

A Study on the Images of Women Writers in Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*

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ABSTRACT: This study focuses on the group portrait of female writers created in Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*, and through textual analysis and cross-temporal comparison, reveals the systematic predicament and spiritual breakthrough of British female creators in the early 20th century. The thesis takes the fictional character Judith Shakespeare as the entry point, showcasing his literary talent swallowed by the patriarchal society and reflecting the double strangulation of female writing by the scarcity of educational resources and economic dependence. At the same time, taking the real writer represented by Jane Austen as an example, this paper analyzes her survival wisdom of "creating in the gap between living room embroidery and household chores", highlighting the tenacity of women in building literary discourse power in a limited space. Research indicates that the inequality of educational opportunities forces women to use private scenarios such as embroidery and parenting as knowledge production fields, while economic independence leads to the constant risk of interruption in creation. The theory of "Five Hundred Pounds Annuity and Locked Room" proposed by Woolf is not only a demand for material basis, but also a symbol of spiritual autonomy. This study, through historical depth and theoretical speculation, reveals the arduous evolution of female literature from anonymous writing to public expression, and re-examines the symbiotic relationship between gender equality and literary development, providing a historical mirror for the creative predicament of contemporary women..

KEYWORDS: The images of women writers; creation view; equality; *A Room of One's Own* by Woolf

I. INTRODUCTION

Virginia Woolf (1882-1941), who was active in the British literary world in the first half of the 20th century, has made a unique mark in the history of modernist literature with her profound poetic writing and stream-of-consciousness creation techniques. Entering the threshold of the 20th century, the research perspective naturally turns to Woolf himself. The writer, who danced on the edge of thought, not only inherited the right to write that the pioneers fought for, but also built the double foundation of material and spiritual creation for women with the famous statement of "five hundred pound annuity and locked room". Through the longitudinal comparison of the living conditions and creative characteristics of female writers in different periods, we can clearly see: From anonymous writing to signed publishing, from the family space to the public sphere, how female writers use pen and ink as a sword to gradually break the traditional shackles and win the rightful seat in the palace of literature.

When we touch the thought thread of those lectures from Cambridge University in *A Room of One's Own*, published in 1929, we will find that this seemingly light prose work actually reflects the multidimensional dilemma encountered by women in the field of literature like a prism, and turns into a key to interpret the development track of women's literature in the hands of later researchers. This paper will focus on this group of female writers in Woolf's works, trying to salvage their common characteristics and personality light in the long river of history. Starting from the Renaissance period, this paper Outlines the creation ecology of early female writers in the gap between the patriarchal society. When the time turns to the 19th century, the literary practice of Jane Austen and the Bronte sisters becomes a perfect sample to observe: Their posture of writing in the living room, not only reveals the discipline of the era for women, but also bursts out amazing emotional power and independence in the lines. This kind of observation, across time and space, not only outlines the evolution track of female literary images, but also deeply reveals the mutually nourishing relationship between gender equality consciousness and literature development process. When we reread these words that flicker through the folds of history, we may appreciate more vividly the weight of Woolf's prediction that "great minds are androgynous."

II. LITERATURE REVIEW

Since its publication, Woolf's *A Room of One's Own* has sparked intense scholarly debate. In his book, *Beginning Theory*, Peter Barry (1995) discussed the gender-specific use of language in Parts 4 and 5 of Woolf's essay collection. He pointed out that

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when women engage in novel-writing, they lack “ready-made universal sentence patterns to use” (Barry, 1995, p. 150). In contrast, great male novelists can produce a swift river of words, fluid yet controlled, vivid without affectation, to distinct in voice yet universally resonant. Woolf (2004) referred to certain sentences as embodying a male style of writing. Although she didn't elaborate on its nature. The cited sentence seems to be characterized by a well-balanced and consistent “combination of rhetorical flourishes. Barry (1995, pp. 105-110) noted that “such a sentence pattern is not suitable for women writers” and those who attempted to use it had little success. Jane Austen, for instance, rejected this male-type sentence pattern and “created a sentence pattern completely suitable for herself, natural and neat” (Barry, 1995, p. 150). Scholars have offered diverse perspectives on Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*. Sally Alexander (2000) examined Woolf's yearning for private space and independence for uneducated female writers in the work, and how this desire was echoed in fictional autobiography and other contemporary women's works. After women got the right to vote, the feminist movement started recording and publishing working-class women's experiences, yet legal and economic changes for women were sluggish. Alexander (2000) noted that both Woolf's polemic and Woodward's fictional autobiography were condemnations of poverty and laments for wasted female lives, seeing poverty as an injustice that incites anger instead of a source of humiliation or redemption.

Christiana Beernberg (2001) completed an enlightening scholarly exploration of the field of literary studies in the early 20th century. She focuses her research lens on Woolf's *A Room of One's Own* to deeply analyze its unique dialogic poetics. It is a narrative strategy full of tension that not only casts a colorful spectrum in her novel creation, but also forms a subtle resonance with the feminist trend of the 1920s (Beernberg, 2001).

As we turn our attention to what has been hailed as a “manifesto for women's writing”, Beernberg (2001) captures the double rhythm that flows between Woolf's words: Both a philosophical meditation on the plight of women's writing and an artistic translation of the gender politics of the 1920s. In particular, the researchers point out that Woolf (2004) quietly weaves the threads of argument in a seemingly chatty narrative by constructing a multi-part dialogue network. This innovative text strategy not only reshapes the reader's cognitive path, but also makes the natural image become the key code to interpret the heroine's consciousness awakening.

What is particularly thought-provoking is Beernberg's repositioning of *A Room of One's Own* within the context of literary history. She reveals how this work breaks through the framework of traditional discourse, and opens up a new interpretative dimension for later feminist criticism in the collision of poetic language and theoretical speculation (Beernberg, 2001). The dialogue ripples on the surface of the text actually contain the deconstruction and reconstruction of language power, and this duality reflects the sharpness of Woolf's thought as a modernist writer.

The value of this study is not only that it illumines the dialogical dimension of Woolf's writing that is often overlooked, but more importantly, it builds a bridge between literary form and gender politics. When we revisit the intellectual dialogue that flows from page to page, we may be able to understand more deeply that each of Woolf's language choices is a poetic response to the ultimate question of how women speak about themselves.

III. THE FICTIONAL WOMEN WRITERS' IMAGES IN WOOLF'S *A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN*

A. *Judith Shakespeare: Buried Talent*

Judith and her brother William had the same thirst for knowledge, and those eyes always followed the glimmer of the page greedily after the lamp had been extinguished. As William carried his sheepskin satchel to the grammar school, she could only watch the free figure disappear into the morning mist through the diamond panes of the attic. Over the neighing of the copper kettle in the kitchen, she would often steal Homer's poems that her brother had left behind, but as soon as her fingertips touched the yellowed papyrus, her mother's rebuke would be like cold water, the linen in the sewing basket is a lady's scripture.

Those crumpled manuscripts were her secret orgies. The candle tears coagulated into amber seals on the parchment, sealing the name “Judith Shakespeare” in the embers of the fireplace forever. In sixteenth-century England, female talent was the result of a taboo - they could weave lace, but not the warp and weft of thought. As contemporary scholar Greta Benson (2023) points out, this intellectual confinement forces women to develop a unique system of perception: To capture narrative inspiration from the folds of linen to be ironed, to extract metaphor from the rising steam of the stewpot.

When teenage girls of the same age were weaving rose headbands at Windows in the English countryside in the 17th century, Judith Shakespeare's lives were already marked by family interests. These noble girls under the age of 17, like Oriental porcelain up for sale, are forced to accept the fate of family marriage. When they try to break free from this golden cage, they are waiting not only for their father's riding crop, but also for their mother's heart-wrenching cries, for emotional kidnapping in the name of love, so that the warm family ties become the noose of patriarchy.

While William Shakespeare was indulging in poetry in the London wine-house, his sister Judith was imprisoned in a cage of embroideries and dowry. The trajectory of the siblings' lives is like twin flowers split by the gender knife: The older brother can pick human fireworks at will, while the younger sister can't even open the wooden window of the boudoir without being scrutinized by Mammy. The poems that occasionally spill out of the corners of the embroidery can only be reduced to ashes in the fireplace, bearing witness to how the whole society systematically annihilates women's talents.

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This gender oppression has long penetrated the capillaries of culture. In Elizabethan literature, male writers held the coin power of language, while women faced moral scrutiny for even using commas. The wound that Woolf (2004) opened in "Three Guineas" still seeps the blood of thought. As the literary critic Barry (1995, p. 150) has pointed out that "she has no ready-made universal sentence patterns to use". When women try to write, they are confronted not just with blank paper, but with a grammatical system monopolized by male discourse-every verb needs to be reworked, every metaphor is against an established cognitive prison.

Judith tore up her engagement and ran into the night in London, not knowing that the manuscript in her hand would become a dagger to stab gender prejudice. When the 17-year-old girl knocked on the back door of the theater, there were hisses under the oil lamp - the male actors deliberately held the script over her head, the prop artist "accidentally" knocked over her revised script, and even the stage light seemed to say: This is not your place.

A more brutal game of survival plays out behind the curtain. The ink on the rental deed would suddenly dry at the sight of her hemline, the baker would automatically raise the price of food for single women, and even fetching water from the public well would be subject to moral judgment. These daily humiliations, like countless tiny nooses, strangle the female living space into breathless slits.

And the fatal blow given by fate was wrapped in the sugar coating of pity. When the troupe's principal lures her into the dressing room under the guise of patronage, the violent nature of the entire patriarchal society is finally revealed. The girl curled up in the moonlight not only suffered the trauma of her body, but also became a living specimen of the power game - as Foucault said, the body has always been the field of political struggle.

B. *The Double Dilemma of Material and Spirit*

When Woolf was evicted from the library on the lawns of Cambridge University, she was probably writing an epitaph for Judith Shakespeare in stream-of-consciousness strokes. In *A Room of One's Own*, this literary ghost, which never existed, becomes a prism, refracting the blood and tears of the sixteenth-century female creators into a colorful spectrum-each light engraved with the word "Do not pass" (Woolf, 2004).

The female writers of that era were like fairies forced to dance on the head of a needle. The quills in their hands are always melted into spindles, and parchment is always cut into baby clothes. When the scholar Liu (2014) analyzed the attic writing scene, he restored a thrilling picture for us: When Judith stole to write sonnets in the attic with the smell of bacon, the downstairs came not only the mother's footsteps, but also the pursuit whistle of the entire patriarchal civilization. Any woman born with a great gift in the sixteenth century would certainly have gone crazy, shot herself, or ended her days in some lonely cottage outside the village, half witch, half wizard, feared and mocked (Woolf, 2004). This mental strangulation is far more deadly than material deprivation. Li's (2014) research reveals the nature of violence beneath the veil of gentleness - a society that not only confiscates women's desks, but implants moral censors in their skulls. As Zheng (2023) points to a stylistic revolution, Virginia Woolf confronts a hierarchical patriarchal discourse system with broken mirror language: while male writers write epics at oak desks, women plant figurative wildflowers in the margins of kitchen bills.

Those words that finally break through the cage are often soaked with more intense blood. The Giudisches either fed the manuscript to the fireplace or made themselves the manuscript and when the carriage that eloped London became the stream that died, their deaths themselves became the most poignant statement of gender politics. This confirms Foucault's assertion that the real terror of disciplining society lies in making the victim consciously wear the shackles of the spirit.

When Judith Shakespeare stepped up the steps of the Globe Theatre in her bare feet, moss was growing into the veins of patriarchy. In Shakespeare's Sister, Amin Mohammadi (2021) dissections not only the tragedy of a fictional character, but the flesh and blood of female creators throughout the Renaissance which lines locked in buildings that eventually become the wine that irrigates the temple of male art.

That winter night's suicide was never the end. In the shadow of Nick Green's "pity", Judith's womb is pregnant with a truth colder than death: when the actress's script is replaced by

a marriage contract, when the creative desire is disciplined as a silver lock on the chastity belt, even the wild dog at the crossroads knows that this corpse will become a yardstick of gender violence. Amaia Choperena and Iraida Díaz-Dorransoro (2024) also point out in Cassandra and *A Room of One's Own*: A common cry of frustration, Women in such a social environment, their creative dreams are often ruthlessly crushed, Judith's experience is a typical representative of this cruel reality, in the pursuit of creative road, they face from the society, family and other aspects of the huge pressure, almost no breathing space. The cursed prophet and the fictional playwright tear open the veil of civilization together-the so-called "compression of women's creative space" is in fact a systematic spiritual castration. Just as a Victorian gentleman would have crowned the Bronte sisters with a crown of thorns, the Nick Greens have always been good at packaging aggression as a gift.

When we savor Judith's story, it is like uncovering a hidden and shocking scar in the history of literature. In the novel plots derived from Shakespeare's plays, as a younger sister, with her short but fiery life track, the male society's cruel strangulation of female creators in the spiritual level is vividly rendered into a depressing and hopeless realistic picture.

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At that time, male writers spoke loudly in salons and showered their talents. And those women who are full of poetry in their hearts can only helplessly pick up the embroidery needle, rather than the pen that symbolizes creation, and struggle to move forward in the impenetrable web woven by secular prejudice.

This systematic oppression is far more corrosive than we can imagine. Like a fragile plant that is slowly eroded by a chronic poison, even those talented female creators have to be forced by reality, and gradually suppress their talent in the day after day of self-denial, so that they become small and humble in the eyes of society.

In the creation of paper, they have to fight against two powerful enemies at the same time: on the one hand, they have to try to break through the difficulties existing in the process of creation; On the other hand, there is the struggle against the absurd curse that women are not fit to write.

What is even more sad and heartbreaking is that this kind of spiritual harm to female creators is like a terrible infectious virus, spreading between generations. When the stars shining in the literary sky were almost exclusively male, it took an unimaginable amount of courage for later female creators to summon the courage to look up at that literary firmness.

Judith's deplorable and tragic end is the most vivid and powerful example of Beauvoir's classic thesis. What does it mean when the poet's soul is trapped in a woman's body? This is not just the "swish" of the creative fire being ruthlessly snuffed out, but it is more like tearing open a hole, allowing us to see those deep-rooted structural problems in the entire civilization system.

Patriarchy this thing, too cunning, it creates a look of warmth, but it is hidden dangerous cage, step by step to women's creativity to "steal". In the beginning, it took the "family angel" this lofty name, the desk of women's desk creation to take away, so that they have no place to create; Then, and out of the so-called "femininity" a bunch of rules, the women should be shining edge, unique edge, a little bit to grind away; In the end, they directly use the big shackles of "reproductive instinct" to lock women firmly outside the circle of literature, so that they can never cross into it.

In this way, women are forced into collective silence on a spiritual level. And this silence, like a time bomb, has become a serious obstacle to the development of civilization. If we think about it, are we losing only a few good works when we forcibly kick the female force, which accounts for half of human intelligence, out of the gene pool of cultural inheritance? Those who could have been like a spark, set off a wave of innovation that changed the direction of civilization, because of the high and thick wall of gender bias, all of a sudden disappeared, disappeared.

So, Judith chose to "commit suicide", which is far more than her own personal fate, from a larger perspective, it symbolizes the entire human civilization missed another development path full of infinite possibilities, too sad.

IV. THE VERIFIABLE WOMEN WRITERS' IMAGES IN *A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN*

A. *Jane Austen's Drawing Room Writing: Holding on in a Difficult Situation*

Let's turn our gaze to Woolf's (2004) classic scene: Jane Austen is reading at the edge of an oak table in a corner of a 19th-century English country drawing room. On this wooden square table carrying the family's daily life, the needle and thread fabric to be arranged and the rattan basket compete for space, and the writer struggles to create a half-foot square space in the gap of life - just to spread out the paper, but can not tolerate a moment's breathing. As scholar Hu (2014, pp. 15-18) pointed out in "Interpreting Woolf's Feminist Thought in *A Room of One's Own*", in the social environment at that time, women were constrained by many restrictions, and creation became a difficult challenge. The scene, surrounded by the clutter of life, is highly symbolic: lace curtains to be mended are piled on the left, turnips and potatoes from the market are scattered on the right, and ink bottles struggle to survive between sewing baskets and breadcrumbs. Listening to the sound outside the door, afraid to miss any call, the pen is rustling on the paper-such a divided state of creation, is precisely the collective dilemma of Victorian intellectual women. When worldly responsibilities flooded in, Austen chose to build an ark of words on the crest of the wave.

Ipshita Krishna (2024, pp. 20-43), who studies modern material culture, once lamented, "When Austin's ink bottle has to share the corner of the table with the pickle jar, what do we see is more than the squeezing of physical space"? The literary giant was forced to cut up his work into tiny pieces: His ears to catch footsteps on the porch, his fingers to run between the sewing thread and the paper. This sense of tearing is so concrete that Tània Verge (2022, p. 109) coined the term "embroidery hour hand effect" to describe how family responsibilities twist women's creative time into broken threads.

Imagine such a scene: in the living room of 19th century England, Jane Austen is under the cover of her identity as a embroiderer, performing the literary history of the "secret service" next to the embroidery frame. Every time footsteps sounded in the hallway, the writer, who was about to shake up the literary world, instantly switched to virtuous mode-with her left hand, she quickly tucked the wet paper into the frame, while her right hand calmly smoothed out the lace. Under the camouflage props scattered with needles and threads in the basket, the dip pen was her real weapon. Alas, in the Victorian code of ladyhood, embroidering the perfect rose was more applauded than writing *Pride and Prejudice*.

The existential dilemma goes far beyond that. The living room, which is endowed with romantic imagination, is actually a thorn in the creative road: the metal friction of the maid wiping the silver, the whispers of aunts talking about marriage, the noise of Cousins chasing a fight, each sound wave deconstructing the integrity of the narrative. She had to practice stream-of-

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consciousness anti-jamming training - when the butler opened the door and handed the tea, the lines of Mr. Darcy's marriage proposal were temporarily in the fragrance of tea, waiting for the door to close and then accurately pulled from the memory cache. This state of creation, balanced on the tip of the needle, makes the birth of each complete paragraph a miracle of survival.

The mental siege of writing is often more suffocating than the real threat. When the rustle of pen tips against paper spreads in the silence, the writer is always in a double state of alert: On guard against prying eyes who may break through the door at any moment, and on the one hand, fighting the ghost of inner self-censorship. Those unfinished sentences are like frightened birds, which can be startled at any moment by an abrupt knock at the door. But therein lies the irony of history that Jane Austen's lace-fine art of satire was born out of this constant state of schizophrenia. As contemporary researchers have discovered the paradox: it is the frequent intrusion and interruption of the outside world that harnesses the writer's signature narrative skills; Those silences that are forced to be left blank are, on the contrary, the most intriguing narratives in the history of literature.

B. *Creation in a Limited Space*

When we open the history of 19th century English literature, the figure of Jane Austen writing in the living room always makes people feel a sour respect. Jin (2021) once described in "A Study of Virginia Woolf's Feminist Theory": The unmarried female writer, surrounded by sewing baskets and afternoon tea sets, weaved the words in the boudoir into the brocade of insight into human nature. Her hand must push away the iron walls of secular prejudice, but also beware of the ink stained with the lace tablecloth of the guest - this is not a simple literary creation, it is clearly a thrilling gender surprise battle.

Under the yoke of the patriarchal system, women's writing is always a solo dance with shackles. Scholar Zou (2022) pointed out in *A Study of Women's Creative Metaphors in Woolf's A Room of One's Own* that Austen's manuscript creation, which could be interrupted by her family at any time, was actually a feat of piercing the curtain of *The Times* with a quill pen. While male writers talk in the study, this intelligent woman has to practice "instantaneous concentration" in between needlework and hospitality, capturing fleeting sparks of inspiration and filtering the noise of the living room into lively, lively conversations. Such a state of creation is like the miracle of building a literary palace on the tip of a needle.

Jane Austen's blunt satire in the first draft of *Pride and Prejudice* (Jiang & Zang, 2022) eventually settles into Elizabeth's sly eyes and Mr. Darcy's slightly pursed lips. This creative wisdom of "dancing in shackles" is actually a unique survival code for female creators under the patriarchal system. Just as her characters can always complete the spiritual breakthrough within the framework of the ball etiquette, Austen herself is also quietly reshaping the narrative logic of literary history in the cracks of lady norms.

As the ink in *Emma* solidifies between the pages (Yang, 2021), Jane Austen not only injects intellectual depth into Victorian parlour literature, but also quietly builds a hidden ladder of female writing. The social observation hidden under the surface of love narrative and the class criticism hidden in the texture of pastoral writing eventually become the cornerstone of the Bronte sisters and George Eliot's creative journey. Viewed from this dimension, whenever she stayed up late to revise the manuscript in front of the tea-scented table, the fluttering candlelight quietly lit the spark of the female literary tradition.

V. FACTORS CONTRIBUTING TO THE WOMEN WRITERS' IMAGES IN A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN

A. *Unequal Educational Opportunities*

She had no chance to go to school, to learn grammar and logic, let alone to read Horace and Virgil (Woolf, 2004). When Woolf wrote about Shakespeare's sister who had been shut out of school in *A Room of One's Own*, she might have been gazing at the collective silhouette of Victorian female intellectuals. The wisdom in the boudoir is like dust beads and jade, quietly shining among the folds of history. As Benson's (2023) research reveals, when women are excluded from institutional education, they open up a unique knowledge domain in the square inch embroidery pavilion, using embroidery as rice paper, silver needles instead of Wolf, and outlining a different cognitive map in the interweaving of warp and weft. This kind of cognitive breakthrough that is squeezed into the private sphere is like a tree destroyed in a hurricane, but it bursts out the vitality of horizontal growth at the moment of falling.

The ink bottles of 19th century female writers are always mixed with bitterness. What Yao Simeng (2018) calls "disciplined creativity" in Woolf's plume turns into a thousand ripples in the stream of consciousness, the broken thoughts that are shut out of grammatical dogma and instead produce some of the most moving whispers in modern literature. Just as people who are forced to write with their left hand inadvertently create new typefaces, when Wen Jiaqi (2023, pp. 45-50) talks about "the inability of physical experience to translate into public discourse," we clearly see Jane Austen refining the drawing-room tea conversation into the sword of social observation, and the Bronte sisters writing the wild whistle into an epic struggle for the soul.

This shackled dance has produced one of the most heartbreaking paradoxes in literary history: Women writers, deprived of classical rhetorical training, have instead carved out new aesthetic territory in the wilderness of intuition. They use the delicacy of embroidery needles to dismantle the bronze walls of male discourse, and the privacy of parenting diaries against the clamor of the public sphere. While male scholars studied Virgil in their ivory towers, the Woolf's were distilling another poetics from the chatter of maids, the wedding rings of aunts, the wedding dresses of sisters--secret kingdoms built by outcasts on the intellectual

frontier.

Mohammadi (2021) said that as we salvage the forgotten names of women in the long stream of literary history. Shakespeare's sister turns into a sharp scalpel that cuts open the iron curtain of Renaissance thought. What the scholar reveals in Shakespeare's sister and the crisis of women's autonomy is not only the physical separation between the embroidery room and the study, but also the slow strangulation of the female mind by the entire civilized system - society welding the embroidery needle to the palm of the woman, And put a "male only" seal on the quill. Those women who steal the forbidden fruit of knowledge under the oil lamp not only have to avoid the eyes of their father and brother, but also have to fight against the moral admonitions that "a woman without talent is virtuous", the road of self-study under this double encirclement is comparable to the seventh layer of Purgatory under Dante's pen.

Barry (1995) theoretical framework in *Beginning theory* finds its flesh and blood in Jane Austen's drawing room novels. While male scholars spoke in the college cloisters, female writers were forced to narrow their observation radius to the frame, extracting human insights from the sighs of teenage girls to be married, and catching class codes in tea-party chatter. This forced "microscopic" creative vision is like an insect trapped in amber, which has achieved a unique artistic crystallization, but has forever solidified the pain of being imprisoned. Just as the Bronte sisters (Woolf, 2024) could only disguise their political aspirations as attic ghosts, and George Eliot had to wear a masculine mask before he dared to touch philosophical propositions, are these metamorphoses in literary history not a bloody indictment of intellectual gender segregation?

The literary morning stars who managed to penetrate the Iron Curtain were imprinted with every word the cost of breaking through, which carved the sonnets with the precision of embroidery, and constructed the novel structure with the careful thinking of managing the manor. This forced "boudoir aesthetics" is not only the last stubbornness of the genius with broken wings, but also the cultural anomaly inadvertently nurtured by patriarchy.

When we reread *A Room of One's Own*, the clatter of those keyboards buried in the dust of history suddenly becomes clear: Professor Bimberg (2001) makes the point in her book that the glass ceiling of literature not only frames the boundaries of female writers, but also plants the thorns of self-censorship in their minds. Wu Xiaoyi's (2022) research is even more accurate: When the microphone of literary criticism is always in the hands of men, the words of women writers are like shouts thrown into the anechoic chamber. Consider that the Bronte sisters had to publish novels under male pseudonyms, a dilemma that still haunts bestsellers today - how many female authors are lumped in with "romance" and "chicken soup," while male works on the same subject are celebrated as "social reasoning" and "philosophical allegory"?

Wang Longmei's (2016) statistics are even more alarming: In the desert of women's literature education in the 20th century, seven out of every ten self-taught female writers ended up as kitchen kinder paper. The result of this knowledge monopoly is like installing a gender identification system in a literary garden, blocking all seedlings with XX chromosomes out of the irrigation system.

B. Constraints of Economic Dependence

On typewriter keyboards in the 1920s, women writers had their fingers hovering in mid-air - struggling not only with blank sheets of paper, but also with coins jingling in their pockets. As Alexander (2000) reveals in his study *A Room of One's Own*, female creators of the era lived in double ledgers: one that recorded the daily expenses of food and gas, the other filled with literary ideals that were pawned. While husbands were holding the strings of the family purse strings, wives had to endure the "three pounds of potatoes for buying a stack of paper."

Li (2014) has sharply pointed out that this kind of economic attachment is like foot-binding cloth, imprisoning women's creativity in the cage of pragmatism. Imagine the Bronte sisters writing a poem on the Yorkshire moors and having to hide the paper under a flour bag. When Woolf conceived *To the Lighthouse* (Bai & Chen, 2024), he had to worry about calculating the weekly wages of his servants. To add insult to insult, when a housewife finally saved enough shillings to buy a pen, the baker at the corner said, "Does your husband know how much you spend?" The greeting, instantly can pour the literary dream to the heart cool.

Through the yellowing kerosene lamps, we can see how Victorian women writers struggled in the folds of life. In her research, Weng Zhirong (2024) described such a picture: When the sound of her husband's shoes sounded in the corridor, the wife who was copying the poem would hurriedly hide the manuscript paper in the sewing basket - this is not only a competition for space, but also a struggle for spiritual autonomy. As Woolf's (2004) metaphor of the "five hundred pound annuity" suggests, financial attachment is an invisible shackle that traps female creators in a cage of kitchen steam and baby cries. Those bits and pieces of time (perhaps between toasts or naps of children) end up piecing together only fragments, as Hu (2014) reveals: When Jane Austen had to write in the corner of the living room, her Mr Darcy was destined to appear with the burnt aroma of baking pudding.

This double strangulation of material and spirit has manifested itself as a concrete trauma in history. Imagine an unknown mother writer: she crept to the attic before dawn, and as soon as the tip of her pen touched the paper, the nurse knocked at the door. This interruption of creation is not only a physical disturbance, but also what Woolf calls "a permanent wound to the

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coherence of thought" (Weng, 2024). When Hu (2014) analyzed the correspondence of women writers in the 19th century, he found that their most frequent reference was not to literary ideals, but to "which of the three shillings and sixpence of kerosene should be deducted from the household account". This daily economic anxiety eventually dissolves creative passion into ink stains on the ledger.

In the academic corridor of discussing the dilemma of female creation, Liu's (2014) "On Woolf's feminist Thought and its presentation in creation" is like a beacon. The author pointed out that economic dependence not only brings about material scarcity, but also weaves an invisible spiritual cage at the social and cultural level - when society sets the "good wife and good mother" on women, those women who write and create will become deviant. Imagine, amid the clashing of POTS and pans and the wailing of babies, which Muse would stand still?

Zhang Xiaoheng's research in 2022 has even opened the veil of history. In his *Research on the Transformation of Woolf's Feminist Thought*, he deeply analyzes: when Woolf writes that "a woman must have money and a room of her own if she wants to write fiction," behind this seemingly straightforward declaration, there is actually a double revolution. What's the £500 annuity more than banknotes? It is clearly a hammer to break the shackles of the spirit; That locked room is more than just space? More like a sanctuary to guard the flame of thought. Just as women in the modern workplace needed separate offices to insulate themselves from distractions, women writers needed not only a physical barrier, but also a sacred declaration of creative sovereignty.

CONCLUSIONS

When Woolf rips through the Victorian curtain in *A Room of One's Own*, what shimmers into view isn't merely women's trembling hands clutching pens, but the entire era's fingerprints pressed upon their manuscripts. Economic dependence and educational deprivation hang like twin iron curtains: The former transforms inkwells into unattainable luxuries, the latter locks studies away in upper-class vaults. Those stolen moments of creation, snatched between kitchen smoke and infants' wails, eventually crystallize into the Brontë sisters' (Woolf, 2004) poetry hidden beneath aprons, coalesce into Austen's groundbreaking dialogues conceived while feigning embroidery in parlors.

But here's the twist: These literary muses insist on blooming roses from thorn bushes. Woolf's "time thieves" etch sonnet rhythms onto linen with sewing needles, continue their awakening narratives in grocery list margins. When we open "*A Room of One's Own*," perhaps even Woolf himself did not expect that this 1929 crystallization of ideas has become more and more shining in the digital age. Smith-Laing and Francesca Robinson (2019), in their study, keenly capture how this classic mirrors the three dimensions of economics, education, and space: A prelude to the current theory of intersecting feminism. They creatively refined it into the "female literature autonomy analysis model", a theoretical framework born in the typewriter era, which can accurately interpret the dilemma faced by female creators in the era of social media.

The corpus research of Zhang Mi (2024) reveals a very tense phenomenon: When the two words "room" and "free" have a 73% coincidence rate in the space-time dimension of the text, these data coordinates do not perfectly map with every urban woman curled up in the corner of the rental house. Aren't those fingertips dancing on a cafe keyboard the "annuity check" of the digital age? What Zheng Shuang (2023) discovered last year is even more thought-provoking: when the virtual room of the meta-universe requires an encrypted wallet key, female creators are already competing not only for physical space, but also for the attention battlefield under the hegemony of algorithms.

At the level of theoretical construction, Woolf's literary practice is like a lightning that cuts through the night sky, providing a unique explanatory dimension for feminist literary theory. Through the stereoscopic description of female writing subjects, she not only deconstructs the gender power structure in the traditional literature history, but also sets up a cognitive coordinate system to understand the value evolution of female literature. This depth of thought exploration has substantially reshaped the theoretical topographic map of contemporary gender criticism. As far as reality is concerned, the creative dilemma revealed by Woolf still has multiple echoes in the reality dimension. When digital technology reconstructs the definition of space, when the knowledge economy reshapes the form of labor, although contemporary women have broken through the traditional barriers of education access and economic independence, the invisible gender discipline is still deeply embedded in the social operating system like a procedural loophole.

This kind of dialogue relationship across time and space suggests that the continuous observation of the picture of women's writing is not only an important yardstick for measuring the progress of civilization, but also a special prism for deconstructing power relations. When we reexamine Woolf's prediction in the "information cocoon" pushed by algorithms and the "cognitive siege city" constructed by capital, we may be able to more keenly capture the gender politics that walk between bytes and pages. This is not only a paradigm innovation in the literary field, but also an eternal proposition concerning the reconstruction of the human spiritual map.

Of course, the study isn't perfect. Just as we miss the interactions of entire ecosystems by looking at cells through a microscope, so when we focus too much on the texture of a text, we can't help but miss the moments in which the work was created: The

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gender ideas that flowed between Victorian tea breaks, or the sweat stains on the palms of postcolonial women holding pens, all of which still lie in the blind zone of research vision. For example, when we discuss Woolf's room in London, should we also hear how African women writers wrestle with their creative desires in thatched huts?

A follow-up study might be an academic "voyage of Columbus": Shuttling between the rainy season in Southeast Asia and the aurora in northern Europe with the compass of cross-cultural comparison, collecting the creative codes of female writers in different latitudes and longitudes. Inviting the field notes of sociologists and the notes of psychiatrists into the conversation might strike an even more striking shade on the literary analysis palette. After all, it is only by using the telescope of cultural anthropology and the scalpel of psychoanalysis that we can truly read the epic of female coming-of-age that is hidden between the lines.

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