Psychoanalysis and the Bloomsbury Group

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Edited by Wayne K. Chapman
Acknowledgments

We thank Nancy Orr Adams for making this publication possible.

This monograph is based on a 52-page paper read by the author, on April 21, 1978, to members of the San Diego Psychoanalytic Society in La Jolla, California. Intended for Psychoanalytic Quarterly, the paper has not been published until now even though it anticipated Orr’s posthumous book, Virginia Woolf’s Illnesses (2004), also available in this series. — WKC

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Bloomsbury is that part of London (marked Camden on some contemporary maps) that includes the British Museum, London University and, for neurologists, the Queen Square Hospital. It also includes Gordon Square, Tavistock Square, Bloomsbury Square, Russell Square and Bedford Square. In 1800 it was a “good address,” but by 1900 it was not. Today, London University has spilled over into many old dwellings; new flats have replaced bombed out areas; old hotels like the Russell compete with new hotels (but none deluxe); and it seems there are dozens and dozens of Italian and other ethnic restaurants.

The Bloomsbury Group defies definition. It began as a group of friends who came down from Cambridge at about the same time, including two beautiful sisters and a younger brother of one of them. From 1905, when the first Thursday evening gatherings occurred, other friends were added—while some moved away or died—until well into the 1950s; and during these years the term “Bloomsbury Group” took on such a variety of meanings that one or two who were clearly members wished to deny it, and many who were not members claimed to be or had the dubious distinction claimed for them by friends or enemies. The Bloomsbury Group as it existed before World War I was commonly called “Old Bloomsbury,” and the individuals specifically discussed here include Virginia and Leonard Woolf; Virginia’s younger brother, Adrian Stephen; Lytton Strachey and his baby brother, James, who was, in fact, the tenth of ten surviving in the family—and Roger Fry.

Two others entered the picture during World War I, and these were Karin Costelloe, who married Adrian in 1914, and Alix Sargant-Florence, who (according to Virginia) began chasing James Strachey about the same time. The position of these younger women was set forth in no uncertain terms by Virginia, who called them “Bloomsbury Bunnies” or “Cropheads”—because they bobbed their hair. Their lot is described in a letter from Virginia to her sister, Vanessa Bell:

The Bloomsbury hypnotism, I may say, is rank, and threatens the sanity of all the poor Bunnies, who are perpetually feeling their hind legs to see if they haven’t turned into hares. I tried tactfully to explain to Faith that once a Bunny, always a Bunny; and what great Bloomsbury respects is the recognition by the B’s that they are B’s. . . . I can’t help thinking that there is something rather sublime about us. I often feel very sublime myself. — Odd, disconnected thoughts of undoubted spiritual beauty come upon me unawares. . . .

Virginia Woolf and her sister Vanessa Bell, let me add, were the two beautiful
sisters who joined with the young men from Cambridge to form the original Bloomsbury Group, and it is clear that Virginia is poking fun at herself and the others for the sublimity of their early discussions.

**VIRGINIA WOOLF**

Just for fun, I continue with Virginia. I am serious about the “just for fun,” for I expect to dwell upon the lighter side of my cast of characters. All of them had very strict Victorian backgrounds. All of them were highly intelligent—several to the point of genius—but emotionally immature. All of them rebelled against their backgrounds, and this is much of what Bloomsbury is all about. The rebellion was mostly verbal with some, but fully behavioral in others. However childish or adolescent it may be considered, it was very amusing at times; and I propose to enjoy it.

Virginia Stephen was born January 25, 1882, about five minutes away by horse-drawn carriage from the home of her future husband, Leonard Woolf. Vanessa was three years older and Thoby, who began the Thursday evenings, was two years older. Adrian followed Virginia by a year and a half. There was a retarded half sister by the father’s previous marriage to a daughter of Thackeray, and two brothers and a sister by the mother’s previous marriage to a Mr. Duckworth.

Leslie Stephen, Virginia’s father, was himself a noted literary figure. He was the first editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. In 1876 he wrote his *History of Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, a book that was still in print in 1976. The home at 22 Hyde Park Gate, Kensington, was a center of London’s intellectual and cultural life. Virginia’s first published letter, tacked on to one from her father, was written when she was six to her Godfather, James Russell Lowell, who had been American Minister in London from 1880 to 1885.

Virginia’s mother was from a family of distinguished civil servants in India, and also a family of beautiful women. Her maiden name was Julia Jackson, and her mother was one of the seven Prattle sisters, most of them noted beauties. One became a pioneer English photographer—Julia Margaret Cameron—and another Countess Somers, mother of the Duchess of Bedford. Virginia, with all of her later rebellion, never cut herself off from these connections; and she could both consider herself a snob and ridicule herself for it. An example is in a letter to a friend, dated July 20, 1907:

> Last night I dined out in Chelsea, and mauled the dead and rotten carcases of several works written by my friends; how I hate intellect! . . . An elderly man who had somehow got my name right, said to me “In the course of your life Miss Stephen, you must have known many distin-
guished people. Stevenson, I suppose?” Yes and George Eliot, and Tennyson before he grew a beard I said. But the astonishing thing is that these great people always talked much as you and I talk; Tennyson, for instance, would say to me, “Pass the salt” or “Thank you for the butter.” “Ah, indeed; you should write your memoirs; one gets paid for that kind of thing” he said; being a dealer in pictures.²

Even at twenty-one, Virginia wrote the following gleeful letter to her Cousin Emma (July 24, 1903). Virginia was learning bookbinding at the time and had invited Pernel Strachey and another Cousin, Dorothea Strachey, for tea. Dorothea, for some reason, disliked being reminded of the fact that her mother was Lady James Fitzjames Stephen. So Virginia wrote of the tea party:

We had a final burst of Dorothea—entirely triumphant as far as I am concerned. We have quarrelled happily! I had her and Pernel to tea at the workshop, and with some malice contrived to say “Lady Stephen” in the course of conversation. This is a thing she feels strongly about. She got purple like an apoplectic Alderman after dinner—took up a plate of biscuits which I had laid out for her rapacious and capacious maw—and pelted me viciously with each in turn, which was rather painful. And then the savage old beast threatened me with fat strawberries if I wouldn’t unsay what I had said. Of course I wouldn’t, so she deluged me with squashy strawberries and stained all my white dress. . . . She came to an end of missles so got up like the poundous elephant she is, trumpeting loudly, and pounded round the room after me. I shrieked with laughter, which irritated her all the more, and she got me into a corner and pummelled me—till I told her she was too heavy to take such exercise in the heat and her behavior was that of an infuriate cow. After that our relations were strained. . . . England will be lighter when she is gone—that is undeniable. . . .³

Virginia’s mother died when Virginia was thirteen, and her father died when she was twenty-two. It was some months after this, in 1904, that the Stephen children—Vanessa, Thoby, Virginia, and Adrian—left the Duckworths in Kensington and moved to Bloomsbury. Their new home at 46 Gordon Square was by no means socially as good, but it was lighter, more comfortable, and considerably more cheerful. It was here, early in 1905, that Thoby started the Thursday evening “at homes” for his friends from Cambridge, and he had the audacity to include his sisters. These young men were not strangers to Vanessa and Virginia, who had met them during May Week at Cambridge and, besides, had heard detailed and enthusiastic descriptions of them from Thoby. Leonard Woolf
was not in this early group. He had met the girls at Cambridge and dined with them once at Gordon Square before he went out to Ceylon as a civil servant, but he did not return until 1911. Those who did come to the “at homes” included Lytton and James Strachey, Saxon Sydney-Turner, Clive Bell, Maynard Keynes, and E. M. Forster.

The Bloomsbury Group was not so named for some years after the regular meetings began. Vanessa Bell wrote later that Molly MacCarthy (who was a member) used the term to distinguish them from Chelsea, where, says Vanessa, “. . . at least as many ‘high-brows’ lived and always have lived.” The very early meetings were stilted, as in this description by Virginia:

They came in hesitatingly, self-effacingly, and folded themselves up quietly [in] corners of sofas. For a long time they said nothing. None of our old conversational openings seemed to do. . . . The conversation languished in a way that would have been impossible in the drawing room at Hyde Park Gate. Yet the silence was difficult, not dull. It seemed as if the standard of what was worth saying had risen so high that it was better not to break it unworthily. We sat and looked at the ground. Then at last Vanessa, having said, perhaps, that she had been to some picture show, incautiously used the word “beauty.” At that, one of the young men would lift his head slowly and say, “It depends what you mean by beauty.” At once all our ears were pricked. It was if the bull had at last been turned into the ring.

Vanessa Bell, writing for the Memoir Club in 1951, gives a somewhat broader view. In as much as the Memoir Club was the original Bloomsbury Group (with one or two changes) reconstituted in the 1920s, many of Vanessa’s audience had been there; she says:

What did we talk about? The only true answer can be anything that came into our heads. Of course the young men from Cambridge were full of the “meaning of good.” I had never read their prophet, G. E. Moore; nor I think had Virginia, but that didn’t prevent one from trying to find out what one thought about the good or anything else. The young men were perhaps not clear enough in their own heads to mind trying to get clearer by discussion with young women who might possibly see things from a different angle. At any rate talk we all did, it’s true, till all hours of the night. Not always, of course, about the meaning of good—sometimes about books or painting or anything that occurred to one—or told the company of one’s daily doings and adventures. There was nothing unusual about it perhaps, except that for some reason we seemed to be a
company of the young, all free, all beginning life in new surroundings, without elders to whom we had to account in any way for our doing or behaviour, and this was not common in a mixed company of our class: for classes still existed. . . .7

Toward the end of 1906, the four Stephens went to Greece with friends, Vanessa, Thoby, and Violet Dickinson—all became sick and, on November 20, Thoby died of typhoid fever. Shortly thereafter, Vanessa married Clive Bell (February 7, 1907), and on April 10th Virginia and Adrian moved to 29 Fitzroy Square—a few minutes' walk from Gordon Square. Before long, there were “at homes” with the Bells and with Virginia and Adrian. The former began with a play reading group, and so it was usually the same group that met on Thursday and Friday evenings.

Perhaps the most momentous event in the history of Old Bloomsbury occurred an August 11, 1908. Virginia gives the following account:

It was a spring evening. Vanessa and I were sitting in the drawing room. . . . At any moment Clive might come in. . . . Suddenly the door opened and the long and sinister figure of Mr. Lytton Strachey stood on the threshold. He pointed a finger at a stain on Vanessa's white dress.

“Semen?” he said.

Can one really say it? I thought & we burst out laughing. With that one word all barriers of reticence and reserve went down. A flood of the sacred fluid seemed to overwhelm us. Sex permeated our conversation. The word bugger was never far from our lips. We discussed copulation with the same excitement and openness that we had discussed the nature of good. It is strange to think how reticent, how reserved we had been and for how long.8

Quentin Bell, who quotes this episode, states that Virginia can hardly have invented it. It was read to the Memoir Club, he says, and that audience would have tolerated inaccuracies but would not have accepted a complete invention. He also says:

This was an important moment in the history of the morés of Bloomsbury and perhaps in that of the British middle classes; but although Virginia's entire social climate was altered from now on—and this had all sorts of consequences—the libertine speech of herself and of her friends had no radical effect upon her conduct or, I think, upon her imagination. She remained in a profound way virginal. . . .9
Virginia's life with Adrian became increasingly strained, and so in 1911 they agreed to find a larger home and share it. On November 20th, they moved to 38 Brunswick Square and were joined by Maynard Keynes, Duncan Grant and—after December 4th—Leonard Woolf, who had recently returned from Ceylon and had become part of Bloomsbury. By January Leonard had proposed to Virginia, but she did not agree to marry him until May 29, 1912, and the marriage itself took place August 10th at the St. Pancras Registry Office. It was simple but hectic because of a thunderstorm and because of Vanessa's interrupting to ask how she could change the name of her younger son.

It is very difficult to trace the influence of Freud or psychoanalysis on Virginia Woolf. She reports more than a dozen dreams in the first volume of her letters (1888 to 1912), but she makes no attempt to interpret them. Leonard read Freud's book on dreams in 1914, as we shall see. Anne Olivier Bell, in her introduction to The Diary of Virginia Woolf, says that the ideas and writings of Freud were becoming known just before World War I. In a letter to Saxon Sydney-Turner dated February 3, 1917, Virginia wrote:

As to reading Aeschylus . . . I've been reading him in French which is better than English. . . . Aeschylus however excited my spirits to such an extent that, hearing my husband snore in the night, I woke him to light the torch and look for zeppelins. He then applied the Freud system to my mind, and analyzed it down to Clytemestra and the watch fires, which so pleased him that he forgave me. . . .

Virginia wrote in her diary on January 21, 1918, that Lytton Strachey came for tea and remained for dinner. There were hours of talk with Lytton, giving an amazing account of the British Sex Society. Virginia reported Lytton's observations:

they were surprisingly frank; & 50 people of both sexes and various ages discussed without shame such questions as the deformity of Dean Swift's penis; whether cats use the w.c.; self-abuse; incest—incest between parent and child when they are both unconscious of it, was their main theme, derived from Freud. . . . Lytton at different points exclaimed Penis: his contribution to the openness of the debate. We also discussed the future of the world; how we should like the professions to exist no longer; Keats; old age; politics; Bloomsbury hypnotism—a great many subjects. . . .

Despite the fact that the Hogarth Press published all of Freud and the works of many other psychoanalysts, Virginia's understanding of psychoanalysis was no
greater, in my opinion, than that of most intellectuals in her time and since. The Bloomsbury Group was somewhat comparable to the one that surrounded Mable Dodge Sterne (later Luhan) whose “at homes” in Greenwich Village, New York, included A. A. Brill, Walter Lippmann, Floyd Dell and a number of other budding writers, many of whom—from about 1912 on—went in for the “New Psychology” with as much ardor and enthusiasm as they went in for Marxism and other symbols of emancipation. In any case, Virginia wrote the following when she was fifty-seven years of age (in 1939), suggesting to me that she had little grasp of therapeutic psychoanalysis or of the Unconscious. Speaking of childhood memories, she says:

At times I can go back to St. Ives more completely than I can this morning. I can reach a state where I seem to be watching things happen as if I were there. That is, I suppose, that my memory supplies what I had forgotten, so that it seems as if it were happening independently, though I am really making it happen. In certain favorable moods, memories—what one has forgotten—come to the top. Now if this is so, is it not possible—I often wonder—that things we have felt with great intensity have an existence independent of our minds; are in fact still in existence? And if so, will it not be possible, in time, that some device will be invented by which we can tap them...14

In the same essay Virginia writes:

Until I was in my forties...the presence of my mother obsessed me. I could hear her voice, see her, imagine what she would do or say as I went about my day’s doings...

...It is perfectly true that she obsessed me, in spite of the fact that she died when I was thirteen, until I was forty-four. Then one day walking around Tavistock Square I made up, as I sometimes make up my books, To the Lighthouse; in a great, apparently involuntary rush. One thing burst into another. Blowing bubbles out of a pipe gives the feeling of the rapid crowd of ideas and scenes which blew out of my mind, so that my lips seemed syllabling of their own accord as I walked. Why then? I have no notion. But I wrote my book very quickly; and when it was written, I ceased to be obsessed with my mother. I no longer heard her voice; I do not see her.

I suppose I did for myself what psycho-analysts do for their patients. I expressed some very long felt and deeply felt emotion. And in expressing it I explained it and then laid it to rest...15
Virginia and Leonard Woolf went to visit Freud on Saturday, January 28, 1939. I will give Leonard's account of the visit later. It apparently inspired Virginia to read Freud's *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*. There are few such references in what I have read of Virginia's works, but Jan Ellen Goldstein has found others in Virginia's essays and literary criticism. I have suggested Goldstein's article in the *Quarterly* even though it is filled with distortions and misconceptions, because she has looked into more source material than I could find the time to do. The final reference to analysis that I encountered indicates rightly, I think, that Leonard was Virginia's psychiatrist after their disillusionment with the Harley Street variety of World War I vintage neuropsychiatrists. Leonard quotes a diary entry for Sunday, March 8, 1941, in which Virginia says, less than three weeks before her suicide: "Last night I analyzed to L. my London Library complex. That sudden terror has vanished; now I'm plucked at by the H. Hamilton lunch that I refused. . . ." 

**LEONARD WOOLF**

I turn now to Leonard Woolf, who was born in 1880, the third of nine surviving children. He too lived in a large Victorian house where there were nearly as many servants as there were members of the family—eight, in fact, plus a governess. The father was Sidney, a barrister and a Queen's Councillor (in those days a considerable honor) who had an income of £5,000 a year and was driven in his own brougham each morning to King's Bench Walk. Leonard's mother was born in Holland of parents named de Jongh, but by the time of her marriage had changed her name to Goldstucker. Leonard wrote: "Both my parents were respectably religious. They believed in God. . . . They had us taught Hebrew by a rabbi who looked more like the traditional Jesus Christ than anyone else I have ever seen. He was an incompetent teacher. . . ." 

The children were also taught by nurses, governesses and tutors until Leonard was about twelve, when his father suddenly died at the age of forty-eight, and the family had to move to Putney with only a cook, parlourmaid and housemaid. From that time on, Leonard won his way by scholarships to St. Paul's School and then Trinity College, Cambridge. Along the way, he won many prizes, played football, cricket and fives, and learned both Greek and Latin so well that he read them with ease throughout his life. Leonard's autobiography, written in his 80s, is so impressive—although dull in a few places—that it should be read by anyone who wishes to understand the background of the contemporary world.

It was at Cambridge that Leonard came to know Roger Fry, G. E. Moore, Thoby Stephen, Lytton Strachey, Clive Bell, John Maynard Keynes and others, a number of whom became identified with Bloomsbury. During his years in Ceylon, he corresponded regularly with Lytton Strachey; and it was Lytton who, after his
own ill-fated 24-hour engagement to Virginia, urged Leonard to come home and marry Virginia. This Leonard did, of course; but, as a member of Bloomsbury, he remained both more intellectual and more puritanical than most.

Leonard Woolf discovered Freud in 1914 when he reviewed the *Psychopathology of Everyday Life*, having first read *The Interpretation of Dreams*. He immediately recognized Freud’s greatness. As proof that this was not retrospective insight, he quotes from the review that appeared in *The New Weekly* in June 1914:

> One is tempted to say that he suffers from all the most brilliant defects of genius. Whether one believes in his theories or not, one is forced to admit that he writes with great subtlety of mind, a broad and sweeping imagination more characteristic of the poet than the scientist or medical practitioner. This wide imaginative power accounts for his power of grasping in the midst of intricate analysis of details the bearing of those details on a much wider field of details. . . . I can only state my opinion that “there can be no doubt that there is a substantial amount of truth in the main thesis of Freud’s book, and that truth is of great value.”

Here again, however, Leonard’s grasp of psychoanalysis was, for the most part, that of an intellectual. Although Roger Fry once called Leonard a mystic, John Lehmann says of Leonard: “He would shrug his shoulders at the apparently chancy ups and downs in the fortunes of books: it was irrational, and he, though the committed publisher of Freud, could not endure or even understand irrational behavior.” Michael Holroyd, the biographer of Lytton Strachey, describes Leonard as having “an exaggerated realism . . . guided by exclusively rationalistic motives. . . . He understood the complexities and predicaments in other people’s lives, not so much from the imaginative echo of his own feelings, but by laboriously deducing and evaluating them through a process of ratiocination.”

David Gadd contends, however, that this was only the surface.

Somewhere beneath the tough layers of puritanism, and generally under an air of chilly, impersonal humanitarianism, there was an artist, and a man of deep feeling, sensitive to the needs and emotions of his friends, capable of deep suffering on their behalf and utterly involved in their problems and pursuits. His anguished devotion to Virginia in her illness shows the depth of his emotional personality: his autobiography reveals both his acute and sympathetic understanding of human beings and his outstanding gifts as a writer in whom lucidity amounted almost to genius.
It is my opinion that Leonard Woolf was well-equipped to understand Freud emotionally as well as intellectually but never had the time to read him in depth.

Certainly there was never any question of Leonard’s devotion to Virginia. He saw her through numerous episodes of indisposition and then very serious psychotic episodes in the latter part of 1913, and again throughout most of 1915. She was relatively well after 1916 although she had depressive episodes related to influenza. I mention this much only to deal very briefly with Jan Ellen Goldstein’s statement about Virginia’s rejection of Freudianism—whatever that is—in 1913. Leonard took charge of Virginia when she was ill or threatened to become so; and, after disillusionment with the specialists, it was Leonard who put Virginia to bed and enforced quiet the moment she had headaches, insomnia or loss of appetite. There was no rejection of psychoanalysis because neither Leonard or Virginia knew about therapeutic psychoanalysis until the 1920s. Goldstein makes the error of assuming that reading and being tremendously impressed with a few of Freud’s works is equated with a knowledge of and loyalty to psychoanalysis, and she is apparently unaware of the inevitable resistances to analysis that so frequently exist side by side with an intellectual acceptance of some of Freud’s ideas.

Leonard Woolf was an important person in his own right. He wrote a couple of novels that sold fairly well, and a number of books on political and economic affairs, some of which led to reforms in British colonial policies. One of his books, International Government, contained previously written position papers that were used by the British foreign office in the creation of the League of Nations. Philip Noel-Baker, quoted by Spater and Parsons, said: “Woolf thus played an important part in giving concrete form to the general ideas about a League then current, and in particular in launching the conception of the League’s technical, social, economic and financial work, which has developed into a dozen U.N. Agencies, from the I.L.O. and the International Bank to the World Meteorological Organization.”

There is little to say further about Leonard Woolf’s interest in psychoanalysis except in connection with the Hogarth Press; and that comes later. His autobiography, written in his eighties, is sprinkled with references to psychoanalytic concepts that are known to any intelligent layman. At the same time, he says: “I do not know what the present state of knowledge with regard to nervous and mental diseases is in the year 1963; in 1913 it was desperately meagre.” Given this observation, I question once more the assumption of Jan Ellen Goldstein that the publisher of a series of psychoanalytic books understands all that he publishes, or has some special commitment to it. Leonard understood more than most people in his time, and for all we know he may have been told by competent authority that analysis would not be indicated for anyone with Virginia’s history.
I turn now to Adrian Stephen, who was born on October 27, 1883, twenty-one months after Virginia. At the age of nine, he went to Evelyn's School, and, at thirteen, to the Westminster School, where he sang in the choir at the coronation of Edward VII, at which time (in 1902) his father, Leslie Stephen, was created a K.C.B. in the Coronation Honours List. Adrian then went on to Trinity College, Cambridge, and, in due time, took an indifferent third. It is difficult to characterize Adrian's relationship to his siblings, but it appears that Virginia allied herself with the two older ones and that all three regarded Adrian as the baby—and their mother's favorite.

When Adrian was in analysis in 1923 his analyst is reported to have said that he was "a tragedy" in that "he can't enjoy life with zest." Virginia said: "I . . . am probably responsible. I should have paired with him, instead of hanging on to the elders. So he wilted, pale, under a stone of vivacious brothers and sisters." Much earlier, as Adrian was about to leave Cambridge, Virginia wrote: "Poor Adrian was beginning to feel that his Cambridge was over, and we had to say goodbye to his rooms. It is rather sad to think that he must give up being taught—or rather amused—forever, and earn his own living. . . ." When he and Virginia lived together at Fitzroy Square, he could be glum, lethargic and silent for days, then enterprising and high-spirited. According to Quentin Bell:

He was a tease and found in Virginia an eminently teasable subject. They were, in fact, both of them, highly gifted in the arts of reproach and carried their sallies to great lengths. At Fitzroy Square Sophy used to prepare the butter in little round pats, spheres which Adrian and Virginia used as missiles when other arguments failed . . .; there is at least one witness who has seen an argument and in an exchange of butter . . .

Nigel Nicholson remarked: "Adrian was quite a lump to have around, but Virginia still thought of him as a 'poor little boy' when he was 6 feet 5 inches tall and aged 23." While Adrian was still at Cambridge, in March 1905, he joined with Horace Cole, a wealthy practical joker, and a few others in calling upon the Mayor of Cambridge disguised as the Sultan of Zanzibar and his suite. The Mayor was completely taken in, and a large public enjoyed this hoax. Adrian wrote years later: "It had seemed to me ever since I was very young, just as I imagine it had seemed to Cole, that anyone who took up an attitude of authority over anyone else was necessarily also someone who offered his leg for everyone else to pull. . . . This episode, as it turned out, was merely a dress rehearsal for the famous "Dreadnaught Hoax" that made great headlines in the London papers and caused questions to
be asked in the House of Commons. Adrian's own account of this controversy is much too long to reproduce here, and so I shall rely on Quentin Bell:

On the morning of 10 February, 1910, Virginia with five companions... took a train to Weymouth. She wore a turban, a fine gold chain hanging to her waist and an embroidered caftan. Her face was black. She sported a very handsome moustache and beard. Of the other members of the party three—Duncan Grant, Anthony Buxton and Guy Ridley—were disguised in much the same way. Adrian was there, wearing a board and an ill-fitting bowler hat so that he looked, as he himself put it “like a seedy commercial traveller,” while the sixth member (and leader) of the party, Horace Cole, was convincingly attired as an official of the Foreign Office.

The object of their excursion was to hoodwink the British Navy, to penetrate its security and to enjoy a conducted tour of the flagship of the Home Fleet, the most formidable, the most modern and the most secret man o’ war afloat, H.M.S. Dreadnaught. . . .

They set off, relying on the Fleet to accept and not to question a telegram en clair from the Foreign Office. . . . And, just to stack the odds impossibly high against them, they had chosen to visit a battleship on which Adrian would almost inevitably encounter his cousin William Fisher, who was flag commander. This, indeed, to Adrian's sanguine temper, was an inducement; to tease the Navy would be fun, to do so at the expense of the Fisher family was an irresistible temptation. . . .

When the train arrived at Weymouth, a flag lieutenant advanced to their carriage door and saluted the Emperor with becoming gravity. Cole made the proper introductions. There was a barrier to restrain the crowd and the Imperial party proceeded with dignity. . . . On H.M.S. Dreadnaught Virginia found herself shaking her cousin's hand; it was hard not to burst out laughing.

They inspected the Guard of Honor. The Admiral turned to Adrian and asked him to explain the significance of certain uniforms to the Emperor.

"Entaqui, mahai, kustufani," said Adrian, and then discovered that his stock of Swahili, if it was Swahili, was exhausted. He sought inspiration. It came, and he continued:

"Tahli bussor ahbat tahl aesque miss. Erraema, fleet use. . .."

The dismembered lines of a poet would serve the hands of the interpreter, and the Emperor, quickly rising to the emergency, responded with tags from Virgil. . . .

And so they went round the ship, the captain explaining guns, turrets,
range finders, the sick bay and the wireless room to Adrian, and Adrian repeating the explanation in terms of Virgil or sometimes of Homer to the royal party. . . .

. . . Cole. . . went to the newspapers.

The newspapers . . . gave the story headlines and full-page photographs. Reporters appeared at 29 Fitzroy Square; they had been particularly interested when they learnt that one of the Abyssinians . . . was a young lady, “very good looking, with classical features;” they wanted her story and they got it. They also wanted her photograph in evening dress, but this, so far as I can discover, they did not get. Leader writers hesitated between indignation and amusement; distressed patriots wrote letters to editors; and at last, when the press grow tired of the matter, the House of Commons took it up.33

During the years after his time at Cambridge, Adrian set out to read for the Bar. In June 1908, Virginia wrote to a friend:

It is impossible to describe our habits. As you know, I write, like some city clerk, and after all, it is quite harmless. Adrian is learning about Wills. We have parties, and discuss the arts. . . .34

They also travelled together, and Adrian served as “ladies maid” to Virginia, especially doing her hair. In a letter to another friend (Sept. 21, 1909), Virginia wrote:

We went to Dresden, where we became intimate with an American opera singer, who was on the verge of a lawsuit, and conferred with Adrian every afternoon in her bedroom and now wishes me to buy her a marabout boa with chenille trimming. . . . 35

This is one of those situations in which Virginia’s love of a good story may have run away with her, but in any event we know that in December 1909 Adrian decided to give up the study of law and to become an actor. Just what he actually did in the next few years is obscure. In early 1911 Virginia reports that Adrian is in Paris with Horace Cole visiting various brothels. When he returns, he is “. . . occupied, like a wizard brewing potions in a cell, peeling onions, with his great horn spectacles on, and a pipe in his mouth.”36 At about this same time, Duncan Grant decorated Adrian’s drawing room at Brunswick Square with tennis players in reds and yellows, with Adrian assisting the artist. Adrian, according to Duncan, had “a certain talent for painting . . . and Adrian also decorated the four panels of cupboard door with nude female figures.”37
I have not discovered when Adrian met Karin Costelloe, who became his wife. Virginia mentions staying with the Costelloes and Karin’s grandparents, the Pearsall Smiths, in October 1910; but she does not mention Karin herself until having her for lunch in, 1912. By 1913, in any case, both Karin and Adrian are giving “Bloomsbury parties,” which were to become notorious; and, of course, quite unlike the sedate discussions of earlier years. In Bloomsbury Portraits, Richard Shone says:

In June there were large, very mixed Bloomsbury parties, notably one given by Adrian where Duncan appeared as a heavily pregnant whore and Marjorie Strachey wore nothing but a miniature of Prince Albert. Karin Costelloe gave a party the following week where a farce by Lytton was performed, The Unfortunate Lovers or Truth Will Out, in which a good deal of transvestism helped to explain in very theatrical terms certain current liaisons within Bloomsbury.38

This world came to an end on August 4, 1914 when “the lamps went out all over Europe.”39 Adrian was one of those who called on Philip Morrell who spoke in the House of Commons against the declaration of war. Later Adrian thought of volunteering, but instead joined the No Conscription Fellowship. He married Karin in October 1914 and, as fellow conscientious objectors, they organized and worked on a dairy farm, at least after the Military Service Bill (which Adrian vigorously opposed) was passed. Even so, Adrian and Karin managed to live near the country places of Vanessa Bell and the Woolfs, and at one point they planned to take Charleston—a beautiful place that Vanessa took later in the year and kept until the end of her life. On August 25, 1916, Virginia wrote to Vanessa: “Karin thinks B. B. is going to cut off her allowance, owing to being a C. O., so they cant take Charleston after all.”40 B. B. was the very formidable Bernard Berenson who had been Karin’s step-father since 1900, when she was eleven.

Later in 1916, Adrian was near Cheltenham where he had thirty cows and six C.O.s to help take care of them. A year later, however (in October 1917), Adrian had medical orders exempting him from further farm work because of indifferent health and “heart strain.”41 During the war years, Karin and Adrian had two daughters, born in 1915 and 1918. They lived in a variety of places and appear often in the pages of Virginia’s letters and diary. It seems likely that Adrian was not gainfully employed for nearly two decades after coming down from Cambridge, and he must have lived on his inheritance and, later, Karin’s allowance. Even so, as noted, it was somehow possible to give parties, go to concerts, and visit various country places.

The big news is in Virginia’s diary entry for June 18, 1919:
I went off . . . to call on Adrian . . . & found that strange couple just decided to become medical students. After 5 years’ training they will, being aged 35 & 41 or so, set up together in practice as psycho-analysts. This is the surface bait that has drawn them. The more profound cause is, I suppose, the old question which used to weigh so heavily on Adrian, what to do? Here is another chance; visions of success & a busy, crowded, interesting life beguile him. Halfway through, I suppose, something will make it all impossible; & then, having forgotten his law, he will take up what—farming or editing a newspaper, or keeping bees perhaps. . . .

In a letter to Vanessa, written the same day, Virginia tells the same news, and adds:

they think they stand a great chance of success, as man and woman in combination ought to be invincible. I suppose one’ll whisper one’s symptoms to Adrian, and he’ll bellow them to Karin; and then they’ll lay their heads together. Isn’t it a surprising prospect? I see in it another of Karin’s gallant attempts to roll her huge stone up the hill.

Adrian and Karin did, in fact, study medicine at University College Hospital, London. They qualified in 1926 and after this practiced psychoanalysis at 50 Gordon Square.

Adrian’s obituary in the International Journal gives a more objective—or at least more conventional—account of his new career. The author of this obituary is anonymous, but it was written by someone who loved him enough to understand him and both enjoy and value his harlequinade. He says that Adrian emerged from the first world war disillusioned by the direction civilization was taking and, having read Morton Prince’s Dissociation of a Personality, decided that the study of human personality was the most important and most interesting task of the times. Adrian and Karin consulted Ernest Jones, who advised them to become medical psychoanalysts. Adrian’s personal analyst was James Glover until he died, then Ella Sharpe.

The rigors of medical and analytic training did not put an end to other interests. In April 1920, Virginia writes that Adrian and Karin have sent out cards for a large evening party, for which Virginia expects to supply the romance. After the party, she wrote that it was dreadful with different versions of Mrs. Berenson and Aunt Lou (Mrs. Bertrand Russell), who were Karin’s mother and aunt. Virginia adds, however, that Karin is much nicer than anyone else. Then, in 1921, Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant, working as a team, decorated the Stephen’s rooms in Gordon Square. The style was highly individual, and would have appeared ultra modern to guests of the unusual couple. A few months after this, Karin gave a
large tea party for Lady Colfax, who, however, failed to appear. Toward the end of his training, Adrian found time to play the role of a eunuch in a musical play, “The Son of Heaven,” written in 1913 by Lytton Strachey but not produced until 1925. The principals were professionals, but lesser roles were played by amateurs from Cambridge and Gordon Square.48

Adrian's professional career is summarized in the obituary. He wrote articles on “A Dream Series,” “Impotence,” and “The Super Ego and Other Internal Objects.” He was Editor of the International Journal for the two years before his death. His principal influence was in the reorganization of the British Psycho-Analytical Society, which he thought of as a “free society of thinking people unfettered individually or in their relation to one another by overriding personal ambition or desire for power, and conducting its affairs on the assumption that each had something to offer of value if given the chance. . . .”49

Earlier in the obituary, Adrian is described as follows:

He was . . . a representative of a culture that has almost passed away. That generation of stern and brilliant thinkers among whom he lived did much to shape the course of England's destiny—their books we daily use, their formulations we still employ, and their lonely son we now mourn. . . .

He was possessed of a kind of patient tolerance or acceptance of pain, and the work of living seemed to have set him free, more than most, to look with an open and unblinking stare on what was before him without being deflected by wish fulfillment; he was supported by his genuine passion for truth and by a certain satisfaction in debunking nonsense, dishonesty and pretentiousness. . . .50

When World War II came along, Adrian was a volunteer. His career was somewhat comic, however, because the Army could not fit his six-foot-five-inch frame with a uniform. He was assigned to the War Office Selection Boards and despite the usual uneasiness with regulars, he won this commendation from a regular combat officer: “Major Stephen is the kindest and wisest of men; I have not met anyone who did not feel affection for him and honour his work.”51

Leonard Woolf states that Adrian had gone to Nazi Germany on behalf of a German friend shortly before the war. On the basis of what he saw, says Leonard: “. . . Adrian told us that he would commit suicide rather than fall into German hands, and that he had provided himself with means of doing so; he offered to Virginia and me, who would certainly have been proscribed, a portion of this protective poison.”52

There is much more to be told about Adrian, but I must stop with one final vignette—this from before his analysis. Virginia had a caller, a Mrs. Hamilton, of
whom Virginia wrote: “She told me a curious thing about the sensibilities of my family—Adrian had asked her to tell me how much he’d liked The Voyage Out, which he had just read for the first time, & is too shy to write & tell me so himself. . . .”\textsuperscript{53}

\textbf{MARY BERENSON}

There is no way I can avoid turning next to Karin’s mother, Mary. Mary’s parents were the Robert Pearsall Smiths, somewhat fanatical and wealthy Philadelphia Quakers with many connections in England. Mary went to Smith College, where she joined Gertrude Stein and others in a descent on Harvard in an effort to take courses there. Some classes were, as a result, opened to them, and the group became known as the Harvard Annex—the forerunner of Radcliffe College. Mary was a beauty and much sought after in Cambridge, but she had already met an Irish barrister, twelve years her senior, who lived in London but who came to America to make a study of law schools and lived for a time with the Pearsall Smiths. So she married Frank Costelloe, a Roman Catholic by conversion and a man as much devoted to social reform in London as were her parents to writing religious tracts. As a dutiful bride, Mary tried working at Toynbee Hall, newly founded in the East End slums. On one occasion, she was assigned to convince a prostitute of the wrongness of her ways. But Mary was too good a listener. The sinner told her that her good looks were her only asset for supporting her young children, and so Mary ended the conversation and wished her client a successful evening.

Meanwhile the Pearsall Smiths moved to England because their son, Logan, preferred living there and because their other daughter, Alys, wished to attend lectures at Oxford. Mary Costelloe had two daughters, Ray (who later married Oliver Strachey) and Karin; and so of course there were many visits to the Pearsall Smiths. One of these proved to be fateful, because it was then that Mary first met Bernard Berenson. It was a large party, and all the young men and young women camped out, in separate tents of course, but they were close enough so that Mary and Bernard talked all night; and a week later, Bernard summoned Mary to join him. The two Costelloes (leaving the little girls with their grandparents) travelled through France and Italy with Bernard; and it was not much later that Mary, at twenty-six, spent most of her time in Florence to be near her mentor, who was then twenty-five. By 1893, three years later, the Costelloes obtained a legal separation, and Mary spent most of her time in part of a villa at Fiesole, just a minute’s walk from Bernard’s place. Mrs. Whittall Smith, now a widow, had the two little girls and lived not far from their father in what is now Millbank.

Years later Mary recalled a time when she tried to talk with Bernard about the purpose of life and ultimate values until he exploded: “In Heaven’s name, Mary,
do drop all that transcendental nonsense. Study the human mind if you will, but
don't pretend to understand the mind of God.\textsuperscript{54} The effect on Mary, according
to Berenson's biographer, Sylvia Spriggs, was that

she was more than converted to the human mind. In later years she be-
came an ardent devotee of psycho-analysis and much encouraged an
interest for it in both her daughters. The younger one became a consult-
ing psycho-analyst, to the distress of her step-father, who thought it would
not bring her any sense of fulfillment.\textsuperscript{55}

\textbf{KARIN STEPHEN}

In 1899, when Karin was ten, her father died. This left her mother free to
marry Berenson, who, meanwhile, had begun buying paintings for the fabulous
Isabelle Gardner of Boston. He was in a position, therefore, to find and acquire
the beautiful “I Tatti” for his bride. They were married first at the Palazzo Vecchio
in Florence and then, by two priests, in a little chapel adjoining “I Tatti.” Berenson
was now calling himself a nominal Catholic, having been tutored in the ritual of
the Mass by his bride's first husband.

Karin survived all of this and in due time was sent to boarding school where
she became hockey captain and head girl. She won a scholarship to Newnham,
where she had a brilliant career, taking honors. Because of serious ear trouble,
however, she returned to the States and attended Bryn Mawr for a year; but then
she came back to Cambridge and took a Double First, staying on at Newnham as
a Fellow. In 1913, at the age of twenty-three, Karin read a paper entitled “What
Bergson Means by ‘Interpenetration’” to the Aristotelian Society, to which she had
been elected the previous year. Her teacher and uncle-by-marriage, Bertrand Russell,
was in the chair. Lytton Strachey was present and described it “as an odd affair—
Karin rather too feminine and boring; Bertrand Russell very brilliant; Moore su-
preme; Ethyl Sands, having come for the sake of Karin’s beaux yeux, silent and
watchful . . .”.\textsuperscript{56} Lytton wrote to his friend Henry Lamb:

There was a strange collection of people . . . sitting round a long table
with Bertie in the middle, presiding, like some Inquisitor, and Moore
opposite him, bursting with fat and heat, and me next to Moore, and
Waterlow next to me, and Woolf and Virginia crouching, and a strange
crew of old cranky Metaphysicians ranged along like half-melted wax
dolls in a shop window . . . Miss Sands! . . . the incorrigible old Sapphist—
and Karin herself, next to Bertie, exaggeratedly the woman, with a mouth
forty feet long and lascivious in proportion. All the interstices were filled
with antique faded spinsters, taking notes. . . .\textsuperscript{57}
It was just at this time, I should remind you, that Karin and Adrian were giving their way-out parties in London and that they were married the next year.

There are dozens of references to Karin in Virginia Woolf’s letters and diary, most of them unflattering; but not all, as I have indicated. Karin’s hearing deteriorated, and Virginia poked fun at this, as well as at Karin’s legs, which were what others might call sturdy. By the time she and Adrian were studying medicine, Karin had to use an ear trumpet; and this was the more obvious because they came late to classes and sat in the front row. Marion Milner, who wrote Karin’s obituary, says that those who came to know them found a fascinating combination of arresting personalities who created an atmosphere of spaciousness and an easy unconventionality. “There was always a readiness for every kind of adventure, whether intellectual or physical; often the two were combined, as when, out in their sailing-boat, a vivid discussion of psychoanalytic theory would be suddenly interrupted by finding the boat had run on a mud bank.”

Karin was analyzed by James Glover until his death in 1925. In 1927 she spent some time in Baltimore, working at the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital and having further analysis with Clara Thompson. Returning to England, she entered private practice and also gave the first lectures on psychoanalysis ever given at Cambridge. These, according to Milner, were highly successful, were repeated and were the basis for the book Psycho-Analysis and Medicine: A Study of the Wish to Fall Ill (1933). In the mid-1930s, this book was considered the best introduction to psychoanalysis. I bought my copy in 1934, and at least the first ten pages are heavily underlined. If I didn’t finish it, the fault was not with the book but with the demands of medical school.

Karin was also interested in psychotic patients, and she wrote papers on introjection and projection as well as on internal objects. She was never comfortable with anything orthodox and never felt as compatible with the Society as did Adrian. Milner concludes Karin’s obituary as follows:

She was indeed a brave spirit, constantly struggling against forces which finally overwhelmed her. Perhaps she ought never to have been an analyst; perhaps her great gifts, her fearlessness, her honesty, her dry humour, qualities which gave her clarity of intellect a rich and stimulating power, should have been used in some other field. Or perhaps the attack on the unknown in human personality is the ascent of an Everest which must have its casualties; and these explorers should be remembered for their endeavours as well as those who return safely...
Group from the outset, and so too—although he sometimes denied it—was James. These brothers were the eighth and tenth of ten children born in perfect alternation of girl, boy, girl boy, and so on down to Lytton, Marjorie and James. (It was Marjorie who could recite innocent nursery rhymes with such suggestive inflexions and facial expressions that they became pornographic; but that was later.) The patriarch of this remarkable family was Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Strachey who, according to Leonard Woolf, had an extraordinarily brilliant career in India, having attained eminence as an army officer, scientist, engineer and administrator. Leonard was about twenty and at Cambridge when he became acquainted with the Stracheys, and he says Sir Richard must have been about eighty-five at that time. Says Leonard: “He was always surrounded by a terrific din . . . created by his sons and daughters, but he sat through it completely unmoved, occasionally smiling affectionately at it and them, when it obtruded itself unavoidably upon his notice, for instance, if in some deafening argument one side or the other appealed to him for a decision. . . .”

Lady Strachey was also from a distinguished Anglo-Indian family, being the daughter of Sir John Grant. They were Scots, actually; and Duncan Grant, being a cousin, was very much a member of the family. Leonard Woolf describes Lady Strachey as appearing detached much of the time, apparently unconscious of her children's Babel of argument, indignation, excitement, laughter. This absentmindedness or distraction was, however, rather deceptive. She was, in fact, tremendously on the spot whenever she gave her attention to anything. She was passionately intellectual, with that curiosity of mind which the Greeks rightly thought so important. She had a passion for literature, argument, and billiards. . . . The last time Virginia and I saw her was when she was old and blind, sitting one summer evening under a tree in Gordon Square. We went and sat down by her, and somehow or other we got on the subject of Milton's Lycidas, which at St. Paul's we had to learn by heart. She recited the whole of it to us superbly without hesitating over a word. The beauty of the London evening in the London square . . . the beauty of Lady Strachey's voice remain one of the last gentle memories of a London and an era which vanished in the second great war.

One more vignette from Leonard Woolf will indicate how the Strachey children grew up:

They were all, like their mother, passionately intellectual, most of them with very quick minds and lively imaginations. All of them, I suspect,
DOUGLASS W. ORR

except the two eldest, must have been born with pens in their hands and perhaps spectacles on their noses. Their chief recreation was conversation and they adored conversational speculation which usually led to argument. They were all argumentatively very excitable and they all had in varying degree what came to be known as the Strachey voice. . . . It had a tremendous range from deep tones to high falsetto. When six or seven Stracheys became involved in an argument over the dinner table, as almost always happened, the roar and rumble, the shrill shrieks, the bursts of laughter, the sound and fury of excitement were deafening and to an unprepared stranger paralyzing. And these verbal typhoons were not confined to literary discussions and the dinner table. I was once playing croquet with Lytton, Marjorie and James . . . and a dispute broke out between the three Stracheys over some point in the game. I stood aside waiting until the storm should subside. The noise was terrific. The back of the house, which was, I think, early Georgian, looked down with its, say, eighteen windows upon the lawn where we were playing. By chance I looked up at the house and was delighted to see a Strachey face at each of the eighteen windows watching the three furious gesticulating figures and listening, I think appreciatively, to the noise and excitement.63

Among these highly gifted personalities, Lytton was perhaps the most brilliant. His knowledge of psychoanalysis was probably no greater than that of his intellectual friends until the 1920s, when he was tutored by James and Alix. Holroyd, Lytton’s biographer, states that Freud regarded Lytton’s first best seller—Eminent Victorians—as a treatise against religion.64 Lytton did indeed pass through the looking glass of official biographies and obituaries to indications of human frailty in his subjects, but he did not attempt psychological analyses. Holroyd says: “None of his character sketches in Eminent Victorians were influenced in the slightest by Freud, nor was his portrait of Queen Victoria. The greatest psychological influence of his earlier work had been Dostoeievsky—who, of course, reveals a lot of the same material as Freud, and whom Freud himself regarded as the greatest of all novelists.”65

It was different when Lytton came to write Elizabeth and Essex. By then James and Alix Strachey were back from Vienna—and beginning their translations of Freud. Lytton had long discussions with both of them about the characters of Elizabeth and Essex. When the book appeared in 1928, James sent a copy to Freud; and a month later Freud wrote to Lytton:

I am acquainted with all your earlier publications, and have read them with great enjoyment. But the enjoyment was essentially an esthetic one. This time you have moved me deeply, for you yourself have reached
greater depths. You are aware of what other historians so easily overlook—that it is impossible to understand the past with certainty, because we cannot divine men’s motives and the essence of their minds and so cannot interpret their actions. Our psychological analysis does not suffice even with those who are near to us in space and time, unless we can make them the object of years of the closest investigation, and even then it breaks down before the incompleteness of our knowledge and the clumsiness of our synthesis. So that with regard to people of past times we are in the same position as with dreams to which we have given no associations—and only a layman could expect us to interpret such dreams as those. As a historian, then, you have approached one of the most remarkable figures in your country’s history, you have known how to trace back her character to the impressions of her childhood, you have touched upon her most hidden motives with equal boldness and discretion, and it is very possible that you have made a correct reconstruction of what actually occurred.66

JAMES STRACHEY

James Strachey was born in 1887 and was therefore seven years younger than Lytton. He went from St. Paul’s School to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, according to Winnicott, who wrote James’s obituary, “he did absolutely nothing for three years, except of course that he met everyone who was interesting and talked about everything that seemed to him to have importance.”67 Unlike Lytton, Leonard Woolf and Maynard Keynes, who were so absorbed with the philosopher G. E. Moore, James took up Fabian Socialism and a preoccupation with social problems. He also developed an absorbing interest in music. Virginia Woolf has a description of James’s rooms at Trinity, and she appears to include him in her circle of “buggers,”68 but Holroyd says that Lytton had chosen this decor of apple-green and white and that James just moved in as Lytton left. In fact, says Holroyd of Lytton:

But what chiefly dismayed and maddened him was the sight of his brother, a preposterous caricature of his past self, sitting there, silent, contemptuous, utterly ineffectual, impotent and dull—a mere reflection of a reflection... .

James’s withdrawn nature and youthful appearance soon earned for him the name of “the Little Strachey” while Lytton now figured as “the Great Strachey.”69

James chose to overlook the symbolic nature of these titles and wrote to Holroyd
that, in fact, both he and Lytton were exactly six-feet-one-inch tall in their stock-inged feet.70

James revived, however; and by 1907 or 1906 he had become Lytton’s principal confidant and advisor. He was also very close to Rupert Brooke, then President of the Cambridge Fabian Society. In July 1908, Lytton and James went to Scotland, Lytton for his health and James to recover from the “ill-effects of his ‘dumb deaf and blind adoration’ of Rupert Brooke.”71 About this time, Lytton began writing regularly for the Spectator, and James spent much of his time at the opera or theater. In 1909, however, James went to work and for six years—until 1915—was private secretary to his cousin, St. Loe Strachey, Editor of the Spectator. James was dismissed in December 1915 because of being a conscientious objector in the First World War. James and Lytton are described as sharing exactly a “sophisticated, socialist point of view,” and “intellectual fastidiousness . . . pacifism and pessimism over the war.”72 The parting was courteous, however, and St. Loe wrote to Lady Strachey that James had behaved like a Strachey and a gentleman, and that he was sure James would grow out of this “sort of indecision and . . . intellectual fastidiousness which makes him unable to take any course, and also, as you know, to admire anything.”73

During the first year of the War, James and others carried on as usual. At one party, James, Lytton and Marjorie did a “delicate and courtly minuet,” keeping perfect time to Mozart—a sight that Lady Ottoline Morrell was to say always haunted her with its half-serious, half-mocking, yet beautiful quality.74 In the late summer of 1915, James went to the country to visit, bringing a new girlfriend, Alix Sargent-Florence, described as an ex-Newnham student. Other guests included two Strachey sisters, G. E. Moore, Clive Bell, Roger Fry and E. M. Forster. With the coming of conscription, James as a C.O. went to work for a Quaker organization that distributed milk to the English wives of interned German civilians. In 1917, James took Noel Olivier, together with Lytton and Carrington, on a holiday in North Cornwall. Lytton, as was his habit, read Gibbon to Carrington. By Christmas 1917, however, James came with Alix and others to visit Lytton and Carrington at Tidmarsh, their new country place.

Early in 1918, it was Noel Olivier again as they listened with Virginia and Leonard Woolf to passages from Lytton’s Eminent Victorians—then about half written. Later, James and Lytton went to Bertrand Russell’s trial, at which he was convicted of subversive propaganda. At about this time, James began the study of medicine. According to Winnicott, James had been greatly impressed by a quotation from Freud in a book by C. G. S. Meyer, and then talked with Ernest Jones, who urged medical training prior to analytic training. After a few weeks of medical studies, James came down with influenza and, besides, was bored. He then became dramatic critic of the Athenaeum for about a year. James and Alix, by now living together, took the whole of 41 Gordon Square. James later told
Holroyd: “We began by living on the top two floors, before we were married. . . . Then we took on the second floor and then for some time when we were rich, the first floor as well. There was even a very short period when we had the whole house, during which we gave a celebrated party with 200 guests. . . .”75 Their tenants in the early years included Lytton, Ralph Partridge, and Carrington, and the ballet dancer, Lydia Lopokova, who later married Maynard Keynes.

James sustained his interest in psychoanalysis and finally wrote directly to Freud. Freud, apparently gratified to hear from an Englishman so soon after the war, replied promptly and invited James and Alix to come to Vienna. This they did in 1920, and evidently got married then in order to go as man and wife. Ernest Jones has an amusing comment on this venture: “When James Strachey went to study with Freud I wrote a letter of introduction, not entirely complimentary, telling Freud what little I knew of him at that time. In an early session Freud went into the next room, fetched the letter, and read it aloud to him. . . .”76 By the next year, however, James and Alix were apparently combining analysis with translation. On March 9, 1921, James wrote to Lady Strachey that he and Alix were translating some of Freud’s clinical papers:

There are to be five of them, each giving a detailed history of a specially interesting case and an account of the treatment. They were written at intervals during the last twenty years—the first in 1899 and the last quite recently—so that they give a very good idea of the development of his views. Altogether the book will probably be about 500 pages long. It is a great compliment to have been given it to do. And he thought of the plan on purpose to be of help to us in two different ways. First of all, it’ll give us a specially intimate knowledge of his methods, as we are able to talk over with him any difficulties that occur to us in the course of the translation; and we now go on Sunday afternoons specially to discuss whatever problems we want to. In the second place, our appearance as official translators of his work into English will give us a great advertisement in psychological circles in England.77

Their return to England was noted by Virginia Woolf, with a touch of acid. On September 2, 1921, she writes: “The last people I saw were James and Alix, fresh from Freud—Alix grown gaunt and vigorous—James puny and languid—such is the effect of 10 months psycho-analysis.”78 Winnicott speaks of their venture in these words: “. . . they went out to Vienna together and it appears that something half way between an analysis and a conversation broke out between Strachey and Freud.”79

Strachey’s principal contribution to psychoanalysis—apart from translations and editing—was a series of lectures in 1933 in which he formulated his concept
of mutative interpretations. "Here," says Winnicott, "he made explicit the principle of economic interpretation, interpretation at the point of urgency, accurately timed, gathering together the material presented by the patient and clearly dealing with a sample of transference neurosis." Winnicott also mentions the fact that many persons thought that Strachey would never stick to anything but that, by the 1930s, he was clearly involved in Freud's writings to which, as we know, he devoted himself through the first twenty-three volumes of the Standard Edition, when he died. He also found the time to be Lytton's literary executor, including editing a book of Lytton's articles called Spectorial Essays (1964) and numerous efforts to set Holroyd straight in the writing of Lytton's biography. In addition, he collaborated with Leonard Woolf in editing the book Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey: Letters (1956).

The Stracheys gave up 41 Gordon Square in 1956 but had offices at Upper Harley Street. Their new home, Lord's Wood, had been Alix's childhood home. Here they found the quiet and isolation needed for the tremendous work of the Standard Edition. I shall conclude this section with two estimates of James Strachey. The one by Winnicott may reflect his having been ten years on Strachey's couch:

I want to say that he was a good sample of an Englishman. He was not a great man, I think and hope, although who can say to whom posterity will give this award? But he was a man who was so infinitely enriched by what he had gathered in from his cultural inheritance that he did not depend on distractions for feeling glad to be alive. Those who shared his life undoubtedly shared with him this same richness which came from friendships, from literature, from art. He will always be my favorite example of a psychoanalyst.

Leonard Woolf, who was to die two years later, wrote:

I knew James when he was a boy at St. Paul's and when he came up to Trinity, Cambridge. All his life he was to some extent overshadowed by the greater brilliance, achievements, and fame of Lytton. In similar fraternal cases—not uncommon—more often than not the less successful brother is embittered and, consciously or unconsciously, bears a grudge against his more distinguished brother in particular, and even against the world in general. I never saw the slightest trace of this in James. He was devoted to Lytton and delighted in his success. He confronted the world with a facade of gentle, rather cold, aloofness and reserve, but behind this was a combination of great sense and sensibility. Unlike Lytton, he had no originality or creativeness, but his editing of Freud shows both the power of his mind and the delicacy of his understanding.
From Masud Khan’s obituary of Alix Strachey in the International Journal, one might get the impression that she emerged from the mists of some primeval forest, but only intermittently and never long enough for anyone to know her well. Khan finds her everywhere in the writings of the Bloomsbury Group, but she emerges sentient and allusive. He says: “All talk with tenderness and relish about her, yet nowhere does one find enough of a narrative to define her person for oneself. This reticence and unobtrusiveness were typical of her to the very end.”

Alix was born in New York, and her maiden name was Sargant-Florence. I have discovered nothing about her parents, but I assume they were British. In any case, Alix went to school in Hampshire and then Newnham College, Cambridge, from 1911 to 1914. She lived with her mother at Lord’s Wood near Marlow. Carrington, a close friend, described this home as “one of the best sort, with great comforts and a most beautiful bathroom you ever saw with coloured tiles.”

Outside there were great woods and commons all around. By 1915, as we have seen, Alix was introduced as James’s new girlfriend, and in 1916 James brought her to dinner at the Woolfs. Virginia and Leonard liked and knew her well enough by 1917 to ask her to become their assistant at the Hogarth Press. As it turned out, however, Alix was so bored with setting type that she quit the day she was hired. Later, however, she was research assistant to Leonard for a time.

Alix appears to have been at loose ends for some years. She is described by Quentin Bell as “tall and grave” and again as “the austere and melancholy Alix (desperately, but in the end successfully, engaged in the pursuit of James Strachey).”

There are many rather ambivalent references to Alix in Virginia Woolf’s letters and diary. At one point (January 17, 1918) she writes at a time when Alix has been staying at 46 Gordon Square with Maynard Keynes and H. T. J. Norton:

The center of life . . . is now undoubtedly the 17 Club. Alix . . . is quite unvariable, and I suppose permanent now that she’s been finally ousted from Gordon Square, which operation, she told me yesterday, was firmly carried out by Norton or Maynard or both. . . . I have a plan for establishing her in Ormond Street above Saxon. Who knows? His gloom and her despair meeting may build a rainbow.

Later, when Alix and James were at odds and Saxon had been dropped by Barbara Bagenal, Virginia writes again to Vanessa:

I’ve talked with Saxon. . . . [Y]ou’ve heard, I suppose, that he’s setting up with Alix in Faith’s house? I met her at the 17 Club, more sunk than ever;
and I think a little suspicious that the world would laugh at two rejected lovers keeping house. . . . I did my best to be very liberal, low in tone, and dismal myself; I find its my good spirits that makes her . . . so melancholy. . . .

Early in 1919 (January 22nd), Virginia has more gossip for Vanessa:

Then I suppose you’ve heard all about Norton and Alix? I had the story from her. I never heard such a farce. Copulation every 10 days in order to free his suppressed instincts! I rather think she’ll marry him in the end. She asked my advice— but nobody ever takes my advice. I told her on no account to copulate from a sense of duty, but to advise him to invest his capital either in a new theatre or picture gallery or string quartet and his instincts would be liberated spontaneously. Norton is the pure flower of Cambridge isn’t he?

A month or so later, however, Alix announces that she is taking the Gordon Square house so that she can live with James. He, however, seems to have played the reluctant dragon. Less than six months after that, Virginia has further news:

James came to Fredegond in an appalling state of fright. He said that Alix was on the point of killing herself. They had quarrelled over something quite unimportant. Alix had lost her temper . . . and dismissed him forever. . . . They got her to Chelsea. . . . Carrington was sent for. Just before Carrington arrived, James made his way in; there was a reconciliation scene; then . . . the same passions on Alix’s part started again. Finally she was packed off to Tidmarsh, where she still is, writing reams of poetry. . . . Fredegond cross-examined James. . . . He won’t admit he’s in love; in fact he denies that there’s such a thing as being in love. Meanwhile, as Alix provides food and shelter, I suppose he’ll keep his grip on her.

They got back together, of course, and, early in 1920, Virginia wrote:

James . . . is setting up a theatre. He’s going to start with Rosmersholm . . . and he . . . offered Leonard a part. . . . Meanwhile Alix is setting up a photographic studio, the point of which is that a million candles flash in your face, and thus absolute truth is obtained— no sentimental evasions— what they call facing facts. She told me that she is now very happy.

These careers did not last long, for it was later in 1920 that James and Alix went to Vienna. Some time after their return, Alix had her innings with Virginia.
Later, in 1926 I think, when Ralph Partridge and I were living in Gordon Square, we invited the "Woolves" to dinner. Alix Strachey, then in her thirties, and Julia Strachey came in later. Virginia once more returned to the theme of the younger generation and gave an astonishing display of trying to charm them and make them look ridiculous, at the same time. She certainly succeeded in the first.

Alix had (and has) a first-rate brain, but at this time was indulging in a post-dated passion for parties and dancing. Virginia greeted her with, "Oh yes, Alix, I know all about you. You simply spend your whole time dancing, and sink further into imbecility every moment." It was not really said as a joke, and led to a duel of wits between Virginia and Alix. When they got to psycho-analysis, Virginia was out of her depth, and worsted. (The Hogarth Press published translations of Freud, but I doubt if she had read much of them). As they left, Leonard said to her, "Come on, Virginia, don't disgrace the older generation!" To Julia Strachey, who was pretty and elegant, she had been entirely charming.92

Alix herself wrote a chapter for a book called Recollections of Virginia Woolf. I quote what applies mostly to James and Alix:

In 1920 James and I went to live in Vienna. This meant that all the interests we shared with the people we knew in Bloomsbury changed in a way that affected us considerably. . . . Our new friends and acquaintances were nearly all analysts. They were not essentially interested in art or literature and I began to feel cut off from our Bloomsbury associations.

When we finally returned to England the situation was still the same. James deplored the change, too. He was sure that Lytton felt we had entered a world so different from his own that he would never be able to share it with us. Our new world, governed as it was by a knowledge of the unconscious mind, was alien not only to Lytton; it frightened a lot of people and some of them were a little contemptuous of it. . . .

James often wondered why Leonard does not persuade Virginia to see a psychoanalyst about her mental breakdowns. . . . Although this knowledge was available, I did not agree with James that it would be of help to Virginia. . . . I think that with Virginia's very parlous mental balance it might have been too much for her. . . . It seemed to me quite a reasonable judgment for Leonard to have made then, if he did so. It may be preferable to be mad and be creative than to be treated by analysis and become ordinary.93
Alix was more than clinical about Virginia. She saw the effect of “not quite belonging to this world,” but she says in addition: “But this was only one aspect of Virginia’s character. She really had a great sense of humour and there was usually a sense of immense gaiety about her. Lytton, in particular, could bring out these qualities in her. They had a great deal of badinage together and it was always amusing to hear them.”

Masud Khan notes his astonishment at the size of Alix’s contribution to the Standard Edition and also the extraordinary range of her scholarship in literature. He says that there are persons who are creative, productive and mutual but insist on staying anonymous, and that Alix was one of these. He tells a story that she liked to tell, and it is a suitable climax to this account of her:

It had been a critical week in her analysis, which resulted in her having a significant dream. She recounted her dream to the Professor and they worked around it. Then the Professor gave an interpretation, at the end of which he got up to fetch a cigar for himself, saying: “Such insights need celebrating.” Alix Strachey mildly protested that she had not yet told the whole dream, to which the Professor replied: “Don’t be greedy, that is enough insight for a week.”

ROGER FRY

Roger Fry deserves as much time and space here as anyone else, but I must deal briefly with him. He came from eight or more generations of English Quakers. His parents had compromised with modern ways, and his father became a judge and was knighted when Roger, born in 1866, was ten or so. Roger went up to Cambridge in 1885, and was therefore thirteen or fourteen years older and earlier than Leonard Woolf and others who became part of Old Bloomsbury.

Roger was trained as a scientist, but turned to painting and art history as a result of influences at Cambridge. His expertise became such that, by about 1902, he was buying pictures for J. Pierpont Morgan and was being considered for the directorships of the British School at Rome, the National Gallery in London, and the Metropolitan Museum in New York. He finally took the last, on a part-time basis, but by 1910, having aroused the wrath of Morgan in New York and having learned that his wife had an incurable mental illness, Fry was back in London. Here he put on an exhibition of Post-Impressionist painters that almost caused riots among the conventional British who came to see them. Cézanne and Gauguin were the favorite targets. A comparable exhibition in 1912 included contemporary English artists, including Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant, who were, of course, identified with Bloomsbury.
Roger Fry's appearance on the Bloomsbury scene is described by Virginia Woolf as follows:

It must have been in 1910 I suppose that Clive one evening rushed upstairs in a state of the highest excitement. He had just had one of the most interesting conversations of his life. It was with Roger Fry. . . . So Roger appeared. He appeared, I seem to think, in a large ulster coat, every pocket of which was stuffed with a book, a paint box or something intriguing; special tips which he had bought from a little man in a back street; he had canvasses under his arms; his hair flew; his eyes glowed. He had more knowledge and experience than the rest of us put together. . . . The old skeleton arguments of primitive Bloomsbury about art and beauty put on flesh and blood. . . . 96

Roger's ceaseless energy led him also to found the Omega Workshops—for contemporary designs, crafts, furniture, wallpaper, and so on. This project had the support of Bloomsbury artists and many others, but it lasted only a few years because of the onset of World War I. Later, in the 1920s, Roger became a very popular lecturer on art, drawing capacity crowds at Queen's Hall.

In 1924, the Hogarth Press published—in a pamphlet series—Fry's critique of Freud's views on art. This small work is called The Artist and Psycho-Analysis.97 I could not track it down and therefore have not read it. Oddly enough, it is not mentioned in Virginia Woolf's biography of Roger Fry, nor does Leonard comment on it beyond the fact of its publication in the Hogarth Essay series. Ernest Jones takes it very seriously, however; but he is very careful to explain (1) that both Ernst Kris and Ernst Freud advised him not to write on Freud's view of artists; and (2) that Freud was speaking of writers rather than of painters. Jones believes that Fry made several very pertinent criticisms of Freud's views. He quotes extensively from Fry's essay—with approval, for the most part—but I must limit myself to referring to Jones's own chapter, which is Chapter 15 of Volume III of his biography of Freud.98 With this, I must turn to the Hogarth Press.

THE HOGARTH PRESS

Virginia Woolf records in her diary that on her thirty-third birthday (January 25, 1915) Leonard took her, free of charge (because they usually paid equal shares), to a Picture Palace and then to tea. She says: "Sitting at tea we decided three things: in the first place to take Hogarth, if we can get it; in the second, to buy a printing press; in the third, to buy a Bull dog, probably called John. I am very much excited at the idea of all three—particularly the press. . . ."99 Leonard did, in fact, move to Hogarth House, Richmond, on March 25, 1915, but Virginia, now in the
second phase of her most serious psychotic illness, was taken to a nursing home. It was about two years later, on March 23, 1917, that Leonard and Virginia spotted the Excelsior Printing Supply Company, off Fleet Street, and promptly bought a small handpress, some Old Face type, and other supplies. It was delivered broken but was soon repaired; and they set it up on the dining room table and taught themselves how to print. By May 7, 1917, they sent out a flier inviting advance orders for their first publication: Two Stories. Virginia's story was "The Mark on the Wall," and Leonard's was "Three Jews." They included four woodcuts by Carrington, and they sold 134 copies. Their second publication was Katherine Mansfield's Prelude, a long short story. During the first few years, their authors included E. M. Forster, Maxim Gorky, and T. S. Eliot—including The Waste Land and in 1923.

It is worth recalling that the very early publications of the Hogarth Press, as it was called from the outset, were totally done by Leonard and Virginia: setting type, printing, stitching, binding, selling and shipping to dealers. Vanessa Bell designed the covers of some books, and Carrington did woodcuts. It should also be noted that the manuscript of James Joyce's Ulysses was brought to them in 1918, though much too big for them to handle on their own press; moreover, no other English printer would take it for fear of prosecution—so it went to Sylvia Beach in Paris. Later on, the Hogarth Press sent many larger works out for printing.

Sometime early in 1924, the Woolfs moved to 52 Tavistock Square, and, about this same time, James Strachey asked Leonard whether he thought the Press could publish for the Institute. He explained that the Institute had already founded the International Psycho-Analytic Library under the editorship of Ernest Jones and had published six volumes: (1) J. J. Putnam, Addresses on Psycho-Analytic A nalysis; (2) Psycho-Analytic Study of the Family; (3) J. C. Flugel, The Psycho-Analytic Study of the Family; (4) Freud, Beyond the Pleasure Principle; (5) Jones, Essays on A pplied Psycho-Analytic A nalysis; and (6) Freud, Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego. They had also signed an agreement with Freud to publish his Collected Papers in four volumes. They had been their own publisher but had the printing and binding done on the Continent.

Leonard drew up an agreement that was quickly accepted by the Institute, and so Volume I of the Collected Papers, published by the Hogarth Press, became No. 7 in the International Psycho-Analytic Library. This was something of a bastard volume, however, because the printing was done in Leipzig, and only the binding carries the name of the Hogarth Press. Subsequent volumes of the Collected Papers, as well as many other psychoanalytic books until the death of Virginia Woolf, bear the familiar title page: Published by Leonard & Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press, 52 Tavistock Square, London, W.C. and the Institute of Psycho-Analysis.
The viscissitudes of publishing Freud became clear when one of the Woolfs' assistants went out to interest booksellers in a list of items extending from the poems of T. S. Eliot to psychoanalysis, only to find that the former were considered nonsense and the latter pornography. Soon, however, the Collected Papers were best sellers, especially in the United States. The Hogarth Press went on to publish 70 books in the International Psycho-Analytic Library and all of Freud's psychological writings in the Standard Edition. Leonard Woolf says of this:

One of the greatest—and most difficult—achievements of the Press was the Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud in 24 volumes. We began publication of this work in 1953 and completed it in 1966. Many years before 1953 I had tried to prepare for an English translation of the monumental German complete edition and had discussed it with Ernst and Anna Freud. The difficulties were so great that for the time being they seemed insuperable. . . .

Leonard goes on to explain that there were conflicting copyrights in England and America, and therefore uncertainty about getting the American market without which the Standard Edition could not pay for itself. Beyond that, some authorized American translations were poorly done. After World War II, Ernst Freud went to America and with great tact and patience cleared up both the legal and delicate personal problems.

As for the rest, Leonard gives the greatest credit to James Strachey, saying: "I doubt whether any translation into the English language of comparable size can compare with his in accuracy and brilliance of translation and in the scholarly thoroughness of its editing."

Leonard concludes his account of the Standard Edition with the following comments:

In October 1966 the Institute of Psycho-Analysis gave a great banquet to celebrate the completion of the work, and Anna Freud, James, and I made speeches. I do not find psycho-analysts in private life—much as I have liked many of them—altogether easy to get on with, because they so often cannot conceal the fact that they know or seem to know not only what one is thinking, but also what one is not thinking. To stand up in evening dress and make a speech to several hundred psycho-analysts I found an intimidating experience, partly because they would know (1) what I was thinking, (2) that I was not thinking what I thought I was thinking, (3) what I was really thinking when I was not thinking what I thought I was thinking.
Leonard and Virginia met Freud only once; and that occasion was, of course, many years before the Standard Edition. I have saved Leonard's account of that visit for the conclusion of my paper:

I only once met Freud in person. The Nazis invaded Austria on March 11, 1938, and it took three months to get Freud out of their clutches. He arrived in London in the first week in June and three months later moved into a house in Maresfield Gardens which was to be his permanent home. When he and his family had had time to settle down there, I made discrete enquiries to see whether he would like Virginia and me to come and see him. The answer was yes, and in the afternoon of Saturday, January 28, 1939, we went and had tea with him. I feel no call to praise the famous men whom I have known. Nearly all famous men are disappointing or bores, or both. Freud was neither; he had an aura, not of fame, but of greatness. The terrible cancer of his mouth which killed him only eight months later had already attacked him. It was not an easy interview. He was extraordinarily courteous in a formal, old-fashioned way—for instance, almost ceremoniously he presented Virginia with a flower. There was something about him as of a half-extinct volcano, something sombre, suppressed, reserved. He gave me the feeling which only a very few people whom I have met gave me, a feeling of great gentleness, but behind the gentleness, great strength. The room in which he sat seemed very light, shining, clean, with a pleasant, open view through his windows into a garden. His study was almost a museum, for there were all around him a number of Egyptian antiquities which he had collected. He spoke about the Nazis. When Virginia said that we felt some guilt, that perhaps if we had not won the 1914 war there would have been no Nazis and no Hitler, he said no, that was wrong; Hitler and the Nazis would have come and would have been much worse if Germany had won the war.

A few days before we visited him I had read the report of a case in which a man had been charged with stealing books from Foyle's shop, and among them one of Freud's; the magistrate fined him and said he wished he could sentence him to read all Freud's works as a punishment. I told Freud about this and he was amused and, in a queer way, also deprecatory about it. His books, he said, had made him infamous, not famous. A formidable man.103

NOTES

3. Ibid., pp. 87-88.
6. Virginia did, in fact, read Moore. See vol. 1 of her Letters, p. 34
15. Ibid., pp. 80-81. See a similar account that includes both parents and written just a year after To the Lighthouse (1927); see also A Writer’s Diary, p. 135 (entry dated Nov. 28, 1928).
18. We know from Virginia Woolf’s Letters, vol 3, p. 522, that Leonard’s mother was married and widowed before. There were no children from that marriage.
32. Adrian derived his own language by taking passages from the Aeneid, breaking Latin words in half and then rejoining them to halves of contiguous words to form new words. The passage
spoken by Adrian appears in Virgil as “Talibus orabat talisque miserrima fetus.”

35. Ibid., p. 412.
36. Ibid., p. 442.
38. Ibid., p. 125.
39. “The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them again in our lifetime”; attributed to Sir Edward Grey after the war began, 1914.
42. Ibid.
46. Ibid., p. 432.
50. Ibid., p. 6.
51. Ibid., p. 2
55. Ibid.
57. Ibid., p. 77 n.
62. Ibid., 189.
63. Ibid., p. 190f.
64. Michael Holroyd, Lytton Strachey, vol 2, p. 245.
65. Ibid., p. 586.
66. Ibid., pp. 615-16.
68. Virginia Woolf, Moments of Being, p. 171.
70. Ibid., vol. 1., p. 302.
71. Ibid., vol. 1, p. 343.
72. Ibid., vol. 1, p. 394.
73. Ibid.
80. Ibid.
82. Leonard Woolf, The Journey Not the Arrival Matters, pp. 119-120.
88. Ibid., p. 223,
89. Ibid., pp. 318-19.
90. Ibid., pp. 369-370.
91. Ibid., p. 428.
93. Ibid., pp. 116-117.
94. Ibid., p. 113.
96. Virginia Woolf, Moments of Being, p. 175.
99. The Diary of Virginia Woolf, vol 1, p. 28.
100. Leonard Woolf, The Journey Not The Arrival Matters, p. 117.
101. Ibid., p. 118.
102. Ibid.
Douglass W. Orr was born in Lincoln, Nebraska in 1905, attending the University of Nebraska (1923-1926) until transferring to Swarthmore College, where he graduated in 1928. He continued his studies at the University of Wisconsin, the University of Chicago, and Northwestern University Medical School, where he received his M.S., M.B., and M.D. degree by 1935. In 1936, he was a Barnett Fellow in England, where he wrote a treatise entitled Health Insurance with Medical Care: The British Experience (with Jean Orr, 1938). He subsequently trained at the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis, serving four years as a staff resident at the Menninger Clinic before active duty in the U.S. Navy from 1942 to 1946, thereafter establishing himself as the director of the Seattle Psychoanalytic Institute, and finally moving to La Jolla, California, in 1965. He was a Life Fellow of the American Psychiatric Association, with 50 years of service (1940-1990); he was also a Charter Member of the San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego chapters of the Psychoanalytic Society and Institute. His books also include Professional Counseling on Human Behavior: Its Principles and Practices (1965) and Life Cycle Counseling: Guidelines for Helping People (with Nancy Orr Adams and David B. Harris, 1987). He died in 1990. Posthumously, his book Virginia Woolf's Illnesses was published by Clemson University Digital Press in May 2004.