Chapter 1

1 This essay, which appeared in Bulletin of the New York Public Library in fall 1974, predates the lively feminist debate over androgyny in Carolyn Heilbrun's Toward a Recognition of Androgyny and the issue of Feminist Studies devoted to this topic. I still believe that the androgynous ideal does not help women. It often extends the range of male sexuality into the feminine but continues to regard the extension of female sexuality into the historical masculine as perverse. Virginia Woolf's tentative remarks about androgyny in A Room of One's Own have been taken out of context by some readers and hardened into a philosophy which is not consistent with the rest of her work. Orlando is not an androgyne, but male for the first half of the book and female for the second, for very specific historical reasons.


3 Ibid., p. 312.


6 The long-handled powderpuff dominates the right-hand corner of the drawing, as if Beardsley is suggesting to fellow necrophiliacs that there is sex after death.

7 The 1973–74 production of the opera at the Metropolitan in New York, with Grace Bumbry, had Salomé pierced by the spears of the soldiers in a rather sexually symbolic death, not in the spirit of the play. But then Salomé's costume is a glittering, jeweled version of Moreau's Tattooed Salomé, and she is played as an older, sexually experienced vampire-woman, really Herodias, not the young tormented virgin of Wilde's play.


9 Ibid., p. 58.

10 Ibid., p. 57.

11 Jullian, Dreamers of Decadence, p. 37.

12 The scene in which she asks Herod for a silver charger (representing
both the cold, glittering moon and an enlarged coin, the price of her own chastity) is grimly humorous. Herod sighs with relief at the modesty of her request, encourages her to demand more, then recoils with horror at her slow command that he give her the head of the prophet.


14 The paintings of the period show a fascination with severed heads, not only John’s but those of Orpheus and Medusa. See *Dreamers of Decadence*; Klimt’s *Salome* as a reincarnation of Judith; also, Kubin’s *Black Flowers*, with the head of a man on a water-lily pad, with a woman in the background; and Moreau’s *Thracian Girl Carrying the Head of Orpheus*.


16 Ibid., p. 99.

17 Ibid., p. 99.

18 See Elizabeth Robins, *Both Sides of the Curtain* (London: Heinemann, 1940). Miss Robins (1862–1952), Ibsen actress and later playwright, novelist, and feminist, was for brief but intense periods of time closely associated with both Henry James and Bernard Shaw. In the early 1890s Oscar Wilde was her friend and confidant. He warned her repeatedly against getting involved with Beerbohm Tree and other actor-managers who might exploit her. She described in her diary Oscar Wilde’s “smooth-shaven, rather fat face, rather weak; the frequent smile showed long, crowded teeth, a rather interesting presence in spite of certain objectionable points.” In their first conversation he told her, “England is a garden. England is a growth. Boston is an invention. New York is a piece of dry goods on a counter.” He visited Miss Robins at her boardinghouse, introduced her to his theatrical friends and to society, subscribed to her Ibsen productions, and much later contributed to a fund for a silver tea set given her in honor of her Ibsen work. (The sugar bowl was inscribed to Hedda Gabler, not a sweet woman, but the greatest role she played in London.) Wilde helped her out of legal difficulties.

19 See *Black and White* 5 (May 11, 1893), p. 290.


21 See Aubrey Beardsley, *Collected Drawings*, ed. Bruce S. Harris, with an appreciation by Arthur Symons (New York: Bounty, Crown, 1967). A sense of Beardsley’s conception of evil in intellectual women may be seen in his drawings of a Wagnerian audience, his hatred and fear of political women in his drawings for *Lysistrata*. Again this is a case of a complete misreading of the play. Aristophanes wrote a warm, largely comic, very human play about women who withdrew their sexual favors from men in order to obtain peace. In the play, the women suffer from the loss of sex, their husbands, and their children. They are not Amazons, but ordinary women, and they win. Beardsley’s suggestions of lesbianism, his gigantic penises, are inappropriate, to say the least. (Laurence Housman did a contemporary translation of the play for the Women’s Suffrage Movement [London: The Woman’s Press, 1911] which is witty and amusing, not pornographic.)


27. Ibid., p. 250.

28. See ibid., p. 283. Romain Rolland wrote to Strauss:

Oscar Wilde's Salome is not worthy of you. It is not that I do this piece the injustice of putting it in the same category as the majority of modern lyric dramas which are solemn trifles or whose symbolism is sleep-inducing. Despite the pretentious archness of its style there is an incontrovertible dramatic power; but its atmosphere is sickening and stale. . . . It is not a question of bourgeois morals, it is a question of healthiness. The same passions can be healthy or unhealthy according to the artists who experience them and the characters in whom they are incarnate. The incest of Die Walküre is a thousand times healthier than conjugal and lawful love in these rotten Parisian comedies, the names of which I should prefer not to mention. Wilde's Salome and all those who surround her, save only that brute of a Jochanaan, are unhealthy, unclean, hysterical or alcoholic, oozing with a perfumed and mundane corruption. It is in vain that you transfigure your subject by multiplying a hundredfold its energy, and enveloping it in a Shakespearean atmosphere; it is in vain that you have lent emotional tones of a moving nature to your Salome; you surpass your subject, but you cannot make one forget it.

29. See Sir Thomas Beecham, A Mingled Chime (New York: Putnam's, 1943) for a description of censorship troubles in 1911.

30. See O. G. Brockett, "J. T. Grein and the Ghost of Oscar Wilde," Quarterly Journal of Speech 52/2 (1966): 131–38. The calling in of eminent physicians to testify on moral and political questions as well as on aesthetic propriety, while reminiscent of Oscar Wilde's trial, was also a tactic of the foes of feminism in England and was used effectively to oppose women's suffrage. Dimly as they understood the play, the accusers sensed some connection between Salomé
and the New Women who were demanding the vote. Wilde's impeccable feminist connections and opinions were well known.

31 Mann, Richard Strauss, pp. 50–51. Mann calls Salomé a "hysterical nymphet" and explains her actions as psychologically realistic in view of her need for a father at the time of her adolescent crisis.

32 Jullian, Dreamers of Decadence, p. 254.

33 Ibid.

34 Oliver M. Sayler, The Russian Theatre (New York: Brentano's, 1922), p. 154. Sayler acclaims the lack of a sense of shame or morbidity in the Russian interpretation of Wilde's play. "He takes his art frankly and openly, stepping over and beyond the half-mood, middle ground of the double entendre of the French and other Europeans, apparently without ever recognizing its presence. Thus he emerges on the other side, unfettered by any moral or other entangling considerations, with his mind and his imagination and his feelings free to react as they will in the presence of works of art" (pp. 152–53). Sayler speaks of "the rhythmic control of the human body" in this Cubist production and the "austere attitude toward the passions which saves the Kamerny Salome for tragedy. . . . They have achieved tragedy not by restraint but by self-effacing unrestraint . . . the entire performance is intensely impersonal and at the same time hotly and passionately intimate—a paradox which is possible only with artists and audiences who view their art honestly."

35 Yeats even uses Wilde's image of the woman's foot: "Why must those holy, haughty feet descend / From emblematic niches?" (Collected Plays [New York: Macmillan, 1953], p. 396). And Emer dances around the head of Cuchulain.


Chapter 2

This essay first appeared in Bulletin of the New York Public Library (Winter 1976).

1 The text used here is the Norton paperback edition of Diana of the Crossways (New York, 1973), with an introduction by Lois Fowler (hereafter cited as Diana). I have also used J. A. Hammerton's George Meredith: His Life and Art in Anecdote and Criticism (Edinburgh: John Grant, 1911), Lady Butcher's Memories of George Meredith, (New York: Scribner's, 1919), and The Letters of George Meredith, ed. C. L. Cline (3 vols, Oxford: Clarendon, 1970). The most interesting essays on Diana of the Crossways are Jan B. Gordon's "Internal History and the Brainstuff of Fiction," in Meredith Now, ed. Ian Fletcher (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1972) and a chapter in Gillian Beer's Meredith: A Change of Masks; A Study of the Novels (London: Athlone, 1970). Diane Johnson's The True History of the First Mrs. Meredith and Other Lesser Lives (New York: Knopf, 1972) is an original attempt at a new
biographical form, but it is not very useful on the subject of Meredith himself.


7 *Diana*, p. 185.


10 *Letters of Caroline Norton*, p. 964.


12 Adeline Sergeant, writing in *Temple Bar* (June 1889).

13 Quoted in Hammerton, *George Meredith*, p. 237.

14 *Cinderella* was published as no. 31 in the Folklore Society Series (London: D. Nutt, 1895).

15 Available in various English translations in the 1880s.

16 Another interesting tribute to Clio is in Virginia Woolf’s novel *The Years*, where Colonel Pargiter appears to be drawn directly from Lord Larrian, missing fingers and all; there is a deathbed scene, but no Diana to see Mrs. Pargiter safely into the other world.

17 Hammerton, *George Meredith*, p. 16.

18 See n. 1, above.

**Chapter 3**

This essay appeared in the *Bucknell Review*, 24/1 (1978).

1 Hardwick’s Dorothy Wordsworth essay is an exercise in pure nostalgia:
"She lived his life to the full"; "We are no longer allowed such surrenders and absorptions as the Wordsworth brother and sister lived out. The possibilities for this kind of chaste, intense, ambitious, intellectual passion are completely exhausted"; "This is the way for gifted, energetic wives of writers to a sort of composition of their own, this peculiar illusion of collaboration." Hardwick's ambivalence is difficult for the reader here. She feels nostalgic about the form of the victim's subjugation, and yet she blames the victim for not freeing herself. She is envious and judgmental at the same time. It is Dorothy's fault, somehow, that society could not encourage the growth of the female imagination. For a clearer judgment, see Virginia Woolf's essay in Second Common Reader. Hardwick blames Dorothy Wordsworth for not taking risks, for not generalizing, and most of all for not telling in her journal the details of personal life with "the great men."


3 One objects to the slur against the profession of women teachers. The history of the profession is an honorable one, as Virginia Woolf points out. Teaching and writing were for centuries the only respectable female professions. Chastity and morality were requirements for entrance and subsequently for mockery. Jokes about governesses from women writers share the dominant culture's scorn for women.


6 See chapter 2, above.

7 For a more detailed discussion of the politics of Mrs. Dalloway, see my "Middlebrow Marxism: Mrs. Dalloway and the Masses," Virginia Woolf Miscellany 5 (Spring/Summer 1976).

8 For clues to Hardwick's feelings about mothers, see her novel The Ghostly Lover (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1945), a Southern gothic tale about a heroine lost "in that lonely, confused corridor of the female lie." Marian, the heroine, has been abandoned by her mother and abandons her in return, is very critical of rational women (there are some vicious portraits of women scholars in a New York dormitory), and is condescending to emotional women. The ghostly lover is a young man who tells the heroine of his lusty exploits with black women and pays the bill for her year of study in New York. Marian's last encounter is with a beautiful, embittered Eastern intellectual woman who says, "Where is she now? that old slut, the Revolution!" but is scooped up by her parents at the station. Marian, free of family and of lovers, we are to believe, is free alone.

Chapter 4

1 Letter of Virginia Woolf to Ethel Smyth, March 29, 1931, with permission of Nigel Nicolson (who is editing the letters), Quentin Bell and the Berg Collec-
tion, Astor, Lennox and Tilden Foundation, New York Public Library, for this
and subsequent letters to Ethel Smyth.

2 New Statesman, October 16, 1920.

3 See Walter Benjamin, Illuminations, ed. Hannah Arendt (London: Col­
lins, 1973), and Reflections, ed. Peter Demetz (New York: Harcourt Brace

4 For a discussion of A Room of One’s Own and Three Guineas as “the
propaganda of hope and the propaganda of despair,” see chapter 5, below.

5 Letter of Virginia Woolf to Ethel Smyth, Berg Collection.


7 Virginia Woolf’s obituary for her aunt Caroline Stephen, the Quaker
visionary whom she called “Nun,” is reprinted here in full from the Guardian,
April 21, 1909, with permission of Quentin Bell. While it makes a rather long
note, it is unlikely to be collected elsewhere and will provide the student with
hints for the sources of Woolf’s spiritual vision, the ascetic, moral, practical,
and political “religion” which informs her writing. Woolf’s “communion of
saints” was a conspiracy against the aggressive godlessness of Leslie Stephen
and Leonard Woolf—it was a political and antipatriarchal piety in which the
materialist worship of solid objects and solid flesh could be combined with the
visionary rhapsodies of a Greek chorus demanding justice from the gods.
Caroline Stephen left her niece a larger legacy than the money for a room of
her own; she gave her an English feminist religious context and history in
which to extend the rhapsodic single voice into a chorus of voices. (Another
aunt whose influence is worth studying is Lady Henry Somerset, whose impetu­
ous marriage to a homosexual lord who soon left her to chase boys in Italy
brought disastrous scandal on her head, not his—an example which may have
saved her niece from marrying Lytton Strachey. Lady Henry Somerset then
devoted herself to social work and became the active leader of the Temperance
Movement in Britain, an important sphere for women’s expression of political
ideas and organization.)

The death of Caroline Emelia Stephen will grieve many who knew her
only from her writing. Her life had for years been that of an invalid,
but she was wonderfully active in certain directions—she wrote, she
saw her friends, she was able occasionally to read a paper to a religious
Society, until her final illness began some six weeks ago. Her books are
known to a great number of readers, and it is not necessary here to
dwell upon their contents. The Service of the Poor was published in
1871, Quaker Strongholds in 1890, The First Sir James Stephen in
1906, and Light Arising in 1908. A few words as to her life and
character may interest those who had not the happiness of knowing
her personally. She was born in 1834, and was the daughter of Sir
James Stephen, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and of his wife, Jane
Catherine Venn, daughter of the Rector of Clapham. She was educated,
after the fashion of the time, by masters and governesses, but the influence which affected her most, no doubt, was that of her father, always revered by her, and of her home, with its strong Evangelical traditions. Attendance upon her mother during her last long illness injured her health so seriously that she never fully recovered. From that date (1875) she was often on the sofa, and was never again able to lead a perfectly active life. But those who have read her *Quaker Strongholds* will remember that the great change of her life took place at about this time, when, after feeling that she "could not conscientiously join in the Church of England Service" she found herself "one never-to-be-forgotten Sunday morning . . . one of a small company of silent worshippers." In the Preface to that book she has described something of what the change meant to her; her written and spoken words, her entire life in after-years, were testimony to the complete satisfaction it brought her.

Her life was marked by little outward change. She lived at Malvern for some time, but moved in 1895 to Cambridge, where she spent the last years of her life in a little cottage surrounded by a garden. But the secret of her influence and of the deep impression she made even upon those who did not think as she did was that her faith inspired all that she did and said. One could not be with her without feeling that after suffering and thought she had come to dwell apart, among the "things which are unseen and eternal" and that it was her perpetual wish to make others share her peace. But she was no solitary mystic. She was one of the few to whom the gift of expression is given together with the need of it, and in addition to a wonderful command of language she had a scrupulous wish to use it accurately. Thus her effect upon people is scarcely yet to be decided, and must have reached many to whom her books are unknown. Together with her profound belief she had a robust common sense and a practical ability which seemed to show that with health and opportunity she might have ruled and organised. She had all her life enjoyed many intimate friendships, and the dignity and charm of her presence, the quaint humour which played over her talk, drew to her during her last years many to whom her relationship was almost maternal. Indeed, many of those who mourn her to-day will remember her in that aspect, remembering the long hours of talk in her room with the windows opening on to the garden, her interest in their lives and in her own; remembering, too, something tender and almost pathetic about her which drew their love as well as their respect. The last years of her life among her flowers and with young people round her seemed to end fittingly a life which had about it the harmony of a large design.


9 Readers will perhaps recognize what the woman Co-operator was like from D. H. Lawrence's portrait of Mrs. Morel in *Sons and Lovers*. In 1927 Margaret Llewelyn Davies wrote an introduction to Catherine Webb's *The Woman with the Basket: The Story of the Women's Co-operative Guild*
published by the Manchester Co-operative Guild. Here Margaret Llewelyn Davies uses the same terms, calling the Co-operators "this republic of women," and "individual heroines of the home." She quotes a letter from a middle-class visitor to the 1916 conference, and from its style we may well assume that visitor was Virginia Woolf. "It seemed as if the working women of England were gathered together and become articulate. Working women were addressing working women about the questions which interest them, and not to have shared their experiences seemed, for the first time, perhaps, to set a woman, or even a man, apart in a way that was curiously humiliating. Certainly no middle-class woman could speak with anything like the knowledge and conviction with which these women spoke on one subject after another."


11 This and subsequent letters from Ethel Smyth to Virginia Woolf are quoted by permission of Letcher and Sons for the Smyth Estate, and the Berg Collection, Astor, Lennox and Tilden Foundation, New York Public Library.

12 See chapter 2, above.

13 In Washington State University at Pullman library containing the collection of Leonard and Virginia Woolf's books.


15 See "'No More Horses'" (chapter 5), the two essays on The Years, and "The Snow Queen and the Old Buccaneer," Virginia Woolf Miscellany (Winter 1977).


17 Ethel Smyth, Female Pipings in Eden (London: Peter Davies, 1934).

Chapter 5

This essay has its origins in a 1974 MLA talk and was first printed in the 1976 Woolf issue of Women's Studies.

1 Virginia Woolf, Three Guineas (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1973, Harbinger Paperback), p. 170 (hereafter TG). First published by Hogarth in London and Harcourt, Brace in New York, 1938. The paperback does not reprint the photographs, which were so central to the book's argument, that appeared in the original editions. In May and June, 1938, the Atlantic Monthly published a condensed version under the title "Women Must Weep—Or Unite against the War," which clearly identified it as an antifascist document written from a feminist and pacifist point of view. The contributors' column stated that "her essays, especially A Room of One's Own, have endeared her to all militant members of the gentle sex."


4 Virginia Woolf, *Collected Essays*, ed. Leonard Woolf, 4 vols. (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1967), 3:231. Since, in the cases noted in this essay, the editor did not always choose to reprint the last revised version of the author's essays or to supply the necessary information about original publications, the reader is advised to check earlier collections of essays as well as the periodical in question.


7 See Christopher Caudwell, *Pacifism and Violence: A Study in Bourgeois Ethics* (New York: Oriole). Quentin Bell in *Bloomsbury* sees pacifism as both an aesthetic and an ideology as the one defining characteristic of the group. See also H. B. Parkes, "The Tendencies of Bergsonism," in *Scrutiny* (1936), pp. 407–24, for a discussion of Bergsonism as a philosophy which may be used to justify withdrawal from life; although the discussion is of Proust, and of Bergsonism as "the philosophy of an invalid," because Woolf was much influenced by this philosophy through her reading of Jane Harrison, this study is applicable.

8 St. John, *Ethel Smyth*, p. 233. In *The Fortnightly Review* (1891), p. 677, Millicent Garrett Fawcett, in "The Emancipation of Women," (an answer to Frederick Harrison's earlier essay which had called for better-educated housewives), wrote: "In the time of Mrs. Hannah More, it was unwomanly to learn Latin; Sydney Smith tried to reassure the readers of the Edinburgh eighty years ago that the womanly qualities in a woman did not really depend on her ignorance of Greek and Latin, and that a woman might even learn mathematics without "forsaking her infant for a quadratic equation."

9 See the Winter 1977 issue of the *Bulletin of the New York Public Library* for revaluations of *The Years* by several critics, Woolf's galleys of the novel cancelled at the last moment, and an essay on "The Fargisters," the unpublished first version of the novel with the interspersed documentary chapters.

10 The "snub" to Queenie Leavis ascribed to Woolf in *AWD* as the cause of her vicious attack on *Three Guineas* and its author was Woolf's refusal to answer Mrs. Leavis' letter praising her introductions to *Life As We Have Known It* and enclosing a copy of a review in *Scrutiny*. Woolf sent it to Margaret Llewelyn Davies on September 6, 1935, saying "I don't know her, but am told that she and her husband represent all that is highest and dryest at Cambridge. So I rather feel from reading her article; but I suppose she means well, and..."
I'm glad that she should feel sympathetic in her high and dry way to our book" (Manuscripts of V. W.—M. Llewelyn Davies correspondence, Sussex University Library). In "Lady Novelists and the Lower Orders," Scrutiny (1935), pp. 112–52, Queenie Leavis asks why books about the working class haven't "resulted in technical originality and locally authentic writing?" "No amount of observation of the district-visiting kind, however conscientious and however creditable to the industry and heart of the novelist, will produce a convincing substitute for adequate response to the quality of working-class life." She praises Grace Lumphkin's 1935 To Make My Bread as "better propaganda because better literature" and compares the novels under review with passages from the cooperative working women's letters. The novels have a "nauseating sentimentality" because they see the workers only as symbols of capitalist exploitation, while Woolf as an artist responded to the quality of life in the writing of real workers. Leavis praises Woolf for recognizing the rich language and culture of the British working class, but like Woolf in The Years she sees the dangers which threaten it in the cinema and the loudspeaker. Later that year, reviewing Dorothy Richardson, Leavis called Woolf's feminism dated and A Room of One's Own crude. "The demand for mass rights" she wrote "can only be a source of embarrassment to intelligent women, who can be counted on to prefer being considered as persons rather than as a kind..." The Leavises and Scrutiny have been responsible for forming the taste of several generations of readers. The false choice demanded by pitting Lawrence against Woolf, the reiteration of Woolf's snobbery and elitism, and the denial of her appeal to ordinary readers on the basis of her birth has deprived many of the experience of finding pleasure in the radical politics, moral strength, and aesthetic experimentation of Woolf's fiction.

11 "By freedom from unreal loyalties is meant that you must rid yourself of pride of nationality—religious pride, college pride, school pride, family pride, sex pride—directly the seducers come with their seductions to bribe you into captivity, tear up the parchment, refuse to fill up the forms" (77; p. 80). Woolf also demands "that you help all properly qualified people, of whatever sex, class or colour, to enter your profession" (80). Some things will take care of themselves, for "we can scarcely doubt that our brothers will provide us for many centuries to come, as they have done for many centuries past, with what is so essential for sanity, and so invaluable in preventing the great modern sins of vanity, egoism and megalomania—that is to say ridicule, censure and contempt" (82). She warns women of the dangers of professional life: loss of the senses, competition, greed. The professional who has lost his humanity is "only a cripple in a cave." Woolf describes with an outsider's knowledge what "uneasy dwelling places," what "cities of strife" are the old and rich universities for both women and the working class. Their new college should teach "Not the arts of dominating other people; not the arts of ruling, of killing, of acquiring land and capital" (34). See The Workingmen's College, 1854–1904, ed. J. Llewelyn Davies (London: Macmillan, 1904) for similarities between Woolf's ideas on education and those of F. D. Maurice.

12 Contemporary reviews of Three Guineas are in themselves worth a
study. I quote in full *Time and Tide*’s defense, because Woolf wrote to Margaret Llewelyn Davies that it had saved her the trouble of preparing her own response. (*Time and Tide, June 25, 1938, pp. 887–88*):

Mrs. Woolf’s best-seller, *Three Guineas*, descending on the peaceful fold of the reviewers, has thrown them into that dreadful kind of internal conflict that leads to nervous breakdown. On the one hand there is Mrs. Woolf’s position in literature: not to praise her work would be a solecism no reviewer could possibly afford to make. On the other hand there is her theme, which is not merely disturbing to nine out of ten reviewers but revolting. There are things which should be ignored and she has not ignored them. There are faces that should remain behind a veil—or at any rate a yashmak—and she has dragged the veil away. A terrible sight: indecent, almost obscene.

The appalling struggle of most of the reviewers to combine respect and loathing is only too evident in their phrases. On the whole, I award the palm to Mr. Graham Greene for his review in *The Spectator*. While paying all the obligatory lip service to Mrs. Woolf’s genius, he contrived to slip in a suggestion that her thesis was out of date, her voice shrill, her outlook provincial and her experience over sheltered.

The only reviewer, as far as my reading goes, who gave up the struggle and frankly went all out in two columns of sheer passionate exasperation was Mr. G. M. Young in the *Sunday Times*. Mr. Young’s exasperation was buttressed by page references calculated to induce readers to believe that he could substantiate every point of his attack in detail. Well—I looked them all up. Inaccurate, said he, quoting Mrs. Woolf as making statements she never could or would have made, besides perverting into literalness flights which were obviously intended to be figurative and symbolic. “Belated sex-egoism,” he exclaimed, “a pamphleteer of 1905; agnostic, radical, pacifist and feminist.” He, at least, has got it out of his system. I should think he is in no danger of a nervous breakdown.

Graham Greene (*The Spectator, June 17, 1938, p. 112*) pokes fun at Woolf’s analysis of “woman’s influence” as a refined form of prostitution, saying “It is all a little reminiscent of that good man who would rather have given his daughter poison than a copy of *The Well of Loneliness*. “ He is absolutely mystified by the fact that she does not regard chastity as woman’s highest virtue and is genuinely dismayed by a woman’s refusal to see that physical chastity is her real virtue. More interesting to modern readers, however, are the responses of women, to whom the book is addressed. K. John (*The New Lysistrata*, *New Statesman and Nation, June 11, 1938, pp. 995–96) praises the book but feels that most women do not “deserve all these bouquets” and that many women are not pacifists by nature; some have the violence of Queen Victoria in them, and some are even fascists. “There is no questioning the justice of Mrs. Woolf’s demands, or the beauty of her gospel,” she writes, but feels that Woolf is too bitter on lecturers, as “personal charm” is one of Woolf’s own best qualities. Louise Bogan (*New Republic, September 14, 1938, pp.*
164—65) titles her piece "The Ladies and Gentlemen" and says that, noble as Woolf's motives are, the elegance of style and class of the writer are to be questioned. "Upper-middle-class Englishwomen, thus fenced off, are to erect, upon the class-consciousness and class education dinned into them from the first moment they were dangled before the nursery fire, a moral pattern so severe that it has never been adhered to by anyone who was not by nature an artist or a saint." She asks Woolf to forget that she is a lady and "go on being an artist," for her position has allowed her, unlike the rest of us, to concentrate on pure ends, not means.

13 Virginia Woolf's own attitude toward revolution may be found in a review of T. D. Beresford's novel Revolution in the Times Literary Supplement, January 27, 1921, p. 58 (not in Collected Essays).

If the reader finds something amiss—he will probably blame the subject. He will say that revolutions are not a fit subject for action. And there he will be wrong—He means that to write a book about what is going to happen in England when Isaac Perry proclaims a general strike and the army refuses to obey its officers is not a novelist's business—Yet the fault cannot lie with revolutions. Tolstoy and Hardy have proved, revolutions are fine things to write about if they have happened sufficiently long ago. But if you are impelled to invent your own revolution, half your energy will be needed to make sure it works. . . . We find ourselves tempted to suggest alternatives, and seriously wish to draw Mr. Beresford's attention to the importance of the cooperative movement which he appears to overlook. . . . As Lady Angela plays we cannot help thinking about a possible policy for the left wing of the Labour Party. We want Mr. Beresford to turn his mind to that problem, directly the Chopin is over. In short, we want him to give us facts, not fiction.

14 London: L. & Virginia Woolf, 1931; with introduction by Virginia Woolf. The editor of the Yale Review (44) describes Woolf as the author of A Room of One's Own who "turns her mind here to women of the working class." In a footnote he gives the membership of the English Women's Co-operative Guild in 1930 as 70,000.

15 Woolf praises the working-class women in her introduction, "not downtrodden, envious and exhausted, they are humorous and vigorous and strongly independent." In the Woolf-Davies correspondence cited above, Woolf's concern politically and morally with the Women's Co-operative Guild is demonstrated. She arranged lectures on venereal disease, wondering to her friend why some working women objected and some wept, since they were the class most affected by it. Woolf explained her "impertinence" in writing Three Guineas to her fellow feminist (July 4, 1938) "to sit silent and acquiesce in all this idiotic letter signing and vocal pacifism when there's such an obvious horror in our midst—such tyranny, such Pecksniffism—finally made my blood boil into the usual ink-spray." She answered Miss Davies' objection to "verbosity": "One has to secrete a jelly in which to slip quotations down people's throats—
and one always secretes too much jelly.” She was glad she roused G. M. Young’s rage and said the book was for the “common,” “reluctant,” and “easily bored” reader, not for the convinced. She praised the Co-op women for taking a much more radical stance than the Labour Party. As early as 1920 Woolf read Mrs. Layton, one of the writers in Life As We Have Known It, praising the style except when it was “too like a book” and a feeling that “she hushes things up a little.” (July 21, 1920). In July 1930 she still had grave doubts about her own paper on the Guild’s being suitable for an introduction to the book. She asked for permission to change the names to make it fictional for the Yale Review, since the editor had said Americans were “in the dark” about cooperation. “Can you trust me to make the thing blameless? I don’t suppose any Guildswoman is likely to read the Yale Review.” On July 27 she wrote that Leonard had given his oath that “it will be quite all right about America,” that she would rewrite the essay for the book, and asked what the women felt, “Do they want their things to appear in print? Are they all alive?” On September 14 she sent a revised version back to Miss Davies, saying that she would withdraw her essay if it would “give pain and be misunderstood.” “The difficulty with impressions is that if you once start altering from the best of motives everything gets blurred and out of proportion.” On October 10 she responded to the working women’s criticism of her essay: “Vanity seems to be the same in all classes. But I swear that Mrs. Burton shall say exactly what she thinks of the appearance of me and my friends and I wont think her unsympathetic. Indeed I wish she would—what fun to hand her a packet of our letters and let her introduce it.” Woolf was appalled by “the terrific conventionality of the workers.” “I don’t think they will be poets or novelists for another hundred years or so. If they can’t face the fact that Lilian smokes a pipe and reads detective novels, can’t be told that they weigh on an average 12 stone—which is largely because they scrub so hard and have so many children [sic]” then, Woolf felt, they weren’t facing reality. She was depressed that the workers were taking on the “middle class respectabilities” which artists had worked so hard to throw off. “One has to be ‘sympathetic’ and polite and therefore one is uneasy and insincere.” In February 1931 she offered her royalties to the Women’s Guild, as the Yale Review had paid her “handsomely”;

“I should only feel I was paying my due for the immense interest their letters gave me.” Most important, she confessed that she had now, when reading proof, come round to Miss Davies’ view that she had “made too much of the literary side” of her interest. “I tried to change the tone of some of the sentences to suggest a more human outlook,” and she added the sentence about cigarettes, “a little blue cloud of smoke seemed to me aesthetically desirable at that point.”

In June Woolf wrote that she was relieved by the “generous” and “appreciative” letters of the working women, but she agreed with Margaret Llewelyn Davies’ sister-in-law that she was the wrong person as a writer to “get people interested in the women’s stories.” The Yale University Press rejected the book for America as “rather far from the experience and interest of possible readers here,” but Woolf said that young English intellectuals found the letters “amazing.” She reported much later (July 1937) that there were 395 copies left, “I wish we could bring out another volume. The young are all on the side of the workers,
but naturally know nothing whatever about them." Leonard Woolf may perhaps have only remembered the fuss and printed the first version of the essay, but I think it may be argued that the essay itself became a cooperative venture, and the last version was Virginia Woolf’s own best version.

16 Perhaps Leonard Woolf was leaving some clues behind him when in A Calendar of Consolation (London: Hogarth, 1967) he quoted the proverb, “Go down the ladder when you choose a wife, up when you choose a friend,” and Gorky on Tolstoy's determination to tell the truth about women only when he had one foot in the grave.


Chapter 6

Versions of this paper were read at NEMLA, 1976, and Pioneers for Century Ill, April, 1976. It was published in Feminist Studies 4/1 (1978).


2 Elizabeth Robins, Ancilla’s Share: An Indictment of Sex Antagonism (London: Hutchinson, 1924; Westport, Conn.: Hyperion, 1976); Virginia Woolf, A Room of One’s Own and Three Guineas. Quotations are from Harcourt, Brace, & World editions, 1957 and 1966.


4 Woolf, A Room of One’s Own, pp. 68–69.

5 See “Profile of Leon Edel,” New Yorker, March 13, 1971, where he mocks Robins, Wilberforce, and the rest home for women. In the Robins Collection, Fales Library, New York University, is a letter from Edith Wharton to Elizabeth Robins urging her to help him in his work on Henry James because of his piety toward “the Master.” She did.

6 Trekkie Parsons has been very generous in allowing me to cite from Elizabeth Robins’ letters and papers. Letters from Virginia Woolf to Elizabeth...
Robins in the Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin, and
in the Berg Collection, New York Public Library, urge her to write her memoirs
and bring manuscripts; Woolf chooses the title for *Both Sides of the Curtain*.

7 Robins, *Ancilla's Share*, p. 204.
8 Ibid., pp. 85–86.
9 Ibid., p. 104.
10 *Times Literary Supplement*, May 29, 1924, p. 343. The remarks about
Woolf occur in the review of *Three Guineas*.
11 *Times Literary Supplement*, June 17, 1920. Since this review by Virginia
Woolf has not been collected, I reprint it in full:

**New Novels**

**The Mills of the Gods**

Miss Elizabeth Robins must be used by this time to being told that she
writes like a man. What the reviewers mean is that a page of her writing
has the kind of bare brevity which marks the talk even of undergraduates.
The idea may be commonplace, the knowledge superficial, but it stands
unpalliated by superfluous phrases. For this aspect of her art there can
be nothing but praise. If you miss a sentence you will not find that a
slight variety of the same thing offers you another chance of understand­
ing. You must read even the first story, which is the worst in the book,
*The Mills of the Gods* (Thornton Butterworth, 7s. net), with attention.
You will find yourself stopping to have another look at the fine hard
fabric before passing on.

Therefore, one pays Miss Robins the compliment of formulating one's
case against her; and what is our case against her? Only that she is
pre-war writer. At the end of each of the seven series one can pencil a
date—any date between 1895 and 1910 will do; the date that is quite
out of the question is the date 1920. It was between those years that
old English houses were so very old; that strong men went gold digging
in the Yukon, and Italian counts of satanic disposition lived upon the
tops of mountains with beautiful wives. In those days there were suffrage
raids, and butlers, and haunted houses. Houses, indeed, played a very
large part in life; and life itself was a great deal more at the mercy of
coincidence and mystery than it is now. Life, in short, was somehow
different. But that is not true. Life is precisely the same; and our charge
against Miss Robins amounts simply to this—that, misled largely by
her strong dramatic sense, she has backed certain human qualities which
dropped out of the race and neglected others which are still running.
So, at least, we define the queer sense we have after being impressed
and interested—that all this happened a very long time ago. If there
had not been a war we should not have felt this with anything like the
same force. The war withered a generation before its time. Yet among
the pre-war writers we do not know many who do their job with Miss
Robins' efficiency, or give us the assurance, at all times so comfortable,
that, although the story may be of no great concern, the mind behind it is exceptionally robust.


A Dark Lantern. By Elizabeth Robins. Heinemann. 6s.

Of this novel it can be said without exaggeration that every page interests. If such a thing were possible, it might almost be added that it is too interesting, or, perhaps that the interest it excites is not quite of the right quality. Miss Robins has the gift of charging her air with electricity, and her readers wait for the expected explosion in a state of high tension. This is partly due to the fact that she is always in earnest—that she is one of the few novelists who can live in their characters. But it is also true that her work would be finer if its intensity were, not less, but, so to speak, diffused over a greater surface. As it is, she is too closely interested in her characters to be able to take a dispassionate view of them. A character like that of Garth Vincent, for instance, comes near failure because of this tendency to a kind of passionate concentration on the part of the novelist. He is one of the many versions of Rochester. The argument applied once more, by Miss Robins seems to be that, if you want a man to be excessively masculine, you have only to take certain of the conventional masculine qualities and develop them to the desired strength. The result has overpowering effects within the covers of the novel; but, outside, the hero is more melodramatic than impressive. In the woman's character Miss Robins shows far more sense of proportion, and we protest that if Miss Katherine Dereham had met Mr. Garth Vincent under normal conditions she would not have allowed herself to take him seriously. A great part of the book is devoted to the medical details of a nervous breakdown and a rest cure, in which Mr. Garth Vincent is the doctor in attendance. Here, too, Miss Robins seems to have had some purpose in her mind which leads her to insist, rather more emphatically than is artistic, upon the faults of hospital nurses and the incidents of physical illness. The defects of the book seem to us to be the persistent atmosphere of the sick room; of morbidity, whether of body or mind; and the lack of a sense of humour. But there can be no doubt that few living novelists are so genuinely gifted as Miss Robins, or can produce work to match hers for strength and sincerity.

13 Robins, Ancilla's Share, p. 175.
14 Ibid., p. 49.
15 Woolf, A Room of One's Own, pp. 31–32. I discuss Woolf's response

16 A Room of One's Own, pp. 34–35.
17 Goulianos, by a Woman writ, pp. 27–28.
18 A Room of One's Own, p. 92.
20 For a revaluation of The Years, see the Spring 1977 and Winter 1977 issues of the Bulletin of the New York Public Library, including my "The Years as Greek Drama, Domestic Novel and Götterdämmerung," and "Pargetting the Pargiters: Notes of an Apprentice Plasterer."
21 See chapter 5, above.
24 Letter from Virginia Woolf to Ethel Smyth, January 24, 1931, Berg Collection, New York Public Library; quoted by permission of Quentin Bell. Dame Ethel's letters to Woolf, in this period of Woolf's relationship with Vita Sackville-West, have several blanks and may have been destroyed because of their personal nature.
25 This quotation and those following through the next nine paragraphs are from the draft of "Professions for Women," which is now available in Leaska's edition of The Pargiters. For an analysis of the artist as fisherwoman, see Virginia Woolf and the Languages of Patriarchy.
26 Robins, Ancilla's Share, p. 138.
27 Ibid., p. 172.
28 Woolf, Three Guineas, p. 141.
29 Robins, Ancilla's Share, p. 152.
30 Woolf, A Room of One's Own, p. 94.
31 Robins, Ancilla's Share, p. 62.
32 Ibid., p. 51.
33 Ibid., p. 118.
34 Ibid., p. 116.
36 Woolf, A Room of One's Own, p. 103.
37 Robins, Ancilla's Share, pp. 311-12.
38 Ibid., p. 275.
39 Woolf, A Room of One's Own, p. 57.
40 See letters from Gerald Duckworth to Elizabeth Robins, Robins Collection, Fales Library, New York University.
41 Woolf, Letters, 1:189.
46 Letter from Virginia Woolf to Ethel Smyth, September 21, 1930, Berg Collection, New York Public Library.

Chapter 7

1 Bell, Virginia Woolf, 1972.
8 Only volume 1 of Woolf's Diary contains hostile notes and does not inform the reader when passages have been left out.
9 For a discussion of Woolf's left-wing politics and feminism, see Bernice A. Carroll, "To Crush Him in Our Own Country," Feminist Studies 4 (1978):


13 Times Literary Supplement, April 4, 1918.


21 Jane Lilienfeld, "The Deceptiveness of Beauty': Mother Love and Mother Hate in To the Lighthouse," Twentieth Century Literature 23 (1977): 345–76.


25 The Diary of Virginia Woolf, 1920–1924, ed. Anne Olivier Bell, assisted

26 Ibid., p. 340.

Chapter 8


3 See Annette Kolodny, "Dancing through the Minefield: Some Observations on the Theory, Practice, and Politics of a Feminist Literary Criticism," Feminist Studies 6/1 (Spring 1980): 1-25; and Judith Gardiner's response, "Marching through Our Field," in the following issue. Gardiner distinguishes between liberal, radical, and socialist feminist critics. Gayatri Spivak's unpublished "A Response to Annette Kolodny" is an even stronger critique of Kolodny's position. She writes: "To embrace pluralism (as Kolodny recommends) is to espouse the politics of the masculinist establishment. Pluralism is the method employed by the central authorities to neutralize opposition by seeming to accept it. The gesture of pluralism on the part of the marginal can only mean capitulation to the center."

4 Dame Ethel Smyth's story of her struggle against the masculine establishment in music is told in Female Pipings in Eden. A revival of her work has begun: several papers were delivered at the First National Congress on Women and Music at New York University in March 1981; her memoirs have been reprinted, Impressions That Remained (New York: Da Capo, 1981), with a new introduction by Ronald Crichton; and Da Capo Press has also reprinted the score of her Mass in D for soli, chorus, and orchestra, with a new introduction by Jane Bernstein.


6 The conference, entitled "A Controversy of Critics," was sponsored by the School of Criticism and Theory at Northwestern University in May 1981.


10 Julia Lesage uses Mary Douglas' Purity and Danger: An Analysis of Concepts of Pollution and Taboo (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1966) as a theoretical construct for the analysis of Celine and Julie Go Boating (see n. 9, above); this theory was also very useful to Marina Warner in her analysis of female heroism in Joan of Arc (New York: Knopf, 1981).

11 See Gerald Graff's Poetic Statement and Critical Dogma (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1970), and Literature against Itself (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1979); Frank Lentricchia's After the New Criticism (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1980); Frederic Jameson's The Political Unconscious: Narrative as a Socially Symbolic Act (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1981); and Terry Eagleton's "The Idealism of American Criticism," New Left Review 127 (May–June 1981): 55–65, which reviews Lentricchia and Jameson and surveys the field. Eagleton notes that these critics refuse to discuss gender and maintain sexist attitudes, but his own review does not mention the brilliant work done by feminist critics in the United States in the last decade, nor has Eagleton's work itself deviated from male discourse, despite its Marxism. If Annette Kolodny's espousal of the pluralist position from the margin may be seen as a capitulation to a misogynist power structure, Jameson's Marxist pluralism, in its refusal to deal with gender, should show those tempted to follow Kolodny's lead that male bonding transcends theoretical enmities and is more primary among American critics than the issues that divide them intellectually.


13 A Room of One's Own, pp. 68–69, 110.


NOTES

Women Authors,” American Quarterly 33/2 (Summer 1981): 123–39. See also the special issue of Critical Inquiry (8/2 [Winter 1981]) edited by Elizabeth Abel, called Writing and Sexual Difference, with essays by Elaine Showalter, Mary Jacobus, Margaret Homans, Susan Gubar, Nancy Vickers, Nina Auerbach, Annette Kolodny, Froma Zeitlin, Judith Gardiner, Catherine Stimpson, and Gayatri Spivak; but note the lack of a socialist-feminist theoretical essay.


20 Woolf, Diary, p. 146.

21 Hawkes, “The Virgin in the Bell Biography,” and “A Form of One’s Own.”


24 See Twentieth Century Literature 25/3–4 (Fall–Winter 1979). The collection was conceived and edited by Lucio Ruotolo, Stanford University.


27 Ibid., p. 203.


30 Bell, Bloomsbury; Virginia Woolf; and “Bloomsbury and the Vulgar Passions.”


33 Virginia Woolf was a lifelong member of the Guild and shared its socialist, feminist, and pacifist politics. See chapter 5, above, and Black, “Virginia Woolf and the Women’s Movement,” in Marcus, Virginia Woolf: A Feminist Slant.
34 Bell, *Virginia Woolf*, 2:186.
35 Ibid.
42 The Stephen family background is discussed in Martine Stemerick’s dissertation (University of Texas, 1982).
44 Bell, *Bloomsbury*. See also chapter 5, above.
49 Jaakko Hintikka’s “Virginia Woolf and Our Knowledge of the External World,” *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism* 38/1 (Fall 1979): 5–14 is relevant here.
51 Bell, “Bloomsbury and the Vulgar Passions.”
53 Bell, “Bloomsbury and the Vulgar Passions.”
NOTES

54 Ibid.


Chapter 9

This essay appeared in *Critical Inquiry* 11/3 (Spring 1986) in response to Quentin Bell's "Bloomsbury and the Vulgar Passions" in the previous issue.

1 Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*, pp. 118, 39; all further references to this work, abbreviated *Room*, will be included in the text.

2 Woolf, September 10, in *A Writer's Diary*, p. 5.


5 See Woolf, *The Years*, pp. 7 and 246.


7 See chap. 8, above.


12 See Marcus, "Niece of a Nun," pp. 7-36.

13 Louise A. De Salvo, " 'As Miss Jan Says': Virginia Woolf's Early Journals," in Marcus, *Virginia Woolf and Bloomsbury*. The largely phallocentric discourse of *Critical Inquiry* is exemplified in Stanley Fish, "Profession Despise Thyself: Fear and Self-Loathing in Literary Studies," *Critical Inquiry* 10 (December 1983): 349-64. Fish attacks both an essay by Walter Jackson Bate, which decries an MLA session on Texas lesbian feminists, and a journalist's review of the publication of a scholarly edition (by the New York Public Library and
Readex Books) of Melymbrosia (one of the early versions of Woolf's The Voyage Out), a volume which received the approval of the MLA Center for Scholarly Editions. What Fish neglects to mention is that the editor of Melymbrosia is the highly respected Woolf scholar and Hunter College professor Louise A. De Salvo. Fish sets up a debate in which he is the champion of the blacks, Chicanos, and Texas lesbians maligned by Bate, as well as the champion of scholarly editions contemptuously dismissed by anti-intellectual journalists. He tells us that the journalist in question, Jonathan Yardley, won the Pulitzer Prize, but he does not tell us even the name of the scholar whose work represents several years of meticulous textual study. His argument is framed as an all-male debate between himself, the journalist, and the Harvard professor. If he were really interested in educating Bate, he might have suggested that the work of Texas (and other) lesbian feminists may be found in the journals Sinister Wisdom, Lady Unique, Feminacy, and Conditions, and in publications of the Kitchen Table Press. Furthermore, even a cursory reading of Melymbrosia, which is more like an H. G. Wells novel than a Woolf novel, may have suggested a serious questioning of one of the most strongly held tenets of our profession, that the last published text is the best text. Melymbrosia is in many ways more interesting than The Voyage Out, as The Pargiters is a more radical text than The Years. The publication of early versions of the work of feminist writers, as well as those of other oppressed groups, may allow us to see a rich body of material from which we may speculate on the power of internal and external forces of censorship plaguing anti-establishment writers.

15 Woolf, Three Guineas, p. 66.
16 Ibid., p. 113.
17 See my "The Years as Greek Drama, Domestic Novel, and Götterdämmerung," and "Pargetting the Pargiters."
18 Margaret Llewelyn Davies, quotations in "Pargetting the Pargiters," p. 435.
19 See chapter 5, above.
Chapter 10

A shorter version of this chapter appeared in the Spring/Fall 1984 Feminist Criticism issue of Tulsa Studies in Women's Literature, ed. Shari Benstock. It has been reprinted in Benstock, Feminist Issues in Literary Scholarship (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1987). I am grateful to Elizabeth Abel, Judith Kegan Gardiner, Moira Ferguson, Michael King, Mary Mathis, and Sandra Shattuck for their helpful comments on drafts of this paper. The epigraph from Meridian was pointed out by Lynda Koolish, who discusses it in her forthcoming "This is Not Romance."

1 I discuss the Procne and Philomel myth in Between the Acts in "Liberty, Sorority, Misogyny," in The Representation of Women in Fiction, pp. 60–97, ed. Carolyn Heilbrun and Margaret Higonnet (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1982).

2 "Her Sister's Voice," is part of the argument of "Taking the Bull by the Udders."

3 Woolf's deconstruction of the lecture form is discussed in "Taking the Bull by the Udders," and the role of Shakespeare is also taken up in "Sapphistry: Narration as Lesbian Seduction in A Room of One's Own," in my Virginia Woolf and the Languages of Patriarchy, (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1987).

4 My thanks to Lynda Boose for discussions of Titus Andronicus.


7 Judith Newton, paper delivered at the 1983 MLA Feminist Criticism session chaired by Shari Benstock, to which the present essay was also a contribution.

8 Nina Auerbach, Woman and the Demon (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1982),


12 Feminists should note the reviews of Inanna by Piotr Michalowski in the New York Times Book Review and Harold Bloom in the New York Review of Books (October 13, 1983). Neither man tells the reader what is in the book. Certainly it appears that much more work must be done on the texts. Michalowski actually declares that Wolkstein "has violated the culture that produced the texts in which Inanna appears," and Harold Bloom writes an essay on contemporary attitudes toward the idea of hell. He is defensive about the Sumerians' primacy as writers and thinkers, and distances them as "alien," thus rejecting this most important text for our culture because it is "mythologically bewildering" to him, "an alien vision that has little in common either with the Bible or with Homer." Bloom is most upset when Inanna sends her husband to take her place in hell, and he chastises Wolkstein for praising a goddess "who may not be the best 'role model' for us and our children." He cites this action as "caprice" and "brutality" and urges us to reject Inanna on moral grounds, citing the later patriarchal curse on her in the legend of Gilgamesh.


14 Catherine des Roches (c. 1555–84). Unpublished translation by Tilde Sankovitch, Northwestern University.

15 Silver, Virginia Woolf's Reading Notebooks.

16 See Geoffrey Hartman's talk in The Challenge of Feminist Criticism, pamphlet, ed. Joanna Lipking, from the School of Criticism and Theory Symposium, The Challenge of Feminist Criticism, November 1981, pp. 23–26 (available from The Program on Women, Northwestern University, 617 Noyes St., Evanston, Illinois 60201). My own essay here "Gunpowder, Treason and Plot," naïvely asked male critics to read feminist critics. For what happened when they did, see Showalter's "Critical Cross-Dressing." See the papers by Marlene Longenecker and Judith Gardiner in this collection for rejections of formalism and socialist-feminist critiques of contemporary critical discourse, and note as well the interaction of the speakers with each other and with the audience in dialogue.

18 Critical Inquiry 8/2, Writing and Sexual Difference.

19 One of the books I attacked was Elaine Showalter's *A Literature of Their Own*, arguing that it was not materialist or historical enough. Given the subsequent almost wholesale shift into psychoanalytic theories by feminist critics, her book now looks like a model of materialist scholarly practice.


22 Peggy Kamuf, "Penelope at Work: Interruptions in A Room of One's Own," Novel 16/1 (Fall 1982): 5–18.

23 On the footnote, see Shari Benstock's "At the Margin of Discourse," *PMLA* 98/2 (March 1983): 204–25. I have remarked in chapter 8, above, on the peculiar lack of footnotes to feminist critics whose ideas are used in their essays by male critics. See n. 3, p. 233 and 234 of J. Hillis Miller's *Fiction and Repetition* (Harvard University Press, 1982) for an interesting example of the way in which the critic identifies himself by naming all the critics he wishes to be his brothers and equals. Like some tribal ritual, this incantation places his own work among those he respects; he even names the journals whose views he acknowledges, and throughout the text he refers to the fiction he is writing about as "*my* seven novels." Does this represent a kind of crisis or anxiety of authorship/critical identity in the establishment? This minimalism in annotation has the political effect of isolating the critic or theorist from scholars and from the history of scholarship. If present practice in footnoting is a legacy of nineteenth-century capitalist recognition of the ownership of ideas, the minimalism of theorists, as opposed to scholars, represents a new economy of critical exchange in which the work of scholars is fair game (like exploitation of third-world countries), and the big White Men acknowledge only each other. Feminist practice continues to acknowledge students, participants in seminars, casual conversations—one scholar recently thanked Ma Bell for enabling her to discuss her work with her colleagues on the telephone. Nina Auerbach goes so far as to say that a whole chapter of *Woman and the Demon* owes its genesis to Martha Vicinus' opening of her files to a sister scholar.

24 Peggy Kamuf, *Fictions of Feminine Desire* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1982).


26 Sylvia Townsend Warner, "Women as Writers," in *Collected Poems* (New

27 But Some of Us Are Brave, ed. Hull, Scott, and Smith.


30 Colette, My Mother’s House and Sido, pp. 35–47.


32 I coined the word cliterologos in “Taking the Bull by the Udders.”

33 Virginia Woolf, To the Lighthouse (1927; reprint, New York: Harcourt Brace and World, Harvest Edition, 1955; page numbers in the text are from this edition). In “Sapphistry,” Mrs. Ramsay reading “The Fisherman and His Wife” to James is an almost parodic rendering of Freud’s oedipal stage. I am indebted here to an undergraduate Yale essay by my niece, Susan Lubeck, and to a presentation in my seminar in feminist theory by Mary Mathis, as well as to the helpful comments of Angela Ingram.