

pure language" (Berman 80, 203) from "the pool of Time" (Woolf, *To the Lighthouse* 114) and perpetuate their echo in a different language or through a different artistic medium.

Nevermore has been translated into German by Anne Weber, and into English by Tess Lewis, and it is currently being translated into Dutch by Josephine Rijnaarts. In her afterword to her translation of *Nevermore*, entitled "Translating Loss and Recovery," Lewis explains how she faced the seemingly impossible task of translating back into English the passages in which Woolf's original text is translated into French. She used three strategies. Her first strategy was to "keep the Woolf sentences in italics and follow them with English alternatives that precisely echo the variations in French which the narrator is testing and rejecting" (211). This allowed her to make the translation process accessible to the readers who don't understand French. Her second strategy was to "keep the narrator's variations in French in [her] text in a different font (Helvetica Neue Light)" (211), and then translate them into English, when the differences between the two languages (French and English) are highlighted or commented on by the narrator. Her last strategy was to "cut some of the narrator's more literal or less complicated French versions of Woolf's sentences in order to sharpen the focus on those alternatives that shed light on the process of translation" (212). Lewis's translation is entirely faithful to Cécile Wajsbrot's project of illuminating both the hardships and delights of translation as a process. One can only hope that translations of *Nevermore* into other languages will follow so that Wajsbrot's novel—and, through it, Woolf's "Time Passes"—can enter into colloquy with many other languages.

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<https://unsplash.com/photos/woman-in-red-long-sleeve-dress-standing-on-tree-branch-painting-xA6eJQCozo4>

REVIEW

Mrs. Dalloway: Biography of a Novel

by Mark Hussey. Manchester, UK: Manchester University Press, 2025. 232 pages. \$27.95 cloth.

Is biography an art? In "The Art of Biography" and "The New Biography," Woolf concludes that although biography is too encumbered by the "granite" of fact to rise to the status of an art, it can achieve its mission as a craft through the judicious practice of "selection and relation" that transforms inert materiality into "the creative fact; the fertile fact; the fact that suggests and engenders" (Woolf, "The Art of Biography" 191; 197). When successful, the artistic choice and assemblage of these creative facts can allow the "light of personality" (Virginia Woolf, "The New Biography," 150) to shine through the scaffolding of fact.

The questions Woolf mulls over at a turning point in the evolution of biography, recently liberated from the burden of Victorian conventions, can also be directed to the newly invented genre of "the biography of a novel" that the Manchester University Press has launched with great success in Mark Hussey's *Mrs. Dalloway: Biography of a Novel* (2025). Designed to follow the life story of a novel from its inception through its maturation as a published book to its journey (like that of a biographical subject) into the world of its readers to its culmination in the translations and adaptations that constitute a novel's figurative progeny, the "biography" of *Mrs. Dalloway* cleverly adapts the trajectory of a human life to that of a book while sidestepping the satiric

first duty of a biographer, which is to plod, without looking to right or left, in the indelible footprints of truth; unenticed by flowers; regardless of shade; on and on methodically until we fall plump into the grave and write *finis* on the tombstone above our heads. (Woolf, *Orlando: A Biography* 49)

Mrs. Dalloway: Biography of a Novel makes ample room for the flowers and shade created by Woolf's most popular novel, and it refuses the finality of a tombstone by mapping the many variations and adaptations that ensure that "Clarissa Dalloway, like Woolf's *Orlando*, seems likely to live forever" (Hussey, 175). Yet despite the wealth of materials Hussey has assembled from archives across the U.K. and the U.S., we never lose sight of the "light of personality" that shines through *Mrs. Dalloway*. A recurrent motif throughout the biography, the novel's distinctive sensibility is announced in the Preface. "Perhaps," Hussey speculates in his own Woolfian prose, "it is Woolf's shimmering braiding of ecstatic joy in a lovely summer's day with the dark anguish of a mind broken by war, showing how such contraries pervade modern life, that gives *Mrs. Dalloway* its continuing hold on our imaginations" (x). This

“shimmering braiding” reaches out to the biographer, on whom the novel’s imprint, from his first encounter with it at age sixteen throughout a distinguished career of producing and promoting scholarship on Bloomsbury, becomes the lens through which the extensive research is shaded and selected. One of the biography’s recurrent points, drawn from Woolf’s own essays, is that the meaning of a text resides with its readers, to whom the author gives “the materials to make up their own minds” (65). Hussey does not attempt to mask his own investments as a reader, which endows his biography with the personal inflection Woolf recommends.

At the same time, Hussey complements and complicates his own vantage point with the multiple perspectives he brings to bear on *Mrs. Dalloway*. Following Woolf’s advice to modern biographers to enlarge the genre’s scope “by hanging up looking glasses at odd angles” to bring out “not a riot of confusion but a richer unity,” Hussey examines Woolf’s novel not only through its emergence from and illumination by its author’s multiple drafts, typescripts, page proofs, notebooks, letters, and diaries, but also through its refraction by the gazes of an international readership diversely situated in time and space across a century (see “The Art of Biography” 195). Ranging across publication histories, reviews, translations, and adaptations, Hussey’s extensive scholarship invests the novel’s biography with the robust dimensionality that Woolf’s multiperspectival method confers on the novel’s characters. The most conspicuous (but by no means only) achievement of *Mrs. Dalloway: Biography of a Novel*, then, is its assemblage of these manifold perspectives between two covers, where they can be compared and cross-referenced in a range of mutually illuminating contexts.

Within this complex picture, several recurrent emphases stand out. One is the importance of dismantling the Joyce/Woolf binary that has haunted *Mrs. Dalloway* since its publication. By calling attention to Woolf’s engagement with other modernist writers, especially Katherine Mansfield and Marcel Proust, Hussey resituates Woolf in a multifaceted modernist domain that decenters the judgment that she is “a sort of decorous James Joyce” (Joseph Wood Krutch qtd in Hussey 105) and *Mrs. Dalloway* “a tiny *Ulysses*” (Walter Allen qtd in Hussey 116). Especially illuminating is Hussey’s close reading of Woolf’s stylistic affinities with Proust, manifested strikingly in the resonance between Proust’s evocation of the “transparent envelope” of consciousness in *Swann’s Way* and Woolf’s of the “semi-transparent envelope . . . of consciousness” in “Modern Fiction” (Woolf, “Modern Fiction,” 154). Hussey’s chapter on “*Mrs. Dalloway*: Content and Influences” concludes with the unequivocal assertion: “*Mrs. Dalloway* is by far a more Proustian than Joycean novel” (71).

Another key aspect of Hussey’s biography derives from its excavation of the sociohistorical frames of the novel’s reception. In his chapter on “Publishing *Mrs. Dalloway*,” Hussey details the differences between the British and American editions of the novel and shows how they inform the reading experience of these two publics. Building on this textual foundation, he demonstrates how the British awareness of social class has bolstered the tendency, on the one hand, to criticize Clarissa and thereby to justify condemning her author, and on the other hand to overlook the critique of the social system that is a fundamental aspect of the novel (noted with special appreciation by readers in former Communist countries). American readers, in contrast to the British, were unencumbered by cultural biases against Bloomsbury, drawn to the novel’s evocation of what one reader calls “the very soul and essence of London” (97) and aided by the Introduction Woolf wrote for the Modern Library edition of the novel; they were hence more willing to expend the energy required to find a path through Woolf’s unconventional narrative.

Along with his role as a biographer, Hussey is (like many biographers) an advocate for his subject. His eagerness to celebrate the virtues of Woolf’s writing is welcome, but at times his loyalty may overdetermine his readings. Hussey is especially committed to differentiating Woolf from her characters and pushing back against the charges of elitism

that have been bolstered by the assumption that Clarissa speaks for Woolf. One locus of this critique has been the character (or some might say caricature) of Doris Kilman, Elizabeth Dalloway’s middle-aged, working-class tutor. Hussey takes pains to contextualize the unflattering portrait of Miss Kilman by emphasizing the extent to which it is rendered through Clarissa’s (rather than Woolf’s) eyes. But perhaps Hussey tries too hard to redeem Miss Kilman. Is she really “as complex a character as Clarissa Dalloway” (123)? Do we accept his reading of Clarissa’s ambivalence—“She hated her [Miss Kilman]; she loved her”—as an indication that Clarissa recognizes Miss Kilman’s “humanity in all its complexity” or do we follow Clarissa’s own interpretation: “It was enemies one wanted, not friends” (124-25)? Conversely, some readers might be skeptical of Hussey’s readiness to accept Clarissa’s account of her mystical bond with Septimus as revealing “a thing there was that mattered” (180), an account that stops short of acknowledging how Clarissa’s identification with Septimus serves to justify her marriage to Richard.

One of the most engaging sections of *Mrs. Dalloway: Biography of a Novel* is “*Mrs. Dalloway’s Legacies*,” followed by a coda on “Twenty-First-Century *Mrs. Dalloway*.” By considering “the ways that writers have woven their readings of Woolf’s novel into their own creations, deliberately or unconsciously” (143), Hussey casts a net wide enough to capture the many versions of *Mrs. Dalloway’s* rippling afterlives: from casual allusions to reprisals of specific themes (whether preparations for a party or friendships between women) or settings (pre-eminently London), to pastiches, sequels, and adaptations (the distinctions among which could be clarified), to formal and affective echoes (from circadian narratives to atmospheres of anxiety, grief, and loss). In a special section devoted to Michael Cunningham’s *The Hours* (both the book and the film), whose effects on the popular conception of Woolf has made it “an inescapable chapter in the biography of *Mrs. Dalloway*,” Hussey analyzes the figurative “grandchildren” (167) of *Mrs. Dalloway* (novels and films whose descent is mediated by Cunningham). He then broadens the framework to include the musical compositions, plays, and dance performances that demonstrate how:

the generative power of Woolf’s vision, its “queer” design and her successful effort to light up all “inner feelings” have carried the novel into unexpected forms, unanticipated interpretations that give readers abundant new ways of understanding it each time they return to that single day in which all of life’s experience is contained. (173)

Despite the coda’s somewhat confusing title (since many of the texts discussed in the previous chapter on legacies were produced in the twenty-first century), the biography’s concluding pages offer a critical addendum that brings the novel’s story into the present by highlighting two recent social phenomena: the invention of “Dalloway Day” in 2017 and, more importantly, the Covid pandemic that has revived the atmosphere of invisible danger that was originally engendered by the influenza pandemic that constitutes (along with World War 1) the disturbing backdrop of *Mrs. Dalloway*.

Throughout *Mrs. Dalloway: Biography of a Novel*, Hussey both generously acknowledges the contributions of others and points toward possibilities for further inquiry. For example, a comment he drops in passing about Woolf’s “regular practice of flipping over the notebook in which she was drafting a novel and using the upside-down verso page to draft critical essays” (18) invites us to explore how this recto/verso relation might play out on particular pages. Another provocative intervention calls attention to Woolf’s definition of “form in fiction” as “emotion put into the right relations” that “has nothing to do with form in painting” (40): an intriguing corrective to the equation of her narrative aesthetic with that of post-Impressionism. Hussey follows this account with an illuminating reading of Woolf’s use of repetition to generate echoes that resist the linearity of reading, but there is still room to determine which emotions and relations (beyond the contrapuntal play

of elation and despair) are the “right” ones in Woolf’s world. Hussey also quietly opens up the visual dimensions of a book’s biography. By substituting photographs of the novel’s multiple editions and translations for those of biography’s traditionally human subject, he makes it possible to read book covers as revealing cultural artifacts while inviting curiosity about the selection of the photographs of people and places relevant to *Mrs. Dalloway*.

One could hardly invent a better biographer of *Mrs. Dalloway* than Mark Hussey. The acclaimed biographer of *Clive Bell and the Making of Modernism* (2022), the founding editor of *Woolf Studies Annual*, and the author, editor, and reviewer of numerous studies of Woolf and Bloomsbury, Hussey brings to the task a lifetime of meticulous research, editing, criticism, and teaching. He has a knack for unearthing telling details (for example, the order of 1400 copies of *Mrs. Dalloway* by a University of Wisconsin professor in 1947 as evidence of a surge of interest in Woolf in the postwar American academy [126]) without getting stuck in the granite of statistics. The result is an erudite and imaginative biography that manages to be magisterial and modest, expansive, and intimate, and a pleasure as well as a necessity to read.

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Loy (centre) with Jane Heap and Ezra Pound in Paris, c. 1923
By Unknown author

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REVIEW

THE EDINBURGH COMPANION TO WOMEN IN PUBLISHING, 1900-2020

edited by Nicola Wilson, Claire Battershill, Sophie Heywood, Marrissa Joseph, Daniela La Penna, Helen Southworth, Alice Staveley, and Elizabeth Willson Gordon.

Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2024. xvi + 728 pages. \$230 cloth and eBook.

The editors of this important, capacious volume note that publishing in the nineteenth century was known as “the gentleman’s industry,” a token of its historical development as “a conservative, class- and race-bound, patriarchal business” (1). Henry Holt wrote in 1888 that

“the normal relation of author and publisher” was one of “such mutual confidence and helpfulness that choosing a publisher is almost next to choosing a wife” (Holt 35). Seventy years later, Sir Stanley Unwin, founder of Allen & Unwin, described publishing as “a most jealous taskmistress” that ‘involves working non-stop and almost taking it to bed’” (1). It is as if, in guilty compensation for their exclusion and occlusion from the business of publishing, women were offered these dubious metaphorical tributes. Or is there something about the lonely intensity of publishing and its compelled intimacy with books that suggests such domestic, domesticating images? Even the Paris-based lesbian Sylvia Beach, grieving her loss of Joyce’s *Ulysses* to Random House after having published it faithfully for ten years, consoled herself rhetorically: “After all [...] [a] baby belongs to its mother, not to the midwife, doesn’t it?” (Beach 205). Beach had been much more than a midwife to *Ulysses*; and the gestation and parturition of that work had involved others—patrons, typists, printers—besides Joyce.

The gravitational pull of gendered and heteronormative expectations can go beyond metaphors. In her chapter in this volume, Anna Mukamal writes that Maria McDonald—who played an “integral” role with her husband Eugène Jolas in “the conception, founding, management and propagation” of the hyper-modernist magazine, *transition*—refused accolades later in life and characterized her role as “Editorial Assistant” (289, 292). These reflexive diminishments—whether in metaphors or memoirs by men or women—are what this volume impressively resists in its counter-historiographic project. There are thirty-three chapters exploring women as editors and publishers of books; as editors, journalists, and activists in the periodical press; as literary agents, scouts, bookkeepers, and other workers in publishing; and as makers, sellers, and distributors of books. The chapters span the 120 years promised in the volume’s title, from the work of the Dun Emer Press and the Hogarth Press to recent and contemporary Black women publishers in the UK, women literary agents in Canada, and the making of the Virago Modern Classics reprint series. Each section begins with a concise, expert introduction by the volume’s editors and contains a feature called “Voices,” consisting of recent interviews with women in contemporary publishing. One of the reiterated goals of the editors and authors is to revise Robert Darnton’s “communications circuit” to show that women have been vitally part of every one of its components (4). By restoring women to that circuit, the volume also recovers “often unacknowledged facets of labour that go into the making of books” (7). Both women and their occulted work in publishing become visible; they move from metaphor to materiality, from bow figurehead to deckhand, officer, and captain.

Although more familiar figures of publishing, such as Virginia Woolf and Sylvia Beach, receive less attention here—they are taken, rather, as a baseline of women’s history in publishing—they are still discussed with occasional insight. Woolf, the editors observe, found that “the private press could be dynamically liberating for readers and writers alike” (23). Jennifer Sorensen in her chapter on modernist small presses takes this point further by showing that Woolf was complexly aware that “the artistic and economic freedoms” that the Hogarth Press afforded her were not shared by all women writers, many of whom were constrained and limited by the publishing industry (105-06). Sorensen observes that Woolf’s “bodily entanglement with all aspects of running the press” often exhausted her but also made her “exult in the physicality of the work,” in her “embodied relation to textual production” (106). The work of the Hogarth Press, both physical and intellectual, involved women’s “managerial, promotional, and accounting” efforts that have often gone unnoticed in histories and uncatalogued in archives (406). As Catherine W. Hollis observes in her chapter on feminist bibliography and anarchist print culture, scholarly excavations in modernist archives—such as the work of Alice Staveley and Claire Battershill on the Hogarth Press account books—has been critical for the remediation work of what Kate Ozment calls “feminist bibliography” (406). One of the notable features of this volume is its emphasis on archival recovery of women’s work