Feeling Shadows: Virginia Woolf's Sensuous Pedagogy

BENJAMIN D. HAGEN

We never know in advance how someone will learn: by means of what loves someone becomes good at Latin, what encounters make them a philosopher, or in what dictionaries they learn to think.

—Gilles Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition* (165)

[O]ur taste, the nerve of sensation that sends shocks through us, is our chief illuminant; we learn through feeling.

—Virginia Woolf, "How Should One Read a Book?" (581)

[I]

THOUGH UNFINISHED, VIRGINIA WOOLF'S MEMOIR "A SKETCH OF the Past" (1939–40) develops her most radical ontological and pedagogical insights, which are inseparably connected by her seminal concept "moments of being"—redefined in this essay as pedagogical accidents. This redefinition opens readers to an unexplored dimension of Woolf's late thought: namely, the reorientation of learning and teaching around the creative function of accidents, the unhinged temporality of "sudden violent shock[s]" that repeat their difference across one's life span, and the prioritization of feeling (71). For Woolf, conditions of learning and teaching require the accident—understood as contingency and singularity—and its capacity to cleave and compose memorable events that commence and sustain how and what one learns to become: "I . . . suppose that the shock-receiving capacity is what makes me a writer" (72). The nonlinear, nonrealist, and nonsequential temporality of these events serves Woolf as a model not only for the memoir, taken up sporadically and without method between her other writing projects, but, more significant, for the double task of learning how to write her life other-

BENJAMIN D. HAGEN is assistant professor of English at the University of South Dakota, where he teaches courses in composition, twentieth-century literature, and the history of criticism and theory. This essay is part of a book he is writing titled "Learn | Read | Love: The Sensuous Pedagogies of Virginia Woolf and D. H. Lawrence." His previous work has appeared in *Modernism/Modernity* and in *Twentieth-Century Literature*.

© 2017 BENJAMIN D. HAGEN
PMLA 132.2 (2017), published by the Modern Language Association of America

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press

wise and of teaching her potential readers the shapes and intensities of their own selves and lives. My reading of Woolf's memoir as a work of "sensuous pedagogy" attempts to account for the importance of feeling to this task.

The sense of Woolf as pedagogue has been steadily expanding in Woolf studies over the past two decades and is now supported by a field of criticism including Beth Rigel Daugherty's pioneering research ("Teaching," "'They,'" and "Virginia Woolf"), Melba Cuddy-Keane's *Virginia Woolf, the Intellectual, and the Public Sphere* (2003), a special issue of *Virginia Woolf Miscellany* (2008) edited by Madelyn Detloff (*Woolf*), and Rod C. Taylor's work in *Woolf Studies Annual* (2014) on the critical pedagogy of *Three Guineas* (1938). The consensus among these varied accounts is that the rhetorical style of Woolf's essays, lectures, and other nonfiction is inclusive, democratic, and empowering and should thus be situated in a tradition of alternative pedagogies that includes the Workers' Educational Association and the adult education movement,[1] as well as the work of John Dewey, Paulo Freire, Henry Giroux, and bell hooks.[2] Daugherty asserts that Woolf's two-year teaching stint at Morley College (1905–07) was central to the development of this style, and she elucidates common strategies that characterize Woolf's teaching and writing: for instance, identifying with students and readers generally, conversing with them instead of lecturing to them, "communicat[ing] with vivid detail and narrative," and encouraging the student's and general reader's attention to context ("Teaching" 289–91; see also "Virginia Woolf" 63–65). For Daugherty, Woolf's classrooms and essays are "spaces . . . where the teacher/writer and student/reader can talk comfortably as partners" ("Teaching" 291). Cuddy-Keane agrees with Daugherty's analysis and shows how Woolf regularly "employ[s] a single voice" in her essays "that undergoes constant shifts in focalization" (141). By refusing to give this voice a dominant position, Woolf "model[s] critical thought" as a dialogue between reader and author, individual and community, present and past, and even "affect and analysis" (182). Cuddy-Keane concludes that Woolf "inscribes a participatory place" in her essays that encourages "the voices of the future"—of her readers, her students, and our students—to talk back to her and with one another (192–93).

Insisting that Woolf has something to teach teachers too, Daugherty describes how a course of her own was inspired by Woolf's "How Should One Read a Book?" (1932) and "Report on Teaching at Morley College" (1905). Aimed first and foremost at "develop[ing] lifelong readers," the course involved not just getting students to "read lots of books" ("'They'" 112) but, moreover, building choice, communal feeling, and student interest into the course's reading list so that by the end of the quarter students "had read three common books and five books of [their] choice and had learned about twenty-five more" from their peers (114). In another course, which focused exclusively on Woolf, Daugherty repeats this emphasis on wide reading as a ground for more critically and contextually nuanced analyses, moving with students through "Woolf's diary entries and letters *first*," before turning to "Woolf, [the] essayist and literary critic," then "the story writer," and, lastly, "the autobiographer" ("Teaching" 295–96). This approach enabled students to feel Woolf's context even when they did not understand all her allusions, to sense (as one student puts it) that Woolf's "texts are *alive*" (qtd. in 296), and to learn that being a reader might mean (as another student writes) "to be engaged in the business of intimacy, the business of connecting with a larger (or smaller!) community" (qtd. in 302).

The emphasis of Daugherty and her students on feeling inspires my contention that problems of teaching and learning are, for Woolf, problems of feeling: of touch, affect, and intensity. Though distinct from the

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press

democratically minded dialogic style that concerns Cuddy-Keane, the sensuous pedagogy I flesh out here also opposes and undermines the "[d]irect and efficient, linear and end-oriented, rational and serviceable modern academic discourse" with which Woolf was familiar (Cuddy-Keane 72). As an alternative to the purported mastery of "heavily furred and gowned" "authorities" (Woolf, "How" 573) and lecturers who bestow institutionally validated knowledge on "passive listeners" (Cuddy-Keane 72), Woolf advocates the faculty of "taste"—the "chief illuminant"—developed and refined, at least in the case of common reading, through an intimacy with books and their authors (Woolf, "How" 581). But this pedagogy extends beyond literary taste, encompassing all sensations (aural, visual, tactile, spiritual) and emotions (horror, joy, sorrow, excitement) that move, initiate, and even sustain critical and creative thought.

Woolf's account of Roger Fry's dynamic style of writing and lecturing demonstrates her fascination with a sensuous alternative to traditional, self-sustaining, and other-excluding modes of instruction. In his essays, she notes, "aesthetic emotion seems . . . of supreme importance" (*Roger Fry* 229); Fry rhetorically arouses sensation, stimulates curiosity, and wakes the eye; "as the colours emerge [along with] the structure, *learning begins* easily and *unconsciously* to release its stores" (227; emphasis added). But in his lectures, Woolf asks, "[h]ow could contact be established" between audience and art (261)? And she answers:

> He gazed afresh at the picture. And then in a flash he found the word he wanted; he added on the spur of the moment what he had just seen for the first time. That, perhaps, was the secret of his hold over his audience. They could see the sensation strike and form; he could lay bare the very moment of perception. So with pauses and spurts the world of spiritual reality emerged in slide after slide . . . [a]nd finally the lecturer . . . came to a pause. He was pointing to a late work by Cézanne, and he was baffled. He shook his head; his stick rested on the floor. . . . [Here was] a great critic, a man of profound sensibility but of exacting honesty, who, when reason could penetrate no further, broke off; but was convinced, and convinced others, that what he saw was there. (262–63)

Cuddy-Keane argues that Woolf shares Fry's goal of "illustrat[ing] for [one's] audience the processes of [one's] own thinking" but that her essays and reviews differ from his lectures insofar as they do not rely on a "charismatic temperament" (107, 108). I think that this distinction between Woolf's writing and Fry's lectures is too hasty. Both Woolf and Fry, after all, are invested in getting others to see, hear, and feel something real—a vision or design—and this requires a pedagogy attuned not only to the reader's or auditor's senses but also to their own. This pedagogy is also invested in the moment's uncanny and untimely capacity—as contingency, singularity—to repeat its affective difference and thus to "spur" oneself and others to encounter "for the first time" the impact, the problem, or the idea of a unique composition—even if one (like Fry) had seen it before.

Gilles Deleuze also shares with Woolf this triangulation of the moment with learning and feeling, especially in his early texts *Proust and Signs* (1964) and *Difference and Repetition* (1968).[3] These works challenge a dominant "image of thought" that, among other things, presumes learning to be "the acquisition of knowledge" (*Difference* 166) or "the assimilation of some objective content" (*Proust* 22). Such presumptions, which still plague philosophy and education, fail to account for the fundamental roles of contingency and the senses. "Something in the world forces us to think," Deleuze argues. "This something is not an object of recognition but of a fundamental *encounter* . . . [with] that [which] can only be sensed" (*Difference* 139). Thinking begins sublimely, in other words, when one reaches the limit of the recognizable, when one's mental faculties become discordant,

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press

when sensation alone—accompanied by "a range of affective tones: wonder, love, hatred, suffering" (139)—perplexes one, poses a problem (140), and potentially inaugurates an apprenticeship (164–65). This reconceptualization of thinking and learning recasts the work of those who desire to teach and learn. "Our only teachers"—and here I think back to Woolf's example of Fry—"are those who tell us to 'do with me'" and who create conditions under which students might encounter (without foreknowledge) the sensuous, even "amorous" and disquieting, limit of what they recognize, know, and believe (23). For Deleuze, as for Fry, teaching is the repetition of pedagogical encounters, events that have powerfully constituted what one has become and that can return "afresh" for both teacher and student (Woolf, *Roger Fry* 262).

Deleuze claims that one cannot teach this way directly, for "[w]e never know how someone learns" (*Proust* 22; see also *Difference* 165). Rather, the teacher or learner teaches or learns by creating a field or a "space of encounter with signs, in which distinctive points" of one's body and the field in which that body is immersed "renew themselves in each other" (*Difference* 23). A library, a classroom, a body of water, a walking trail, a postimpressionistic slideshow: according to Deleuze's logic of sense, these and other spaces are potentially pedagogical. They may be homes to social and coercive codes, norms, and habits, but they also make events of escape and deformation possible—especially for those who learn to inhabit them with creative anticipation. It is telling that Deleuze's examples of such events are not just historical—the fall of the Bastille, for instance (*Difference* 1)—but aesthetic: visual, musical, literary, and plastic. For early Deleuze, "essences" (another word for "singularities") are neither identities nor determinative human qualities but profoundly nonhuman "complication[s]" of heterogeneous components folded into wholes, which remain in perpetual formation (*Proust* 45). "What can one do with essence . . . except to repeat it, because it is irreplaceable[?]" he asks. "This is why great music can only be played again, a poem learned by heart and recited" (49). When one plays great music or recites great verse or encounters Cézanne, one repeats a difference, which is to say one becomes entangled in a vibrant field. One becomes part of a differential ongoingness.

Though my reading of Woolf here does not directly apply Deleuzian theory to her memoir, Deleuze's work has certainly influenced how I approach her life and her writing. But the philosophical pedagogy I unfold—though it resonates with Fry and Deleuze—is Woolfian. "A Sketch of the Past" helps us elucidate Woolf's sensuous pedagogy, not only because of its vivid attention to audiovisual shocks but because it accounts—at the level of content—for solitary moments of learning that are, to some degree, free of institutional constraint and because it evinces, at the level of form, a mind teaching itself to compose with great energy and improvisation a life, its own life, late in life. Moreover, the memoir exemplifies Woolf's tendency to task readers to take up thought experiments beyond the immediate vision she sketches. But before turning to these experiments, in the third section of this essay, I show that Woolf's imbrication of learning and feeling is warranted by an aesthetic ontology, a philosophical intuition that "the whole world is a work of art" ("Sketch" 72). This is not to say that the world has an author—"there is . . . no God," after all—but that the primary quality of all things material and immaterial is their capacity to be combined into singular yet repeatable compositions—that is, into moments of being. "A Sketch" is a rich account of Woolf's learning to intuit this aesthetic ontology, to treasure its shocking moments, to respond to them with vivid compositions of her own, and to assign herself and her readers reflective tasks related to thinking of the self as a dispersion rather than a coherent identity or narrative.

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press

[II]

Woolf's pedagogical force almost always catches me off guard. While rereading one of her novels in solitude, discussing her life and work with students, or just staring at the play of cloud and sunlight as I jog beneath South Dakota skies, I sometimes feel separated from my training, transformed from a teacher-scholar into a student once again. These moments, in which I learn anew to feel love or sadness or the body, humble me and remind me of what I often forget: that the lives and oeuvres of which I am purportedly a master continue to be, in vital ways, masters of me. Is it possible to shape a critical point of departure out of this sensitivity to my favorite author?

The first section of "A Sketch" addresses a similar concern. Here, Woolf affirms her lifelong susceptibility to "sudden violent shock[s]" and asserts that it has developed over time into a "shock-receiving capacity" (71, 72). This capacity empowers her to translate the sense and nonsense of these shocks into what she calls, in her "private shorthand," "moments of being" (70).

It is difficult to read Woolf's term, *moments of being*, in a systematic way.[4] As Lorraine Sim points out, the term refers to "various states of feeling" and a "diverse range of experiences" (137). For example, Woolf uses it to refer to "scaffolding in the background"—that is, to "the invisible and silent part of [her] life as a child" ("Sketch" 73). Yet it also applies to "exceptional" foregrounded moments from her childhood that are heavily outnumbered by the potentially more important "things [she] does not remember" (69). The foregrounded moments, which she calls "color-and-sound memories," are strong and vivid, and they often feel "more real than the present moment" (66, 67). They are not an invisible structure, then, but a supravisible reality, not silent but supra-audible. Indeed, that which is invisible and silent in her adult life at the writing table is "non-being," the "cotton wool of daily life" composed of the mundane and the rote (70, 72): what she "and Leonard talked about at lunch" yesterday, for instance, or simply "ordering dinner; writing orders to Mabel; washing; cooking dinner; bookbinding"—in short, things that Woolf knows she has done but that she cannot fully recall since they were "not lived consciously" (70). The exemplary moments of being she identifies in her adult life, however—writing, reading, walking, noting colors, textures, and sounds—are also routines, though they are the routines of a creative life. Yet how pleasurable they seem beside her descriptions, on the next page, of childhood events that "happened so violently" she continues to recall them decades later: a fistfight with her brother, an arresting encounter with a flower, the haunting news of a suicide (71). Woolf hypothesizes that "as one gets older one has a greater power through reason to provide an explanation" for such events. But there is still some conceptual difficulty, for the adult affirmation of such "blow[s]" involves thinking of them as "revelation[s] of some order . . . , token[s] of some real thing behind appearances" (72). Woolf might "make [a blow] real by putting it into words," but she clearly retains a sense that such events—lyrically plotless and sensuous—reveal something beyond the scope of her will, consent, or intention. As a conceptual cluster of background and foreground, structure and content, exception and routine, revelation and reason, visibility and invisibility, the moment of being remains a reading task demanding our attention and refuses to fit cleanly into the modernist trope of "epiphany."

To locate a concern with pedagogy in Woolf's term, I note that the work of making real or of finding a reason means becoming the author of the moment's revision "into words" (72). When Woolf "suppose[s]" that her "shock-receiving capacity is what makes [her] a writer," she is naming—as her occupation, preoccupation, life, and being—an

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press

emotional, social, historical, and familial vulnerability she has learned to "welcome," a sensitivity that has become a creative and critical sensibility, a passivity turned (not completely) activity. "A Sketch" enjoins its readers to hold revelation and reason in concert and to wonder about the words trailing behind "revelation": "of some order." What order of things accounts for the link between the shocks of childhood and the capacities of adult life? The sense of a hidden "enemy" and the pleasure of composition, "putting severed parts together"?

Moments of being teach Woolf to compose because they are compositions, much as a body of water's undulations inspire movements that differ from the water and from one another, though they already exist *in potentia*: the motions of a swimmer's legs and arms, the active balance of surfer and board, or the group dynamics of a school of fish. Woolf learns to form arresting combinations because she sees the memorable, exceptional accidents of her life as the sudden coming together of random components into uncanny, unified wholes. For Woolf, a sovereign or divine teacher or composer does not coordinate these accidents. One learns to write, think, or feel not by command—"there is no Shakespeare . . . no Beethoven . . . [and] emphatically . . . no God"—but only from the sensations of compositions themselves. "*Hamlet* or a Beethoven quartet," she writes, "is the truth about this vast mass that we call the world." To find the reason for a shock and to put it into words are, for Woolf, differential, creative activities that translate the world's fundamental operation into a verbal composition that acquires a sensuousness and a truth of its own. Thus, when Woolf tentatively shares her "philosophy" that "the whole world is a work of art," she is pointing speculatively at a greater logic—an ontology—of an autonomous world already at work, a cosmic flux of authorless compositions and complications to which "we—I mean all human beings—are connected" (72).

To flesh out this ontology, it is worth tarrying with three seemingly unrelated events that Woolf weaves together. In the first event, she and her brother Thoby

> were pommelling each other with our fists. Just as I raised my fist to hit him, I felt: why hurt another person? I dropped my hand instantly, and stood there, and let him beat me. I remember the feeling. It was a feeling of hopeless sadness. It was as if I became aware of something terrible; and of my own powerlessness. . . . The second instance was also in the garden at St. Ives. I was looking at the flower bed by the front door; "That is the whole," I said. I was looking at a plant with a spread of leaves; and it seemed suddenly plain that the flower itself was a part of the earth; that a ring enclosed what was the flower; and that was the real flower; part earth; part flower. It was a thought I put away as being likely to be very useful to me later. The third case was also at St. Ives. Some people called Valpy had been staying at St. Ives, and had left. We were waiting at dinner one night, when somehow I overheard my father or my mother say that Mr. Valpy had killed himself. The next thing I remember is being in the garden at night and walking on the path by the apple tree. It seemed to me that the apple tree was connected with the horror of Mr. Valpy's suicide. I could not pass it. I stood there looking at the grey-green creases of the bark . . . in a trance of horror . . . dragged down, hopelessly, into some pit of absolute despair from which I could not escape. (71)

These moments share a general structure with other moments of being in this and other Woolf texts: an intense emotion or sensation combines with a seemingly random arrangement of components that poses an urgent problem ("why hurt another person?"; "[t]hat is the whole"; "the apple tree was connected with . . . [a] suicide"). Elsewhere, I pair this passage with the "spots of time" that Wordsworth recounts in the two-part *Prelude* of 1799 and argue that this literary pairing discloses an ethics of self-crafting learned from encounters with "new relations

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press

and new collectivities" (13–14). But where do these relations and collectivities come from? I want to warp and extend this earlier argument of mine, for the three moments above are metamoments, or meta-accidents. The problems they pose are reflective, suggesting a fundamental consequence of Woolf's tentative philosophy: the inescapable radicalness of composeability. The world is a "work of art," in other words, because, as these moments demonstrate, the primary attribute of all activities, entities, intentions, creatures, plants, landscapes, emotions, memories, and perceptions is their capacity to be or become composed—folded in—with and among other things (Woolf, "Sketch" 73).

In the case of the fight with Thoby, we see the relational kernel of Woolf's pacifism: a vision that we all are threaded irrevocably together by mutual vulnerability—what Judith Butler terms "precarity" (1–32)—and that the "pommelling" of another person threatens not only that person but also a connection, a combination greater than two to which "I" am responsible, in which I am complicit, and on which my being relies. In the case of the flower, this insight extends to the nonhuman, intimating the first stirrings of an ecological sensibility. Young Virginia intuits that "the real flower" exists in composition; composition is its (and our) mode of being: "part earth[,] part flower," part child, and now (through its repetition) part adult. Lastly, the news of Valpy's suicide and the encounter with the tree that same night illustrate another consequence of Woolf's ontology: the de- and recomposeability of things that are already in composition. Combining with the tree, the shadows, and the silence and despair of young Virginia's solitude, Valpy's suicide detaches from whatever "earth" it had been "part" of and becomes recomposed in the unfolding life and education of a child.

All three memories evince a thinking feeling, a thinking of feeling, and a learning through feeling. The young Woolf, then Virginia Stephen, "felt" the question about hurting others, sensed that her idea about the flower would "be very useful to [her] later," and imagined something her father and mother might have dismissed as nonsense—that "the apple tree was connected with the . . . suicide." The individual components of these accidents do not suggest an essential, sovereign lesson plan for this passionate apprentice, but Woolf nonetheless sketches an ongoing writerly training and the intimation of a developing sensibility according to which a young mind learns to anticipate value, sustenance, and creative material in accidental, authorless aesthetic wholes. Moments of being do not illuminate the many shadows of the world or the past, but they do compose real, intimate relations where there was once no sensible relation at all. The difference and repetition of these exceptional instances—which "come to the surface unexpectedly" throughout Woolf's life—sustain the development of an apprenticeship even in the life of a mature writer (Woolf, "Sketch" 71).

This reading of moments of being equips us to turn back to Woolf's Morley College report and to show that while teaching at Morley may have taught "Woolf how to teach—in print" (Daugherty, "Teaching" 291), what taught her to teach at all was her sensuous preformation as a writer—sketched and recorded over thirty years later. In her 1905 report, Woolf writes:

> Each time I tried to include one good "scene" upon which I hoped to concentrate [the students'] interest. I talked from notes, with as little actual reading as possible. I found it not difficult to skim along fluently—though superficially; & I tried to make the real interest of history—as it appears to me—visible to them. Then they were provided a sheet of hard dates to take home with them; so that they might have something solid to cling to in the vagueness of my speech. . . . I used to ask myself how is it *possible* to make them feel the flesh & blood in these shadows? So thin is the present to them;

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press

> must not the past remain a spectre always? Of course it was not possible in the way I took to make them know anything accurately; my task, as I conceived it, was rather to prepare the soil for future sowers. Pictures I showed them, & I lent them books; sometimes they seemed to gape not in mere impotent wonder, but to be trying to piece together what they heard; to seek reasons; to connect ideas. ("Report" 210)

Though Daugherty and Cuddy-Keane give persuasive accounts of this report—how it anticipates the inclusive style of Woolf's lectures and essays—the sensuousness of these sentences has gone unexplored. Woolf's diction indicates a concern with sensation: "concentrate," "appears," "visible," "hard," "solid," "cling," and "feel." Woolf poses the problem of how to *touch* students with history, how to make the possibility of an investment in history ("the real interest of history—as it appears to me") visible and desirable to them. (This goal is not altogether different from Daugherty's efforts to stir a lifelong love of reading in her students.) Woolf is conscious that—to paraphrase Deleuze—she cannot know in advance how her students will learn, that dropping facts "into their minds, like meteors from another sphere impinging on this planet, & dissolving in dust again," would be insufficient (211). Far from acquiescing to the impossibility of predicting when learning might occur, her pedagogy prefigures a learning in the hope that her students will one day encounter history, develop a sensitivity to its signs, and thus become amateur historians. Her classroom practices—proffering scenes, providing time lines, showing pictures—target the imaginations of students and trace, like moments of being, like Deleuzian encounters, affective contours between students and the unevenly sounded archive of the past: "the flesh & blood in these shadows."

Prefiguring her writings on Fry, Woolf's pedagogy thus aims to entice the "tentacles languidly stretching forth from [students'] minds" to "really grasp" something among these shadows (210), preparing the conditions under which students might learn to see something that may be useful later: that history can matter to them, that it has always mattered, since it is a "whole" of which they too are a "part" (211). Moreover, Woolf models a habit of historical use—that is, noticing, reshaping, interpreting, ordering, translating, and contributing to history (rather than simply memorizing or rehearsing the content of a lecture). She enacts her own apprenticeship as a teacher and writer in front of and with her students, moving with them through the past's many darkened contours and inviting them to assay exploratory compositions: to piece fragments together, seek reasons, and connect ideas. Here, in her classroom, history becomes an aesthetic, combinatory activity.

Returning to "A Sketch," we sense an affirmation of the pedagogical link between feeling and composition, accident and artistry, in how it begins, finds its form, and paces and punctuates itself. Woolf begins writing the memoir not only as a reprieve from writing *Roger Fry: A Biography* (1940) but because she finds an answer for this desire for reprieve in a random suggestion of her sister, Vanessa Bell ("Sketch" 64). Moreover, to make this impromptu project differ from "Roger's life," Woolf begins with an affirmation of the unexpected—"So without stopping to choose my way, in the sure and certain knowledge that it will find itself . . . I begin" (64)—only to discover "a possible form" for the project two weeks later (75). According to the dates of her sections, a few days, weeks, and, at one point, nearly a year pass between the penning of each entry—in fact, she almost loses the manuscript, one day finding it "thrown away into my waste-paper basket" (100). These notes, despite their chronological fragmentation, speak to, develop the rhythms of, and circle back to and diverge from each other. Indeed, Woolf creates various composite wholes throughout her memoir, many of them capturing nonbeing just as much as (if

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press

not more than) the exceptional, momentary senses of being pulsing in its early pages: the four caricatures with which she ends her first section (73–74); the complex, domestic atmosphere before, between, and after the losses of her mother and her half sister, Stella (79–107); the critical and compassionate portrait of her father (107–16); the blueprint of 22 Hyde Park Gate (116); her friendship with Thoby (136–40); the sorrow and sexual frustrations of her brother-in-law, Jack Hills (140–41); a random, generalized "bad Wednesday" (145); an incisive critique of Victorian society (147–58); the atmosphere of a tea table populated by "great men" (158–59); and the juxtaposition of World War II, taking place while she wrote, with her memorial plunges into the past (100, 107, 115, 124, 126, 131).

This miracle of a text, whose "incompleteness becomes a strength," recomposes moments of being and spans of nonbeing and is held together by the broken threads of the present that Woolf weaves into its texture (Zwerdling 181). In addition to being defined by accidents of commencement and form, that is, "A Sketch" frequently stops and digresses when it feels right to do so, interrupting its already staggered and fragile shape to note, for instance, that "the murmur and rustle of the leaves makes me pause here, and think how many other than human forces are always at work on us" ("Sketch" 133). Here the writing of the memoir—"open, hurried, interrupted, exploratory, unfixed" (Zwerdling 181)—becomes a scene in the memoir, a scene and shock that Woolf receives and composes in the midst of learning, near the unexpected end of her life, how to write that life as a sketch of the past, to make her life whole by putting its severed parts together. Thus, the text's commencement, its conclusion in medias res, its unfinished surface, its biographical content, its theoretical reflections, its prolonged digressions, its impressionistic "fits and starts" (75), its flights and lags, its meditation over the difficulties of "describ[ing] any human being" (65) express a complex, creative disposition that gives it the texture of an aesthetic life, which exercises a learned receptivity to accidents as well as an intense, improvisational reflex capable of responding to them.

[III]

In the sense that "A Sketch" connects ideas and finds reasons, that it feels its way through the flesh and blood of a shadowed past, that it provides vivid accounts of spaces (domestic and natural) and scenes (ecstatic and terrifying, rapturous and depressing, serene and intense, major and minor), that it expends great effort sketching the context of its purported subject ("Adeline Virginia Stephen" [65]), that it stretches out its tentacles for something it can really grasp here and now—in all these senses and more, Woolf's memoir repeats the Morley College and essayistic strategies elucidated so well by Daugherty and others. "A Sketch" is not just the record of a passionate apprenticeship, then, but a sensuous pedagogy in itself, according to which Woolf teaches herself and her unknown reader how to experiment with feeling their way along the contours and textures of a self. But what exactly does Woolf teach herself and her readers? What are the implicit tasks this sketch of the past assigns?

Assignment 1

Feel your self as something other than a story. Compose your self as a dispersion. Give an account of exceptional moments, arresting sights and sounds, relations and landscapes that have stayed with you. How have you become a thinking, feeling creature?

"A Sketch" intimates this assignment in its first pages and memories. One memory is plotless, a mere glimpse of the "purple and red and blue" floral pattern on Julia Stephen's dress, on which young Virginia fixates while in transit to either London or St. Ives (64).

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Instead of beginning her memoir as she begins her biography of Fry—with genealogical background, with the refrains of Quakerism and scientific research that recur throughout it (*Roger Fry* 11–12, 19–27)—Woolf begins with the evocation of a body that senses everything but itself, a body drawn to sights and sounds that move it laterally beside itself. The second memory, which Woolf famously calls the "most important of all [her] memories" and the "base" on which the "bowl" of her life "fills and fills and fills," illustrates this sense of self more explicitly (64). This is a memory

> of lying half asleep, half awake, in bed in the nursery at St. Ives. It is of hearing the waves breaking, one, two, one, two, and sending a splash of water over the beach; and then breaking, one, two, one, two, behind a yellow blind. It is of hearing the blind draw its little acorn across the floor as the wind blew the blind out. It is of lying and hearing this splash and seeing this light, and feeling, it is almost impossible that I should be here; of feeling the purest ecstasy I can conceive. (64–65)

What do we make of a memoir—an account of the self by the self—that begins by doubting the substantiality of the self, that begins immersed in the repetition of gathering sensations rather than in biographical exposition? And what does this ecstatic insight—"it is almost impossible that I should be here"—signify? While this phrase is not a complete refusal of the self (note the word "almost"), it does signal a sense that "I" am not simply here, not simply now, for what and who "I am" is always spread out, composed elsewhere, not only across time but across spaces, objects, and the lives of others: in the audible rhythm of unseen waves, in the sound of friction between the floor and the blind's "acorn," in the contrast between light and dark, in the motion of the wind as it stirs the waves and blinds, in Thoby's bruises and his eyes and fists, among the flowers and plants and the earth, beneath a tree and in the suicide of a stranger, in a present swelling with a vibrant, widening, quickening, and accumulating past. These two memories are the base not only of Woolf's life, then, but of her sketch's heuristic, staggered, literary evocation of a life, establishing the memoir's logic, texture, and operation as well as an aesthetic preference that refuses to plot out life—that will aim, instead, to "give the feeling" of moments and spaces and figures and shadows (65).

By approaching her self in this way, Woolf challenges the liberal democratic conception of the self as a willful, coherent individual. Yet this challenge does not completely abandon itself to disorder or incoherence. Learning to sense the self as a dispersion cultivates, "A Sketch" suggests, the composure of a lookout ready to encounter whatever surprises might come (and to affirm such surprises as later creative material). Late in the memoir, Woolf illustrates this by reimaging the self as a "sealed vessel" vulnerable to "cracks" in its "sealing matter" through which "reality" "floods" (142). The self is "porous," "exposed to invisible rays" or the breath of external "voices" (133). Though this language may seem somewhat mystical, it is nonetheless concretized in the attitude with which the memoir begins. Indeed, Woolf's decision to start with her first memories is not the result of carefully weighing different approaches to memoir writing; rather, she wills herself to leap, almost haphazardly, into the task: "So without stopping to choose my way, in the sure and certain knowledge that [the memoir] will find itself—or if not it will not matter—I begin: the first memory" (64).

This uncertain certainty, which affirms the agency not of a centered self but of the text, resonates with the speculative language with which Woolf renders the memory of her mother's dress: "[S]he was sitting either in a train or in an omnibus"; "I . . . can still see purple and red and blue, I think"; "they must have been anemones, I suppose"; "Perhaps we were going to St Ives; more probably

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press

. . . we were coming back from London" (64). This language evinces a lookout's slow lingering among partial but powerful details that will become a way forward to other memories, persons, passions, and places, an orientation—at least in part—to an outside from which authorless ideas and signs press themselves generatively and "voluptuously" on the mind and body (65). Indeed, each time Woolf turns back to composing or editing the memoir's fragments, she stresses the sensuous materials that have compelled her return to it, materials for which her own writing life—rife with activities that keep her on the lookout, even during periods of rest—prepares her. Instead of plugging up or neglecting the cracks in the "sealing matter" of her self, "A Sketch" tasks her (and her readers) with exploring the potentially fruitful realities, scenes, and encounters that flood through these cracks (142). Instead of avoiding regions that maximize floods of reality, instead of resting comfortably in the "cotton wool of daily life" or adhering exactly to "the rules of the game" of serious, secure existence (72, 150), the memoir tasks its author and readers with exploring what happens when one welcomes this flooding of the self—as well as the self's subsequent dispersal.

Assignment 2

Reflect on behaviors and expectations that seem natural to you but strange to others. Also, what seems unnatural to you but commonsensical to others, especially to mentors, guardians, brothers, fathers, and others who appear in control? When and where do you feel coerced or shamed? How might you take a mental fight to the purportedly unassailable?

To feel the dispersal of the self, to cultivate an existence on the lookout: these are the conditions in which one might also learn a critical feeling, a faculty that combines the creative reflex to store up befuddling moments that are "likely to be very useful . . . later" with a capacity to see societal codes as a structure that needs to be not fully admired or lived but battled and changed (71). In the sketch's final section, in which she depicts her and Vanessa's young adult life together, Woolf names this faculty "the outsider's feeling," the sense of being "held . . . tight" between the "innumerable sharp teeth" of the patriarchal "machine" yet somehow simultaneously removed, detached from its complete influence (154). The sisters together learn to fashion an "angle" of their own from which to "[look] out at [this] world" "of many men" and to become insurgent outsiders on the inside (143), obedient yet "observant, note taking for some future revision" while father and brother "la[y] down laws [from their] leather arm chair[s]" (154). This sensuous, critical training—which gives "a queer twist" to their "tea-table training" (154, 150)—does not, largely because it cannot, distance them from its object of criticism. Rather, this sort of training affirms the self's mental and bodily immersion in social atmospheres, encouraging an ambivalent sense of the social machine's intricate "beauty" and utility (150)—almost as if the machine were, like a moment of being or a Beethoven quartet, a composition. These apprenticing selves thus develop "a state of divided attention" (Parkes 157), learning to lay aside certain remarks "for further inspection," "to slip in things that would [otherwise] be inaudible" (Woolf, "Sketch" 145, 150), and to keep their critical eyes trained even on themselves (153).

The text thus composes an immanent critique in its final pages not only retrospectively but perpetually and progressively by a self dispersed and multiplied across times and spaces. Woolf is simultaneously one of two "rebellious bodies" (the Stephen sisters [152]); the artist compelled to sketch the past; the "unclaimed" and "unpartnered" young woman standing "against a door" at a compulsory social gathering (155); "the outsider" (153) who could "ride the waves of [her] fragmentary feelings" then and now, honor-

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press

ing "the thrill . . . and the oddity" of social performances and beliefs (156); and (at last) the spectator, that "good friend who is with [her] still [and who] upheld" and encouraged young Virginia and mature Woolf with a "separate sense of the spectacle; the dispassionate separate sense that [they are] seeing what will be useful [to them] later" (155). Here, "A Sketch" prompts its unforeseen reader to ask, What have been the limitations and borderlines of my own development? In what regions and among what spaces do the most natural behaviors betray themselves as acquiescence to learned rules? Where do I find myself spurred by sudden aversion or rebellion or exigency? These experiments demonstrate how, feeling their way among the shadows, Woolf and her sister affirmed their tea-table training and transformed it into a "tea-table thinking" (Woolf, "Thoughts" 242).

Assignment 3

Reflect on those other selves among whom you have been dispersed and composed. Can you feel solidarity with them? A composition become collective?

This reading of "A Sketch" opposes a tradition of Woolf criticism that pathologizes her sexual abuse as well as a subsequent (related) memory in which young Virginia sees "the face of an animal" appear "over [her] shoulder" in a mirror ("Sketch" 69). Christine Froula frames these episodes psychoanalytically and argues that the animal "pictures a traumatic break between [Woolf's] infant body and its animal desires" (228), which the memoir struggles "[r]eticently and sporadically" to close and to heal (231). But perhaps something else is at work here: namely, the demonstration of the mirror's failure to tell the truth, to represent and reflect back to young Virginia or mature Woolf the truth of her body and the "dumb and mixed feeling" that her experience of abuse occasioned and still occasions ("Sketch" 69). What is truth for Woolf, one must ask again, for a thinker who asserts that she "prefer[s], where truth is important, to write fiction" (*Pargiters* 9)? For a writer who locates "the truth about this vast mass that we call the world" in "*Hamlet* or a . . . quartet" ("Sketch" 72)? According to "A Sketch" and its stated philosophy, truth is "the thing itself" not as an essence, substance, or sovereign self—"there is no Shakespeare, no Beethoven . . . , no God," and, by extension, no Woolf—but, rather, as "a pattern," "order," or composition that exceeds the confines of one psyche, desire, or body (72).

Woolf does not associate the truth of her shame at looking in mirrors with a traumatic or psychic break from her desires but, rather, with a sensuous intuition that her body shares something—is composed and becomes collectivized—with the bodies of others. We can see this early in the memoir when she recalls her sexual molestation, committed by her older half brother, Gerald Duckworth, when she "was very small" (69). Woolf writes:

> I remember how I hoped that he would stop; how I stiffened and wriggled as his hand approached my private parts. But it did not stop. . . . I remember resenting, disliking it—what is the word for so dumb and mixed a feeling? It must have been strong, since I still recall it. This seems to show that a feeling about certain parts of the body; how they must not be touched; how it is wrong to allow them to be touched; must be instinctive. It proves that Virginia Stephen was not born on the 25th of January 1882, but born many thousands of years ago; and had from the very first to encounter instincts already acquired by thousands of ancestresses in the past. (69)

Instinct is a tricky word in Woolf's private lexicon. In "Thoughts on Peace in an Air Raid" (1940), she uses it to refer to the male legacy of aggression—"subconscious Hitlerism"—which is not so much a natural impulse as a cluster of attitudes and behaviors "fostered and cherished by education and

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press

tradition" (244). In the passage above, Woolf uses it to refer to a related bodily legacy of intense aversion to sexual violence muted or protected (though less enthusiastically) "by education and tradition."

The form of the mirror-memoir—a memoir that narrates experiences fully, honestly, causally, linearly—cannot capture the complex feeling that accompanies Woolf's recognition of her historical, cultural, and experiential ties with other women across times and cultures, a feeling that she has learned to recognize, recompose, affirm, and use to sustain her writing life: "It is only by putting [a shock] into words that I make it whole; this wholeness means it has lost its power to hurt me" (72). Though Froula argues that Woolf "could devise no genre intimate and familiar enough to convey" the truths of her body and desires (234), Woolf's brief recollection of her rape evinces one of the most admirable lessons of her writing apprenticeship as well as the sensuousness of her pedagogy that follows from it: namely, that her aesthetic ontology, her mode of composition, and her critical and creative disposition to the world and her self and her reader have enabled her, throughout her life, to do something with (and thus against) the ugliness of a culture that has perpetually masked the violence it commits against the queer and marginal and wounded and occluded as well as against those who have been taught to be dominant and dominating, the men "stamped and moulded . . . [and] shot into that [patriarchal] machine" ("Sketch" 153) and—in a related context—sent into the sky to fight, "prisone[d]" and "boxed up in [their] machine[s] with a gun handy" ("Thoughts" 243). In conclusion, Woolf's sensitivity to moments of being enables her in "A Sketch" not just to write but to fight battles for which she has had to invent the necessary tools and languages. "I feel that by writing"—feeling and thinking, learning and teaching, creating and critiquing—"I am doing what is far more necessary than anything else" ("Sketch" 73). Dispersed as she might be across St. Ives and London, families, times, sexualities, sexes, sensations, and ideas, Woolf perpetually seeks to share her invented tools and languages with others, calling them (and us) to gather among the shadows in a critically thinking and feeling collective to come.

Notes

I would like to thank Stephen M. Barber for his generosity, friendship, and mentorship. Without him, his work on late Woolf, and the example of his pedagogy, neither this essay nor the larger project it promises would have been possible.

1. On the Workers' Educational Assocation, see Channing 12; Cuddy-Keane 86–89; Daugherty, "Teaching" 280; Yoshida 34. On the adult education movement, see Channing 11; Cuddy-Keane 82–86; Lilienfeld 19; Smart 26; Yoshida 33.

2. On Dewey, see Cuddy-Keane 37–39; Smart 25. On Freire, see Channing 12; Detloff, "Intellectual Liberty" 1; Smart 25; Taylor 67–74. On Giroux, see Taylor 75–76. On hooks, see Channing 12.

3. Interest in the pedagogical implications of Deleuze's work has been growing. Michalinos Zembylas draws a "pedagogy of desire" from Deleuze and Guattari; this pedagogy, he argues, enables "teacher and students" to become "subjects who subvert normalised representations and significations and find access to a radical self" (332). In *Deleuze, Education and Becoming* (2006), Inna Semetsky reads Deleuze in conjunction with pragmatists like Dewey and Charles Sanders Peirce, "consider[s] [the] potential implications" of Deleuze's philosophy "for education," and "addresses both theoretical and practical questions, drawing from available educational research, as well as critically examining such concepts as abductive inference, complexity of meaning-making, and specialization" (xx). She has also edited two collections of essays on Deleuze and pedagogy: *Nomadic Education* (2008) and, with Diana Masny, *Deleuze and Education* (2013). Deleuzian feeling, sensation, and desire are foundational to both Semetsky's and Zembylas's investments in many pedagogical problems.

4. Liesl Olson equates "moments of being" with "heightened experience," "heightened moments of self-consciousness," and "sudden acts of self-awareness" (58, 64, 67). Woolf scholarship provides several other definitions that also emphasize a heightened sense of self. A moment of being is, for example, "a cross-section of consciousness in which perception and feelings [converge]

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press

and [form] for an instant something round and whole" (Richter 27), as well as a "sensuous arousal" that "evades [a moment] of completion" (Beer 13); an instant in which "self and world seem to fuse and enhance one another" (Caramagno 158); an uncanny synthesis of "the abject and the sublime," of "the abyss" and a sense of "expansion and spaciousness" (Anderson 71); an apophatic "sense of radical otherness imping[ing] upon the complacency of everyday existence" (Gough 62); a "transitory [experience] of perfection and wholeness" (Simpson 100); and a "qualitative state of heightened intensity . . . so significant that the mind stores [it] as a mental image" (Parsons 75). Literary history, moreover, has secured moments of being in the literary trope of "epiphany" (Hussey 257), for they share, as many scholars have noted, temporal and existential components with analogous tropes in the oeuvres of Joseph Conrad, James Joyce, Marcel Proust, Katherine Mansfield, Robert Musil, and others. As Gabrielle McIntire has shown, going a step further, the concept belongs to a long romantic "tradition of separating what is exceptional in terms of being and experience from that which is only habitual or unconscious" (166). Though my reading of Woolf's "moments of being" does not necessarily refute these definitions, it moves away from notions of heightened self-awareness implied by the Joycean epiphany and toward Laci Mattison's reading of these moments as evincing an "openness with the world" and operating as "point[s] of potentialisation where ever more ethical formations of subjectivity are made possible in ever new configurations of community" (577).

Works Cited

Anderson, Linda. *Women and Autobiography in the Twentieth Century: Remembered Futures*. Prentice Hall, 1996.

Beer, Gillian. *Virginia Woolf: The Common Ground*. U of Michigan P, 1996.

Butler, Judith. *Frames of War: When Is Life Grievable?* Verso, 2010.

Caramagno, Thomas C. *The Flight of the Mind: Virginia Woolf's Art and Manic-Depressive Illness*. U of California P, 1992.

Channing, Jill. "What Would Virginia Woolf Do? Woolf and Social Justice in the Community College Classroom." Detloff, *Woolf*, pp. 11–13.

Cuddy-Keane, Melba. *Virginia Woolf, the Intellectual, and the Public Sphere*. Cambridge UP, 2003.

Daugherty, Beth Rigel. "Teaching Woolf / Woolf Teaching." *Woolf Studies Annual*, vol. 10, 2004, pp. 275–307.

———. "'They Have Loved Reading': Mrs. Dalloway and Lifelong Common Readers." *Approaches to Teaching Woolf's* Mrs. Dalloway, edited by Eileen Barrett and Ruth O. Saxton, MLA, 2009, pp. 112–17.

———. "Virginia Woolf Teaching / Virginia Woolf Learning: Morley College and the Common Reader." *New Essays on Virginia Woolf*, edited by Helen Wussow, Contemporary Research Press, 1995, pp. 61–78.

Deleuze, Gilles. *Difference and Repetition*. 1968. Translated by Paul Patton, Columbia UP, 1994.

———. *Proust and Signs*. 1964, rev. ed. 1972. Translated by Richard Howard, U of Minnesota P, 2000.

Detloff, Madelyn. "Intellectual Liberty under Pressure to Institutionalize Knowledge." Detloff, *Woolf*, pp. 1–2.

———, editor. *Woolf and Pedagogy*. Special issue of *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*, vol. 78, 2008.

Froula, Christine. *Virginia Woolf and the Bloomsbury Avant-Garde: War, Civilization, Modernity*. Columbia UP, 2005.

Gough, Val. "'That Razor Edge of Balance': Virginia Woolf and Mysticism." *Woolf Studies Annual*, vol. 5, 1999, pp. 57–77.

Hagen, Benjamin D. "It Is Almost Impossible That I Should Be Here: Wordsworthian Nature and an Ethics of Self-Writing in Virginia Woolf's 'A Sketch of the Past.'" *Virginia Woolf Miscellany*, vol. 78, 2010, pp. 13–15.

Hussey, Mark. *Virginia Woolf A to Z*. Oxford UP, 1995.

Lilienfeld, Jane. "Versioning, Audience, and Performative Editing: Woolf, Composition Theory, and Freshman Composition." Detloff, *Woolf*, pp. 19–21.

Mattison, Laci. "Virginia Woolf's Ethical Subjectivity: Deleuze and Guattari's Worlding and Bernard's 'Becoming-Savage.'" *Deleuze Studies*, vol. 7, no. 4, 2013, pp. 562–80.

McIntire, Gabrielle. *Modernism, Memory, and Desire: T. S. Eliot and Virginia Woolf*. Cambridge UP, 2008.

Olson, Liesl. *Modernism and the Ordinary*. Oxford UP, 2009.

Parkes, Adam. *A Sense of Shock: The Impact of Impressionism on Modern British and Irish Writing*. Oxford UP, 2011.

Parsons, Deborah. *Theorists of the Modernist Novel: James Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf*. Routledge, 2007.

Richter, Harvena. *Virginia Woolf: The Inward Voyage*. Princeton UP, 1970.

Semetsky, Inna. *Deleuze, Education and Becoming*. Sense Publishers, 2006.

Sim, Lorraine. *Virginia Woolf: The Patterns of Ordinary Experience*. Ashgate, 2010.

Simpson, Kathryn. *Gifts, Markets and Economies of Desire in Virginia Woolf*. Palgrave Macmillan, 2009.

Smart, Nick. "I, Bernard: Notes from the Feminist Classroom." Detloff, *Woolf*, pp. 25–27.

Taylor, Rod C. "Narrow Gates and Restricted Paths: The Critical Pedagogy of Virginia Woolf." *Woolf Studies Annual*, vol. 20, 2014, pp. 54–81.

Woolf, Virginia. "How Should One Read a Book?" *The Essays of Virginia Woolf: 1929–1932*, edited by

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Stuart N. Clarke, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2009, pp. 572–93. Vol. 5 of *The Essays of Virginia Woolf*.

———. *The Pargiters*. Edited by Mitchell A. Leaska, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1977.

———. "Report on Teaching at Morley College." *Virginia Woolf: A Biography*, by Quentin Bell, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1972, pp. 209–11.

———. *Roger Fry: A Biography*. 1940. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1968.

———. "A Sketch of the Past." *Moments of Being: A Collection of Autobiographical Writings*. Edited by Jeanne Schulkind, 2nd ed., Harcourt, 1985, pp. 64–159.

———. "Thoughts on Peace in an Air Raid." *The Essays of Virginia Woolf: 1933–1941*, edited by Stuart N. Clarke, Hogarth Press, 2011, pp. 242–48. Vol. 6 of *The Essays of Virginia Woolf*.

Yoshida, Erika. "'The Leaning Tower': Woolf's Pedagogical Goal of the Lecture to the W.E.A. under the Threat of War." *Virginia Woolf: Art, Education, and Internationalism: Selected Papers from the Seventeenth Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf*, edited by Diana Royer and Madelyn Detloff, Clemson U Digital P, 2008, pp. 33–39.

Zembylas, Michalinos. "Risks and Pleasures: A Deleuzo-Guattarian Pedagogy of Desire in Education." *British Educational Research Journal*, vol. 33, no. 3, 2007, pp. 331–47.

Zwerdling, Alex. "Mastering the Memoir: Woolf and the Family Legacy." *Modernism/Modernity*, vol. 10, no. 1, 2003, pp. 165–88.

https://doi.org/10.1632/pmla.2017.132.2.266 Published online by Cambridge University Press