains the beliefs and desires of the imperialists, Woolf proposes international cooperation to change imperialist ideology and promote the interests, political, social, economic, of the Africans (362). Eight years on, in *Imperialism and Civilization*, he similarly argues that it is time to bring an end to imperialism and to conflict and to begin a synthesis of civilizations (135). Citing the Great War as exemplar of the violence toward which imperial competition in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries led, both books serve as a warning against the danger of continued claims to national superiority.

Though often described as an imperialist turned anti-imperialist (Glendinning 152, 213, 219; Meyerowitz), Woolf's views, I argue, are not so easily delineated. *Empire and Commerce in Africa* betrays Woolf's embeddedness in the very discourses and ideologies that sustained imperialism, whether in terms of its nineteenth century religious civilizing mission or its later concern for progress, economic or anthropological. Africans are thus characterized, according to Woolf's estimation, as 'non-adult races' whose psychological passivity has made them fall under the dominion of Europeans (337, 356; 352). Africans have not the physical or mental strength of their colonizers—however 'evil' Woolf sees these colonizers (352). Woolf's terminology conveys the very beliefs that subordinately positioned Africans on a hierarchal scale of human development as 'Other' to Europeans, whose identity, it apparently goes without saying, are 'adult'.

In another of his political treatises, this one more satirical than the previous despite its equally serious subject matter, fascism, Woolf again makes frequent use of the terms 'civilized' and 'primitive'. Defining fascism as 'the supreme example in modern times of the reversion to savagery and the belief in political magic,' Woolf's recourse to civilization and primitivism impose a conception of time on the analysis of fascism (QQ 37). In *Quack, Quack!* (1935), Woolf sees fascism as a regression to barbarism within modernity; Germany and Italy have reverted into a primitive state that is without reason, culture, and civilization. These concepts make possible his theorization of fascism as belonging to another time, a time distinct from the 'civilized' or 'rational' time and modernity of England.

Woolf's project importantly takes part in a broader debate of the 1930s and continues today—the question of fascism's relation to modernity. Did modernity give rise to fascism? Can fascism at once be a rejection of modernity (antimodern) and definitional of it? Was fascism an aberration, a disruption of historical modernity? Does fascism bear an essential relation to modernity? My purpose is to ask what the implications are of theorizing fascism in terms of time.

Despite the satiric tone of Woolf's title *Quack, Quack!*, suggesting a nonsensical noise or a reference to 'one who boasts to have knowledge of wonderful remedies; an empiric or impostor in medicine' (*OED* XII), Woolf's mockery of fascism as a reversion to primitivism nevertheless requires a version of 'the primitive' against which its ridicule can be

felt. His comparison is sustained vis-à-vis the modern science of anthropology and, in particular, a text that proved vastly influential to early twentieth-century writers and intellectuals: Frazer's *The Golden Bough*. Whereas modernists such as Eliot, Yeats, and Lawrence found in Frazer's encyclopedic text of myth, folklore, and ritual, sources of cultural and racial renewal and authenticity in a barren modernity, Woolf draws on *The Golden Bough* to deride the qualities of primitivism essential to contemporaneous political and philosophical movements.¹ His substantial dependence on Frazer throughout this first section of *Quack, Quack!* is striking. Why does he draw on Frazer at a moment when anthropology was itself moving away from the developmental metaphor of human progression from a savage state to a civilized one?² Indeed, Frazer's own disciple, Bronislaw Malinowski, was working to recant Frazer's comparative approach in his 1931 Special Foreword to the third edition of *The Sexual Life of Savages* (1929) (xxix). *Modern anthropology*, writes Malinowski, distinguishing his work from that done in the recent past, focuses on function and thus cannot justify speaking about primitive views of man or of anything else, using *primitive* in the absolute sense of the word (xxvi; first emphasis added). Making note of a contemporary problematization of method—one turning away from comparison and universalism—Malinowski works to distance himself from the claims of his predecessor regarding an essential primitivism. For reasons of space, I focus solely on the first part of *Quack, Quack!*, *Quack, Quack in Politics*, and Woolf's problematic citation of Frazer.

God-Kings, War Gods, and Fascist Dictators

Quack, Quack! is an inquiry into the psychic conditions that have allowed fascism to emerge in modern civilized society. But while Woolf's question ostensibly concerns the present, his answer lies in the past as he works to establish links between fascism, contemporary primitivism, and ancient cultural belief in magic and superstition. The discipleship incited by dictator or propagandist is comparable to that of barbarous belief in a god-king. In order to illustrate this comparison, Woolf cites Frazer's discussion in *The Golden Bough* of the Shilluk (a tribe of the White Nile) [who] hold their kings in high, indeed religious reverence and take every precaution against their accidental death in order to protect society from calamity (QQ 29). Civilization, reason, and intelligence, Woolf continues, have never completely succeeded in eradicating from any society this delusion of the savage that a king or hero is a kind of divine public miracle worker, as evident in post-war Europe, Woolf explains, where the masses seek a savior to miraculously lead them out of the miseries of the post-war period (42, 54). Indeed, even the title Führer, explains Woolf, means in German the headman or chief of a savage tribe (42). Should language not prove adequately convincing here of the relation established between the fascist and the savage, Woolf turns to the visual, utilizing an aesthetic of fascist analogy to convey a belief in the atavistic qualities of the primitive and fascist.

Referencing a description of Frazer's by which priests or kings of the savages in the Pacific islands are frequently inspired by a god, Woolf juxtaposes pictures of effigies of the Polynesian War-God Kukailimoku and official photographs of the Duce and Führer. The reader is urged to see the faces not of individual human beings, but of generalized emotions of the savage (QQ 47). In each image, Woolf points out, there exists not only a being who produces terror, but a being who is terrified—Look at the eyes, Woolf repeatedly exhorts. He need say no more it seems, for the terror and fear are inherent to, and thus perceptible

in, the features of each (particularly the angular foreheads and square jaws). Woolf's analogy is strengthened by further reference to the behaviour [sic] and state of mind of the savage of the Pacific island when the god had entered the king or priest—based on evidence from *The Golden Bough*—and that of Mussolini, Hitler, Goebbels, or Goebbels at a fascist meeting (QQ 45). The images are a hyperbolic statement on the primitivism of fascist subjectivity and culture, but they also, unwittingly, reproduce national and racial myth-making he otherwise opposes in fascism and quackery. The images, provided by the British Museum, carry a history of imperial exploitation—their use now being rendered by a British subject for the purposes of distinguishing national difference and temporal distance. They are, that is, historicized through resonance with Frazer's study of ancient cultures and dehistoricized through this same analogy that accords to all three, god-kings, war gods, and fascist dictators, an eternal quality. Indeed, as Patricia Laurence argues, Woolf unwittingly neutralizes [the effigies] in terms of their own culture. . . . Although we can understand and sympathize with his disgust and frustration with Hitler and Mussolini's war-mongering values, we see also that another culture is unfairly implicated . . . through British cultural refractions (141). Laurence does not go on to read others of Woolf's cultural refractions of class and race in *Quack, Quack!*

Woolf participates in what Marianna Torgovnick has termed primitivist discourse, a discourse fundamental to the Western sense of self and Other (8). This discourse provides a means to analyze the present, the needs of which, argues Torgovnick, determine the value and nature of the primitive (8). The problem of the present—what Woolf identifies as a rejection of reason—incites his recourse to temporal difference. The primitive or savage in contemporary society must be historicized in order to claim its distance from civilization and modernity. And yet, it is this very structure that permits him ahistorical claims to essentializing truths.

Woolf's conception of historical time materializes in his discussion of civilization, the definition of which is largely provided by Frazer. The culmination of a civilized society is humanity, freedom, and tolerance arrived at through reason. Further, civilization produces industry, commodities, architecture, art, letters, and social relationships, and, importantly for both Woolf and Frazer, it has an account of Time (QQ 11-12, 53). Hundreds of thousands of years ago, Woolf tells us, humans were animals and their politics were the savage and barbaric politics of the jungle. Over time, nearly two or three hundred thousand years ago, evolved savage or primitive man (10). Whether such beings were the product of an act of God or a change of diet or climate, their advancement through reason directed their course to civilization within the past five or six thousand years (10). Woolf establishes an evolutionary account of time in his definition of civilization—indeed, it is this very account of time that is *definitional to* civilization.

Woolf's attempted historicization of civilization and primitivism evolves out of a broadly conceived developmental metaphor informed by evolutionary theories in anthropological and biological discourses. Among the classical evolutionists, human development was held to proceed linearly from the simple to the complex, from the primitive to the advanced or civilized, from belief in magic to the reasoned use of science (Eggan 124). The comparative method favored by Frazer and that informed early anthropology involves the use of ethnographic data from many different kinds of society as a basis for constructing an

evolutionary typology that is presumed to represent an actual historical sequence (*Dictionary of Anthropology* 78). In *The Golden Bough*, Frazer utilizes comparative analysis to prove that certain early rituals and myths (barbarous custom) were similarly practiced among a variety of societies; this universality helps to explain, specifically, the priesthood of Nemi, a pre-historic practice of succession to priesthood or kingship by slaying the one in power (*Golden Bough* 2). The comparative approach here is necessary because the period of study is pre-historical; as Frazer puts it, it is in a far ruder state than any known to us in the historical period (6). The time of the primitive is not only constructed as different here, but as outside of or prior to history. Notably, Frazer's use of comparison draw[s] attention to similarities between the belief systems of remote peoples and rural groups in present-day Europe (42) thereby identifying elements of superstition, magic, and taboo not only among ancient, medieval or heathen cultures from around the globe but among, for example, English and German rustics, the savages of Melanesia and America, and the aborigines of Central Australia (42), an assessment that Woolf both wittingly and unwittingly reproduces.

A similar proponent of Cambridge rationalism, Frazer's project of showing a progressive evolution of societies clearly would have appealed to Woolf. What might appear as an ironic use of the classical evolutionist to critique fascist society, is, rather, an importation of authoritative scientific evidence to sustain Woolf's political analysis that adherents of fascism have regressed to a more primitive state of being. Were this a sardonic attack on anthropology, then, the critique of fascism as a reversion to barbarism would not hold. Woolf disavows the turn against evolutionary time and the comparative method that had begun by the late 1920s in order to critique fascism as a movement and philosophy of life that belongs to a different time a time Other to modernity. In so doing, however, he reifies particular identities the primitivism of contemporary African culture and the uncivilized in his own society: peasants, the mad, and the masses.³

Patriotism, Primitivism, and the Pre-modern

One of the primary effects of reverence for kings is patriotic sentiment, to which most in modern society are susceptible, however. Indeed, reverence for crown and nation infects England as well as Germany with the flag-waving, incantation, medicine-man frame of mind (*QQ* 35). If human beings are to progress beyond primitive myth-making, eventually all civilized people have either to abolish their kings or turn them into political figure-heads, Woolf determines (31). This is why even aristocrats, when civilized, though they may think it necessary to maintain an outward show of immense reverence for a king as part of the machinery for keeping the common people in their place (*i.e.* uncivilized), in private make a mock [sic] of royalty (31; emphasis added). To be sure, Woolf criticizes the ruling classes for perpetuating irrational beliefs, the same kind of reverence for god-kings Frazer attributes, for example, to the Shilluk. Still, it is only a show of patriotic sentiment; the aristocracy is above the fray when it comes to following primitive instinct. They have achieved a level of skepticism mockery that places them in a more evolved, *i.e.* civilized, position.

Even if the aristocracy receive Woolf's censure for propagating savage custom, and despite his ostensible democratic socialist perspective, it is peasants, the working class, children, and common or simple people who have not yet attained to the level of mock[ery] of royalty that the ruling classes have. And it is not solely the working classes who are the

uncivilized in English society. Others who believe in an all-powerful, as king, priest, and God incarnate, some of whom today are to be found in our lunatic asylums (16), signify, too, a reversion to primitivism. These primitive or barbarous groups have not reached the level of skepticism that will be central to Woolf's rejection of anti-rationalism in the latter section of his treatise. The comparative method again displaces difference in space onto temporal difference. Further, the above formulation is reminiscent of Woolf's understanding of the non-adult races of Africa whose psychological development, he contended in *Empire and Commerce in Africa*, was incapable of resistance to its colonizers.

Indeed, the difference between Africans and Europeans is pronounced throughout *Quack, Quack!*, particularly when the discussion is linked to patriotism. It is the more remote effects of this quackery and barbarism that are of concern to Woolf, for these uncivilized instincts indicate susceptibility to other superstitious beliefs and make a purely rational and intelligent attitude towards social problems impossible (*QQ* 34). If a man is politically in the mental condition of a naked Nilotic savage, observes Woolf, he cannot at the same time be an intelligent, 20th-century European (34-35). The indigenous peoples of East Africa are no different from a savage from the Stone Age, both, apparently on an earlier stage of history and human development. If modern technology fails, if the motorcar will not start or if the loud speaker is silent, it is no good sending for a medicine-man from an African jungle; we do not expect to put it right by waving flags and muttering incantations over the engine (35). The very terms used earlier to deride patriotic sentiment are here appropriated to African peoples. The African, presumably psychologically and intellectually unable to enter into modernity, is the point of comparison against which 20th-century Europe defines itself (35).

It is at this point in his comparison that Woolf explicitly introduces the subject of fascism (*QQ* 37), invoking the images discussed earlier in this paper. Primitivist discourse has served to theorize fascism as belonging to a pre-modern and, indeed, pre-historical, time. It is a regression to an earlier state of being that is without an account of Time: not a product of modernity, it is rupture from modernity. This dehistoricization of fascism is only possible, however, by comparison to other primitives who are placed on an evolutionary scale of human development, constructed as psychically or culturally immature and powerless of attaining to reason.

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Notes

¹ There are, of course, contradictory uses of primitivism in the era under study. Lawrence's blood consciousness may have resonated with the blood and soil primitivism of National Socialist Germany, for example but the latter's use of the primitive was often paradoxical. Nazi primitivist discourse was also used to identify Jews as ritualistic, collective, superstitious, alien, and distasteful (Torgovnick 199).

² I thank Jean Walton for bringing this shift in anthropology to my attention.

³ In *A Writing Couple: Shared Ideology in Virginia Woolf's Three Guineas* and Leonard Woolf's *Quack, Quack!*, Patricia Laurence points to the many connotations of uncivilized in the 1930s. It was

appropriated to savages, to the colonized, to children, to the working class, and to the mad (130). Though Laurence argues that both Woolfs deconstruct fascism and tyranny as the other in these works, she does not examine the specific implications of the uses to which the uncivilized is put in *Quack, Quack!* and the unsettling limits to Leonard Woolf's deconstruction of the civilized/primitive binary.

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ERRATUM

In *VWM* issue #71, Spring/Summer 2007, the caption to the photograph accompanying Anita Helle's article "A Plath Photograph, Annotated: Point Shirley, 1936," incorrectly identifies the second woman in the photo as Frieda Plath Heinrichs. She is Dorothy Schober Benotti, and the caption should read as follows: Aurelia Schober Plath, Dorothy Schober Benotti, Sylvia Plath (in foreground) Point Shirley, Winthrop, Massachusetts, circa 1936. Copyright Estate of Aurelia S. Plath, courtesy Mortimer Rare Book Room, Smith College.

BRITISH IMPERIALISM IN AFRICA:

LEONARD WOOLF, M. W. SWANSON AND THE ROLE OF CIVIL BUREAUCRACY

My father gave me my first lessons—an unpaid-for education (*Three Guineas*)—about the realities of social injustice and institutionalized oppression through bringing the family with him on his research trips to South Africa and through explaining the apartheid system to me. I vividly remember the shock I felt when he told me that in South Africa 10% of the population owned 90% of the land and that this White 10% controlled the Bantu (Black African), Coloured (mixed race), and Indian 90%. I also remember passionately explaining this injustice to some of my third-grade classmates in the lunchroom. My father also talked about the campaigns and endeavors of Black South Africans as various as A. W. G. Champion and Nelson Mandela. I attribute to my father my own passion for justice and my anger at the domestic and international imperialism of my own country. I trace back to my father my belief that scholarship and teaching matter because ideas matter to the way individuals, communities, and nations treat each other and because ideas matter to the quality of life we build together.

When I learned that the 17th Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf would be held at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, I thought of my father. My late father, Maynard W. Swanson, was professor of African history at Miami University from 1970 to 1994. Thus, the location of the 2007 Conference offered me the opportunity to honor the lessons my father taught me and to explore my father's scholarship to see what light it could shed on the Woolfs, particularly Leonard's, understanding of imperialism. In the paper I gave at the conference, I interrogated the nature of Leonard Woolf's anti-imperialism in light of my father's research on the ideology and the bureaucratic practices of British colonial administration, particularly with regard to racial policy. In this short essay for the *Miscellany*, I will offer some of the information and insights I presented at the conference. But first, a word about naming: researching and writing the paper for the Miami conference gave me the opportunity to meet my father colleague to colleague; in the rest of this essay I turn from the daughter into the scholar, stop talking about my father and refer to Swanson.

Leonard Woolf experienced imperialism firsthand in the Ceylon Civil Service from 1904 to 1911. Later, Woolf turned his scholarship and political thought toward Africa in such works as *Empire and Commerce in Africa* (1920) and *The League and Abyssinia* (1936). In this essay, I focus on Woolf's *Empire and Commerce in Africa* and his comments on his experience in the Ceylon Civil Service in his autobiography *Growing* (1961). *Empire and Commerce* was written in the immediate aftermath of WWI and during the creation and beginning of the League of Nations. It was commissioned by Sidney Webb and the Fabian Society and intended to be informative and advisory to the Labour Party and to government and citizens generally. Swanson's research focuses primarily on British colonies in southern Africa in the late 19th century through 1920, the time period that Woolf discusses in *Empire and Commerce*. He did his research in the US, England, and South Africa in the context of the African nationalist movements of the 50s and 60s and the domestic and international movements that targeted South Africa's apartheid regime in the 70s and 80s.¹

The different historical contexts in which Woolf and Swanson worked shaped their perspectives and conclusions in significant ways. Woolf

focused on the actions of the European powers in Africa and he wanted to explain the forces that led to world war and how to prevent future war. Swanson focused not only on British initiatives and actions but also on the actions and aspirations of African and Indian people in southern Africa; thus his analysis includes the agency of the subjugated and had implications for contemporary Marxist vs. liberal debates about the best way forward in Africa. What Woolf and Swanson had in common, however, was their allegiance to Enlightenment values of reason and disinterestedness and their suspicion of dogmatic ideologies.

Woolf developed a theory of international relations and economics based on what we today would call social constructionism. He maintained that beliefs are the most important factor governing the behavior of individuals and nations. In the introductory chapter to *Empire and Commerce*, Woolf states that man's past was caused by what men desired and believed: the future will be caused by what we desire and believe. . . . Policy is determined by our beliefs and our ideals. . . . Thus the State is what we want it to be and believe it to be (9). He goes on to assert that:

there is no statesman or writer in any European country to-day who would contest the political axiom that the power of the State can be and should be used upon the world outside the State for the economic purposes of the world within the State. It is almost impossible to visualize the total effect which the acceptance of this axiom in the last sixty years has had upon the world. It has turned whole nations into armies, and industry and commerce into weapons of economic war. It has caused more bloodshed than ever religion or dynasties caused in an equal number of years, when gods and kings, rather than commerce, were the greatest of political interests. It was the chief cause of the war which we have just been fighting. . . . It has proved infinitely stronger than the other two great currents in nineteenth-century history, democracy and nationalism, for everywhere in Europe[,] democratic have yielded to economic ideals, and nationalism, wherever it has appeared, has applied itself most violently to economic ends. . . . [It] has converted the whole of Africa and Asia into mere appendages of the European State, and the history of those two continents, the lives which men live in Nigeria or Abyssinia, in India and Siam and China, are largely determined by the conviction of Europeans that commerce is the greatest of European political interests. (10)

Thus Woolf identifies the controlling ideology behind imperialism as the European belief that the primary role of government is to further commercial development and the material interests of the nation; the problem in Africa was what he called economic imperialism. In *Empire and Commerce*, Woolf details events, policy decisions, and financial statistics to show that this fundamental belief in economic imperialism shaped the behavior, opinions, and policies of European government officials, financiers, explorers, merchants, and farmers in Africa.

According to Woolf, the effects of imperialism on Europeans was bad and on Africans devastating. European treasure and lives were spent to produce profits for the few at the cost of the many. In British East Africa, for example, a few hundred Englishmen, capitalists and planters, who directly exploit the territories by the purchase of land and

mining rights and the flotation of joint-stock companies, have made and sometimes lost money. But trade, industry, and labour, generally, have reaped no advantages (334). The native Africans were disenfranchised politically, robbed of their land, and forced into a kind of slave labor to support British farming, mining, and trade.

Swanson would agree with Woolf that the ideology of economic imperialism, the profit motive, and the use of the state for the economic advantage of a wealthy and politically powerful few were important causes of imperialism in Africa. However, Swanson would add at least two other factors as significant in the development of policies that exploited African peoples and created and maintained European dominance: racist ideologies and the operations of the civil bureaucracy of colonial administrations.

In *Urban Origins of Separate Development*, Swanson points out that the first municipal charters in the British colonies of southern Africa embodied democratic conceptions of society and popular government and their terms of application were universal, with the male adult franchise based on property, not color (33). However, as early as the 1820s in some areas and the 1840s in others, when increasing numbers of non-Europeans began to exercise the freedom of the towns and to demonstrate the egalitarian implications of the basic laws, neither colonists nor their governments were prepared to or wanted to accept these consequences (33). Finally, Swanson says, between 1870 and colonial self-government in the 1890s, the conceptions of an *Asiatic Menace* and the native *Social Pest*, added to longer-standing fears of native rebellion, took definitive shape in European minds and found expression in the beginnings of systematic policies—separation, locations, a pass system and other restrictions (34). Before what Woolf says is the high point of economic imperialism, the 1890s through the teens, Europeans' perceptions of cultural differences and the supposed moral and intellectual inferiority of darker races were already putting in place systems of racial segregation, labour exploitation, expropriation of land to European ownership, and exclusion of non-Europeans from participation in governance. The application of this notion of White superiority in Natal, for example, came to fruition in the work of a Durban merchant, scholar, and legislator, Maurice S. Evans. Is it possible, he asked, for a white race whose race aspiration is the utmost economic development of the country . . . to live with a black one, to whom the aspirations of the white do not appeal, and yet so adjust the life of each that both shall be content . . . ? (38). Thus the ideology of White racial and cultural superiority meets the ideology of economic imperialism. What Swanson's research points out here is that the way in which economic imperialism was put into practice was significantly shaped by the racial ideology already in place.

Swanson also differs from Woolf by showing that civil bureaucracy itself played a significant role in creating imperialist policies and exploitation. In several articles, including *The Durban System: Roots of Urban Apartheid in Colonial Natal*, *The Sanitation Syndrome: Bubonic Plague and Urban Native Policy in the Cape Colony, 1900-1909*, and *The Asiatic Menace: Creating Segregation in Durban, 1870-1900*, Swanson argues that official, governmental, and administrative classes generated more pressure than did business or commercial interests for systematic social controls leading to the creation of the legal and administrative structures of urban segregation. It is, at the very least, possible that in these phenomena . . . we can see the state, as such, generating autonomous initiatives and pursuing its own strategies and

goals independently of other societal actors (*Asiatic Menace* 401). In the context of racist fears, economic rivalries between individuals and groups, and epidemics attendant on rapid urban growth, problems and crises, and the anxieties arising from them, were useful to public authorities ambitious for greater activity and control (421). Administrators used fears about both moral and physical contamination, including public health, to justify segregation, expropriation of land, and pass laws. They also used paternalistic ideas about protecting Black Africans from moral degradation to justify urban and rural reserves and other restrictions on where Africans could live and work.

That the governmental and administrative classes played an important and independent role in the development of racist policies and exploitation suggests that Woolf neglected to consider the role of his former civil service colleagues and missed an important element that created and maintained imperialism. This omission on his part may have its roots in his own experiences in colonial administration and his belief in what he calls law and order. In discussing his experiences in the Ceylon Civil Service in his autobiography *Growing*, Woolf says, I am all and always on the side of law and order, and my time in Ceylon, where I was on the Government side of the fence, strengthened me in this attitude, simply because without law and order, strictly enforced, life for everyone must become poor, nasty, brutish, and short (79). Both Woolf himself and biographer Victoria Glendinning record that Leonard's strictness in the application of laws and regulations became legendary in Ceylon. While he reports his growing unease with and ambivalence about participating in what he increasingly perceived as an arrogant and tyrannical British imperialist government (157, 133-36, 111-14, 224, 236), he admits that he felt the temptation of power and position (224). He also records his sense of satisfaction in settling disputes and improving the efficiency of government offices and of local industries such as salt harvesting: My vanity was flattered because it seemed to me that, as time went on, in many ways the people seemed to trust me more and came to me to settle their disputes and solve their difficulties. It was in this kind of work that I became most deeply absorbed (236).

Woolf's solution to the abuse and exploitation of the African peoples was the institution of a system of international trusteeship over and in the interests of what he called the non-adult races of Africa (*Empire and Commerce* 364). He argued for international governance of Africa through the League of Nations and systematic education of the natives with a view to training them (a) to take a part in, and eventually to control, the Government of the country, and (b) to make the best use of their land and its mineral and other resources (362). It seems to me that, well intentioned though this proposal was, it is the proposal of a person who believed that the great faults and abuses of the British government of Ceylon lay more in the attitudes of the men running the Ceylon Civil Service than the system itself. It is the solution of the strict, efficient, but eminently fair administrator whom the people trusted to solve their difficulties. To give Woolf credit, he did assume that the peoples of Africa were as capable of education as any other groups of people around the world—a great difference between him and most colonial administrators; however, he assumed that what Africans would learn would come out of Europe rather than Africa. He assumed, as did the colonial administrators in southern Africa, that European forms of government, industry, and trade were superior, that the cultures of Africa were less developed than those of Europe, and that the indigenous peoples needed protection.

Because of this assumption about African societies, Woolf overlooked or did not look for the evidence that Swanson uses to show that significant numbers of Africans were poised by the 1880s to enter fully into the colonial economy and achieve a take-off into modernity (The Fate of the Natives 61). Swanson's research suggests that, by the beginning of Woolf's era of economic imperialism (the 1880s), what kept many Africans, at least in southern Africa, from achieving economic success and equal participation in creating what could have been a multiracial, multiethnic southern African culture and economy was the regulation and restrictions of the colonial laws and bureaucracy which were based in paternalism and racism. Woolf's proposal to end imperialism in Africa depended on the civil bureaucracy that was a foundation stone of British imperialism itself. Leonard Woolf's anti-imperialism was paternalistic and Eurocentric despite his dedication to the cause of democratic self-government in Africa and his admirable degree of self-awareness and self-critique.

Leonard Woolf came of age in England at the turn of the twentieth century and he wrote *Empire and Commerce* in the shadow of WWI; understandably his vision centered on Europe. His interests also focused on creating international governmental institutions to arbitrate disputes and avert future wars; understandably his solution to imperialism in Africa centered on the League of Nations. M. W. Swanson came of age fifty years after Woolf, at the beginning of the first decade of the Black Civil Rights movement in the U.S., and he wrote his articles in the midst and immediately after the nationalist liberation struggles in Africa which Leonard Woolf predicted; understandably his vision of Africa included Africans' own agency and ability. Products of their times, neither Woolf nor Swanson discussed the economic and political labor of women in African societies or the role of sex and gender in the formulation of imperialism and racism. Like all of us, both Leonard Woolf and my father had their limitations and blind spots, however, both men did their work with the best intentions of serving the interests of justice and truth.

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Note

¹ The case study chapters in Woolf's book discuss French, German, and British possessions, but not those in southern Africa. Swanson's work focuses for the most part on southern Africa. Nevertheless, I think their general conclusions can legitimately be compared given the significant similarities among Kenya, Uganda, Natal, and the Cape in terms of British policy on native political, social, economic, and land rights. In analyzing Woolf's book, I focus mainly on what he has to say about British possessions in southeast Africa.

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LEONARD WOOLF AND THE SOVIET DOPPELGÄNGERS

A piece of research on the reception of Leonard Woolf in Russia would begin with the obvious tip of him being known as Virginia Woolf's husband and a publisher. This public image is the fruit of a long-term tradition dating back to the 1930s, when D. S. Mirsky first mentioned Leonard Woolf as Virginia Woolf's spouse and co-founder of the Hogarth Press (Mirsky 65).

Since then Leonard Woolf's identity has been investigated and commented on quite extensively in the Russian cultural space. Today the Russian academia has a more or less coherent view of Leonard Woolf as publisher, primarily of Russian books.

As is known, the Hogarth Press published thirteen Russian works in the translated form, and it is no exaggeration to say that Leonard Woolf had a hand in all the projects. Of this aspect of Woolf's publishing activities a few scholars have written, both English and Russian.¹

As for the Russian translations of Woolf's works, there is none, except a few extended passages about D. S. Mirsky and Theodore Rothstein in Leonard Woolf's autobiography *Downhill All the Way* (26; 24; 22-23 qtd. in Kaznina 123; 146; 152-154).

Yet, though much has been written about the Russian chapter in Leonard Woolf's activities as a publisher and Koteliansky-cum-Virginia Woolf co-translator, some links still lie submerged. For example, Leonard Woolf's correspondence with D. S. Mirsky,² or his correspondence with S. S. Koteliansky, which still goes uncollected and unpublished.

Yet even so this is not the whole story.

When I turn to the library shelves, to take a rough test, as to how many people in the course of a year borrow . . . works from the public libraries, (CRI 113) following Virginia Woolf's advice to the common reader, I discover, to my dismay, something really puzzling and alarming. For, alongside Leonard Woolf the author of a few collections of stories and the autobiography listed in the Russian State Library (RSL) and the Library for Foreign Literature (LFL) catalogues, there rises his Doppelgänger in the shape of Woolf, Leonard Sidney, or Woolf, L.S., to whom political works, reports and pamphlets belong. Mind, with no relation between the two indicated in the catalogues.

Here indeed I stumble over something weird.

According to the RSL catalogue, which, from the eighteenth century on, has listed the first editions of books the library acquires worldwide, it possesses the first editions of *After the Deluge* (Vol. I), and of *Growing: An Autobiography of the Years 1904-1911*, alongside the 1951 London edition of *The Village in the Jungle*. Going by these entries, we get the idea of Leonard Woolf as a novelist of no exact dating (there is no mention of the first edition of 1913), as a political journalist and a writer of the autobiography (with the first, third and fourth volumes missing). This lopsided and curtailed view of Leonard Woolf the novelist-cum-political journalist-cum-autobiographer is further messed up by the entries following, which refer to Woolf, Leonard Sidney. Listed under the latter name are *Cooperation and the Future of Industry* (1919), *Economic Imperialism* (1920), and *Empire and Commerce in Africa* (1920).

Now, the alphabetical arrangement of the entries suggests unambiguously that Woolf, Leonard, and Woolf, Leonard Sidney, are two different people. One dabbled in writing novels, autobiography and journalism, the other wrote on economics and imperialism. You can certainly say that this is a mistake, one of many in the library catalogues, to which I will answer that it is unlikely to be so. And I will explain why. For one thing, the bibliographical status of the Russian National Library is of such order that mistakes, though they do occur, are extremely rare. For the other thing, even if there was a mistake, it is surprising to find that it still goes unacknowledged and uncorrected. For there exist two publications that should have clarified the identities of Leonard Woolf and Leonard Sidney Woolf a long time ago. One is a well-known *Leonard Woolf: A Political Biography* by Duncan Wilson, which is duly entered in the catalogue section on Woolf, Leonard Sidney. The other is Alexander Khodnev's doctoral thesis, *Mezhdunarodnaya organizatsiia v ozhidanii prigovora? Liga natsii v mirovoi politike, 1919-1946. Ocherki istorii*, which describes Leonard Woolf as the author of the basic documents, which proved to be instrumental in the setting up of the League of Nations.³ Basing himself on *A Political Biography* by Wilson, and directly quoting from Woolf's *International Government* (1916),⁴ Khodnev highlights Woolf's central arguments in favour of the League of Nations and his view of its provisional structure, giving the first public acknowledgment in Russian of the rewarding contribution Leonard Woolf made to the League of Nations' concept and practice. Moreover, Khodnev makes no secret in his 1995 book of Leonard Woolf working as a civil servant in Ceylon, marrying Virginia Woolf and writing an autobiography (Khodnev 64).

Here a brief reference to the Soviet scholarship on the League of Nations background story is necessary. The subject of the League of Nations very seldom if ever emerged in the published works of the Soviet historians. The bibliography lists a dozen of works, with no mention of Leonard Woolf as a participant (see Iliukhina; Galkina; Protopopov). This proves time and again the wholesome effect the perestroika of the 1990s must have had on the academic research, for, as is obvious in our particular case, Khodnev's book proved to be ground-breaking as the first consistent investigation of the League of Nations background story, and, as it turned out, the first adequate evaluation of Leonard Woolf's role in its formation. Yet the questions remain: why is the Russian bibliography on the League of Nations background story so curtailed and ideologically biased? Why is there still found a split in identity in the case of Leonard Woolf in the RSL catalogue twelve years since Khodnev's doctoral thesis was published?

The query is, of course, rhetorical, for the answer is crystal clear: the communists, with their obsessive idea of the international spread of the communist ideology worldwide, must have suppressed any alternative (bourgeois) attempts to set up an international government. Taking into account the Soviet Bolsheviks' hatred of law and order, we can assume their being hostile to Leonard Woolf, who stated clearly in his *International Government* that 'a . . . system of international law and order . . . would provide for the peaceful settlement of international disputes' (Woolf 199). Moreover, the Communist International (1919-1943) set up by Lenin and Trotsky automatically ruled out the adherents of the League of Nations (1919-1939), and Leonard Woolf was no exception. As for the co-operatives, of which Woolf wrote in his *Cooperation and the Future of Industry* and elsewhere, the Bolsheviks trampled on them in 1928.

Thus two central preoccupations of Leonard Woolf as a socialist with a difference (Wilson 215), those of international law and order, and the Co-operative movement for the sake of the society's well-being, ran opposite, first, to the Communist International, and, second, to the Soviet dictatorial state, where no co-operatives could exist.

Ideologically, Leonard Woolf was an unwelcome thinker in the eyes of the Soviets. He must have become particularly unwelcome from the 1920s onwards.

What I am driving at is the assumption that the split in identity between Leonard Woolf as a journalist, and Leonard Sidney Woolf as a political writer found in the Russian library records, is no accident. It is the top of an iceberg of the background story of suppressing and bracketing out a Western political figure by splitting his identity through invented Soviet Doppelgängers, with a view to putting an end to possible research in that direction.

I expect some readers would object: Come on, isn't it just a case of notorious Soviet ignorance and general sloppiness? We face it at every step, so why overcomplicate things? Facts resist, however.

I will refer to one fact out of many found in the Hogarth Press papers, that is, the unpublished correspondence between Nikolai Tikhonov, the then head of the then Union of Soviet Writers, and the Hogarth Press, including S. S. Koteliansky's letter of 30 October 1946 to Leonard Woolf.⁵

The letters are worth quoting in full, to show the implications of the Soviet authorities' attitude to Leonard (Sidney) Woolf.

Letter 1.

Moscow, 17 May, 1946
 The Hogarth Press,
 37, Mecklenburgh Square,
 London, W.C.1.

Gentlemen:

The Foreign Commission of the Union of Soviet Writers has undertaken to collect, for the Gorky Museum in Moscow, works of Maxim Gorky published in foreign languages; the collection is being made in connection with the tenth anniversary of the writer's death which falls on the 18th of June, 1946.

As your house has published works we should be glad if you would present the Gorky Museum with a copy of each book you have published.

The Museum will be very grateful for such gifts which will be preserved for future generations.

The books should be sent to the Foreign Commission, Union of Soviet Writers, Kuznetsky Most, 12, Moscow. If possible they should reach us in June but if the notice is too short please send them later.

Yours sincerely,

Nikolai Tikhnov
 Chairman of the Board,
 Union of Soviet Writers.

Letter 2.

Foreign Commission,
 Union of Soviet Writers,
 Kuznetsky Most, 12,
 MOSCOW.

Dear Sirs,

We thank you for your letter of May 17th, asking for copies of books by Gorky published by us for the Gorky Museum in Moscow. We should very much like to present you with copies, but much regret that both the NOTEBOOKS OF ANTON TCHEKOV and THE REMINISCENCES OF TOLSTOY, TCHEKOV AND ANDREEV are out of print, and with the present shortage of paper we can see no possibility of reprinting just yet. We much regret that we cannot help you in this.

Yours faithfully,

for The Hogarth Press

Letter 3.

Commission française de l'Union des Ecrivains Soviétiques de l'URSS
 Foreign Commission of the Union of Soviet Writers of the USSR
 Ausländische Kommission des Unionsverbandes der Sowjetschriftsteller
 Comisión Extranjera de la Unión de Escritores Soviéticos de la URSS
 Moscow, October 2, 1946.

The Hogarth Press,
 37 Mecklenburgh Square,
 London W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,

We thank you cordially for your answer to our letter on the tenth anniversary of Maxim Gorky's death.

Yours sincerely M. Apletin

Vice president
 Foreign Commission,
 Union of Soviet Writers

Letter 4.

30 October 1946

Dear Leonard,

I return Literature and Life, and thanks for showing it to me. The Gorky's REMINISCENCES OF TOLSTOY are NOT in the book; therefore we have no claim. But the Tchekhov REMINISCENCES are there; also WORLD LITERATURE (publ. in the ATHENAUM and translated by myself); yet, in the absence of copyright, we have NO legal claim. And I do not want to bother you to write to them but that morally they are wrong. I do not want to write to Hutchinson, as, I believe, all these translations from the Russian are done by Hutchinson and the Bolshevik combinations. And the Bolsheviks are a nasty lot.

Yours SS Kot

Though the above papers make it clear that the Soviet authorities knew very well who and what Leonard (Sidney) Woolf was (note that the letter of 17 May 1946 was forwarded to 37, Mecklenburgh Square, where the Woolfs had lived since 1939), I will further tighten up my argument. The Soviet authorities could not help knowing the identity of Leonard Woolf, the appointed secretary of the Labour Party Advisory Committee in International and Imperial Affairs (Woolf, *Downhill* 219), and a life-long colleague of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, who held up multi-faceted relations with Soviet Russia, and even visited it in the mid-thirties.

Another weighty argument is Woolf's acknowledging Gorky as one of his reviewers for *The Nation* from 1923 to 1930. (Woolf, *Downhill* 129) Gorky's fame as a proletarian writer in the USSR was such that anyone who came in touch with him became visible to the Soviet authorities.

To go back to the above letters, what they reveal I think is a mutual mistrust, shown by Woolf and Kotliansky, on the one hand, towards the nasty lot of Bolsheviks, and, on the other hand, by Communists towards the Hogarth Press (Kotliansky points in his letter at the Communists postwar attempts to arrange new proper translations of Gorky's works into English). The reasons for the mutual suspicion are not immediately available, though, for a full detailed story of the reaction of the Soviet authorities towards Leonard Woolf still lies submerged in the Soviet archives.

For the purpose of my article, however, I find it sufficient to state that the Soviet Doppelgängers of Leonard Woolf do not seem to be, in the final analysis, the result of a mistake, but the consequence of a lifetime ideological, political and intellectual controversy. To contemporary Russian readers, however, the above case of a split identity looks like a relic of the absurd Soviet world, a thing of the past, of no interest or significance whatsoever. The standard attitude to Leonard Woolf is expressed by Alexander Khodnev's definitive research. Yet, for the sake of historical memory, even kafkaesque relics like the one described above should not go down unattended.

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Notes

¹ See Willis 80-101; Kaznina 366-372; Reinhold, Angliiskye 379-390; Rogachevskii, 333-353; Reinhold Redinskii 152-168; and others.

² See, for instance, Mirsky's unpublished letter to Leonard Woolf of 3 October 1924 in the Hogarth Press papers.

³ See Khodnev 57-65, 99-100, 106.

⁴ See the entry in the LFL catalogue: Woolf, L. S. [sic]. *International Government*. Two Reports by L. S. Woolf. London: the Fabian Bookshop, Allen and Unwin, 1916. Cf. to Mark Hussey's evaluation of this work: This book became an important part of the foundation of the League of Nations (Hussey 372).

⁵ The Hogarth Press files, No. 130, Re Maxim Gorky, Reminiscences: 1928-1953, at the University of Reading.

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LEONARD WOOLF'S RHETORIC OF NEW INTERNATIONAL SPACE

Leonard Woolf's international space, a space of imagined community among nations, suggests a world where all the states, nations and people are interrelated on the same ground. His idea includes the restriction of imperialist exploitation by the ruling class. He imposes his idea on the illusory expansion of international space, for the purpose of civilization not only in international communities but also at home. He relocates the positions of civilization and barbarism among hierarchically related territories and within the civilized nation. Thus he seeks for the evolution of both international and domestic society from the pacifist viewpoint.

To investigate the representation of international space in Leonard Woolf's thought, it is particularly important to examine his *International Government (IG)* (1916), which came out as a statement of the Fabian Society's early-war-time foreign policy. *IG* explores one of Woolf's highest concerns during and after the Great War, the establishment of an international organization to maintain peace, and in the process sketches the idea of a new international space. His arguments in this piece anticipate later works such as *Economic Imperialism* (1921) and *Imperialism and Civilization* (1928) in which he aims to revise his ideas meanwhile trying to introduce a new concept of international relations. He argues that up until then international relations used to signify an international relationship in terms of domestic or imperial interests. He describes what international used to mean:

The ordinary view is that the action of a nation is to be determined solely by its own ideals and desires. In a sense, therefore, any international question is not international, but domestic, and a sovereign Power always has to consider only two things – what it desires and whether it is strong enough to enforce its desire. But the whole of an international organization and authority implies an agreement that each nation is willing that its action will be, in part, determined by what other nations desire. (*IG* 28)

Woolf's idea of an international relationship is not dominated by hegemonic interests. International signifies a psychological space or an imagined community among nations; its spatial territory not visible on the world map and its meaning and territory modifiable by different definitions. Woolf's description of international space offers the anti-hegemonic articulation of that invisible space. He puts forwards a concept of international space which builds on a mental territory of co-operation rather than on domestic preoccupations with self-interest and desire.

More concretely, international also means belonging to the International Working Men's Association. One of the uses of international to signify a community which consists of the same interest groups from several countries in Europe is shown in The Working Men's International established by Karl Marx. In his Inaugural Address of the Working Men's International Association in 1864, Marx envisages the possibility of a still greater victory of the political economy of labour over the political economy of property (11) and the emancipation of labour even against philanthropic middleclass spouters who have all at once turned nauseously complimentary to the very co-operative labour system they had vainly tried to nip in the bud by deriding it as the Utopia of the dreamer (12). Leonard Woolf's new international space is not directly related to the labourers' group, but at the beginning of his earlier proposal in An International Authority, he quotes from a socialist conference which discusses some form of international organization that unites working classes of all industrial countries (*IG* 7). In this sense, Woolf partially derives his conception of international network from the working class's internationalism. The beginning of his relation to working class's co-operative movement is seen in the fact that Leonard and Virginia Woolf were friends of Margaret Llewelyn Davies, who devoted her life to the Women's

Co-operative Guild, and Leonard Woolf, particularly, was involved in this movement. In his autobiography Woolf comments: The vitality and inspiration of the Guild and also its organization were mainly due to Margaret (*Beginning Again* 102). The Women's Co-operative Guild, Davies states in 1931, was building its international network, and she stresses their Pacifist movement as it submitted the members' demand for disarmament to the League of Nations.

Leonard Woolf particularly conceives of internationalism outside the system of imperialism. In *Imperialism and Civilization (IC)*, he presents two contradictory systems of international space:

The first is the respectable and time-honoured system of individualism. The world of nations is a world of sovereign and independent States, individual and omnipotent units of statehood, each pursuing through an imaginary international vacuum its sacred interests. Unfortunately the real world is not an international vacuum. . . . The system is therefore individualistic, and under it the ultimate arbiter is power and force. . . . The other system is based on a completely different conception of the world of nations. It is no longer a world of isolated units moving majestically along their own orbits; it is a world of States, nations, and peoples, all closely interrelated parts of a vast international society with its own economic and political organization. (115-16)

Here, the two kinds of spaces Woolf mentions are both imaginary. Imperial states presume an illusory space that is free to be territorialized. His definition of the new international space is also metaphorical. Woolf's idea of the new international space is of a world where all the states, nations and peoples are interrelated as a network. He declares: I am not one of those who believe that there are inherent superiorities and inferiorities in different races and peoples (*IC* 119). The new international space envisages a connection between the politically and economically exploited and the imperial centre, on the same horizon of values.

Furthermore, international government works to undermine the class-oriented social system. Co-operation of nations and states encourages the co-operation of communities or groups of the same interests among the nations. He insists on restricting the ruling class's devouring interests:

Purely national government makes no provision for the representation of vital group interests, and therefore makes it so easy for the ruling and powerful classes to delude whole nations by specious appeals to patriotism and vague reference to vital national interests. A sane and practical internationalism implies the regulation of the relations of national groups through organs of government. (*IG* 223)

Leonard Woolf's logic is that prevention of war can be achieved by restricting the monopoly of the ruling class. International co-operation thereby involves the possibility for the dominated classes, as well as the dominant, to pursue their own interests. In reality, national interests are not those of the whole nation, and work to exclude those of the working class in particular: Over and over again, when we analyse what are called national interests, we find that they are really the interests, not of the nation, but of a much smaller group (*IG* 222). His argument persistently supports the exploited classes by trying to set the interests of all the classes on an equal basis. International government is expected to build an authority representing the interests of nations and races, beyond the framework of each nation state. It intends to inaugurate a community where the politically and economically exploited, who used to bear the sign of the colonized and primitive, would be given different signification.

It could be said that Leonard Woolf's idea of an international relationship aims at the evolution of both international society and Britain as a nation state. As the backbone of his thought, there is Fabianism which restricts the hegemony of the dominant class and supports the evolution of the British race. His concept of internationalism involves the potential for changing the relations among different domestic interest groups, by setting up networks of links among the class-groups of different countries. In *IG*, only International Labour Legislation is mentioned as an example of the law to protect the interest of a special class. It is basically the protection of the worker against the evils of our factory and industrial system (180). The protection of the middle class and upper class are not included as their profit is already protected by the existing capitalism. Inclusion of the element of workers internationalism would manifest a way to restrict imperialistic capitalism. Woolf's international network takes in a framework that is related to Marx's Working Men's International.¹

At the beginning of his discussion in *IG*, Leonard Woolf implies that the international world will make a progressive movement from barbarism to civilization, though it is not a dramatic progress, with the support of an international government:

But it [World War I] is neither the beginning nor the end of anything; it is just a little sagging to one side, to violence and stupidity and barbarism, and in ten or fifteen or twenty years' time there will be a sagging to the other side, to what we dimly recognise as progress and civilization. (*IG* 9)

His rhetoric identifies the historical repetition of barbarism and its persistence in the international world. In Leonard Woolf's writing, barbarism is located within the civilized people's mind and their politics, which he explores in the process of drawing a cognitive map of the civilized mind. He discloses barbarian characteristics within what are called civilized countries, and mentions the incompleteness of their civilization in 1933:

Civilization, i.e., an ordered society of humane, educated, intelligent, free, prosperous, and cultured individuals, is a delicate organization and has never yet firmly established itself anywhere in the world. We are all of us still half-savages, and these instincts of the animal or the savage to kill, dominate, persecute, torture other people . . . find themselves uncomfortable in such an ordered and humane society. (*The Intelligent Man's Way to Prevent War* 8)

Here what is called imperial topography can no longer be applied. Barbarism is within civilized individuals and it cannot be wiped off. In other words, the imperial topography is internalized within the civilized. In *Why War?* published in English in 1933,² Freud analyses the psychological characteristics of civilization: one is a strengthening of the intellect, which is beginning to govern instinctual life and the other one is an internalization of the aggressive impulses (362). According to Freud, even in the civilized person, the savage character is internalized. Civilization and barbarism are applied respectively to the world under the order of an international government and to an animal instinct within the civilized countries. Leonard Woolf expects international government to civilize those barbaric sites within civilization. Here, his evolutionistic ideal, the evolution of war animals into peaceful citizens, is also implied.

What is designated as a civilized geographical area is a region that is in fact internalized and shared in individual's psychological space. It is a rhetorical space constructed upon the civilization-barbarism opposition that is also inscribed in their contemporary writing. Leonard Woolf focuses on the barbarism within the civilized world:

if civilization is destroyed, it will not be by the Hitlers and Mussolinis and their crude, barbaric violence, but by the muddled betrayal of the civilized. It is not the barbarian at the gate, but in the citadel and in the heart who is the real danger. (*Barbarians at the Gate* 169)

By internalizing barbarism within the nation, imperial mapping is applied to the nation's physical space, setting the territories of civilization and barbarism in it. However, presenting a degraded spirit or a degraded society within what could be the space of civilization not only justifies the initiation of a new method of governing international society, but also bears the problem of the enforcement of the law over the uncivilized. Significantly, the binary opposition between civilization and barbarism that used to characterize the opposition between Europe and the others is no longer adequate. Woolf's international space is no longer based on the hierarchical relation between the colonizer and the colonized. Woolf states:

If . . . Europe is to be for the Europeans, and America for the Americans, and Australia for the Australians, Asia must be for the Asiatics, and Africa for the Africans. And that will mean the end of imperialism, the end of conflict, and the beginning of a synthesis of civilizations. (*IC* 134)

The synthesis of civilizations quite an idealistic concept incorporating plural civilizations means a space where European civilization is not the dominant one. Here, Woolf's idea is revolutionary in the sense that it presupposes multiple civilizations. The binary opposition between civilization and barbarism is no longer applied to the relation between Europe and other countries. He seeks for the coexistence of plural civilizations; it could be modelled on the idea of co-operation. Even though he uses a conservative logic or rhetoric in order to introduce international government, his ultimate purpose can be seen in the above quotation. The characteristic of his ideal is a society which does not allow the limited prosperity of elite nations to dominate all others. The key to make it possible is the control of international relations by international government.

The concept of civilization and the textual production of international space in Leonard Woolf's work presents a radical reconstruction of English and European cognitive space. His idea of the co-existence of plural civilizations in the world converts the traditional hierarchical spatial relation into a democratic international space. In other words, imagined boundaries of a nation state and its institution are considered to lose their integration of territoriality in Leonard Woolf's international space.

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Notes

¹As the other kind of cosmopolitan law, Leonard Woolf mentions international maritime legislation. Some trans-national organizations are also proposed, such as a postal system, telecommunication system, railway system, public health and so on.

²James Strachey notes that *Why War?* is one of the open exchanges of letters between Albert Einstein and Freud, which was arranged by the International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation under the League of Nations (Freud 343).

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WOOLF IN SINHALA : BEDDEGAMA , THE SINHALA TRANSLATION OF THE VILLAGE IN THE JUNGLE

Leonard Woolf's *The Village in the Jungle* (hereafter referred to as *VIJ*) describes the life of a Sinhalese village in the colony of Ceylon (as Sri Lanka was known) during the early years of the 20th century. In depicting the thoughts and feelings of the Sinhalese villagers he employs an English idiom which reflects ways of speech in the Sinhala language, particularly the folk idiom of the Sinhalese villager in the deep south where the novel was sited.¹ To give the dialogues a ring of authenticity he intersperses the dialogue with Sinhala words such as *goiya* (farmer), *parangi* (yaws), *arachchi* (government officer in charge of a village), *pansala* (temple) etc. Bilingual readers (Sinhala and English) would have been enjoying the novel for several decades (*VIJ* was first published in 1913) until a Sinhala translation was brought out in 1947 as *Beddegama* (hereafter referred to as *B*) by A. P. Gunaratne, an assistant editor in the Sinhalese Etymological Dictionary Project which was administered by the University of Ceylon. Perhaps Gunaratna's task was made easy by the fact that in the dialogues, Woolf was following the speech patterns of Sinhala. The very title he adopted for the translation was the name of the village given by Woolf. But to the credit of Gunaratne it should be said that his remarkable command of the Sinhala folk idiom and his ability to capture the nuances of feeling Woolf was trying to portray have made this translation a classic in modern Sinhala literature. E. R. Sarachchandra, then a lecturer at the university, who was to be Professor of Sinhala and emerge as the most influential academic in the field of literary arts during the second half of the century,² wrote the preface to Gunaratne's translation. He had this to say of the language of the translation:

The well regulated language used in this translation contributes greatly to enhance the realism depicted in the novel. To anyone who compares this translation with the original, it will undoubtedly be obvious that the simple, direct and ornamentation-free style he has adopted is a most appropriate way to bring out the host of naturalistic savours embodied in the original. (iv)

In the dialogues, as we stated earlier, the translator was depicting in Sinhala what Woolf was trying to convey in English as the speech of unsophisticated Sinhalese villager. Apart from that, even Woolf's narration which has the quality of simplicity and directness (Gooneratne 2004:28) has been captured by the translator in an equally elegant and well-formed Sinhala idiom. Further, as far as bilingual Sinhalese readers are concerned, I have heard it being said that they enjoyed reading Gunaratne's *Beddegama* more than Woolf's *Village in the Jungle*.

Here, I would like to discuss why the Sinhala translation would appeal more to a bilingual reader. Take for example Silindu's monologue addressing his little daughter in Chapter I. Little toad says he, why have you left the pond? Isn't there food there for your little belly? Rice and coconuts and mangoes and little cakes of kurakkan? Is the belly full, that you have left the pond for the jungle? Foolish little toad! The water is good, but the trees are evil. You have come to a bad place of dangers and devils (VIJ 49). Let us see how Gunaratne handles the monologue. In translating little toad as *gembipaeittiyē* Gunaratne very appropriately uses the feminine form and the diminutive suffix. Of special significance is the second person pronoun *umba* used in addressing the little girl. Second person pronouns in Sinhala are structured in a hierarchical format ranging from disrespectful to respectful wherein the disrespectful forms can also be terms of intimacy and endearment as well, depending on the context.³ Thus for example, *umba* which is a form of address to servants and people below one's social standing can also be a term of affection among family members, elders using it in addressing children or people younger than them. It should also be noted that in village talk *umba* is sometimes a neutral term assuming a use similar to 'you' in English. Thus we find the translator using *umba* when Karalinahamy addresses the Vedarala (B 58), and when Babun addresses Babehami (B 43). Although Babehami was the village headman he was a villager himself and closely related to Babun as well: Hence the use of *umba*. But other villagers who had to show their deference to the headman would not address him as *umba* and use instead his title *ralahami* as Silindu does during the conversation between them depicted in Gunaratne's version (B 28 - 32). And when it comes to addressing superiors such as the higher headman, the Korala, the villagers are made to use *hamuduruvo* (your worship) (B 144). The same *hamuduruvo*, which is usually a word employed in referring to Buddhist monks, is used in addressing or referring to high government officials such as the government agent. Thus the Government Agent, the official administering a district, was *ejantha hamuduruvo* (the worshipful agent) (B 142) and the magistrate is *nadukara hamuduruvo* (the worshipful magistrate) (B 152). So, although Woolf himself has included the words *hamudoru* (VIJ 60) and *mahattaya* (gentleman) (VIJ 62), there are many other instances in which he uses 'you' wherein the translator has used his knowledge of village practice and selected the appropriate second person form. Interestingly, Woolf himself has noted that in formal address to a stranger with whom one wants to be respectful the term *aiya* is used. It means 'elder brother'. Thus for example Babun and Punchi Menika using *aiya* in addressing Fernando who visits them (B 145) and the translator retains it. But when Woolf uses *aiya* in the address of Babehami, the headman, to the proctor in the court-house, the translator has decided that it is inappropriate and substitutes *mahattaya* (gentleman/sir) which is the more appropriate term for the situation. Thus we have 'How could he be, aiya?' being stated by Babehami when interrogated by the proctor (VIJ 170) which is translated by Gunaratne as *Unnehe yaaluvek wenne kohomada, mahattaya?* (B 154) which means 'How could respected he be a friend, sir?' Apart from the more polite *Mahattaya* in addressing the proctor, we notice that Woolf's 'he' in the headman's reply referring to Fernando is translated by Gunaratne as *unnehe* (respected he).

Let us get back to the monologue of Silindu which we were examining earlier. In it he narrates a dialogue that went on between him and a leopardess. Sister I whispered, I hear a deer coming this way. Yakko, have you no ears? I hear. . . (VIJ 49). In translating this section, for sister Gunaratne uses *nangiye* which is the vocative form of the Sinhala word for younger sister. We should note that in Sinhala a female sibling can be *sahodari* (sister) *akka* (elder sister) or *nangi* (younger sister) and the translator has made an appropriate choice. Again, for the English 'Yakko, have you no ears?' the translator goes beyond a verbal rendering and has

Yakko, umbe kan biiri welaada? which means, 'You devil! Have your ears gone deaf?' which is a most natural expression in the language for such a situation. Note the term of address *Yakko* which literally means 'devil' but very often used to address people in instances of annoyance. Thus we have Woolf reporting: *Yakko, said the interpreter angrily, 'Do you want to ask the complainant any questions?' (VIJ 171).*

In the monologue of Silindu which we are discussing, we come across several other instances in which Gunaratne's mastery over the Sinhala village idiom is displayed. He renders 'young boars' as *uuru naambo*. The word *naamba* is a pithy Sinhala word usually used with reference to young bulls having connotations of youthful strength and impetuosity. In the Sinhala rendering of 'every year I drop but one or two cubs in the cave, but the whole jungle swarms with your spawn' (VIJ 50), we find a remarkable display of the translator's ability to utilize the resources of the language in bringing to life what Woolf intended saying. The first phrase is rendered as two phrases: *Avuruddakata mama vadanne eka paetiyyayi, wedi wunot dennai* which literally means 'For a year I deliver only one cub, if in excess, two' which is a more definite way of saying that never would the number go beyond two. The word *vadanne* used here is of special significance. Although it means, 'beget' it is not used in polite company. In the present context however, it is very appropriate because it is a report of the talk of a wild animal and thus demands the employment of the natural and uninhibited usages of the village folk.

The Sinhala version of the second phrase, which goes as *Eyth umbe paetiyan gen baeddama surikanava* in my view, is a definite improvement on the original. The translator has actually got into the heart of the sentiments being expressed and used the language mannerisms and idioms, which would naturally flow out in such a situation. We noted above that the translator has used two phrases to render the single phrase 'I drop one or two cubs', in order to emphasize the fact that leopard cubs are a rarity. And the next sentence is a display of Gunaratne's mastery over the Sinhala folk idiom. *surikanava* is a rare word found in colloquial Sinhala but it brings out most vividly the fact that there is a whole heap of little pigs running hither and thither in the jungle.

A further instance of Gunaratne's ability to utilize a highly appropriate Sinhala term without literally translating the English text is the following instance in depicting the dialogue between Babehami and Babun: In the original it is 'I have taken nothing from you' (VIJ 77), which in Sinhala becomes *Man umben gatta kehelmak nae* (B 44). Here the translator has decided that the best way to depict the annoyance of Babun when Babehami talks of how many things he has given to the former is to utilize a stock phrase which includes the word *kehelmala* (banana flower). In colloquial Sinhala the word *kehelmala* is used to depict something absolutely worthless. For example, if one is offered something and one wants to reject it in very strong terms one would say *Mata onae kehelmak nae* meaning (literally) 'I want no banana flower' which in effect is a refusal to accept anything. The above phrase put into Babun's mouth thus very vividly portrays his strong rejection of Babehami's claim.

The fascination of *Beddegama* for the Sinhala reader could also be due to the fact that the translator has employed an idiom closer to colloquial usage even in the narration, which was something unusual in 1947, when the modern Sinhala novel was in its infancy.⁴ It is necessary here to explain matters before we proceed to discuss the language of narration in *Beddegama*. The Sinhala language is a classic case of diglossia in which the spoken form is sharply divergent from the written and care is taken to maintain the distinction. But of late there have been attempts to do away with this distinction and use the equivalent of the spoken in writing as well, and the tendency was particularly evident in fictional writings. Until the 1960s

when novelists and short story writers began experimenting with the language of fiction, the norm was the utilization of the literary idiom for the narration while rendering the dialogues in the colloquial idiom.⁵ As this was the general practice at the time *Beddegama* appeared, the utilization of colloquial forms in the narrative sections by the translator was something unusual. It needs mention however, that introducing colloquialisms in narrative prose was not an innovation by Gunaratne. A few others had been thinking on these lines during the previous decade or so. Thus for example, H. S. Perera, who had studied phonetics in London under Daniel Jones had proposed the introduction of colloquial forms in writing and Ven. Yakkaduwe Prajnarama, a teacher in a leading institution of Buddhist monastic education had brought out a Sinhala translation of a Sanskrit classic, naming it *Vanakatha* (1947), lavishly utilizing colloquial speech forms in the narration. But these were rare occurrences and indeed provoked strong protests from traditionalist scholars. It was only in the 1960s that there emerged a determined effort by some writers to do away with the traditional literary idiom and use spoken Sinhala in writing as well.⁶

To get back to the language used by the translator in *Beddegama*, we notice that the translator followed in general the above mentioned convention in rendering the narrative sections in literary Sinhala and the dialogues in the colloquial. Occasionally however, he resorted to the use of colloquial expressions in the narrative sections as well. An example is how he translates the following passage of VIJ at the beginning of Chapter VII: And then there was Punchirala; it was he who was the real cause of the evil. Why had he ever come with his hateful face into the compound? (VIJ 137). The Sinhala rendering is as follows: *Epamanak nova Punchiralada sityeyya. Ohu tamaa me hema haturukamakata ma mula. Muusala muunat aragena me watte hatara mayimata ohu aave kumakatada?* Here, the translator has decided that the best way to depict the thoughts of Silindu is to construct a sentence in the syntactical structure found in colloquial Sinhala. While the structure of the second sentence is thus colloquial its words are from the written idiom. But in the third sentence the devices are interchanged: while the sentence structure is in written Sinhala all words except the last three are in the colloquial. In fact Gunaratna seems to improve on Woolf's writing when he brings in the stock expression *watte hatara mayimata* (within the four boundaries of the land) to depict the exclusivist feelings which characterize the thoughts of Silindu.

I would like to mention some other instances of the translator taking the liberty of utilizing colloquial forms in the narrative sections as well. Obviously he would have felt that it was the most appropriate step to take. For example Woolf's Nanchohamy, the headman's wife, would say. . . (56) is put into Sinhala by Gunaratne as: *aarachchiraalage maayiya wana Nanchohamy kiyayi* (22), thus deliberately using the colloquial *maayiya* for wife (instead of the literary *biriya*) as that would better reflect the spirit of the verbal banter that was taking place in that gathering of women. Again, Woolf's Her face and form would have been remarkable even in a town; to find her among the squalid women of so squalid a village astonished him (139) is translated as: *Egay muhunat angapulavat baddegama veni apirisidu gamaka apirisidu gehenu atara tabaa naagarika gehenu atara pava soyaa gata noheki tarame sit ganna sulu muhunaki. angapulaavaki* (113). The key word here is the colloquial *angapulaava* which is a combination of *anga* (form/features) and *pulaava* (fullness), a most appropriate word to describe the beauty of Punchimenika which attracted Fernando. The translator here tries to portray the thoughts of Fernando and the last five words, meaning: mind attracting face. . . beauty of form are added by him for that purpose, thus enhancing the effect of the narration.

In translating *The Village in the Jungle* there were instances in which the translator had to avoid putting into Sinhala what Woolf had said in English. Many curse-words such as *Vesi* (whore) *Rodiya* (person of the lowest

caste) *Bellige duva* (daughter of a bitch) are avoided or replaced by less obnoxious expressions. For example, when his wife bore him twin girls Silindu beats his wife in anger shouting *Vesi! Vesi mau!* Where is the son who is to carry my gun into the jungle? which means Whore! Mother of whores! And Gunaratne translates the first two words as *Paratti!Paratti!* which means uncivilized woman and is acceptable in polite company unlike *vesi*. Again Woolf's Do not fear this Rodiya dog (127) meaning Do not fear this dog of the lowest caste said by Hinnihamy in abusing Punchirala is rendered by Gunaratne as *Oya ballata baya wenda epa* (98) meaning Do not be afraid of this dog. Also, *bellige duva* used by Angohamy in abusing Karlinahai (VIJ 57) is rendered as *para belli* (the pariah bitch) (B 23). The translator also avoids the caste connotations in Woolf's writing. For example, Woolf's very perceptive observation his real name Andriisa would have revealed his caste (VIJ 59) is completely left out by Gunaratne who merely states *mohuge niyama nama andirisaaya* (his real name was Andirisa) (B 25). Most probably Gunaratne left unsaid what he expected his readers to know from their experience of social conventions. Furthermore, note the depiction of the insult levelled against Fernando by Cassim, the moorman: there is no one like these fishers for finding money and women everywhere. . . here this swine of a fisher (161). Gunaratne renders this passage as *Me vage minissu jatiyak nae. . . me paraya* which means there is no kind of people like these. . . these outcasts. Obviously, the moorman as portrayed by Woolf, is referring to the Karavas who were traditionally fishermen but were fast becoming a very active commercial community in 19th century Ceylon and thus posed a serious threat to the moor community who had held the monopoly in trading activity for centuries.⁷ Discussing caste matters is taboo in polite company in Sri Lanka and Gunaratne avoids interpreting what Woolf had meant.

Also, Gunaratne avoids some of Woolf's untoward references to Buddhism. Thus when Woolf describes the beauty of Silindu's two daughters and states: Their eyes were large and melancholy, like the eyes of the Buddha in the Jataka (56). Gunaratne merely says: *Unge net mahatya. . . Shokakulaya* (Their eyes were large. Melancholy.) removing the reference to the Buddha completely. In fact Woolf's words have no meaning to a person who knows Buddhism and Sinhala culture. The Jatakas are a collection of the previous births of the Buddha, numbering 550, and referring to them by describing eyes has no meaning.

Finally, I would like to make a general observation of Gunaratne's language from the point of view of the dialect differences in Sinhala. It appears to me that Gunaratne's translation aims at making the novel readable by the general Sinhala readership. He makes no attempt to portray the particular dialect of the people of the deep south where Woolf had set the story. In other words, while he was drawing upon his deep knowledge of Sinhala colloquial speech to provide a highly readable translation, he does not seem to have thought of making it more authentic by using in the dialogues at least some features of the dialect of the southern region, which in particular has several striking peculiarities which are not found in other dialects.⁸ I refer in particular to such expressions as *ohay* (you) *makka?* (what) *ahaeki* (can) and the interrogative suffix *-yi* (instead of *-da*) which could have given the stamp of authenticity to the dialogues. Such words are totally absent in the Sinhala text. In defence of Gunaratne it could be said that such authenticating devices at that period of the development of modern Sinhala literature was too much to be expected. But a more problematic feature of his language needs be mentioned. It appears that Gunaratne was inserting some usages familiar to him without concern about their implications to the dialect of the south where *Beddegama* is cited. I refer in particular to the second person pronoun *tamuse*. Gunaratne uses this word several times in translating Woolf's text. Sometimes it is to translate you but sometimes it is used even without a you to translate. For example You are my gambaraya now (VIJ 141) is translated as *Tamuse mage gambaraya* (B

116). While *tamuse* here is the translation of you, it is used in the following instance without a you to translate: That was foolish, *aiya* (*VIJ* 156) is rendered as *Tamuse kele loku modakamak, aiya* (*B* 135) meaning What you did was a greatly foolish thing. The problem with the use of *tamuse* is that while for people of the western province it can be a term of address among equals/friends, in the southern region it is a disrespectful term of address. As I see it, Gunaratne, being more familiar with the dialect usages of the western region, was obviously not aware of (or disregarded) the dialect usage of the south. In the quotations above *Tamuse mage gambaraya* is an address by Fernando to Babun whom he was trying to please and treat as an equal; and in *Tamuse kele loku modakamak, aiya* the headman is addressing Fernando, his friend. While the use of *tamuse* would be quite correct for such situations in the dialect of the western region, it is not so in the south.

Before concluding this essay I should mention the fate that befell the original translation by Gunaratne. When it appeared in 1947 it was recognized by education authorities as a good supplementary reader for use in schools. But they saw a problem with it. Some sections of the work in their view were unfit for consumption by school-children, and the publishers were asked to prepare a modified version wherein those parts were left out. This modified version was published in 1949. Although there were hopes that the unexpurgated version would continue in use, it was not to be. Only the later version is available today.⁹ My attempts to get hold of the original failed because the publishers do not seem to have thought it worthwhile to republish the original when the expurgated version was being made available. There are some notable omissions in the text as it appears today and I am not in a position to say whether they appeared in the original edition of 1947. Two such instances stand out. Firstly, the four lines at the end of the second paragraph on page 46 of *VIJ*: And sometimes at night a long drawn howl would emanate from Silindu s hut. . . obviously an allusion to a sex act. The other is the story of seducing a Malay woman by the power of magic narrated by PUNCHIRALA, the village medicine-man. This story going into two and half pages in the text of *VIJ* (88 - 90), is also totally left out in *Beddegama* 1949 edition. But the 1947 edition may have included these sections.

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Notes

¹ The village of Beddegama as we notice from the geographical details provided by Woolf was situated in the inland region of Hambantota district in the deep south. The Beragama Devale described by him is obviously the shrine of Kataragama. The people of this area speak the southern dialect to which I allude in the last sections of this essay.

² Sarchchandra wrote the first critical evaluation of Sinhala fictional writings (*Modern Sinhalese Fiction*, 1943; *The Sinhalese Novel*, 1950) and is considered the father of modern Sinhala theatre. His pioneering introduction to modern Sinhala literary criticism *Sahitya Vidyava*, 1949, is still used as a university text. He was appointed to the Chair of Sinhala in the University of Ceylon subsequently and was the most influential literary figure in Sri Lanka during the second half of the 20th century. See Dharmadasa, K. N. O. *The Peradeniya Contribution to Literature, Theatre and the Arts. The University System of Sri Lanka: Vision and Reality*. Eds. K. M. De Silva and G. H. Pieris. Kandy, Sri Lanka: International Centre of Ethnic Studies, 1995, 130-44.

³ For the sociolinguistic implications of second person pronominal usages and the concomitant verbal forms in Sinhala see De Silva, M. W. S. *Verbal Aspects of Politeness Expression in Sinhalese With Reference to Asking,*

Telling, Requesting and Ordering. Anthropological Linguistics 13, 8 (1977): 84-103.

⁴ The Sinhala novel originated in the last decades of the 19th century as a handmaid of Christian missionaries to be followed by counter works by Buddhists. Next there was a phase wherein popular romances were the vogue. The first realistic novel to appear in Sinhala was *Gamperaliya*, published in 1944. For details see Dharmadasa, K. N. O. *Literary Activity in the Indigenous Languages: Sinhala and Tamil. Sri Lanka: A Survey*. Ed. K. M. De Silva. London: C. Hurst & Co, 1977, 434-46.

⁵ I have discussed this phenomenon in detail in *Diglossia, Nativism and the Sinhalese Identity in the Language Problem in Sri Lanka International Journal of the Sociology of Language* 13 : 21-32. Also see fns. 4 and 6.

⁶ See De Silva, M. W. S. *Effects of Purism on the Evolution of the Written Language. Linguistics* 36 (1967): 5-17, and Gair, J. W. *Sinhalese Diglossia Revisited or Diglossia Dies Hard. South Asian Languages: Structure, Convergence and Diglossia*. Ed. Bh. Krishnamurty et. al. Delhi: Motilal Banarasidas, 1974, 322-336.

⁷ For details of the rise of the Karava community see Roberts, M. W. *Caste Conflict and Elite Formation: The Rise of a Karava Elite in Sri Lanka 1500-1931*. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1982.

⁸ There are several regional dialects of Sinhala and the dialect of the southern region is perhaps the most striking in the singularity of its phonetic and lexical features. Unfortunately no comprehensive survey has been done on the subject. A work in Sinhala by Piyasena Kahandagamage who is a freelance writer describes in general the major regional variations, particularly in lexicon. See Kahandagamage, Piyasena. *Pradesiya Bas Vahara*. Colombo, Sri Lanka: Godage & Co. 2000.

⁹ Sarachchandra, who wrote a note (dated September 2, 1949) to the special edition of *Beddegama*, regretting that it was brought out due to a decision by persons who do not understand the aims of literature or of education, and hoping that the original version would continue in use (v). But this was not to be. All reprints have been of the special edition of 1949.

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VOICING THE EPOCHE: LEONARD WOOLF S LITERARY ESSAYS: LEONARD WOOLF AND BEN JONSON: THE MODERNIST VIEW OF THE ELIZABETHANS

There are ideas behind generally acknowledged world s classics which are hard to grasp, and yet everyone agrees that they are there. Authors did not articulate those ideas in direct statements; instead, they expressed them through peculiarities of the plot, a style of their narrative, various hints and allusions. For instance, Einstein s theory of relativity undoubtedly shaped the intellectual context of the early twentieth century in a way that, in turn, affected the aesthetics of many modernist writers. Yet it is always problematic to establish whether those writers were aware of what we call the metaphysical background of their works. In search for the evidence of certain concepts and ideas being indeed present in the texts, we turn from classics to a more archival material neglected essays and reviews, memoirs, autobiographies. Leonard Woolf s writings have proved to be a golden mine to the scholars of English modernism, supplying them with testimonies that can be regarded as the voice of Modernist era itself. To return to Einstein, researchers of the early twentieth century frequently cite the following passage from Leonard Woolf s *Beginning Again*, where he recalls the English cultural scene at the time after his return to London

from Ceylon in 1911: Profound changes were taking place. . . Freud and Rutherford and Einstein were at work beginning to revolutionize our knowledge of our own minds and of the universe (*Beginning Again* 37).

In his mid-1920s essay "Ben Jonson" Leonard Woolf vocalises another of those background ideas present in English modernist literature, namely, a special attraction that the modernists felt towards the English writers of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. This special attraction underlies Virginia Woolf's essays on Elizabethan literature; it also explains the prominent role that allusions to the Elizabethans play in Virginia Woolf's novels (an obvious example is the Elizabethan and Jacobean setting of Chapter I in *Orlando*). It also accounts for the voracity with which Virginia Woolf read Shakespeare and his contemporaries, including "little unknown writers. . . [George] Puttenham, [William] Webb[e], [Gabriel] Harvey" (D3: 270). In her preoccupation with distant literary past, Virginia Woolf was unanimous with T. S. Eliot and James Joyce. Joyce and Eliot both treated the Elizabethans in what might be seen as an irreverent manner. In *Ulysses*, Joyce makes Stephen Dedalus fantasize about lustful habits of Shakespeare and his fellow-players at the Globe (201-02). In his "Hamlet and His Problems," Eliot famously defines Shakespeare's masterpiece as "an artistic failure" (98). Yet it must also be remembered that Joyce praised Elizabethan art in his 1912 lectures on Shakespeare in Trieste (Quillian 7-63). Eliot once confessed that "[t]he form in which [he] began to write, in 1908 or 1909, was directly drawn from the study of [Jules] Laforgue together with the later Elizabethan drama" (Introduction 8). It follows that the abovementioned "patant gestures with regard to the Elizabethans demonstrate the modernists' willingness to paint a fresh and unconventional portrait of their favourite literary age, rather than to dethrone national cultural idols.

Leonard Woolf's "Ben Jonson" confirms that by the unconventional manner in which the modernists portrayed the Elizabethans, they meant to intensify an artistic dialogue with their distant literary predecessors. It is most likely that the essay was initially Leonard Woolf's review of a 1923 edition of Ben Jonson's conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden. Woolf starts his review by noting that Ben Jonson's *Conversations* give him the impression he is "living in and breathing the actual atmosphere of another age" (12). He goes on to confess that he "feel[s] perfectly at home and comfortable" in the Elizabethan atmosphere:

If I had found myself walking with Mr. Pope in his garden. . . or sitting with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell and Mr. Gibbon at the Club. . . I should have felt thoroughly ill at ease. . . But Ben Jonson – if Ben Jonson strolled into my room to-night and sprawled his enormous body in my easy chair, and talked, as he did at Hawthornden, of men and books, and told his stories and his scandal about Queen Elizabeth, we should have an extraordinarily comfortable and amusing evening together, for we should be looking at the world and at life from the same angle. (12-13)

The next part of Woolf's essay reveals what exactly he means by the likeness between modern and Elizabethan points of view. Woolf quotes from Jonson's *Discoveries*: "What a deal of cold business doth a man misspend the better part of life in! in scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and venting news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner" (13). According to Woolf, it is "the last nine words of [Ben Jonson's] sentence that add a "precise and personal shade, thus conveying the spirit of Elizabethan age. [T]he colour with which [the Elizabethans] paint a commonplace" is, in Woolf's opinion, "very near the shade of feeling which many a writer today attempts. . . to translate into feelings" (13-14). When underlining the image of "a little winter-love" in Ben Jonson's text, Woolf may have had in mind T. S. Eliot's *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* (1917) or perhaps *The Waste Land* (1922), where, in the part titled "The Fire Sermon," a London typist meets her lover on a foggy winter evening:

The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavours to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreproved, if undesired.
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defence;
His vanity requires no response,
And makes a welcome of indifference.

The key statement in Woolf's essay appears to be the following: "The early seventeenth century was more "modern" than any other period until you reach the year 1900: the angle at which Jonson and his friends observed life, and the shades of their misery and their happinesses, were much the same as our own" (13). This statement parallels the approach Virginia Woolf and T. S. Eliot adopt with regard to the Elizabethans in their essays. In "The Strange Elizabethans," Virginia Woolf argues that Gabriel Harvey, Elizabethan scholar and writer, "had a face like ours – a changing, a variable, a human face" (23). Eliot, in his 1919 essay on Ben Jonson, observes that:

in order to enjoy [Ben Jonson] at all, we must get to the centre of his work and his temperament, and that we must see him unbiased by time, as a contemporary. And to see him as a contemporary does not so much require the power of putting ourselves into seventeenth-century London as it requires the power of setting Jonson in our London: a more difficult triumph of divination. (15)

David McWhirter observes that Virginia Woolf and T. S. Eliot "tended to valorize the Elizabethans. . . as the last outpost of a purportedly premodern ethos, as exemplars of a vital sensibility grounded in a culture that was still largely uncorrupted by the chaos of modern history and the agonizing self-consciousness of modern bourgeois individualism" (246-47). However, as follows from Leonard Woolf's essay and above quoted remarks by Virginia Woolf and Eliot, the British modernists did not in the least develop an aesthetic "inferiority complex" about their own historical period. In his essay on Ben Jonson, Leonard Woolf uses the words "modern" and "ours" as approbative terms, signifying the "passion and vitality" (18) of Ben Jonson's art. Leonard and Virginia Woolf, as well as Eliot, celebrate early seventeenth-century English literature for its relevance to their twentieth-century actuality, and look for "modern" sensibility in Elizabethan and Jacobean texts, and not vice versa. Nostalgia for the cultural past was alien to the modernists, with their agenda "to use the title of Ezra Pound's famous collection of essays to Make It New. As James Joyce observes in his 1900 essay "Drama and Life," "[i]t is a sinful foolishness to sigh back for the good old times. . . The great human comedy in which each has share, gives limitless scope to the true artist, today as yesterday and as in years gone" (28). One hopes that the modernists' complimentary use of the term "modern" will be recognised as sufficiently evident from the testimonies coming from the modernist circle itself, i.e. the testimonies such as Leonard Woolf's critical essays.

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READING LEONARD WOOLF ACROSS THE KOREAN COLONIAL HERITAGE

"A Tale Told by Moonlight," which Leonard Woolf originally published along with two other short stories in *Stories from the East* in 1921 was written based on his experience as a British colonial administrator in Ceylon from 1904 through 1911. In the Conradian frame of this story, Jessop, who is introduced by another narrator "I brushes away his friends' talk of sentimental, romantic (A Tale 4) love and begins to tell them the love story of Reynolds, his friend, and Celestinahami, a Ceylonese prostitute. Reynolds' reduction of Celestinahami simply to a fantasy, everything . . . that was beautiful and great and pure (10) indicates that his love turns not toward a real Asian woman, but toward something that [in fact] doesn't exist behind those great eyes (11). Reynolds' quick disillusionment with Celestinahami's mysterious attraction seems to signify a colonizer's incapability of accepting an alien subject as an independent other. Tormented by Celestinahami's inability to understand his novels and the impossibility of finding what he wants to see in Celestinahami, Reynolds finally chooses to escape from Celestinahami's clinging love with the help of Jessop. Reynolds' unfulfilled love appears to symbolize an imperialistic desire to grasp unequivocally the colonized whose assimilation is required in the imperialistic system.

Jessop appears to be an unreliable narrator because he accepts Reynolds' story as a story of "real love" (6), quite different from "a flicker of the body" (4). Besides which, Jessop's repetitive assertion of his ability to face reality as well as his notoriety for his telling [of] brutal things "the truth" (3) is dubious. Jessop's prejudice against Celestinahami emerges when he defines Celestinahami's love toward Reynolds as "the love of a slave, the patient, consuming love for a master" (13). The "damned hard unpleasant [truth]" (12) that Reynolds has to experience in order "to see life, to understand it, to feel it" (7) is that Celestinahami is "an animal, dumb and stupid and beautiful" while Reynolds is "a civilized cultivated intelligent nervous little man" (12). The stereotypical binary oppositional structure between the masculine and the feminine, the intelligent and the dumb, the master and the slave, civilization and barbarism, and the colonizer and the colonized is established in Jessop's narrative.

Celestinahami's sacrifice is, therefore, inevitable under the imperialistic framework. The cruelty and violence Reynolds inflicts on Celestinahami's body for his kicks and his caresses, for his kisses and his blows (13) reaches its climax when, after Reynolds deserts her, Celestinahami drowns herself while wearing "her stays and pink skirt and white stockings and white shoes" (14). Celestinahami embodies a representative colonized subject whose mimicry of the colonizer's cultural form ends in her victimization. Her name, Celestinahami, fabricated by the white colonizer, signifies the unavoidable deprivation of the colonized people's independent identity. Moreover, the face of Celestinahami says nothing to both Jessop and Reynolds. Their "talk of love lacks all ethical dimension, uncovering its inauthenticity."

Woolf's criticism of the dangers of British imperialism stemming from its obstruction to any ethical communication with the colonized other seems evident. Hanson Smith, who is Woolf's mouthpiece and one of Jessop's listeners, summarizes Jessop's story, when Jessop finishes it, as "[b]attle, murder, and sentimentality," blaming him for his irresponsibility for Celestinahami's death: "You're as bad as the rest of them" (14). Nonetheless, despite his sharp insight into the psychology of the colonizer, Woolf leaves Celestinahami's mind unknown to the reader. It seems that Woolf, similar to Joseph Conrad, utilizes the colonized society and the colonized merely to explore the dark region of the white colonizer's mind in which the victimization of the colonized is unavoidable. In short, his main interest in this fiction lies in the white colonizer, whereas the colonized remain objectified and voiceless.

In "Pearls and Swine," another story collected in *Stories from the East*, however, Woolf gives the reader an opportunity to glimpse into the colonized people's culture. Even though this story mostly deals with the white colonizers' "unlit mental processes which reveal their moral corruption and exploitation, as well as harshly satirizing armchair imperialists," Woolf praises the Arabs for their noble attitude toward life and death via the main narrator, a commissioner in Ceylon. Compared with the ignominious death of White, who is a typical white imperialist as his name stands for, the unnamed Arabs that Woolf brings from his own experience of supervising a pearl fishery as described in his autobiography, *Growing* (95-96), embrace death with dignity. White's death is nightmarish; in the midst of the DTs (delirium tremens), he is tormented by the memory of his sins following his confessions of his exploitation of the natives. The Arab's sudden death while diving for pearls is described as a noble struggle, and "[t]he bearded face of the dead man looked very calm, very dignified in the faint light" (34). The Arab sheik's calm, eloquent, and compassionate speech to the brother of the dead man shows their stoicism. The repetition of the word "Khallas" all is over, finished (34), together with the image of their being "part of the grey seam of the grey sky" (35), is inscribed in the commissioner's mind. This image of the Eastern people assimilated to nature rather than to the colonizer's "civilization" haunts the commissioner's and Woolf's memories.

Yet, in Woolf's narrative Easterners still remain mysterious and detached. If we try to discover the real mind of the colonized, we need to listen directly to their voices. Here we take a look at "A Ready-Made Life," written by the Korean novelist, Man-shik Chae¹ in 1934 when Korea was under Japanese imperialistic rule. Chae deals with colonial subjects' conflict and pain caused by colonial modernization. As the writer briefly mentions, modernity had already been on the national agenda before Japanese occupation. However, Japanese colonialism strategically employed modernization as a positive excuse for the occupation of Korea. The inevitable rejection of the past and transformation of cultural values caused a cultural crisis for Koreans whose establishment of modern identities was complicated because the Japanese colonialism that needed to be rejected was involved in the project of modernization.

The ambivalent attitude toward Japanese colonialism and the modernization process is revealed in the protagonist P in *A Ready-Made Life*. Though educated in Japan, P, a colonized Korean, is simply one of the flood of educated young job seekers (37) back in colonized Korea. K, the boss in the newspaper company where P hunts for a job, futilely recommends P to participate in the literacy campaign and the modernization movement (38) in farming villages. P sharply points out that what matters is not the farmers' ignorance of language or not knowing how to modernize their lives (39). The heart of the problem of the Korean masses is the Japanese occupation of Korea, although the writer does not state it explicitly, presumably owing to Japanese censorship. P is cynical about the colonizer's illusory project of modernization, enlightenment, and humanitarianism, perceiving K's mere parroting of the colonizer's propaganda. Yet because P cannot choose to be a revolutionary and fight for Korean independence, he is stuck in an ambiguous middle and is reduced simply to a useless bum.

P shows complex response to modernization under the Japanese rule. While he, as an educated man, laughs at the Daewongun's² endeavor to preserve the Joseon kingdom,³ comparing it with the Daewongun's wearing a calabash hat [f]or protection against lightning, he also ridicules the social changes, along with the liberal ideas, which have sprouted from the modernizing endeavor of the Gapsin Coup of 1884⁴ that was tempered by the onslaught of the Japanese occupation and of the March 1919 Independence Movement⁵ (42). P comments on the March 1919 Independence Movement not as a significant event for Korean independence but merely as a modernizing plan. Yet he personally derived considerable benefit from the promotion of the liberation of women and free love that was part of Korean modernization. Although he was married at 14, probably as arranged following the traditional custom, he lived with another woman during his student days in Tokyo, and after returning to Korea and finding a job, had an affair with an entertaining woman as well as several other romances.

In his satiric approach, Chae does not allow P an unambiguous position. P does not clearly side either with Korean traditionalism or with Western liberalism and capitalism. Whereas P scorns the Daewongun's anachronistic policy, he does not eulogize the discarding of traditional values. When P visited a brothel with M and H, who similarly led ready-made lives as jobless intellectuals, he encountered an eighteen-year-old girl who willingly tried to sell her virtue for whatever [P] want[ed] . . . Fifty *jeon*, or twenty, even [less], and became so sick that he grabbed what was [left in his pocket], and threw it on the floor and ran outside, tears gathering in his eyes (65). The money P gives to that girl is his entire savings, leaving him unable to pay his rent and electricity bill. However, P was not judging the prostitute. Rather, P, despite his initial moral indignation, reasons that he can find fault not with a woman who sells her virtue for a pittance but with a woman bound to the culture's traditional sexual mores commits suicide when she loses her virtue. At this point, this girl overlaps with Celestinahami. Even if their way of selling their bodies is dissimilar, their shared fate produces the reader's pity. Conceding that [p]roper sexual mores have yet to be established in our time (71), P tries not to have a fixed viewpoint. Yet, his generous and sympathetic treatment of the prostitute, with whom he shares poverty and homelessness, is guided by his logical, noncommittal position; There's no compelling reason to blame the woman, nor are there grounds for sympathizing with her (72). Thus he frees himself from pitying her.

His liberal attitude toward sexual mores, however, does not necessarily direct him to approve the notion of equality that disrupts the traditional hierarchical order nor the emergence of the petit bourgeois, owing to the extensive spread of education. His critique of the pursuit of equality by expanding educational opportunities is problematic, particularly because P decides not to give his

nine-year old son even a primary school education.

In spite of the impression that P gives to the reader, P's painful choice to destine his son to a life as a manual laborer might not be too cruel, considering the historical background. Under the Cultural Policy in the 1920s, Japanese governor-general Saito established more public schools (43). The Japanese colonial government's promotion of education did not, however, target the empowerment of Koreans but rather the destruction of Korean traditions and the country's cultural backbone by applying assimilation policies. Furthermore, P's status, one of ready-made human commodities turned shopworn (46) in the social hierarchies reconstructed in the midst of the Korean and Japanese educational fervor, does not guarantee him membership in the petite bourgeoisie, nor can he be a manual laborer because his education makes him overqualified. In this context, his severe criticism of the promotion of education under the Japanese colonial rule that forms the keynote of this story is understandable.

Nonetheless, P's treatment of his son, Changseon, who is left with P's older brother after a divorce, contains some problems. P seems to be a cold-hearted father because he does not even see his son for four or five years. And he wouldn't permit his wife to rear their son despite her willingness and ability to do so. The morning after his nine-year-old son arrived he immediately sent him into an apprenticeship at a printing shop, instead of sending him to school. Yet, with a heavy heart as he turns back home, he muttered to himself; [it] looks like my ready-made life has finally found an owner (79), a statement which leaves room for debate. Does paternal love motivate giving his son a different sort of education (75), since he hates having his son inherit his pathetic destiny as a ready-made commodity? Granting P's newly sprouted love and responsibility, we are left, however, without much conviction as to whether P's apprenticing his son can be considered child abuse, or merely an excuse to justify his inability to support his son. How can he be so sure a ready-made life awaits his son once his education is completed? A closer look reveals Chae's keen awareness of the oppressiveness of Japanese imperialism. Although Chae doesn't prominently emphasize the Japanese responsibility in P's displaced life, Western modernization and liberalism in colonized Korea came along with the process of Japanese colonization, frustrating Koreans' competence and planting defeatism by means of the policies of assimilation. Following this line of thought, preventing his son from getting education in a colonized country can be read as a passive way to fight against the Japanese imperial projects of civilization and modernization. Nonetheless, P's son as well as P is incarcerated victims of colonization.

The I in another short story of Chae's, *My Innocent Uncle* (1938), is the character that P's son might have been if he had grown up to be an uneducated manual laborer. The narrator I is about 21 years old, and works serving Mr. Kurada, a Japanese businessman who lives in Korea and influences him a lot. Due to his being an orphan and the poverty of his aunt and his great aunt, I could finish only the fourth grade. However, he regards this lack of education as good luck, observing his innocent uncle, who has been a devotee of socialism and presumably participated in the Korean independence movement, imprisoned, tortured, and afflicted with tuberculosis as an aftereffect. No job is allowed to this uncle in a Korea controlled by Japanese imperialism. Compared with his uncle, I feels proud of himself, a self-made man with a bright future. Completely assimilated into Japanese culture, he is determined to transform his whole *modus vivendi* by mimicking and adopting Japanese styles. He determines to speak only the national language (19), Japanese. For him, his home country is not Korea but Japan.

The narrator I thinks that the sooner his uncle dies the better because he is a nuisance to others (34), especially to his aunt who has sacrificed for her

husband. Yet, his uncle, as if symbolizing Korea's tenacious resistance to Japan's imperialistic desire, doesn't die, but keeps twitching (34). His emaciated, infected body persists, repudiating, though feebly, total victimization, unlike Celestinahami's final surrender to despair. Yet, Celestinahami's sad sacrifice dies hard as well, making Jessop feel his responsibility just at the moment when Jessop thinks he has already forgotten Celestinahami's affair, as this uncle's body lives on as a reminder to the colonial I. Furthermore, while thoroughly satirizing the innocent nephew's absolute assimilation by comparison with his intellectual nationalist uncle, Chae also offers keen insight into the long-standing oppression of Korean women, symbolized by the narrator's aunt.

Woolf acknowledged that the Japanese were the only [Asian] people who retained the full status of sovereignty and independence (17) by adopting a Western modernization in *Imperialism and Civilization* (1928). Although his stance on Japanese imperialism was not totally positive, Woolf seemed to acknowledge Japanese civilization while Korea was non-existent in his work. Furthermore, the historical fact of Anglo-Japanese Alliances united with mutual support of imperialism when Korea was under Japanese rule further distances Koreans from British writers whose complicity reminds Koreans of the still unhealed scar inflicted by Japanese imperialism. Thus, we still need, in today's world of postmodern prioritization of hybrid identities and ambivalence of mimicry, nationalistic resistance against imperialist historical narratives that affirm and justify colonial domination.

Woolf rationalized the British imperial government in Ceylon; he proudly reported the extraordinary absence of the use of force in everyday life and government (92), and justified his involvement in British imperialism, saying that my attitude to the Hambantota villagers was entirely benevolent and altruistic (193) in *Growing*. However, we don't think that Woolf beautifies imperialism, as his assertion that the Europeanizing of non-Europeans is a mistake (*Growing* 157) manifests. Here appears a fortunate intersection where Chae and Woolf encounter each other without obscuring the occasional existence of a unified colonial identity while bringing attention to the complicated process of colonial modernity under imperialism.

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Notes

¹ Man-shik Chae (June 17, 1902-June 11, 1950), fiction writer, playwright, essayist, and critic, was born in Korea under the Japanese occupation. Like many of the intellectuals of his generation, he studied for a time in Japan, and then returned to Korea to work at a succession of writing and editorial jobs. Chae is one of the great talents of modern Korean literature. Often pigeonholed as a satirist, Chae shows his penetrating mind, command of idiom, realistic dialogue, and keen wit. In the earlier stories Chae deals with the plight of the unemployed young intellectuals turned out by the modernization movement, as shown in *A Ready-Made Life*. Chae's later works are more bitter and introspective and his wit is tempered by his deeper engagement in the role of the artist in a colonized society.

² The Daewongun (1820-1898) was the regent of Joseon Dynasty during the later 19th century, wielding royal power. The Daewongun, the father of the penultimate Joseon monarch Gojong, was engaged in recurrent power struggles with Empress Myeongseong (Queen Min), Gojong's wife. She had him sent into exile in 1882, but he returned four years later and was able to briefly to regain power in 1895. His regaining of power resulted from the empress being assassinated in 1895, presumably by his men and with Japanese aid. His role in the midst of the political turmoil in the late 19th century Korea has been widely debated by historians.

³ Joseon (July 1392-August 1910) was the last royal and later imperial dynasty

of Korean antiquity. After declaring the Korean Empire in 1897, the dynasty ended with Japanese invasion in 1910.

⁴ The Gapsin Coup (or Gapsinjeongbyeon) was a radical attempt to overturn the old regime and establish equality among people. The King and Queen were taken hostage in this coup d'état staged by the Progressives headed by Kim Okgyun. However, this coup was aborted in three days, as Chinese intervened by sending military troops and overwhelmed the Progressives and their Japanese supporters.

⁵ The Declaration of Korean Independence was signed by thirty-three Korean nationalists and read aloud in Tapgol Park on March 1st in 1919. The movement developed into nation-wide peaceful demonstrations that were eventually crushed by Japanese military and police forces after two months.

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ACCOUNTING FOR THE GARDEN: WHAT LEONARD'S RECORD BOOKS SHOW US ABOUT THE GARDEN AT MONKS HOUSE

On July 1, 1919, Leonard and Virginia Woolf bought Monks House, in the small downland village of Rodmell in East Sussex. Contemporary accounts of the purchase make it clear that the extent and variety of the garden was a deciding factor in their acquisition of the property. Over the next fifty years, the garden at Monks increasingly became a ruling enthusiasm of Leonard's life, one which reflected, housed, and provisioned the passions of his romantic and domestic life. Leonard's assessment of the garden in his autobiography establishes the parameters of his delight:

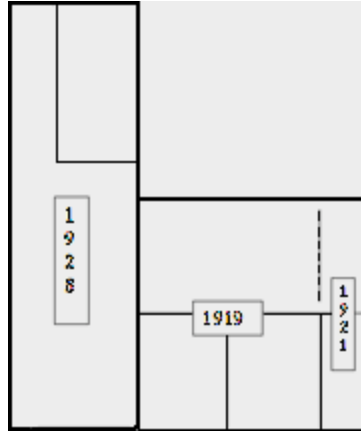
The orchard was lovely and the garden the kind I like, much subdivided into a kind of patchwork quilt of trees, shrubs, flowers, vegetables, fruit, roses and crocuses tending to merge into cabbages and current bushes. (*Beginning Again*, 62)

As with many things, in his life, Leonard's love of the garden took the concrete form of obsessive record keeping. From 1919 to 1950, he kept an exact account of all monies spent on and earned by the garden, and from 1920 to 1927 he kept a separate garden diary. These two, small, 5 by 8 inch, green cloth books bound in red, both now reside in the Leonard Woolf Papers in the University of Sussex Library¹ and provide us with a cumulative narrative of the garden's development.

The house and land that the Woolfs purchased on July 1, 1919 were much smaller than the present property. The land comprised only about three-fourths of an acre (VW, *DI*: 286), later described by Leonard as mostly orchard (Letter of March 22, 1925 [*LWP* II i, 3c]). The present garden appears from the back of house to be divided into four vertical quadrants,

each of which eventually merges into the orchard at the back. (See fig. below) On the far right (south) side is a formal garden with pool and statues and an area blocked off by yew hedges; the center of the garden is a square space in line with the back door of the house; to the left of that is a series of garden rooms made up of low flint walls; and to the far left is a rolling grass lawn with a large shallow pond, divided from the vegetable garden by a honeysuckle hedge. Only the two central quadrants were part of the original purchase. The strip of land to the right, abutting Church Lane, was bought in 1921 (Glendinning 241), and the large terrace to the north, jutting out beyond the orchard to border the church cemetery, was purchased in 1928 as part of a larger package of land, the lower parts of which were rented out.

Many of the present garden features were also then non-existent. As Victoria Glendinning points out in her new biography of Leonard, he had the broken millstones which were scattered about the garden made into the first set of paths, establishing the central, square sitting space of the garden beyond the back door (225). The low flint walls to the left or north of this central area were at that time the lower foundations of a number of out buildings which were not fully torn down until 1926 (Glendinning 273).



At the time of purchase, the garden at Monks House was primarily a working plot, generating fruits and vegetables, with flowers being only incidental ornaments. When its produce was initially assessed at the time of the sale, the growing fruit and garden crops—including pears, apples, potatoes, cabbages, parsnips, carrots, and onions—were valued at around £22: almost £600 in today's money.² But according to Leonard's garden account book, the money was made back quickly. In just August and September alone, Leonard recorded selling produce for almost a third of that amount: £73.4 (almost \$200), including nine bushels of apples (that's about 900 pieces of fruit) and twenty gallons of pears, as well as assorted vegetables (Account Book). Although apples, pears, and small quantities of plums were the first substantial cash crops, by 1921, Leonard was selling almost as many potatoes (42 pounds) as apples (46 pounds). In 1925, his Garden Diary lists nothing but varieties of potatoes harvested. In 1926, the garden began providing for Leonard and Virginia's mutual love of fresh asparagus; by 1929, he was ordering 100 roots a year.

From 1919 to 1928—the first period of garden development—the profits Leonard garnered from the garden waxed and waned according to the weather and the Woolfs' other commitments, but certain fairly regular patterns were established. At the end of every year the Woolfs went down to Rodmell for Christmas and New Year's so Leonard could do the winter pruning, often under conditions of cold, wet, and/or wind that Virginia labeled heroic (D2, 155). During the spring, they would come down to Rodmell occasionally on the weekends, often including a week's stay at Easter. They would then arrive in July or August for an extended visit of six to ten weeks, depending on the weather and their travel plans, staying usually until about the first of October. Over the years, these visits tended to get longer and more frequent, until, during the war, the Woolfs took up nearly full-time residence in the country.³ When they were at Monks House they followed the same daily schedule as at their earlier country home, Asham; as Leonard put it in an April 25, 1913 letter to Lytton Strachey: in the morning we write 750 words each: in the afternoon we dig: between tea and dinner we

write 500 words each (LW, L 183). When they were not at Rodmell, Leonard's account books show there was a constant stream of hampers being sent, by rail to Hogarth House, Richmond, then Tavistock Sq., London; amounts for eggs, fruit, and vegetables were routinely added to the right or income side of the ledger.⁴

From 1919 to 1928 renovations to the garden were constrained by the Woolfs' somewhat limited finances. The first changes to the garden were a matter of planting: more fruit trees and some flowers. On March 25, 1920, Leonard began his garden diary by noting they had planted four new apple trees before New Year's and were planning for even more. In December he began his annual practice of ordering plants and seeds for the spring; the proportions remain approximately the same for the next thirty years: £11.17.8 was spent on fruit trees, £2.12.8 on vegetables, and 11s. 10d. on flowers (Account Book).

Initially, the Woolfs' taste in flowers was fairly old-fashioned and conventional. There was some attempt to plant a blue-schemed garden typical of the Jekyll style in the front bed of the house in September of 1919. Virginia mentions planting seeds at a venture, inspired by seedmen's language: how they stand high & bear bright blue petals (VW, D1, 302). But in general Leonard seemed to favor Jekyll's hot colors of red, yellow, and orange, with purples and blues tossed in unsystematically. A 1928 order for mauve, pink, saffron, [and] orange carnations shows a typically eclectic palette (Garden Diary). Gradually Leonard and Virginia became more educated about particular varieties, replacing common names with botanical nomenclature; in 1925, for instance, Virginia bragged to Janet Case about their fine showing of *colchicum*, small purple autumn crocuses (L3, 202). By 1928 Leonard was making specialized lists of new plants including Dazla rose, Crimson King clematis, and Cardinal poppies (Garden Diary) and buying *hellebores* (Lenten roses) and *muscari* (grape hyacinths) for shade gardening (Account book).

The era of major renovation and growth of the garden—the second period of garden development—arrived in 1928 when the Woolfs' annual income nearly doubled due to profits from the publication of *Orlando*.⁵ Since 1921, they had been worried about the possibility that suburban development in Rodmell would rob them of their privacy and their sweeping views of the downs,⁶ and had begun to try to buy the strip of land to the north of their garden walls, which they called the terrace because although level with the rest of the garden, it rose about twelve feet above the marshes and fields that separated Rodmell from the river Ouse. In order to take care of this annexation of land and all the planned improvements, Leonard now hired Percy Bartholomew as a full-time gardener, complete with his own cottage, on which Leonard started paying semi-annual rent in November.⁷ Beginning in 1930, the garden was fully integrated into household accounts, £60 per annum being allotted for expenses; any additional costs not covered by profits from selling produce were paid for by Leonard.

In 1929, major structural improvements to the garden began. Leonard got a 2 foot-deep fish pond inside the flint walls of what had been the old outbuildings and a new terrace with a 25 ft, slightly curving wall behind it in the central section of the garden. There were many more garden purchases throughout the summer and fall of 1929, including a new, motorized Atco mower, bee hives, and the first major greenhouse. The architecture of the garden was further defined as he began to plant hedges: yew in the front to shield the potting sheds and new green house from view, and *Lonicera* or honeysuckle to wall off the back vegetable gardens. All of these improvements more than doubled garden expenditure: from £94 in 1928 to £233 in 1929. The next major addition was brick paths in 1930, along with the garden hut that Virginia used as a writing studio for the rest of her life, and then in 1932 a dew pond on the terrace. In September of the following

year, 1933, Leonard came up with a scheme to pave the side garden by the front gate and lay in a third water feature, a lily pond. After this, the bones of the garden were pretty complete. The only structural additions before the war and Virginia's death were more brickwork, a terrace including two raised basins in 1937, and two more greenhouses in 1938 and 1939.

Of course, Leonard continued to add plants. Favorites listed in his account book during the later thirties were Japanese anemones, carnations, dahlias, gladioli, gloxinia, roses, chrysanthemums, and varieties of clematis. In January of 1930, he began an annual tradition of ordering several pots of *Lilium aratum* to be forced in the greenhouse so they would be blooming during their Easter visit. He frequently brought especially vivid plants in from the greenhouses to display in the deep window sills of the main sitting room. Glendinning quotes Frances Partridge and Angelica Garnett's descriptions of his supernaturally large double dahlias and roses (308-9) and notes his fondness for scarlet and yellow begonias (333).

The advent of WWII brought major changes to the garden. When the war started in September of 1939, Britain was importing 80 per cent of its fruit and 90 of its cereals (Griffiths 89). According to Glendinning, in 1939, the Woolfs were self-sufficient in fruit and vegetables, with a surplus of apples, cabbages, and honey (354). In late 1940, as the war produced crucial shortages in the British food supply, Leonard began ordering large quantities of onion seed, using his greenhouses to get the sets started early, and for the duration of the war, Monks House became once again primarily a working garden. Between September and December of 1941 alone, Leonard sold over 400 pounds of onions. Throughout the war he kept up a brisk trade in onions, honey, currants, apples, plums, pears, gooseberries, carrots, tomatoes, potatoes, and lettuce, supplying Bloomsbury houses in Sussex such as Charleston and Tilton but also the Lewes Farmer's Market.

On March 24, 1941, Leonard ordered twenty Yew trees to extend the hedge around the three greenhouses now full of onion sets on the south wall by the church and schoolyard path. The price listed next to them is only a jagged scrawl across the line for this entry and the next, barely readable as an elongated seven—the only place in 31 years of garden accounts where Leonard neglected to note shilling and pence. One can only assume that he waited to enter the cost until the trees had been delivered, and in the anxiety of searching for Virginia's body, for once didn't have the self-possession to keep track of every detail.⁸ After Virginia's death on March 28, he bought no more living things for the garden until his annual winter seed orders in January of 1942, which were less than half the usual amount.

The next major phase of the garden at Monks House, a return to ornamentals with an exotic twist, was influenced significantly by Leonard's deepening relationship with Trekkie Parsons, the younger sister of Hogarth Press author Alice Ritchie. By 1946, garden production was down; that year Leonard sold only 38 pounds of onions, and from then until he apparently stopped keeping records of produce in 1955, apples are the only product he regularly sold. Trekkie, like Leonard, was an avid and knowledgeable gardener, but more interested in flowers and shrubs than fruits and vegetables.⁹ Leonard's interest in growing plants native to Trekkie's childhood home in South Africa, sparked by seeds sent from her mother and sister, began to develop into an expertise in exotic and tropical species, particularly spiky varieties. He had had a few cacti at Tavistock Square, but in 1945, he began to buy them for Monks House, inaugurating another obsession. Although he stopped keeping regular garden accounts in 1950, between 1945 and 1958, Leonard tracked an escalating collection of cacti on a stack of 114 small cards on which are typed the date received, source, and blooming history of each plant. His correspondence and clipping services show that throughout the fifties, his primary gardening interests were his fruit trees, his cacti, and certain specialty species such as *Stapelia* (spiky milkweed) and *Citrus* (rock

roses). In 1945 Leonard and Trekkie co-authored an article about *Stapelia* in the *Geographical Magazine* (see note, Adamson 96), and there is a clipping in the Leonard Woolf papers of an article from the *Illustrated London News* (no date) praising his stands of cistus.

Further changes to the architecture of the garden were mostly utilitarian. In 1948, Leonard transformed Virginia's writing lodge into a lithography studio for Trekkie, pushing out the wall of the hut and replacing the apple storage with high ceilings and clerestory windows. In 1955 and 1958 he had first a large and then a smaller conservatory built onto the back of Monks House in order to bring his greenhouses within closer reach. And in October of 1967 he had an ornamental cavity wall, approximately 30 feet long, put in to replace a row of box woods along the pathway from what had been Virginia's bedroom up to the millstone terrace (*LWP*, IIi, 3e).

In 1950 Leonard enrolled the garden at Monks in the National Gardens Scheme, a charity which raises money for local causes (in East Sussex, for nurses' pensions) by charging admission to private gardens. For the rest of his life, he participated regularly, opening his garden to the public at least once and sometimes twice a year, usually in April. But according to his nephew, Cecil, it was the garden and the National Gardens Scheme which was the death of Leonard as well. It was after a particularly long and busy open garden day that Leonard suffered the debilitating stroke which eventually led to his death.¹⁰

After Leonard's death, Monks House and its contents were bought by the University of Sussex in exchange for the donation of the Monks House Papers (Glendinning 494). The National Trust eventually took over the upkeep, but the garden has largely fallen into disrepair. The current tenant says the Trust does not budget funding for tending the garden, and so its authenticity and its condition are left to the initiative of whoever is living there. The hardscape of walls and paths is as Leonard left it, as are the hedges and orchards. Some attempts, such as the red-hot pokers at the entrance, have been made to restore aspects of Leonard's plantings, but this is difficult to do without any maps or sketches. If you find the garden blazing with dahlias and rock roses in reds, yellows, oranges, and pinks, punctuated by the occasional purple clematis, anemone, or small woodland iris, you will have a glimpse at least of Leonard's variegated enthusiasm.

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Notes

¹ Both volumes are in *The Leonard Woolf Papers*, II (Personal), I (Sussex Property), 3. Monks House, i. Monks House Garden.

² Photocopies of the exact figures spent are in *LWP*, II, I, Folder 3b. To convert British pounds of 1919 etc into current figures, I used the tables at the back of Glendinning's book, p. 508, based on the Economic History website: <http://www.eh.net>, which calculates £22 in 1919 to be equal to \$950.40 in 2005.

³ According to Spater and Parsons, during the 1920s the Woolfs spent about one-fifth of their time in Sussex; during the 1930s that proportion rose to about one-third (172).

⁴ In 1930, when the garden accounts were fully regularized, Leonard began estimating that the garden at Monks was providing vegetables and fruits valued at £10.8 every six months [= \$589.57, or about \$100 per month] (*Account Book*).

⁵ See chart of annual income in *Downhill All the Way*, (142).

⁶ Glendinning documents a letter Leonard wrote to the then-Prime Minister Ramsey MacDonald in January of 1930, protesting against the potential ruination of the open downland around the village by housing development,

and proposing a scheme for protecting areas from further encroachment (306).

⁷ Alison Light's new book on *Mrs. Woolf and the Servants* describes some of the travails of Leonard's very long and rocky relationship with Percy Bartholmew and his family. Percy was the gardener at Monks from 1928 until after the war. He and Leonard quarreled frequently; and like the other servants, he repeatedly threatened to leave. Light designates Leonard's characterization of Bartholmew as "the most pig-headed man I had ever known," as "a case, surely, of the pot calling the kettle black" (284). She goes on to detail the lingering resentments felt by Jim Bartholmew, Percy's son, over the lack of acknowledgement of his father's services in Leonard's autobiography, this despite the fact that Leonard generously loaned Jim money so he could move back to Rodmell and helped him establish himself as a printer (303).

⁸ Glendinning describes a similarly unique smudge in his diary for March 28 (366).

⁹ Leonard continued to grow vegetables, but not for sale. Glendinning notes that under a new gardener, Vout Van der Keift, he won a number of prizes at horticultural shows in 1968, mainly for his vegetables (478).

¹⁰ See Glendinning for an account of Leonard's last days (486-92).

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LEONARD, NATURE AND MUSIC

This essay argues that Virginia Woolf led an introspectively solitary and troubled life and that she lived her life always fighting her own inner madness, struggling to make any true connections with others or with the outside world. Not all Woolf scholars agree with this position. My position is that in her final novel, *Between the Acts*, Woolf's struggle with life is exemplified in each character's relationships with one another and in every description made. The fact that this novel is her last before her suicide, and that she took her life only a month after the completion of this novel (Heilbrun 28) is indicative of her troubled state while writing this, and thus

must contain many biographical elements that reveal clues to her own unhappiness and defeat.

The constant struggle of the characters in this novel to create connections with each other, and their relentless failure to succeed in this, portrays the tension in Woolf's own life to maintain such connections. However, despite Woolf's general unhappiness and solidarity, she did have a husband, Leonard, who was supportive and loving, even during his wife's most troubling times. Leonard and Virginia shared their love of writing, but also their love of nature and music. Because Virginia herself felt connected with these elements, through enjoying them with her husband, she seemed to feel some kind of a connection with him. While Virginia struggled with maintaining her sanity, which caused a perpetual schism between herself and all other people, through sharing her love of something she could truly connect with, music and nature, she was able to uphold some form of a relationship with Leonard. In the same way, Virginia's creation of the characters in *Between the Acts*, most of whom are unable to relate to others, are able to feel acceptance and commonality through the music described in the novel and the nature surrounding the characters in the garden.

In *Between the Acts*, each character is constantly attempting to make connections with others and create unity, whether it is Miss La Trobe, who "as a leader fails to unify her followers" (Cuddy-Keane 278), or Isa, who is constantly repeating "The father of my children, whom I love and hate" (BTA 215), in order to convince herself of her commitment and promised loyalty to her husband, Giles. H. Porter Abbott, referring to one of Woolf's diary entries (D I:70) mentions that "Alone, her personality is a violin robbed of its orchestra; properly accompanied, it is enclosed and completed" (398). This comment made by Woolf only further portrays her loneliness and her desire to be "properly accompanied": to feel inclusion and belonging. Despite Leonard's constancy in Virginia's life, she still felt isolated from him. Her desire to feel unified is transferred among her characters in her last novel, each one wanting to make a connection, yet so often being unable to do so: "It is very like the communion desired by all of Mrs. Woolf's major characters, who long for an embrace—a merging of the self with someone or something outside" (Naremore 124). While Virginia had many friends, and spent much time with both Leonard and others, she was still unable to feel a true merge with another's soul. Her inner battle must have made her feel different than others, and that dissimilarity must have denied others intimacy with Virginia. Therefore, Virginia used characters who felt as she did, who were, either consciously or unconsciously, unable or unwilling to make genuine relationships.

While Virginia could not feel union with others, she was able to feel union with music. Both she and Leonard were great lovers of music, and much of their time was spent listening to and discussing it. Leonard was "impressively well versed in German poetry and music" (Briggs 150), and Virginia would often talk to others of Leonard's knowledge. Because they both felt this passion, music must have provided Virginia a certain level of intimacy with Leonard through their shared hobby.

Likewise, in *Between the Acts*, Virginia uses music to join the group together and create harmony. The pageant directed by Miss La Trobe brings all of the people together, to somehow form temporary unity and connection among the audience and the cast alike. However, once the play enters an intermission, this unity of the audience, and unity of the cast, is interrupted. While the cast is working as a unit to perform the play and the audience is working together to be a good audience, unity is instilled; however, once the scene ends, or the play reaches a stop, the spell is broken, and the sense of community is lost. The lyrics of the music itself recognize the dispersion, and the disunity that will follow with the break in the play. Each individual, concerned with his or her belongings, no longer joined together with others

for the same purpose and with the same consciousness as when watching the play, then all branch off into their separate ways. Isa hums: All is over. The wave has broken. Left us stranded, high and dry. Single, separate on the shingle (96). Although she is only reciting the lyrics to the song, the words are ironic, as she is now alone, following Mr. Parker Dodge, hearing the lyrics himself, is unable to decide to follow others, or to remain like a stake in the tide of the flowing company (96). He too, is now not a part of the audience, but a single unit, needing to decide whether or not to remain solitary, or to find someone else with whom to try to make a connection. The words of the music make an obvious observation as to the separateness they all feel now that the play has come to a halt, as the melody itself has broken, and only fragments of it are recognized and heard. These people feel harmony with one another while they are listening to the music, all partaking in the same enjoyment; in the same way, Virginia must have felt the same type of unification with Leonard while listening to music; but once the music stopped, her connection with him did as well.

Virginia also felt a unique harmony with nature, particularly with gardens, where as a child, she remembers she could run wild, fight, tell stories, play cricket, hunt for moths, walk on the sands and swim in the sea (Briggs 162); she recalls her times in the garden and outside as among [her] best-loved memories (162). As an adult, Virginia's love for nature and gardens was also shared by Leonard. Virginia describes her fascination with gardens as: I see children running in the garden. A spring day. Life so new. People so enchanting (163). Again, the love Leonard and Virginia shared of nature brought them closer together while sharing that love. In the same way, in *Between the Acts*, the characters feel this same connection with each other through nature, mostly when sitting in the quiescence of the garden. Very little detail is expressed concerning relationships and emotion; Woolf does, however, pay extra attention to nature, and the relationship between humankind and nature: What is distinctive about Virginia Woolf is how powerfully she is attracted to the experience of what she called life itself, and how her style, after the early sketches, is increasingly adapted to the blurring of subject-object distinctions (Naremore 132). While Woolf does not go into deep description about the implications of one's feelings and lack of connection, she does not miss a single chirp of a bird, or a crucial description of beautiful scenery. This technique used by Woolf may imply her own connection with nature; while she may not have felt much intimacy with human life, nature was something she could make her own, and find great comfort in its vastness. She gives nature great importance in this novel, from its impending doom of rain that threatens the play, to its soothing attributes, such as the fresh earthy smell (BTA 180) of the grass. She even draws a connection, even, between music and nature:

Music wakes us. Music makes us see the hidden, join the broken. Look and listen. See the flowers, how they ray their redness, whiteness, silverness and blue. And the trees with their many-tongued much syllabing, their green and yellow leaves hustle us and shuffle us, and bid us, like the starlings, and the rooks, come together, crowd together, to chatter and make merry while the red cow moves forward and the black cow stands still. (BTA 120)

Critic Harriet Blodgett writes that *Between the Acts* contemplates how actively nature takes her part in human existence, as both outer and inner reality (Blodgett 28). This factor only solidifies the intimation that Virginia sought connection with Leonard through her connection with nature. Through human relationships, one is still mortal; in nature, however, one may find a way to live forever. Blodgett further describes Woolf's emphasis on nature as:

For Woolfian characters, ever in quest of moments of unity, it is fortunate that the world is still one and entire for the primal

psyche, because consequently man can still escape the fragmentation entailed by growth of consciousness and ego-identification when he allows consciousness to relax, or some imperative forces it to. (29)

Nature is beyond one's control, and so, at least, in this regard, the characters are able to rest. In relationships with others, efforts still need to be made for connection; with nature, connection is immediate and effortless. While sitting in a garden with Leonard, or taking a walk along a beautiful road, harmony and unity comes naturally, as it should be. However, in alternative atmospheres, Virginia feels secluded and misunderstood. Perhaps that is why she draws such an emphasis on nature, since it is in that element that one feels most at ease with others and with oneself.

However, since Virginia and Leonard could not forever rest in the comfort of music and nature, reality did have to set in. As much as Leonard tried to show his love and support, Virginia was just not able to allow Leonard to live unhappily just because of her inability to maintain intimacy in relationships. Just as characters in her novel act isolated and disconnected from each other throughout the novel, so does Woolf in her own life. Although Leonard did not outwardly voice his unhappiness with her, one incentive for suicide might have been her understanding of the easier life Leonard might find with another woman (29). In her last note to Leonard, she did express her sense of instability. As Carolyn Heilbrun observes:

[Woolf] feared madness again. There had been madness in her past, but madness now was[. . .] not the heart of the matter; it was, simply, the easiest way to describe despair, or the clear decision that life in her sixties, given the conditions of her world, was simply not worth the terrible effort it would have cost. (Heilbrun 30)

Between the Acts may represent a final note Woolf has to the world, telling all of her distress and insecurities. Through each character, a piece of herself is portrayed. She is quite personable in this novel, and the line between character and author is very blurred:

Virginia Woolf does not withdraw; quite the contrary, she is pulled into the fiction with the intensity of her emotions. Far from being a silent and aloof author, she seems to wander through the story like a ghostly but unprivileged observer, often sharing in the thoughts and sensations of the characters. Her narration is impersonal only in the sense that she makes relatively few overt judgments. Otherwise she gives the feeling of being intimately involved, sympathetic to such a degree that her voice becomes selfless, disembodied. (Naremore 124)

Her voice is distinctly heard throughout the novel and embodied through the lives and emotions of her characters. Her unhappiness is portrayed through the discomfort of the characters relationally, just as their final hope at the end of the novel is a dream Woolf must have wished for, but was never fulfilled.

Leonard, despite the grief and frustration he must have felt through his wife's inconsistent mental state, remained by her side until the end, still hoping for the ability to make her well. While Virginia knew that Leonard did his best to help, only she knew she was in a state beyond what anyone could do. But they still had their music. They still had their gardens. And in these moments, with the music playing, and the birds chirping, they could both feel joined together and content. Virginia sympathized with those needing to form a connection, but unable to without the right conditions. That is why she created her characters in *Between the Acts*; while music and nature allowed Virginia to connect with her husband, music and nature allowed these

alienated characters to feel included and harmonized with one another. The difference is, however, that the end of Woolf's life showed no optimism for the future, at least her characters, who were written in the final months of her life, were given the possibility to live a life she could never have, with or without Leonard.

Karenina Lines

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FORMING A LEONARD WOOLF SOCIETY

Associated with our work, Suren Paul has come up with the idea of forming a Leonard Woolf Society.

He has been interested in the life and work of Leonard Woolf, especially in the novel, *The Village in the Jungle*. Whilst naturally concerned with his total achievement, a focus of interest has been Leonard Woolf's ideas in the field of Politics as his administrative experience as a Colonial Civil Servant during the seven years, 1904 to 1911, in Ceylon, as she was then, may have been a stimulus in the direction of Leonard Woolf's ideas of Fabianism and International Government.

The program envisaged for the Leonard Woolf Society comprehends Leonard Woolf's life work and achievement.

A Consultant Surgeon, Suren Paul is an Alumnus of Trinity College, Cambridge University where he graduated in Medicine. He was a speaker at the Leonard Woolf Conference in Lucy Cavendish College, Cambridge University on October 22, 2005 held by the Cambridge Society in association with us.

Those interested in his idea of forming the Leonard Woolf Society please get in touch with him: Mr. Suren Paul FRCS, Department of General Surgery, Hinchingbrooke Hospital, Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire PE29 3DB UK

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N. Sivasambu

Co-ordinator: The Ceylon Bloomsbury Group

DREADNOUGHT HOAX LECTURE FOUND

It was called the most daring hoax in history.

-Virginia Woolf, the Rodmell Lecture

In 1940, Woolf presented a lecture to the Rodmell Women's Institute on her participation in the *Dreadnought Hoax*, a 1910 escapade. Virginia Stephen, her brother Adrian, Horace Cole, Duncan Grant, and other friends, disguising themselves as Abyssinian Princes and their interpreters, gained entry onto the *Dreadnought*, a British warship that represented state-of-the-art war technology for that time.

Woolf scholars have only had three pages of the Rodmell lecture manuscript, published in Quentin Bell's 1972 biography, the only piece of the talk thought to be in existence. Woolf scholars have not recognized that the Rodmell lecture exists in its entirety. But it does. I found the full manuscript of the Rodmell lecture in a library box in the Women's Library of London Metropolitan University. This library had previously been the Fawcett Library, a library that Woolf had supported during her lifetime, particularly through donations of books. In 1955, Leonard Woolf sent the library the Rodmell lecture.

The lecture is hilarious. Here are just a few lines (with the original typing mistakes) to whet the appetite. In this section, Virginia Stephen has noticed that her brother Adrian and Horace Cole planned the hoax: Everything was arranged; they had got four friends to come in; and the great hoax was to take place on Thursday. Now at the last moment for it was on day two of the conspirators had fubked it. And Virginia Stephen, overhearing their dismay, for, What were they to do? How could they find two people who could be trusted, interrupted. Bravely she volunteers: I'm quote ready to come I said. I should like nothing better.

The Women's Library is located at 25 Old Castle Street in London. Details of the *Dreadnought Hoax* papers can be found on the archive and museum catalog: <http://www.londonmet.ac.uk/thewomenslibrary/searchthecollections/> The reference is 5FWI/H/45, box number 276.

Georgia Johnston

NOTES/NOTICES FROM THE BOOK REVIEW EDITOR

As needed, I should like to write the occasional note or two on booklets and Woolfiana that comes my way. Just now, for example, I'd like to alert *VWM* readers to the availability of *The Virginia Woolf Daybook*, edited with an introduction by Stephen Barkway for the Virginia Woolf Society of Great Britain. With quotations from Woolf for every page of the year (suggested by members of the VWS of GB), the book costs \$30 (including post & packing) with orders and checks made out to Lynn Todd-Crawford/566 Lakeshore Drive/Atlanta GA 30307 (ltodder@bellsouth.net).

Also, on Arts & Humanities Day in Takoma Park, Maryland (20 October 2007) I will be showing John Fuegi's *Virginia Woolf: The War Within*, which is now available on CD (my own copy is a video). All earnings from the films go back to help make the next film in the Women of Power Series. More information on films in the Series can be found at: www.mith.umd.edu/flare. The Woolf film, according to Fuegi, has now been seen on television in thirty-two countries in twenty-six languages and it seems to be just as popular and useful now as when we first made it.

REVIEW:

Woolf in Ceylon: An Imperial Journey in the Shadow of Leonard Woolf 1904-1911 by Christopher Ondaatje. Toronto: HarperCollins, 2005.

The Village in the Jungle by Leonard Woolf, with an afterword by Christopher Ondaatje. 1913, rpt. London: Eland, 2005.

The Village in the Jungle by Leonard Woolf: Revised and Annotated with the Original Manuscript, edited by Yasmine Gooneratne. Lewiston, New York; Queenston, Ontario: The Edwin Mellen Press, 2004.

Ondaatje has provided us with an interesting, and in many ways provocative, book that has multiple missions: an odyssey to discover the imperial Ceylon where Woolf lived; a thought-provoking, beautifully illustrated, historical travel log; and a personal memoir of a native son whose Dutch ancestors colonized the island in the seventeenth century – each story worthy of its own volume. But Ondaatje is a skilled writer who weaves his own experiences and Woolf's story into the history and culture of Ceylon and of modern-day Sri Lanka. Thus, he does not disappoint the reader. Unlike Woolf who served as a British colonial administrator, Ondaatje grew up on a family tea plantation near Kandy. So British colonial policies supported the world Ondaatje knew as a child and youth. Both men attended prep school in England: Woolf at St Paul's and Ondaatje at Blundell's. And they lived most of their lives away from Ceylon. Woolf chose to return to his native England where he became a political writer and activist. Due to family financial misfortunes, Ondaatje chose to emigrate to Canada where he became a writer and publisher.

Ondaatje draws on his Sri Lankan experiences to take us on an historical tour of his homeland and to provide us with a context for the colonial world that Leonard Woolf brings to us in his autobiographies, in *Diaries in Ceylon 1908-1911*, and in some of his fiction, especially *The Village in the Jungle* (1913). Indeed, Ondaatje's enthusiasm for *The Village in the Jungle* is such that he wrote an afterword, primarily based on Woolf's writings, for a recent reprint of the book and the short story *Pearls and Swine*. Not surprisingly, Ondaatje and his entourage (Dr. Rajpal de Silva, a retired medical doctor and writer; Lakshman Senatileke, a lawyer and naturalist; and Somasiri Liyanage, the driver) are most knowledgeable about Sri Lanka. Ondaatje relies mostly on Woolf's published writings (noted, in part, above) for his knowledge of the man and his role in Ceylonese history. This reliance on selected sources may cause Ondaatje to assume that intelligent young men [such] as Leonard Woolf [who had no colonial service] either would have been unaware of any opposition to imperialism or would have considered it to be of little consequence (16).

However, scholars Duncan Wilson, S. P. Rosenbaum, and Wayne Chapman trace the development of Woolf's political philosophy, anti-imperialist stance, and political activism to a classical education at St. Paul's and Cambridge. Rosenbaum observes that [t]here are no allusions [in Woolf's early writings] to the Boer War or to the Russo-Japanese one which occurred during [Woolf's] first year in Ceylon and signaled to subject peoples throughout the world that the white race was not invincible (*Edwardian Bloomsbury*, 306). In short, it is unlikely that Woolf, astute observer that he was, would have been unaware that his world was changing. But Ondaatje accepts the consensus of scholars who see in Woolf's work about life in Ceylon the development of the author's anti-imperialism. Thus, Ondaatje introduces Chapter 8 on Woolf's Ceylonese fiction with a quote from *Beginning Again*: [*The Village in the Jungle*] was also, in some curious way, the symbol of the anti-imperialism which had been growing upon me more and more in my last years in Ceylon (47).

To be sure, the work is celebrated as a symbol of the anti-imperialism in Sri Lanka today. In an annotated edition of the original version of *The Village in the Jungle*, Professor Yasmine Gooneratne observes that [t]he

novel holds a central place in the English literature of Sri Lanka as the first great (if not the first) work of creative art to emerge in modern times from the experience of local living (2). She also notes that his fluency in Sinhala enabled Woolf to capture its rhythms and idiom in English (2). Because of his sensitivity to the culture and customs of Ceylon and his role as an intellectual and a political activist in England, Ondaatje describes Woolf as an insider in two exceptionally different worlds. This was his extraordinary achievement (303).

Ondaatje observes that Sri Lanka is still a land of villages as it was in the early twentieth century when Leonard Woolf arrived. Tracing his steps allows Ondaatje to guide us through the ruined, ancient Sinhalese city of Anuradhapura to the ruins of the katchcheri or official government building in Jaffna, which is a casualty of the civil war between the Sri Lankan government and the Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam (LTTE). We also go to the ancient pearl fishery at Marichchukaddi, through lush, coastal regions and jungles of the colonial Hambantota district, as well as to other exotic sites in Sri Lanka. Ondaatje's companions, Dr. Rajpal de Silva, Lakshman Senatileke, and Somasiri Liyanage, negotiate the group's way through the various government and LTTE check points in the northern part of the island. Thus, the historic differences between the minority Tamil and the majority Sinhalese populations is a significant part of our island tour. (See Reoch, *The Killing Match* for more information on the civil war.)

Beddagama, *The Village in the Jungle*, has clearly captured Sri Lanka's imagination in that the book is part of university curriculum; has been made into a film, *Baddegama* (1980), in Sinhala by the prominent Sri Lankan film maker Lester James Peries; and has also been adapted into a play (1994) by another Sri Lankan, Ernest Macintyre, who lives in Australia. Peries exercised artistic license by casting Arthur C. Clarke, Chancellor of Sri Lanka's technical university, as the assistant government agent – a role modeled on Leonard Woolf. In order to capture Woolf's experience, Peries chose the Hambantota courtroom where Woolf had once presided to stage the scene where the hapless Babun is tried. Thus, Clarke sat in the dais, just as Woolf had, in the courtroom only slightly changed since the early 1900s. Although Ondaatje observes that the film was well received in Sri Lanka (256), Gooneratne pronounces it a failure on many levels (261). However, both Ondaatje (253-54) and Gooneratne (262-64) agree that Irene Coates' critique of *The Village in the Jungle* in Coates' *Who's Afraid of Leonard Woolf?* is just plain wrong. (See *Virginia Woolf Miscellany* 55 (spring 2000): 4-5, for my review of *Who's Afraid of Leonard Woolf?*)

Ondaatje shares much of what he has learned about his homeland through Leonard Woolf's work. And one way he accomplishes this is through his quest for Beddagama, the village in Woolf's novel. Ondaatje begins with Woolf's statement that Beddagama is really a composite picture of a number of villages north of Magam Paituwa [Pattu] in the Hambantota district (as quoted on 239). But having conceded this, he continues the quest because Woolf was a stickler for accuracy as his diaries and other writings demonstrate. Woolf's diary entry of December 13, 1910, about a cold-blooded double murder at Malasnegalwewa, leads Ondaatje and his companions there. Indeed, enterprising local villagers are so convinced that it is Woolf's Beddagama that they have erected markers to identify the site of Silindu's hut and the place where Silindu tethered his cattle. So Woolf's Beddagama lives on in popular mythology.

Of course, scholars, including Yasmine Gooneratne, also continue to delve into Woolf's work. Her annotated edition of the original version of *The Village in the Jungle*, although expensive, provides us with more context for the story and with insights into the revision process. Moreover, in 2004, the University of Ruhuna, Sri Lanka hosted a conference entitled "Culture and

Society in a Colonial Context: Leonard Woolf Memorial International Conference in celebration of Woolf's arrival in Ceylon a century earlier. The Cambridge Society and the Ceylon Bloomsbury Group then held a follow-up conference on Leonard Woolf's *The Village in the Jungle* at Lucy Cavendish College, Cambridge in 2005.

Ondaatje certainly deals with many aspects of Woolf's professional and personal life. But even after all of his research, Ondaatje concludes that Leonard Woolf is so complex that he still does not really know him (280). Clearly, many Woolf scholars agree that we have much to learn about the man and his work.

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REVIEW:

Leonard Woolf: A Biography

by Victoria Glendinning. New York: Free Press, 2006.

What counts as a successful life? And how, if your credo is nothing matters, as Leonard Woolf's was, would you look back over your life and judge it? With the exception of children, Leonard Woolf had nearly everything that most people would list as the ingredients of a good life. At Cambridge, he was inspired by his education and made lifelong friends; he was a respected administrator; he married Virginia Stephen and with her, founded the Hogarth Press, publisher of many, many central texts of English modernism; he did influential work for international government; he wrote many books, including a celebrated novel (*The Village in the Jungle*) and an award-winning autobiography; he was an influential and well-connected editor of several key journals of ideas and letters; his friends were among the most interesting and influential English writers, artists, and politicians of his age. And yet, Victoria Glendinning's biography makes it sound like a rather hard-going and melancholy affair. This comes in large measure from her portrayal of Leonard's wife. Simply put, Glendinning seems to find Virginia weird. I suspect that she was, by ordinary standards, weird; however, as a prevailing attitude to one's subject's wife, this has severe limitations. After all, in death as in life, Leonard is overshadowed by his wife. Readers of a biography of Leonard are likely to come to him through an interest in Virginia Woolf and Bloomsbury.

Leonard's life falls neatly into three acts: before Virginia, with Virginia, and after Virginia. The chapters up until his marriage in 1912 are superb, the best

part of the book. She provides fascinating background on the Woolf's position in the larger community of English Jews as well as on Leonard's large, loving family and the disastrous personal and economic effect of his father's untimely death in 1892. (Leonard was 11.) A few siblings especially Leonard's charismatic older sister Bella emerge vividly and Leonard's mother Marie gets particularly sympathetic treatment here. This is a welcome tonic to Leonard's unsentimental and Virginia's anti-Semitic depictions of her.

Glendinning does Leonard an even greater service in her account of his Cambridge years and, most particularly, his time in colonial service in Ceylon. Through her depiction of Leonard's great friendship with Lytton Strachey, she not only connects him to what would become Bloomsbury, but she also reveals his great tolerance (for his homosexuality as well as his constant detailing of crushes, ex-crushes, and potential crushes) his love of wit, of rationality, of great conversation. These are the qualities (plus his own dogged work ethic) that made young Leonard depart for Ceylon with seventy volumes of Voltaire in his luggage. He wrote an essay on the French thinker for the *Independent Review* from Ceylon in 1905.

It is in her account of his time in Ceylon that Glendinning is able to show Leonard's deep ethical sense. She makes an utterly compelling case for the maturation of his anti-imperial and feminist beliefs in his time there. And, when we combine these positions with his friendship with Strachey, so much Virginia Stephen's kindred spirit, we begin to see in Leonard a worldly and political man, who encouraged Virginia to move her thinking beyond the Victorian sitting room.

Unfortunately, however, in this account, Leonard's second act—marriage to Virginia—is dominated by anxiety over Virginia's health. We hear second-hand about their affection, about the strength of their bond—unusual in the context of the multiple couplings of Bloomsbury; we hear first-hand that Virginia did not care about Leonard's committee work or that she was too ill for weeks to see him or that, hysterical with laughter at a dinner party, Leonard would touch her shoulder and lead her to a quiet side room to catch her breath. And we hear a lot about sex. There was not much of it—really, almost none—and this was frustrating for Leonard. Indeed.

If it's hard to see joy in this account of Leonard and Virginia's marriage, the account of Virginia's death, its aftermath, and Leonard's grief, is deeply moving. That shattering event and his dignified, moving response to it proves the integrity of his character. Glendinning handles this all with grace and sensitivity. The event also began Leonard's third act, and, with Virginia offstage, the book picks up. There are amusing and moving accounts of his unconventional relationship with Trekkie Parsons, his return to Ceylon, and his prizes (for onions—he was a gifted and avid gardener—and for autobiography). In Leonard's case, the summing up at the end—the biographer's challenge of giving an account of the death and its aftermath comes with the special challenge of the very long-lived. He outlived most all of his contemporaries and, at times, the litany of deaths seems too much. It must have seemed so to Leonard as well. But he bore on, with dignity, keeping an interest in books, his garden, and his friends. For a man who claimed nothing matters, he managed to take an interest in much. In this book, Glendinning demonstrates why his life might matter to us.

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REVIEW:**VIRGINIA WOOLF: FEMINISM AND THE READER**

by Anne E. Fernald. New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2006. 215 pages. \$65.00 cloth.

To say that Virginia Woolf was an avid reader is something of an understatement. As Anne Fernald reminds us, Woolf was one of the best-read writers of the twentieth century, and her familiarity with an Arnoldian array of literary and cultural texts proved a powerful influence on the development of her feminist philosophy—a stance that always remained staunchly individualistic, even as Woolf analyzed the communitarian ills that had plagued women's subordinate sex roles throughout the history of western culture.

Like Lytton Strachey in *Eminent Victorians*, and like Woolf herself in her essay on "Four Figures," Fernald uses four pivotal authors to provide a schema for her palimpsestic analysis of intersecting curves of reading and feminism emergent in the course of Woolf's writing history. In 1897, the 15-year-old Virginia Stephen began studying Greek with Dr. George Warr at King's College, then continued her classical training under the tutelage of Clara Pater and Janet Case (18). According to Fernald, her educational encounter with Greek language and literature sowed the seeds of a radical feminist rejection of nationalism and English jingoism predicated on a cultural alliance with classical Greece. Throughout her adult life, Woolf retained a sense of reverence and delight in the opalescent prose of Greek dramatists, Homeric epic, and Sapphic elegy. But she turned an astute and skeptical eye on Greek elegiac celebrations of male heroism in the face of death, as well as on female lamentations over the loss of stalwart youth cut down in their prime. In her oft-quoted essay "On Not Knowing Greek," Woolf professes discomfort with a classical knowledge acquired through private tutorials. She did not hesitate, however, to exploit her cultural capital by reminding male intellectuals that she had mastered Greek sufficiently to translate Aeschylus' play *Agamemnon* prior to the 1925 publication of *Mrs. Dalloway*. Greek literature offered her a classical feminist heroine and political dissenter, Antigone. And Sappho's inimitable love lyrics gave her a paradigm of the fearless female author, who became an ideal Greek ancestor for Woolf and a crucial symbol of her intense involvement with words and her deep skepticism of state-sanctioned language (38-39).

How did the English language of common laborers and agricultural workers burgeon into the glorious drama of Shakespeare? For Woolf, the answer might have been found in the fabulous seafaring tales of the Renaissance, and in the hundreds of narratives published by Richard Hakluyt in his voluminous *Voyages*. Woolf attributed world-changing powers of cultural metamorphosis to this monumental tome, postulating that intriguing stories of exploration tantalized Renaissance writers to inaugurate a golden age of literary achievement. Hakluyt's *Voyages* apparently exerted a powerful influence on Woolf's first novel, *The Voyage Out*; and although she retained a life-long admiration for Hakluyt, she grew ever more skeptical of the nationalism spurred in the heyday of British colonization and commerce. The British Library, she complained, as an architectural model of the Renaissance memory-room, left little space for creative discovery, and no room to inscribe the names of female authors among those encircling the bald pate of its spectacular Victorian dome.

Eager to imbricate women into the public sphere of political conversation engendered by the vibrant exchange of ideas in 18th-century coffee houses, Woolf took the spectatorial stance of Joseph Addison as her model for effective, democratic journalism. Contradicting her father's celebration of 18th-century revolutionary ideas, she exposed in *Orlando* the sex-gender system dominant in the era. Always insecure about her stature as a born writer, Woolf felt it necessary to hone her discursive prowess on a series of

anonymous book reviews for the *Times Literary Supplement*, and she took pride in writing essays for the common reader that trace their origins to the prose developed by Addison two centuries earlier.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, would seem to be an unlikely model for a twentieth-century feminist author. Woolf began reading Byron's poetry around 1918 and soon became enamored of his galloping, raunchy, unconventional style. Byron's notorious liaison with Lady Caroline Lamb and his incestuous affair with his half-sister Augusta Leigh caused such a scandal that readers insisted on interpreting his poetry as illicit and on making his name synonymous with outrageous behavior by a celebrity. Woolf scoffed at such prurient criticism when she incorporated Byronic techniques into *Jacob's Room*, imitating *Don Juan* by combining a sophisticated narrator with a somewhat blank protagonist (126). In *The Waves*, her alter ego Bernard self-consciously models himself on Byron. Although Woolf admired Byron's political passions, she believed that intellectual life was a form of resistance to tyranny (156) and saw his untimely death as the tragic result of a misguided patriotic devotion to warfare and violence. England's culture of classical hero-worship sent Rupert Brooke to his death in the Great War; and this same legacy led to the loss of Julian Bell in the Spanish Civil War in 1937. Paradoxically, young male friends and relations died for their misreading of Byron (160).

Anne Fernald is a perspicacious critic whose study adds a fascinating historical and interpretive dimension to our understanding of the powerful interpellation of Woolf's reading with her evolving feminism. Fernald proposes provocative, sometimes unlikely associations between Woolf's admiration of lesser-known authors and her experimental development of a style that would solidify her literary reputation, even as it allowed her to influence the public sphere of social and political discourse. Woolf's politics were often class-bound and ostensibly linked to a snobbish intellectual heritage. But she read widely, thought seriously about philosophical, political and economic issues, and was not afraid to challenge entrenched ideas in unexpected ways. Fernald candidly admits that the four writers analyzed in this study were chosen somewhat arbitrarily. Nonetheless, her scholarship is impeccable and her arguments convincing. This is a valuable work of sharply focused interpretation that will contribute significantly to our understanding of Woolf's use of literary paradigms in her remarkable evolution as a feminist and as a thinker.

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REVIEW**VIRGINIA WOOLF: AN INNER LIFE**

by Julia Briggs. Orlando: Harcourt, 2005. xiv + 528 pages. Illus. Includes bibliographical notes and index. \$30 cloth; \$16 paper.

READING VIRGINIA WOOLF

by Julia Briggs. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2006. xi + 236 pages. Includes bibliographical notes to each essay and index. \$30 paper.

They are left books and bridges
and painted canvas and machinery.

Whose fate is to survive.
Yevgeny Yevtushenko, "People

Virginia Woolf: An Inner Life is the biography I've been waiting for. Hermione Lee's is more massive, Panthea Reid's is unfairly neglected, and every biographer from Aileen Pippett forward has brought a useful or provocative angle on Woolf into view. But her focus on Woolf's working life reverses the proportions initiated by Quentin Bell, and brings the art to the foreground, moving the life to the background. Even her dust-jacket implies that shift, splitting the famous Beresford image of Woolf so that it places her brain on the front and relegates her face to the back. The twenty-nine illustrations of dust-jackets, manuscript pages, and lists scattered through the text also reinforce her point that Woolf's incredible writing is the main source of her interest for us (x). While Briggs is aware that the story of [Woolf's] inner life cannot be told (except as another fiction) (xi), she comes as close as anyone could by tracking down what Woolf said about her work in various sources and what she did in drafts, and for that careful reconstruction of her process, I'm grateful.

An Inner Life will help instructors shift undergraduates' attention to Woolf's work as well: it pulls primary sources—letters, diaries, autobiography, manuscripts, typescripts, essays, and short stories—into the picture for them and relies on Woolf's own words to describe her creative process. Briggs weaves that supplemental material for each major Woolf work (thankfully including the *Common Readers*, *Monday or Tuesday*, *Flush*, *Roger Fry*, and *A Sketch of the Past* to the category of "major") into a sequential narrative about the composing, writing, and revising of that particular work. As a result, readers can see what Woolf was after, why she did what she did, how it all fits. Into that tightly-knit narrative, Briggs weaves the threads of her own speculations and fresh interpretations. In the brilliant "Aftermath" sections that end each chapter, she adorns the colorful fabric with ribbons about production, the marketplace, and reception, past and present. But what did people think *back then*? my students always ask, and now I can point to your concise summaries of contemporary reviews. In other words, Briggs pulls together, in lovely and lucid prose, all the basics and more; quotations and references send readers to even more material. Students should start their research on any Woolf text with Briggs' corresponding chapter because her hard work will cut theirs in half. (An amazon.com reviewer says this book will inspire creative writing students, too, and I agree.)

What a pleasure it is to read Briggs's biography and it improves on rereading. The discoveries abound: in chapters—Woolf reworking of self-criticism after *Night and Day* into *Modern Novels*, which became *Modern Fiction* (52); in footnotes—the two different openings and three distinguishable endings of *A Room of One's Own* that function like musical codas (463 n58); in "Aftermaths"—a review by Mary Agnes Hamilton in *Time and Tide* that said "A Society" was "quite a stupid story" (79). Following her arguments, watching her mind work as it watched Woolf's mind work, I smiled, marked passages, and added marginal stars so that now, every single one of the 400 pages is filled with notes to myself (endnotes comprise another 100-plus pages). I am often startled by connections Briggs made, such as "Like Woolf in *Three Guineas*, Miss La Trobe endeavors to make her audience confront themselves" (386). Occasionally, she reaches a conclusion someone else already has, though by a different path, noting, for example, as did Louise DeSalvo before you, that "Virginia must secretly have feared that she would suffer the same fate as Laura" (36). In general, however, although she did not aim to write a scholarly biography that cites all previous criticism, it is clear that she read both the English and the Americans, came to conferences, and paid attention to *Selected Papers* volumes, the *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*, and the *Virginia Woolf Bulletin*. Briggs brings many secondary sources to the reader's attention in the notes, but she intends the book for common readers, succeeding in her goal to lead [them] back to [Woolf's] work with a fresh sense of what they might find there (xi).

Briggs characteristically uses "both/and" instead of "either/or" in discussing Woolf's attitudes and behavior, and, as a result, the fluid complexity of Woolf's thought and psyche emerges: "For Virginia, the worlds of Victorian literature, romance and family life were deeply linked as sources of *both nostalgia and claustrophobia*" (50; emphasis mine). Briggs courageously confronts Woolf's blind spots ("Was Virginia Woolf anti-Semitic?" [305] begins the chapter on *Three Guineas*) and walks a nice line between condemning and condoning her: "In daily life, she was as capable as the next person of ignoring the selfhood of others, but within her fiction, she encourages her readers to extend their sympathies through the use of the imagination" (x). Briggs consistently locates Woolf's work within contemporary political and aesthetic debates, explains word usage ("feminine meaning feminist, for example), and untangles rivalries among modernists. Her explanation of Woolf's reaction to Joyce makes sense to me: Bloomsbury's sexual attitudes, along with Lawrence and Joyce's, were fundamentally masculine; Woolf might joke about sex in private, but in public, women were still expected to display ignorance; and so, "As a writer, she could never join in the boys' games, and Joyce's celebration of bodily experience acted as a painful reminder of her exclusion" (74). Her straightforward analysis of Woolf's suicide as the result of events and "odds . . . stack[ing] up against her" rings true as well ("Epilogue" 395).

Reading Julia Briggs's *Reading Virginia Woolf*, a collection of individual critical essays published since 1990, is also a treat. Although I had read some of these essays in their first versions, others were new to me, and it is revelatory and bracing to read these fourteen essays one right after the other, as a complete body of work: revised, spiffed up, and in one convenient volume. Briggs does not overtly link the essays—they range over a wide variety of topics and perspectives—reading Shakespeare, genre, Hope Mirreles, form, time, Constantinople, Englishness, revision, and more—but puts them in chronological order and identifies a single theme running through them, that of absence.

Her interpretations and conclusions are stunning in their logic, solid in their scholarship, persuasive in their tone, and stimulating in their implications. Briggs's immersion in Woolf, her wide knowledge, sensitive reading, curious spirit, and love of literature show on every page. To top it off, she simply writes beautifully. My absolute favorite moment comes in "Reading People, Reading Texts: Byron and Mr Briggs." There, in the space of one short paragraph, Briggs roams around in Woolf's invention of a spectacle maker as an "ancestral common reader," the Stephen children's reading of *Punch*, a quotation from Shakespeare linking books to spectacles, and a citation from the *OED* to arrive at the delightful suggestion that Woolf's phrase about gig-lamps in *Modern Fiction* may refer to a picture of Tom Briggs's spectacles symmetrically arranged on trays, quite as much as—or even instead of—"rows of carriage lamps" (73-74). What delightful, scholarly detective work! And, her essays are *full* of such moments: the shapes of Woolf's stories and novels ("The Search for Form: Fry, Formalism and Fiction" [i] 110), the personal disruptions in Woolf's life with her sense of a literary generation gap ("This Moment I Stand On: Virginia Woolf and the Spaces in Time" 126-27), the impact of reading different versions of the same novels on the reception of Woolf in the United States and the United Kingdom ("Between the Texts: Virginia Woolf's Acts of Revision" 215).

Briggs's knowledge of Woolf's texts, the holograph drafts, the typescripts, the different corrected proofs for British and American editions, the changes made *after* publication in new editions leads her to suggest a different word (207 n37), fill in omitted information (93 n5), and organize an essay around Woolf's change of a word, from subtlety to completeness in her comment about liking women in *A Room of One's Own* ("Between the

Texts). I take note when Briggs says "A Sketch of the Past" deserves a fuller and more informative edition (7). I take note when she writes that while the transition from draft to published text usually tones down Woolf's social critique or voices it less directly, it could, on occasion, tune it up, announcing it more emphatically ("The Conversation behind the Conversation: Speaking the Unspeakable" 170). And I love it when she suggests that while Woolf sometimes resented such censorship (particularly where it applied only to women writers), she also took some pleasure in vaulting over the obstacles it put in her path. Restrictions have their own contribution to make to the creative process (6). (Note that both/and complexity again.)

My only quibble with Briggs stems from my own compulsions as an academic reader. I want bibliographies. I can't help it—I don't like tracing back through lots of notes to find the reference I need. With the biography, I understood Briggs attempt to make the book less intimidating (and the notes there *can* be ignored). But with an academic press collection of essays, I found the lack of a cumulative bibliography bothersome and wondered whose decision it was. Some annoying typos crept into both books, but *Reading Virginia Woolf* had more, which was disappointing in an academic press. Nevertheless, the thorough indexes are helpful.

Each of these books is excellent, crammed full of critical insight, surprising conclusions, and suggestive calls for further work. But for their fullest impact, they should be read as companion volumes, in tandem. Together, they are a moving and fitting legacy to Julia Briggs' life and work because they testify to a writer who enjoyed the interplay between the biographical and the critical; the process and the product; the common reader and the academic one; the cohesive narrative and the collected fragments. The portrayal of Woolf and her work in these books becomes one of those globed compacted things over which thought lingers, and love plays (*TiL* 192). As Briggs wrote on powells.com, she was "conscious (as was Woolf) that all biography is actually autobiography, since we can only tell a story about another person by relating it to what we know or understand of ourselves." The Virginia Woolf portrayed in these two books is the amazing writer I admire, and the Julia Briggs revealed here is the person I want to remember.

Endnotes in each book refer to forthcoming work, so we can take some comfort in knowing we will hear Julia Briggs's cheerful and engaging voice for a while longer. I hope we heed her urgent plea to carry forward the textual scholarship necessary to keep pace with the critical study of [Woolf's] work and support it appropriately ("Between the Texts" 226) — that would be a worthy response to her efforts. But it is sad to think about the numerous projects left unfinished, the textual scholarship she herself would have done, the files filled with ideas for the future, the teeming glimmers and scraps and fragments of a vibrant mind.

Virginia Woolf knew what Yevtushenko knows, "Not people die but worlds die in them." Julia Briggs knew it, too. Her work in these books attempts to capture, if only partially, provisionally, fleetingly, Virginia Woolf's inner world. In doing so, she captured, if only partially, provisionally, fleetingly, some of her own inner world as well. What remains then? The books, certainly. The painful truth identified by Virginia Woolf, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, and Julia Briggs. And the grief that accompanies that truth: "They perish. They cannot be brought back./The secret worlds are not regenerated./And every time again and again/I make my lament against destruction."

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REVIEW:

RED RIDING HOOD AND THE WOLF IN BED: MODERNISM'S FAIRY TALES

by Ann Martin. Toronto, Buffalo and London: University of Toronto Press, 2006. 199 pages. \$50 cloth.

Djuna Barnes' *Nightwood* provides the alluring title for Ann Martin's study of modernism's fairy tales. The reader can imagine a multitude of reasons why children should like this scene: snuggling up to a wild animal, experiencing something forbidden and sensual, combating fear, or evading a moral lesson. Martin helps us see a number of ways that modernists did something both timely and challenging with these tales.

Martin focuses upon Continental fairy tales found in Virginia Woolf, James Joyce and Djuna Barnes as evidence of their negotiation of urban, industrialized, technologized and commodified modernity. The tales she deals with most frequently (Cinderella, Snow White, Beauty and the Beast, and, of course, Little Red Riding Hood) have existed in multiple variants for centuries, in urban as well as rural locations, their appeal cutting across boundaries of discourse and class. The modifications modernists make reflect their negotiation of their own cultural contexts. Martin credits Woolf et al. with tactical approaches to this form of intertextuality, including leaving some of the work of reconciling contradictory interpretive possibilities to the reader. All three authors suggest possibilities of the present rather than investment in a mythical past (17). Her evident interests in commodification and fashion are reflective of the cultural focus of the new modernist studies.

Martin's brief history of the fairy tale points to its various forms of circulation through the ages, including inexpensive chapbooks for lower classes in the 18th century, folklore collections designed either for academics or children in the 19th, the popular tradition of the pantomime, and cinematic versions. The stories she works with come in various versions via Charles Perrault, Mme Marie Leprince de Beaumont, and the brothers Grimm.

Both Woolf and Barnes make sustained use of fairy tales, and Martin's treatment of Woolf's versions of the tales introduces multiple variations. Both Woolf's mother, Julia Stephen, and her aunt, Lady Ritchie (who reworked Perrault's versions of fairytales) provide models for further revision. Mrs. Hilbery, with her disorganized biographical project in *Night and Day*, may be modeled on Ritchie, Martin suggests. The instability of

gender roles and expression of sexual desire available in various versions of the tales, including her Aunt's, appealed to Woolf for her own complex retellings, according to Martin. Thus Mrs. Dalloway resists the stable patriarchal role of the passive princess in Snow White. Peter fails as the saving Prince Charming, playing the victim himself by dissolving into tears. Clarissa manages to sew without piercing her finger, and rather than slumber in her isolated room, she recalls how Sally's kiss awakening her to an alternative sexuality.

Woolf's interest in *The Fisherman and his Wife*, as a cautionary tale via the Victorians, is unique among this set of modernists. The tale, as read to James by Mrs. Ramsay in *To the Lighthouse*, can be taken in as many ways as there are observers of the scene and interpreters of the story, the most disruptive listeners being Cam, who darts in and out hearing only part of the tale, and Lily, who is working out her own interpretation of the Ramsay marriage, even as the tale of a problematic marriage relationship is told. Woolf could also draw upon traditions of the fairy tale in pantomime. Martin sees Orlando as one of a number of modernist harlequins. Assisted by the fashions she wears, Orlando frustrates the control and stability demanded by patrimony. Again rewriting Cinderella for a self-enabling woman, Woolf leaves Orlando driving her own pumpkin, in the form of the motorcar, as she issues into the 20th century. Among the three modernists treated in this study, Woolf offers the most enabling rewritings of the fairy tales she entertains.

Both Martin and Djuna Barnes like the scenario of Red Riding Hood and the Wolf in bed and make good use of it. Granny as the wolf plays repeatedly for Barnes, whose works contain many powerful if puzzling bestiaries. A much more radical figure than Woolf's Auntie Anny, Barnes' author grandmother Zadel was an advocate of sexual experimentation, and a controlling economic force in the bigamous domestic situation of Barnes' childhood. Fairy tale parodies were Barnes' best way of coping with the grandmother she once bedded with, argues Martin. A cross-dressing wolf in granny clothes, Dr. Matthew O Connor, and the evasive sleeping beauty, Robin Vote, both in *Nightwood*, suggest that marginal characters' challenge to tradition was often troubled within. I wonder whether Martin might not have investigated Woolf's own extensive bestiary more thoroughly, particularly for its betrayal of Woolf's own experience of wolves approaching her bed.

Martin begins her analysis of Joyce by contrasting his use of continental fairy tales with the project of recovering the heritage of lost Celtic folklore, as practiced by Yeats and AE. Joyce's use of Celtic materials is too complex and integrated across traditions for this sort of treatment, I feel (see, for example, Maria Tymoczko's *The Irish Ulysses*). Joyce's use of the pantomime allows Rudy Bloom to play a charming Cinderella. Martin aptly credits Gerty McDowell with staging and narrating her enjoyable sexual experience on the beach with Leopold Bloom (71). Gerty has been credited with independent narrative and gaze by a number of scholars, a point missed in Martin's summary of work depicting Gerty as the passive victim of romance scenarios. Despite her wishing for a Prince Charming, fairy stories do important work for Gerty, as they allude to her actual concerns with parental abuse, social and economic marginalization, and gender competition (72). Whereas she refers to multiple works for Woolf and Barnes, Martin focuses mainly on *Ulysses* for Joyce, missing the vast array of fairy tale adaptations, and their dark suggestions, available in *Finnegans Wake*.

Martin succeeds in demonstrating that modernist uses of the fairy tale were creative and provocative, in Woolf's case providing enabling scenarios for real life. While she does make use of existing scholarship, brief quotations with limited context are too often used to set up her own alternative interpretations. She also might have done more with the interweave of

stories not of the fairytale variety. But this brief, focused book is quite worth consulting

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REVIEW:

BAD MODERNISMS

Edited by Douglas Mao and Rebecca L. Walkowitz. Durham NC: Duke University Press, 2006. 365 pages. \$24.95 paper.

This collection has its roots in the 2002 *Bad Modernisms* colloquium at Harvard's Humanities Center. Its contributors are motivated by a single, overarching question: What effects of synergy or friction result when the many, sometimes contradictory, criteria of high modernism are tested against less evidently experimental texts by principal figures; against texts that seem neither to be art nor to be about art, such as erotic novels, popular films, spy thrillers, melodrama, and ethnography? (2). These effects are often interesting, though the bad question of whether these papers cohere into an entity called new modernist studies depends upon how tolerant of eclecticism in subject and approach a reader happens to be. The papers follow a rough chronology that reaches back to Pater and extends even as far as Jim Jarmusch's 1999 film *Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai*. Jesse Matz brings the collection full circle in the last essay with a reference to Pater's valorization of impressions.

Modernism has gone bad in a variety of ways, most significantly in its selling out to commercialism and mainstream success, something that began almost as soon as modernism announced itself as transgressive of established cultural institutions and practices; the techniques and structures of impressionism, as Matz explains, have become fundamental to advertising. In their helpful introduction, the editors remind us that the mid-1990s saw a spate of books arguing collectively that what had traditionally been regarded as modernist daring might more accurately be seen as clever marketing. The contributors here exhibit a variety of perspectives on what badness entails: there are bad ways of reading, bad writers, bad philosophers, and so on. Modernism is found in hitherto unsuspected locations, produced by people only very recently named modernist. There is also the question of what makes a bad work good, as Laura Frost demonstrates when she explains how much the good D. H. Lawrence learned from the bad E. M. Hull, whose popular success *The Sheikh* taught Lawrence a thing or two about what was for him a lifelong mystery: female consciousness and sexuality (113). *Bad Modernisms* takes modernism out of the anthologies where most students encounter it and returns it to the streets of the metropolis.

Given the wholesale shift of literary studies to sociocultural and historical concerns, it will not be surprising that the specific interest of so wide-ranging a collection will vary according to one's own particular focus: new modernist studies encompasses so much in terms of artifact, location, methodology, and definition that nothing seems to escape its gaze. Rebecca Walkowitz's essay on Woolf's *Evasions*, in which she reads *The Mark on the Wall* as a representation of wartime thinking, is illuminating and fresh,

emphasizing the radical nature of Woolf's political thinking. Michael LeMahieu on Wittgenstein's *Tractatus* argues that the philosopher's modernism is "bad" in the sense that it negates Habermas's vision of a "good" modernism that would complete the project of modernity and fulfill its promise (71), but I remain unclear as to why a "bad-modernist" reading is necessary to conclude that the unresolved tension between philosophical and literary readings leads to ethics (88-89). Lisa Fluet provides a fascinating context for Charles Tansley as an example of the "scholarship boy" whose class trajectory and isolation she sees paralleled in the young hit men of pulp and noir fiction of the later twentieth century.

Less Woolf-centric readers might skim these pieces, however, and fix their attention instead on Sianne Ngai's absorbing account of how Sternberg and Dietrich's *Blonde Venus* tells the story of Josephine Baker in reverse, something that is apparent from a "bad" reading that focuses on plot rather than the medium specificity of a "good" reading that would privilege the visual. Essays on the black dandy (Monica Miller), on the surprising commonalities between Auden and Lewis's politics (Mao), or on the fiction of Carlos Bulosan (Joshua Miller), exemplify the range of this collection, a range the concomitant of which, inevitably, is unevenness of interest.

In *Gothic Romance* (1921), Woolf wrote that "as literary critics are too little aware, a love of literature is often roused and for the first years nourished not by the good books, but by the bad. It will be an ill day when all the reading is done in libraries and none of it in tubes" (132). *Bad Modernisms* convinces us that modernist studies is catching up with Woolf.

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REVIEW:

VIRGINIA WOOLF AND THE ART OF EXPLORATION: SELECTED PAPERS FROM THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON VIRGINIA WOOLF

Edited by Helen Southworth and Elisa Kay Sparks. Clemson SC: Clemson University Digital Press, 2006. \$19.95 paper.

Virginia Woolf and the Art of Exploration, a collection of papers chosen from the fifteenth annual conference on Virginia Woolf, is a wonderfully eclectic gathering of recent work on the topic of Woolf's literal and metaphorical landscapes. Using the idea of exploration as a key to various Woolfian spaces, the editors divide the volume into sections that begin with Woolf's immediate life, and then move outward to include widening spheres of inquiry. Accordingly, the volume is divided into sections dealing with Woolf's Life, Subjects and Objects/Nature, London's Spaces, Foreign Lands, Art and Empire, and Cultural Origins and Contexts.

While there are a great many good essays in this volume, some of the best appear in sections dealing with the "material" Woolf—that is, the essays that

examine Woolf's reconfigurations of literal space. For example, Benjamin Harvey's essay on "The Twentieth Part: Word and Image in Woolf's Reading Room" is a delight. In it, Harvey compares the actual architecture of the British Museum's Reading Room to Woolf's two depictions of the space, one in *Jacobs Room* and the second in *A Room of One's Own*. Drawing on a careful analysis of the renovation of the Reading Room in 1907, shortly after Virginia Stephen moved to Gordon Square, Harvey suggests that the rigidly logical architecture of the Reading Room creates a spatial sense that enforces "appropriate" behavior and therefore creates an atmosphere that can be intimidating to the novice female reader. The illustrations that accompany Harvey's essay are amusing; the archival research is terrific. Harvey unearths the fact that Virginia Stephen could obtain her reader's ticket only with the recommendation of a suitable "householder." And since her brother Thoby Stephen held the lease to 46 Gordon Square, he wrote on her behalf, noting that Ms. Stephen planned to peruse "works related to English literature & history."

Robert Reginio's essay on "Virginia Woolf and the Technologies of Exploration: *Jacob's Room* as Counter-Monument" analyzes Woolf's response to literal London spaces in a different way. In this suggestive piece, Reginio examines "absences" and their very different treatment in *Jacob's Room* and the Cenotaph. Designed by Sir Edward Luytens and standing on Whitehall as a monument to World War I dead, the Cenotaph is an "empty tomb" that, Reginio concludes, denies personal memories and pain in a push toward affirming the nationalism inherent in the collective experience of war. *Jacob's Room*, on the other hand, is a counter-monument, and Woolf, as a modernist writer intent upon undermining the discourses of nationalism, gathers fragments of points of view to evoke the very personal pain created by Jacob's absence. Reginio's use of illustration is effective; he also paints a lively picture of the national mood of mourning and political unrest that gripped Britain in the years after the war ended.

Woolf's use of foreign landscapes is nicely presented in a chapter entitled "Exploring Foreign Lands." Two of the essays in this section deal with Woolf's reaction to the United States. In "The English Tourist In/On America," Eleanor McNeese analyzes the differing attitudes of Leslie Stephen and Virginia Woolf toward America, concluding that Stephen's attitude is more humane, at least in part because he actually visited the country. Cheryl Mare ("The Making of Virginia Woolf's America") makes the very valuable point that Woolf's America is constructed from the reports not only of her contemporaries who traveled to the United States, but also from her reading of a long tradition of British travel writing about the country. The other two essays in this section examine Woolf's use of the Middle East, and involve careful analysis of the many connections between the work of Woolf and Vita Sackville-West. Joyce Kelley's essay ("Nooks and Crannies Which I Enjoy Exploring") highlights ways in which Sackville-West's *Passenger to Teheran* may have had an impact on *To the Lighthouse* and *Orlando*. Joanna Grant's excellent piece "They Came to Baghdad" demonstrates the many ways in which the architecture, clothing, and bodies of The Levant came to figure the pull of same-sex desire for both Sackville-West and Woolf. Drawing on the work of a good number of contemporary theorists, Grant makes the convincing point that the Levant emerges in the writings of these two women as a kind of eroticized fantasy space "in which they can take on indeterminate, sex-changing, race-changing roles."

One of the most provocative essays in the volume is Renee Dickinson's piece on "Extinguishing the Lady with the Lamp: Florence Nightingale and the Work of Empire in the Interludes of *The Waves*." In this skilful essay—an essay that is, again, nicely illustrated—Dickinson argues that the interludes of *The Waves* evoke the figure of Florence Nightingale, who was popularly known in the nineteenth century as "The Lady with the Lamp," and who came to represent for Woolf the many ways in which women supported the

work of Empire, both as ministering angels and facilitating administrators. Dickinson examines the progression of light imagery in the interludes of *The Waves*, and concludes not only that the imagery evokes Florence Nightingale's presence, with all its angelic and aggressive qualities, but also that, as the novel draws to a close, Woolf erases the language of empire to replace it with a language that suggests a landscape of broader female possibilities.

It is true that there are a few essays in this collection that are not as well written as they might be. But this criticism is a truly minor one, and a fault that is perhaps to be expected with pieces that make the transition from a spoken presentation to written format. *Virginia Woolf and the Art of Exploration* is a valuable contribution to the expanding world of Woolf studies. It should certainly be owned by libraries, and by any serious student of the emerging body of work on Woolf and her landscapes. *

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*It is also available on-line http://www.clemson.edu/caah/cedp/SCRThemed_Iss_VWoolf.htm

REVIEW:

A THOUSAND MILES OF DREAMS: THE JOURNEYS OF TWO CHINESE SISTERS

by Sasha Su-Ling Welland. Lanham: Rowman & Littlefield, 2006. 369 pp. \$24.95 cloth.

Sasha Welland has written an intriguing and memorable study of two sisters, her grandmother, Ling Shuhao, and her great-aunt, Ling Shuhua. The latter is of special interest to the readers of the *Miscellany* (and it must be confessed to me in particular) as she became a peripheral figure to the Bloomsbury circle as the lover of Julian Bell, Vanessa Bell's son and Virginia Woolf's nephew. I became aware of her more than forty years ago when William Abrahams and I were working on our biographical study, *Journey to the Frontier*, of Julian Bell (as well as of John Cornford), two Englishmen who were killed in the Spanish Civil War.

Strikingly, Ling Shuhua has had a fair amount of attention paid to her in the last few years. She is a central figure in Patricia Laurence's pioneering study, *Lily Briscoe's Chinese Eyes: Bloomsbury, Modernism, and China* (2003) and the affair between her and Bell, in fictionalized form, provides the material for a semi-pornographic and not very good novel, *K: The Art of Love* by Hong Ying (2003). It claims quite inaccurately that Shuhao introduced Bell to Daoist erotic techniques. The novel received, in translation, some attention in the English-speaking world and apparently was a best seller in China. Ling Shuhua's daughter successfully sued for libel as in China it is possible to do so on behalf of ancestors.

Sasha Welland, a professor of Anthropology at the University of Washington, began to write about these two impressive women when she was a Stanford undergraduate. She is very much present in the book, particularly in her own visits to China and her interviews with her grandmother, who spent most of her long life in the United States. Welland coming to terms with her own Asian background and her relationship with — although she never met her

great-aunt — these two very strong-minded women. They were determined to have careers of their own making. Welland's portrait of her grandmother, known in the United States as Amy, has its ambiguities. The grandmother came to this country to train as a doctor, planning to return to China to open a clinic for women. Instead, she pursued a limited scientific career, but in the shadow of her husband. Her determination was to make herself an acceptable Indianapolis housewife.

But for readers here the greatest interest is Ling Shuhao, the sister who is the author's great aunt, and her relationship with Bloomsbury. She was a writer and artist of some renown in China, a member of the Crescent Moon group. But it is hard to tell from this study how successful she actually was, and to form an accurate assessment of her work. She was almost a decade older than Julian, and was married to his dean at Wuhan University where he had gone to teach. When their affair was discovered, Bell resigned his position. Bell was deeply concerned about the Spanish Civil War that had broken out in July, 1936. But he might not have gone to Spain as an ambulance driver if he had not left his position in China earlier than planned. He documented the affair, as he had his previous involvements, in the many letters he wrote, most extensively in his letters to his mother, Vanessa Bell. She in so many ways was the closest and most important relationship in his life. As Welland points out, as there is so much material that survives from Julian's point of view, one can not present with certainty Ling's side of the story. Welland would have her not quite as hysterical as she appears in Julian's letters. After Julian's death, Ling became much involved with Bloomsbury as its members helped her in her career as best they could. The Hogarth Press published *Ancient Melodies*, the autobiography of her early years. Virginia Woolf gave her advice as did Vita Sackville-West. She maintained a correspondence with Vanessa Bell and lived in London for quite a few years while her husband was Taiwan's representative at UNESCO in Paris. She played the role of disciple to Virginia and after Virginia's death transferred her allegiance to Leonard. She was tough and ambitious; Vanessa and others genuinely wished to help her. Yet her style in writing to her possible patrons is a little too deferential to be totally believable.

We have been told the lives of two powerful and interesting women. In both cases, the women do not seem to have achieved quite what their talents deserved. Yet they were both determined to surmount as best they could the restrictions placed on women's lives.

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REVIEW:

"MY MADNESS SAVED ME": THE MADNESS AND MARRIAGE OF VIRGINIA WOOLF

by Thomas Szasz. New Brunswick: Transaction Publishers, 2006. xvi + 154 pages. Includes bibliography and index. \$29.95 cloth.

I propose, Thomas Szasz writes in his preface to *My Madness Saved Me*, to examine how Virginia Woolf, as well as her husband Leonard, used the concept of madness and the profession of psychiatry to manage and manipulate their own and each other's lives (13). In doing so, Szasz has added another book to an already lengthy list of volumes examining Woolf's madness and marriage, which range from the familial (Quentin Bell) and magisterial (Hermoine Lee) to the unabashedly adversarial (Alma Bond and

Irene Coates), to cite only a few. Unfortunately, Szasz's book adds nothing to the existing literature except opinion and outrage at a Virginia Woolf industry that has failed to understand the nature of mental illness. One of the more unpleasant aspects of Szasz's book is his compulsive need to abuse other authors. Coates' work is a screed (51); Bond's, amateurish (64); Elizabeth Abel's thesis, couched in convoluted, pretentious prose. . . is confused and contradictory (64-65). And yet, Szasz fails to reference other scholarly studies of Woolf's madness, omitting, most importantly, any reference to Kylie Valentine's *Psychoanalysis, Psychiatry, and Modernist Literature*. In her groundbreaking work, Valentine argues that [M]odernism . . . is not one single entity. Rather, it is itself a series of processes and productions that circulate between clinical texts, cultural discourses and embodied experience (4). Such subtlety is missed by Szasz, who practices literary criticism not with a scalpel, but with an axe.

Writing in 1960, Szasz proclaimed mental illness to be myth, a statement that he reiterates in *My Madness Saved Me*. At the time, Szasz's claim served to challenge the inconsistencies of an entrenched psychiatric profession which simultaneously failed to understand the physical etiology of many mental illnesses, while neglecting the shifting social dimensions of taxonomy and diagnosis. Since then, however, the understanding of mental illness has deepened immeasurably. Posttraumatic stress disorder (PTSD), often associated with Woolf's mental illness, offers a compelling example of the complexities Szasz fails to address. First included as an official diagnosis in the DSM-III in 1980, PTSD has been studied intensively in the last twenty-five years. The editors of the recently published *Handbook of PTSD* confidently predict that it will not be long before pretraumatic factor research includes genotype assessment (8), even as brain imaging, neurochemical, and hormonal studies create the conditions to predict vulnerability and assess recovery. At the same time, the editors note, receipt of social support, which appears to be the most important risk factor of all, can prevent trauma-exposed individuals from developing PTSD (8). This complex interplay of body and environment is noticeably absent in Szasz's book, which predictably attacks Freud and, more idiosyncratically and personally, in a lengthy appendix, Kay Redfield Jamison, Thomas Caragmano, and Alice Flaherty, among others.

If, as Szasz claims, he is attempting to remind us of the primacy of [Woolf's] self as an active, goal-directed, moral agent, he takes an appallingly accusatory stance toward her. Woolf, he states, was a very screwed up prematurely old woman (79), and a coward who chose to frame her problematic life situation in terms of mental illness. She led a largely joyless life, her existence how drab Szasz makes her seem a burden, rather than a challenge (88), an opinion refuted by the dozens of condolence letters collected in Sybil Oldfield's *Afterwords* celebrating the indelible impression of her intensely beautiful personality (141). Perhaps more outrageously, Szasz claims that Woolf killed herself, and killed herself as she did, to enhance her fame (88). (Not content to dispatch her once in a single sentence, he must do so twice—a curious overdetermination.) Szasz even blames Woolf for becoming a role model for Anne Sexton's future suicide, thereby ignoring the impact of incest on the life of the later writer as certainly as he minimizes its effects on Woolf's own. In verbalizing such aggression toward his subject, Szasz recalls Woolf's fictional exemplar of psychiatry, Sir William Bradshaw. There was in Sir William, Woolf wrote, a grudge, deeply buried, against cultivated people who came into his room and intimated that doctors, whose profession is a constant strain upon all the highest faculties, are not educated men (97).

By calling herself mad, Woolf adopted an imprecise but powerful term for self representation, Kylie Valentine reminds us. While Woolf recognized her psychic distress as painful and debilitating, she continues, [she] nevertheless deliberately chose a term with resonance beyond a conventional

definition of illness (141). In restoring Woolf to agency both as a woman suffering from mental illness and as a writer, Valentine conveys a complex, historically-situated study of Woolf's relation to her illness, and offers us a nuanced alternative to Szasz's crude caricature. It is her book, not his, that I recommend.

David Eberly

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SOCIETY COLUMN FALL/WINTER 2008

Members of the IVWS must first of all express our admiration of Diana Royer and Madelyn Detloff, and the fine staff of administrators, coordinators and volunteers who brought together the 17th Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf, Art, Education and Internationalism, June 7-10, 2007. We were treated to a lively, accessible and far-reaching set of plenary sessions, including Susan Gubar, *Rooms: A Cover Story*, and Anne Fernald with a workshop on *The Joys and Challenges of Difficult Texts*. In a dual plenary suited to the internationalism and art of the theme, Susan Stanford Friedman spoke on *Cosmofeminism, Women, and War* from *Three Guineas* to Marjane Satrapi's *Persepolis*, and Urmila Seshagiri on *Atoning for Modernism: Virginia Woolf, Ian McEwan, and the Limits of Art*. Nothing could have been more special than having the inexhaustible Cecil Woolf address us as a preliminary to the Banquet. In celebrating his 80th birthday with him, we were reminded that he remains a fresh resource regarding Leonard and Virginia Woolf, as well as an important editor and a thoroughly enjoyable speaker. Film screenings, including Kay Sloan's *Suffragettes in the Silent Cinema* and the latest finds of Leslie Hankins, such as *A Florida Enchantment* (1914) provided fun that could also be regarded as recontextualization in the popular arts of Woolf's period. Combining her art with spur of the moment performances, rich in gesture, by Woolfians was Suzanne Bellamy's *A Sketch of the Past*. Formats allowed for conversation and informal sharing, the very essence of our getting together.

Saluted in their passage at the meeting were Joanne Trautmann and B. J. Kirkpatrick. We note with sorrow the death in August of Julia Briggs, who is commemorated in this issue. I had the honor of having Julia serve as a keynote at the 1999 Woolf Conference at the University of Delaware, where she spoke of *Finding New Virginias*, a paper that whetted our appetites for her fine text-centered biography, *Virginia Woolf: An Inner Life*. I am further blessed to have her edition and commentary for Hope Mirrlees' *Paris* as an invaluable item in the new critical anthology, *Gender in Modernism: New Contexts, Complex Intersections*.

There was a great deal of society for Woolfians at the Chicago MLA Convention. Great thanks go to Pamela Caughie for organizing a highly convivial party at her festively decorated home in Rogers Park on December 28. She in turn wants to thank Betty Miller, her mom and the chief baker for the occasion, her husband, Doug Petcher, who along with grad student Steven Nasser served as chauffeurs operating a highly effective van service, and three additional graduate students who were our servers, Julia Barrett, Faith Bennett and Erin Holliday-Karre. Though people came and went in various shifts, there were close to 40 in attendance, according to Betty's tally. Fine wines, a delicious selection of finger foods, pizza and home-made desserts, and a house that encouraged clustering in various rooms for conversations made for a lovely evening. The weather was restrained, delivering a small sprinkling of snow that morning that did not pose challenges to travelers by party time. The same could not be said for airlines on the following days! Both of our panels were well attended.

The first of two IVWS-sponsored panels at the 2007 MLA was *New Modernist Studies and Virginia Woolf*, scheduled for the first time-slot on the first day. Chaired by Mark Hussey (Pace U, NY), the well-attended panel featured Sanja Bahun (U of Essex, UK) who spoke about the benefits of teaching Woolf in conjunction with other writers and about the transnational emphasis of recent modernist studies in a paper titled *Virginia Woolf Studies in the Era of World Literature*; Madelyn Detloff (Miami U, OH), VP of the IVWS, who in *Is Modernist Studies Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* challenged the new modernist studies for its decidedly old-fashioned emphasis on male writers of the high modernist canon; and Joanna Grant (Auburn U, AL) whose paper, *Speak to Me of Abduction: Woolf and Sackville-West's Wild Ride*, discussed how the concept of the Middle East operates in selected works by Woolf and by Vita Sackville-West.

The next morning, Andrea E. Adolph (Kent State U) presided over *Gastronomical Woolf*. The papers were nicely distributed over a range of culinary sites and times in Woolf's life. L. Gill Lambertson of the (U Michigan Ann Arbor) took us into the actual dining situation of young Cambridge intellectual women in the era of *A Room of One's Own* with a paper that attended to the synergy of eating and thinking. *The Lamp in the Spine Does Not Light on Beef and Prunes: Virginia Woolf on Privileged Dining and Intellectual Work*. Leslie Kathleen Hankins (Cornell College) used the pages of

British *Vogue* contemporaneous with *To The Lighthouse* to offer another source for the famous *Boeuf en Daube* in a generously illustrated paper, *Virginia Woolf, X. Marcel Boulestin, and the Vogue for French Cooking in To the Lighthouse*, and Andrea herself drew us toward the wartime constraints Woolf experienced at the outset of World War II in *Nostalgic Appetites: Tracing Wartime Rationing in Woolf's Between the Acts*, suggesting that Woolf's final novel offers a reminder of the sweeter, more varied menu of peace. Thanks to all who participated, attended, and asked such great questions.

Most of our transactions planning for next year's panels at MLA in San Francisco were handled by e-mail, despite some challenges coming up with current membership e-lists, without neglecting those (like the President) who were behind on their dues. Thanks go to all who submitted 9 enticing panel proposals for our 2 slots. When all the ballots were counted, we came up with the following 2 panels. Both chairs request 400 word abstracts by March 15.

Troping the Light Fantastic: Woolf's Use of Desire and Pleasure.
Discussions of the use of desire, pleasure, and intimacy to treat topics rarely associated with sex and sexuality: creativity, inspiration, epistemology, politics, spirituality.
Email to Brenda Helt, helt0010@umn.edu.

Orlando's house was no longer hers entirely: Property in Virginia Woolf.
This panel seeks new theoretical or socio-historical approaches to representations of real, personal, and intellectual property in Woolf's fiction, non-fiction, and biographical materials. Email to Jamie McDaniel, jlm25@case.edu.

MLA is changing some things about the annual convention. Last year there was a decision to change the date of the convention to begin on the first Thursday of the year after January 2. This switch will take place in 2010-11. There will be no December 2010 convention; it will occur in January 2011. The site of the 2009 convention has not yet been set. This year's proposals presented to the Delegate Assembly (of which I am a member) included recommendations of the Ad Hoc Committee on the Structure of the Annual Convention, aimed at relieving gridlock in the program and accommodating new formats. Allied Organizations would no longer have 2 guaranteed sessions, though the one remaining session would be scheduled equally (second sessions are now given disadvantageous slots early and late on the schedule, as in the case of our first panel this year). Allied organizations would have the possibility of up to two additional sessions; at least one of these must be a collaborative session with another entity (e.g. getting in league with another Allied Organization or discussion group). Additional formats included electronic poster sessions and workshops with an interactive, goal-oriented format. There will no longer be papers during evening sessions; that would become a good time for social events and organizational meetings. I suggest that we begin our own exchanges about how to work with these proposed changes immediately. The new proposals would call for a more complex and strategic set of exchanges among members of the IVWS, but I look forward to the challenge.

Other things to think about include a design invitation for a IVWS logo (we don't want to call it a competition) forthcoming in the IVWS Newsletter, and further discussion of what sorts of publications and online features the Society can subsidize. We are also monitoring the debates over intellectual property as they intersect with Woolf scholarship, and looking into more convenient modes of collecting \$20 annual dues (\$10 for students, retired, less than full time employed), which I now have sent to our tireless treasurer, Thaine Stearns, Dept. of English, Sonoma State Univ. Rohnert Park, CA 94928-3609. Membership forms are accessible at: <http://www.utoronto.ca/IVWS/>

This is January 25, 2008, so happy birthday, Virginia Woolf and the best returns of the day to all of you!

Bonnie Kime Scott
President, IVWS (with thanks to Mark Hussey on MLA)

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