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“Plain as a Pikestaff”: A Response to Recent Biographers on Virginia Woolf, Childhood Sexual Abuse, and Lesbianism

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“Plain as a Pikestaff”: A Response to Recent Biographers
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In a 1937 broadcast entitled, “Craftsmanship,” Virginia Woolf seems to predict the ways that contemporary political movements and subsequent social changes have impacted on readers’ ability to discern meanings in her fiction inaccessible to previous generations. She writes that “words that are unintelligible to one generation [may become] plain as a pikestaff to the next” (Moth 206). In our own time, lesbian and feminist movements have inaugurated transformations in consciousness and reading abilities that have begun to reveal to readers how much Woolf’s lesbianism and her responses to childhood sexual abuse shape her point of view and her work--readings previously inaccessible to most readers. In Trauma and Recovery, Judith Herman speaks to this generative interaction between political movements and intellectual developments in regard to childhood sexual abuse: “[w]ithout the context of a political movement, it has never been possible to advance the study of psychological trauma. The fate of this field of knowledge depends upon the fate of the same political movement that has inspired and sustained it over the last century. . . . In the twentieth century its goal was the liberation of women” (32).

Just as feminist activism against violence against women has fostered an innovative body of theoretical work on childhood sexual abuse, the contemporary lesbian feminist movement has nurtured a range of more positive and complex models of lesbian identity than those which dominated people’s ideas about lesbians during Woolf’s lifetime and to a considerable extent, our own. In particular, I refer to Freudian or quasi-Freudian equations of lesbianism with a masculinity complex or unappeasable maternal longings, and the sexologists’ isolation of lesbian identity from so-called “normal women” and their equation of lesbianism with deviant sexual practices. As lesbians have talked and lived into existence ways of being lesbian unimaginable to Freud, Havelock Ellis, and their modern-day derivatives, we have grown into the lesbian and feminist readership Woolf longed for.

The aim of my talk here is to call attention to what happens when academics ignore works that are rooted in the political movements which have shattered status quo myths about the still most tabooed aspects of Woolf’s life and work: incest and lesbianism. Toward this end, I will talk about two recent biographies--Mitchel Leaska’s Granite and Rainbow: The Hidden Life of Virginia Woolf, published in
1998, and Hermione Lee’s *Virginia Woolf*, published in 1997. I focus on Leaska and Lee’s representations of incest and lesbianism in Woolf’s life and work as exemplary of stereotypical ways of thinking about these issues that also reappear in email discussions of these topics, in the work of many other critics, and at academic conferences. ¹

I do not intend in this way to discount the other contributions made by these accomplished scholars. For example, I have frequently relied on Leaska’s outstanding research on *The Pargiters* in my own work on *The Years*, and his essay “Virginia Woolf, the Pargiter: A Reading of *The Years*” is, in my view, among the best on this novel. I appreciate that Hermione Lee’s biography assimilates the accomplishments of lesbian studies of Woolf when she states that Woolf’s “relationships with women . . . shaped her life and her writing” (484); and that Lee is willing to counter the myth that Woolf’s relationship with Vita was platonic: Lee’s depiction of Woolf in love with Vita--“as seductive as she was seduced . . . her sensuality and her will as much in play as Vita’s” (493), is far preferable to Leaska’s summary of their sexual dynamics as “Vita ‘quest[ing] for glory with Virginia stumbling after her in childlike devotion’” (249). Although Lee is more accurate than Leaska in regard to Woolf’s lesbianism, nevertheless, I will identify traces of status quo myths in Lee’s discussions of lesbianism as well.

If one compares the sections in the biographies by Mitchel Leaska and Hermione Lee on Woolf’s childhood sexual abuse to those from biographies from the 1970s, one finds that these biographies written in the 1990s do little more than reiterate the ideas about Woolf’s incest trauma professed by biographers twenty years ago and longer. This repetition is particularly puzzling because the ideas about incest expressed in these earlier works have been exposed as the rehashing of unsubstantiated patterns of denial they in fact are. Neither Lee nor Leaska directly respond to the scholarship which supports Woolf’s incest testimony--work by Louise DeSalvo, David Eberly, Suzette Henke, Jane Lilienfeld, Roger Poole, Rebecca Sutcliffe, Diana Swanson, and Lisa Tyler--except to relegate a very limited selection of references to this body of work to the footnotes rather than offering a full engagement with the challenges such works offer. As importantly, the extensive information we now have on incest available in works by Ellen Bass and Laura Davis, Judith Herman, Alice K. Miller, Diana Russell, Janet Liebman Jacobs, Toni
MacNaron and Yarrow Morgan, Florence Rush, Melba Wilson, and so many others since the 1970s seems to have had little impact on these recent biographies.

As anyone familiar with the testimonies of incest survivors and the work of experts in this field knows, patterns of denial of incest trauma are predictable: “it never happened; the victim lies; the victim exaggerates; the victim brought it upon herself; and in any case it is time to forget the past and move on” (Herman 8). Despite this identification of denial patterns by experts in the field of childhood sexual abuse, both Leaska and Lee repeat these commonplace responses. For example, although DeSalvo identifies Quentin Bell’s 1972 euphemism for sexual violation as “a nasty erotic skirmish” (2) as a typical evasion tactic, Hermione Lee unabashedly offers her own evasive nomenclature in renaming sexual violation as “sexual interference” (151). Undeterred by DeSalvo’s recognition that when Bell blames Woolf’s traumatized response to George’s sexual attack on her sexual shyness, he is engaged in victim-blaming, Leaska blithely joins the victim-blamers by claiming that Woolf’s distress after George and Gerald’s sexual molestation was due to her unacknowledged sexual desires for her father which she then projected on to these “unfortunate” stepbrothers. Leaska writes, the “. . . Duckworth brothers . . . became the loathsome creatures to whom Virginia could attach the deeply disturbing fantasies which she herself harbored for her father” (357).

DeSalvo points out that when 1970s biographers Jean O. Love and Phyllis Rose accuse Woolf of exaggerating her incest story--Rose refers to Woolf’s memoirs as “a set of stories she made up” and Love calls them “imaginative elaborations”--(4) they are not engaging in original research based on experiential data but expressing stereotypes of denial of the most commonplace kind. Nevertheless, Lee attempts to bolster these prejudices against the credibility of incest victims by, inexplicably, elevating Maynard Keynes as an expert on the credibility of Woolf’s incest experiences. Lee recounts that after hearing Woolf’s memoir about George, Keynes wrote Virginia that he enjoyed it so much, he suggested that Woolf should in future “pretend to write about real people & make it all up.” Lee claims that Maynard’s skepticism about Woolf’s story suggests “that the memoir was perceived, and acknowledged, to be--at least to an extent--a fabrication” (emphasis added; 153). Lee’s shift from a single subject, “Maynard
Keynes,” to a passive verb construction suggests that what is, after all, one man’s offhand comment, is an opinion shared by some unnamed group. As linguist Julia Penelope explains, this use of an agentless passive is a rhetorical strategy sometimes adopted by an author who wants to convince the reader there is some “unspecified authority” or “popular consensus” supporting the author’s arguments when, in fact, no such backing exists (149). As Lee herself admits, Woolf was upset, not flattered by Keynes’ comments. All his comments can actually prove is that Keynes, like Lee and Leaska, was predisposed not to believe an incest survivor.

In their efforts to undermine Woolf’s credibility as incest survivor, both Leaska and Lee insist that George, in Lee’s words, was such a “worthy gentleman--landowner, family man, Christian, public citizen, knight” (148)--that he is an unlikely person to perpetuate such atrocities. In defense of George, Lee writes: “[George] makes an unlikely villain. In later years he was always anxious to help his half-sisters, and is remembered by all who knew him well as kind-hearted, benign, and a pillar of the establishment. Certainly,” Lee adds, “in the children’s early years, before Julia’s death, he seems to have figured as a benevolent figure, providing presents and expeditionary treats” (119). Here, we find strong evidence that like Leaska, Lee has not read or has chosen to ignore the research on childhood sexual abuse which tells us that child molesters often exhibit split personalities--charismatic contributors in public life--sexual abusers in the private sphere. Judith Herman, for example, notes that the “most consistent feature” among perpetrators is their “apparent normality”: “[their] demeanor provides an excellent camouflage, for few people believe that extraordinary crimes can be committed by men of such conventional appearance” (75).

Furthermore, the “use of intermittent rewards to bind the victim to the perpetrator” (Herman 79)--George’s “expeditionary treats”--is commonplace. In fact, perpetrators frequently combine gift-giving with “appeals to loyalty and compassion” (Herman 79). The perpetrator typically exploits the emotional vulnerability of the victim, so that the perpetrator not the victim appears as the one in need of caretaking. Thus, as Jacobs notes, “the self pity of the perpetrator defines the emotional climate around which the incest occurs” (64). George’s blackmail tactics are familiar to Woolf readers. Woolf’s memoir recalls how he “quivered” with repressed tears when he wished to get Virginia to accompany him to the evenings-out
which preceded his sexual aggression against her; and how he threatened that the “chaste, the immaculate George Duckworth would be forced into the arms of whores” if Virginia did not go along with him (MOB 150-51). Victims often speak of being “disarmed by their feelings for the perpetrator” (Russell emphasis in original;131); after recalling George’s self-pitying manipulations Woolf tells us, that “[t]he end of it was that he begged me, and I agreed, to go . . .” (Moments of Being 151).

Furthermore, both Leaska and Lee belabor the fact that Woolf sometimes recorded positive memories of George. If she was really molested and it was really that bad, they argue, she would never have recorded a positive memory about him. After all, Lee reminds us suspiciously: “the relations [with the Duckworths ] were never entirely broken off” (155). Leaska warns us that “when she was fifteen, Virginia recorded impressions of him that were bright and intimate, impressions that did not support the claims she would make of him in 1939” (355). Both Leaska and Lee also make much of the fact that in 1934 when Woolf heard of George’s death, she recorded fond memories about him rather than the caricatures with which she usually referred to George and Gerald. Woolf wrote to Vanessa, that she felt “more affection now than [she] did 10 years ago” (L5 299) and recorded in her diary, “how childhood goes with him--the batting, the laughter, the treats, the presents, taking us for bus rides . . . giving us tea at City Inns” (D 4 211; qtd in Lee 155). Leaska claims “[t]hese affectionate memories of George Duckworth are so different from the monster she would make of him later when she was writing her memoir. . . . one would have expected his death to come as a relief, that she was at last free of that nasty pedophilic sex offender now finally in his grave and out of harm’s way” (355). In a similar vein, Lee writes that “[t]he few surviving letters she wrote to . . . ‘My dearest Georgie’ in 1898 and 1899 read affectionately, even confidingly. . . . and when George died in 1934, she makes none of the usual references to incest and seduction” in her diary (155).

Contrary to Leaska and Lee’s claims that a “real” victim of sexual abuse would not express mixed emotions toward her perpetrator, research and the testimonies of incest survivors themselves support Woolf’s ambivalent emotions toward her perpetrators as predictable and normal. As early as 1933, Sandor Ferenczi recognized that victims of childhood sexual abuse usually idealized and defended their perpetrators, especially while the abuse is recent or still going on (qtd in Herman 107). As Jacobs notes,
for many victims their “only source of love in the family is found in [their] relationship to a sexually abusive father [or parental figure]. . . . [the perpetrator] who is abusive may at other times be a source of nurturing” (67). Melba Wilson, author of Crossing the Boundary: Black Women Survive Incest describes her lingering affection for the father who abused her as due to the fact that “[t]he sexual affection I received from my father provided some of the few memories I have of being physically close to someone in my childhood” (188). We might remember that in “A Sketch of the Past” Woolf notes that “after my mother’s death [George became] for all practical purposes, the head of the family. My father was deaf, eccentric, absorbed in his work, and entirely shut off from the world” (MOB 146). During her adolescence, George’s outings and presents were probably the only parental nurturing Virginia got.

Thus, research and the testimonies of survivors themselves suggest that Leaska is wrong when he claims that Woolf’s diary entries at fifteen “did not sound like those of a sexually abused victim writing about her abuser” (355) just because they express positive feelings toward him. As the following excerpts from incest survivors indicate, Woolf’s mixed feelings toward George and Gerald--the affection and the contempt-- sound very much like how incest victims feel when they are betrayed in this way by a trusted family member. The following excerpt from a narrative by a woman raped by her brother is typical:

> When were we growing up, John and I took care of each other. My mother was depressed for the first year after I was born and John and I were really kind of symbiotic. We liked each other. . . . We were emotional support for each other and we were kind to each other in a way that no one in the family really was. . . . We were supposedly close and I didn’t understand why he was doing what he was doing because it made me so uncomfortable. . . . I felt sorry for him a lot. I tried emotionally to take care of him. (qtd in Jacobs 107)

Victims typically vacillated between “feelings of rage for the perpetrator and feelings of sympathy” (Jacob 138). As another survivor explains, “[h]e was the only one who loved me. . . . I loved him and I hated him. . . . ‘How could [he] do this to me?’” (qtd in Jacobs 137).

Contrary to Leaska and Lee’s assumptions, Woolf’s few positive comments about her stepbrothers are not at all surprising--what is surprising is the consistency with which she is usually able to sustain her
lack of empathy for her molesters throughout her life. It is more common that through forced sexual intimacy the perpetrator instills a victim-perpetrator alliance so that the victim adopts the perpetrator’s point of view (Jacobs 65). For healing and autonomy to occur, the victim must break what Judith Jordan terms this “faulty empathy” (qtd in Jacobs 70) for her perpetrator. Woolf’s repeated representations of George in Lee’s (contemptuous) words, as “piggy-eyed, sexually rapacious tyrant and imbecile” (119) are a commendable sign of Woolf’s success in achieving this necessary separation.

We can turn to Mary Daly’s *Pure Lust* to identify the inquisition-like style of interrogation Lee and Leaska adopt as they scrutinize Woolf’s letters and memoirs for proof that she is lying. This style of interrogation is painfully familiar to female victims of rape, childhood sexual abuse, and other forms of male violence. Daly compares this sado-patriarchal ritual to the witch trials of the Middle Ages in which an accused woman was tied up and thrown into the water: “[i]f she floated she was guilty [hence executed]; if she sank, she was innocent” [although likely to drown] (186). Thus, she’s *damned if she does and damned if she doesn’t*. Both Leaska and Lee engage in this type of interrogation but I’ll focus here on Lee because she is more thorough about it.

For example, when Woolf describes what George did to her in explicit terms--recalling how he “flung himself on my bed, and took me in his arms” (*MOB* 155), Lee complains that Woolf exaggerates, that George’s sexual interest in his sisters was probably “in theory only”--not, in fact, carried out (152-53). However, when Woolf alludes less explicitly to George’s sexual assault in a letter to Elena Richmond, this time the fact that Woolf does not give enough sexual details condemns her, in Lee’s eyes. Lee writes, “[a]nd yet it is somewhat evasive, and doesn’t quite tell us what, pruriently, we would like to know.” deLee concludes, “[t]here is no way of knowing whether the teenage Virginia Stephen was fucked or forced to have oral sex or buggered” (154; 156) --strange criteria for what constitutes childhood sexual trauma when experts tell us that unwanted fondling by a trusted family member is more than enough to cause serious childhood trauma.2

Thus, Lee insists that speaking specifically about the abuse signals exaggeration and telling not enough is evasive; but Woolf’s silence, Lee insists, cannot be trusted either. So in 1939 when Woolf adds Gerald for the first time in “A Sketch of the Past” to her memoirs of childhood sexual molestation, Lee
complains that Woolf does not mention George’s sexual assault in the same memoir, even though she had described George’s behavior earlier in her 1922 memoir, “22 Hyde Park Gate” (152).

*Woolf is damned if she speaks out and damned if she does not.*

In the close reading I have given to these biographers’ rendering of incest and lesbian issues, I noticed that there seems to be a double standard for veracity. In other words, both Leaska and Lee apply inconsistent standards for deciding what statements can be made in unapologetic, straightforward sentences and those issues which cannot be “definitively decided.” Despite Woolf’s testimony, the collaboration of witnesses, and the fact that her incest narrative is substantiated by recent research on abuse patterns, both Leaska and Lee--like the biographers DeSalvo reviewed that came before them--reiterate again and again that we cannot with certainty support Woolf’s incest claims. “If she was recalling the facts accurately” (emphasis added; 355), Leaska cautiously warns us, when speaking of Woolf’s incest story. But Leaska shows no caution when he unequivocally states again and again that Virginia’s passion for Vita was rooted in an unresolved infantile longing for maternal nurturance! For example, Leaska states—“[c]ould [Vita] give all the things Julia never gave, could never give? This was to become the bond joining Virginia to Vita”; “[w]hat Virginia meant by ‘intimacy’ was really the maternal coddling she wanted from Vita” (230; 248). *No ambivalence here!* And surely a maternal fantasy as determinant of lesbian passion is even more difficult to verify than Woolf’s story of George’s sexual aggression which at least was witnessed by Vanessa and Janet Case. And again, Leaska writes, “[t]here was something strong and protective in Vita . . . clearly [Virginia] was responding to the nurturing, custodial atmosphere that surrounded Vita; and it was the maternal aura that attracted the thirteen year old child in Virginia” (emphasis added; 230).

“Clearly?” I ask. With no reference to the voluminous writings by lesbians about the varieties and complexities of lesbian desire, Leaska confidently defines, as far as I can tell, every lesbian attachment in Woolf’s life as maternal in origin: even Vita’s affair with Mary Campbell is unequivocally equated with mother-daughter love (“. . . Vita had become Mary’s lover, and a kind of mother to her as well” (270).

Like Leaska, Lee insists again and again that we cannot make affirmative statements supporting Woolf’s incest claims: “It is not possible to say whether the act was repeated: we simply do not know. It
is not possible to prove that this act of sexual interference led directly to her mental breakdown; [it is simplistic] to read these fictional passages as . . . pointing at a series of sexual crimes’; the evidence . . . leaves a mixed impression; there is something inclusive about [the memoirs]” (124-5; 155; 152). At the same time, Lee evinces no hesitation when she confidently declares that Woolf did not call herself a lesbian (and therefore we cannot either). And again we find this curious repetition of unsubstantiated assertions in Lee’s commentary on Woolf’s lesbianism: “[e]xcept as a joke, she did not define herself as a lesbian (or, as she would say, as “a Sapphist”); it was not a concept for her, or a group for her to join, or a political identity. Instead, she was poised between incompatible identifies and roles”; “She did not commit herself as ‘as Sapphist’”; “[s]he may have been ‘queer in some ways,’ but was was not ‘altogether so queer’ enough for Vita. If Virginia Woolf was lesbian and Vita Sackville-West confirmed that identity, she accepted it only evasively and ambivalently.” (emphasis added; 241; 485; 487)

Wait! I ask. How can we really know Woolf “never ever” defined herself as a lesbian? Can we really be sure that on one of those long solitary nights at Sissinghurst she didn’t whisper into Vita’s ear: “I’m a lesbian?” Or during one of those long gossips with Dame Ethel Smythe she didn’t lean over and confidentially confess: “I’m one too--like you, Ethel.” Without multiple, reliable witnesses how can we be sure Woolf really “wanted to avoid all categories” (Lee 484)? And besides, why is this so important? Historians have habitually labeled many women heterosexual with far less evidence of heterosexual emotions than we have of Woolf’s lesbian life. And why can’t we recognize and name a lesbian figure whether she does so herself or not--lesbians do this all the time.

My point, really, is that both Leaska and Lee apply a double standard for what can be said, simply, with confidence and without lengthy justification-- and what cannot. Most interesting is how often Lee enforces this double standard by resorting to name-calling to brand anyone who dares to talk directly about Woolf as a lesbian or incest survivor as “simplistic,” “reductive,” and “crude.” Again and again and again we are warned: “It is a “crude misreading” to assume that when Virginia wrote to Dame Ethel Smythe that Gerald broke her hymen, she meant this literally; “[i]t is simplistic to read fictional passages as . . . pointing at a series of sexual crimes”; [i]t is a distortion . . . to think of the Duckworth brothers as conspiratorial rapists”; and “[s]implified readings of Vita as Orlando or of Mrs Dalloway’s
bisexual and virginal marriage as a straightforward representation of Virginia Woolf’s own life won’t do’ (emphasis added; 124; 125; 124; 485).

I find this tendency to repetition and name calling within scholarship on Woolf’s incest and lesbianism a curious thing: repetition of outdated, commonplace cliches by so many otherwise careful and admirable scholars, and repetition in the form of the “thou shalt nots.” “Thou shalt not” define Woolf as an incest survivor; “thou shalt not” label her a lesbian: if you do you are simplistic, reductive, and crude. It is as if Woolf scholarship on incest and lesbian themes is stuck like that gramophone Woolf refers to in Three Guineas, grinding out the same old patriarchal grind--again and again and again.

Situated in the late 1990s, at times I feel like Virginia Woolf did in the 1930s, sadly observing the backlash of resistance, denial, and assimilation evidenced in these biographies which typically follows feminist movements for radical change. As Judith Herman and Diana Russell note, during Woolf’s lifetime disclosures of childhood sexual abuse by women like Virginia Woolf surfaced only to be met eventually with denial and erasure (Herman 7-32; Russell 3-16). But how can we keep this erasure from happening again? How can we resist the repetition of the same patterns of denial exemplified by these biographies? How can we sustain our positions as, in Alice K. Miller’s terms, “enlightened witnesses” (167) and our empathy for the victim, Virginia Woolf, not “poor George?”

Judith Herman suggests that “[t]o hold traumatic reality in consciousness requires a social context that affirms and protects the victim and that joins victim and witness in a common alliance” (9). I suggest, therefore, that those of us who believe Virginia Woolf counter the repetitions of the deniers with repetitions of our own. We could form “A Society” modeled on Woolf’s story by that name. Adapting Hermione Lee’s classification of us, we could call it the “Society for the Simple-Minded.” We could meet annually perhaps at conferences such as this one just to repeat among ourselves and in print:

George and Gerald Duckworth sexually violated Virginia Woolf

and

Virginia Woolf is a lesbian

And we can vow to ourselves and each other--to say it again . . . and again . . . and again.
Notes

1 This paper was originally presented at the June 1999 Virginia Woolf Conference. A full essay version of this presentation is forthcoming as “Trauma and Lesbian Returns in Virginia Woolf’s *The Voyage Out* and *The Years*” in *Woolf and Trauma*. For further discussion of Woolf’s lesbian themes and codes see Cramer, “Jane Harrison and Lesbian Plots: The Absent Lover in *The Waves*”; “*Vita Nuova*: Courtly Love and Lesbian Romance in *The Years*”; *Virginia Woolf: Lesbian Readings*; “*Pearls and the Porpoise*: *The Years*--a Lesbian Memoir”; “Notes from Underground: Lesbian Ritual in the Writings of Virginia Woolf.”

2 Russell found in her study of incest survivors that sexual abuse by brothers was rated second only to abuse by fathers in its traumatic effects. Yet women sexually abused by brothers suffer most from the stereotype of mutuality. In cases where the victim felt some positive feelings toward the brother, the trauma was greatest (149; 271; 388).

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