FROM *A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN* TO *A LITERATURE OF THEIR OWN*

by *Marion Shaw*

LAST year I was asked by the *Times Literary Supplement* to contribute to a column called "Speaking Volumes" in which each week someone in the academic world describes a book which has had a lasting effect on him or her. After very little thought I decided my book had to be *A Room of One's Own* because many years ago it healed a split in my life between my work as a teacher-critic and my politics as a feminist. *A Room of One's Own* showed how these two halves of myself could be brought together. In recalling how this came about, I remembered how the discovery of Woolf, and of *A Room*, had occurred after I graduated in 1964, in fact towards the end of the 1960s with the first ripples of the second wave of feminism to hit the UK this century. Two matters strike me; one is that it was as a feminist and not as a novelist that Woolf first became known to me, and the second is that I had not studied her as an undergraduate even though I had taken a special option in modern fiction. She was regarded in my student days as a minor writer, hardly worth studying.

I am reminded of a recollection made by the novelist Angus Wilson in 1961 that his first post-war broadcast was an attack on Virginia Woolf on the grounds of her "feminine hypersensitivity" and overconcern with personal values "which I attributed to a private income and a long tradition of upper-middle-class security." He added that today, that is in 1961, he would hesitate to make such an attack .[1] My experience obviously lagged behind Wilson's in that in 1964 I was still implicated in the neglect of, if not the hostility towards, Woolf. I believe my experience is typical of my generation, just as I believe that subsequent generations of women, and perhaps of men too, have come to acknowledge her both as a major writer and as one of the most original and influential feminist thinkers of this century. Why it took so long for her reputation to become established is what I wish to discuss in this paper, particularly in relation to responses to her work from the end of the 1920s, by which time she had become a well-known novelist and essayist, to the period of her recognition as an important feminist writer during the 1970s. Although there are still quite bitter attacks on her work in recent writings —John Carey's comments in *The Intellectual and the Masses* (1992), for instance — her reputation as both a major writer and as a major feminist — and the two are now accepted as inseparable — is now secure and it is instructive to see how this was not always so, and how at this earlier stage her feminism and her talents as a writer worked against each other, as, of course, she feared they would.

The reviews of *A Room of One's Own* were amused and tolerant and its sales "unprecedented" (*Diary* 3:272) .[2] But her advocacy of five hundred a year and a room of one's own as necessary for a writer provoked the kind of comment which

would become more frequent and vehement in the decade to follow. As Arnold Bennett, reviewing in the *Evening Standard*, said, "The book has a thesis [that one needs wealth and privacy to write] . . . . The thesis is disputable," [3] and this charge of elitism and remoteness was to feature generally in the criticism of her next major work, *The Waves*. "[T]he myopic observation, the lack of variation in the tension impose a strain on the reader. . . . Mrs. Woolf has preserved her extraordinary fineness and delicacy of perception at the cost of some cerebral etiolation," wrote the young Muriel Bradbrook.[4] Edmund Wilson, complaining in 1931 of the poetry scene after ten years of "depersonalized and over-intellectual verse," includes Woolf's writing in this indictment of pedantry and "futile aestheticism": it is "completely self-contained and does not lead to anything beyond itself."[5] The most savage criticism, as Woolf herself noted (*Diary* 4: 251-2), would come from her sworn adversary Wyndham Lewis in *Men Without Art* (1934). She is, he says, a "peeper," an old-maidish Proust or sub-Proust who is terrified by Outside: "Outside is terribly *dangerous*— in that great and coarse Without."[6] What Lewis calls "the ambulatories of . . . inner consciousness" which characterize Woolf and her "art-for art's sake cult" represent in his view an aesthetic which is both elitist and "female." As Lewis says in the opening sentence to his chapter on Woolf, he is compelled "to traverse the thorny region of feminism, or of militant feminine feeling."

But by this time Woolf was engaged in writing a book, *The Years*, which would be in some measure a rebuttal of Lewis's strictures and, as her husband believed, [7] possibly written as an answer to critics of *The Waves*. One of these critics was Winifred Holtby, who published the first book in English on Woolf in 1932. Holtby's research led to a brief acquaintanceship with Woolf during 1931-33, coinciding with Woolf's plans for a "novel-essay," *The Pargiters*, and her rejection of this original scheme in order to concentrate on a novel alone. Holtby's was a study which Woolf was bound to take more seriously than the knock-about malice of the likes of Wyndham Lewis because it was written by a feminist and socialist "woman citizen" of the inter-war decades who was herself a novelist, although of a "materialist" (to use Lewis's word) and popular type very different from Woolf. It was the challenge of dissimilarity which prompted Winifred Holtby to write her book:

> I took my courage and curiosity in both hands. . . and chose the writer whose art seemed most of all removed from anything I could ever attempt, and whose experience was most alien to my own. . . . I found it the most enthralling adventure — to enter, even at second-hand, that world of purely aesthetic and intellectual interests, was to me as strange an exploration as it would have been for Virginia Woolf to sit beside my mother's pie and hear my uncles talk fat-stock prices and cub-hunting. I felt I was learning and learning with every fiber of such brain as I have. To submit oneself to another person's mental attitudes, to sink oneself into their experience — it's almost like bathing in a strange sea.[8]

Holtby considered *The Waves* to be "the most delicate, complex and aesthetically pure piece of writing that [Woolf] has yet produced" and she also found it the most challenging to her own "alien" sensibility. Though she greatly admired "the strange, subtle confusion"of the subconscious world it portrays, a world "hitherto largely neglected by the English novelist," she concludes with reservations about Woolf's capabilities as a novelist: "The immense detailed knowledge of the material circumstances of life mastered by Thackeray or Arnold Bennett is beyond her. . . . [S]he is unlikely ever to command the allegiance of a wide contemporary public. . . . [T]here is still only a minority which prefers *To the Lighthouse*, with its demands upon the reader's intelligence and imagination, to a novel such as *The Good Companions,* which tells a pleasant, full and easy tale."[9] Eight years later, in 1940, Woolf would read Holtby's most significant novel, *South Riding*, prompted to do so by the publication of Vera Brittain's *Testament of Friendship*, her tribute to Holtby who had died in 1935. Woolf didn't like Brittain's book: ". . . it was a scrambling gasping affectionate book: and W.H. deserved a better," and she didn't care for *South Riding* either:

> I think (so far) she has a photographic mind, a Royal Academician's mind. Its as bright as paint, but how obvious, how little she's got beneath the skin. That's why it rattles on so, I think. One's never pulled up by a single original idea. She's seen nothing for the first time, for herself. I feel, as I do when God Save the King strikes up, that I could sing the whole book straight through. . . . She's a ventriloquist, not a creator. Sometimes, of course, she has the very words on her lips. But they don't come from the heart. [10]

The responses of the two women to each other's fiction represent not only their individual differences as writers but also differing attitudes towards the novel during the 1930s. In a crude sense *The Waves* and *South Riding* represent the poles of realism and modernism contending for the ground of critical respectability in the decade. As far as feminism is concerned, Holtby's discussion, particularly in relation to *Orlando* and *A Room of One's Own*, focuses on Woolf's ideas on androgyny and its reliance on essentialist notions of sexual difference. Woolf is handicapped, she believes, by the language she has to use: "We ought, when talking about the difference between men and women, to be allowed to use some such neutral word as 'gender' instead of 'sex' " (178) because biological destiny shouldn't determine the social being. Holtby's brand of inter-war feminism — an equal rights humanism — makes her uneasy with Woolf's use of the categories "male" and "female": "We cannot recognize infallibly what characteristics beyond those which are purely physical are 'male' and 'female.' Custom and practice, history and tradition have designed the fashion plates; we hardly know yet what remains beneath them of the human being"(182-3).

Woolf's response to Holtby's critical book on herself was a complex register of her insecurity at this time concerning her work, and a kind of snobbish pique at being written about by a writer known best for her middle-brow journalism and

who came from a provincial background. Whilst telling friends that she hadn't read the book, and joking about Holtby's farming childhood, Woolf undoubtedly did read it during January 1933 .[11] Its influence is impossible to ascertain, but it is of interest that Holtby and her book came into Woolf's life at a point when Woolf herself was on the point of changing direction in her writing. A letter from Woolf to Holtby in February 1933 mentions that she and Holtby had discussed professions at their recent meeting, that Holtby had sent Woolf some "useful" information, and that Woolf was thinking of re-writing a paper on professions that she had read a "year or two ago" in which "I want to keep rather more closely to facts than usual."[12] This was the time when she was finishing *Flush,* which was being "gradually shoved out, as by a cuckoo in the nest" (*Diary* 4: 142) by her growing pre-occupation with her "novel of fact," *The Pargiters.* On 3 June 1938, she would record the final destiny of *The Pargiters*: "Anyhow that's the end of six years floundering, striving, much agony, some ecstasy: lumping The Years & 3Gs together as one book — as indeed they are"(*Diary* 5:148).

One of the nine alternative titles Woolf considered for the book that became *The Years* was "Ordinary People"(*Diary* 4: 266). The thrust of the novel, even after it had left behind the "inter-chapters" which had been intended as the fact-carriers in the original conception of a "novel-essay," was towards a more socially attuned work: "I long to feel my sails blow out, & to be careering along with Elvira, Maggie & the rest of human life," she wrote in December 1932 (*Diary* 4:134), and this sense of the largeness and externality of the undertaking persisted: "I want to give the whole of the present society — nothing less: facts, as well as the vision. And to combine them both. I mean, The Waves going on simultaneously with Night & Day. . . . It should aim at immense breadth & intensity. . . . And its to end with the press of daily normal life continuing"(*Diary* 4: 151 -2), she wrote in April 1933. By August 1934, she could recognize its difference from what she had done before: "I am breaking the mould made by The Waves" (*Diary* 4:233).

Many of the reviews of *The Years* were full of praise for what Basil de Selincourt[13] called the "kaleidoscopic" effect of the novel, the large cast of characters, the sense of history, and "the whole spectacle of men and women beating their way through the mists and confusions of time."[14] Woolf rejoiced not so much because of "an ignoble fame-gratified relief" but because the greater social purpose of the novel "may not be so entirely muted & obscured as I feared." It also prepared the ground for what had been left out when *The Years* ceased to be *The Pargiters,* what was now becoming *Three Guineas.* She was pleased that critics like De Selincourt had seen that the novel was a "constructive book. . . .And this means that it will be debated; & this means that 3 Gs. will strike very sharp & clear on a hot iron: so that my immensely careful planning won't be balked"(*Diary* 5: 68). There were dissenting voices: the communist press "began its little snigger" with John Brophy's review in the *Daily Telegraph,* complaining that *The Years* was a "tired anaemic middle class book," Edwin Muir thought the book "dead and disappointing" (*Diary* 5:75) and the *Scrutiny* critic W.H. Mellors thought that *The Years* continued the mistakes of *The Waves* with "dismal finality." He concludes with a familiar charge:

> To speak of Mrs. Woolf's refinement reminds us of her celebrated femininity, which quality seems to go hand in hand with the curiously tepid Bloomsbury prose into which she has always, in unguarded moments, been inclined to trickle. . . . The phrase "feminine intuition," used in connection with Mrs. Woolf, inevitably invites comparison with Jane Austen and if the latter has social decorum, Mrs. Woolf can only be said to have social decorousness. . . . Some of us may perhaps think that, as a novelist, Mrs. Woolf is too concerned about Life to be concerned, as was Miss Austen, very adequately about living.[15]

Adverse criticism of Woolf's work in the 1930s focused, then, on her aesthetic abstraction from social realities and, relatedly, on her femininity, which somehow became both a condition and a symptom of her removal from those realities and a function of her style as a writer. Though *The Years* to some extent stilled these criticisms in its attempt to "maintain something like a balance between the outer and the inner reality, between the public and the personal," [16] the shape of opinion on Woolf was beginning to harden. As Modernism becomes a matter of yesterday's men and women, Woolf, like Eliot, is tainted with what Mellor calls the "threadbare trick" of giving precedence of form over content. With her next text, *Three Guineas*, it was her feminism that was primarily under scrutiny, but those who disliked or disbelieved Woolf's feminism also found fault with the form of the essay and thought the argument illogical and inconsequential. The most ferocious and influential criticism of this nature came, of course, from Q. D. Leavis, writing in *Scrutiny* in September 1938. Leavis's attack was, as Woolf observed, "all personal — about Queenie's grievances & retorts to my snubs"(*Diary* 5:165), and it also took a moral and didactic line typical of *Scrutiny* ("that prig's manual," as Woolf called it [*Diary* 4:337]). But its most striking feature was a belief in the intellectual inferiority of women amongst whom only the exceptional could achieve professional success, and then only by behaving like men, under men's tutelage: "The position then with regard to further female emancipation seems to be that the onus is on women to prove that they are going to be able to justify it, and that it will not vitally dislocate (what has already been seriously disturbed — and no responsible person can disregard that without uneasiness) the framework of our culture."[17]

Though Woolf took Leavis's attack more easily than was her wont, it was to do lasting damage to her reputation. Generations of undergraduates were tutored in the *Scrutiny* critical ideology and taught, via F. R. Leavis's *The Great Tradition* (1948), that the "great English novelists are Jane Austen, George Eliot, Henry James and Joseph Conrad" and that the only modern contender for inclusion in the tradition was D. H. Lawrence. It was, of course, the case that my teachers at University were Leavisites, had actually been taught by Leavis, and to them, as to the Leavises, novelists other than the famous five lacked the "sustained and complete seriousness" that makes for perfection in the novel. As Noel Annan has argued, this kind of criticism succeeded in discrediting Bloomsbury for the period from the end of the Second World War to the 1960s, and Woolf was inevitably part

of this discredit. Annan quotes "a memorable sentence" from F. R. Leavis's *The Common Pursuit* (1952) which summarizes the *Scrutiny* view of the Bloomsbury Modernists:

> Articulateness and unreality cultivated together: callousness disguising itself in articulateness; conceit casting itself safely in a confined sense of high sophistication; the uncertainty as to whether one is serious or not taking itself for ironic pose; who has not at some time observed the process? [18]

The Leavises succeeded, Annan argues, because the critical and political mood in the 1940s and 1950s indulged an ideal of an organic culture in which high and low art were not divorced, "in which speech was natural and vigorous, in which life was deeply felt and morality simple and unalloyed."[19] According to F. R. Leavis, this had been corrupted by "industrialism and urban polish and insincerity" and Bloomsbury cosmopolitanism had played all too potent a part in this cultural demise. There was also the class dimension; Woolf and most of her circle came from an intellectual aristocracy, the Leavises represented and appealed to a meritocracy whose cultural elitism was to be based not on birth and family but on the rigorous moral training in literary criticism and the appreciation of the best that has been thought and written according to *Scrutiny* definitions.

The period of greatest *Scrutiny* hostility coincided with another attack on the forms and values associated with Bloomsbury, Georg Lukacs's *The Meaning of Contemporary Realism*, published in Germany in 1957 and then in England in 1963. Though Lukacs was a Marxist and the Leavises, as social democrats, very different in political alignment and motivation, they all represented a retreat from Modernism. Lukacs does not mention Woolf but his endorsement of realism in its presentation of humans as social animals whose individual existences cannot be distinguished from their historical and social environment, and his condemnation of Modernism as "a negation of outward reality [and] the attenuation of actuality," gave a respected left-wing authority and theorization to the discontents regarding Woolf and other Modernists already present in the 1930s. The formidable conjunction of the humanist moral Center and the Marxist moral Left was enough, in Britain at least, to ensure that only selected Modernists were seen as worth serious critical attention. Woolf, with her Bloomsbury pedigree compounding her Modernism, was not one of these. Criticism of Woolf's last novel, *Between the Acts,* published just after her death, was almost united in the view that it represented a further decline into remoteness and "the weakly fanciful": "The retreat from life had gone too far, the very submersion of self in a pool of pictures and phrases had become too deep."[20] This point of view continues after the war and the Marxist critic Arnold Kettle, writing in 1953, after an appreciative account of the "unique and exquisite" *To the Lighthouse*, summarizes the prevailing attitude:

> . . . the temptation, after one has finished *To the Lighthouse* and remained for a while sensitive to its spell, [is] to slam it with as

> vulgar a gesture as one can muster and permit to fall the brutal words: "So what?" . . . it is, when all is said and done, not about anything very interesting or important. . . Upon what vision of the world, what scale of human values, is it based? What is lacking in *To the Lighthouse* is a basic conflict, a framework of human effort.[21]

Even a critic like Dorothy Van Ghent, so sympathetic to other women novelists, ignores Woolf totally. Van Ghent's critical principles explain the omission; the novel, she says, "has to have integral structure. . . . [W]e judge a novel by the cogency and illuminative quality of the view of life that it affords, the idea enshrined in its cosmology."[22] It is not difficult to see why, unless attuned to the Modernist mode in which Woolf presents her ideas, and to the "idea" of her feminism, a critic would exclude the form and function of Woolf's writing from serious consideration

There were some exceptions in the dark ages of Woolf criticism, but these rescued Woolf's artistry at the expense of her politics. Joan Bennett's *Virginia Woolf: Her Art as a Novelist*, first published in 1945, was a highly appreciative study of the formal subtleties by which Woolf presented both character and moral vision Though admitting the narrowness of that vision — which she parted from at he peril, Bennett thought, as the relative failure of *The Years* demonstrated — Bennet believed that Woolf at her best had invented "a convention or art form. . . whicl is more than adequate to take the place of the older convention of narrative an characterization. . . . [T]he form is the vehicle for two kinds of experience one o the plane of prose and the other on the plane of poetry. The double effect i analogous to that of the greatest poetic drama."[23] Bennett made little reference t Woolf's feminism, mentioning *Three Guineas* only in passing. Dorothy Brewster' *Virginia Woolf* (1962) was likewise an appreciative, and also a safe, description c the writings The steam had gone out of positive criticism of Woolf and Brewster' book is representative of a low-key, unduly careful response amongst those wh dared to think Woolf a significant writer. By comparison, Holtby's "brilliant littl book," [24] which Brewster quotes from on several occasions, was more evaluativ perceptive and analytic than the writing of three decades later.

By the end of the 1960s feminist criticism — new wave feminist criticisn one might call it —was to appear in ground-breaking books like Mary Ellman *Thinking About Women* (1968) and Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics* (1969). Bot books, as was probably imperative at the time, were more concerned to expos and demolish sexism in men's writing than to uncover and explore a tradition (women's writing. Millett, in her few passing references to Woolf, blames her, i much the same way as she does George Eliot, for not writing prescriptively an sociologically, for not showing how patriarchy came about or what should be dor about it: "Virginia Woolf glorified two housewives, Mrs. Dalloway and Mr Ramsay, recorded the suicidal misery of Rhoda in *The Waves* without explaining i causes, and was argumentative yet somehow unsuccessful, perhaps becau unconvinced, in conveying the frustration of the woman artist in Lily Briscoe." The "perhaps because unconvinced" suggests that perhaps Millett may have h in mind the old charge against Woolf of her privileged, easy life as an artist.

When feminist criticism matures into self-reflection during the mid to late 1970s, the accommodation of Woolf continues to reveal an interesting unease. Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar, in *The Madwoman in the Attic* (1979), are in many respects following in Woolf's footsteps in looking at questions Woolf raised in *A Room of One's Own*, particularly those relating to what Gilbert and Gubar call "the anxiety of authorship." But they do not treat her as a literary mother to quite the extent one might expect, in fact they incorporate her into their thesis about the madwoman in what seems to me a rather cavalier way. For example, Woolf's phrase "Milton's bogey," which Gilbert and Gubar use as a chapter heading, is picked up, the passage in which it is used is quoted at some length and analyzed for its "uncharacteristic humility, even nervousness," some mention is made of Milton's presence in other Woolf texts, and then the discussion moves away to the influence of Milton, "the first of the mansculinists" (Woolf's phrase again), in Charlotte Bronte's work.[26] Of course, this is a book about the nineteenth-century woman writer, so the appropriation of Woolf to that cause is possibly excusable. Nevertheless, there is an evasion in their use of her ideas, perhaps to do with a sense of Woolf as an embarrassing literary mother: the throwaway phrase, "uncharacteristic humility," is revealing of attitudes towards Woolf still pervasive even in 1979.

The text that really confronts the issues of importance to the new feminism and the new feminist criticism of the 1970s in relation to Woolf is, of course, Elaine Showalter's *A Literature of Their Own* (1977). Though the title is a quotation from John Stuart Mill's *The Subjection of Women* (1869), it invokes Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*, but the subtle differences in the pronouns in these titles — their/one's — the different class inflections and the contrast between the individual and the collective they suggest, get to the heart of Showalter's objection. Interestingly, she quotes at considerable length Q. D. Leavis's objections to *Three Guineas*, describing them as "cruelly accurate" and "very persuasive. *Three Guineas* is often indignant, articulate, solid — even powerful — but the picture of an Outsiders Society is all too accurate a picture of Woolf's world." [27] It is all too cruel an irony that when her 1930s contemporaries accused her of being an Insider, here is the accusation of an Outsider levelled against her. But the accusations are basically the same; it is simply the case that by 1977 feminism had come in from the cold and Woolf's subversive 1930s fictional strategies had been recast once again as elitism. Psycho-pathologising Woolf's writings, Showalter correlates Woolf's entrapment within upper-middle-class female neuroses with a writing style and a content which too often is "the sphere of the exile and the eunuch." In Showalter's opinion, Woolf advocated "a strategic retreat, and not a victory; a denial of feeling, and not a mastery," and she expressed "a class-oriented and Bloomsbury-oriented ideal — the separation of politics and art," a separation which reveals itself in the "empty sloganeering" of *Three Guineas*. (It is significant that Showalter barely mentions *The Years*.) Anger and alienation should have surfaced openly in Woolf's writing, Showalter prescriptively argues, because the alternative, the suppression of feeling in favor of class-based politesse and aesthetic elegance, was to return women to the fatal passivity of the Angel in the House: "Woolf's vision of womanhood is as deadly as it is disembodied. The ultimate room of one's own is the grave."

How this verdict came to be reversed during the years that follow *A Literature of Their Own*, at least for most feminist critics, lies outside the scope of this paper, and indeed, belongs to the *curriculum vita* of many of those who are present at this conference.

NOTES

1. This anecdote is quoted in Dorothy Brewster, *Virginia Woolf* (London: Allen and Unwin, 1963), 16.
2. *The Diary of Virginia Woolf*, 5 vols., edited by Anne Olivier Bell (London: Penguin Books, 1977).
3. *Virginia Woolf: The Critical Heritage*, edited by Robin Majumdar and Allen McLauren (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1975), 259.
4. Ibid., 312-13.
5. Edmund Wilson, *Axel's Castle: A Study in the Imaginative Literature of 1870-1930* (London: Charles Scribner & Son, 1947 [1931]), 122.
6. Quoted Majumdar and McLauren, 330-8.
7. *An Autobiography*, 2 vols. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1969), 2:401.
8. Vera Brittain, *Testament of Friendship* (London: Virago, 1980), 308.
9. Winifred Holtby, *Virginia Woolf* (London: Wishart, 1932), 210-2.
10. *The Letters of Virginia Woolf*, edited by Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Trautmann, 5 vol. (London: The Hogarth Press), vol. VI: 1936-1941, 382. The previous quotation — "...it was a scrambling..." — is from the same volume, page 379.
11. Unpublished letter to Holtby, undated but January 1933, saying she has finished *Virginia Woolf* and acknowledging a point Holtby makes about a discrepancy in relation to Mrs. Dalloway's father in *The Voyage Out* and *Mrs. Dalloway*. The letter is in the Winifred Holtby Collection, Hull Public Library, England, Drawer 1.18.
12. Unpublished letter to Holtby, Winifred Holtby Collection, I. 18.
13. De Selincourt reviewed *The Years* in the *Observer*, 14 March 1937. An abridged version of the review is reprinted in Majumdar and McLauren, 371-5. Leonard Woolf records how the novel "was much the most successful of all Virginia's books. It was the only one which was a best-seller in America." *Autobiography*, 2:293.
14. Howard Spring, the popular novelist, in the *Evening Standard*, 18 March 1937; Majumdar and McLauren, 378.
15. Majumdar and McLauren, 398-9.
16. William Troy in *Nation* (New York), 24 April 1937; quoted in Majumdar and McLauren, 392.
17. Q. D. Leavis, *Fiction and the Reading Public* (London: Penguin, 1979), 212.
18. F. R. Leavis, *The Common Pursuit* (London 1952), 257.
19. Noel Annan, "Bloomsbury and the Leavises," in *Virginia Woolf and Bloomsbury*, edited by Jane Marcus (London: Macmillan, 1987), 31.
20. Review by Louis Kronenberger in the *Nation*, 11 October 1941; quoted in Majumdar and McLauren, 450 and 452..
21. Arnold Kettle, *An Introduction to the English Novel*, 2 vols. (London: Hutchinson, 1967 [1953]), 2:94-5.
22. Dorothy van Ghent, *The English Novel: Form and Function* (New York: Harper and Row, 1961 [1953]), 6-7.
23. Joan Bennett, *Virginia Woolf: Her Art as a Novelist* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1964 [1945]), 99-102.
24. Dorothy Brewster, *Virginia Woolf* (London: Allen & Unwin, 1963), 168.
25. Kate Millett, *Sexual Politics* (London: Abacus, 1972), 139-40.
26. Sandra S. Gilbert and Susan Gubar, *The Madwoman in the Attic: The Woman Writer and the Nineteenth-Century Literary Imagination* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1979), 187-93.
27. Elaine Showalter, *A Literature of Their Own* (London: Virago Press, 1982), 285-97.