

NOTE ON THE TEXT

The copy text for this new Oxford World's Classics edition of *To the Lighthouse* is the first British edition of the novel, published by Virginia and Leonard Woolf's Hogarth Press on 5 May 1927 (a second impression came out the following month and a third impression in May 1928).

The first American edition of the novel, published by Harcourt Brace, also appeared on 5 May 1927, yet there are a surprising number of textual variants between the two first editions. Some of these variants are substantive (see below), but many more are not and a number are clearly accidental. For a list of all the textual variants between the two first editions, see 'Appendix B: Textual Variants' in the Shakespeare Head Press edition of the novel, edited by Susan Dick (Oxford: Blackwell, 1992), 192–211. Interested readers should also consult J. A. Lavin's account of the textual differences between the first editions: see the Select Bibliography.

Some minor alterations of spelling and punctuation have been made to the base text for this edition on the grounds of consistency and in order to conform with current usage (e.g., 'tonight' for 'tonight' and 'override' for 'over-ride'). More importantly, at the end of the third section of 'Time Passes' (p. 105) the previous Oxford World's Classics edition read: '[Mr Ramsay stumbling along a passage stretched his arms out one dark morning, but, Mrs Ramsay having died rather suddenly the night before, he stretched his arms out. They remained empty.]'. This purported to mirror the English first edition, but that edition reads at this point: '[Mr. Ramsay stumbling along a passage stretched his arms out one dark morning, but Mrs. Ramsay having died rather suddenly the night before he stretched his arms out. They remained empty.]'. The punctuation of the first British edition, therefore, has been reinstated at this important point in the novel, but without the full stops after 'Mr' and 'Mrs'.

On at least three other occasions the text of the previous Oxford World's Classics edition departed from the first British edition but did not make this deviation known to the reader. This new text, on the other hand, like the 1992 edition, retains the word 'it' after 'washing' on page 10 because 'washing' on its own makes little sense, but 'it' does not appear in the first British edition at this point. On page 104 of the OWC edition, the first line of the third paragraph used to read, 'So some random light directing them from an

uncovered star' but this has been changed to '... from some uncovered star', to exactly follow the wording of the British first edition. And on p. 70 the word 'the' has been introduced so that Lily puts her salt cellar down on a flower in *the* pattern in the table-cloth, and not 'on a flower in pattern in the table-cloth' as it says in the British and American first editions. A small number of typographical errors were also found in the previous Oxford text and these have now been emended.

The holograph manuscript of the novel, which consists of two bound writing books and one loose-leaf folder, is in the Berg Collection in New York Public Library. It has been transcribed and edited, with a commentary, by Susan Dick (1983) and is referred to more than once in the Introduction.

A Selection of the More Substantive Variants between the First British Edition and the First American Edition

The first page reference is to this new Oxford World's Classics edition. Page references to the first British and first American editions are given in parentheses.

<i>First British Edition</i>	<i>First American Edition</i>
10 like a Queen's raising from the mud a beggar's dirty foot and washing, when (16–17)	like a Queen's raising from the mud to wash a beggar's dirty foot, when (14)
10 the Isle of Skye (17)	the Isles of Skye (14)
10 disparage them, put them all on edge somehow with his acid way of peeling the flesh and blood off everything, he was not satisfied. (18)	disparage them—he was not satisfied. (16)
14 how he had been to Ibsen with the Ramsays. (25)	how he had gone not to the circus but to Ibsen with the Ramsays. (22)
16 (as she sat in the window), that (29)	(as she sat in the window which opened on the terrace), that (27)
19 it was impossible. One could not say what one meant. So now (35)	it was impossible. So now (32)

26 things must spoil. What was the use of flinging a green Cashmere shawl over the edge of a picture frame? In two weeks it would be the colour of pea soup. But it was the doors that annoyed her; every door was left open. (47)	things must spoil. Every door was left open. (44)
27 some freak of idiosyncrasy; or suppose (51)	some freak of idiosyncrasy— she did not like admiration—or suppose—(47)
42 found a glove (79)	found a crumpled glove (76)
61 bringing Prue back into the alliance of family life again, from which she had escaped, throwing catches, asked, (116)	bringing Prue back into throwing catches again, from which she had escaped, asked (112)
85 the thing is made that remains for ever after. This would remain. (163)	the thing is made that endures (158)
100 It's going to be wet to-morrow." She had not said it, but he knew it. And she looked at him smiling. For she had triumphed again. (191)	It's going to be wet tomorrow. You won't be able to go." And she looked at him smiling. For she had triumphed again. She had not said it: yet he knew. (186)
104 directing them from some uncovered star, or wandering ship, or the Lighthouse even, with its pale footfall upon stair and mat, the little airs (197)	directing them with its pale footfall upon stair and mat, from some uncovered star, or wandering ship, or the Lighthouse even, the little airs (191)
105 [Mr. Ramsay stumbling along a passage	[Mr. Ramsay,

stretched his arms out one dark morning,
but Mrs. Ramsay having died rather
suddenly the night before he stretched his
arms out. They remained empty.] (199–
200)

109 children pelting each other with handfuls
of grass, something out of harmony with
this jocundity, this serenity. (207)

116 [Lily Briscoe had her bag carried up to the
house late one evening in September. Mr.
Carmichael came by the same train.] (219)

129 seemed to fly back in her face, like a
bramble sprung. (242)

132 There must have been a shadow.) Mrs.
Ramsay. When she thought (248)

133 She owed this revelation to her. (250)

152 The other was the Lighthouse too. (286)

153 into her head. “We shall need a big dish to-
night. Where is it—the blue dish?” She
alone (287–8)

stumbling along a
passage one dark
morning, stretched
his arms out, but
Mrs. Ramsay
having died rather
suddenly the night
before, his arms,
though stretched
out, remained
empty.] (194)

children making
mud pies or
pelting each other
with handfuls of
grass, something
out of harmony
with this jocundity
and this serenity.
(201)

(Lily Briscoe had
her bag carried up
to the house late
one evening in
September.) (213)

seemed to be cast
back on her, like a
bramble sprung
across her face.
(233)

There must have
been a shadow.)
When she thought
(239)

She owed it all to
her. (241)

The other
Lighthouse was
true too. (277)

into her head. She
alone (278)

159 There was an aloofness about him. (299)

There was an
impersonality
about him. (290)

160 with them there. She never (301)

with them there in
that stuffy little
room. She never
(291)

162–3 on the stairs. They had laughed and
laughed, like a couple of children, all
because Mr. Ramsay, finding an earwig in
his milk at breakfast had sent the whole
thing flying through the air on to the
terrace outside. “An earwig,” Prue
murmured, awestruck, “in his milk.” Other
people might find centipedes. But he had
built round him such a fence of sanctity,
and occupied the space with such a
demeanour of majesty that an earwig in his
milk was a monster.

on the stairs. It
had been an
earwig,
apparently. Other
people might find
centipedes. They
had laughed and
laughed.

But it tired Mrs. Ramsay, (306)

on the stairs. It
had been an
earwig,
apparently. Other
people might find
centipedes. They
had laughed and
laughed.

But it tired Mrs.
Ramsay, (296)

169 He stood there spreading his hands (319)

He stood there as
if he were
spreading his
hands (309)