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Transfigural な視点とその創造的意義

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A direct impressionistic method and immediate insight into the depth of human psyche, that is what most strikes the readership as they encounter the extraordinarily strange world of fiction given rise to by the ingenious and fecund imaginative power of Virginia Woolf. I intend to follow her imaginative path and delve into what is really taking place as each situationality developed and character being depicted fill out the psychological and imaginative horizon of the author, which by the way is always shared by the readerly consciousness (not in its entirety, perhaps) as the latter tries to grapple with what is transpiring each passing second. Although going synchronously with the vividly and busily developing world that is generated by the author of the famed work is not necessarily easy or advisable, perhaps, it may surely be rewarding from the perspective of the readerly curiosity to simply experience, at least, and possibly empathize with each phase of the narrative reality as it takes shape in the mind of the actively engaged readerly psyche. Therefore, in this paper, I would like to give free rein to the readerly hermeneutic capacity to grasp the amplitude and intensity of the authorial imaginative instantiations, which may not, however, be objectively reified but surely point to something substantive that lies latently deep down somewhere in or between the rushing lines, which merely mirror the mind's transmogrifying responses to the reality, physical or abstract interior, that inevitably impacts the way each character views the externality being developed in the narrative entitled *Mrs. Dalloway*.¹ But, on the other hand, the transmogrifying landscape etched out by the busily gushing and rushing lines within the narrative horizon must hint at the intersection between the readerly interpretative domain and the

¹ The issue of externality and internality, as it pertains to the way each simulates the other by engendering widening perspective scope in the narrative horizon of the story, is a topic rife with possibilities, which is aptly suggested by Lucio Ruotolo. Each aspect of the narrative constituents, whether they arise from outside or inside the dominant consciousness, more than subtly gives rise to signification expansion, as the external world, with its kaleidoscopic movement, "continually uproots and transforms inwardness," while the mutations of which constantly realign themselves and inflect the way time, as it is perceived by the mind of the narrative consciousness, is manifested in the narrative present. See more on the subject and an argument developed along the line on pp. 143-145 in Ruotolo's "*Mrs. Dalloway*: The Unguarded Moment," collected in *Virginia Woolf: Revaluation and Continuity*, edited by Ralph Freedman.

signification-injecting authorial intention, if the narrative communication of a kind the readership expects is to take place at all while they engage with the externally avant-garde story of Virginia Woolf's. Because of the economy and the fortuitous nature of the transitions between each scenes and signifiatory constituents, which the author intentionally throws into the story to make the narrative as interpretatively fecund as the reader would make it, there is expected to be unlimited nuances and significations even a single simple, deceptively perhaps, line could contain, so much so that it may be all the more worthwhile to venture out, or rather into, the narrative world of *Mrs. Dalloway*, as the reader might be surprisingly and disproportionately rewarded by the signifiatory treasure-trove of narrative situationalities that open up over the fictive horizon. The range of meanings may only be limited by that of readerly imagination. Needless to say, the more fecund the narrative promises and turns out, the more rewarding the attempt to decipher the narrative nucleus is likely to be. In order to attain the nucleus of the narrative that might be tucked away in the depth of the narrative horizon, I intend to accompany the narrative voice wherever it leads me, whether it resides with the character that happens to be dominant at a given situationality or it coincides with the inanimate objects that surround the personae and give rise to the ambience of the story as a whole. By interpolating the hermeneutic nuances and accompanying the dominant voice I may be allowed to empathize with what lies deep down the fictive voice that resonates with the ubiquitous consciousness, which permeates the interstices of the jagged jointures of the abrupt transitions, which more often than not are contributed by and made up of disjointed sentences but inevitably manage to engender a gamut of significations in the narrative domain of *Mrs. Dalloway*.

Then let us go to the scene where the protagonist enters into the world of colors represented by delphiniums, carnations, lilac, and sweet peas. Not only the colors overwhelm our heroine but the smell and the whole ambience of the establishment distracts her from all the wandering thoughts she has been embroiling herself with previous to her appearance to the present locale. She does not leave the readership behind, either, dithering around in the externalities that have dominated the prequel to the present with their sheer influence and impact upon our heroine's inner landscape. The brightness and cheering effect of the flowers set the tone for our heroine's conscious domain while the olfactory nuances subtly inflect the signifiational nuances that coalesce at the flower shop, toward which, it turns out, the narrative has been directing the readerly attention and on which it finally converges at this point. The change in mood is enough to encourage our heroine to feel gratitude toward the owner of the

flower shop and engage in a spontaneous and nearly involuntary selfless conversation. It may as well be that either one of them or both simultaneously feel glad that the other is around as the intricate set of psychological descriptions turn around and around, providing a cue for the reader to interpret the happy mood our heroine is in, which indubitably is inflected by the presence of Miss Pym, “she stood talking to Miss Pym who owed her help, and thought her kind, for kind she had been years ago; very kind...” In fact, the effect may be mutual as both somehow feel indebted to each other for making the reunion of the sort ever so pleasant. Or could it be that the presence of Miss Pym is a mere reminder of the long-gone past when Clarissa used to feel lonely and yet had no one to talk to, really talk to in order to secure some consolation for her beleaguered and lonely self and on some happenstance, she accidentally drops in a flower shop where she engages in a light conversation and is able to patronize the owner and the latter, obligingly or not, dutifully plays her role? In any case, it is a pleasant memory that helps our heroine to face the proprietress of the flower shop with benign salute and makes the gay environment even gayer.² The colors and the smell, they overwhelm our heroine and she seems more like a drunken soul, momentarily at least, before she looks around and actually registers the tangible flowers, which, in reciprocation as it were, true to their colors beckon her with their smiles to the sweet bower that figuratively comes into being in the venue where Miss Pym materializes as a doyen-cum-a pleasant companion. At the least, the heat of the summer morning is mitigated by the delectable scent of the flowers. She merely closes her eyes and embraces the floral bounty heartily, as they unfold their bright petals and willingly yield sweet aromatic essences. They cannot help but remind her of some correlates of the fresh flowers of the past, as our heroine for a moment remains reflective and involuntarily yearns for that something that can expressly refer back to them in essence, an experience particularly amplified with her eyes meditatively closed. When she corroborates the mysterious objects that constitute the tantalizingly nostalgic link to

² It may be quite interesting to posit multivalent discursive possibilities at this juncture (which may be quite unexpected perhaps) and interpret the talking phase of the personae as something that which manifests differentiated and particularized Bakhtinian heteroglossia, which may go independently of each other, but most likely to cause some disturbance, to the extent that each one reacts to another in a subtle and complex manner. According to Joan Douglas Peters, the narrative of *Mrs. Dalloway* can be interpreted as incorporating multiple layers of colloquies, or genres of voices, which at once challenge the putative voice that is foregrounded at any given moment, but not to the degree they supplant or overwhelm it, as it tries to communicate with the hermeneutic mind of the reader across the narrative space. See more on the subject in Joan Douglas Peters’ *Feminist Metafiction and the Evolution of the British Novel*, pp. 127-140.

the present and the beautifully fresh flowers, they are transmogrified into a “frilled linen clean from a laundry laid in wicker trays,” at least that is what the roses before her eyes remind her of. Something redolent and clean and purely evocative of a familial and innocent happiness she might have enjoyed when she was small. As if it were a compulsive habit she could not get rid of, she keeps going back to that sacred spatial-temporal venue, or rather a point that is ever absorbed into the sacred reservoir of timeless memories where she derives the acme of her youthful happiness that culminated with Peter and others, who in their turn recede into even earlier ages when she used to enjoy unadulterated happiness with her family, a point of time that is too distant and nebulous for her to be able to articulately recall. But for the moment she cannot help plunge into the figurative world of the flowers where anthropomorphic sentiments are woven with the very suggestive shapes and inclinations, combined with colors and smells thereof, which the flowers convey to her percipient mind. They are all linked to the inchoate sentiments that are salvaged from the depth of our heroine’s mind and made to come alive, as if they were alive on their own. Notice the lively depiction of the colorful fauna that are laid out before our heroine, “dark and prim the red carnations, holding their heads up; and all the sweet peas spreading in their bowls, tinged violet, snow white, pale.” They are not merely there, being placed and stationery, just to be admired by the living consciousness, but animated and lulled by a magical solicitous consciousness that wills them to come out of their inanimate epidermis to enjoy the dance of harmony between willing partners. She allows them to be equaled with girls in muslin frocks, or even merged with them, so that they become the agent of the ambience in which those girls in the frock romp and twirl and dance amid the colorful flora on a certain specifically ambienced evening. It is a fusional contact between the flowers and the ambience and the smell --a perfect condition where little girls in frocks can meet and have contact with everything that surrounds them beyond time and space, perhaps hinting at the kind of spatiotemporal intersectional point, which our heroine herself can grasp and insert herself into, reminiscent of the self when she was one of those little girls, and which she can identify with now, conveniently helped by the innocence exhaled by the floral partner. At this point, the consciousness that floats through the narrative space merges with our heroine’s that actually exists in the present, while the scene is filled with colors and smells and she becomes almost giddy with them and metaphorically keeps whirling and twirling around the petals and colors and memories that hearken back to the very essence of the mysterious link. It is youth and height of summer and everything bright and sweet that surround and fill the mind of our heroine, as she repeatedly and emphatically chants in her mind, “as if it

were the evening and girls in muslin frocks came out to pick sweet peas and roses after the superb summer's day, with its almost blue-black sky, its delphiniums, its carnations, its arum lilies was over; and it was the moment between six and seven when every flower." Note how the tangible effect of the actual flowers even allows our heroine to specify the time of the day when the little girls in muslin dance and skip and enjoy the summer evening to their hearts' content.

The concrete specificity that emerges from the pile of flowers turns into something that is more abstract and representative of the mood our heroine is in right now. It may be simply the colors, and not the flowers themselves, that impress and lift her off the realistic domain into a parallel somewhere, perhaps a realm where she used to enjoy the nostalgically enticing familial love and youthful gushing emotional uplifting with Peter and a female companion, who in particular comes alive romping and almost bare and naked out of the vault of the past spatio-temporality. But how vividly they arise from the depth of the momentary imaginative horizon, which seems to have taken our heroin by surprise and at the same time plunged her onto a totally different plane than the physical surroundings of the London streets with full of store windows, which might as well have suggested a totally mundane presentness with all its concomitants to the one merely passing them by. Colors primary and burningly vivid, "white, violet, red, deep orange," but as soon as they are abstracted from the floral entities, they coagulate with the flowers themselves, which evince and obtains their being through their prominent materiality. But this time the color-flora combination is inflected by something quite unusual, perhaps more like a phenomenon that essentializes the bunch of them in a process she wishes happens or actually happens in the inner horizon of the consciousness where the burning coloration and epitomization thereof takes place, perhaps. Or, perhaps, the essence of what the floral companions represent may never be presented except for the abrupt process in which a unique combination of the events intervene and preclude all other natural consequentialities that might be expected in a situation like the present one. The essentialized nucleus of the experience, or the being of the floral essence perhaps needs to be figuralized and transposed into a metaphorical transition, into which all sorts of disjointed elements are abruptly tied together without readerly permission. But the discrepancy between what takes shape in the textual horizon and what the readership naturally expects makes the narrative expansion all the more exciting and, paradoxically enough, apropos, "every flower seems to burn by itself, softly, purely in the misty beds; and how she loved the grey-white moths spinning in and out, over the cherry pie, over the evening primroses!" Is it not odd, though, if you look at what is portrayed to transpire in a single second

where our heroine merely steps in and admires the variegated floral display that overwhelms her? Why do they have to “burn” in order to give way to the misty beds, which purportedly transition into an odd mixture of white moths and a cherry pie? But the image strikes the readerly mind rather powerfully, as if it is meant to constitute some inevitability that he is forced to appreciate and combine with the physical setup that reminds the heroine of the incidentalities that might or might not have occurred in the past, or have they been transformed to suit the exact mood our heroine is reduced to experience at the very moment when she is actually inundated with the colors? But the figurality the overall image describes remains as an epitome of the intersectional phase between the colors, flowers themselves and the memories of the present and the past and all of those conjunctured by the very active consciousness that is ever agitatedly involved in the evolving scenes in this narrative landscape.³ Or, perhaps, the flitting colors and scenes the passing moths experience are merely a resonance, or even residues, of the colors, the very overabundance of which the flowers before our heroine’s eyes present and represent through their existence in the now of the narrative flow? Or, even suggestively, the busily flitting images of the fractal images the moths purportedly view down their flying paths correspond to the busily engaged consciousness, which inevitably registers, voluntarily or involuntarily, variegated dovetailing of shaped colors on their way to the procedural and synchronous inclusion, and absorption, into the present. The moths are being an agent, or something that causes the process of registering and becoming conscious possible? Or themselves part of the consciousness that helps the development of narrative flow possible? At the same time they manage to hearken back to some episodes of the heroine’s past, perhaps involving her family and when she was relatively small and innocent (which conveniently fits with the specific mention of the timeframe that preceded the current narrative phase), as the most mundane and yet domestic item intervenes without any forewarning except that it is an

³ Memories, as Joseph Hillis Miller points out, are incessantly repeated and transmogrified into reusable anecdotes that are recalled and retrieved countless number of times, as the border between the past where those memories belong and the present where they are recalled vanishes ad infinitum. Repetition and retrieval of memories that belong to disparate individuals are constantly attempted by the voice and consciousness of the narrative agent that oversees the whole goings on of affairs each persona is engaged in. While the putatively private thoughts are constantly mined and brought out to the surface, one agent that enables the process remains both conspicuously absent and present, as the surfacing of the thoughts is possible only through the agency of the omniscient being, who is at once separate and yet indivisible from, and invisible to, the personae who populate the narrative space of *Mrs. Dalloway*. See the interesting argument on the hidden and present consciousness at work in the novel by Miller in “Mrs. Dalloway: Repetition as the Raising of the Dead,” collected in *The J. Hillis Miller Reader*, edited by Julian Wolfreys, pp. 169-184.

item that makes most sense at this juncture to be combined with the preceding imagery, involving, rather recursively, the moths and mist. The bathetic conjunction, ending with the cherry pie, merely suggests the inevitability of the link that establishes at least in the active imaginative mind of our heroine, who is hopelessly uplifted by the figural and literal kaleidoscope evolving before her eyes.

The kaleidoscopic images of the flowers and the colors that are essentialized and differentiated from the flowers per se must necessarily bring our heroine to face the reality that establishes in the flower shop presided by the owner, Miss Pym. As the eccentric, and potentially piquant sound of the proprietress implies, our heroine is in for a surprise, or may as well be on her way to be imminently surrounded and embroiled with unpleasantly jagged features the real world around her portends to contain. The only antidotal defensive move she can think of at this juncture is to absorb the enough charm and aroma the flowers exude and put them up as a shield to prevent the swelling enemy, here metaphorically and enigmatically represented as the “monster,” from overwhelming her. The two antithetical elements, which are more like two opposed emotional phases that stir themselves up in the realm of the conscious flow, surge and commingle in the mind of the heroine, as she goes round and round in the confined space of the flower shop and wallows herself in it, both confused and organically intermingled. But, on another plane, which may be rather bathetic and paradoxically indicates the autonomous nature of the conscious flow, which apparently subsumes our heroine’s being as a mere functioning body in the narrative domain, she blindly follows and obeys the directionality Miss Pym sets for her, as she walks among the flowers in search of the best candidate to complete the floral conquest, for which after all Clarissa has set on for her peregrination as a prequel to the climatic event presumed to be taking place in the evening. The two emotional phases in the meantime jostle with each other to determine the outcome of the inner synaptic storm that is brewing in the psyche of our heroine. The psychological monologue that surfaces here is merely the symptom of the unpredictability of the outcome that must determine the fate of our heroine, as far as it impacts the inner metonymic realm that opens up in the mind of the heroine. At this juncture, while the inner storm rages in the mind of our heroine, the unconditional, and perhaps unilateral good will the proprietress putatively exhibits unexpectedly succors our heroine out of the quandary of choosing between the Scylla and Charybdis of ineffable figurative dichotomous oppositions. Only almost, however, as the uncontrollable energy that is made up of the scent and color and the physical being of the flowers indeed overwhelm her and inundate her mind with the enigmatic force that can only be compared to a wave. Yes, it is not merely a coincidence that the inner

landscape is engulfed in a fluctuating pattern of the wave, in which she has been exposed for as long as the narrative has been flowing since the inception of the story of *Mrs. Dalloway*. The unnamable and yet figuralized wave pattern further, and insistently, reminds her of her vulnerability in the midst of the flowers, color and the whole ambience, which together with its linkage to the physicality of the environment she is placed herself in at the moment constantly hearken back to the whole gamut of the past memories constituted by her trans-temporal being as it relates to all that which she has undergone in her life history so far. She is about to be crushed and overrun by the superabundance of the evocative images, which are impacted by the very source of those memories that are recursively inflected by the very being made up of and refracted by the past experience, when, rather fortunately for our heroine, she is brought back to the bare naked reality broached by a rude sound reminiscent of a pistol shot, which, at least, she so surmises. The monster that was about to devour her entirety with all the metaphoric linkage to the supra-temporal residues she had left behind here and there, immediately disappears and what transpires in its stead, soothingly enough for our heroine, is a remark by a kind hearted Pym, "Dear, those motor cars." Instead of the cold and abstract monster that darkened the conscious horizon of our heroine, she recognizes a compassionate and apologetic being transubstantiated as her hostess. But why an apology, she wonders. There is no reason why Miss Pym should be unilaterally responsible for what had happened, which, to a detached being that has materialized at this juncture as a consciousness that stands by the whole narrative backdrop, seems like a mere coincidence and something that broke out purely by accident. As soon as that thought process is set in motion, however—or even before that process has been initiated, she projects her need to be enwrapped with some sort of compassionate love that arises both unconditionally and spontaneously and which is, in fact, unilaterally directed toward herself. She may not, ironically enough, realize the projective reflex that is made to intervene between the outward appearance of kindness Miss Pym exhibits and the inner urge she in fact holds within herself that self-centeredly lets the overwhelming love arise from the presumably selfless heart of the hostess. But the unconditional reflexive move suffices for the moment, as our heroine is moved and at the same time isolated from the threat of the nefarious and quite harmful monster that had suddenly and intrusively arose from the vacuity of her imaginative horizon. As if to offer her sincerest apologies and to reciprocate the innocent conciliatory move Miss Pym ostensibly exhibits, she holds, happens to hold perhaps may be a better descriptive term here as far as the authorial narrative strategy is concerned, "hands full of sweet peas," as if being proffered to the proprietress, which in reality the

latter offers to our heroine. The last floral identifier significationally diverges into a concomitant reminder to hark back to the prelude to the encounter with the monster even amidst the beautiful and variegated flowers in the flower shop that ever pervade. However, this time the reality, impacted by the loud bang, does not allow her to sink into the depth of her psyche, in which such battle vis-à-vis the figurative monster was going to take place. Instead, she is directed to the window to find out the real cause of the explosion, if at all it is any different than what she initially surmised.

While the loud bang of the mysterious sound draws the attention of the two personae to whatever is occurring outside the window, the same conscious and physical inclination happens among the disparate beings, who happen to be passing by in the vicinity. Everyone's mind and consciousness focus on one point and one point only as the possible source of the mysterious sound, which rudely interrupted their inner discourse and interlocutorial conversations that had been going on just then. At the same time, something interesting occurs on a metaphorical and figurative level, as all the disunited conscious moves are forced to align with the center of the noise and everyone moves as if the focal point their eyes are concentrated on ineluctably pulls their minds away from whatever each one is engaged in to the point where the ripple of the rings of consciousness wave has presumably originated. The conscious center at this point simultaneously shifts from someplace between the two in the flower shop (or it may be the uber-consciousness that hovers above or is identified with our heroine) to the source of the auditory explosion, which is someplace in the midst of the ring of (formerly) disparate crowd located scattered in the streets nearby. Conveniently enough, however, the source is located near where our two personae are situated, looking out the window. They are in an ideal locale where all that presumably takes place can be described and watched. But the consciousness that transmogrifies into a voice, which reports and portrays what is to transpire there in the external sphere, seems to take its own autonomous descriptive function and immediately plunges into an observational mode as the conscious force shifts and jostles between the people and the focal point right across the street, "precisely opposite Mulberry's shop window."⁴ The voice is invested

⁴ The interplay between the external occurrences and what transpires in the consciousness of the dominant cogitative mind may be translated into the landscape that is developing every minutest second before the perceptive consciousness in action. As Jose Luis Araujo Lima interprets in her "For there they were": *Mrs. Dalloway*, Clarissa and Mrs. Dalloway," there may a stream of life that is more than subtly affecting the conscious stream that is both unpredictable and yet can be correlated to the externality that is being perceived by the consciousness being engaged, albeit the degree of causality is always indeterminate. See the parallel interpretation practiced by Lima in the same essay, particularly on pp. 111-114, collected in *Virginia Woolf: Three*

with a special privilege to slither into the consciousnesses, or thought processes, of even the mere passers-by who happen to be near the presumed source of the noise. By the time the meta-voice reaches, or identifies itself, with the passers-by, it has completely melded with the consciousnesses of those who are conveniently observing the car from the best vantage point. Thus, the following investigative view into the inside of the car becomes all natural, albeit it is apparently done for the convenience of narrative construction, which from the authorial point of view merely enhances the mystery residing within the automobile at the center of the crowd's attention without making it too murky and distant from the conscious beings who initially located the loud bang on behalf of the readership. Without the liquid transition of the perspectival consciousness that takes shape at this juncture, the readerly consciousness might as well have been left behind in the narrative limbo as to what is really coalescing in the narrative horizon in the vague shape of the automobile. Instead, the central focus of the narrative consciousness is minutely defined (to a certain extent, needless to say) and the inner characteristic of the vehicle is allowed to leach through the detective consciousness that has conveniently managed to land safely and without any forced disjunction near where the "dove-grey upholstery" can be observed. However, that is just about the limit of what is detected even via the seamlessly and yet conveniently located consciousness, which presumably eavesdrops on the inquisitive searching of the passers-by. The mystery that resides in the automobile remains to be defined for that initially puzzled and distracted audience situated around it.⁵ In fact, the new discovery made through the inquisitive eyes merely enhances and corroborates the curiousness of the identify that lies hidden within the inner sanctum of the seemingly august vehicle. The wonder and more curiosity initiated by the first discovery is at this point similarly shared by all those who are putatively watching the development emanating from the source of the loud bang. The simple curiosity about the noise, which irresistibly disrupted the routine activity of the crowd, is incremented and intensified as the new discovery, which is presumably

Centenary Celebrations, edited by Luisa Flora and Maria Candida Zamith.

⁵ It may not be farfetched to insert the mysterious being, or the mystery being evoked at this juncture, into the symbolic context Keith Brown weaves out in his *Sightings: Selected Literary Essays* (pp. 215-219). According to him, the landscape of *Mr. Dalloway* is filled with cues and significances that are susceptible to mytholo-archetypal interpretations. The deeper one is willing to go into the indefinite symbolic significance of the mystery now being generated in the narrative context, the stronger encouragement one may feel to project the scenes being developed into the hidden, or rather the parallel world, that rises and falls below the liminal horizon, which can only be lucidly explicated by resorting to the mysterious unifying conscious current that perhaps underlies the surface manifestations that constitute the visible and textualized world of *Mrs. Dalloway*.

limited to the passers-by, who indeed actually recognized the design of the upholstery inside the car, flows over (like a wave once again) and awakens the consciousness of the randomly congregated crowd in the locale. The mysterious car and what it holds inside becomes the object of the inquiry and like magnet it draws the crowd together more strongly than ever, not only toward each other but to the center. Whatever can be surmised from the patch of dull “dove grey,” the mystery is enhanced, or rather a personage to which the mystery is attached is heightened in signficatory and social status, and the awe it inspires reverberates unconditionally among the crowd, which now both literally and figuratively circles round the vehicle. Simultaneously, “rumors” spread like a wild fire and the source of the fire, or rather the focal point of whatever is metaphorically taking shape, becomes the point where all the disparate and yet now concentric consciousnesses meet on the car, right in front of our heroine. The mysterious ripples, or rather the concentric circle of consciousnesses, are definitely in the air, as if they are tantalizingly tangible and as if “a feathery and invisible veil” had been spread over the crowd. Thereupon, without any reason or precondition, every single soul thereabouts reawakens to the possible reality that whatever resides inside the car is indeed none other than the majesty and august being fit to be compared to, or identified with, the highest being in the land of England.

With the brush of the wing of mystery everyone becomes convinced of the august being tucked inside the vehicle. Without any further confirmation, except that the voice of the majestic being rumored to have been heard and shared by all those who are around the automobile, they remain frozen, standing still, almost wishing to be and wishing to, salute the being in the vehicle. Some keep standing with their mouths wide agape, others remain staring at the center of their attention. There is nothing, absolutely nothing in the center except that the focal being, who is more than adequate for the attention everyone seems to be paying at this juncture. But, in fact, what is actually confirmed, according to some of the witnesses who happen to be near the vehicle, is the “dove grey” screen, which shuts the viewers from the mysterious central entity that is presumed to be inside the vehicle. Everything else is a mere speculation, perhaps, but there is cogency in the voiced being heard and uttered in the area, “Was it the Prince of Wales's, the Queen's, the Prime Minister's?” There is no room for doubt as to the status and attributes of the being shunned from the populace by a mere thin, and yet insurmountable shade. Yet all those who are convinced of the majesty and the profoundest mystery tucked inside the vehicle has to wonder, “Whose face was it?” In a sense, the mystery thus elicited from the unknown figure inside is augmented because it is and remains to be unfathomable and unconfirmed. The nameless and “faceless”

being is tantalizingly close to the populace, who are gazing at the focal point, but it will never be revealed and, in fact, ever remains to be constructed into a corporeal identifiable being. If they had to be forced to admit, they would have no choice but to confess that they do not know anything about the being in the car, whether in fact he, or it, is a personage worth speculating about, or it is even a person of noble origin, or even what gender it is. Everything that has preceded the resounding yes over the great being presented to the public turns out to be nothing more than that, mere imaginative coagulate made up of all sorts of wishful attributes mere passers-by hoped to be invested in the ethereal entity (which may be a paradox) that in fact, at least so far, possesses no tangible presentable evidence as to its corporeal existence. The possible turn-about that could entail from the speculative pouring out of awe over the premised being in the car is well aided by the humorous remark uttered by another passer-by, who might as well be the mere type of the people who have gathered around the car. The nonentity, identified as Edgar J. Watkiss—who might as well be a whimsical happenstance of the authorial imaginative mind, like those who appear and disappear randomly as if their significance depends on the fact that their existence is a mere contingency that might as well have not materialized—pronounces, “The Proime Minister's kyar,” which is indeed something completely expected of a being who holds his “lead piping” under his arm. The marked accent and mannerism, which is a clear cue for the reader to construct his background and status and origin in the manner amply hinted at, encyclopedically tells of his entire being in relevance to the situation that has unfolded. The introduction, as if uttered to usher in a being promised to be great still (and even greater) and yet ever kept inside the car, both becomes a transition and a node in the flowing conscious narrative in the process of constant making on multi-levels, perhaps even those which have explicitly materialized and those which are figurally and metaphorically evolving in the hermeneutic space between the narrative and the readerly consciousness. The humor implicit and explicit in the utterance by Edgar J. Watkiss simultaneously reflects the sentiment and the ambience exuded by the populace standing in awe of the mysterious being (and the disequilibriumed response it induces toward the sentiment) and the response another person exhibits vis-a-vis the loud bang and the concatenated conscious waves rippling in the locale. While the obtuse and intrusive humor Watkiss exhibits following the reverberative responses remains somehow both offbeat and apropos, the bizarre reflex shown by Septimus Warren Smith is both seamless and irreconcilably obtrusive. But the inordinate reflex introduced by the standard deitic line, which seems a little too pat in this unusually indirect narrative perhaps, renders the opening up of the uniquely twisted and idiosyncratic world of a

character somehow more than amenable to the reader. As if the line, “Septimus Warren Smith, who found himself unable to pass, heard him,” is not explanatory enough for the readerly consciousness to synchronize with the mind of the newly-emerged character, the reader is further treated to the most traditionally descriptive passage possible, “Septimus Warren Smith, aged about thirty, pale-faced, beak-nosed, wearing brown shoes and a shabby overcoat, with hazel eyes.”

But whatever takes place inside the mind of the newly introduced character is anything but ordinary. The mind of Septimus works busily and also ceaselessly works to fend off what is trying to intrude upon his being. But at the same time he cannot resist reacting to the impetus that is after all the result of the external hubbub that has been going on around him. The metaphysical coalescence that shapes up in him is nothing like anything one can expect to see happen inside the mind of the onlookers, but Septimus is no ordinary man, at least in the sense of his psychological makeup.⁶ He needs to react to the stimulus hypersensitively, first and foremost. Whatever surrounds him is one step closer to invading him and trying to overpower his entity with their intrusive inertia. The pattern that interaction and the mutual conflict (which, however, often arises as a unilateral movement, at least to Septimus) describes is perceived as all the more natural and menacing as Septimus sees the overhanging whip that is about to descend upon him. But the strangers, who are drawn on to the central focus and thus not strangers in a figural and figurative sense, recognize the fear that is outwardly exhibited on him as something extraordinary and alienating, albeit at that very moment Septimus himself is part of the expanding rings and ripples emanating from the center. He is both an aberration and the type that represents and participates in the rabble, who are fortuitously, and seemingly, harmonized. The moment, which results in the fearsome suspense, at least on the part of Septimus, comes to a standstill, because

⁶ It may perhaps be more appropriate to emphasize his psychiatric syndromes than psychological aspects. Apropos of Septimus, mere insertion of a type represented by Septimus, according to some critics, is a sign that Virginia Woolf’s seeming apolitical work, who putatively was merely concerned with the snob factors that are ingrained in a woman of her position, is in fact permeated with ideological commentary—an interpretation which tends to turn the symptomatic hero into someone who has been sacrificed and victimized for the sake of the nation, which is transmuted into the all engulfing and fervent emotionality the encounter with the mystery seemingly arouses and invokes in the spectators. Even more interestingly, Lisa Low goes one step further in her interpretation of the work and suggests that the work is in fact rife with signs and cues and hints that abundantly criticize a totalitarian ideology, which precipitated the brutal war in Europe, even among supposedly civilized nations, in the first place. See the anti-fascistic argument relevant to *Mrs. Dalloway* in Lisa Low’s “Thou Canst Not Touch the Freedom of My Mind,” collected in *Virginia Woolf and Fascism*, edited by Merry M. Pawlowski, pp. 92-104.

the ripples originated from the center have reached an equilibrium of a kind, allowing the rabble to calm down and steadfastly focus upon the center, both physically and metaphysically. The moment, which resulted in the frozen expectant perpetuity in the present, merely provides an opportunity for Septimus to experience the ever continuous and at the same time fluid continuum of the now more vividly and as if he had become part of it. Out of the frozen standstill, however, springs the throbbing and thrumming sensation, which Septimus identifies with that of the engine. He does not sever himself from the physical externality, as he sees whatever is developing outside is equivalent, or at least homogeneous, with what is taking place inside his conscious ken. The throb, thrumming comes to represent the pulsation of his being, which he can sense running through his being over to the engine tucked away inside the vehicle, or the energy and the sensation reversing its course emanating from the vehicle to his inner being. The intensity of the reaction and interaction becomes so much that the energy has to be diverted for the moment, as the sun, conveniently enough, “became extraordinarily hot because,” bathetically enough, “the motor car had stopped outside Mulberry's shop window.” Needless to say, the heat of the sun may as well reflect the overheated imaginative function of Septimus, which, on the other hand, can be similarly explained to conveniently deflect the overheated mind of Septimus from the tunnel-like solipsistic space he has wandered into. Either way, more deflective interlude, seemingly at least, is thrown in at this moment, as “old ladies on the tops of omnibuses spread their black parasols.” The introduction of the old women, it turns out, is a mere adjunct to the overabundance of colors they bring about, “here a green, here a red parasol opened with a little pop.” The variegated colors, however, make it possible to reprise the action Mrs. Dalloway took when the loud bang was initially registered by her as well as the florist accompanying her, as the two personages just represent another set of ripples the conscious rings describe, which are, needless to say, originally helped and initiated by the auditory bang of the motor vehicle. Only that this time, the ripples and the waves of expanding rings are chromatic. The multi-colored parasols engulf not only Mrs. Dalloway but every conceivable passers-by, including boys who spring off their bicycles to join the concentric circle. It is the accumulation of traffic the whole thing leads to, the condensation of colors, sound and people and people who gather together and become participants in the conscious circle and rings of energy that ultimately talks to Septimus, in an arcane and private manner.

The entire condensation of the invisible energy that coalesces as the crowd staring at the center and the variegated repercussions, both figural and physical, that result lead Septimus to see the pattern on the screen as something that divides him, or

so he thinks at least, from the rest on the streets. The sudden realization of the tree pattern, which directs him to action and simultaneously beckons him into a mental state that is as mysterious and inscrutable as the ensuing psychical bout demonstrates, sets for a stage in which Septimus completely dives into the solipsistic world that is beyond recall from the mundanest setup that seems to surround him. It is filled with the fear arisen from the fact that the energy that permeates the current setup is ultimately hostile for a soul like Septimus in spite of the fact that he shares the space partaken of by the hordes of people around him. Simultaneous participation in and rejection by the energy that surrounds him and the crowd that encircle him and gives rise to it leaves him all the more isolated amid the din of the crowd around him. He reaches out for the rescuing voice and hand and pattern that might be in the picture developing into a tree, perhaps a tree of life and hope for an escape from the psychological huis clos he is experiencing. But he cannot escape from the trap he sets up for himself, instead ever plunging deeper into the lonesome lugubrious realm from which he cries out for help, at least implicitly by giving rise to the transmogrifying sentiment, which ceaselessly counterbalances, or tries to, the dark energy pulsating through the crowd and the pattern on the shade. The mysterious sequence of conscious weaving Septimus experiences somehow moves toward the direction in which he becomes a willing participant in pulling everything together toward one center, which is so intense that it shimmers and wavers, both detracting him and concentrating him on the source of the energy which after all is the prime mover of all that twists and turns his contorted psychological ken. He understandably cringes and momentarily tries to avoid and flee from the oncoming juggernaut that is intent on crushing him and about to overwhelm him as he watches the variegated and discreet objects multiply and converge onto one center. He might as well shout for help, but the voiceless attempt to extricate himself is annihilated by the burning flames, which might be an outcome of the superheated energy that surrounds him, and obliterated of its sentient manifestation even before it was born while the emotional equilibrium Septimus would have obtained is gone and in its stead he is left with the shivering and wobbling edginess, which further drives him into psychotic overdrive and into hapless self-abnegation. He is terrified and almost loses his self-awareness together with his bearings as to how he stands vis-à-vis the physical surroundings and what transpires around him. The wavering and quavering motions, which Septimus perceives taking place around him, are also a sure sign that he is beaten back by whatever menaces him and terrifies him, as the world becomes incinerated and conflagrated, as he sees it. It is his defeat and it is he who has to retreat and make way for the great force that fills all

around him. Now he is in a withdrawal and resignatory mode, everything that is not him is upon him and assaulting him to take advantage of his psychological surrender. He needs to retreat, or else he will be crushed under the mighty weight and power of the energy that surrounds him. However, what is surprising and terrifying to Septimus is that he is unable to step back. The pent-up energy that redounds back to him and simultaneously becomes the force to crush and overwhelm him is strictly his own fault. He is the one damming up the force and energy and causing the self-destructive inertia to sweep him away from where he stands. Or rather, if he is willing to be swept up by it. The truth, as it turns out or as he sees it himself, is that he is guilty of standing on the way of the invincible energy. At this point, instead of terrified of the sure consequences, he is overburdened with self-consciousness, which begins to eat away at what is left of his miniscule self-integrity. Inappropriately enough, he cringes at the thought that everyone might be looking at him and pointing at him while he is pinned down to the pavement without being able to extricate himself from the web of invisible nets that bind him down to the ground.

The intolerable awkward tension he creates reflexively leads Lucrezia to urge him to rise back to the reality, which is where all the crowd is situated around the center of automobile. The center, which is supposed to lure Septimus away from his somnambulistic delusion, cannot help but direct his wife toward the focal point as well, as she sheepishly, and yet helplessly turns to it, as if she had to make sure it was something worth everyone was surrendering to. In a sense, it is pulling everything, literally all that which describes concentric circles around it, onto it and no force is immune to the irresistible magnetism, as it were, it exerts over the surroundings. What Lucrezia finds may be something that confirms her fear, or rather her curiosity, about the mysterious entity that lets the guard down of all the spectators around the object, if at all there are any members of the crowd who are putting up any resistance to the central entity—the ineluctable and ineffable august being that demands absolute attention without any precondition on the part of the viewers, regardless whether it is anything ascertainable or truly deserving of the awe it is inspiring all around the car. But the bathetic response Lucrezia makes at the sight of the mystery somehow tries to bring the awe-struck readerly consciousness back to the very objective reality, which is the external setup, constituted of the dumbfounded crowd, snarled motor vehicles and the crowd, that in toto elicits curious and expected reaction from Septimus. She simply asks herself, which by the way echoes what the majority of the crowd, perhaps all of them, are iterating in their minds, “Was it the Queen in there—the Queen going shopping?” The riposte, psychological one at least, she makes is both appropriate and

disappointingly mundane in that she at the very moment, chronologically hearkening back to the sentiments and expectations she held when she left her home land Italy, remunerates in her mind that she would pay anything to be as proper and refined as any well-educated female denizens of the marvelous and civilized country where she accompanied her husband (one of the means by which she could possibly attain that proper and noble status would be to go shopping to a reputable establishment such as Queen of England might not be averse to be associated with, albeit that may be just a wishful thinking for a lonely girl like Lucrezia); and another aspect of the impact the cogitational remark suggests to the readerly mind is that the overly twisted domain Septimus wades through in his dream-like moments tends to clash with the mundanest implications the remark gives rise to, to the extent that Septimus's thought world represents a spatial expansion that is least contaminated by the objective reality, which the surrounding objective world exudes and literally signifies.⁷ Whether the pure nebulous world of consciousness sustains its integrity or has to yield to the tangible reality, which Lucrezia's remark reflects and which is simultaneously figuratively developed in front of, and amid, the crowd with the mysterious and august focus on the motor car and the personages who are inevitably linked to a status deserving of such a vehicle, does not alter the sequence of mind process Lucrezia undergoes at the sight of the centripetal entity in the center. She merely follows the movement of the "opening of the box" and the accessory ritualistic acting out the chauffeur engages in right before the eyes of the crowd. Despite the fascinating sequence of the drama that develops before them, however, Lucrezia has to intrude upon the transmogrifying psychedelic world Septimus is giving rise to or partaking of at the moment. She, as if to encourage herself to sever her mind from the center, determinedly calls to her husband, "Come on"—a vocal cue to make a break with what is transpiring at the moment, a cue that functions on different levels, for Lucrezia to defy and self-abnegate the temptations the external development of the visible objects possibly convey to her and for Septimus to extricate himself from entanglement and absorption in the internal phantasmagoric nebulae, which constantly change their shape and content and nevertheless constantly hint at

⁷ Regardless of the least affected status Septimus is here described to enjoy, he cannot expect to escape the network of connections the wave of conscious influence that permeates the air gives rise to. As many critics, including Nataliya Gudz, note, it is the spiritual and nontangible relations that are more influential in the work of *Mrs. Dalloway* in establishing nodes and connections between individuals and physical and non-physical components, which dizzyingly rush through the conscious stream of the narrative. See instantiations of and argument on spiritual and conscious coagulation that happens in the novel in *Concepts of Time in Virginia Woolf*, pp. 4-8.

(at least for Septimus) the mysterious denouement that will never arrive.⁸ Surprisingly, however, Septimus reacts to the layer of the multi-nuanced call that is reality-impacted, the side that encourages him to rise from the nether world of never-ending fantasy, albeit with understandable irritation.

The anger of the man is reciprocated, as it were, by the overwhelming fear Lucrezia experiences at the thought of the menacing crowd. Although she has so much admiration for the people, who are well-educated and refined and blonde and aristocratic as she sees them, now that her husband has suddenly waken up from the idiosyncratic world of solipsistic overdrive, Lucrezia can do nothing but to think of escape, to flee from the eyes and people who are in fact strangers and markedly distant from her, as well as her husband. They are not only strangers but hostile and are about to throw their heavy belligerent weight on the dark force that fills the entire public space to expel Lucrezia and her husband from their exclusive harmonious corporeality on they share. While her husband has been all edgy and hypersensitive to the external objects, to the extent that he has transformed them into mental images that may have nothing to do with the actual external referents, Lucrezia starts acting as if she had been affected by the fever and uncertain idiosyncratic mood swings that drive her into an unreal hypersensitivity and imaginative overdrive, in which she dreams of only the exaggerated hostility that is directed against them from all those seem to have constituted the concentric circles around the motor vehicle. She is embroiled in the unsteady mental unwinding her husband undergoes in which he is recalled to have uttered, "I will kill myself," a threat that is simultaneously a challenge to her to dare stop him from his ultimate desperation. It is the judgment that is affected at this juncture, not only that of Septimus, who has been completely devoid of objective composure that is needed to fathom his own real relevance to the world, but also that of Lucrezia, who almost panics and is about to cry for help from the hopeless predicament.

⁸ It is not only the present externalities that change shape and significance to the characters experiencing them, but rather the whole gamut of events and memories that are associated with the past also shift and transmogrify themselves into something that are not necessarily fixed to those moments they are temporarily attributed to. Thus, in the words of John Batchelor, the flow of time as is developed in the narrative of *Mrs. Dalloway* contradicts the chronological extension governed and ruled by clock time and all the memories and events and incidents linked to the past permutate, according to the present frame of mind that perceives and imagines them evolving in the present. The defeat of clock time is in a way inevitable prerequisite in order for the consciousness to delve into another's consciousness to bring it to the textual surface and give it autonomous life of its own seemingly distinct and yet never severable existence from the other. See the argument pertaining to clock time and a transcendence thereof in John Batchelor's *Virginia Woolf: The Major Novels*, pp. 45-55.

The crowd, the English and the most civilized, as far as she is concerned as she harkens back to the highly expectant days while she was still in Italy, are suddenly not the resonant corpus that reflects the august and awe-inspiring entity in the center of the crowd, but menacing and fearsome “people,” who intentionally and determinedly place themselves disjunctively opposed against her. Interestingly, her mind recalls a relevant incident in which she was also exposed by an innocent-looking and yet who, to her, turned out to be quite a cunning and antagonistic old man, and who surreptitiously registered the unusual behavior exhibited by her husband while he stood “on the Embankment.” It was also an episode in which an innocent scene suddenly assumed ominous implications as the inner world of her husband and the external reality somewhat clashed in a wry manner and in which a mere on-looker who had nothing to do with her forced upon her a bizarre relationship, involving her, her husband, and the world beyond, which curiously and threateningly resulted in crushing consequences for Lucrezia.⁹ Perhaps nothing was intended by the intrusive man, who happened to be sitting next to her, but the eyes and the face that peeked over and through the paper were enough for Lucrezia to read the real intent of the man, who was obviously sneaking upon her and her husband with the sole purpose of alienating them from the harmonious and civilized society of England, simply because they do not belong, a sole couple who arrived and reside in England desperate and wishing to partake of the communal and sanctified status of being the subjects of the Queen, such as the central focal entity seems to be inspiring among the crowd of individuals all around them. The surreptitious old man, paradoxically, was also part of the crowd, with whom Lucrezia had thought already established a connection, however unfounded, which her mere presence and arrival in England, she had thought, entitled her to. But the cue her husband exhibited, which the old man obviously recognized as such, was enough to upend all the expectations and hopes Lucrezia had build upon her union with her

⁹ The “inner world,” which is an integral part of the narrative, is also a concept rife with multivalent significations, which, transfigurally or not, gives rise to idiosyncratic private realms of individuals and simultaneously allows them an opportunity to lay bare their private thoughts to the textual surface. The method Virginia Woolf adopts in *Mrs. Dalloway* is particularly adapted to render that inner realm to come out to the open and make it shareable by the readers who walk abreast, as it were, with the private minds being exposed in this uniquely rendered narrative. In that sense, the narrative is a gamut of trajectories which hint at the distinct and arcane sanctums that are ordinarily hidden deep within individual psyches but due to the fluid perspective Woolf employs in the story come to the fore and become visible to the hermeneutic minds, who may reside within or without the narrative horizon. See more on the way and the argument on how the inner secrets of personae are revealed through “a more sensitive, introspective rendering of experience” in Shirley Panken, *Virginia Woolf and the “Lust of Creation,”* pp. 115-140.

husband. The same sensation returns to her and the same reaction as she faces the formidable crowd gathered around the central focus. On the previous occasion, her response had been an awkward smile, for which she hated herself as it indicated the height of disingenuousness and betrayal of what her move to England stood for. She was angry and reached out to remove the wall that represented the cause of the aberration and oddity that separated them from the others. To which the old man reacted rather expectantly, meeting her and Septimus with the eyes that drove her into further reflexive action, into a defensive mode in which she was forced to recoil into herself and to make an excuse for being there and being in the way of the man and the crowd. She hated that she needed to pretend they were a normal couple. The best thing they could do was to go and leave the scene without causing any ripples of disturbance, without etching out a figurative and psychological gap that would be a telltale sign that they were after all different. The same reflex supersedes at the chronological present and they continue on their physical perambulation, "Now we will cross."

As soon as the words are out, she feels almost constricted with self-pity. The memories and the reasons why she had left her dear home country behind in order to search and look for a paradisiacal surrogate homeland with her newly married husband overwhelm her. Who would have thought he would turn out to be as aberrant as he must appear to others once he landed in the land of the queen and civilized, orderly aristocratic populace residing in the land off the European continent? She cannot help comparing what she appears both to herself as well as she must to others with what she used to and must have to others there in what seems like now to be an enchanted land in the south. What horrifies her now as she faces the hostile crowd is the emaciated bony hands and arms of her own that recounts the gamut of ordeals she has gone through, which not so coincidentally harken back to those of the titular namesake supposedly looking out the window at the central focus at this very moment. The emotional impact that derives from the discrepancies in self-worth between then and now redounds to the pitiable condition she recognizes in her as she all the more intensely feels the cold gazes cast at her and Septimus. After all, they have arrived in the land of the ladies and well-educated only to be ostracized and excluded from the rest. She regrets the day when she made the fateful decision and now in hindsight she blames the youthful reckless "impulse" for the anticlimactic outcome she is living at the very moment in the street of London. As if to exacerbate the sense of desolation, even the cynosure of everyone's attention, which has been the cause and reason for the nameless pride the crowd has been feeling and which most likely gave them psychological and mysterious justification to put so much distance, both metaphorical

and literal, between themselves and her, gradually recedes unnoticed and almost surreptitiously. However, not before the crowd once again register and invoke the mysterious entity in the center of the motor vehicle. Regardless whether it is indeed worth deserving their veneration and attention, it has by now acquired a mysterious prestige, which no one is willing to expunge, and which, paradoxically, causes to alienate the couple who have been marked to be heterogeneous and distinct from the corpus of English (which is made up perhaps of its history, culture, language and society, in other words everything wherein English people find their patriotic essence and gestaltic identity), which is also everything that which Lucrezia considered contributed to the greatness and hope she had invested in the youthful being who turned into her husband and a bizarre aberration ultimately. The shadow of the central being in the vehicle merely brushes them by and that is enough to remind her of the cue to retreat from the public scene where all the patriotic rituals have been enacted. What effect does the mere shadow of the focal entity have on the crowd and Lucrezia? Perhaps something that works diametrically opposed for each party: for the crowd it results in patriotic pride in what is to be English, both with the tendency to form some sort of esprit de corps and a concomitant exclusivity of what is regarded as not "us", and for the other it brings about insurmountable alienation, which drives them apart from the rest and pushes the couple to the brink of suicidal despair, particular as the transposed inner landscape within both Lucrezia and Septimus comes into play in a manner that is neither predictable nor timely called for, particularly in the mind of the latter. While the dark shadow in the vehicle causes so much distress and discrepancy at so many levels between the two parties, the enigmatic being in the motor vehicle is further elaborated as it proceeds to its final destination, as far as the crowd can follow it with their eyes. But on this occasion, the indefiniteness of the being inside the car is further mystified as the descriptive passage adds, rather definitely (which is paradoxical enough), that the personage inside the car, if at all there is such a being therein, could be either "Queen, Prince, or Prime Minister," as to whose identify in fact "nobody knew" for sure. The only thing that everyone seems to be in agreement, as far as the descriptive voice is concerned, is the "air of inscrutable reserve" with which the motor vehicle seems to be proceeding toward Piccadilly. (The face of the person inside the vehicle may or may not have been seen by the onlookers. If in fact it has been observed, the witnesses may number no more than three.) To confound the definitiveness of the person inside the vehicle (by now in fact there is uncertainty as to whether there is a personage inside the vehicle at all) the descriptive voice has to admit, in so many concrete terms, that even the person's "sex was now in dispute." In other words, there is more unknowns than

knowns about the central being that has been causing so much disturbance and the sense of veneration among the crowd, who gathered around the bang of the automobile as it, in their estimation, is ultimately attributable to no other than the august figure presumed to be tucked safely inside the car (by way of the vehicle therein he is reputed to reside). The only thing, therefore, that is relied upon by all those who encircle the vehicle, not only literally but figuratively, is that there must be some “greatness” seated inside the car, a belief that is not only not ascertainable but merely reflects their wish and hope for some such existence which satisfies their needs and yearning for such being worth their veneration, somebody who could stand as the symbol and epitome of what England should signify. The grandiose being who exists without being seen but felt and imagined by the crowd, however, ultimately eludes their grasp (which could be interpreted as a physical attempt to make contact with it, if at all such act were condoned and considered appropriate), as it slides out of their ken, just as the couple who is shunned by the crowd furtively slip away from what they consider is English corporeality, undetected and anonymous.

The identity of the person inside the car, admittedly, will never be known, at least as long as people’s memories survive the historical landmarks that exist in the great city of London and all those statues and architectural edifices stay standing and not even when they become weathered and crumble down to the ground. Suddenly, there is a sense of historical flow that transcends the countable measure of time but nevertheless that constitutes the perpetual sense of continuity that links the humans to the past and the everlasting future that inevitably lies at the end of the timescale beyond the historical horizon.¹⁰ Note the imagery the voice foregrounds among the mundanest observations it fills the fictive space with, “the enduring symbol of the state which will be known to curious antiquaries, sifting the ruins of time, when London is a grass-grown path and all those hurrying along the pavement this Wednesday morning are but bones with a few wedding rings mixed up in their dust and the gold stoppings of

¹⁰ A somehow paradoxical statement, but nonetheless that which seems to corroborate what Louise A. Poresky calls “ostensible illogic and incoherence” resolved within the narrative framework of *Mrs. Dalloway*. As Poresky points out, it may be partly the techniques employed in the narrative that allow the cacophonous elements to merge and transcend the ordinarily irreconcilable disjunctions and partly the manner whereby the narrative is evolved centered around the dominant consciousness that ties the disparate elements together almost seamlessly. But the truth lies more like between the two (or outside them, perhaps) where the technical elements underpin and allow seemingly incoherent and unrelated events and minds to connect and merge together as if they were the very things most people actually experience daily on a conscious level. See more on “the illogic and incoherence” being projected onto the textual surface and resolved and the argument thereon in *The Elusive Self*, pp. 98-101.

innumerable decayed teeth....” The bones stick out of the eternity of time that exceeds the limit of living human imagination and, most prominently, grasp. Only then, which means never for the contemporaries, the time span of which even extends over and beyond generations of their offspring, will the truth be known about the mysterious being tucked safely inside the car. The mystery persists and survives the curious onlookers and peering eyes of the crowd, who are desperate and yet are destined to fail in their quest for the trophy of their quest. The fact of the impossibility of the quest has to be admitted and someone needs to voice the sentiment of futility, or rather a gamut of emotionalities akin to veneration and patriotic awe that is incremented all the more because of the unreachability and indecipherability of the mystery that lies in the center of the crowd’s attention. The secret is admittedly shared by all the crowd and individuals who are putatively disparate and yet linked by the communal ties which the mysterious being provides for their imaginative convenience. One of them steps out of the English corporeality to represent and express the sentiment the being in the center evokes among all of them. The particularity that is subsumed by the crowd happens to coincide with the protagonist who had been minutely followed through until the appearance of the motor vehicle and the realization of the concomitant surrounding backdrops, including the crowd and the eerily transmogrifying psychotic stasis that is identified with the curious nomenclature referenced as Septimus Smith. Curious, needless to say, for the first half of the name, but to confound the readerly comprehension, or at least prevent short-circuited constitution of a fictive integer of a complex character, the name is supplied with a mundanest and most English-like surname, which adds a balance that is simultaneously off-putting and agreeable for the reader to create a persona that is neither simplistic nor too distant for readerly comprehension, and perhaps empathy. It is neither any of the crowd who surround the motor vehicle in the center of the readerly and spectators’ (it may be interesting to at least posit layers and rings of spectators standing around the motor vehicle) focus nor the mysteriously unpredictable psychotic being accompanied by a young Italian girl but the person that had been minutely delineated and who literally introduced the readerly mind into the mysterious sequence of events initiated by the motor vehicle, who supersedes the hubbub of the excited crowd and gives rise to the ineffable emotionality and the corpus (once again and yet with renewed vigor) of patriotic connections with the sublimest epitome of Englishness as she steps out of the flower shop in the middle of London. Mysteriously enough, which may or may not be inconsistent with what has immediately preceded, she assumes that the Queen may be on her way to “some hospital” or “some bazaar.” Needless to say her reasoning may not have to coincide with

the way the crowd had assumed about the mysterious personage's destination. What our heroine comes to conclusion merely links what she herself had been journeying through in her imaginative mind, or in the world created by dint thereof, with what she happens to be forced to presume about the procession surrounded by the magnetically drawn crowd. Not coincidentally, the connection between the state of her mind then and now describes a full circle and the figurality the whole incident helps the readerly mind to describe in the narrative space closely resembles what has been happening centered around the motor vehicle. Of course, strictly speaking, if the multiple of incidents were synchronically recorded on the fictive canvass, which in fact may not be possible as a narrative inevitably traces one strand at a time which is then followed by another, our heroine might not have experienced any break in her thought process as she recalled the hospital visit of her friend's and then noted a bazaar to be held in connection with the end of war by some notable ladies in London, who braved the sad tragic memories the war left in their own households—a series of imaginative bits of associative flow that ceaselessly pulsates through the mind of Clarissa Dalloway as she visits the flower shop, both preceding the event and during and proceeding from it, to be precise. The continuous thought process might merely encircle the contingencies that surround the narrative world our heroine inhabits, perhaps, and the incident that seems to have happened and drawn the whole crowd around it, may be merely a ripple that adds an inflection to the larger process she lives through at this very moment.

Perhaps the mere ripple may be enough to cause the whole spectators to tremble and share the ineffable emotions the mystery inside the vehicle evoke in their hearts and minds. Everyone follows the trajectory of the motor vehicle while they feel the unnamable swelling in their hearts, which mercilessly grips and overwhelms them, hinting and directing their minds and thoughts to one thing and one thing only, that of England and its history and patriotism it reflexively conjures up in their minds, which supersedes everything that might surround them in the immediate present. Their eyes tell them what their minds and hearts hint at. The mystery hidden in the car must needs be someone sufficient to evoke such grandiose emotionality that transcends time's restrictive and limiting conceptions that may necessarily be adulterated with mundanities which tend to bring the mere mortals like themselves down to earth. But the majesty and mystery and the august being tucked inside the vehicle exists beyond them and rather than compromising with the present impurities and complexities of time it uplifts everything that crosses its paths with the august being. But what is paradoxical is that in order to describe the transcendent beauty and majesty the voice needs to resort to a setup where daily activities must intersect with the awe and the

majesty, which the being in the center of people's attention definitely personifies, if it is at all a person it is purported to be. The beauty and the mystery then needs to be described euphemistically as an effect and cause of that which results in the visible mundanest scenery where everything that constitutes the present narrative finds their tangential and effectual presence in the real world as the people find and live it. What does the vehicle leave behind it is exactly that, an appreciable imprint that is left in the minds and in the street of London on that particular day and in the timeframe when all the consciousnesses that make up the narrative now, as it is, at this particular juncture, are subtly affected and beautifully aligned, "it had left a slight ripple which flowed through glove shops and hat shops and tailors' shops on both sides of Bond Street." How petty it almost sounds and how disappointingly unmajestic the whole description of the effect of the mysterious being almost sounds to the unwary reader, though. However, the truth underneath the easily recoverable layer tells a more holistic picture that may not be convincing enough for an unwary reader. It is the interstices and intersections between the invisible and the awe-inspiring emotionality and the mundanest occurrences and setup where the reality as the voice recognizes and conveys to the deepest consciousness of the readerly mind resides and lies hidden. It needs to be recovered and salvaged through careful reading of the narrative strands that may or may not lie entangled and spread out among heterogeneous particularities that inhabit the narrative space.¹¹ But the truth and the sentiment that represents it comes to the surface in the form of rituals and formalities that may be unfathomable at fist and yet on careful scrutiny, or even as an afterthought as the reader allows his mind to wander through the vast array of narrative landscapes, comes rushing through his mind as an enlightenment. It is instantiated in the back of the robust men, who reflexively bow down before an irresistible force which they instinctively sense passing before them—men who, in their patriotic exuberance, are ready to throw themselves down to save the queen and their all comprehensive and eternal country. The cannon's mouth

¹¹ The heterogeneous particularities may as well be described as the Jamesian manifestation of myriads of impressions and memories that may or may not reflect the external images impinging upon the minds of the perceivers. But there needs to be a central consciousness to put all of them together in a narrative form in order for a unified core of the story to emerge, even though the story we are dealing with can hardly be classified as a traditional novel, which usually aspires to be a linear coagulation of some centralized unidirectional episodes and incidents and is usually skillfully (cleverly may be a better term) strung together. In other words, it may not be so creatively interesting to categorize the present work merely as a derivative rendition of the then fascinating concept of stream of consciousness. See a reading centered around the very concept of William James in David Amigoni, *English Novel and Prose Narrative*, pp. 119-124.

and the pastoral England and their mother country are instantaneously evoked (or rather simultaneously) and the figure and symbolism that is tied to the Sovereign passing through are automatically laid out as something that is identical and metaphoric of what their hearts harbor at this very moment. The extreme self-love and altruistic patriotism are curiously juxtaposed, however, with the seemingly devotional patriotism of an Irish woman who happens to be nearby, but she is unexpectedly checked from putting on an exuberant display of her version of patriotism for fear that a constable nearby might interpret her act as something outside of what is due and what is expected of an Irish, who after all is one of those who are subdued and subjected by the mighty puissance of England and, perhaps in lieu thereof or vice versa, by the symbolic and representative figure who comprehends the might of mighty Britannica.

As the Irish woman is introduced and prevented from giving her due salute to whatever that be, the scene, that which is the cynosure of whatever consciousness is in command at this given moment, shifts to where the automobile has putatively gone. As a complete break, which as it turned out is its opposite actually, the scene gives rise to a sense of aristocracy and its enduring sense of dominance and historical ascendancy while the crowd who gathers around it continues the vein the poor Irish woman tried to convey to the very symbol and the figure that passed in front of her inside the automobile. It is the contrast that prevails between the establishment, the buildings and edifices and the crowd who gather before them that is so poignantly made to echo what the Irish woman tried and yet failed to express through her abortive and overexuberant display of patriotism. The crowd is markedly announced to be “poor,” in perhaps multifaceted senses as they devoutly and yet resignedly yearn for the presence which the magnificent location unreservedly evokes. Perhaps the mere desire for reaching for the center, the symbol of England and the great nation that which sent the recent crowd rushing toward the automobile in the street of London, automatically foregrounds the garishly abject condition they themselves are actually in vis-à-vis the majesty and the symbol of the authority and royal augustness that permeates the air they breathe. While they wait for the actual arrival of the motor vehicle at Buckingham Palace, all they can do is patiently, and “abjectly”, wait for the presence to pass in front of and through them. The act of watching the flag, which flies proudly over the Palace against the splendid background of the English sky cannot help but bring home the sense of difference and, perhaps derivatively and perversely even, pride in belonging to the nation that is all centered around the being they have been patiently awaiting for. The image of abject docility is exactly the thing that is being enjoyed by the figure that resides in the middle of the Palace. The transition in perspective as it shifts from the

crowd lying in wait in front of the palace and to the being inside the symbolic structure and edifice which British royalty stands for, is quite subtle and yet definite, a sense of which might come and arise retrospectively after a fraction of a second as the readerly mind skims over the narrative landscape that develops before his conscious view.¹² What is accomplished here, regardless, is that as the angle shifts from one to the other, the huge crevice between the plebeian crowd and the acme of British majesty is brought to the fore as it is somehow interfused in the transmogrifying narrative strategy that is employed and surreptitiously embedded therein. To be fair with the skilful development of the narrative strand, the royal figure and her narrative positionality is cleverly obfuscated to the degree that it may be forgiven if one fails to detect who the “billowing” figure is who abruptly intrudes into the plebeian landscape that has succeeded from the street incident involving the huge crowd as well as the Italian wife and her eccentric husband. But there she is, the queen and her voice and consciousness that obtrude from seemingly out of nowhere and materialize as an element which indicates and allows the actual person to congeal within the palace in front of the crowd, at least in their imagination. But the consciousness and the voice that are associated with the “billowing” figure are not entirely independent of the voice and the consciousness that have been observing the passing scene outside the edifice. There is a residue of the latter even when the perspective definitely shifts to the queen inside the palace, who is putatively thinking and observing what is transpiring around her. The residue, however, is irrefutably conditioned by the direction and the view the overall conscious narrative voice gives rise to. As the multi-conscious flows fuse and clash with each other, the readerly hermeneutic mind is momentarily set afloat and tempted to endow a gamut of significations that may or may not make consistent sense if put together but, nonetheless, which are emotionally convincing enough that the irrationality becomes ascendant over rationality, tempting one to try to put each narrative components

¹² The shifting perspective may be interpreted as one of the many interpretationally expandable features of the narrative of *Mrs. Dalloway* because of the unpinpointability of the thing that is associated with the current consciousness in play. Annamarie Jagose for one relates the indefiniteness of consciousness, or the fluidity of the consciousness manifested at any given point, to the dubiety of the nature of incidents and characters being depicted through the dominant voice in the narrative. She seems to suggest that there is no definite entity that can be related to an event or persona that can be confidently be said to stay constant, thus definable in the traditional sense as something or someone distinct from others; rather everything that appears in the novel intermingles and becomes interrelated to something else in the course of the fluid and transitional conscious move, which is the norm and integral feature of *Mrs. Dalloway*. See more on the function and consequences of fluid and transient consciousness in Jagose's *Inconsequence: Lesbian Representation and the Logic of Sexual Sequence*, pp. 77-95.

together, thanks to the involuntarily indirection of the all-pervasive narrative voice (if it is not too paradoxically deconstructive), into some meaningful whole, “poor people all of them, they waited; looked at the Palace itself with the flag flying; at Victoria, billowing on her mound, admired her shelves of running water, her geraniums; singled out from the motor cars in the Mall first this one, then that....” The obfuscated viewpoint, however, recurs and reattaches to that of the “poor” as they once again are recognized as filled with excitement and admiration and awe the expected presence and the whole setup ineluctably stirs up inside themselves. But the issue of perspective is relegated to the status of irrelevance as the presence and the being that is the center of their concern is both made distant from their own status and simultaneously internalized as part of themselves, which most likely makes it possible for them to share the transcendent ecstatic state that is roughly (and on a very irrational level) equal to patriotism, “recalled their tribute to keep it unspent while this car passed and that; and all the time let rumour accumulate in their veins and thrill the nerves in their thighs at the thought of Royalty looking at them; the Queen bowing; the Prince saluting....”

The obfuscated viewpoint may be just prolonged and in so doing justified by the shifting imaginary phases that ensue. The spectators, if one shifts to the point of view of the rabble gathered in front of the palace, continue admiring and imagining the fantastic lives being lived inside the walls of the edifice and simultaneously the perspective of the insiders encourage the readerly mind to spin out intimate cogitations those grandiose figures might entertain, or might be entertaining at this moment, in the comfort of the palace, while, as already noted above, they admire (from the perspective of the crowd) and gloat over (from the perspective of the royalty inside) the scene developing right in front of their home in the square, a scene, for instance, in which people merely wait for something to happen in a suspenseful hush and in expectations that are only intermingled with their curious voyeuristic desire for the lives of the other on the other side of the wall. In the meantime, however, the emotions run higher and higher on the part of the people outside, as they imagine the satisfied and grandest lifestyle obviously enjoyed by the other, which simultaneously is interjected with the sense of vicarious pleasure they themselves entertain while wishing them the best of luck, as if the lives lived therein are identical to those of theirs, not perhaps in reality but in essence, as seen perhaps from the perspective of the subjects of the eternal and greatest nation that has ever existed on the face of the earth. They imagine the faces of the offspring and successors to the current queen and king and see the very seamless transition as proof of and legitimacy of the rulers, after all only who have made their euphoria and superiority possible, even amid the abject mundanity they themselves

have to live in in reality. Note the contrast that arises from the mere differences between the exquisite lives that are vicariously imagined to be lived within the walls of the palace and the bathetic commonness that is exemplified by some of the people who gather outside the place. The sheer ecstatic euphoria they go through by dint of their imagination, “Princess Mary married to an Englishman, and the Prince — ah! the Prince! who took wonderfully, they said, after old King Edward, but was ever so much slimmer,” and the pure intimacy with which the sentiment is expressed make the ensuing mediocrity all the more piquant and outstanding because the yearnings and hopefulness the people express through their participation in patriotic fervor (which after all is evoked from the perceived presence of royalty among and in themselves) inevitably redound to reflect their sordid everyday lives, which they are forced to live, and recursively hint at the “sacrifice” they make in spite of themselves for the sake of the royalty and the symbolic edifice which stands for their eternal country and spirit, which perhaps their collectivity only makes possible—a self-abnegation and abjection rendered in a way that is transcendent of personal control, or more like in a manner consistent with what is embedded in their collective psyche—or so they are conditioned to believe, as they take pleasure, vicariously or not, in the mere idea of happy and wondrous lives lived beyond their grasp. Speaking strictly of the people typifying the rabble outside the center and the royal edifice, things become suddenly homely, for better or worse, as Sarah Bletchley expectantly observes the Mall while holding her baby in her arms, and Emily Coates “ranged over the Palace windows and thought of the housemaids, the innumerable housemaids, the bedrooms, the innumerable bedrooms.” They are mere spectators and yet they cannot hide their desire to partake of the grandiosity the symbolic figures, and those associated with them, can evoke in their minds. The desire is hopelessly and helplessly foregrounded at this moment, as the abject mundanity the rabble exemplifies cannot be left unmitigated without making their lives worth living for through some vicarious means and it needs to be somehow counterbalanced by the sanctifying presence and the significance which had first coalesced in their hearts and minds as they encountered the automobile in the street some time before and continuously takes shape as the newly formed crowd impatiently wait for the arrival of the mysterious being at the Palace. No wonder the influx of people gathers momentum even after so many people have already congregated in front of the palace. Some of them are in fact so desperate to be inspired and moved by the invisible and yet ubiquitously felt presence that is ever approaching and yet present amid their midst that tears flow from the eyes of Mr. Bowley, or for that matter from the eyes of poor women and orphans, or so the former assumes as the irresistible emotions

overwhelm him. The ripple is felt again—a sentiment which is contagious like the one experienced by the gathering encircling crowd is felt again at this juncture and engulfs the disparate elements and individuals as it spreads forward and outward. The breeze that is sensed to be sweeping over the scene becomes a metaphor or the vehicle which carries the cacophonous rabbles over and brings them together as one emotional force to meet and greet the royalty, which they have been convinced is the case by now. Just at this moment it is felt to be travelling over the “bronze heroes” and lifting up the flag and over the hearts and minds of the people, making them reflexively partake of the greatest patriotic emotions that can be experienced in the whole world, as some take off their hats and become one with the greatest essence exuded by the air and pervading the moment. It does not matter, or rather it is insignificant whom the voice is being attached to and where the narrative perspective lies, for what exists is the phase and stasis of exuberant emotionality that can only be felt but not described, something that is tantamount to unity brought about by synchronicity of consciousnesses laid out in a spatial expanse that is simultaneously and by its nature both temporal and atemporal. In the very fluid and denaturalized perspective setting the unity and totality of the emotions are laid bare and the people and the royalty, who are physically discrete and distant, are nevertheless fused and homogenized, at least in one sense that rises out of the narrative spatiality: they both live and feel what is to be part of the great nation that exists and imagined to be at this particular moment. The transfusing and liquid perspective is obfuscated and conflated to give rise to a unity which makes everyone within the conscious ring of the narrative a partaker of the central being, and essence, that is spread out throughout the topography, both physical and psychological, which is instanced by, and in a very metaphoric sense transfigured into, the streets of London, the Buckingham Palace, and its surroundings and the narrative personae who take part in the whole incident.

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Transfigural な視点とその創造的意義

Virginia Woolf の *Mrs. Dalloway* において絶えず拡散し続ける意識の流れは伝統的な一方向性を持った視点からは描写不可能なものである。それを読者に伝えるには自由奔放に変化し続ける流動的な視点が必要とされるが、その視点はただ単に意識の流れを追跡する機械的手段としての Tool の枠にはとどまらない。この論文ではそのような視点がいかにそれ自体の機能性により物語に更なる意味を付加するかそのプロセスを考究してみた。