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Mrs. Dalloway

における意識の流れと潜在的意味の表出

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Interactivational Significational Layers in *Mrs. Dalloway*

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Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* is filled with moments that are beyond easy rational comprehension of the logical mind and yet so true that the very instinctive part of us immediately seizes upon the significance of them and proceeds to magnify and expand on the hidden and derivative nuances they contain and exude. It is interesting to note that the story itself is made up of such inchoate and yet coherent bursts of subjective inspirations that one is tempted to put them together, rather than breaking apart the larger unit of the artistic whole, to come up with some sort of understanding, which may not be congruous with the logical part of us trying to make sense of the story as it conforms to the traditional genre of novel and development and thematic expansion as such, and follow each bursts of often incoherent bits of segments as they gather and reject each other in the process of forming as yet another pattern of significations that might dawn upon the readerly mind. Perhaps, the gist of the story lies in the patternless and expanding iconoclastic gushes of meanings that gather and jostle themselves apart as they impinge upon the mind of the reader, where they may not necessarily dwell for any prolonged time to align in any meaningful manner, that is to the rearderly self where they now momentarily reside, but make the new abode a catalyst to bring about meanings that are beyond and yet moored to each nodes they travel through as they incessantly jostle each other to form and attain new semes wherever they happen to be semio-semantically, and transfigurally, travelling through at any given moment. It may be appropriate, then, to explore the process, or rather the processes, in which they, the meanings so accumulated and catalyzed, coagulate and disintegrate through the myriad of interactions that occur as the reader interacts with the novel, multiplying and transmogrify the significations as they are implicated in the shifting landscape of consciousness and mind that is deployed in the story of *Mrs. Dalloway*. Indeed, the landscape so characterized is never in any dynamic cessation as it is continuously and always filled with numerous elements that are more often than not simultaneously external and internal to the minds that inhabit the world demarcated by the title of *Mrs. Dalloway*. As they impact numerous phases of the subjective mind and the external manifestations of the novel they subtly, and occasionally blatantly, display the way each character experiences all the parallel possibilities it produces, not

only in the mind of the reader but also in the minds of all that are randomly connected through the mystery each moment gives rise to. The scene we start with is especially rife with metaphorical and figurative possibilities, as each mind centered upon whatever draws them together manifests and helps realize intricate patterns of suggestivities that may or may not be interpreted in myriad ways. Perhaps the story is to be read as a metaphorical exercise piece as a whole, in which figurative and derivative interpretations are encouraged, perhaps tacitly by the author, to overwhelm straightforward and literal ones, which tend to arise almost automatically in traditional novels. To be fair, fluid interpretation must needs be accepted if the novel, even such subliminal ones as *Mrs. Dalloway*, is to make any sense to the average reader, albeit unchecked free for all phantasmagoric production of senses and meanings could totally destroy and burst the boundary of the novel and could as well lead to disintegration of the autonomous entity metonymized by the title *Mrs. Dalloway*. Without trying to be overly abstruse or overambitious, I will humbly, and yet occasionally daringly imaginatively, follow the way the narrative unravels to see if there are phases where I can extrapolate fresh significations out of the novel and at the same time infuse new life into it, albeit that for almost a century it has been subjected to rigorous research and scrutiny commensurate with the importance the novel holds in the history of English literature. I will then without further delay tackle with the scene where everyone, including Mr. Bowley, is stirred by an uncontrollable patriotic fervor, which is subdued and yet intense.

The fact that the crowd who gather around the Palace is a cacophonous and heterogeneous bunch remains the same as they wait for the inevitable to happen, which they many not recognize as such or are able to define in any concrete terms. As they wait, however, in that infinite and yet tantalizingly short duration of time, each one is engaged in an activity, both mental and external, that exhibits curious and yet somehow expected characteristic that is in full contrast with the trait of the being who is deemed to reside in the center of the sphere, the totality of which--unbeknownst to themselves perhaps-- all of them constitute.¹ In this particular case, Sarah Bletchley peeks into the

¹ The externality and internality, and individuation and totality—they all come together and each flows into the other continuously, creating an effect of gauzy transparency, through which the consciousness that is located and exists in one particular phase at a given moment seamlessly flows into another without causing any undue resistance on the part of the comprehending reader, who merely follows the directions set by the invisible meta-narrator, who, unseen and unsuspected by any except by a retroactive analytical mind of the skeptical third party observer, leads the former wherever he pleases. The result may be a jumble of disconnected conscious moments, but as a whole they form a totality that reflects a “realistically” convincing picture of how interconnected existence

inner sanctum of what she regards as the residence cum the center of the English universe. She is expectant of that beatific moment which may be shared by everyone in the place so much so that she would have been definitely disappointed if she were unable to find even the shadows of maids and menials who make the august life inside the palace worth its while and possible. She succeeds, or rather imagines, to create an ethereally enchanting epiphenomenon existing on the other side of the wall and beyond the windows that separate the ordinary people like herself from the august spirits inhilating inside. Or is it merely the shapes and shades of those who delineate the lives of the exclusive being living apart and away from the ordinary people like herself (who at this moment is merely prowling around and waiting restlessly to meet the central being), who somehow transmogrify into the cynosure of the crowd gathered in front of the palace and at the same time constitute a realistic link therewith? Regardless of the fluidity of the situation as it unfolds, the readerly consciousness grasps the gist of what is actually transpiring at this juncture. The woman assigned to the exterior of the palace and who looks into the inner sanctum desperate to find the signs of separate lives and class, perhaps, cannot help exhibiting the coarseness and indelicate behavior she is grown with because that is exactly the qualitative difference which separates a being like her from those august personages residing beyond the window she is prying into. It is a moment the difference, or whatever class behavioral signature it gives rise to and the innate potential attributes tend to contribute to, is overtly etched out before the readerly consciousness and the suspenseful moment, which resides between the revelation of the mysterious being and the chronological now where the true nature of the cacophonous heterogeneous crowd manifests itself in front of the palace, is magnified and is eminently foregrounded. They cannot help but be themselves at such a tense and expectant moment as they abide, for it is a moment when their true and naked desire comes to the fore as the overwhelming emotions let their guard down, which would be only maintained if they remained purely self-conscious and coolly self-observant. Appropriately enough, the loss of self-constraint and self-consciousness is preeminently exhibited by a man named Mr. Bowley. A respectable and self-respecting proud man, obviously, who had “rooms in the Albany and was sealed with wax over the deeper sources of life,” he cannot help but be moved by the sundry of people, many of them are poor and obviously live worlds apart from the kind of sphere the important personages who reside inside the place occupy. Or perhaps, the fact that

of minds daily eke out their communicative horizons. More on the continuous conscious flow that is structured in the narrative framework of *Mrs. Dalloway*, see Makiko Minow-Pinkney, *Virginia Woolf and the Problem of the Subject* (Brighton, England: The Harvester Press, 1987), pp. 54-58.

even such desperate people can be drawn to the mysterious central figure in the motorcade or, for that matter, in the evolving scene that is in focus unhinges the man momentarily, as he is “unsealed suddenly, inappropriately, sentimentally.” The total emotional resonance with the heterogeneous crowd, paradoxically enough, may make Mr. Bletchley reflective of the situation momentarily (a mere reflexive reaction, perhaps), but the tears on the face of the people and the enthusiasm that is in the air overwhelm him and cannot leave him cocooned in his self-conscious world any longer. He becomes part of the crowd himself, once again in spite of the fact that until a fraction of a second before he had been able to insulate himself from the nether contagious world of the crowd. The boundary, both social and cultural, that may have separated him from the rest is completely broken and he willingly surrenders to the sweetest epiphany a subject of his nation could savor. The center, the mysteriously enigmatic center, has drawn them all into the circle of psychical energy that is not only irresistible but unconditionally pervasive at this moment. Appropriately, a breeze of patriotic fervor sweeps through the city of London and Buckingham Palace and with it the symbolic and metaphoric flag waves in the minds of the crowd, at least certainly so in that of Mr. Bletchley. The moment of frisson has arrived that is magnified and synchronized with the ubiquitous energy that fills the square and the Mall. What can he do when that happens but to take off his hat and salute to the being which is the cause and symbol of all that is great and unites Great Britain? The dead soldiers, who are turned into heroic statues and that lie fortuitously in the path of the symbolic breeze, are now metaphorically commingled with the people who are livingly congratulating and extolling the spirit and the being who makes their entire existence possible in unity and by proxy. Everyone is self-obliviously ecstatic. At this stage Mr. Bletchley does not mind at all if “the poor mothers of Pimlico press close to him,” for they are after all one and all and, simultaneously, being lived vicariously by the august being in the midst of, and apart from, them.

How the seemingly inevitable and solid bond centered around the mysterious figure and the motorcade fades as soon as another element that draws everyone’s attention breaks into the scene unbidden! This time, as opposed to the ground where the motorcade had been crawling, the object in question appears from above the sky, or into a vertical horizon--if it does not sound too paradoxical--this time also unbidden and taking everyone by surprise. It swoops down and rises and engages in all kinds of acrobatic moves which are unthinkable on the ground but not so unusual if it is flying through the air. What happens as a consequence, regardless of the motion the object exhibits, is that everyone turns to the new object of interest, and as a result the haloed

being that had been the concentric origin and the mysterious center of everyone concerned in the novelistic field is forgotten even before the crowd, who had been absolutely hooked to it, are aware of it. The new one is almost symmetrically opposed to the motor vehicle that had been placed horizontally on the ground, as the aeroplane which breaks into people's consciousness occupies the upper realm of the geometrical quadrant, as it were, and shows such agility, which the motor vehicle definitely lacked, or refrained from exhibiting. The suddenness of both the appearance and the acrobatics the plane manifests is so complete that the crowd have a difficult time conceptually placing what the new element is or comprehending the purpose for which it broke into their liminal horizon. The initial moments, therefore, are spent both visually following the movement of the plane and deciphering the significance and identity of the new object. Everyone is on his or her own as they try to decrypt and define the purpose and the identity of the thing in the air, whispering one thing or another to no one in particular and yet vaguely, and perhaps unconsciously, hoping that somehow they can meanderingly arrive at the signification, and significance, of the whole development. In the midst of their disparate, and as well as desperate, attempt to decipher the meaning and signifiatory ramifications of the new element that appeared in their visual ken, they seem to drift apart from the well-centered unidirectional mass, which in fact they seemed to have formed when the motorcade drew their inescapable curiosity to the cynosure of their attention a moment earlier, into incoherent distinct individuals without any focalized purpose or directionality. However, as time lapses, in their monomaniacal and inchoate trial to place and define the new object in some meaningful manner, they once again come together as a mass of one psychical energy and before they are aware of it, their conscious topography dashed with the conscious directionality they delineate as they watch the new object above them forces them to transform themselves from a mere mass into a meaningful entity that is in some mysterious unison with the other. Just as they remained one and yet disparate beings in the previous scene involving the motor vehicle and yet preserving a harmonious entirety, once again they become a purposeful corporeality while remaining an aggregate of distinct and cacophonous individuals.² Gradually the object in the sky pulls them

² This aspect of disparate existences united by the common bond each holds with the other is repeatedly pointed out by many critics. What makes the story so interesting, as well as strangely unique, is that it incorporates multivalency where it seems only a single strand or individuality is being treated in the narrative, at least on the surface. The fluid in and out and simultaneous existence of variegated significations and existences in each manifestation of the narrative personae is the very thing that keeps attracting inquiring minds of the critics to the story written nearly a century ago. It is worth noting that the multivalent features in the narrative will never cease to give rise

together and as the orderly alignment of their consciousness become actionable, they come together and constitute a massive unity that attempts to solve the weighty problem of what the aeroplane seems to be describing in the air. As the mysterious, and enigmatic and ineffable, figure had enticed them to decipher its identity in the previous scene, the "life-altering" proposition presented by the aeroplane pulls the crowd together to a unified effort to solve the mystery unfolding above their head. The voices that come out of the crowd, as they read out the waited-for answer, are both synchronous and sequential, but the direction their consciousness is leaning toward is uniform and the consciousness so manifested is definitely intentionally homogeneous at this point. The consciousness in action, as it engages in the unraveling of the conundrum, needs to be manifested verbally, however, if it needs to leave a literary signpost and form some kind of a node, or a turning point in the novel. The spelling out of the conundrum in alphabetic letters is homologous to the consciousness attempting to align itself with the totality of the crowd who gathered in the place, as the people look up at the smoke billowing from the tail end of the plane, which thickens and thins, transmogrifying itself each moment, without any dynamic cessation, into something different from what they seemed a moment earlier, which is both fluid and definable, or, which is more accurately described as, tantalizingly and consciously malleable from the point of view of the crowd looking up from below. The moment of epiphany is there, and yet each materialization of the letter baffles the crowd, even though they are completely concentrated upon the fluid intangible coalescence of the alphabet, which, they hope, somehow reveals its decipherable and communicable whole. Then suddenly, out of nowhere, a voice arising from the heart of the crowd, a triumphant one, resonates throughout the fictive space, "Glaxco." Despite the bathetic possibility the word vaguely suggests to the mind attuned to what it really conveys (which it does at least to the utterer), at the comedic as well as mysterious intonation of the word, the one to whom the voice belongs is ineffably excited and awed, to such an extent that she is unable to control her physical reflex, which is transmuted to, in a way metonymized, to the stiff and constricted baby held in her arms, who was in fact given no choice but to look up to the aerial object.

There are always other perspectives, or interpretations in this case, on any visible or invisible phenomenon, however. As soon as the vague and yet determined voice intones Glaxco, another one offers an entirely different possibility, which though

to more meanings than they can be dealt with at any given moment, even in the future to come. See on the theme of disjunction and conjunction and the simultaneous existence, or confluence, thereof, developed by Nataliya Gudz in her *Concepts of Time in Virginia Woolf* (Munich, Germany: Grin Publishing, 2005), pp. 4-8.

may as well be just a different aspect of the enigma being displayed up in the air. The fateful word is once again as bathetic as the previous one announced short time before and the conveyer of the new message is no more as certain about the definitiveness of the word she utters as the previous one, who in fact in her uncertainty had to cling to something that was presumed to steady her composure. Now the audible sound that comes out of the person in question, Mrs. Bletchley, is "Kreemo." It sounds not only light-hearted but somehow, and the audience most certainly thinks, commercial. At this point a new possibility suggests to the mind of the reader and he is brought to the conscious realization, which the crowd gathered in the place may be enjoying at this very moment, that a new intentional unity is being formed in the fictive space, which all of the parties concerned in the narrative expansion, including the reader, occupy, albeit they may be blissfully unconscious of the epiphanic development they are experiencing. The unity in disparity coalesces, which is reminiscent of the concentric circle around the mysterious motor vehicle and the initial response and the ensuing search for the identity of the roaring object in the sky, the attempt to place the new element in their mind and put it in the context of the very moment where the strange and wonderful new realization has become a shibboleth among the crowd. Each suggestion as to the identity of the object is nothing more than a discrete voice trying to form a unified mass as they respond to the presence that is much bigger than themselves, perhaps not so literally but more figuratively as they face the new mystery that manifests itself in the form of the flying object in the air. The literality and figurality somehow collide with each other as the scene gradually shifts from one phase to another and the crowd searches for the answer for what has been gripping them for the preceding moments. Then appropriately enough, a flock of aerial creatures in the shape of gulls enter the scene and as deliberately and almost predeterminedly cross the horizontal space that is the center of the crowd's attention at this juncture. They cannot help but read into the significance of the timing and the act being displayed by the natural creatures. It may be a pure accident that the flock happens to fly across the skies over the crowd, but the sheer deliberateness and the sudden slow motion effect they bring to the narrative space cannot, or rather, almost force the readerly consciousness to build up some hidden meanings lying behind the composite enactment that constitutes the present scene involving the aeroplane up in the air and the crawling motorcade that had preceded the former. Indeed the birds do seem to suggest some figurality, a symbolic encryption, almost, that needs to be seized upon and analyzed and probed into. Beneath the surface matter-of-factness may lie, perhaps deep beneath the surface, something akin to what the mysterious figure and the center in the motorcade had been trying to convey to the

whole crowd. As the gulls sweep across the sky a supreme peace and serenity prevails over the entire scene and just when the hearts and minds of the crowd begin to appreciate some hinted signification, which obviously is left to each and every one of the crowd to interpret, and convinced of the special august moments they are enjoying when the sound of the bells reverberate and adds to the already almost perfect symbolic picture another figural signification, something more concrete and yet tantalizingly beyond definitive comprehension of the crowd. The overall effect of the two combined is that the ineffable depth and profundity that pervades the air circulates around the crowd and yet they are left with mere chance to absorb the mysterious essence or the energy that wraps them in without revealing its concrete significance. The euphoria, the feeling of unity amid separateness, needs to be merely felt and appreciated for it is given to them unilaterally from out there that is beyond their grasp. The momentary unity, rather paradoxically and bathetically, with and around the flying gulls and the resonant bells tolling eleven times fade into the entire rapturous scene when the reminder of their former unity and dissolution in a mystery returns and comes back to their conscious realm with a graceful swoops like a “skater.” The individual voices that arise from the crowd signify their attempt to identify the mystery written out in the sky and the process in which they stimulate each other to form a new phase of corporeality united by the conscious directionality that attempts to align itself with the concentric center of the mystery. While the new mystery is being played out in the sky, the previous object of people’s conscious investigation slides past them into oblivion, or rather away from the world inhabited by the crowd into a realm that is apart and insulated from the plebian world dominated by the crowd looking up at the sky.³ The disappearance of the motor vehicle with the mysterious personage in it is so thoroughly unnoticed and left out of the center of the crowd’s consciousness that the act of slippage out of the current realm is merely treated parenthetically. It is as if once the new concentric circles are formed the previous center is relegated to the backdrop, or even

³ Interweaving of spatial and temporal fulcrums is one of the defining characteristics of the novel, as Michael Rosenthal in his book entitled *Virginia Woolf* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1979) points out. The automobile and the aeroplane both act as crucial elements, one on the ground and the other in the air, which bring the conscious energies of the crowd together and direct them in a certain unified manner and render the crowd homogeneous in their interest and conscious of (subliminally, perhaps) cultural identity. The theme of the spatial and temporal intercalation indeed time again plays out in the story as the past constantly makes inroads into the present progress of the disparate minds, either combining them in some way or keeping them disparate and yet somewhat connected. More on the connective functions, or fulcrums, those temporal and spatial elements give rise to, see Rosenthal’s *Virginia Woolf*, pp. 88-89.

abnegated completely, assigned to fulfill a role of a vestigial addendum, if at all, to the larger picture that is being formed in the fictive space.

Coincidentally, for those who are intent on following the trajectory of the letters and the aeroplane, the plane itself, as soon as it seems to have emerged from behind the cloud, it disappears from their view while the motor vehicle in question secretively and unbeknownst to the crowd slips out of their realm into another. The crowd is left with the vestigial encryption written in the sky in the most tenuous form possible, which transforms itself into something slightly different from its present self while the crowd beneath desperately try to figure out the secret message that the totality of the letters signify. At this juncture what determines and most characterizes the letters, the leftover of the enacting object in the sky, is the freedom with which they float and move across the upper horizon above the audience's consciousness realm. It is as if the conscious movement, or what is transpiring in the minds of the crowd is reflected in the sky in the movement of the letters as they sway and move and change their shapes. Each moment brings on a new phase of conscious agreement, which may as well be paralleled by that which is occurring in the minds of the crowd and that which is reflected in the visual exteriority typified and manifested by the letters of smoke. Following the letters and trying to decipher their signification, thus, is tantamount to or may be homologous, to what the crowd are engaged in venturing out in their consciousness realm inside their minds. Indeed, they are on a "mission of the greatest importance" as they try to figure out the phase of their minds as they come to terms with what is evolving out in the physical universe, which is a synchronous reflection of the mystery that both resides within and without. The mystery itself will "never be revealed" on its own. It needs to be somehow grappled with and deciphered by the consciousness in play at this very moment where the constituents, or the composite elements that constitute the larger scene, involving the crowd, the aeroplane, the queen, babies and maids and all the others, come together and working synchronously and yet discretely enable the existential moment that is evolving in the hearts and minds of the crowd and that of the readerly consciousness overlooking and engaged in the story thus embroiled and evolving. The mystery thus suggested is not the final phase thereof, however, as further hints are supplied by the returning flying object, which, as if to encourage ramifications of decryption and encryption so far provided, continuously provides further cues to the way to the center of the mystery, tantalizingly and yet ever so elusively. Perhaps the very mystery thus conveyed to the crowd may be again the very process in which all the participants are getting embroiled in the act of deciphering the mystery, as the sound and the droning boom that is originated from above the crowd resonate throughout the

space where all the discrete population residing and existing in the zone of the mysterious energy are ubiquitously affected both irresistibly and without control. The mere visual concentric circles that affected the crowd in the immediate vicinity of the motorcade, in a relative term, are now supplanted by the resonant auditory circles that reverberate throughout the physical zone that covers the Mall, the Green Park and Piccadilly. The visual energy that invisibly pervaded the people affected by the mysterious figure is now overtaken by the auditory force that somehow physically and tremulously impacts the audience on the ground. In a way the unification and identification of the populace is more robust and complete as they, as one corporeality or rather in an attempt to attain that precious and rare state, renew their attempt to decipher the newly posited mystery above their heads. The mystery thus presented is received and proposed to each and every one of the crowd, to a degree that such an exceptional man as Septimus cannot help but be embroiled in and surrender himself to the flow of the energy and mystery, albeit accompanied and often interrupted by his somewhat worried young wife.⁴ The exceptionality of the newly introduced figure, paradoxically, foregrounds the ubiquity and irresistibility of the energy that surrounds all those who are fascinated by the mystery being developed in their midst and above their heads. As it turns out, the mystery and droning sound that arise from the object above their heads, is a fortuitous occasion for Lucrezia, who happens to recall their doctor's advice to distract Septimus from intense absorption with his idiosyncratic inner world, which, not strangely enough, also happens to be filled with inscrutable mysteries, at least as far as Septimus is concerned. The external physicality, in other words, suits her purpose to turn her husband's attention away from the inner world of phantasmagoric psychedelic labyrinth to the bright daylight of the salutary

⁴ The flow of the energy, or the confluence that sweeps over every consciousness involved at any given moment in the narrative space being developed, may be an appropriate description of how the disparate bits of narrative ingredients are placed along side with others, which may not seem directly related to each other and yet somehow come to share a certain characteristic that is ubiquitous in that horizon. Indeed, as Luis Araujo Lima mentions, the story of Mrs. Dalloway is constituted of such impressionistic non-linear ingredients that apparently do not easily fit with each other narrativistically and yet, at least according to the aesthetic theory developed or upheld by Virginia Woolf, must needs be conjoined to constitute the reality that really mirrors the one we actually live in. The bits that are easily amenable to easy parallelism and assimilation to each other and a harmonious whole are not the ones that really put into service to constitute the reality that is truly worth its name. See an argument on the aesthetic and narrative and technical principle Woolf adhered to in Jose Luis Araujo Lima's "For there they were": *Mrs. Dalloway*, Clarissa and Mrs. Dalloway," published in *Virginia Woolf: Three Centenary Celebrations* (Porto, Portugal: University of Porto, 2007), pp. 11-112.

communality with the world, a kind of diversion which herself needs at this moment and which she finds quite satisfactory as the curiosity the aeroplane aroused in her could not help but turn her mind away from the immediate concern of looking after her husband to something everyone else is engaged in at the moment, looking up in the sky and being absorbed by the mystery unfolding.

Instead of turning his attention to the external phenomenon of the aeroplane describing the inscrutable message in smoke over the sky, however, Septimus begins to decipher what is occurring in his own mind, which may after all be a reflection of external goings-on, of which his wife and everyone else is a constitutive and contributive factor at this very moment. In a sense, he is helped to go and delve even further into his own psyche and rather than looking out of his own into the physical world where he and others exists simultaneously, he sinks even deeper into the psycho-psychedelically twirled and twisted realm, where no objective communication is possible except that he, being left to his own resources, has to come up with the way to rise up and out of the self-imposed labyrinthine trap in which he wanders and tries to find universal significance reflective of the physical universe and its occurrences. Almost inevitably, the individual discrete manifestations therein warp and twirl and begin to behave in a manner which is parallelly corresponding to the state of mind Septimus goes through each moment. Despite the fact that he is not as yet granted the knowledge to properly decipher the message that floats around in the idiosyncratic world he wanders through, he intuitively feels the call of the mysterious being that fills up the world he at this moment resides. The call which arrives across from the essential center of mystery out there is echoed by each and distinct surrounding object that may or may not finds its existence in both the external and internal world that border and are conjoined to him, and it is transmogrified into the motions and inaudible voices and gesticulative language of the inanimate and animate objects around him. The sheer beauty of the synchrony, and symphony, of the objects brings tears in his eyes and despite the worried presence of his wife next to him, he undergoes an ecstatic euphoria. The center which happened to be identified with the mysterious motor vehicle and the figure therein and the aerial object describing the ineffable mystery in the sky are almost supplanted by the idiosyncratic joy Septimus experiences in the moment of diaphanous telepathy with the objects all around him. The experience is absolute and beyond reason. The trees beckon him and the smoke in the sky that is incorporated into the unique world of Septimus sympathizes with him in the tantalizingly meaningful shape of letters. The identification of the mystery with the beautiful objects seems complete when the external noise in the voice of Rezia, or rather that of a nursemaid next to her, intones

that they are merely “advertising toffee.” The banal announcement momentarily threatens the complacently autonomous and beautiful world Septimus inhabits. It is mere letters and the words constituted by them that either break or make the link between the physical world and the metaphysically tenuous realm our exceptional character gave rise to. Regardless whether the external or the internal landscape of the character in question is foregrounded at this juncture, the readerly attention is pulled away from the inner psyche of Septimus to the deciphering process of the mystery in progress, a shared experience that includes the whole disparate and distinctive individuals who may or may not be juxtaposed with our exceptional hero, albeit that the latter is definitely united with the primordial energy that rushes through all organic and metaphysical constructs.⁵ Just as soon as the disruptive voice of the nursemaid rings through the vacant air surrounding our hero and his young wife, the auditory magic works its way and combines the resonant waves to yield the most exquisite euphoria the concentric circles of mysterious force had produced and gives rise to an ecstasy, to which Septimus fully surrenders himself without any reservation. The jagged accent with its striding musicality calls forth a sensation that is analogous to the one Septimus felt as he watched the transmogrifying trees extend their limbs and roots toward him, engulfing and running through his body and making him one with the world around him. The ticklish and rasping sounds the nursemaid gives rise to through her vocalization are like a seductive contact with the innumerable tentacular fibulous roots that wrap him up and send him into a phase of psychical sensation that is completely self-absorbing and selfless, which is almost robbed of willful subjectivity. It is no wonder that Septimus, rather paradoxically perhaps, insists amid the tumbling self-ablation that “one must be scientific, above all scientific.”

The tumbling and rollicking and all-consuming motion Septimus embodies and represents all by himself is too much for Lucrezia, who almost helplessly watches him

⁵ The seeming disparate existence of the individuals concerned and the harmonious totality that comes into being in the fictional space at any given moment may be transposed onto a different plane, such as linguistic and narrative and technical, and can be interpreted as part of the thematic totality that is being constituted and was aimed to be constructed by an ambitious author at the beginning of the twentieth century. What some of the critics seizes on through the schematic interpretation of the novel, including Joan Douglas Peters, is a dialogic one where differing voices jostle together to represent differing ideological forces that try to imprint their thematic mark in the narrative horizon and assert their supremacy over others'. The very voices that are coexistent in the narrative space at any given moment is a sign that any abnormality the reader recognizes in the novel is the author's attempt to oppose the stability constructed upon the norms that have been supported by the univocal voice of the establishmentarian authority. See the Bakhtinian argument deployed by Peters in her *Feminist Metafiction and the Evolution of the British Novel*, pp. 128-130.

plunge deeper and deeper into his own idiosyncratic psycho-somatic heaven or hell, which might depend on whose perspective one takes. But she realizes that she must by all means wake him up and tether him to this tangible and physical world, which he seemed to acknowledge just moments before, a world where the crowd and Mrs. Dalloway and she, sharing it and loving it every single second of passing day (like Mrs. Dalloway), purportedly gesticulated, perhaps metaphorically and figuratively, with joy and enthusiasm at the ineffable mystery that unfolded in the sky and in their conscious horizon, a momentous event that might determine the life and death of all those who were involved in it or even those who might not have been directly impacted at that very juncture.⁶ But the strong desire to resist and the very symptoms Septimus manifests terrify her and force her to take some desperate measures. But what measure? She does not have the luxury to think, however, except that she reflexively resorts to physical force, albeit gentle, to weigh him down to the very ground he is standing and exists at this moment, regardless whether he is cognizant of it or not. Nevertheless, the inner world in which all kinds of unpredictable transmogrifying forces exert irresistible pressure on and thrust Septimus to part from the physical world of Lucrezia and others is so psychically centripetal as well as centrifugal and the perpetual motion that keeps Lucrezia's English husband falling and plunging deeper and deeper into his own idiosyncratic spiraling trap is so self-absorbing that it cannot let him rise above his liminal horizon, an inner idiosyncratic and exclusively his own world where everything is in fluidity and more significant in all senses than the mere physical indications of the external world as they valueate themselves in whatsoever way to others, that same inner world which fluctuates and continues to transmogrify itself from one thing to another, allowing Septimus to utter the unutterable in sheer ecstasy, perhaps, and immerse himself in the beautiful and exotically shimmering and psychedelically brilliant world of colors, and at the same time forcing him to declare, and once again confirm, that he is definitely not going to lose his senses despite and in defiance of the predictions of a doctor like the one his young Italian wife seems to venerate or at least take orders from unquestioningly and obey. Is it in mere defiance and in bold self-assertion that he

⁶ Tangible deictic physicality that exists around characters, even around meditatively-inclined Septimus Smith, both functions as a recursive indicator to reference the condition each character in focus is in at any given moment and a corrective influence to bring them back to the communicable and experientially sharable level where they can somehow be realigned with the surrounding milieu that is antidotal to hopelessly solipsistic reveries some of them tend to fall into. On the interactive role objective markers and tangible reality, such as the streets each character perambulates, play, see some insightful observations made by Merrill Susan Squier in her *Virginia Woolf and London*, pp. 94-96.

throws himself into the totally inchoate and fluid inner world, appreciating the changing minutes of inorganic and organic evolution and convolution taking place every single lapsing second he plunges ever deeper into his idiosyncratic world, which is both separate from and contiguous with that of the physical and objective one, as they call it, such as where the crowd and Rezia and the dignitaries reside and which each one of them call their own. Perhaps there comes a point in time where he does not care whether he is completely bereft of such a physical and objective world as long as he can indulge himself in the uniquely his own psychological insularity where he can consciously reside and immerse himself in. But the heavy weight of the hand nevertheless weighs down on his knee. How does he go about resisting the forces of the "objective world," which obviously Dr. Holmes and others of his ilk represent and, which he is absolutely sure of at this moment, oppress him and keep him from achieving his personal bliss, from residing in his own free world where he could let go of all the impulses and become one with the pulsating trees and roots and fluttering and inviting leaves, which beckon and signal him to take the necessary leap to sever the link with the tangible "real" world. The only thing that separates him from his goal is nothing more than that, the hand and the tether and that which represents or causes loss of freedom, an agency thereof, the person and whatever the name of that person evokes, which, notwithstanding his reflective impulse to shun, even the thought thereof, sends fears through his sensitive and emotionally-psychically highly charged self. The movement and the tremulous pulsation of the organic and inorganic matters all around him both hopelessly and spontaneously trigger fearful and joyful shivers, over which he suddenly realizes he has no control. That is why he asks if he is going mad, to which, as if to self-reassure, he emphatically replies, "he would not go mad." The strong will that is momentarily manifested in his words translates into a rather curious move he adopts at this moment. He closes his eyes, perhaps to shun the perpetual movement and pulsating lives of the organic and inorganic matters encircling him, or to determinedly sever himself from the physical world that is contaminated by the likes of the doctor and others. But is the heavy hand that pushes him down to his place, to the ground where he stands, is it also included in the category of the nefarious, undesirable agent that tries to oppress him and keep him from achieving his full autonomy and arriving at his ultimate goal, to be free and swim through the pulsating heaven of the organic and inorganic, woven with the tentacular roots of the trees and rustling and pleasantly whispering tree leaves, which constitute perhaps his heavenly inner world? He cannot decide, but one thing is clear as he adamantly tries to be moored to his own psychologically fluid idiosyncratic inner world, which keeps moving and pullulating with all kinds of phantasmagoric intangibles. He is set to pursue his own goal

and fathom the world that keeps beckoning him to be conjoined with the movement that pervades it, as long as the venture sets him free and pulls him away from the forces that try to bring him back to the reign of normalcy.

As he psychotically plunges into his own inner world, Septimus has no choice but go deeper and deeper, engulfing and absorbing everything that all the objects and intangibles suggest to his mind along the way. In the meantime, the external objects also weave out their own harmony, as the birds and the voices and people and movement they create become fused in his mind and impact him in a manner that is beyond words and yet inextricably bound up with his inner world and all those constitute it. All the psychological and psychedelic process leads to one thing for Septimus at this point, which is kind of an ecstasy and at the same time sublimated into something that is indescribably delightful and qualitatively resembling and ever so approximating what he terms religion. He is and resides in the center of the grandiose process where something revolutionary is taking place, which he suddenly realizes is the birth of a new religion. At this point he is obviously beside himself, as the heavy hand of the other, this time the source of that heavy autocratic agency, intervenes and tries to check him from going any further into his own exitless labyrinthine world. The voice she utters resounds rather more pronouncedly and loudly than she anticipated, as she immediately checks herself and becomes self-conscious with the intonation of her husband's name. Unknowingly, she too has become part of Septimus's inner realm by splicing herself with the nebulous intangible network of emotionality, which is a concomitant part of her intervention. But the self-consciousness about herself (perhaps she may be still too young to be completely drowned in the world of self-absorption like her husband) forces her to face the external reality and objectify herself as one of the many who constitute the sphere she inhabits at this moment. Thus the exhibited sentiment, "people must notice," and the ensuing excuse to taste the tangible reality her surrounding elements offer, "I am going to walk to the fountain and back." But instead of letting her escape the intangible manacles each one of the images of Septimus's inner world offers and projected onto in the young wife's mind, she renders herself susceptible to the very height of the evil force, which Septimus defines as the veritable source of his torment.⁷ The sad truth is that she cannot help but allow the voice and image of Dr.

⁷ The idiosyncratic inner world of Septimus that is developed in the narrative may as well be made susceptible to an interpretation that is dashed with mystical and ancient arcana, such as the Celtic myths might supply and give rise to. Keith Brown reads the story of Septimus and others in *Mrs. Dalloway* along the lines that are implicated in the complex interweaving of mysticism and legends the old myths readily provide. The confluence, or impacting the one on the other, seems to yield a plethora of

Homes intervene between herself and Septimus, or themselves and the external world, to give some significance to the actions and choices she makes in regard to her husband, especially when he acts idiosyncratically and to the exclusion of the external elements. Curiously, the image of Dr. Homes is that which evokes his advice, which is to urge her husband to the externality of things instead of letting him sink deeper into his transmogrifyingly indefinite inner world. An outcome of the auditory advice she hears, be it imaginary or not, is the redoubled oddness with which her husband's self-absorption manifests itself to her. The more she concentrates on the curious iteration of his odd behavior, the more menacing it becomes to her rational self, a symptom which Dr. Homes presumably predicted as he doled out what he considered useful advice. An interesting aspect of the enumerated symptomatic manifestations Rezia identifies with her husband's odd behavior, or those which arise from it, or perhaps those which become embroiled with it, is that which, at least in her mind, recurs to the external reality, which Rezia needs to interact with and become part of, while simultaneously those which she should shun as they are the sources that cause alienation of the couple from the tangible reality. They act ambivalently, which draws Rezia deeper and deeper into self-reflection, rather inevitably and paradoxically. At the bottom of her psyche, or memory, however, lie more details of her husband's symptoms, which as obverse reflexive manifestations pull her into the world where she was presumably happier and innocently oblivious of the cold-nefarious reality of the external objective world. The first recollection, after a series of interactive reactive items strung together both on a conscious and subliminal levels, which Rezia brings forth concerning her husband's idiosyncratic manifestation is that which is related to the excuse she had to make to her own mother. An excuse that is intended to make her mother less concerned about her husband's suicidal tendencies, perhaps. But the excuse she makes leads way to her further isolation from the others, including those who are linked to the then and there and to the present timeframe and immediate surroundings, which she is living at the moment. The recollected images, which were supposed to have been invoked to succor her from the devastating sense of solitude, merely foreground the present condition she is in, a lonely foreigner left helpless except for the unreliable support of her solipsistically inclined husband, who at this moment conjoins the past

interpretations that may not be obvious otherwise. Whether or not the oftentimes excessively intricate and clever injection of mythical contexts into the story of conscious narrative is justified, Brown at least adds interesting strands to the already intricate and subtle development of conscious journey that takes place in the city of London on one summer day. See a pertinent argument made by Brown in his *Sightings: Selected Literary Essays* (Bern, Switzerland: Peter Lan AG, 2008), pp. 216-218.

with the present in a manner whereby he further drives her into the huis clos of psychological bondage, out of which she has absolutely no hope of extricating herself.⁸The present where she resides and accompanies her husband in the public space affects the past, where she existed as an individual effective agent in her own land, in a manner that the latter treacherously comes back to define and pin her down even further as a marooned existence, who has lost touch with her true self which she presumably thought could rightfully claim her own. The confidence and legitimacy she might have felt she possessed before, that is before she realized there was an idiosyncratic incomprehensible realm beyond her reach and within the psychological being of her husband, are turned into negative elements to increase her solitary status even in the middle of the public sphere and immediate propinquity to her own husband.

Even hemmed in her own mind there is no other sentiment but the feeling of solitude. As she wanders around, at least in her own mind, and away from Septimus, just to breathe the air as freely as possible, the only thoughts that coagulate and impart themselves intelligently to Rezia as concrete causative ideas are those which are related to her alienation from others, not only in the way she is distanced herself from the immediate beings round her but also from those who she thought had played such an integrative part in her life, those friends and those close to her and lived together in her mother land, before she landed in the cold frigid sphere of northern Europe. Just momentarily she yearns for the freedom which she used to know and taste through her body before she, possibly, knew the young “civilized” person hailing from the distant land of Britain, rather oddly named Septimus. As a psychological whiplash, she immediately seizes upon an opportunity to defend him, reemphasizing the inevitability to be married to him and the irrefutable destiny by which the two were thrown together. But, nonetheless, she simultaneously recognizes a man who is his former shell and wrapped up in a raggy tattered coat, meditating and talking to himself, and intensely communicating with his inner self, which to Rezia and all those immediately surrounding him seems rather extraordinary, and which caused Rezia to take an

⁸ The interplay between the past and the present here manifested through the quirky imaginative mind of Septimus is, at least from one perspective, an instantiation of the famous tunneling process Woolf claimed she discovered in a moment of inspirational jubilation, where the events and incidents that are occurring in the physical present, or even those occurring in the mind of the character, are constantly refracted and inflected by those ideas and associations derived from the past. The two moments, in a sense, are parallel and yet inextricably intertwined and proceed conjointly as long as the mind in focus allows free rein to its full functional potential. See an argument on the tunneling process made by Lucio Ruotolo in his “*Mrs. Dalloway: The Unguarded Moment*,” collected in *Virginia Woolf: Revaluation and Continuity* (edited by Ralph Freedman), pp. 143-144.

emergency measure to take him apart from the rest of the population, no matter what the harmonious circles might literally and metaphorically describe. The ambivalent phases of her husband that simultaneously flicker through the physical appearance of his miserable hull must necessarily bring a defensive reflex in Rezia but she cannot help, at the same time, but defend her own ego by juxtaposing the happier days in Italy, which are inevitably linked to her own wholesome innocent pleasures that are devoid of adulteration, free of injured self that needs to be embroiled with the complexities Septimus brought into her life. Thus her rather unconvincing defense of her husband, "he was brave." Nothing is more effectively to the point and pat for Rezia than to view her husband from his aberrancy, his dithering from what is nomenclatured as normalcy, which obviously a doctor like Holms personifies, and judge him as being not quite himself (or from a psycho-somatic perspective) in her words to conclude that he is not the person she used to know, "he was not Septimus now." By putting aside the issue of identity, which she thinks has subtly, or rather blatantly, shifted in the case of Septimus, she is trying to succor the true remaining part of Septimus and prevent it from completely being drowned in the destructive maelstrom of the objectifying process of the "real" world. However, the attempt to place him in the right delicate evaluative position proves too energy consuming for already frazzled Rezia, as she gives vent to her personal emotions and view him as ineluctably selfish and ego-centric. To make her own position all the more vulnerable, tragically enough, she finds even such an unreliable man completely superior to her in terms of self-reliance. She admits that she needs him, a man who is completely unpredictable and psychologically unstable to look after her, to preserve her self-integrity. She does not exist without the support of Septimus, as she is bereft of any friends and psychologically and physically cut off from her origin and those which are presumably to be derived from there. Without the presence of her husband, in other words, she is even lonelier than her husband, who has enough companions to keep him busy even at the loneliest moments as at this very juncture where he is presumably placed, relativistically speaking, in the most precarious situation, for he is both part of the crowd and yet he in fact merely recognizes its parallel sphere and only wherein he finds his own significance and *raison d'être*. If he holds such a status in the middle of the public sphere, she, who is deemed as a person holding a secondary position, might as well be relegated to a being who lies on the periphery of Septimus' psychological incognita. She is indeed a consciousness that is many degrees removed from the center of consciousness identified with Septimu's being, which at its best lies outside the center of the public consciousness that putatively energizes the entire narrative horizon. Then with the recognition of such a horrible loneliness comes Rezia's hopelessness, which is perhaps translated into her psycho-somatic

emaciation, a metonymized ring that slips from her finger, visually and dynamically symbolizing her precarious position in her husband's psyche. Her physical being at this moment, figuratively speaking, is reduced to a nonentity, as, she herself admits, she does not exist without her husband's moral cognitive support, only which could promote her to a being worth holding her place next to her husband, which in its turn could only take the form of objective sanctioning amid the physical crowd in the objective tangible surrounding where they are located at this very moment, whereas her husband putatively rejects the existence of the physicality and validity thereof, or at least the legitimacy of its control over his more valid inner psychological realm. However, in such a world how can she sustain the pretense of living her life worth its while, worth the sacrifice she made by leaving behind all those which she cherished as purely as a young maiden before initiation into the objective universe a-la-Holmes was capable of? No wonder she subjects herself to the inner world of her own, constituted of memories and tender love her friends and dear mother country offer, which she unconsciously posits as a neat and potent counterbalance to the poisonous psychological miasma which keeps engulfing her husband. The tone and the mood such a world exudes is too paradisiacal and idealized to tempt resistance even from sane objective Rezia, perhaps, but in an emergency like this she needs to paint the rosier picture she could to refer back to her home, which after all completely and utterly contrasts with a place like England, where people are at best only half alive, no matter how hard they try to enliven their lives, even with the aid of "a few ugly flowers stuck in pots."

In the midst of the darkest and loneliest hours of her life, she nostalgically intones, perhaps only to herself and to enliven her spirit, "you should see the Milan gardens." However, the next moment she realizes words are in vain and there is actually no one around her who is to lend a willing ear to what she says. Distant are the villages and friends and kind people whom she considered the buttress of her psychological being, and with the empty words that leave her lips, comes the lugubrious sentiment that she is ultimately and in reality completely bereft of those who could have been of real support to her. The sudden realization, which may have occurred before but this time with emphatic sense of closeness and yet distant indifference that surrounds and isolates her, brings the ineffable sense of desolation, to which she could only respond, in her inner loneliness, "but to whom?" But to whom, indeed, is she directing the words of help to rescue her from the bleak landscape of alien world? To her husband? Who is utterly in his own idiosyncratic realm, which absorbs him and wraps him up in the reality that is transcendent of the physical one made up of the crowd and the words and the visual cues that initiated the concentric circles of anonymous brotherhood of humanity, patriotic and all-embracing reflexive passions which swept through the landscape and even affected him and Rezia, at least seemed to momentarily.

With the hollow words descends the scene of darkness, almost Conradian one, which once engulfed the land of England and all the barbaric northern climes and lands that lie far north of her dear home country. The contrast thus evoked brings out the sharpest pathos and sense of piqued isolation, which cannot be resolved except by resorting to further elaboration of her status, which the rest of the population that surround her both define and modulate. Even her husband under the present circumstances could hardly be of any help, and the idea and conviction thereof redounds to her even more leadenly than ever before and which makes the contrast all the more unbearable and recursively forces her mind to dwell upon the images and memories of the past from the land of the sun and passion and friendliness. The more she dwells on the contrast and differences between the two conditions, which are not necessarily those that arise from physical objective discrepancies between the two but more perhaps those which arise from her idea of the home and the land that is associated with the close and intimate sentiments she had been inured to since her childhood and those that are shockingly distant and indifferent and cold, which she feels she is discovering through her husband and her encounter with actual scenes and crowd that envelop her. The blurry images around her begin to assume overwhelmingly ominous images and implications, which almost try to threaten her being, her essential psychological identity, as the ancient invading Roman soldiers must have experienced, or so she presumes, as they advanced further and further north and inland through the bogs and marshes and inhospitable desolation of the British Isles. The encounter with the unknown and the unknowable assumes the images of phantasmagoric unreality that becomes all the more horrifying as the mind of Rezia wanders over all the negative sentiments that are both associated with her husband's odd behavior and the unfriendly anonymity of the crowd, to which she suddenly realizes she has been thrown into. In other words, the immediate surroundings that are within the ken of the concentric harmonious circles become identical, to her mind, with the nefarious influences that are always at the ready to invade her psyche and engulf her with irresistible powers that are nothing but evil. The darkness and unshaped transmogrifying essences that represent England and its people are just about ready to pounce upon her innocent and vulnerable self, for which the only bulwark should have been her husband's all-embracing love and selfless dedication to her; however, to such overwhelmingly menacing and unnamable powers, she is convinced, he is in no position to respond in the manner she expected and wished he would, being in the strangest (at least to her and to him despite the fact that he derives his ancestry therefrom) of the countries in the northern climes. She has, naively enough, dreamed of an idealized outcome which, she has to admit, she has seen turned into a wishful dreamy para-reality, and which perhaps transmogrified into so many expectations

that necessarily attached themselves to a country, which is most courteous and certainly distinct from her native country in the most aristocratic manner imaginable. Those were the innocent days of Rezia, she regrets too late, as she views and not actually see the surrounding scenes that constantly evolve within her psyche. The idealized pictures of England and its people merely become further excuses for her busy mind to recreate the darkest landscape to reentrench the diametrically opposed adversarial relationships between her and the people and her husband. Now the particular houses seem to pose something ominous and the hills that form the backdrop to the present landscape threaten to unleash the deadliest poisonous thoughts in her mind, which cannot be denied except for the help of someone, who should be a succor to her being but who cannot at this moment, obviously. The night and the landscape collude to destroy her mind and psyche and they are about to rob her of the senses and memories, only which kept her buoyed and sane all through her tribulations, which perhaps she is more ready to admit than ever have mainly been brought about by none other than her young adorable husband. She is in a huis clos, out of which she cannot escape and in which she is trapped to see herself self-annihilated. The uneasiness and despair she feels and at the same time self-creates constantly invade her being and she has this sense of constant attack, or an imminent one thereof, and all those unnamable indefinable agencies that tighten their nooses--all those elements, anthropomorphically transfigured, are on the steady march to encircle and invade her self-integrative being, "the trouble and suspense of things conglomerated there in the darkness; huddled together in the darkness; reft of the relief which dawn brings." She is about to cry in despair and madness, perhaps, but the recognition, self-cognition, that comes in the most desperate moments of her life, and which perhaps arises from the darkest and furthest crannies of her being, is simply, and rather hollowly, that she is alone and no one is there who is willing to lend a helping hand to her.

With such words of lugubriousness all the recognizable landmarks that are around her, which she perhaps a second ago was able to pinpoint and delineate and make them tangible through her groping and searching intellectual and conscious prowess, all of them merge into a dark murky nothingness, which the ancient Roman invaders tried desperately to elucidate and make their own through an attempt that is uniquely their own, that is to set them and embroil them in a process of acclimatization and assimilation but in which they perhaps also failed miserably in the darkness and marshy desolation of the northern clime. To such a desperate state Rezia is once again pushed back in and she is all the more determined to hang on to the straw which would support her and keep her from falling completely into the abyss of un- and non-intelligibility. Appropriately enough, what she recognizes in the mist of all the

goings on at the moment is the darkness and what she feels at the bottom and under her feet is a metaphoric-metonymic shelf, a precarious divider between her barely survivable condition and that which is akin to the bottomless nadir that invites her to come tumbling down infinitely toward the center of gravity, as it were. Momentarily she seems to regain her composure, and with which the danger to fall down through the precarious plank that supports her weight and the self-correcting psychological motion that arises from her being seem to simultaneously dissolve and the plank falls under and with it her self. Nothing remains the same thereafter and with the fall all that which she has cherished is destined to crumble and head for complete perdition. Or so she thought the present scene would turn out when she once more recognizes her husband and finds that he remains in calm contemplation as ever. He is not to be self-annihilated, as she thought would be commensurate with the removal of the plank under her body. The tumbling and the dark annihilating motion she thought she had experienced are mere premonitions that do not materialize, as her husband reconnects the ever peaceful and yet precarious contemplative present with the ever-changing and yet persisting inner energy that pulls Septimus perpetually downward and into his own inner idiosyncratic realm. The unpredictable sudden precipitation to self-demolition, throwing himself in front of an automobile for instance, which had happened and yet not actually materialized brings Rezia back to the objective reality that prevails in the public space filled with the crowd, who as ever are involved in the concentric circles of the mysterious energy that permeates the space inhabited by the organic and inorganic beings residing therein. But the world thus presaged has to wait for it to be completely manifested in the narrative world that is at the moment dominated by the consciousnesses of both Rezia and Septimus. As soon as the topsy-turvy and tumbling world of Rezia, which is both reality-impacted and phantasmagoric to the core, reaches its climax with the faux death of her husband, crushed under the wheels of a car, another liquid transmogrifying fantastic realm of Septimus takes over and that is where the readerly consciousness is embroiled as the manifested consciousness announces with a rather enigmatic line, "Men must not cut down trees." The abrupt and completely disjunctive line plunges the readerly consciousness into the unfathomable world of Septimus, who as ever tries to delve into the phantasmagoric world of intangibles that transform themselves each passing second.⁹ In fact nothing seems to have changed in the

⁹ The cacophonous aggregate of ideas that constitute Septimus's inner world might mirror the "reality" the early twentieth century writers, like Woolf, strived to transcribe. The prominent voice, which introduces the story at the inception, to the dismay of the uninitiated to the avant-garde style represented by this novel or that of *Ulysses*, may be a reminder that the so-called reality is continuous and disjunctive, almost to the

way Septimus copes with the ineffable mysteries the world around him contains except that the intensity with which he addresses the stimuli that inundate his mind from all around him has tangibly increased. The communication he conducts, as it were, with the external reality and agents contained therein, has increased its urgency as the emotions and reactions it elicits from Septimus are almost dangerously impacting and immediately menacing, as each utterance he gives rise to increasingly lets his mind entangle with the idea of death and allows it to jump through the veil of liminal reality to the objective one. However, in such an emotionally charged state what arises out of the blue, rather fortuitously, is a reprieve in the form of an invisible or visible voice of the bird, which allows Septimus a moment to ponder its recondite message, distracting him from the immediate need to decide whether to steer his fate one way or another based on the previous and preceding musings on mortality. For the infinitesimal and yet reliving duration of time his mind is on the heavenly voice and message of the mysterious bird, which he is desperate to interpret as presageful and momentous. If the voice of the avian creature is mysterious, or so our protagonist surmises in fact, Septimus is ready to jump to the conclusion that the message is in fact no less than in Greek, allowing his mind to expand to the classical world of European civilization and even the grandiose merger between Hebrew and Greek essences that gave rise to the foundation of what has culminated in Europe and what is best thereof. The past and the present intertwine with each other and that which results in the mind of Septimus is the realm of the dead once again.¹⁰ Something white and all those which represent the ghostly dead mingle with each other and therefrom ensues a reality

exclusion of the ordering principle, which a meta-narrator usually supplies in traditional work. It is interesting to posit a possibility that the world evolved around the disorienting consciousness of Septimus is more in alignment than others' with the so-called reality that is supposed lie all around us in daily lives. See on the argument of continuous conscious flow developed in *English Novel and Prose Narrative* by David Amigoni, published by Edinburgh University Press (2000), pp. 119-122.

¹⁰ In the word of Louise A. Poresky, Septimus, and others indeed, and particularly in the current context Septimus, roams the consciousness of his own and others, which is actually shared by others who are directly or indirectly concerned with his inner and outer worlds that constitute the narrative horizon that is developing in the story. In light of the tunneling process, a concept Virginia Woolf serendipitously discovered to dig behind each one of her characters, thus connecting them and uniting them with others in the process, the world thus constituted is never isolated. It is no surprise, therefore, that the dead from the past and the living soul that is being minutely played out by the consciousness in focus at this particular moment meet, as if each one of the respective planes are justifiably merged and collapsed in the name of constituting a reality, which Woolf envisioned as better suited to a complex and psychologically better understood world we are living in. See more on the topic of tunneling and the conscious world approached through the method Woolf boasted of having innovatively employed in her work in Louise A. Poresky, *The Elusive Self: Psyche and Spirit in Virginia Woolf's Novels* (Lincoln, NE: iUniverse, 2005), pp.99-100.

where he resides in place and time, which is strangely fluid at best, and out of which the memories and person of his friend Evans arises to accost Septimus, or rather the other way round, Septimus attempting to accost Evans, perhaps. Thereupon reality and unreality that have existed exclusively in his mind coalesce and is about to give rise to a concrete setup where he can actually act out all that which have been enacted in his mind only. Faced with such a dangerously hectic eventuality where the two parallel realms threaten to come together and merge into one, Rezia intervenes vocally and forcibly tries to prevent the somatic destruction, or rather union, of her husband with the ghostly morbid presence of his former friend Evans.

The heavy weight of Rezia's hand triggers a reflexive resistance from her deeply contemplative husband, who is busy at this moment to fathom the depth of his own psychological scenery developing right in his consciousness. However, he has no choice but to escape the moment by finding an alternative sight to merely exist in peace, far from the maddening crowd and the officious hand of Rezia that constantly interrupts his musings. As he looks over the surroundings what he recognizes is the greenery and the continuous colorations, which turn out to be the very images that entrance the public who threaten to engulf both his soul and his companion. The continuity that is the common aspects of the two realms, both inner and outer and private and public, that prevails at the moment grips his soul and reminds him of the evolving events that manifest through the smoke and smell and shapes that reify as the vapor entailing from the acrobatic plane up in the sky. The blueness of the sky and the mirroring and responsive landscape below is about to bring our protagonist back to his senses that are impacted by the reality, which prevails there in the public space, when his mind is further absorbed by the abstract nature of the landscape that appeals to his psyche. The continuation of the colors and sound are succeeded by the mysteriously murky scene that is registered as contiguous with the immediate location where both Rezia and Septimus reside and the spatial extension through which the diluted and accentuated coloration of images gives rise to a zoological garden inhabited by non-descript animals, which are noteworthy epitomized by the barking, sounds and cries they produce. At this moment the visual inundation Septimus' inner realm has been filled with is suddenly jolted by auditory chaos that is all subsumed by the color, which is attached to the animals in the zoo in a manner that is dismissive of the proper and distinct presence of the animals, as that which is congruous with the workings of Septimus' psyche, which is busy as it is to delve into his own conscious world in synch with the transmogrifying indecipherable signs oozing out from the bottom of that mysterious realm. However, what is also noteworthy at this juncture is that the chronologically stamped action that takes place in the physical realm occurs regardless of whatever transpires in the

psychological and psychical realm--which completely disregards the laws that dominate the commonsensical goings-on, which the crowd, for instance, let themselves remain abreast of as they are conscious of existing in the physical objective realm where no idiosyncratic ones that prevail in the inner realm of Septimus do apply. The bare minimum action that is manifested within the narrative horizon at the moment is, "There they sat down under a tree." It, needless to say, both functions as a physical deictic indicator as to where and what the characters engaged in the narrative moment exist, but more than that it is a sign that the conscious world that develops and underpins the unique, transfigurative world of Septimus is a simultaneous and parallel occurrence that might as well insist on its hyper-authenticity which could supersede the objective rules that prevail in the public domain of the crowd. Or, for that matter, the matter-of-fact indicator here thrown in may be a narrative cue which implicitly encourages the reader to decipher a bigger conflict and configurative dichotomous picture that is being evolved underneath and above the mere surface narrative movement that occasionally reifies as a deictic mode of the physical world. The fluid reality that provides food for Septimus' fertile imagination gives rise to the outcropping of the tangible, physical indicator, coinciding with the physical movement of the two characters, which, even for a flicker of a moment, develops into an objective overbearing 'reality' the likes of Dr. Homs might feel congenial, or so Septimus might conjecture. With the deictic cue, appropriately enough, another bout of intervention starts, at least from the perspective of Septimus. The interjection Rezia makes, "look," is none other than a gratuitous intrusion into his realm, which tries to force him to choose something he would rather not be involved with. The intonement Rezia makes may as well be interpreted as an inception of a psychological battle over the right to preserve self-integrity for Septimus. The voice that has reached from afar, from the direction of the zoo, is now taken over by a voice that symbolizes that of authority and domination, which Septimus feels it is his obligation to resist by all means. Rezia, nevertheless, resists that countereffort by Septimus to recoil into his own ontological shell, as the failure to lure her husband from the shell of self-imposed solipsistic exile is the very thing a respectable representative of the physical objective world like Dr. Holms specifically prohibits and discourages most of all. The convenience of the sound/voice that for her signifies the call of the reality that exists all around her coincides with what is actually taking place within her reach. Timelily enough, the auditory and visual conflict and signficatory dichotomization that parallely and simultaneously happens between the two again gives rise to a deictic moment when Rezia registers "a little troop of boys carrying cricket stumps." The beautiful tangibly recognizable images that develop before her eyes are insuperably effective, to Rezia's mind, as an antidote to the psychologically warped images of the ineffable

nonentities that perpetually well out in the inner world of her husband.

The call to the external world by Rezia triggers a battle of a kind, in which she forcefully tries to bring him out of the nadir of his psychological sanity and Septimus, entrenched as he is in his idiosyncratic inner world, defies her order to “look” at whatever he is directed at.¹¹ The defiance in fact forces him to delve into his inner world with redoubled transfiguration of the ineffable nonentities and he throws himself completely in the world of the others and the dead, or at least not of the crowd and the respectable doctor. In the inner world woven out of the fantastic elements that well out of the depth of his psyche, Septimus feels safe to indulge in the objects and scenes that are completely alien from his objective self and yet, paradoxically enough, completely his own and, perhaps deceptively, under his control. However, what actually coalesces in there is not a peace that is satisfactory to himself but another confrontation between the autocratic entity, who is presumed to be all-powerful and embodies all traditions and mores of the external world (which the crowd out there might as well espouse) and a freedom-insisting psyche (which can be completely identified with himself), who defiantly overturns the order that is structured, and constituted, by the powerful entity like the former, forcing the tyrant to engage with an eternally recalcitrant being, who actually turns out to be interchangeably either the one or the other. The strange and fluid scenes that develop in the inner world to which Septimus flees is so embroiled with the experiences he personally underwent and yet which are pertinent to Rezia’s as well that his young wife becomes almost despaired of the complete escape from the psychological huis clos not only Septimus is in at the moment but also which is rapidly becoming a self-imposed condition, or a deadly trap, for herself as well. As she calls him to “look” outside, anywhere any place for that matter as long as Septimus turns his eyes out of the inner idiosyncrasies of his own to the objective world shared by the

¹¹ The intensely private world where Septimus lingers and gives rise to imaginative and idiosyncratic figments may as well be an indication of the alternate reality Woolf was intent on building in her novel. As Lucio P. Ruotolo notes in his *The Interrupted Moment: A View of Virginia Woolf’s Novels*, great authors tend to rupture the envelopes of accepted normalcy by invoking, either directly or indirectly, what is socially and culturally considered strange and aberrant, and incorporating them to upturn the status of normalcy in the narrative world that evolves. Subjugation of the normal by what is considered abnormal and aberrant might as well have been one of the themes Woolf was tempted to develop in *Mrs. Dalloway*, where a character like Septimus Smith and metaphysically linked personae, who may not be physically connected and yet figurally and emotionally (and pathologically) inter-linked, all dominate and establish a “normalcy” that is, at least from a certain meta-perspective, diametrically opposed to whatever the crowd gathered in the narrative sphere at that particular moment epitomize. On the theme of challenge to “the reifying intentions of a society bent on possession,” see an interesting argument developed by Lucio P. Ruotolo in his *The Interrupted Moment: A View of Virginia Woolf’s Novels* (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1986), pp. 101-102.

crowd, she loses confidence in her voice, in its sincerity and authenticity until she begins to be racked with doubt, the same kind of doubt which has been troubling Septimus for years. She merely voices, albeit liminally, that there is nothing in fact to look at except for “a few sheep.” At this stage, the private world that is being developed through the catalysts of the crowd and Rezia and all the physical elements that surround Septimus might as well have come to a dead end, or perhaps to a certain extremity, beyond which the bottomless arcane world of Septimus becomes all the more darker and murkier *ad infinitum*, allowing not much opportunities for the readerly mind to pursue and comprehend it without the help of artificial enlightening, which has been prominently lacking so far in this unconventionally “realistic” work. In that context it makes sense to fortuitously introduce a stranger, a new comer to the narrative as a matter of fact, and let her abruptly intrude into the private world of Septimus and Rezia with the addition of deictic and objective fragment of reality that is translated into an inquiry, “could they tell her the way to Regent’s Park Tube station?” The bathetic interruption both functions as a healthy antidote to the sickly claustrophobic idiosyncrasies that have been developing in the mind of Septimus and as a continuation of the reality-impacted vocative pronounced by Rezia. The inner world of Septimus comes to an end, that is, the current episode of the private inner world of Septimus does, and the readerly mind is led away from thence to another one, promisingly an objective open-minded public sphere like the environment that engulfs and impinges upon the crowd gathered in the narrative space at this juncture. But the bathetic inquiry made by Maisie Johnson is a cue for the reader to follow her through the subjective realm that is to be developed as she ponders the significance and the circumstance where she assesses the strangers thrust upon her in the middle of London. That is not to say that the juxtaposition of the new character and the two preceding ones is completely disjunctive, but rather as the readerly mind easily deciphers, there is an obvious commonality between the two, as they are both somewhat strangers to the environment they stepped into and they are both feeling somewhat insecure about their positions *vis-a-vis* the people who happen to be gathered in the public sphere at that moment. They may as well be within the concentric circles that were initiated by the aeroplane that is presumably still flying over the crowd and the aftereffects of the automobile which preceded the flying object in the sky. Nevertheless, despite the similarities, which function both as a sequitur and a connective link between the preceding and the current episode, they are, at least sequentially speaking, more contrasted than differentiated to produce an augmentative effect, as Maisie Johnson is a figure who is expectant of what awaits her in the future rather than someone who is already resigned to a bleak prospect, which is exactly the situation in the case of Rezia unless she somewhat miraculously manages to alter her fate, a development that is not likely to take place, given

the despondent behavior and remarks she has so far manifested in the narrative. Maisie Johnson is, in a sense, an observer, a representative who typifies the crowd gathered in the narrative space, looking up into the sky and trying to decipher the life-or-death message putatively inscribed in the air. She is an objective consciousness no different than the others except that she lacks one crucial element others possibly possess in the narrative theater that has evolved: she is still too young to have seen enough of the world to know what is normal and what is not. Thus her first conscious response in the face of Rezia and Septimus, “[B]oth seemed queer” curiously, and pointedly, rings unsettling and uncertain.

After the idiosyncratic inner world of Septimus, nothing seems “queer” anymore, perhaps, as Maisie Johnson delves into her inner psychological world where she tries to pinpoint the identities of the two strange people, who happen to be standing in her path. The encounter, which might have been rather unfortunate for a girl just arrived from the north, nonetheless gives her an opportunity to mentally scour her environment, both inner and outer, or rather the one impinged upon and refracted by the other, trying to find a ground on which she can ascertain the ineffable oddities that come flowing in her way and hopefully come up with measures, psychological and objective, to give her strength to cope with the perpetually transmogrifying reality she happens to have entered when she set her foot in the city of London. The numerous images and warnings, and wise sayings, which were imparted and delineated to her when she left her dear home (another resonance with the young wife of the strange couple she refers to) but which she blithely ignored or which she turned into an impetus to further explore the new world that she thought had awaited her in the capital of England, come crisscrossing in her mind without coalescing one way or another, which might have given her some suggestions to act upon and determine her course from then on. The quandary that may give her a cause for irritation perhaps gives rise to uncertainties, which she, as if obsessed by some phobia, incessantly attempts to turn into something manageable. Instead of allowing her to find a safe haven, however, the strange sentiments and indescribable fears that assault her, transmogrify into images and persisting obsessions, which are recursively tied to the causal agent, which spawned the fearful and irksome images and ideas in the first place. She is destined to address the two strangers from inexhaustibly variegated angles, putatively to obliterate the deadly obsessive images and ideas, but nevertheless she is unable to manage and contain the spilling over of the tangible residues of the uncontrollable force, which incessantly assaults her with its ineffable and inescapable enigma that may be the ramifications of the strangeness of the strange reality evolving all around her. Her struggle to come to an understanding, in her inner psychological and psychical world at

least (which is the only haven for her at this juncture, or so she rationally dares to presume) leads her further into the recess of her private world that is deemed to be exclusively hers, both in time and space. But as the internal thought battle continues in the mind of Maisie, something interesting happens, the kind that took place in the mind of Rezia when she recurred and receded to the past and the place that occupies one of the most precious places in her inner psyche, which is tantamount to the temporal past that is associated with the happiest days of her familial life when she spent with her kins and friends and with whom she truly shared her essential and happiest part of her being in the southern paradisiacal locale in Italy. Continuing the same strain, Maisie Johnson also reaches far back, at least geographically not to say temporally, to the locale where she spent a happy protected childhood surrounded with friends and family, images of and metaphoric bulwark that functions in a similar manner as in the inner world of Rezia's, both a protection and a consolation (at least presumed to be if the readerly mind is perfectly synchronized at this point with the thought flow of the young novice almost lost in the large metropolis) as they are inseverably tied to the shared peaceful memories both women readily invoke at a time of psychological crisis. In the face of the very odd couple, Maisie Johnson perhaps seeks a way out of her psychological huis clos, as she looks around to confirm what she believes is the country united with the language and historical and cultural cumulative layers, which, she hopes and self-assuringly tries to convince herself, constitute the land everyone, including a girl from the north, calls Great Britain. But, sadly for her, what she encounters is a gamut of odd images ("all these people ... the stone basins, the prim flowers, the old men and women, invalids most of them in Bath chairs"), which is presented as eerily unsettling through the jaundiced and biased eyes of a country girl just arrived in London. The juxtaposition of oddities, the cumulative ones that almost overwhelm Maisie Johnson, push and pull her back in temporal extension and allow her a glimpse into the future, with much confidence perhaps, and foist on her the soupçon of psychological jolts, which, she thinks perhaps, will continually reverberate through her life, even fifty years later where she will reminisce back to the moments in her life that most profoundly impacted her psyche in the strangest way possible, one summer day in London, recursively this very moment she lives through, as she encountered the odd and strange people one after another right in front of her eyes. In the progressive and regressive whirlpool of temporal flow, she nevertheless manages to look over the scenes that surround her, scenes that might have been comforting and refreshing as they reflect the reality, which should have been the epitome of what she had expected of the metropolis, and yet which is strangely resonant of the oddities that irresistibly well out from all around her, a

tendency that is especially keenly felt by a novice like her, who is “new from Edinburgh.” In the midst of the overabundance of cacophonous and irrational images, she is momentarily seized with an uncontrollable fear, a fear that is inductive to the same kind of response as Rezia exhibited, or at least had to tackle with, when faced with the strange and eerily aberrant behavior of her husband. This time it is Maisie Johnson, a new arrival who was deemed optimistic and expectant of the bright future, which she thought was her due once she arrived in the capital, who plays an identical role as her predecessor and cries, as Rezia did, or cannot refrain from crying—or she merely imagines to enter into such action, but at least in her inner self she screams, “horror!” The ceaseless unconscious energy that surrounds the whole crowd, who are watching the evolving acrobatics of the aeroplane in the sky and the strange couple, who ineffably mill around at the periphery of the objective reality that is the narrative space where all the goings on actually take place, all the scenes, both diachronic and synchronic ramifications that result therefrom, all of them, either transmogrified and transfigured into one form or existence or another, become another phase and element of the narrative personae, which are continually kept alive by the beings who proceed from the narrative present that fills out the space circumscribed (not all the time or completely, though, perhaps) by the titular name of Mrs. Dalloway. The whirlpool of energy and characters that are intermixed and transfigured therein are both repeated and discarded as the narrative continues, but the flow that is manifested in the narrative present merely pulsates and lives on in the mind of the readerly consciousness, which either amplifies or rechannels it in the manner that suits his imagination.

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Mrs. Dalloway における意識の流れと潜在的意味の表出

Virginia Woolf の *Mrs. Dalloway* においては意識の流れが多種多様な物理的事象や心理状況を巻き込み、その過程が時間的経過とともに叙述的に展開することによりそれぞれの scene の complication、そして evolution が (記述的に) 表層化するという現象が見られる。しかしこの作品ではそれぞれの scene の component を構成する言語的要素は必ずしも passive な要素ではなくそれぞれが readerly consciousness に対応して (厳密に言うと readerly consciousness が言語的要素に対応してということだと推測されるが) 多種多様に意味的变化を潜在的に許容する可能性を秘めた narrative ingredient ということができる。この論文ではその narrative ingredient の多様な潜在的意味の表出過程を narrative の展開に沿って追及し意味的展開から起因する narrative complication、そしてその ramification を考究する。