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Mrs. Dalloway: 意識の拡散とその言語的表象化

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Narrative Disjunction and Its Diversion and Conversion

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Every single element in Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* wavers in a manner that is at best described as unpredictable. When one expects to see the direction of the narrative to go one way, then it unpredictably, or rather predictably, sheers off to another direction. That is not the end of the directional dithering, needless to say. One divagation gives rise to another and it to a multiplication of possible evolution of narrative strands so that in the process one is left with a sense that the story that divulges before his eyes are mere possibilities compacted into a convenient and more or less tangible linear formation, which he is required to decode one at a time but in fact needs to be, or for that matter willfully to be, rearranged, perhaps simultaneously with the linear progression, and permuted in an infinitely complicated and possible manner that are available to the readerly consciousness. In the end, the story that translates from the textual space to the readerly consciousness might as well turn into a way of presenting a set of possibilities that are available to the readerly consciousness at any given moment and yet the entirety thereof may never be grasped simultaneously. The flitting of variegated imageries from one state to another and even heterogeneous transition among multiple imageries in one line might as well hint at busily congested metaphoric possibilities the textual space of *Mrs. Dalloway* presents to the readerly consciousness. However, the best way to approach and analyze the world so unfolded is to tackle one incident, episodic or not, at a time as it is delivered to the impressionable psyche of the reader and delve into the minds of the characters who are subtly, and not so subtly, inflected by the voice of the protagonist-cum-narrative-meta-consciousness. Fortunately for the uninitiated, the story engulfs conventional moments where each character acts and responds in a manner those traditionally inclined might find extremely congenial when the syntactical nuances and order incorporated in the narrative develop without any undue stretch of imaginative dexterity and the beginning of the narrative line neatly meets with the end thereof as augured, perhaps, at the inception of the story. In fact, the narrative structure of *Mrs. Dalloway* holds both the jagged edges of unexpected juxtaposition of unrelated (seemingly, that is) images, and elements underpinned by narrative orderliness one expects from regular development of conventional stories. Both act in a way that is not necessarily in contradiction to each other, but neatly balanced so that when excessively impressionistic jumps between narrative elements occur, for instance, they are usually supplemented and followed by those that are easily traceable to a logic one would find in any orderly narrative based on traditionalist structuration. When the two progress in a manner that is not preponderated by the one or the other the narrative poses as a gestalt which is infinitely diverse and divergent from the kind one would be inclined to deduce from the congeries of the elements the narrative space is filled with.¹ The neat and at the same time disparate coagulation of narrative bits do perform rather bizarre and exciting functions that infinitely please the readerly curiosity and intensify their sense of involvement with the evolving narrative. With that preface in mind, let us join the mind in action that infinitesimally and infinitely entertains the readerly consciousness as it diverges and conforms to the latter's expectations as it meanders through the textual space coexistentially created within and through the narrative of *Mrs. Dalloway*. The moment we pick up is the scene where our heroine recollects the complicated relationship

¹ This phenomenon may have something to do with the way ideas are expounded upon and latched onto whenever the narrative tries to grow organically in the mind of the central consciousness. The means by which the author makes the traces of ideas proliferate is the technique that has been made much of since Virginia Woolf declared in an excited moment when she putatively found a solution in "tunnel in and out" of discrepant characters in her stories. See the now well-repeated exegesis on the subject in Hermione Lee, *The Novels of Virginia Woolf*, on pp. 93-98.

that she considers existed between herself and her former, or current depending on the way one looks at it, boyfriend.

Preceded by an inordinately conventional deictic passage, "June had drawn out every leaf on the tree...", the narrative mind plunges into the past festooned with a particular series of emotionalities which are tied to one person who has had so much impact on our heroine's life since then. The transition between the two narrative phases manifests as if the one, that which precedes the current recollective moment, and the environment in which the recollective process takes place, have nothing to do with each other. Seemingly, they are characterized and interposed by the hiatus that is so transparent that the jump over it may be merely a coincidence and going one way or the other, that is the directionality that determines the arching movement of the narrative, has nothing to do with the outcome which results in our heroin's recollection of the past inflected by the person of Peter. As soon as the readerly mind responds to the narrative transition so manifested, however, it takes a reversal of the process thereof and begins to track back the course of mental energy that leads to and from the current conscious development originated in the mind of our heroine. The continuity and breakage between the narrative phases constantly shift and rearrange themselves as the readerly mind tries to align itself with that of the voice that pervades in the textual space. But perhaps the disjunctive nature, if the jump between the two is at all definitively determined to be as such, does not pose much resistance to narrative continuity once the recollective process is securely engaged and the mind in action leisurely travels through the gamut of emotions the person of Peter is allowed to evoke. Except that the reference throughout the passage is intentionally left opaque and the readerly mind is granted full autonomy as to what constitutes the truth of the relationship that establishes through the recollection. Perhaps, any determinate factor needs to be excluded to arrive at the "definitive" situational signification relating to the two prominently foregrounded by the indirect, and oftentimes coy, locution our heroine exudes via her mind. Tracing of the conscious movement as it impinges upon the past in a sense may be rather straightforward. But as one digs deeper into the structurality of the passage, he notices that constant diversion and conversion of the narrative energy is simultaneously in action, albeit it is necessarily exemplified linearly. The oscillation is both subtle and blatantly obvious so that one is pulled apart as to what signals the true state of narrative inclination that is reflected by the movement of the consciousness let afloat through the disjunctive and conjunctive textual space. Nothing decides the direction of the narrative force one way or the other except that the readerly mind is forced to tackle and deal with individual manifestations of metaphoric cues that are interspersed through the passage. Now with that preamble, let us go and delve into the minutiae of the recollective process, hoping that some elements might lead one to tie disparate constituents together in a way that makes sense of the whole narrative and helps incorporate diverse elements tighter into one continuous signification entity. Note that the transition is announced with an extremely private sentiment that is as abruptly introduced as befits the content of the recollection, "For they might be parted for hundreds of years, she and Peter." After all, there should be no prequel to clear the way for the exclusively private realm and the narrative voice, if it is at all identified with that of our heroine at this juncture, can legitimately indulge in her own secret and secure inner memories. But in a larger context, she cannot be left alone exclusively in an isolated hermeneutic capsule if the narrative is to maintain its vigor and generate its organic force, which is only guaranteed when the readerly consciousness reciprocally engages with the exploratory consciousness as the latter works its way in the fully existential world that completely surrounds and confronts its.

The diversive and coexistential energy is continued as the mind in recollective process both casually and markedly reveals her emotional phase, which could appear pointedly demonstrative and at the same time mystifying, "she never wrote a letter and his were dry sticks."² With this remark the whole gamut of the relationship our heroine evokes is

² The diversive and coexistential energy may be equated with the kind of discrepant narrative approach traditionalists, such as E. M. Forster, found so unique about Virginia Woolf's work. The energy, or the principle that runs through the present novel, is indeed different from the kind that underpins the dominant narratives of the day, which usually depended on the unity and homogeneity of patterns and plots that at the same time allowed passive hermeneutic reception on the part of the

presumably laid out in the textual space, which may or may not resonate with the readerly consciousness simply because the transition from the general narrative trend and the sudden veering to the private realm with its temporal connotations does not coincide with the development, or rather understanding of the readerly consciousness that comprehends the two persons being displayed in the current passage. The coyness, which may be a sign of our heroine's invitation to the heterogeneous phase plunged into without due regard to the readerly hermeneutic process, merely exacerbates the relations that pertain to the party in front of the two being developed within the narrative space and the one that is presumed to give regenerative life to the story being exfoliated. But the dryness of the "sticks" somehow remains apropos and figures as an image that captures the sense our heroine tries to convey to herself (now removed from the self that occupied the residence here and there referred to as Bourton) and simultaneously to the readerly consciousness. A sense that is to be derived from something that is somehow fragile and insignificant but manages to threaten with its impending breakage, and with a resonant snap, perhaps. The image in itself is to be picked up and soon to be left behind, and yet in spite of all the negative implications lingers in the corner of the readerly consciousness to be later recaptured and handled more carefully and somehow used to reamplify its significance. The letters that are identified with the dry sticks, however, redound to the distant memories that have been reinvoled time and again. The abruptness with which the private almost adolescent associations are pulled out from the past both surprises the reader and satisfies him, especially because of the voyeuristic pleasures they potentially provide, as our heroine joins hand in hand with her imaginary boyfriend to walk down the area now explored by herself. Or so the scene would have seemed to evolve when the readerly mind catches up with the sudden shift in her narrative tone and notices that she is in fact reinvoled the exhortative being that was both understanding and yet mercilessly cruel when judging what he considered were numerous shortcomings of our heroine. As the memories of the inexorably charming and yet abusive being circulate in the mind of our heroine, there inevitably arises an aspect that is characterized, or interpreted, as prominently restrictive among his variegated salient tendencies. But what arises unilaterally from the liming out by the central consciousness in action may be deceptive. After all, what comes across from the textual space is enabled by the catalytic hermeneutic force of the interactive readerly consciousness. In an evolving narrative context, then, he is more appropriately be assessed as being framed in the midst of an emotional whirlwind that blows in a multiplicity of possible directions that unpredictably change without any slightest provocation on the reader's part. The simultaneously drifting winds give rise to a gamut of signifiatory possibilities that in this case take shape in an almost subversively imbalanced relationship between the two who are circumstantially centrally focused in the textual space. The private correspondence, which does not in fact constitute a co-relational communication between the two, the output of one of the two being described as "dry sticks" and the other evading the responsibility of responding, initially promises to color the relationship as quite desiccated and indifferent; however, the knee-jerk reaction the recollection of the defectively materialized correspondence almost recursively annuls the fear of an authoritative figure, which at this moment nothing guarantees is actually authenticatable, or objectively ascertainable, except that the opaquely reimagined situational fear itself looms out of the past that is in itself necessarily obscurantized because of the temporal distance crossed and the virtual nature of images incorporated into the person being recalled in the mind of our heroine. In the meantime, the seemingly haphazard development of the conscious cues our heroine drops inadvertently are fortuitously, or intentionally, dovetailed into a conjunctive narrative process deictically manifested as the linkage between the external particularities and the inner landscape tied to past memories, "some sights bringing him back to her calmly, without the old bitterness."³

readers. See the argument on traditionalists versus Virginia Woolf developed in Joan Bennett, *Virginia Woolf: Her Art as a Novelist*, on pp. 19-25, to further contextualize the issue.

³ It is not the subject per se that dominates the conscious landscape of the narrative of *Mrs. Dalloway*, or Woolf's quest for reality, but the interaction between the inner and the external particularities which produce myriad variations, or aspects, of

Her mind wanders around persistently as she undecidedly recalls a set of memories associated with her dear man and threatens to indulge in an imaginary world that is abstracted and even generalized around the concept of philanthropy and charitable act. But as soon as the readerly hermeneutic mind coalesces along the potentially benign inclination of the wavering heroine, then she retraces to the specific image of her boyfriend that is after all mean and at least a source of the bitterness she had attempted to deny arising from him. The congeries of private emotions particularly centered around the disappointment he had caused her rush back to her after all these years of physical separation and paradoxically force her to be in propinquity to each other as they used to walk down St. James's Park. Whether or not she resists his tyranny by putting the image of them together in a familiar locale as if it merely existed in a suspended mode of not-quite fully realized reality does not at least accrue to her real dissatisfaction with the man, as she immediately concedes, as it were, that they were indeed together and the reimagined shadows of them together did in fact derive from the true beings that existed years before and preceding the present moment as our heroine perambulates through the center of London. The dithering of our heroine's intentional conscious mind continues, as it both draws in and repels the hermeneutic mind of the supposedly accompanying consciousness. As soon as the unwilling concession is made by the rather coy recollective central consciousness, it somehow rebels and tries to find a reason to find fault with the impeccably authoritative personage, who is identified with the person she has been helplessly attracted to all these years. The objections she raises concerning the "bizarre tendency" of the man, however, sound as jejune and even adolescent as ever, "[b]ut Peter—however beautiful the day might be, the trees and grass, and the little girl in pink—Peter never saw a thing of all that." The remark makes the series of comments she has been dropping concerning the man she was enamored with disproportionately petty and unjustifiable in the true light, which her partner perhaps could shed and complement and only according to which the two of them could potentially be judged objectively. If the current complaint were to be analyzed multifacetedly, a more reasonable picture that hopefully emerges would be that she did not approve of the Peter who did not follow her directions and allow for her willful initiatives to thrive. Note how the point she makes gradually deteriorates into a battle over authority and the foundations on which she justifies her claim to be a better and superior adversary in relation to the other crumble under the petty tantrum she incurs upon herself. The objects she directs him to gaze at, or at least tries to interest him in momentarily, are those which are frequently employed to carry on a formalized conversation that is initiated merely for the sake of filling in empty temporal void and not the kind that assert their substantive signficatory value, perhaps particularly in the narrative context, on their own. The more she elaborates on the cause of her complaint, the deeper she is entangled with the nebulae of weaker arguments, which after all is the destiny of the imaginative construct she builds upon the relationship involving herself and her not-so-easily dealt with lover. To be fair with the weaver of the bits of imageries at this point, the first two items conjoined might have a chance of further developed into a conceptual abstraction that could profoundly impact the way she relates her memories of the past to the present surroundings, as she veritably observes the trees and grass as she might have done with her lover in the past. But the narrative direction so inclined needs to be complemented and finally catalyzed by the readerly consciousness involved in the hermeneutic analysis of the episode. The valuation so endowed may not prove to be as amenable to the readerly judgment and there is even a chance that the putative signficatory valuation so limned out may not actually materialize, as the readerly consciousness seizes the potentially flimsy coloration of the dress pointed at by the narrator-cum- object of hermeneutic analysis as too jarring to justify the philosophical and abstractive connotations linked to and derived from the prior items mentioned. The unsettling emotionality concomitant of the line after all results in the reprise of the ongoing

mundane reality, which in turn reflect back on the inner realm of the consciousness that is being focused upon at any particular moment. Too much emphasis on, or even exclusive focus upon, the ego, will, as some note, result in too cramped and constrained a rendition of reality, which should be free of all those artificial refractive dictates. See more on the subject in Joseph Allen Boone, *Libidinal Currents*, pp. 171-176.

petty tantrum our heroine has been manifesting throughout the current reverie.

The insignificance of her position becomes reemphasized as she brings in the literal visual defect that needs to be corrected by such an obvious means as a pair of glasses, “[h]e would put on his spectacles, if she told him to.” But the bathos implied by the remark and the fact that such a remark follows on the heel of the potentially, and in fact aborted, abstractive argument makes the entire passage rather farcical, perhaps even recursively so. The chance that the consciousness in action is oblivious to such a possibility redoubles the comedic potential that is thrown into the situational narrative outlay and self-augments the impact the foregrounded voice has on the overall imaginative horizon generated within the textual space.⁴ If the literal visual aid is needed to round off the profound philosophical connotations dropped in the preceding disjunctive moment, then the obtusely vivid imagery inserted by way of the spectacles threatens to turn the argument woven via the consciousness of our heroine all the more insignificant. The emotional aside expressed by the retro-recursive reference to the battle over authority between the two completes the turn for the superficially deictic. The decreasing connotative values the following particularities contribute simply bare an aspect of our heroine—who is shallow and self-centeredly unreliable as she has been rendered so far—that is figuratively coalesced into the taste she exhibits in her assessment of the other. In their nominal itemization, they merely indicate the tendency of the other, who may be more intellectual and literary and even artistic, but when they are made to reflect, perversely and obversely, upon the mind of our heroine, who herself is the sole provider of such intimate information about the other, then they once again highlight the nature of the reflection our heroine conducts upon the past and on herself through the intricate balance it exposes about the relationship between the two. Just as the voice being activated at the moment in the textual space of the narrative resonates through every reverie that is drawn out from the depth of the central consciousness in play, even the seemingly straightforward juxtaposition of linear itemization concerning the other results in simultaneous insight into the central consciousness that is meditatively distanced at the moment. The juxtaposition of what she calls the state of the world, or rather relevant subjects putatively concentrated upon by her friend, is made to redound to the self, which is aided to be formulated by the conscious accomplice existing in parallel to the textual world. When the sufficient information is provided for any segment of the recollective reverie a relational phase that becomes foregrounded results in a kind that is marked by emotionality and sweet and sour peevish bitterness, which then homogeneously translates into an inexhaustible source of repulsion and attachment. The series of intricate weavings of antithetical personalities and traits predictably gives rise to an emotional tug of war, in which she continually tries to defend her position and battles against a formidable foe who almost multifariously and transcendently assaults her position from every so many angles. What she emphatically repeats here is the picture that he ceaselessly tormented her with his superior moralistic attitude, which hyperbolically etched out “the defects of her own soul.” As she reasonably admits, what played out in their relational sphere of the past and, imaginatively prolonged in the present, is a constant argument, both what she actually had with her adversary and those which she has been recreating in her mind. The idea that half of the adversarial situationality that arises in the imaginative space perhaps derives from the virtual creation of her mind is rendered through the sudden insertion of a metaphor that coalesces when she calls forth the “staircase” in association with the prime minister’s wife-cum-perfect hostess. Thereupon, the mind of the central figure is thrown out of the familiar imaginative territory into a solitary claustrophobic one in which she has to

⁴ The voice thus cited may mean many things, in fact. As some critics note, Woolf’s novel comes across through the disembodied voice that both delineates and articulates the inner consciousness that is impacted by the external physical circumstances the central subject happens to be placed in. Because of the ubiquitous and fluid nature of the voice, the narrative structure differs considerably from that of most of the traditionalist authors, who do not have to deal with such an unruly and dictatorial entity. More on the function of voice, with its distinctive characteristics dovetailed into, and in relation to, the narrative structure, see David Amigoni, *The English Novel and Prose Narrative*, pp. 118-124.

put up with the psychological torture it imposes on her soul.⁵ Simultaneously, the readerly consciousness is drawn into the arcanelly private realm demarcated by the narrative obtuseness, which without forewarning threatens to force him to go through a near emotional collapse the central consciousness unexpectedly and without prefiguration experiences.

A natural reaction for a soul trapped in such a claustrophobic phase is to reassert its power and justify the choices the central consciousness had made since its severance from the physical person of the other. The continuation of her self arguing in St. James Park from then to now is subtle and yet seamless as it grants the voice a narratological frame in which she can argue the rightness of the subsequent decisions she had taken. One of the most conspicuous and representative of which would be (not surprisingly because the resultant state more than compensates for the psychological loss she had experienced in her clash and relationship with Peter) her eventual and inevitable marriage to someone completely different from Peter. Marriage to her one time object of burning passion would have been, as she readily admits, tantamount to incarcerating her soul, just as the possibility of physical incarceration is hinted at while our heroine reiterates the essential ingredients in a successful union between man and woman. In a way, if we follow the train of argument she engages in, Peter is identified with the negative factor that robs her of the very thing that makes her soul alive, or even with that quality which is diametrically opposed to what she calls "license." The very thought process she places herself in at this juncture becomes a way to pull herself out of the dangerous huis clos the lone figure at the top of the staircase she invoked a few lines earlier foreshadowed. Reinvoking the savior-cum her current husband allows her a chance to put a little distance between herself, who has undergone a cataclysmic crisis on a psychological level, and the autocratic persecutor, who has by now materialized as the indomitable other and adversary, and grants her a momentary respite in which to reconfigure her defensive strategy to maintain her self integrity. Thrusting her dear husband is more than apropos in a sense because he is literally and supposedly a buffer against alien forces that might infringe upon her private sphere but also that by weaving her relationship with her domestic partner into the potentially self-destructive psychological landscape she can devise an effective antidote against an ever-transformative, as it were, encroaching presence both in her memory but in the very present that constantly surrounds her almost psychotically threatened being.⁶ What makes the dualistic fight so tenacious, however, is that while she introduces a being who is deemed to be a safeguard against psychological collapse the very opponent who is emplaced on the other side of the confrontational battle is constantly incorporated into a structure in which the consciousness in action is forced to both fend it off and guarantee its absorption into the narrative sphere. While the heroine brings in the very element that compensates for the loss the other possibly incurs upon her psyche, the other is inevitably juxtaposed with it to make its very need ineluctable. In a way, while the one reflexively gives rise to the other, they are in fact simultaneously invoked for the totalistic and holistic essence of the consciousness being evolved to

⁵ The claustrophobic, or near pathological symptoms of claustrophobia, may be related to the suppressed desire of homosexuality, as is pointed out by Michael J. Meyer. Meyer also equates the suppressed desire with the psychotic state Septimus Smith is apparently in, with whom, as is already noted, Clarissa and others in the narrative also share many interesting features, possibly making the issue of homosexuality one of the thematic leitmotifs of the story. See the argument developed by Meyer in *Literature and Homosexuality*, on pp. 205-209.

⁶ The psychotically compromised being is mirrored by the person of a shell-shocked veteran unusually named Septimus Smith. Some critics argue that Smith and Clarissa, who herself shows symptoms of psychotic disorder throughout the narrative, are in fact connected through the famed caves, or tunnels, dug behind the characters, who are then projected onto the "stage," and the symptoms and inner development one exhibits through verbalization (voice) in the story in fact are to be identified, or rather merged, with those of others who are similarly connected by the same narrative technique, which Woolf once boasted in her writing as essential to delivering reality out of its constricting encasement. See more on the character delineation that is fluidly made to contribute to the gestalt creation of a total persona in Louise A Porenky, *The Elusive Self*, pp. 100-106.

persist and persevere. Note that the overwhelming defense of Richard is immediately followed by the counterpoise remark about the other, “[B]ut with Peter everything had to be shared.” One is evoked in tandem with the other and the invocation of one is made to assume its unique significance in its relevance to the recollection of the other. The two aspects of the confrontational opposition proceed almost predictably to bring on the proceeding reminiscence about one of the crucial scenes in our heroine’s recollective landscape.

As has already happened numerous times, what brings on the memories of the past and that which accompanies them are inseparably tied to a traumatic emotional pain, which in its turn is recursively spliced into the memories themselves. As the buffer of her husband’s image has been played around in her mind, it is momentarily swept away by the strongest of her sentiments and what emerges from the turmoil and coalesces in her mind is the moment when she had to face, one more time in a series of her recollective confrontations, the enemy in the person of Peter. Not at all surprisingly, then, in a retrospective oversight the crucial climactic clash rather symbolically takes place in “the little garden by the fountain,” where, she now rather soberly confesses, the overpowering presence either could have destroyed her or the relationship the two of them seemingly had implicitly gone into, which in fact accrues to the one and same outcome as it is irrevocably merged into the landscape both sharply and opaquely framed by that special place near the ocean, which in its turn is identified with youth and nonchalant happiness. The tremors and the liquid resonance of the surf/fountain surge and leave her almost sweating with fear after all these years of separation. The anguish and the destructive desire simultaneously comingled in her heart merely elicit, as they used to, the horrible sense of haunting tyranny that gives rise to a sharp and jagged projectile that is metaphorically both pursuing and “sticking in her heart.” The imagery is a veritable recurrence of the psychological torture our heroine momentarily experienced with the apparition of the lone figure at the top of the stairs, which the diametrically opposed and yet hopelessly homogeneous opponent criticized as an appropriate metaphor for the prudish soul like our heroine. The recurrent panicky reaction is revisited as she intuitively manages to blend the liquid and the jagged imageries together, which in turn are reduced to the very emotionality she felt at the moment where her life-threatening occurrence broke out vis-à-vis her object of passion then and now. However, the moment the *cri de coeur* is introduced, it is translated into a bathos, such as only a love sick maiden could give utterance to. The pangs and the grief she experienced by the fountain might have been genuine but as the traumatic condition she underwent becomes blended with the tantrum, such as she obviously, unbeknownst only to herself, evinced, and time and again subsequent to it, when she heard about Peter’s marriage with a woman on her way to India, the heart-rending vivid imagery associated with a woman nearing a violent death crumbles and in its stead plants in the readerly psyche a possibility of a woman who is not actually worth all the pity she putatively had been claiming as her due. The sooner she admits to the true circumstances around which her sentiment toward the man inevitably evolves, the less sympathetic the readerly consciousness is bound to react. The proceeding bare confession to what she had spontaneously felt at the crucial moment, both then near the foundation and there near the park as she perambulates in contemporary London, merely allows a chance for the readerly consciousness to focus on what the lone figure at the top of the staircase potentially entails. In association with the staircase is her image of “a perfect hostess,” who would be likely to become an ideal partner for a still and yet boring politician. The words that recur at this juncture are the reprise of the rebuttal she makes in her psychological defense of herself against an adversary like Peter. But what actually materialized and were prone to be leveled at her was the very pigeonholing of her in the terms which she specifically and adamantly denied, “[c]old, heartless, a prude.” Ironically, what most prominently comes out as a salient feature of her archi-adversary-cum-object of passion is the indifference and detachedness with which Peter, according to the central consciousness, treated her and miscellaneous worldly things. If he considered anything that is related to daily life as somehow less than worth his due consideration, then, our heroine definitely tried to turn his attention to other things that might be deemed at least momentarily worth his due regard, things which, however, might be still considered not abstruse enough and not within the horizon of what he was wont to describe as intellectually valid. She in a sense incorporates his haphazard marriage to the woman on his way to

India into an almost chronologically transcendent picture in which her adversary, in spite of himself, contradicts himself and turns himself into someone who is both tyrannically snobbish and socially inept.⁷ However, the grandiose swipe (or her petty innuendo directed) at Peter tends to backfire, as she herself is caught in her moment of self-contradiction when she begs for readerly commiseration through her rather ingenuous and unselfconscious self-exposure, which paradoxically reveals her willful self-centeredness at the very moment of her spontaneous reaction to the “autocratic menace.”

The self-contradiction remains unresolved and she has to keep thrashing about in order to find a solution that in fact never materializes in a simple uncomplicated manner. All she can do is justify herself and her view on the life that has evolved from the past, which may particularly be identified with the crucial moment that climaxed then and there. At one moment she becomes angry and the next she is almost rueful that what she expected of the relationship with Peter never, and in fact, never was destined to evolve the way she secretly in her heart wished. In a way, she cannot choose but go back and forth between the extremes of emotions as she pities herself and simultaneously explodes with pent-up frustration that arises from the very discrepancy between what she thinks might have happened and did not. The inability to place the cause of the current indignation and emotional failure to the right source results in a redoubled frustration even after a brief attempt to give the object of her youthful passion a short shrift in her mind, which she self-delusionally thinks is a cathartically completed process. In this context, her spontaneous indignant confession, “she wasted her pity,” can be regarded as a persistent psychological trauma that would never be properly resolved and despite our heroine’s desperate attempt to get rid of it would endlessly recur. As soon as it is uttered then, or rather given the textual form as it appears in the narrative, it is, or rather the expression thereof is, defeated of its purpose, as it were, as she is immediately reminded of the cruelty and the nonchalant freedom her adversary enjoyed and has been maintaining in her supposedly autonomous memory. It is not her emotions that supersede the person of her object of passion but it is the latter that always controls the former and has been causing the dithering psychological oscillations. As soon as she tries to suppress the dominant emotionality that is in fact associated with her adversary by giving rise to an expression that putatively asserts her supremacy, she is engulfed in a turmoil of inchoate emotionality that is fulminating in all directions at the same time and which is seemingly and virtually uncontainable.⁸ Her resolution to spurn and conquer it (which is by now equalized with the object it is putatively targeted at) then becomes an automatic cue for it to further expand and, almost paradoxically, become (and make that object) homogeneous with the very state she has created for her self. No wonder the multidirectional forces thrust themselves simultaneously, which in a textual space (because of its very limitations) translates into a continuous wavering emotional process. Admission of the opponent’s superiority, for being content in his marriage to an India-bound woman, which may as well be an attempt on our heroine’s part to convince her own superiority for being able to recognize the other’s happiness as it is, leads to her “proper” assessment of his entire life from then on to the present as complete failure, which is immediately followed by her uncontrollable indignation at the man who still holds

⁷ Because of the inept nature of most of the male characters that appear in the novel it is not easy to imagine a patriarchal and fascistic strain that is putatively woven into *Mrs. Dalloway*, as Merry M. Pawlowsky seems to argue in her *Virginia Woolf and Fascism*, on pp. 91-95. To be fair with Pawlowsky, she focuses on Septimus Smith as he is caught in a labyrinthine psychotic state where he is both tormented and suffers from what seems like post-traumatic syndromes harkening back to the war engagement.

⁸ The uncontainability of emotional totality has its correlates in what Woolf describes as the freewheeling, spontaneous exuberance of intricacies that underlie every day mundane lives. In contradistinction to the new process Woolf thinks she has developed, the traditional method of describing everyday aspects is dictatorial in that it tries to contain the gamut of inner complexities that by definition burst out of that predetermined and artificial envelope, which the traditionalists, without justification, try to impose upon them. See the argument, which sounds rather too deconstructive past the heyday of post-structuralism, being developed in Tony E. Jackson, *the Subject of Modernism*, on pp. 113-116.

the power to sway her emotions so helplessly in spite of her veritable recognition that his life has not at all materialized in a way “they talked of.” The emotional process described here is a never ending continuum as every single recollection engenders a residue of the emotionality that is (aimed) to be rebutted and opposed in the cycle of conscious effusion in the very phase of the process where the diametrically opposed emotional forces are to be properly realigned, or hopefully subdued and sublimated.

...she wasted her pity. For he was quite happy, he assured her—perfectly happy, though he had never done a thing that they talked of; his whole life had been a failure. It made her angry still.

In spite of the emotional dithering and conflicts she undergoes and which seems to go forever, she nevertheless keeps herself tormented by the unresolvable forces that underlie her imaginative sphere that is momentarily transmogrified into the narrative phase as she continues her perambulation in the city. They might take rather interesting shapes, which are often translated into variegated emotional states, as she allows her mind just to flow in synchronization with the ambulatory move she keeps in the textual space.⁹ They might approach her in a tangible form as is metaphorically coalesces in the Piccadilly bus, which, however, as nonchalantly passes across her view as if nothing perceptible takes place between it and her psyche. Physically, perhaps, nothing tangible might result from the visual interaction she allows to transpire in the narrative space she is being a part of at the moment; however, the fact that she recognizes the bus and seemingly (and in fact in the narrative structurality) makes it connect the preceding conflictual dichotomous forces with the diffuse and yet gradually transfusing emotional phase, the fortuitous and simultaneously well-wrought out linkage, urges the readerly psyche to juxtapose the physical bus with what is about to evolve in the deeply subjective realm in the heroine’s mind. In fact, the line that follows the deictic remark involving the bus is all the more obtuse and abstruse because of the preceding material image that is directly pertinent to the scene surrounding the narrative mind. The readerly mind momentarily becomes drowned in the penumbra of the past indirectionality as our heroine gives utterance to “[s]he would not say of any one in the world now that they were this or were that.” But as soon as the readerly mind is lost in the inchoate world that is not determined by any particularly intentionality of the conscious mind in action, the very indeterminacy brings him back to the reality that the condition she is in is a homologous reprise of what she has undergone at the recollection of the climactic scene then and there by the fountain. Instantaneously, he is realigned with the lay of the narrative space that is dominated and shaped by the psychological trauma she recreates in the space floating between the reality that transcends the momentary tangible surroundings she is actually located in at this moment and the interstitial moments that only exist in her frozen and recreated memory. The readerly mind is comforted in a cocoon of nostalgic moments, which he experienced before, while our heroine is split into contradictions that can never be resolved and ever tug her in multifarious directions. It turns out that for the moment, perhaps for a fraction of a second, she is hopelessly lost

⁹ The interspatial and personal energy that flows in and out of each and every character who resides in the fictional space of our heroine, also allows perspectival identification which may not be possible in a circumstance where each character is completely insulated from others. In that sense, the world demarcated by the voice that rings through the space dominated by the central consciousness both unites and differentiates the fictive personages who manifest themselves as distinct and yet homogeneous beings throughout the conscious horizon purviewed by the central mind, which oftentimes is perceptibly identified with that of Clarissa Dalloway. Although she differs from the rest, such as Peter and Septimus, in that she is definitely upper-middle class and more demonstrably aristocratic, as she is often tempted to admit, our heroine, as it so happens, shares the self-same introspective and abstractive personality, which, however, constitutes the very being of others, most prominently. See on the pervasive character expansion and identification, as it imperceptibly incorporates seemingly variegated characters, who appear in the narrative enabled by the ubiquitous and perpetual mobile conscious energy that runs throughout the story, argued in Ann Ronchetti, *The Artist, Society & Sexuality in Virginia Woolf’s Novels*, on pp. 50-55.

more than ever in the uncertainties of the world in which dichotomous forces continuously threaten to sweep her off the solid foundations on which her legitimate hope for relevance to the real world depends. Or perhaps it may be because of the lack of an alternative that she resorts to a seemingly inexplicable (unresolvable) metaphoric imagery such as “[s]he felt very young; at the same time unspeakably aged”—perhaps a lack she feels in herself, an inadequacy even, that drives her to search for a means to fill the void and compensate for the insufficiency to cope with the relentless downward spiral she suddenly feels she is subjected to. Instead of the readerly psyche, it is the conscious mind itself that is jeopardized of its self-integrity and the fact that the very reprise takes place so abruptly and the propelling conscious energy affects both the participant in the narrative development brings on a happy coincidence in which all the parties concerned with the narrative simultaneously undergo the necessary transition from internality to externality, or vice versa, except that the linear transition in fact occurs simultaneously in the mind of our heroine, which for that very reason tends to pull her mind in so many diverse directions. The transition, as it is metaphorically described to take place in the narrative space, becomes so schizophrenic in the end that her mind almost loses control over reality. Fortunately, however, the destination of the wandering mind tends to remind of the familiar far-off place near the ocean where the object of her youthful heart once threw savage words at her by the fountain, “[s]he had a perpetual sense, as she watched the taxi cabs, of being out, out, far out to sea and alone.” But the sooner the warmth of the nostalgic heart is associated with the indelible memory, which is in fact both sweet and sour as she so interprets and makes of it, the stronger the sense of desolation and loneliness she feels and she simultaneously calls forth as she makes her mind confront the reality in the particular form of “taxi cabs.” The latter imagery even threatens to annul the nostalgic warmth that has been momentarily evoked in association with the ocean and the emotional liquidity the water fountain perhaps hearkens back to and turns the readerly mind, menacingly enough, to the possibility of death, more appropriately in this context, death by water, “she always had the feeling that it was very, very dangerous to live even one day.”

From a different perspective, the narrative tone shifts at this point for the bathetic. Just when the readerly consciousness is ready for more abstruse argumentation, the mind of the narrative consciousness strays to another extremity, which might or might not concur with the reality that surrounds her, and her thought explores a very simple idea, which might very appropriately be identified with the sentiment evocative of a shallow and petty pouting that could as well have been metaphorized into a girlish dalliance which might have prevailed in her encounter with her hearts' desire then and there in the past. Or, considering the sudden transition the current tone indicates to the readerly psyche, from the death or dire situationality out of which our heroine has been psychologically pressed to find her way without any avail, the self-exposure the current line reveals, in spite of her innocent effort to divert the readerly consciousness and the subject being trapped in the center of the narrative sphere, may as well be a defense mechanism on the part of the central consciousness to exonerate the vulnerable self from further accusations of being inept, both in her dealings with Peter and the way she strings together bits of information that implicitly limn out and rewrite the history involving two of the youthful beings who continue to be the protagonists in the conscious dream being played out in the mind of our heroine decades after the climactic event then and there. Regardless of the true intention, which by the way may never be objectively ascertained in the whirlpool of intentionalities that constantly feed the conscious realm of the subject's inner being, the disarming whimper manages to permeate through the empathetic being identified with the readerly psyche at this moment and results in a momentary suspense of objective skepticism, allowing the latter to bind with the mind of the vulnerable and adolescent heroine putatively inflicting self damage, “[n]ot that she thought herself much clever, or much out of the ordinary.” Her self-belittlement sounds so sincere that the readerly psyche has no choice, as an empathic accomplice to the narrative development, but sympathize and pity the heroine who has amply demonstrated how much she deserves understanding nods of a being located outside her conscious self. Once the compact is established between the two, albeit a rather cursory one, she is perfectly in control of herself to indulge in the idea of herself completely devoid of knowledge, both practical and intellectual, and wholly at the mercy of the whims of fortune that might swing back and forth with her

being merely its plaything—which might be, she wishfully imagines, likened to brittle twigs that are all the more in need of careful treatment because of their fragility. But what is particularly breakable about her is tied to the vulnerability derived from the lack of knowledge which her tutor failed to sufficiently offset, albeit, she amply suggests, the dearth of knowledge resulted may have more to do with herself than the ineffectuality of the tutor she happened to be granted in her youth. The defense of her vulnerability at this point both points to the intellectual hollowness, which might have been the sole cause of her failure vis-à-vis her object of youthful desire, particularly the one that manifested at the climactic scene by the fountain, and to the abject hopelessness she undergoes as she feels like a “perfect hostess” standing at the top of a lone staircase, a role which Peter rather prophetically had seen her playing before it actually materialized as a prime minister’s wife. No wonder she degenerates into a character with a pronounced puerile self-complacency at this juncture as she bashfully admits to being an intellectual manqué, who nevertheless, or because of it, immensely enjoys such sinful genre as memoirs, especially read prone.

Perhaps what matters to her most, and what possibly enables her to resist the irresistible force of her adversary is being herself, admit that what interests her most is merely being herself, to say that she truly likes such seemingly insignificant mundanity as the passing cabs, or whatever crosses her paths.¹⁰ But not in the manner her obstinate man insisted she should delve into the heart of things in order to see things as they truly were, but merely accept them as they nonchalantly impinge upon her eyes. She would never stick to her idealism, or insist whatever she is convinced should be the way others see her vision, unlike her adversary, but she would rather allow them to have the maximum leeway and in reciprocation, perhaps, have them grant her some freedom to carve out her own world. However, amidst the authoritative chaos such figure as Peter creates in her putatively autonomous world, she needs to, even instinctively, demarcate her own territory where she can without hesitation decree that the kind of things and people she can completely sympathize with are this or that, in the manner cats could prerogatively and instinctively react when they were put in the same space as the others who might not share their inclinations; otherwise, she would easily lose her bearings in the harsh disorienting world where psychologically vulnerable, and hyper-sensitive, being like our heroine could easily be crushed by an intellectually super-refined, and intensified, being like Peter. The series of multidirectional conscious forces threaten to pull her conscious self asunder at this point when her mind is fortunately diverted by the external images that are conveniently associated with numerous memories linked to the past and characters residing in that temporal space, “Devonshire House, Bath House, the house with the china cockatoo, she had seen them all lit up once.” But as the layers of particular incidents and images are laid out before his mental eyes, the readerly consciousness notices that they are each positioned in a different manner as to the way they are to be spatiotemporally impacted upon the hermeneutic consciousness. The narrative topography becomes rather blurred, or perhaps convoluted, particularly when the continuous string of items now passing through the mind of our heroine shifts their signifiatory aspects vis-à-vis the physical reality that putatively surrounds the central mind in action, a condition which seems to become even more pronounced as the narrative mind moves to recollect the characters who are indelibly tied to the situational setup that has by now been combined to flatten the chronologic sense, which usually separates the reality from the purely imaginary. The

¹⁰ In fact, the mere mundanities that surround the central consciousness are not merely insignificant particularities that exist unrelated to the subject that is, either unconsciously or consciously, interacting with them. They, rather, constitute the very essence of the narrative’s thematic strain that possibly provides clues to the inner being of our heroine as she seemingly perambulates the streets of London. The very particularities that lie around her both act as a passage to the then and now that so frequently, or even simultaneously, intervene as the hermeneutic being located someplace across the narrative horizon tries to enter into the very essence of the conscious world. See an argument that places the mundane particulars on the par with the mythopoeic importance of Joycean manifestations in *Ulysses* in Herta Newman, *Virginia Woolf and Mrs. Brown*, on pp. 44-48.

light of the nocturnal setup gives further incentive to force the mind of our narrative consciousness to further delve into associative possibilities derived from the fateful and enjoyable period in her more or less carefree days. Indeed, the sound of the intimate figures ringing once again through her conscious space is a magical cue to give rise to the recollection of incidentalities, which might as well have been buried deep in her workaday routine mind. The buoyancy and spontaneity they provide fill her mind once again with the exuberance that she thought had been killed by the fateful encounter with her adversary by the fountain. Simultaneously, this moment when she is truly being herself is, unbeknownst to herself perhaps, a bona fide salutary conscious interstitial moment when she can truly feel, or rather entitled to appreciate, her being on the equal with the man of her youthful heart's desire in terms of autonomous self-assertion, albeit her strength at this juncture lies with her care-free nonchalance to her *self* as opposed to the intense self-occupation Peter used to enjoy and still enjoys whenever our heroine becomes mired with her recollection of the indomitable other.

What strikes the readerly mind at this point is that being herself simultaneously means to enjoy all the particularities in the mundanest setup, such as where she happens to be passing through, that may be free of all the self-consciousness she has been gripped with throughout the narrative, but also being part of each one of the individual beings that apparently exist independent of her self, most prominently exemplified by the passing pedestrians in the street of London and the circumstantial apparition of the cabs that come and go through her vision.¹¹ The paradoxical nature of the duality of her idiosyncratic inclination thus manifested at this point may be reflected by the absolute loneliness she felt, expressed perhaps in such a lugubrious metaphor as a state of mind that is located far far away from both the present of temporality and the proximity of locality, which in the same breath is immediately and simultaneously transformed into the most convivial selfless moment that ever happened in her life when she romped, caroused and let go of all imaginable restraints as she tasted the incandescently wild exhilarating pleasures only that particular time frame could have offered to her youthful heart. Everything was in the rushing, busily passing moments where she had to find and seize the ecstatic joy that she knew had to vanish forever. That is why the chronological juxtaposition between the then of the excruciatingly hectic joy and the present of the ever speeding moments needs to be somehow linked by the imagery of the "wagons plodding past to market," which, however, may as well have been attributable to the past in the same time frame as the wild ecstatic convivial moments with Sally and others who shared the most intimate moments linked to the then and there near the ocean. The chronological indivisibility that is manifested through the metaphoric linkage from the past to the present may as well be the indivisibility of the self that is yearning for the absolute solitude, which albeit tends toward a helpless loneliness in the case of our heroine that is projected to the lone figure at the top of the stairway, and the being who is nonetheless constantly drawn to a state that is ineluctably coexistent with everything around her and everything that seemed to her being merely circumstantial but in fact, perhaps in retrospect in moments of her absolute serendipitous clarity, integral to her entire being, which may be, she speculates, inclusive of everything organic, not only the animate objects but also inanimate vegetative entity as well. The separateness in being part of the whole community of beings and objects almost overwhelms her with gratitude that the idea of being alone, being bereft of this precious world, which she confesses has constituted and contributed to her being throughout her life, does not make her psychologically vulnerable, for she feels assured that her oblivion merely asserts the continuity of the whole, which most prominently is displayed

¹¹ In fact, the mundanest setup here alluded to may be deconstructed and multiplied into many layers of strangeness that are unique unto themselves, as it were. As Liesl Olson argues, the seemingly unperturbed everyday events our heroine encounters in the novel are themselves quite unique in that they are distinguishable, and distinct, from any other everyday events that might have occurred in the past in that nothing in fact repeats itself in the selfsame manner, as time inevitably, combined with the personal inflection the self inflicts upon them, subtly and perhaps boldly transforms the mundanest phenomena that might have been experienced previously. See more on the subject in Liesl Olson, *Modernism and the Ordinary*, pp. 64-69.

before her eyes at this juncture. But what is troubling in this overly assertive vision is that she cannot help but have to put herself in the center of the whole universe, which she claims will be unaffected by the death of an individual subject such as our heroine. She keeps stressing the brighter side of the communal integrity of the interlinked universe, which she imagines will inevitably include herself. But, unbeknownst to herself, which merely proves perhaps the limitation of the individual subject to be omniscient about the entire development that surrounds her, she builds up a community of the universal linkage based on the all important presence of her self, without which the entire harmonious universal existence cannot maintain its integrative equilibrium and loses harmonious structurality, perhaps crumbling to the chaotic disorderly bits, which may be the norm in reality rather than the exception.

It momentarily dawns on the readerly psyche that all the dithering conscious waverings that have accumulated and still accumulating as she engages with the reality outside of her self is merely her another attempt to merge with them and center her self in the midst of all the universal linkage she thought she had found anew. The process of interweaving herself with the particularities and minutiae of the tangibles and non-tangibles that surround her at this moment is in a way a hopeless and hopeful attempt to connect and reconnect her conscious being with the bits of reality that manifest in so many variegated forms around her. It does not matter what she focuses on at this moment but her mind works busily to reestablish the linkage that is the *sine qua non* of her subject and subjectivity. The loneliness, or the concomitant emotionality expressed through the lugubrious metaphor involving the staircase, it turns out, arises from her sense of abandonment, her preconception of, and preoccupation with, the failure to connect with the universal harmony that seems to prevail so abundantly and yet tends to leave her behind in an isolated, solipsistic bubble, out of which she desperately tries to remove herself and yet time and again becomes disappointed at her apparent failure to lift herself out of the desolate environment, which may as well be her ineluctable state of mind. The sudden outburst, which rises out of the depth of her despair and which currently occurs, is a reconfirmation and rediscovery on the part of our central consciousness that the window of opportunity to escape the solipsistic doldrums has opened up again and the only effort needed to reach out for the ultimate bliss is to interweave herself with and become part and parcel of the reality manifested in many shapes and forms both outside and inside of her being. The unlimited expansion and unimaginable overextension may be merely her yearning to be on her own and simultaneously part of the animate and inanimate objects which constitute the reality, which she happens to find so exuberantly satisfying. Notice the metaphor she uses at this juncture, "part of people she had never met; being laid out like a mist between the people she knew best, who lifted her on their branches as she had seen the trees lift the mist." She is both the center and the periphery, as it were, as she is infinitely extenuated and diluted like the "mist" and at the same time ever remaining ubiquitous, wrapping up everything that exists in the state where the metaphor is deployed. The curious imagery evokes another possibility that she may not be conscious of at the moment. That is, as she is overextended and becomes the part and parcel of the universal linkage that prevails before her eyes, both inner and outer perhaps, she runs the risk of becoming infinitesimally irrelevant and insignificant, as the self, which should be the ultimate center of the subjectivity is infinitely diluted and reduced to a passive element that perhaps merely floats like the mist that is both everywhere and nowhere at any particular centrality. The overextension could also imply that as she becomes an entity that is part of the complete "strangers," who may have no tangible physical and conscious overlap with her being, she might eventually end up as a heteronomous subject who is an alien to herself. So in this metaphor she could as well be jeopardizing herself in a manner which is ever so ominous as she remains to be a solipsistic prisoner to her isolated being while partaking of the universal linkage, which perhaps may be all the more aptly represented by the free-floating mist, as it permeates and is "supported" by the non-descript population-cum-trees. From an overall narrative perspective, she might as well be a plaything to the infinitely wavering narrative generativity where unilateral directionality cannot dictate the way the narrative flow moves, but where a number of ever-shifting, even contradictory elements constantly turn around and

whip up ever new possibilities as to where the conscious wind blows a moment later.¹²

The indecisive force that gives no indication at all about where the conscious mind of our heroine moves opens up a phase in which the mind busily occupied with the universal linkage and her solipsistic dithering enslaved subject give rise to a very external deictic moments, as our heroine suddenly, as usual perhaps, transfers her attention to the actual books that are displayed in the window she happens to be passing by. The recollective mind does not cause any drag while the mind ever occupied with the present as it is incorporated in the simultaneous past reads out the cryptic-sounding literal phrases, which quite possibly happen to elicit an inkling of fright from our self-occupied heroine. Do they perhaps have any larger significations than the apparent ones the act of our heroine engaging with the physical object before her eyes implicitly conveys to the readerly psyche? Do they have internal and external relevance that is obviously beyond the immediate understanding of the subject that is located outside the narrative sphere, (while inside of which our heroine putatively resides qualitatively distanced from the hermeneutic consciousness)? No single answer might preclude many other possibilities that crop up over the signifiatory horizon of the text, as the readerly mind nonetheless busily surveys and resurveys the phrases specifically set off from the stream of consciousness, which is identified with and located within the autonomous realm immediately inhabited by the narrative consciousness ever buffeted by multidirectional forces raging through the narrative sphere, even at this very moment.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun

Nor the furious winter's rages.

Do the two lines reflect the physical condition in which our heroine is bravely exposing herself in order to search for the precious destination with which she has been, in spite of the apparent meanderings, especially in the conscious realm, simultaneously embroiling herself, regardless of the incalculable consequences (and through which she is concurrently going as the readerly mind deals with the cryptic manifestations of the ups and downs of the variegated nuances of the whimsical amplitude of the subject's inner space)? From another perspective, perhaps the one that is impacted by the holistic narrative vision, which the narrative voice mostly shares throughout the story, the two lines could implicate the readerly psyche in a world where the adventurous narrative soul delves into the ever new aspects of reality, which constantly confront her with the unexpected abruptness that does not discriminate between the conscious intangibility of the internal realm and the physical concreteness of the external realm. The seeming disjunctive transition from the recollective and trans-chronological journey our heroine has been engaged in previous to the discovery of the text right in front of her to the very present merely perhaps attests to the precarious condition in which she resides every second of her life and in which she has to develop her own existential subjective being in spite of all the concomitant complications and ominous implications it might entail. Could it be that in spite of her exuberant discovery that this world that exists at this very juncture is full of joys and happiness in spite of (or perhaps because of) the mundanity of all the elements that fill what she might call reality, it is also rife with jagged surprises that can wholly elude such nonchalant joys and happiness merely because they contain germs of sinister unpredictability that might explode in her path in any form imaginable to thwart her carefree life as it perhaps establishes now at the very moment when she can truly feel the unconditional joy, which is perhaps founded on no reason at all? Fortunately for our heroine, however, the current linkage with the physical external

¹² The issue of perspective may be a rather fraught one, as, some critics note, Clarissa's point of view is constantly compromised by being entangled with that of the opposite view, mostly represented by her husband' and others, who play central roles in this very fluid and diversive narrative, which in toto makes up the very richly constituted conscious landscape the readerly psyche comes in contact with, albeit with varying degrees and punctuated and accentuated by differing degrees of empathic understanding. See on the issue of perspective, with all what it entails in the narrative of *Mrs. Dalloway* as developed by Richard Pearce, "Virginia Woolf's masculinity," in *Comparative Literary Dimensions*, edited by Melvin J. Friedman, et al, pp. 135-140.

world materializes in a way that may be ominous but not necessarily in a way that is likely to cause a nefarious blockage for our heroine to appreciate the joy in non-entity and complete strangers who are around her without any precondition at all. Only that the two lines excerpted lead to the literal tears that have an explicit cause for them to be manifested both in the text and in people's eyes. Fortunately for our heroine the implications of the two lines are quite limitable in that they specifically refer to "men and women," who underwent the experience of the age, which our heroine obviously shares, and they are tears of gratitude and tears of joy that the horrendous occurrence is no more and of the past. But also that the tears that are still visible and shed now belong to those who are courageous and those who have "a perfectly upright and stoical bearing" could upend the literal significations attached to the two lines exhibited in front of our heroine as they simultaneously predominate the inner landscape of the heroine and engender more nuances than merely the circumscribed possibilities could allow the readerly psyche to entertain.

But despite the murky possibility that the literal phrases and what they refer to, inclusive of all those which were displayed in the window, may as well belie the inner thought processes that hearken back to the inchoate and generative source of the inner psyche of our heroine, the focus of our central character seems to be on the individual particularities that are exemplified right in front of her in the window she is passing by. The names and titles of the books gush forth without explanatory preamble, which is not at all surprising as they merely indicate how the mind of our heroine stands at the moment, and the readerly consciousness is almost overwhelmed by the plethora of sheer private information that seems to be more forced than naturally evolving. Only the fact that her gaze is steadfastly on the books on display gives an indication that the hermeneutic mind is not at all amiss in predicting the way the mind of our heroine is inclined at this juncture, except that all the books mentioned are merely a preamble after all to our heroine's munificence that is contingent upon what her chance encounter with Hugh Whitbread opened up between herself and Hugh, or rather his wife. All the tears and the sadness of the age suddenly transforms her emotion for the general public affected by the war to something completely individual and private, which is both a generalization and universalization of her inchoate response to the "tears and tragedy" the War inflicted upon the general population, including herself, but also homogeneous with a parochial bathos that is quite limited in scope and merely intended to solace a woman who happens to be her friend since time immemorial. Once the bathetic response becomes blatantly apparent, all the specification of the naming and titling of books displayed in the window somehow threatens to disinterest the readerly psyche, who has been quite busy following the sinuous compounded suggestibility of the iridescently nuanced complicated mind of the protagonist. The moment when the object of her peering into the show window is made textually public at this stage the signficatory horizon of the text seems to shrink, as the readerly mind, who has been attuned to amplify the literal thought processes of the narrative minds at any phases they are engaged with variegated narrative layers, intuitively, whether or not he is mistaken, feels he has somehow gauged the true scope of the protagonist's conscious thought range where she gambols and delves into the deepest mystery of human psyche and which she has seemed to be able to partake of on occasions and seems to have been able to allow the readerly mind to share with, such as her arcane understanding of what it looks like or feels like, or what the circumference of it might be like when one encounters enough essences that evoke the very ambience of their being. But, after all, this naming and ascertaining of the particularity, her very bathetic response to Hugh's remark concerning his wife and their reason for their visit to inner London, may be merely the confirmation of the dithering diversive nature of the conscious horizon our protagonist resides every second of her peregrination in the current narrative sphere, in which her arch-adversary and hermeneutic conspirator finds his ultimate existential hermeneutic abode. At this juncture, all the non-literal possibilities and derivative significations he potentially attached to the transition between the inner, trans-chronological and external-chronological jumps, which our heroine makes time and again, become almost made irrelevant as the literal particularities dominate and the very limited purpose of her emphasizing the phrase in the literal text, for instance, grabs the readerly psyche as an indubitable fact of life as our heroine passes by the window in the city of London on this particular day, while the ever transient elusive underpinning significations the readerly psyche was

convinced constituted the overwhelming meaning and life experience of her being seem to dissolve before the irrefutable hard-edged concreteness of the purpose and people and all that give rise to the tenderest of emotions our heroine entertains at this moment. But the ensuing thought process clearly contradicts the momentary expectations her desultory kindness toward the woman in ailment elicited from the reader, as it turns out to be merely a jumping off point to her other more vivid and all too human response, albeit vulgar perhaps, that both overlays and overwhelms what seems like the tenderest expression of her heart.

In fact what is foregrounded in the following phase of our heroine's conscious moment is the mundanest and seediest of aspects of human existence, which is easily extrapolatable from her experience and expandable to that of all humanity, perhaps, making the current conscious phase all the more interesting and as well as poignant. The tenderest emotion she expressed a moment ago is transmogrified into something that is so often occasioned by the necessity, or rather formality of, being sociable toward someone one has known so well and for so long. Now that the formality is duly fulfilled, at least in the mind of our heroine, she turns to the minutiae of the other, now specifically identified as Mrs. Hugh Whitbread (or more directly Evelyn *per se*), and begins to address her being as something that is constituted of bits of observational aspects, which may not necessarily be pleasing or pleasant. On the contrary, the bits intentionally recalled now are those that can more readily be classified as those our heroine can view with condescension, aspects she can go through with detached superiority, which she can both pity upon and despise from the bottom of her heart. Perhaps the reaction our heroine exhibits at this juncture may be the one that is intentionally induced in lieu of the tenderest and seemingly most humane expression she, in spite of herself, let out in the streaming conscious current, of which she prerogatively has been a major source for the past segments of the narrative outlay. It may be instructive to see the most deliberate and emphatic way she strings out the features she finds not distasteful and off-putting, which is actually intended to be mirrored by the hermeneutic mind as he takes in the conscious barrage gushing out of the depth of our heroine's psyche. But the insight the latter is enabled to gain is at least bilateral, as the unconscious revelation, apparently, that is manifested now includes variegated elements that are susceptible to circular and circuitous interpretations, which in turn may be redounded to the narrative mind as well as on himself, while it is also true that the gestalt signficatory output may as well be decided by the whole interactive process the chance to delve into the psyche of the narrative heroine seems to allow at the moment through the aid of the spontaneous elements inadvertently dropped by the latter in her ceaseless stream of logorrhea flowing out of her essential subjective being. But let us note the segment that reveals the "true being" of our heroine:

Ever so many books there were; but none that seemed exactly right to take to Evelyn Whitbread in her nursing home. Nothing that would serve to amuse her and make that indescribably dried-up woman look, as Clarissa came in, just for a moment cordial....

There is even an indication of contempt as the segment lingers and stays with the shocked readerly mind even while he is allowed to discard it and proceed with the busy and hurrying, and unselfconscious, mind of our heroine, as she concludes from the preamble nonchalantly thrown that such a "dried-up" brain inevitably comes round to the same topic that has been, as far as our heroine is concerned, taken up and abandoned repeatedly and in the end (which may as well coincide with the demise of the person being currently dealt with by the central consciousness residing in the narrative stream) exhausted to meaningless formality. An invalid like Evelyn, our heroine concludes, or is it something that she wishes the readerly eavesdropper on the narrative consciousness to share and partake of, cannot be expected to develop an constructive subject except that their talk merely meanders, or perhaps stagnates, goes in a circle and reach the beginning when one has thought it has luckily arrived at its end. In fact, the fear of the never-ending meaningless talk is so great, simply because she has gone through the ordeal time and again in the past perhaps, that what the readerly psyche takes in from the mere circumstantial and haphazard remark about the dreaded encounter with the sickly woman in the nursing home is that the mundanest preamble, greetings and recognition of the dried up woman in the same condition as ever lethargically resting in

a nursing home chair, with a weak and barely recognizable sign of gratitude etched into her deeply grooved face, is a merciful prelude to the bare naked contempt our heroine exhibits about the obviously deteriorating intellect her old friend, in spite of herself, manifests through her inevitable recursion to the self-same topic ever again, which in our heroine's mind is identical with what her husband's remark in fact signifies.

As the sordid image of the lady in a valetudinarian stage springs to her mind and is amplified and expounded upon in the ever cogitating mind of our heroine, her *self* inevitably comes to the fore, not only because of the enclosed and solipsistic conscious space she presumably resides, almost exclusively to herself, but also because that is exactly the bare naked sentiment she entertains at the moment. It turns out, indeed, that the motivation behind her taking a book to the old woman is not for the sake of consoling the lady in the hospice (perhaps which may in small part play a role) but for the ultimate reward that is expected to redound to her *self*. She, in spite of herself, cannot help but admit that she cannot do anything merely and simply for itself but for the adjunct gratification, which to her is also essential for the occasion to arise, it brings to herself vis-a-vis the person towards whom the act of kindness is presumably intended at least initially. In the center of the daily and mundane formalities exists the most cosseted, inseverably nucleatic self, without which the extraneous acts upon others would never happen. She recognizes the meanness of the spirit that causes such superficial social niceness to ensue, but that is what constitutes her being and she cannot maintain her being without giving rise to the essentialist instinctive behavior that results from the center of her psyche on occasions. Despite the regrets she expresses, she is not Mr. Dalloway or other personages who are both content and able to "do merely for the sake of" extending kindness per se. In the circular argument she finds herself trapped, she eventually (and simultaneously) finds a momentary relief in noticing what goes around her in the external world that nevertheless lies immediately adjacent to her as well as continuous with her. The quagmire the self-argument, involving her desire to go beyond her *self* and her instinctive reaction to protect and always return and start from her *self*, poses at this juncture transmogrifies itself into a motivation for her to externalize her being and make connections with the physical surroundings outside herself, which perhaps, and rather unusually, occasions syncopated manifestations of the physical scenes that develop around her, "policeman held up his hand" while she actually waits there on the spot to "cross" the street. In other words, her eyes that identify the mundanest activities that take place around her signify a possibility to extricate our heroine from the hopeless dilemma she faces involving the self who is endlessly trapped in her selfish attempt to protect her cocooned being and the self that valiantly tries to open up her mind to make it objectify and make it at least modicumly indifferent to what might result from her self-centered perspective. Perhaps, the eyes that recognize what goes on around her indicate a metaphoric cue that the desperate attempt to break the loop of self-escapism and self enclosure is in fact never possible, except that all she can hope to attain is a mere relief from that stifling and stagnant dilemma that is tantamount to gesturing at the tangible world for help without any promise of any definite assurance for succor. No wonder that she becomes rather puerily adolescent for the moment, wishing that she would rather have been someone else like Lady Bexborough, "with a skin of crumpled leather and beautiful eyes." Anything that is diametrically opposed to herself, in other words. As the mind of our heroine indulges in the image of the other, epitomized by Lady Bexborough, a sense of self-pity wells out of the depth of her psyche, and the readerly hermeneutic self notices the immature adolescent desire for sympathy the voice announces resonating through the narrative horizon, which is fully shared by the originating consciousness of our heroine, as she directs the narcissistic energy to the center of her being. The itemization of the opposite qualities, here attached and attributed to the dark, muscular character of Lady Bexborough, is a preamble to what is to come in the forms and shapes and qualities of what she really cherishes and feels superior to others, like Lady Bexborough, in spite of her putative admission to the contrary. Paying lip service to what her antithetical self represents and momentarily giving her "unstinted" praise for such qualities, she merely underscores the essential nature of her being, who is pale, skinny, upright and bird-like, a bit sickly, but nonetheless indisputably is a someone who is able to appreciate the intricate, albeit mundane, daily particularities that lie around her nearly unnoticed except for a being as perceptive and keenly attuned to the inchoate minutiae that constitute

days and lives of people like Mrs. Dalloway's.¹³ But before she is able to come to that victorious conclusion, she comes dangerously close, or rather in fact comes down, to a depressive state, which often and unpredictably assaults her psyche peremptorily and profoundly anywhere and anytime. The sensation she experiences is akin to that which she recalled when she was younger and located far away near the ocean when she had a climactic moment with her once-beloved, who had gone to and now is on his way back from India. Or rather the sensation that is somehow embroiled with the process of recollection that is associated with the place and time now long gone and yet only reclaimable through memory. In the context in which she exists in the temporary timeframe, she is quagmired in the dualistic tug of war that rages deep in her being as to which self is to be supreme, or to be best represented to the others, the self that self-abnegates herself and philanthropically dedicates to others or the self that merely pretends such a commendable gesture—which she vainly tries to circumvent by way of the physical reality that exists around her. However, as she attempts to ameliorate the agony derived from the unresolvable dilemma, she is trapped in a psychological phase, which is akin to the one she tends to be subjected to when she seeks the safety of her cocooned solipsistic self. As soon as she putatively escapes from the iron-bound dictatorial self-centered self, who constantly demands all things to be subjected to her being and invested with her attributes, the loss of confidence and insatiable will to dictate that ensues simultaneously results in a lonely, unsteady being, who is precariously unsure of her bearings and identity, rather disjunctively turning her into someone who is robbed of her existential self and who, in the end, dislocatedly feels “invisible; unseen; unknown.”

Interestingly, what rescues our heroine from total collapse of her self, or even her self-confidence, is the memories associated with the external landscape she is passing through. As she used to come and experience the busy and bustling city life and all those associated contingencies, oftentimes with her uncle or others related to her childhood and youth, they once again spawn a string of complicated and complex emotional nuances that are inseparably bound with her old, as well as present, self, which at this moment is seemingly purely consisted with the memories of the past and what it evokes in her being. But curiously enough, what allows our heroine to indulge herself in those memories and what evokes them are the external contingencies and circumstances that happen to surround her being and all the emotional inchoates that harken back to the days and places that are simultaneously beyond the immediate timeframe. Regardless of the complex of indescribable psychological and external stimuli that contribute to the now of the present self of our heroine, she is glad to leave herself totally bereft of its volitional dictate and allow it to be spontaneously amenable to whatever develops around her in the midst of the din and bustle of the city of London. In the process, the subtle associations and all the concomitant signifiatory nuances attached to them, either directly or through some means of inflection either the passage of time has brought on or the psychological energy has brought about through the indescribable and indefinite accretion of what constitutes the current self of our heroine, simultaneously conjoin and help our heroine to relive the minutiae of the incidents associated with the scenes that unravel in her mind as they intermingle with the physical setup that becomes laid bare right in front of her eyes—fishmonger, glove shop, and so on. But some of them inevitably evoke the memories that once again threaten to plunge her into the psycho-pathological phase the war and all the complications associated with it had pushed her into and almost imprisoned her in a prolonged depression, from which she barely escaped with the desultory power of recollection and dithering propulsive force of memory. But, fortunately, the momentary

¹³ It may be interesting to insert and read the patriarchal strain into the finely-tuned intricate and delicate world of Mrs. Dalloway, who finds both threats and pleasures in anything that may be deemed either too mundane or trivial to her male counterpart, such as Mr. Dalloway. The reason why she often feels forced to withdraw to the “top of the staircase,” or exhibit the symptoms manifested by it, may be because she, in spite of herself, cannot help but register the status her ego as a woman signifies in the male-dominated society where she both thrives and yet must eke out her dependent existence. See a related argument about patriarchy in *Mrs. Dalloway* and other novels by Virginia Woolf in Brian W. Shaffer, *The Blinding Torch*, on pp. 92-96.

depressive cacophonous connotative signification attributed to her uncle does not drag her into a lengthy journey through a psychological depressive limbo, except that it merely calls forth a rather indirect reference to the profound and nefarious effect such large-scale conflict brings about to the lives of people such as herself by way of her uncle, "I have had enough." The reverberative connotation the remark potentially gives rise to does not materialize in a full-blown dilemma in the mind of our heroine at this time, but instead she allows more personal sentiment to supersede such a universal question as the issue of the war might entail. The phrase that is incorporated into the delineation of the complex of sentiment redounds to a merely personal conflict, which involves herself and her daughter, and by way of her, a person who presumptuously has barged into her private realm without due regard for her parental love and authority. But it is merely the phrase, "not a straw," which at least superficially grants the introduction of such a dire dilemma of privately disastrous proportion and it is her daughter who does not care "a straw" about the natural love which is supposed to exist without any interventive presence between herself and her Elizabeth. With the word and the emotional crescendo the phrase introduces, she is given no choice at this juncture but to focus exclusively upon her *self*. The idea of lonely figure at the top of the staircase recurs again. She feels completely left uncared for and unsympathized with, even by her own daughter, as Elizabeth does not concur with her on the importance of gloves and shoes, (as her uncle intoned they are and should be the sine qua non of ladyhood).¹⁴ Not only that, as if her daughter were intent on tormenting our heroine even further, her interest lies far removed from where it should be and she is completely preoccupied with dogs, which our heroine cannot comprehend and yet perhaps could still condone, however, as long as such inclination were detached from Elizabeth's relationship with the hated woman, who barbarously tramples upon our heroine's rights without any due regard for the protocols of civilized society, especially those which pertain to the domestic familial realm, of which she obviously is not only an ardent supporter but also is an integral member, albeit that even such finer points might be of purely hypothetical kind to shun an element regarded utterly undesirable, as far as our heroine is concerned. From this point on, her defense of self-integrity transmogrifies into a valiant attack on that very someone whom she considers an archenemy, someone who is intent on monopolizing her daughter and possibly seeking a chance to snatch her away from our heroine. But the fight she deploys in her busy theoretical conscious realm is fraught with vulnerabilities and dashed with bigoted hatred of the other, who is heterogeneously located in a society that is further split into class-ridden hierarchies, in which she is confident she is positioned far superior to the woman to whom she is opposed, and definitely antagonized, at this point.

One of the ways to battle with the monster is to objectify the other with all the particularities that can be hated with the intensity of her bigoted heart. She takes recourse to the foreignness of the name, Kilman, which sounds more than modestly violent and barbaric not only to the readerly ears but surely to our heroine's. What entails from the "intrinsically" savage creature is the qualities that issue out of the depth of the heart of our heroine, however, which are duly equalized with religious intolerance, belligerent activism and narrow-minded and tunnel-vision participation in everything that is monomaniacally self-immolating. Once all the causal reasons for hatred are laid out, there is no way to extricate them from

¹⁴ Apropos of gloves, it may be instructive to focus upon the signifiatory and social values of gloves as they stand contrasted with the lowly status of what the fishmongers and florist represent. Indeed, when the cursory memories of the past centered around the gloves recur to the mind of our heroine, they inevitably foreground the issue of class, which may be a central concept and leitmotif in this seemingly democratic narrative, teeming with the "nonentities" and the nameless crowd that surround our heroine. The mere fact of going out and walking in the streets of London, as some writers suggest, may be a compromising act, which makes our heroine confront with the dichotomous issues that exist between the other and what seems to coalesce as the superior being tucked away within herself and yet which occasionally and inevitably comes out manifesting as Clarissa's aristocratic ego. See the question of class and the consciousness of it being limned out through the act of walking in the streets of London in Lucio Ruotolo, "Mrs. Dalloway: The Unguarded Moment," collected in Ralph Freedman's *Virginia Woolf: Revaluation and Continuity*, pp. 141-145.

the essential nature of the other that can be made agreeable to our heroine. Combined with her love for her own daughter, which needless to say is possessively monomaniacal, her obsessive emotionality by transversion makes our heroine attack and hate Kilman all the more fiercely for the very reason that Kilman is usurping her daughter away from her without any right at all. At this point, every single object that is associated and attributed to Kilman is made a reasonable cause for retributive vituperation. She is putatively invested with the coat which she wears all the time, for no reason at all but because of the fact that it is layered with the dirt and grime that are enough to repel a “normal” and respectable person like our heroine. Being such a creature, Kilman is portrayed as someone who unconditionally supports the cause of the populace of the distant land, such as Russians, for no reason but a monomaniacal pursuit of an ideal and ideological struggle is deemed to naturally agree with the inherent nature of a bigoted creature like Kilman. The directionality of the hatred our heroine sets via-a-vis her embroilment and reaction to the unnatural attraction that establishes between her daughter and an intruder becomes completely unilateral and entrenched, as our heroine indulges in the basest sentiment she could possibly entertain, which she lets control her *self* almost entirely. But eventually the outburst needs to be modified and she comes to realize that the need to separate the attributive qualities, which are linked to Kilman and her being, is not only a reasonable one but also something desirable if the conscious stream that has been flowing through the narrative framework is to be maintained and keep an unhealthy stagnation from vitiating the hermeneutic relationship between the narrative voice and readerly consciousness and prevent it from plunging into a total collapse and preserve an organic communication between the two, only through which the narrative of the kind our heroine is engaged in can keep the conscious stream going and constantly revive and resuscitate the flagging inner landscape and allow it to come to fruition both disjunctively and simultaneously. Thus, the dithering and diversive conscious framework, in which the central voice can freely wander and cover without any ostensible fear for lack of consistency, can holistically achieve, potentially, a truly expansive conscious world, in which anything that is possible is manifested throughout chronospaciality while constantly communicating with the here and there and between consciousnesses, constrained neither by time nor place.

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Narrative Disjunction and Its Diversion and Conversion

Mrs. Dalloway: 意識の拡散とその言語的表象化

Virginia Woolf の *Mrs. Dalloway* において意識の流れはその唐突で自由奔放な広がりで特徴づけられると思われるが、この論文では拡散し変化し続ける意識の波を、外的・物理的事象との相互干渉のプロセスにおいて、その言語的顕在化における manifestation に特に注目して追跡、そして分析してみた。