Mind the Gap: The Spaces in Jacob's Room

Edward L. Bishop

Classical pianist Alfred Brendel says, "I like the fact that 'listen' is an anagram of 'silent'. Silence is not something that is there before the music begins and after it stops. It is the essence of the music itself, the vital ingredient that makes it possible for the music to exist at all. It's wonderful when the audience is part of this productive silence" (Alvarez 53). He is speaking of piano concerts, but the same could be said of *Jacob's Room*. So much of the effect of this book depends upon the spatial silence, the white space of the gaps on the page. They are, to paraphrase Brendel, the essence of the text itself, the vital ingredient that makes it possible for the narrative to exist at all. And it is indeed wonderful when the audience is part of this productive silence. In *Mimesis*, Eric Auerbach talks about the narrative of the Bible and how the mind swarms into the dark spaces between the events that are lit up by the narration. The gaps, then, do not merely pace the reader, they allow her or his mind to move into the silence.[1] This is what happens, or at least can happen, in *Jacob's Room*.

Throughout her career Woolf was concerned by the conjunction of space and silence. At the end of 1921 as she was finishing the first draft of *Jacob's Room*, she concluded "A Glance at Turgenev" with the observation that in his stories Turgenev fuses his elements "in one moment of great intensity, though all round are the silent spaces" (*E*3 317). Two decades later, in a diary note on *The Years* she writes, "I think I see how I can bring in interludes—I mean spaces of silence" (*D*4 332; 17 July 1935). And in the *Pointz Hall* typescript she refers to "That feeling slipped between the space that separates one word from another; like a

[1] "Since so much in the story is dark and incomplete [… the reader's] effort to interpret it constantly finds something new to feed upon" (15). Auerbach is arguing that the styles of the *Iliad* and the Bible represent the two basic styles in Western literature of representing reality: "on the one hand [the *Iliad*] fully externalized description… all events in the foreground; on the other hand [the Bible], certain parts brought into high relief, others left obscure, abruptness, suggestive influence of the unexpressed" (23). See also pp. 9-11.

Auerbach is talking about elements of style, but as Roger Chartier insists, forms produce meaning, and with the early printings of the Bible the "visual articulation of the page" was a vexed issue. The sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries saw "the opening up of the page through the multiplication of paragraphs that broke the uninterrupted continuity of the text common in the Renaissance […]. This textual segmentation (*découpage*) had fundamental implications when it was applied to sacred texts. The story of Locke's anxiety regarding the practice of dividing the text of the Bible into chapter and verse is well known. For him such a division presented a considerable risk of obliterating the powerful coherence of the word of God" (51-52).

blue flower between two stones" (36). The notion of silence as an essential element of Woolf's work has been recognized by Woolf critics for decades. Back in 1970 Harvena Richter argued that Woolf "approached this aspect of form in the same way as does an architect, painter, or composer—to use negative 'blank spaces' or 'intervals' in a positive way so as to make them contribute to subjective feeling" (229), and Richter drew attention to Woolf's comment that Sterne is a "forerunner of the moderns" because of his "interest in silence rather than in speech," which makes us "consult our own minds" (*CE* 1 98).[2] So gaps are essential, and if they are to be truly productive in engaging the audience they must be more than merely visual cues like paragraph indents. It is surprising, therefore, that while the linguistic text of *Jacob's Room* has been comparatively little altered through the various editions, the space breaks which are one of the most distinctive features of the book have been shrunk, paved over, and ignored altogether.

Students who want a machine-searchable text, or perhaps simply don't want to buy the book, can find *Jacob's Room* on the net at sites such as Project Gutenberg. The problem, however, is that in the online texts every paragraph is double-spaced and the space breaks Woolf wrote into her book are eliminated altogether. As Mark Hussey noted of the hypertext *Mrs. Dalloway* in "How Should One Read a Screen?" "the spaces on the page that contribute to the rhythmic context of the words on the page are insignificant, 'unreadable,' in effect, by the machine" (254).[3] But these days, when electronic texts are still in their infancy, we almost expect them to be flawed, and for most readers they are still things to be consulted, not read.[4] More interesting are the variations in the print editions, variations that have been there since 1923.

[2] Patricia Laurence's excellent *Reading of Silence* reproduces the black page from Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* and states, "Sterne's black page calls attention to the materiality of the text. Silences are marked. This forerunner of Woolf, with his modern interest in silence—the blank spaces, the white and black pages, the typography (asterisks, ellipses, dashes, parentheses)—illuminates the unsaid" (30). She only mentions *Jacob's Room* in passing, but the whole book provides a useful commentary on the silences of the gaps.

[3] Hussey reiterates the point that Woolf was "concerned not only with the sound of her words, but also with their visual display upon the page"; her use of space breaks all contributed "to the effort Woolf made to shape the *reading* of her fiction after about 1917—the date of her and Leonard's acquisition of the Hogarth Press and, not merely coincidentally I think, of her earliest experimental fictions" (253).

[4] John Thompson, writing in the introduction to *Books and Bibliography*, addresses this problem: "A year or so ago I searched the Web for copies of Rudyard Kipling's poem 'If.' There were many hundreds. I took the first eight hits my search engine produced: all eight were textually different. There is no answer to what a library, any library, should do faced with this digital tidal wave" (11).

The first English edition of *Jacob's Room* was published by the Hogarth Press—their first novel, and the largest production to date for the young publishing company—on October 27, 1922. Three months later, on February 8, 1923, in New York, Harcourt Brace brought out the American edition. There are very few changes to the linguistic text between the English and the American editions and these are for the most part variations in hyphenation and capitalization; they could have been made by a typesetter, and in any case none is substantive enough to give authority to the American text as an improvement over the English text. Woolf did no rewriting between editions.[5] Nevertheless, considerable variation *does* exist between the first British and the first American editions in the handling of the space breaks. In every chapter except chapter seven and the short final chapter there are more divisions in the English text, with the result that in the book as a whole the English edition has twenty-five more sections than the American edition: 148 as opposed to 123.[6] So how did this happen?

Woolf seems to have been a victim of Harcourt Brace's house style in page design. If you look at an English first edition you will see that many of the space breaks occur at the top or bottom of the page. In the American text no spaces are left at the top or bottom of the page; thus if a break in the English edition is due to occur at either point the American typesetters silently collapse it.[7] In fifteen of

[5] In preparing the text for the Shakespeare Head Edition I let inconsistencies between accepted spellings of the same word stand, such as *Flanders'* and *Flanders's*; and I did not make changes based on felicitous phrasing: the "smoothly sculptured" policeman on p.156, therefore, was not altered to "sculpted"; and I noted but did not change Woolf's idiosyncratic spelling of Van Gogh and Boulevard Raspail (*JR* 61, 206). In a letter to Jacques Raverat on 10 December 1922, she says, "Raspail was spelt wrong owing to Duncan and Vanessa, whom I consulted. A letter more or less means nothing to them" (*L2* 591-2). I did, however, correct three obvious misprints that appear in both 1E and 1A, and I included the two emendations that Woolf requested in the 4 October 1922 letter to Donald Brace quoted in Appendix A.

[6] Howard Harper, in *Between Language and Silence: The Novels of Virginia Woolf* (Louisiana State University Press, 1982), p. 88, n.3, notes that "Interesting patterns, almost musical in their rhythmic arrangement and in their effects, are involved in the distributions of chapters and sections in *Jacob's Room*," and argues that the twelve subdivisions in the first two chapters constitute a sort of base line from which the later chapters depart. My findings differ (he documents only eight lost sections between the first English and the first American editions, some of which in fact are there), but I am grateful to him for drawing attention to the differences in format between the first editions. I am also grateful to the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, U of Texas at Austin, for making the first editions of *Jacob's Room* available to me, and for the Andrew Mellon Fellowship which enabled me to study the texts.

[7] With *The Waves* on the other hand, the printers were actively attentive. J. H. Willis notes, "The managing director of R. & R. Clark, with the kind of attention to detail that

the cases this seems to be what happened. In another five instances the English text indicates only a small break at the top or bottom of its page, difficult for the typesetters to judge unless they compared it closely with a full page. Finally, there are five breaks clearly marked in the English edition that would not have fallen at the top or bottom of the page in the American edition, yet inexplicably do not make it into that edition.

There is another change: in the Hogarth edition there are four different sizes of breaks, ranging from one to four-line spaces, where in the Harcourt Brace edition they are all regularized as one-line spaces. Why should we care? Woolf herself did not seem concerned about the variations in the U.S. edition. She makes no note of these matters in the brief correspondence we have between her and Harcourt and Brace.[8]

Woolf could be casual about the fate of her texts once they made it into print, but in developing *Jacob's Room* she did care very much about the space breaks. When she began writing the novel in April of 1920 she had been setting Hope Mirrlees's *Paris: A Poem* (published May 1920), a complex text in which, as Julia Briggs points out, Mirrlees had "learned from Apollinaire, Cocteau and Reverdy that the placing of a line of poetry itself constituted a form of punctuation, and that the spaces on the page were a crucial part of a poem's rhythm."[9] Also, the year before she had hand-set T. S. Eliot's *Poems* (1919). So she was aware of the potential of space, but she did not use it immediately in the writing of *Jacob's Room*. At first Woolf divided her text only with numbered chapter divisions. After three months of writing she began using a row of 'x's to indicate subdivisions, and after six months she began to use space breaks in her manuscript book; thus the gaps, deliberate and considered, were part of the evolving shape of her novel.[10]

endeared him to the Woolfs, soon wrote back to Leonard in July 1931 explaining that while he had allowed a half-inch space in the seven places indicated in the text by their directions to 'leave larger space,' he believed there were other places where there were distinct breaks in the narrative, perhaps requiring two kinds of space (HP 575). He sought clarification before putting the text into page proofs" (198).

[8] See Appendix A.

[9] "'Printing Hope': Virginia Woolf, Hope Mirrlees, and the iconic imagery of 'Paris'." In press; I am grateful to Dr. Briggs for allowing me to read the typescript. J. H. Willis notes, "Their typesetting skill was tested at least twice[…]. T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land* (1923) required adroit spacing, and *Paris* (1920) by Hope Mirrlees was self-consciously modern in its typographical configuration, one line running vertically down the page (34).

[10] See my Introduction to Jacob's Room: *The Holograph Draft* p. xxi and *passim*.

I will not weary the reader by analyzing all of the missing gaps, nor the nearly eighty instances where the English text has a space four times greater than that of the American text, but what I want to do below is draw attention to six pivotal moments in *Jacob's Room* and very briefly suggest how the absence of a space break, or even a variation in the size of the space break, can affect our response to the text. The argument here is not for a particular reading but for a modified practice: I believe critics of whatever theoretical persuasion, whether they are analyzing typography or investigating trauma, would find it productive to examine the first editions. For ease of access I have indicated the chapter and the page numbers in the first British, first American, and current Harcourt Brace paperback editions.

The conspiracy of hush and clean bottles

(12A, 13 HBJ)
She had her hand upon the garden gate.
"The meat!" she exclaimed, striking the latch down.
She had forgotten the meat.
There was Rebecca at the window.

The bareness of Mrs. Pearce's front room was fully displayed at ten o'clock at night when a powerful oil lamp stood on the middle of the table.

(15E)
She had her hand upon the garden gate.
"The meat!" she exclaimed, striking the latch down.
She had forgotten the meat.
There was Rebecca at the window.

The bareness of Mrs. Pearce's front room was fully displayed at ten o'clock at night when a powerful oil lamp stood on the middle of the table.

The first big (four-line) gap in the English text occurs after "There was Rebecca at the window." It comes shortly after the narrator's reflection "who shall deny that this blankness of mind, when combined with profusion, mother wit, old wives' tales […] who shall deny that in these respects every woman is nicer than any man." Where the smaller gap in the American text allows the eye to skip easily into the next paragraph and Mrs. Pearce's front room, the large gap isolates

Rebecca in the window, situates her as an object of Betty's gaze, and distinguishes her from the minor characters we have already met or heard of—Mr. Connor who owns the yacht, Charles Steele the painter, Mr. Curnow who lost an eye. Thus we are expectant when Rebecca returns two pages later "bending over a spirit-lamp in the small room next door," the small flame of which burns quietly while the wind rushes outside. The two women murmur "over the spirit-lamp, plotting the eternal conspiracy of hush and clean bottles."

> (14A, 13 HBJ)
> "Good night, Rebecca" Mrs. Flanders murmured, and Rebecca called her ma'am, though they were conspirators plotting the eternal conspiracy of hush and clean bottles.
> Mrs. Flanders had left the lamp burning in the front room. There were her spectacles, her sewing; and a letter with the Scarborough postmark. She had not drawn the curtains either.

> (17-18E)
> "Good-night, Rebecca" Mrs. Flanders murmured, and Rebecca called her ma'am, though they were conspirators plotting the eternal conspiracy of hush and clean bottles.
>
> Mrs. Flanders had left the lamp burning in the front room. There were her spectacles, her sewing; and a letter with the Scarborough postmark. She had not drawn the curtains either.

The flame of female friendship, quietly subversive (it is a "conspiracy") assures the continuity of the household while the wind, associated with the male world of Captains and steamers, "rages" outside. The theme of female friendship will become important, and Woolf wanted to set off this intimate exchange over the spirit-lamp (which, interestingly, burns volatile liquid fuel to produce its quiet light). In the English text, the start of the scene is signalled by a two-line gap at "'I thought he'd never get off—such a hurricane'" (17E, 13A, 12HBJ). The scene still has resonance in the first American edition, but it is absorbed into the longer tri-partite scene of putting Archer to bed, Betty discussing the baby with Rebecca, and the narrator's description of the house after all have gone to sleep. We end with the famous image of the crab in the bucket (19E, 16A, 14 HBJ) and we lose the conspiracy of hush and clean bottles as a countervailing force to the confinements, and violence, of the male world.

What's the next thing to see in Scarborough?

(24A, 19HBJ)
But there was a time when none of this had any existence […]. Fix your eyes upon the lady's skirt […]. It changes; drapes her ankles—the nineties […].
And now, what's the next thing to see in Scarborough?
Mrs. Flanders sat on the raised circle of the Roman camp, patching Jacob's breeches[…].

(27E)
But there was a time when none of this had any existence […]. Fix your eyes upon the lady's skirt […]. It changes; drapes her ankles—the nineties […].
And now, what's the next thing to see in Scarborough?

Mrs. Flanders sat on the raised circle of the Roman camp, patching Jacob's breeches […].

At the end of the well-known time-travel passage the narrator asks, "And now, what's the next thing to see in Scarborough?" In the first American edition the next line, "Mrs. Flanders sat on the raised circle of the Roman camp," immediately answers the question. The narrative gaze swivels from the Roman artefacts in the museum to Betty sitting at the Roman camp. But with the gap, and it is the largest, a four-line gap, the question hangs over the white space. The effect is subtly different now: the text instead of providing an answer for us asks us to speculate on our own. The gap is for us to fill in. The question takes us back to the imperative at the beginning of the interlude, "Fix your eyes upon the lady's skirt," and invites meditation on the palimpsestic quality of this historic town and of life itself. These are at once unique events, and rituals where the participants change but the actions remain the same. Thus when the line "Mrs. Flanders sat […]" comes after the gap it does so as a resumption of the narrative, not the answer to the question, and we see her now not as "the next thing to see in Scarborough" but as one of many figures through the ages who have "sat on the raised circle of the Roman camp." The spatial configuration is crucial: with the gap we continue our tunnelling into the past, without it we slip easily back into the unfolding present.

One word is sufficient. But if one cannot find it?

(117A, 71HBJ)
Then his mouth—but surely, of all futile occupations this of cataloguing features is the worst. One word is sufficient. But if one cannot find it?

"I like Jacob Flanders," wrote Clara Durrant in her diary. "He is so unworldly. He gives himself no airs, and one can say what one likes to him, though he's frightening because…"

(114E)
Then his mouth—but surely, of all futile occupations this of cataloguing features is the worst. One word is sufficient. But if one cannot find it?

"I like Jacob Flanders," wrote Clara Durrant in her diary. "He is so unworldly. He gives himself no airs, and one can say what one likes to him, though he's frightening because…"

Jacob's Room is filled with reflections on writing and the (im)possibility of capturing character. The narrator has been musing on Mrs. Durrant's phrase for Jacob ("distinguished-looking") and trying to apply it. In the English edition the reflection ends poised on the question, "But if one cannot find it?" followed by a large gap. The first American edition moves right on to Clara and her diary, where the concern is less for precision in language than for prescribed space: "Mr. Letts allows little space in his shilling diaries. Clara was not the one to encroach upon Wednesday." The point of the scene in the American text becomes the mild humor at Clara's expense ("But then, this is only a young woman's language") rather than, as in the English edition, the narrator's self-reflexive observation. It is a serious question—what indeed is the point of writing if one cannot find the right word, if perhaps it does not exist? This obsession with linguistic slippage dogs the narrator in her project throughout.

Whether she had a mind … turning up Greek Street

(132A, 79HBJ)

But it did occur to Jacob, half-way through dinner, to wonder whether she had a mind.

They sat at a little table in the restaurant.

Florinda leant the points of her elbows on the table and held her chin in the cup of her hands.

> (128E)
> But it did occur to Jacob, half-way through dinner, to wonder whether she had a mind.
>
> They sat at a little table in the restaurant.
> Florinda leant the points of her elbows on the table and held her chin in the cup of her hands.

Here again the American text collapses a large gap. On the previous page Florinda has been wrestling with Shelley ("What on earth was it *about*?") and Jacob has been wrestling with chastity ("Whether or not she was a virgin seems a matter of no importance whatever. Unless, indeed, it is the only thing of any importance at all"). Then for Jacob a larger question looms, one that follows from what we've seen of Florinda's encounter with Shelley, not whether or not she's chaste but "whether she had a mind."

With the paragraph break Woolf has already shifted from the indeterminate space of authorial reflection to the scene at the restaurant (Jacob and Florinda are "half-way through dinner") but she more emphatically sets off her one-line paragraph. The gap renders Jacob's sudden apprehension of just how vacuous Florinda is. Between the manuscript and the published text Woolf made the decision to deny her narrator any access to Jacob's mind at all, and so rather than internal monologue it is the gaps that render the emotion. The white space is where Jacob's horror sinks in. Or where time stops, as it does in Greek street:

> (158A, 94HBJ)
> Then he saw her turning up Greek Street upon another man's arm.
>
> The light from the arc lamp drenched him from head to toe. He stood for a minute motionless beneath it.

> (152E)
> Then he saw her turning up Greek Street upon another man's arm.
>
> The light from the arc lamp drenched him from head to toe. He stood for a minute motionless beneath it.

Two chapters later we find Jacob still trying to rationalize his attraction to Florinda. He has come to terms with the fact that she is not chaste, but has con-

vinced himself that she has an "inviolable fidelity." Then his delusion is violated by seeing her turning into Soho, up the notorious Greek Street, which a police commission in 1906 had called the worst street in the West End. (We might wonder what Jacob is doing in the area, but he sees her turning off Shaftesbury Avenue, a main thoroughfare, as he walks back to Bloomsbury from central London.) When the famous Italian libertine Giacomo Casanova (1725-98) came to London in 1763-4 he lived in Greek Street, and conceived a disastrous passion for an innocent-looking prostitute, Marianne Charpillon, who swindled him. Jacob is no Casanova but he is as devastated as the Italian was (who, like Jacob, knew better even as he slipped deeper into his obsession), and that sense of time standing still is rendered by the gap.

There is no break in the narrative, no shift in point of view or subject. There is in the American edition a one-line gap, but it is of course one of many. The four-line gap, on the other hand, imposes a moment of arrest upon the reader that corresponds to the blankness in Jacob's mind. Woolf's narrator tries in a series of similes—"as if a stone were ground to dust; as if white sparks flew from a livid whetstone which was his spine; as if the switchback railway, having swooped to the depths, fell, fell, fell"—to render what Jacob must feel. The passage turns to a reflection by the narrator on the impossibility of entering another's consciousness: "Whether we know what was in his mind is another question. Granted ten years' seniority and a difference of sex, fear of him comes first; this is swallowed up by a desire to help—overwhelming sense, reason, and the time of night […]" (153E, 158A, 94HBJ), but the gap allows Woolf to have it both ways, at once rendering the emotion and then talking about the impossibility of capturing or articulating it.

Darkness drops like a knife

(300A, 175HBJ)
Darkness drops like a knife over Greece.

"The guns?" said Betty Flanders, half asleep, getting out of bed and going to the window, which was decorated with a fringe of dark leaves.

(288E)
Darkness drops like a knife over Greece.

"The guns?" said Betty Flanders, half asleep, getting out of bed and going to the window, which was decorated with a fringe of dark leaves.

As in the Greek Street passage, at the end of the book when war enters the text —the war that will kill Jacob—the four-line gap in the English edition leaves the line hanging, letting the ominousness of the metaphor (however clichéd the phrase "drops like a knife" might be) emerge fully. Similarly, at the end of chapter three the line, "Jacob Flanders, therefore, went up to Cambridge in October, 1906," which marks the beginning of the process that will lead Jacob to war, is set off by a four-line gap in the English edition, giving it a portentousness it does not have in the American volume. The editions that regularize the size of the gaps mute these effects, even if they do not obliterate them completely; they direct and foreclose the reader's response, rather than engage it. *Jacob's Room* is a novel full of fissures, ruptures, gaps, and chasms, and the intent of the novel is not just to tell the story of Jacob but to make us aware of these spaces.

Chasms in our ways

(161A, 96HBJ)
As frequent as street corners in Holborn are these chasms in the continuity of our ways. Yet we keep straight on.
Rose Shaw, talking in rather an emotional manner to Mr. Bowley at Mrs. Durrant's evening party a few nights back, said that life was wicked because a man called Jimmy refused to marry a woman called (if memory serves) Helen Aitken.

(155-6E)
As frequent as street corners in Holborn are these chasms in the continuity of our ways. Yet we keep straight on.

Rose Shaw, talking in rather an emotional manner to Mr. Bowley at Mrs. Durrant's evening party a few nights back, said that life was wicked because a man called Jimmy refused to marry a woman called (if memory serves) Helen Aitken.

At the end of chapter eight Woolf's narrator speaks of the chasms that exist in our daily lives, but which we remain unaware of and "keep straight on." This is the opposite of the cataclysmic rupture for Jacob in Greek Street. Here Woolf posits an encounter with an old busker on the street, whose tale, if you stop to talk to him instead of brushing by, will bring "you one winter's day to the Essex coast" and ultimately to the tropics, to "the verge of the marsh drinking rum-punch, an outcast from civilization." The first American edition closes over the gap and so the notion of the "chasm" is immediately reduced to the fact that someone named Jimmy has refused to marry someone called Helen, but in the

British edition the gap episode testifies to the contingency of life, where a single chance occurrence can take your life in a completely different direction. In *Jacob's Room* Woolf is seeking to articulate these fissures not only through the discourse but with the page design, and where the first British edition renders the chasms, too often the first American edition keeps straight on.

There are chasms in everyday life, and *Jacob's Room* makes us aware of those, but there is also the larger chasm underlying the novel: that of the Great War. I have spoken elsewhere of the freeze-frame effect of the narration in the novel (Bishop xx), and Susan Sontag in her recent *New Yorker* article, "Looking At War: Photography and Violence," argues that, "Non-stop imagery (television, streaming video, movies) surrounds us, but, when it comes to remembering, the photograph has the deeper bite. Memory freeze-frames; its basic unit is the single image." She goes on,

> In an era of information overload the photograph provides a quick way of apprehending something and a compact form for memorizing it. The photograph is like a quotation, or a maxim or proverb. Each of us mentally stocks hundreds of photographs, subject to instant recall. […] Conscripted as part of journalism, images were expected to arrest attention, startle, surprise. As the old advertising slogan of *Paris Match*, founded in 1919, had it: 'The weight of words, the shock of photos.' (87)

The format is part of the memorializing impulse in *Jacob's Room*: the sections are like individual photographs; the book as a whole is like an album of snapshots. To remove or reduce the gaps then is not to alter something inconsequential, but to tamper with something that lies at the very core of the book.

Much has been made of the fluidity of Woolf's prose, but we are only now becoming aware of the fluidity of Woolf's texts. Woolf allowed both versions of *Jacob's Room* to stand, as she did some of the famous cruxes in her other novels (*To the Lighthouse* and *Mrs Dalloway*). And the issue is still with us: the current HBJ edition now incorporates most of the spaces but it does not give the variations in size; the Penguin text uses two sizes of gaps; the Oxford Classics edition provides the variation from one- to four-line gaps. The forthcoming Shakespeare Head Edition (2004) follows the page design of the first English edition and lists the variants from the first American edition. I would argue that readers in England and America, even though they may be reading the same words, are reading very different texts. And anyone who is reading a print edition is reading something radically different from those who are reading online editions. As textual studies of Woolf become more sophisticated we must be alert to more than the variations in the linguistic text: we must also mind the gaps.

Appendix A

May 26th 1922.
Donald Brace, Esq.
My dear Mr Brace,

Many thanks for your letter of May 13th.
I much regret that I have been longer than I intended in sending you the manuscript of my new book. A long attack of influenza has delayed me in finishing the work, but it is now being typed, and I could count upon letting you have the manuscript by the end of July. It will be published here in October. Roughly speaking, it is about 60,000 words in length.

With kind regards,
Yours truly,
[signed] Virginia Woolf

Aug. 31st 1922

Dear Mr Harcourt,

I am extremely sorry that you should have had the trouble of writing to me about the MS of my novel, Jacob's Room. My husband has written to explain that it was posted to you on July 31st. I hope that it may possibly have come to hand before this. I will send a corrected copy of the proofs at the earliest opportunity. Meanwhile, I am extremely sorry for the delay, & thank you sincerely for your courtesy in writing to me.

Yours faithfully
Virginia Woolf

4th Oct. 1922
Dear Mr Brace,

Many thanks for your letter about my book Jacob's Room. I am greatly pleased that you should like it, & hope for both our sakes that it will find readers in America.

There are two slight misprints in the copies which the printer is sending you, &, as I have not been able to correct them before they were sent, I note them here:

page 14, line 16 for "colour" read "nature".

page 263, line 12, the words "Still, he went with them to Constantinople" should be in brackets.

The jacket, which is I think very effective, is from a design by Vanessa Bell (Mrs Clive Bell). If you wish to use it, we could arrange with her to send you, if necessary, the original drawing.

Yours sincerely,
Virginia Woolf

9 Oct. 1922
[Messrs?] Harcourt, Brace, & Co.

Gentlemen,

I enclose the agreement as to the publication of my book, Jacob's Room, duly signed.

Believe me,
Yours faithfully
Virginia Woolf

Feb. 23rd 1923
Dear Mr Brace,

I am much pleased to hear that Jacob's Room has been published, & feel sure that you have done your share in making the book attractive to the public. My copies have not yet arrived, but I do not like to wait to acknowledge your cheque for £20 in payment of the advance royalty, & the kind letter which accompanies it. I hope sincerely that the book will be well received in America. The sales here have been much better than we expected.

Yours faithfully
Virginia Woolf

D.C. Brace Esq.
18th Sept. 1923
My dear Mr Brace,

Many thanks for your letter, which I received yesterday. Of course, the sales of Jacob's Room are small, but a[t] the same time they are much better than I myself expected. Clive Bell, by the way, is writing something about it in the Dial which may serve to keep people interested.

I much look forward to sending you my next book, which will be of collected essays, but I do not think it would be wise to promise to have it ready by next spring.
October 1924 is, I fear, a more likely date. I find that a good deal of revision is needed to make the book at all readable, and this will take more time than I reckoned.

I am sorry that you are not able to publish Miss Mirrlees' book, but I am not altogether surprised. I have not read it, but judging by her first novel, she is not likely to be a popular writer, even over here.

My husband wishes to be remembered to you, and we both hope that you will give us the pleasure of seeing you whenever you are again in England.

Believe me,
your sincerely,
Virginia Woolf

14th Feb. 1924
D. C. Brace, Esq.
Dear Mr Brace,

I must thank you for sending the forms for income return, which I have filled up and enclose. I must also acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of your cheque for $89.51 on royalties for Jacob's Room.

Believe me,
yours sincerely,
Virginia Woolf

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Appendix B

The list below indicates the words introducing the sections following the gaps lost in the American edition. The first page number is the first Hogarth Press edition, the second is the first Harcourt Brace edition. The numbers in square brackets indicate the number of sections in each chapter for the English and the American editions respectively.

Chapter I [12/10]

page	17/13	"'I thought he'd never get off…'"
	18/14	"Mrs Flanders had left the lamp…"

Chapter II [12/10]

27/25	"Mrs. Flanders sat on the raised circle…"
28/25	"'That's an orchid…'"
36/35	"Wednesday was Captain Barfoot's day."

Chapter III [13/10]

48/47	"They say the sky is the same everywhere."
58/58	"'They're friends of my mother's,'…"
67/67	"The Moonlight Sonata tinkled away…"

Chapter IV [11/7]

78/78 “It is brewed by the earth itself.”

89/91 “The rooks settled; the rooks rose.”

90/92 “After six days of salt wind, rain,…”

94/95 “‘When you are as old as I am…’”

Chapter V [6/4]

112/114 “‘Yes; that should make him sit up,’…”

114/117 “‘I like Jacob Flanders,’ wrote Clara…”

Chapter VI [11/10]

129/132 “They sat at a little table…”

Chapter VII [10/10]

Chapter VIII [9/7]

156/161 “Rose Shaw, talking in rather…”

158/164 “He sat at the table reading the *Globe*.”

Chapter IX [10/9]

169/175 “The fire burnt clear between two pillars…”

Chapter X [10/8]

189/197	"Now Jacob walked over to the window…"
193/200	"It was the middle of February."

Chapter XI [10/9]

210/218	"Edward Cruttendon, Jinny Carslake…"

Chapter XII [19/16]

230/240	"The evening air slightly moved…"
234/244	"'How very English!' Sandra laughed…"
235/245	"Though the opinion is unpopular…"

Chapter XIII [14/12]

276/288	"The gilt clock at Verrey's…"
279/291	"Even now poor Fanny Elmer was dealing…"

Chapter XIV [1/1]

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