

Three passages deleted in proof from *To the Lighthouse*

These are the three longest passages deleted from the marked proofs. The deleted (or altered) text is in roman type; the surrounding text from the first British edition is in **bold**. These transcriptions slightly simplify the complex series of revisions found in the proofs and suggested by the variants between the proofs and the first British edition.

From pages 286-267 of the British edition:

Whenever he said “they” or “a person”, and then began hearing the rustle of some one coming, the tinkle of some one going, or that laugh which ended with three separate “ahs”, each less than the last, like drops wrung from the heart of merriment, it meant that he was drawing near the thing he did not want to think about (his mother), since it was terrible and horrible to think of her with his father near; it meant that something had started the sense of her, as still by opening a drawer in a cupboard or looking at a face—Rose’s for instance—through one’s fingers one could recover her absolutely for a moment . **But it was horrible; the strain became acute. For in one moment if there was no breeze [...]**

From pages 287-288 of the British edition:

That was the source of her everlasting attraction for him, perhaps; she was a person to whom one could say what came into one’s head. But all the time he thought of her, he was conscious of his father following his thought, shadowing it, making it shiver and falter. Now in London, now

wherever they lived, they were surrounded by distortions; lamentations; and long speeches and violence; and old ladies like Mrs. Beckwith being kind, and bald men sipping tea and being clever while bread and butter turned brown in the saucer, and there one twiddled one's thumbs in the heart of unreality, sitting in the background on a stool, and if in the middle of all this sighing and being clever some one sneezed or a dog was sick, nobody dared laugh. And the house grew darker, he thought, and turned the colour of dusty plush, and there were shrines in corners and nothing could be moved, and nothing could be broken. In the depths of the winter, or in those long twilight months which seemed interminable, his father, standing up very stiff and straight on a platform in the city (to get there they must dine early and drive eternally), proved conclusively (but they could none of them listen) how there is no God; one must be brave; for there is no God, he said, while rows and rows of the ugliest people in the world gaped up at him, in that greenish hall, hung with brown pictures of great men. If she had been there now, what would she have done? he wondered. Laughed? Even she might have found it difficult to tell the truth. He could only see her twitching her cloak round her, feeling the cold. But she was dead by that time. The war was beginning. Andrew was killed. Prue died. Still his father lectured. Even when the hall was full of fog, and only sprinkled with elderly women whose heads rose and fell, like hens sipping, as they listened and wrote down, about being brave, and there is no God, still he lectured.

Often they quarrelled among themselves afterwards, what could one say to him? How could one appease him? For he wanted praise. He wanted sympathy. He wanted them to go with him and listen to him, and to say how good it was; how it was the greatest success. Rose said it, forced herself to say it, but she said it wrongly and he was angry; he was depressed.

And James himself wanted to say it, for there his father stood very straight and very stiff, facing that dismal group of people; on could not help admiring him; as he stood there doggedly sticking it out about God and being brave. So that sometimes James would have liked to say it himself; how he admired him; what a brain he had; and would have done so, only his father found him once with a book of his and sneered at him for “it wasn't the kind off thing to interest *him*”, he said; whereupon James made a vow; he would never praise his father as long as he lived.

At last he ceased to think; there he sat with his hand on the tiller in the sun, staring at the Lighthouse, powerless to move, powerless to flick off these grains of misery which settled on his mind one after another.

From pages 305–306 of the British edition:

He would start from the table in a temper. Some letter or some article criticising his books had burst on his plate. *[[previous sentence replaced with: He would whizz his plate through the window.]]* **Then all through the house there would be a sense of doors slamming and blinds fluttering as if a gusty wind were blowing and people scudded about trying in a hasty way to fasten hatches and make things shipshape. She had met Paul Rayley like that one day on the stairs.** They had laughed and laughed like a couple of children, all because Mr. Ramsay, finding an earwig in his cup at breakfast had sent the whole thing flying through the air had sent the whole thing flying through the air on to the terrace outside. “An earwig,” Prue murmured, awestruck, looking with round eyes. 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. Later he met them outside his study door, took them

in, and showed them his map of the Hebrides. It was a wonderful map. He was charming, showing them his map. They forgave him instantly, as indeed he expected to be forgiven.

But it tired Mrs. Ramsay, it cowed her a little—the plates whizzing and the doors slamming.