"A Shock Put into Words": Virginia Woolf & the Dreadnought Hoax

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Regardless of the context through which one chooses to view the life and work of Virginia Woolf, it is clear that she was an almost paralyzingly sensitive writer. Her husband, Leonard, remembers that Woolf "was intensely interested in things, people, and events, and . . . highly sensitive to the atmosphere which surrounded her, whether it was personal, social, or historical."[1] Woolf's prose almost never directly addresses the restrictions of class, race, and sex, but references them through character dialogue and raw evidence.

This allows for a slightly freer theoretical interpretation by the reader, as demonstrated by the following excerpt from *The Voyage Out*. Here, Hewet describes a friend to Rachel Vinrace, at once commenting on masculinity, class, and, to a lesser extent, intellectualism. "You see, Miss Vinrace," he says, "you must make allowances for Hirst . . .

> He sits hour after hour with his toes on the fender, talking about philosophy and God and his liver and his heart and the hearts of his friends. They're all broken. You can't expect him to be at his best in a ballroom. He wants a cosy [sic], smoky, masculine place where he can stretch his legs out, and only speak when he's got something to say. For myself, I find it rather dreary. But I do respect it.

These observations, both direct and veiled, run throughout all of Woolf's fiction, even in its most abstracted forms. Her characters do not live in a vacuum. They might transcend time, space, and sex, but their lives and relationships are knitted to the social constructs of the rational world.

Even Orlando, a character who takes three centuries and twenty years of age to achieve self-fulfillment, must still spend several mornings watching bluebottle flies with an Archduke, simply because she is a "fine young woman in the prime of life."[3] It is easy to connect this complaint to Woolf's admitted dread of the mechanistic pressures of a Victorian evening, in which seven-thirty rolls around and "dress and hair overcame paint and Greek grammar."

But Woolf's work is much more than an (albeit complex) game of Connect-the-Dots. Because she often focuses on evolution (as opposed to stasis) and fluidity (as opposed to definition), one must understand her work and characters as teleological entities. When one combines this notion with Woolf's aforementioned societal commentary, it is clear that her books often merge life into art. As she wrote in *Moments of Being*, "the whole world is a work of art, that we are parts of the work of art . . . [W]e are the words; we are the music; we are the thing itself."

Consequently, Woolf's work is often enrichened by its cultural and societal context, down to and including her diaries and letters. Moreover, one can assume that the same was true for Woolf herself. For her, writing represented a tool with which to make sense of personal and global events, especially surprising or violent ones. Indeed,

> a shock is at once in my case followed by a desire to explain it. I feel I have had a blow . . . and I make it real by putting it into words. It is only by putting it into words that I make it whole . . . Perhaps this is the strongest pleasure known to me. It is the rapture I get when in writing I seem to be discovering what belongs to what; making a scene come right; making a character come together. From this, I reach what I might call a philosophy.[6]

As Alex Zwerdling has noted, Woolf understood the mind not as a free agent, but rather as "the helpless target of a relentless bombarding force."[7] Thus, the very act of writing transforms a passive experience of direct pain into an active understanding and wholeness. As I will argue here, one can find an especially poignant example in Woolf's 1928 biography, *Orlando*.

As mentioned above, Orlando begins as a "serene" and "innocent" seventeen-year-old nobleman. After several love affairs, worldly travels, and an irrational amount of time, he is visited by a trio of *Macbeth*-esque witches, whereupon he awakes as a she. "It is enough for us to state the simple fact," writes Woolf. "Orlando was a man till the age of thirty; when he became a woman and has remained so ever since."[8]

In this paper, I will suggest that *Orlando* was in part Woolf's attempt to make sense of a certain traumatic experience circa 1910. That February, Woolf and five male friends masqueraded as Ethiopian princes and requested a tour of the H.M.S. Dreadnought. The British government, completely fooled, complied with fanfare. Peter Stansky has noted that the Hoax might have coloured "the central hinge" of Orlando's transformation.[9] Indeed, Orlando dresses in robes similar to those worn during the Hoax, and the actual man-to-woman transformation occurs in Turkey, another Other similarly fetishized among earlytwentieth-century intellectuals.

Here, I wish to further contextualize Stansky's observations in light of Woolf's philosophy from *Moments of Being*. Consequently, *Orlando* becomes Woolf's attempt to "explain" the Hoax's "blow," and further, to discover "what belongs to what." When we add Judith Butler's end-of-century gender politics to the mix, *Orlando* can legitimately be read as much more than a campy romp through sex and history. Indeed, it represents Woolf's ultimate combination of "we" and writing; it is her bravest, truest music.

Before one can investigate *Orlando*'s many layers, of course, one must understand the hoax itself.[10] Interestingly, its prime mover, Horace de Vere Cole, was not an official member of Bloomsbury, Woolf's salon-esque circle of friendly and intellectual intimates. While at Cambridge, Cole was close with Woolf's brother, Adrian Stephen, and the friendship continued long after the two had left school. Born into a wealthy and well-connected family, Cole attended Eton and then fought in the Boer War, where battlefield explosions cost him most of his hearing. Cole never officially graduated from Cambridge, but spent most of his college years toying with art, writing poetry, and playing pranks.

While at Cambridge, Cole and Adrian played numerous good-natured pranks rooted in both intellectualism and juvenilia. In March of 1905, the pair "warmed up" for the Dreadnought affair when they dressed as Zanzibarbarians and were received by the Mayor of Cambridge. Although the town officials were seriously offended, Cambridge refrained from dismissing the two students. Notably, this hoax was far less offensive than Adrian's original idea, which involved masquerading as German officers, then leading a German troop into enemy France.

In January of 1910, Cole and Adrian began plotting their most elaborate joke yet. Along with four friends—Virginia Woolf (then Virginia Stevens), Duncan Grant, Anthony Buxton, and Guy Ridley—they planned to dress in Ethiopian costumes and board the H.M.S. Dreadnought, where they hoped to be received as royalty.

To fully appreciate this prank's weight, one must understand early twentieth-century notions of British imperialism. Anglo-German rivalry was strong, and the Dreadnought, an exceptionally powerful new ship, came to represent English supremacy over the German navy. In the words of Quentin Bell, the Dreadnought was "the flagship of the Home Fleet, the most formidable, the most modern, and the most secret man o' war then afloat."[11] Thus, and although one must not forget Cole's and Stevens' goofiness, it is reasonable to read the prank as a nose-thumb to violence and imperialism.

It is also worth noting the choice to impersonate Ethiopians. Since the earlynineteenth century, Ethiopia was controlled by three Western European states: Italy, France, and Britain. In 1889, the Italians helped Menelak, a native Ethiopian, to gain control of the throne. However, Menelak did have complete autonomy until 1891 and the Ethiopian triumph at Adowa. Admittedly, the battle occurred some fourteen years before the Dreadnought Hoax, and so has a somewhat dubious effect on Cole's and Stevens' collective mindset. Regardless, it is significant that the group specifically chose Ethiopia as their provenance, and also, as Stansky notes, that Anthony Buxton was introduced as "Ras el Mendax," an amalgam of Menelak's Ethiopian title and name.

The actual prank occurred on February 7th, 1910. Woolf was not an original participant; she and Duncan Grant joined the group a mere two days before the joke. As Vanessa, Virginia's sister, wrote to Margery Snowden,

> All was arranged when several hitches occurred . . . [Cole and Adrian] found there would only be 3 or 4 of them [participating], & they thought that wouldn't be enough – when they asked the Goat [Virginia] to go, too. She agreed – rather, I admit, to our horror . . . [12]

At seven o'clock, several Willy Clarkson costumers arrived to help the group into their outfits. *The Daily Mirror* described the group's costumes in detail:

> All the princes wore vari-coloured silk sashes as turbans, set off with diamond aigrettes, white gibbah tunics, over which were cast rich flowing robes and round their necks were suspended gold chains and jeweled necklaces . . . They also all wore patent leather boots which, Oriental fashion, tapered to a point, the ends projecting fully six inches beyond the toes. White gloves covered the princes' hands, and over the gloved fingers, they wore gold wedding rings – heavy, plain circlets, which looked very impressive.[13]

Again, it is very possible that these "rich flowing robes" presaged Orlando's "Turkish coats and trousers that can be worn indifferently by either sex."[14] All of the pranksters wore robes, and all of them masked their racial identity, but Woolf was the only group member to transgress sexual boundaries.

After dressing, the six went to Paddington Station, where a stationmaster arranged carriages and a reception committee. Once the group was en route to the Dreadnought, a telegram was sent from a West End post office. It was signed "Harding" [sic], as in Sir Charles Hardinge, future baron and Viceroy of India.

> C in C home Fleet Portland Prince Makalen of Abbysinia [sic]; and suite arrive 4.20 today Weymouth he wishes to see dreadnought. Kindly arrange meet them on arrival regret

> short notice forgot wire before interpreter accompanies them Harding [sic] Foreign Office.[15]

Officially, this telegram was the only crime committed by the pranksters. They were not at fault for hoaxing government officers or wasting taxpayer's pounds, but they did face indictment for forging Harding's name.

After arriving at the station, the group was met by the flag-lieutenant in full regalia plus red carpet, a horse-drawn cab, an automobile and a marching band. All told, the actual prank lasted less than forty-five minutes. Stevens, disguised as translator George Kauffman, spoke in garbled Swahili combined with quotations culled from Homer and Virgil. As a supposed member of the Foreign Service, Cole could speak English. The three male "Ethiopians" said mostly "bunga bunga," whereas Woolf, worried about her treble, settled for the gruffer "chuck-a-choi, chuck-a-choi." The costumes held up well, save for a brief mishap on the train ride home, when Buxton sneezed off half of his moustache. Luckily, he was able to successfully present half his face to the crowd ooh-ing outside the train.

For two days, the six tricksters reveled in their success. On December 9, however, Admiral May wrote a letter to Graham Greene, the Admiralty's assistant secretary.

> There were four Abyssinians, accompanied by an F.O. [Foreign Office] official and an interpreter. The F.O. official was very deaf & talked for some time with Commanders Fisher and Willoughby & with whom he claimed several mutual acquaintances. From the telegram I naturally concluded Sir Charles Hardinge had forgotten to send the telegram & had then short-circuited the Admiralty . . . Willoughby now says he thinks the interpreter had a false beard. The Abyssinians were in native dress and appeared to be genuine.[16]

No one knows for sure how the hoax was unveiled. Vanessa guessed that one of the costumers spilled the goods, but many scholars blame Cole's hubris. Indeed, a February 14th Admiralty memo dated February 14th reads that

> a man called [the Foreign Office] this morning & stated that he had secured recently the reception on the Dreadnought of a party of some three or four persons in the guise of Abyssinian visitors to this country & he gave the F.O. to understand that the visit was a deliberate hoax.[17]

Predictably, the press lapped at the story like cats at milk. In the end, the all charges were dropped, and no Admiralty careers were irrevocably harmed.

There is no definite way to know the degree to which the hoax pained Woolf. On Valentine's Day, she mentioned it briefly and inconclusively in a letter to longtime intimate Violet Dickinson. These vagaries are complicated by the possibility of an incomplete record, and also by Woolf's notorious subtlety. Nigel Nicolson, a personal acquaintance who later edited Woolf's letters, notes that

> [Woolf] wanted to know everything about her friends, and invented it when they would not tell her, but about herself she was guarded. From these letters one would not recognize Virginia if one met her at a party or a street. One would not know her pace of walking and talking, whether she crossed Bond Street or a costal field in an amble or a stride, nor whether she gave an immediate impression of aloofness or curiosity . . . Her letters are often garrulous, but in company she could be very quiet. Once, when shyness crippled me

as a child, she consoled me by saying that friendship was like a still mountain-lake, into which a silver stream of talk should be allowed occasionally to trickle.

On February 14th, Woolf wrote,

My Violet,

Why didn't you come in the other day? Your modesty is too great. Scarcely an inch of flesh was showing. I could then have told you about our visit to the Dreadnought. It is now a dull story. Two interviewers have been today, and one wishes for my portrait in evening dress! Also what age and creed am I?

Do come in, or let me come.

Yr. VS[19]

Although it mentions little of Woolf's reaction to the hoax, the letter does show her reaction to the press coverage. A notoriously private person, Woolf would have been severely traumatized – "shocked," even – by intense questioning, and especially by a formal photo. As if the age and creed questions were not bad enough, the press wanted to restrict her in irrelevantly feminine garb. This reflects her earlier frustrations towards the formalities of a Victorian evening; here, she must have doubly longed to return to her "paints and Greek grammar." Consequently, the fragmentation and shock are clear. Woolf's next step, then, is to make sense of the parts and bring them into a "whole": *Orlando*.

For a moment, we will step away from the Dreadnought Hoax in order to summarize previous readings of *Orlando*. Predictably, many critics have examined the book's multi-layered discussion of gender roles. Several have glossed the text through the Freudian paradigm, which posits that all women suffer from a castration complex. In effect, penis envy draws a daughter away from her mother and towards her father. Once she fully realizes that she will never have a phallus connected to her body, the daughter's envy is transferred into a desire to have her father's son. Consequently, Freud argues that "a mother is only brought unlimited satisfaction by her relationship to a son; this is altogether the most perfect, the most free from ambivalence of all human relationships."[20] In this light, it is worth noting that on the day her son was born, Orlando looked out the window and saw thetwentieth century in full bloom: horseless carriages, hot water, and an eternally bright sky.[21]

Although the Woolf's Hogarth Press did publish Freud in translation, Woolf consistently maintained a writerly curiosity of psychoanalysis along with personal doubt of the technique. Thus, it is worth noting that *Orlando* lodges itself firmly outside the psychoanalytical sphere. "Let biologists and psychologists determine [Orlando's sex and nature]," *Orlando* reads. "It is enough for us to state the simple fact; Orlando was a man till the age of thirty; when he became a woman and has remained so ever since."[22]

Another gloss, as evidenced in Elaine Showalter's *A Literature of Their Own*, focuses on Orlando's androgyny, as opposed to his/her polarity. Showalter, who anchors her interpretation through parsings of both *Orlando* and *A Room of One's Own*, argues that androgyny is experienced as a struggle between the rival forces of the masculine and feminine. Notably, this struggle does not result in sexless neutrality, but in an almost explosive blossoming. In *A Room of One's Own*, Woolf writes that

> if one is a man, still the woman part of the brain must have effect; and a woman also must have intercourse with the man in her. Coleridge perhaps meant this when he said that a great mind is androgynous. It is when this fusion takes place that the mind is fully fertilized and uses all its faculties. Perhaps a mind that is purely masculine cannot create, any more than a mind that is purely feminine.[23]

This is a lovely ideal, but Showalter warns that consequently, neither gender is fully experienced, and so the being—be it Orlando or Woolf herself—enters an "impersonal," "inconspicuous," and disciplined sort of infertility. Here, neither gender is flaunted nor renounced, and "a separate literary and sexual peace" is achieved.[24] This reading can be frustrating, as the being is allowed neither concrete identity nor telos, and so definition can only be achieved when time stops. As Showalter concludes, "the ultimate room of one's own is the grave."[25]

Here, and as usual, chronology is significant. In 1929, and despite initial analyses of normative gender and the binary system,[26] Woolf did not have the linguistic tools available to contemporary theorists. Nevertheless, much of her work seems to presage—if not entirely mesh with—twentieth century gender theory.

Briefly, and given twenty-first century trans/cross-gender dialogues, it is important to note that I am discussing gender, not genitalia. Of course, Orlando could not ignore the morphing of his/her body. One who begins by straddling a horse and ends with giving birth must necessarily pay mind to physical reality. At the same time, Woolf does not include an overly graphic element to Orlando's actual transformation. Although he is nude, the description is bloodless and leans towards the metaphysical.

> He stretched himself. He rose. He stood upright in complete nakedness before us, and while the trumpets pealed Truth! Truth! Truth! we have no choice left but to confess – he was a woman . . . No human being, since the world began, has ever looked more ravishing. His form combined in one the strength of a man and a woman's grace. As he stood there, the silver trumpets prolonged their note, as if reluctant to leave the lovely sight which their blast had called forth; and [the witches] Chastity, Purity, and Modesty, inspired, no doubt, by Curiosity, peeped in at the door and threw a garment like a towel at the naked form . . . Orlando looked himself up and down in a long looking-glass, without showing any signs of discomposure, and went, presumably, to his bath.[27]

Clearly, Woolf's main concern is the traumatic or empowering ways in which Orlando's biology, sociology, and desire restrict and manipulate his/her gender, not whether or not she/he has a penis.

Indeed, because gender functions in both social and biological spheres, many theorists reject the binary in favor of a linguistically based multiplication of genders. For example, in her *The Sex Which Is Not One*, the French philosopher Luce Irigary grapples with whether or not the masculine sex is the "one" sex.[28] She means this in the context of penis envy, as well as in a linguistic sense. For Irigary, gender frequently masquerades, either to approach a normative, masculine ideal or as a coping mechanism for the aforementioned conflicts between society, biology, and desire.

Back to the Hoax. Even though Woolf was a late addition to Cole's and Stevens' prank, she still directly and actively experienced gender mimicry. The difference between Irigarian

mimétisme and Woolf's Dreadnought masquerade is the former's grounding in a woman's attempt to mask herself in deference to a man's desire. In contrast, Woolf was searching for autonomous satisfaction, for equanimity without repression or rejection and also, one might assume, for recognition as a writer.

As previously mentioned, one should remember that the Hoax mimicked both masculinity and the "primitive other." Marianna Torgovnick discusses the latter's implications in *Gone Primitive*, albeit without mentioning Woolf. There, Torgovnick suggests that Woolf's contemporaries viewed primitive societies as a voyeuristic experience of the Freudian id. In this sense, these communities can be read as "testing grounds" for contemporary sexual rapport.[29] Consequently, it is possible to combine Woolf's African and gender mimicries into one project.

As the American gender theorist Judith Butler notes, one potential problem with Irigary's analysis is that it presupposes a gender ideal that exists outside of the body. In contrast, and similarly to Woolf, Butler reads gender as a construction, a strategy, a "project which [sic] has cultural survival at its end."[30] In this sense, there is no ideal; there is only the individual's attempt to create an identity that will allow survival and ideally, satisfaction, all within the boundaries of a given world. It follows that one cannot separate the physical from the conceptual, as the two are knitted much too tightly. As Butler writes,

> Gender ought not to be construed as a stable identity or locus of agency from which various acts follow; rather, gender is an identity tenuously constituted in time, instituted in an exterior space through a *stylized repetition of acts*. The effect of gender is produced through the stylization of the body, and, hence, must be understood as the mundane way in which bodily gestures, movements, and styles of various kinds constitute the illusion of an abiding gendered self.[31]

Through this lens, the Hoax becomes one of Butler's "stylized repetitions." By donning her princely moustache and masking her voice, Woolf was directly combating her frustrations with the rigidity of twentieth-century gender roles. The problem, of course, is that this particular masquerade could not last beyond February 7th.

The Hoax is the perfect example of Butler's gender construct. There is the physical reality of robes and spirit gum, the metaphysical freedom that Woolf experienced in said garb, and above all the social context of British imperialism and intellectual prank. If we use Butler to further contextualize the hoax, we may read the Dreadnought as Woolf's attempt at achieving the masculine-identified freedoms for which she ached so strongly. On February 7th, and like a child allowed one lick of pudding and no more, Woolf quickly tasted, then lost a certain liberation. It is no wonder she experienced such things as "blows;" it is no wonder she tried to explain them through *Orlando*.

In *Undoing Gender*, a more recent work addressing gender performativity in light of turn-of-the-century politics, Butler acknowledges that performance does not always mean evolution. Sometimes, it can reverse or even fracture the process of self-enlightenment. According to her, we perform gender because we wish to live in worlds and situations that satisfy our desires. Whenever the current world or situation restricts these desires, we grieve. "Let's face it," she writes,

> we're undone by each other. And if we're not, we're missing something. If this seems so clearly the case with grief, it is only because it was already the case with desire. One does

> not always stay intact. It may be that one wants to, or does, but it may also be that despite one's best efforts, one is undone, in the face of the other.[32]

The notion of "undoing in the face of the other" resonates deeply with Woolf's frustrations with the post-prank press coverage, and also with the rhetoric of pain she uses when attempting to make sense of paradigm-shaking events. Indeed, Woolf manifested her gendered desire within a community which could not support it. This, perhaps, was the greatest blow of all.

What happens, then, if we read the Dreadnought Hoax as a "stylized repetition of acts" that Woolf performed in order to define her gender on social and biological levels? If we realize that she necessarily failed, both because the costume came off and because she sought a kind of androgyny (i.e. a blending of the stereotypical masculine and feminine, as opposed to the normative binary), then *Orlando* becomes a second attempt at an effort for self-definition. It is her attempt to make the fractured parts whole.

I do not mean to overlook the fact that *Orlando* is clearly a love letter to Vita Sackville-West, Woolf's Sapphic lover, but I believe that it might also be construed as Woolf's attempt to simultaneously assert and undo her gender à la Butler. Originally, Woolf tried to "perform" gender in a social context, but it failed, and she faced the sterility of "formal portraits" and the restrictions of skirts. A postmorphous Orlando experienced these same emotions.

> Certain susceptibilities were asserting themselves, and others were diminishing. The change of clothes had, some philosophers will say, much to do with it. Vain trifles as they seem, clothes have, they say, more important offices than merely to keep us warm. They change our view of the world and the world's view of us. For example, when Captain Bartolus saw Orlando's skirt, he had an awning stretched for her immediately, pressed her to take another slice of beer, and invited her to go ashore with him in the long boat. These compliments would certainly not have been paid her had her skirts, instead of flowing, been cut tight to her legs in the fashion of breeches.[33]

Orlando's clothes do more than shape her identity; they direct her actions, too. Orlando could no less reply to Bartolus's compliments with a cigar puff than Woolf could have carried a parasol onboard the Dreadnought. Woolf continues:

> And when we are paid compliments, it behoves us to make some return. Orlando curtseyed; she complied; she flattered the good man's humours as she would not have done had his neat breeches been a woman's skirts, and his breaded coat a woman's bodice. Thus, there is much to support the view that it is clothes that wear us and not we them; we may make them take the mould of arm or breast, but they mould our hearts, our brains, our tongues to their liking.[34]

This meshes with Butler's performative model. It follows, then, that as Orlando repeats these "returns," she approaches her ideal sociological definition. As action builds upon action, even her body changes. "So, having now worn skirts for a considerable time, a certain change was visible in Orlando, which is to be found even in her face."[35]

Admittedly, there is an element of *mimétisme* here, and consequently subjugation to extrapersonal masculine preference. Nevertheless, I remind the reader—as would Butler—that Orlando wanted femaleness even before she met Bartolus. Truth, Candor, and Honesty were all

present at her bodily transformation.[36] Nevertheless, I would love to see Orlando in Chanel's pantalons, or even riot grrl safety pins and cotton.

Now that I have woven the web connecting Woolf's philosophies with Judith Butler's, and the Dreadnought Hoax with *Orlando*, we are left with one last question: what's the point? The point, I think, is both painful and poignant. As we have discussed, Woolf failed to achieve true androgyny and gendered autonomy in her personal and writing lives. This failure was especially devastating as highlighted by the Dreadnought Hoax. Consequently, Woolf picked up the pieces and attempted to stitch them back together in the pages of *Orlando*.

Indeed, if one assumes a certain personal truth—and perhaps even a double reality—in every writer's words, then Orlando can be read as not just a re-glued whole, but also Woolf's second attempt at performing a personally satisfying gender. Here, I would like to note another of Butler's points. Building on Irigary's notion of the feminine as other and also her own point of definition through repeated performance, Butler sees a necessary hope in femininity. She describes the feminine as

> a category that does not describe something that already exists but actually inaugurates a certain kind of future within language and within intelligibility, inaugurating a future of intelligibility that is not yet fully known now.[37]

In this light, *Orlando* is both explanatory and hopeful. Indeed, the book concludes with definition via a still, illuminated midnight. The moon, a traditional symbol of fully achieved femininity, is at its highest, and Orlando greets her visitor with a curtsey, announcing that "nothing has been changed."[38] Gendered satisfaction is thus deemed possible, but it is heartbreaking to see that Woolf thinks we need an impossible three hundred years and 3 witches to achieve it. It seems that literary characters can be happy; twentieth-century women, however, cannot.

Notes

[1] Leonard Woolf as quoted in Zwerdling, Alex. *Virginia Woolf and the Real World*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1986. 14.
[2] Woolf, Virginia. *The Voyage Out*. New York: Harcourt, 1920. 156-157.
[3] Woolf, Virginia. *Orlando*. New York: Harcourt, 1928. 182.
[4] Woolf, Virginia. "Old Bloomsbury." *Moments of Being*, ed. Jeanne Schulkind. 2nd ed. New York: Harcourt, 1985. 150.
[5] Ibid 72.
[6] Woolf, Virginia. "Old Bloomsbury." *Moments of Being*, ed. Jeanne Schulkind. 2nd ed. New York: Harcourt, 1985. 72.
[7] Zwerdling 14.
[8] Woolf. *Orlando* 139.
[9] Stansky, Peter. "The Dreadnaught Hoax." On or About December 1910: Early Bloomsbury and Its Intimate World. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1996. 45.
[10] Historical context taken largely from Stansky, Peter. On or About December 1910: Early Bloomsbury and Its Intimate World.
[11] Stansky 22.
[12] Stansky 24.
[13] Ibid 30-31.

[14] Woolf. *Orlando* 139.
[15] Stansky 25.
[16] Stansky 28.
[17] Ibid 25.
[18] Woolf, Virginia (Stephen). *The Letters of Virginia Woolf*, ed. Nigel Nicolson. Vol. 1. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1975. xv.
[19] Woolf. *Letters* 422.
[20] Freud, Sigmund. *Basic Writings*, trans A.A. Brill. New York: Modern Library, 1995. 118.
[21] Woolf. *Orlando* 295-298.
[22] Ibid 139.
[23] Woolf, Virginia. *A Room of One's Own*. New York: Harcourt, 1928. 98.
[24] Showalter, Elaine. "Virginia Woolf and the Flight Into Androgyny." *A Literature of Their Own: British Women Novelists from Bronte to Lessing.* New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1977. 281.
[25] Ibid 297.
[26] See Riviere, Joan. "Womanliness as a Masquerade." *Formations of Fantasy*, ed. Victor Burgin, James Donald, and Cora Kaplan. Methuen: New York, 1986. 35-44.
[27] Woolf. *Orlando* 137-138.
[28] Irigary, Luce. *The Sex Which Is Not One*. Cornell University Press: 1985.
[29] Torgovnick, Marianna. *Gone Primitive: Savage Intellects, Modern Lives.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1990. 7-8.
[30] Butler, Judith. *Gender Trouble*. 10th Anniversary ed. New York: Routledge, 1999. 96.
[31] Butler. *Gender Trouble* 97.
[32] Butler, Judith. *Undoing Gender*. New York: Routledge, 2004. 19.
[33] Woolf. *Orlando* 187.
[34] Woolf. *Orlando* 187.
[35] Ibid 187.
[36] Ibid 134.
[37] Cheah, Pheng and E.A. Grosz. "The Future of Sexual Difference: An Interview with Judith Butler and Drucilla Cornell." *Diacritics*. Vol 28.1: 1998. 20.
[38] Woolf. *Orlando* 328.