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パラレルな意識の追求と創出

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Meta-narrative Pursuit of a Parallel Consciousness in Action

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It is quite suggestive when Joseph Hillis Miller says that Virginia Woolf's novel is constituted of subtle nuances that accrue from interpersonal relationships and recurrence of thematic images and temporal phases--which in fact make up almost the entirety of the novel, if you look at the moments and critical junctures that truly propel the narrative forward in this both temporal and atemporal novel.¹ The idea of repetition and significations that result in and from the interpersonal relationships seem quite fascinating, so much so that, albeit they seem so self-evident, I am once more compelled to delve into the minutiae of the novelistic structure and mechanisms that enable the novel to exist as it is, an entity that carves its own existence through the active consciousness, which is a function that both transcends and encloses itself in temporality, that evolves and develops into a predictable and yet slippery and indefinite being, and also an entity that flits from one physical and reified character to another while it maintains its own transcendental existence, watching over all the other seemingly independent consciousnesses and, simultaneously, itself being influenced and refracted by them. When such convoluted and symbiotic relationships engulf the novel or the significations arise from temporal shift that is generated as the personae react to each other and react to the physical environment where they find themselves, nothing seems to find its stasis but each and every single phase of consciousness and entity that exists in the narrative horizon constantly evolves and wavers, or at least gives impression thereof, causing the (perceptual) temporal fluctuations that arise from, or rather mostly derive from the tendency of the conscious dilation and dithering that results from the interdependency of the temporality and physicality, which intertwine with each other and with each discrete manifestation of their own and with the consciousness that pervades throughout the novel. Nothing seems stable and yet each single phenomenon and phase of the character and her mind incessantly yields a new physical and internal reality, which can be subtle and yet so overwhelmingly palpable in the physical world as well--such may be the accumulation and interrelation of the elements, inclusive of the personae that inhabit the narrative space--all the elements of

¹ See *The J. Hillis Miller Reader* (pp. 169-171), edited by Julian Wolfreys and published by Stanford University Press in 2005.

the narrative that impact the narrative whole and the readerly consciousness as he reads on and interacts with the personae in the narrative endlessly give rise to minute and finely variegated nuances, which seem to keep spontaneously flowing from the interstices of the narrative entirety. It is not only the why and wherefore but also that which might explain the reason why each and single discrete and at the same time continuous phase of the conscious move results in and gives rise to subtle nuances and inter-personal and signification subtleties and complicated ramifications that I am after, which I hope in the end may contribute to shedding light on the dark recesses of the characters' minds as they perpetually evolve and develop in front of the reader's eyes and under his scrutiny and through his conscious and ratiocinative and imaginative prowess. If the repetition gives rise to an infinite degree of signification development that could yield a full range of conscious possibilities and which could potentially explain and convey subtle quirks and nuances of the characters' mind to the readerly mind, causing the narrative mysteries to explode onto the narrative horizon, or rather answers to them, then I am willing to follow the ceaseless cycle of kaleidoscopic signification unfolding that results from each phase of personae's minds and what they promise to contribute to and coalesce as a whole. In order to trace the trajectories of such repetition and a series and congeries of such repetitions I need to follow the minds' dilatory quixotic expansions that manifest in the narrative of *Mrs. Dalloway* and I am more than ready to face the potentially murky multi-layered signification nuances that are generated as the personae evolve and develop with each passing inter-relational moment. I pick up the scene where all kinds of populace are gathered to find out the secret of the important personage, or rather the existence thereof, in the awe-inspiring motor vehicle as it moves along before them at the Mall and near Buckingham Palace.

The scene where a crowd gathers to see who is in the car is indeed an apt occasion in which an inter-personal consciousness makes its most tangible effect on the narrative manifestation. Let us focus on each one of the individuals who appear before and in front of Buckingham Palace, who expectantly wait for the arrival of the vehicle that is supposedly carrying an important personage, but now the personage has become almost certain to be related to the palace and someone appropriate for the fanfare and stately occasions the crowd reversibly enforces, or rather imposes, the atmosphere and expectations appropriate for that personage. The appearance of the person specifically named is rather abrupt. Nothing explains or prepares for the introduction of the name Sarah Bletchley, who pushes herself, as it were, onto the narrative horizon and observes the parade and the motorcade and the crowd gathered for no purpose or reason except

for their curiosity for someone who putatively wields authority and commands, naturally, their attention. In other words, they are there irrationally and merely following their instinct and that the crowd has gathered and the fact that they are there in corpus and simply because they are there in a group, constitutes a reason and offers them justification to be there standing expectant, and on this occasion and at this juncture it is and has become justification for Sarah Bletchley herself as well for her attendance there. In the gestalt picture there emerges is an implicit understating and communication amongst themselves that the apparently meaningless act of gathering to ascertain who is inside the vehicle can be transformed into a meaningful act and through their spiritual communion the entity and the occasion can be invested with an aura and signification that goes beyond mere objective justification for the quest seems to warrant. The mere haphazard act of introducing Sara then becomes something else than merely presenting an anonymous individual that somehow gives the incidence an inevitability and randomization, the role of which can be fulfilled only by the individual so named, but at the same time she can be permutated by any of the candidate, any of the crowd gathered at the palace and the Mall. What she performs is a transformation of the meaning, static and dynamic meaning that can be generated in the instance that is constituted by the existence of the crowd and the buildings and physical objects and the existence and apparition of the personage inside the vehicle. Amongst themselves the superficial and apparent signification the readerly mind tends to attribute to is transformed and the very person who is fixed and permutational becomes a function and around her everything else becomes something what they can become and what they stand for. Something more than themselves and they can ordinarily signify, perhaps too. The perspective Sarah Bletchley supplies therefore offers an occasion to view everything else around her with a new insight and which further gives an opportunity to invest them with new meanings and new opportunities to connect them and associate them in a potentially unexpected manner. But at the same time Sarah may be, as I mentioned, a function who can be substituted by something and someone else, with anyone of the crowd or for that matter with the personage inside the motor vehicle, albeit the personage, a secret tucked inside a black box and behind the transformative conscious veil, remains wordless and remains to be just imagined, making herself susceptible to be shaped and imagined and invested with significations, which depend upon the mood and whims of the readerly consciousness or the viewers and crowd who gather around her. The setup, a *mise-en-scene*, that is established at this juncture then is a very interesting one where the significations or the imaginative shape and what floats as a narrative meaning can be coalesced amongst the personae

that appear in the scene as the narrative develops, which may be infinitely nuanced and modified by the consciously working readerly mind, which supplies and interjects every single moment, as he moves along the narrative timeline, what is transpiring within the narrative horizon. It is a wobbling and pulsating movement which echoes and also characterizes what happens in the narrative. But the sudden appearance of the Sarah Bletchley does give specificity to the perspective, which she inserts and thrusts into the interpretative horizon, as it is obvious that it is through her view, ostensibly at least, that some of the events are grasped and told and communicated with the readerly mind. It is not only the two of them, however, who determine the narrative landscape that emerges at this juncture and throughout the novel. There is something else, obviously, who interprets and refracts the views each persona supplies. The very existence of the third entity and the overarching interpretative view and perspective and mind that is ubiquitous and omnipresent that pervades the narrative is an element that ultimately determines the function and role of each individual that appears in the narrative. In order to properly assess what is truly transpiring on the level of narrative signification, we need to see the interactions amongst the interpretative agents that are essential to make the story come fully alive to the conscious horizon of the community of interpretative minds.

The interaction between the characters is indeed so fleetingly obvious that one wonders, oftentimes, what the true perspective is at any given moment. Note how Sarah Bletchley is discarded, or transitioned from, perspectively speaking, as soon as she is introduced and immediately after another randomized selection of character emerges and set onto the *mise-en-scene* by the name of Emily Coates. (A rather facetious name that tries to stick out from the seemingly sober tone of the narrative.) Emily, as fleetingly suggested, is less than attentive to what is transpiring in the physical world, out in the street in front of Buckingham Palace, as she watches the privileged world that occurs and develops inside the palace. In the manner in which the kaleidoscopic picture is presented there is something that is not specific and clear but the overall image that arises from the transition from one character to another and the moving scene from the external drama, one that is transpiring right in front of the crowd and the target of attention of Sarah, Emily's predecessor in the narrative timeline, is that she invests the gamut of images, "housemaids, the innumerable housemaids, the bedrooms, the innumerable bedrooms," with a dreamlike quality, which may or may not be susceptible to interpretational latitude. The divergence of the perspective and the disjunctive layering of the images rendered through the variegated possibilities that might be and could be happening within the palace, which in turn may be merely an imaginative

whim, or product thereof, of Emily could present a potential to the readerly mind to subvert the version of the narrative development that seems to be advocated and corroborated by the dominant consciousness/narrator in ascendance at the moment. Note the subjective tone that is incremented by the repetitious incantation of the line just quoted. There is obviously envy and desire that is manifested through the line and which is augmented by the incremental repetition and emotional expression marked by the empathic “innumerable” doubly repeated. Perhaps the repetition merely and definitely shows the inferiority complex on the part of someone belonging to a different class than those who inhabit the gorgeous and exclusive abode where she happens to be standing at and by, purportedly to find out the secret inside the vehicle. The mere happenstance existence and location of one named Emily Coats in and near the palace enforces the idea of class differentiation and envy, as she stands next to any others like herself, who are there also to find out the secret, which by now becomes a self-evident truth about the dignity and center of cynosure and patriotism personified, a centripetal force personified in the person of who else but Queen? The mystery remains as such but it does not perhaps matter at this moment, as the curiosity and the psychology of the crowd who gathers around and before the palace has decided to attribute and create the aura and dignity that reverts to the person inside the motor vehicle. The envy and the eaves-dropping tendency and the overall yearning and praise for whoever and whatever personifies the best and essence of England--and the whole nation connects the nonentity of a person, who is paradoxically perhaps named Emily, to the other and all the crowd gather around her and next to her, as the perspective that has been expressed through the previous person converges with Emily’s and she becomes merely a channel that gives rise to and allows the desires and energy of the embodied perspective to flow into and flow from and intermingle with each other.² The perspective that is already identified with

² The narrative energy that flows from one character to another may be defined, in the word of J. Hillis Miller, as something derived from a universal narrator, who partakes of the mental energy of the individual persona in focus and at the same time overlooks and transcends each one of them that are actually acting out and living the moments in the narrative framework of *Mrs. Dalloway*. The fact that all the memories and past events and present incidents that come together and evolve in the minds of personae and they in turn generate and add idiosyncratic nuances to the moments that are hearkened back to in the narrative space and that the series of all the occurrences that are textually manifested recur and evolve and resurrect the moments that may have existed in the chronological past and again made alive in the present, gives credence to the thesis put forward by Miller that it is the repetition that gives shape and meaning (or life) to the story of *Mrs. Dalloway*, which is prolonged and evolved through the existing interactive presences of the personae and the overlooking universal consciousness and mind and what lies external to them. See “Mrs. Dalloway: Repetition as the Raising of the Dead” by Joseph Hillis Miller in *The J. Hillis Miller Reader* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2005), edited by Julian Wolfreys, pp. 169-184.

one and also simultaneously variegated ones are again refracted and augmented by the addition of “an elderly gentleman with an Aberdeen terrier,” who inserts himself without premonition and without any excuse but simply because he could be and is one of the crowd who watch the moving motor vehicle and the rabble and crowd who gather around it. He may not have any relevance to the gentleman that is introduced immediately after but there may not be any need to have any direct or relevant relation between the two in order for the readerly mind to group them together, as they are part of the collective consciousness that emerges and part of the physical crowd that forms around the curiosity and mystery enclosed within the vehicle. But suddenly the gentleman identified as Mr. Bowley exhibits a sentiment that is unmistakably shared by some of the attendees in the abrupt unpremeditated gathering and it in turn groups them together in a mysterious wave of empathy and compassion, which in turn can be transformed into the patriotic trans-individual perspective, that is mainly manifested, or may have been manifested, as ugly ego-centric individualism implicitly opposed to the overwhelming patriotism that is whipped up by the mysterious presence in the motor vehicle. The seal that closes and uncloses the gate of sentiment and tears suddenly opens in the person of Mr. Bowley and the poor pitiable people who deserve to be sympathized and shed tears upon come to the foreground and at the same time the theme of universal empathy and patriotic paternalism and paternalistic protectionism pervades. It is as if the gentleman who suddenly emerges from the cranny of the narrative space connects with the down-trodden and social outcast and the sentiment which emerges from the linkage and cooperation on a very primal level perhaps pervades and overwhelms individual conscious outburst and becomes one and the same with the patriotic sentiment reified by the mystery in the motor vehicle. Or it may be that at the moment when the empathy and the tears well out from the eyes of the anonymous and yet named gentlemen occurs identification of the individuals and the whole through various psychological channels and spiritual connection that are each and all of them in fact one and the same manifestation of variegated and transforming phases of the consciousness rendered by dint of the narrative pulsation and force that inheres in the story of Mrs. Dalloway.

The mysterious and unpredictable wavy movement of the consciousness, which is also interrelated to the pulsation and the force I just mentioned, manifests in the external space in the form of the aeroplane. It is as if the simmering and invisible workings of the force that has remained underground so far suddenly emerges from the dark recesses of the minds of the individual and crowd, who gather around the mysterious personage and the motor vehicle that carries the person and the presence of the unexplainable being in the street of London. The whole shape the movement of the

energy and force describes is reminiscent of the stream and geyser that remains latent and which abruptly forces its way through the nook and crannies of the layers of soil and rocks and the force that has kept them tamped down undergoes an equilibrium of a sort and the mysterious energy that has been hidden underground wins out the tug-of-war and tips the balance in its favor and simultaneously a movement emerges and manifests itself in the visible form out in the air. It is appropriate that the shape that is enigmatic and yet somehow legible and comprehensible, at least tantalizingly so to the crowd gathered under the free flying aeroplane, forces the crowd to follow the trajectory that is described above and before the conscious beings on the ground. In a way, what is transpiring is the supreme and independent, and simultaneously dependent, consciousness and force that frees itself of the constraints of each individual and which dances and shapes and weaves out the patterns that are the epitome of the conscious realm the authorial voice has been trying to convey and represent from the inception of the narrative. It is a rare moment, at least so far, where each individual while remaining each and discrepant mind comes together and forms a mind that is larger than the sum of each one of the crowd gathered on the ground below. The pulsating, engulfing and flowing consciousness that is larger than the individual and transforming consciousness that has been subjected to chronological constraints and that has seemingly surrendered freedom to a transcendent free-flowing conscious energy—they come clashing with each other and yield a reification and coalescence of the independent free flowing consciousness that is beyond any constraints, which are embedded in the narrow and limited individual, demarcated perspective and mind.³ It is then appropriate that the tears and pathos both the unnamed and named individuals have entertained for each other vanish as soon as they perceive, or rather register the noise emanating from the aeroplane. The free and legible presence that is both a mystery as well as a potentially accessible entity puts an end to the concerns of the crowd that may or may not be relevant at this phase of the state of mind that is more

³ It is no wonder that some critics seize on the idea of the free flowing energy, which pulses from one individual character to another without any permission from the reading consciousness, or for that matter from the personae concerned, as it were, and implicitly connects them (more often than not complete strangers) and somehow thematically links them on a level where subconsciousness supersedes logical and objective limitations, which are usually imposed on traditional personae. The sudden abrupt interlinkage of the personae by the force that dominates in the narrative space could as well be seen as a manifestation of an agent, which both connects and separates individuals while the overall narrative that emerges might as well be indifferent to the individual personae being mediated. See the double function of the conscious agency in action being discussed in *Concepts of Time in Virginia Woolf* (Munich, Germany: Grin Publishing, 2005) authored by Nataliya Gudz, pp. 4-8.

prominently described as becoming once again, or rather participating in a circle of resonance, rings of waves emanating from the center of their consciousness, which is separate from and beyond their individual consciousness as well. The phase that has been looked over and hopefully looked into with the crowd gathered fully expectant of the revelation of a sort arising from the center of the motor vehicle, and the current one played out with the aeroplane in the center, which may as well be a mystery and a tantalizingly self-evident presence revealing whatever it contains to the knowing eyes of the crowd below, may be continuous in that the personae involved, the named yet unnamed anonymous individuals and the whole gamut of them, are the same and identical, but the fact that the movement caused by the transformation and transposition of the consciousness and force and energy that has permeated among the crowd on the ground indicates it has shifted at least from the phase it was in to something that is beyond and among them at the same time. It may be actually interesting to see the movement and hints that are exhibited and the phases both the individual and transcendent consciousnesses are in that are susceptible to ambiguous interpretation, which might prove both continuity and discontinuity of the manifestation that is an avatar of the function, which has been weaving in and out of the people's minds for some time now in the narrative progression. Without much more delay let us look at the minutiae of the scene that develop before the reader's eyes. It is, interestingly enough, the sound that causes the people's eyes to move upward to discern and try to figure out what is the agent and source of the noise that has suddenly wrapped them in and turns their attention away from the motor vehicle to whatever is coalescing in the sky. Note the way the invisible and insubstantial being is described and introduced as it intrudes upon the consciousness of the crowd and at the same time usurps it and subverts the pulsation that has been running in some predictable manner.

The sound of an aeroplane bored ominously into the ears of the crowd. There it was coming over the trees, letting out white smoke from behind, which curled and twisted, actually writing something! making letters in the sky! Every one looked up. (p. 23)

The figure the aeroplane cuts and the trajectory it traces as it flies over the crowd is reminiscent of some presence that is superior to everything that stands on the ground and the smoke that comes out of the tail of the aeroplane makes it an being that is completely discrepant from the helpless presences on the ground except the vehicle that is mysteriously proceeding on the street and not incidentally it also produces residues

which tantalize and mystify the crowd who has gathered around it.⁴ The aeroplane is another center that begs for inquiry and piques and charms inquisitive eyes and minds of the crowd. Unlike the motor vehicle it produces tangible and visible signs that could be interpreted and combined and transformed into meaningful signals, which invite the curious and audacious minds to figure and configure in a way they can handle and make sense of. But the challenge that is thrown at the crowd is and becomes a universal one and the brave and daring minds the question and challenge is thrown at become everyone gathered on the ground. On one level, the letters produced through the vapors coming from the tail of the aeroplane are indeed a distinguishing feature of the aeroplane, or this phase of conscious manifestation which coalesces in the air, but on another level, they are a transposed manifestation linked to the form and shape of an aeroplane and the cynosure of the crowd on the ground is merely an extension and the continuation of the consciousness that has been in existence in the layered contemporaneity that has been dovetailed with the past, present, and perhaps future. What is happening and recurring now is a phase that may have taken shape in the past but foregrounded in the moment that is felt to be now of the crowd, who look up in wonder and search for the new mystery in the sky.

The letters and the object of attention in the sky transform themselves multifariously before the watchful eyes of the crowd, who by this time has become a corporeality of consciousnesses that follow the trajectory and the drama that is being played out in the air. The movement of the aeroplane is that of a tangible and yet intangible force that has been running through the minds of the crowd before they noticed the flying object in the air and yet it is and has been somehow transmogrified and diversified into something that has been inherent in the narrative from the beginning, which is spliced into, or rather has splashed with the fresh morning as Mrs. Dalloway expectantly looks out the window and forward to the night that coincides with

⁴ The overall picture all the elements describe and depict in the narrative space of *Mrs. Dalloway* at this moment is indeed reminiscent of a mysterious and mystical world, something Keith Brown links to that of the Celtic myth and harmonious and prehistoric nature and human relationship, which, or rather something akin to which, Septimus Smith in his daydream develops and confirms as he interacts with everything around him, including the trees, the smoke coming out of and arising from the physical environment he and his wife are in. Such reading seems to give depth and complexity and interest to the story already teeming with various elements that are amenable to a gamut of interpretations and can be impacted upon various manifestations of narrative incidents and personae. On the link between the narrative of *Mrs. Dalloway* and the Celtic myth and an interpretation related to it, see "An Offering to the Goddess: Mrs. Dalloway on Mount Caburn" by Keith Brown in his *Sightings: Selected Literary Essays* (Bern, Switzerland: Peter Lan AG, 2008), pp. 211-228.

one of the biggest events of her life. The letters and the lines formed by the flying aeroplane raise the expectations of the crowd while keeping them tantalized as to the outcome and the final message that is to be written out in the open sky above the crowd. The appearance and formation of the letters seem rather random initially but as the crowd intones in unison, at least in their minds, the thought that has coalesced in the air in a visual series of letters, they come to assume one body that tries to find the conscious expansion which the concretization of message seems to promise. It is also a process of homogenization where discrepant members and thoughts possessed by the constituent members of the rabble gathered in the street of London come to converge and where each member of the crowd simultaneously tries to figure out the message that is spoken to them, not to a discrepant separate congregation of individuals but to a whole that has a directionality and intentionality which follows and inclines toward the drama that is directly intended for the consciousness, or consciousnesses that underpin the physical manifestations of the discrepant disparate members of the crowd watching the aeroplane in the sky. But the vaporous letters that could be equated with the conscious manifestation of the movement and force that runs through the novel do not lose a consistent directionality or (their metaphysical) presence, which steadily indicates the mystery or how to interpret thereof in the mystifying congeries of phenomena the crowd naturally face--letters which form and disappear as if each of them were living beings, which, however, would be more likely to misdirect the way they develop before the conscious eyes of the watchers on the ground.

But what letters? A C was it? an E, then an L? Only for a moment did they lie still; then they moved and melted and were rubbed out up in the sky, and the aeroplane shot further away and again, in a fresh space of sky, began writing a K, an E, a Y perhaps? (pp. 23-24)

The pulsating move of the letters, or the residues of the vaporized exhaust of the aeroplane is a continuation and echo of the one that has been felt and personified by the conscious beings that have played out their roles in the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway so far and which they are going to play continuously. It is interesting to note that the breathless following of the formation of the vaporized letters in the sky by the crowd is exactly the kind that the unpredictable and sinuous pulsation of the conscious move manifested in response to the external phenomena and the inner response each persona manifested throughout the story. It is the same, or at least analogous, movement that is being continued in the visible universe and being appreciated by the actors who

themselves have harbored and contributed to such movement, as they watched and interacted with each other or waited expectantly to find out the inner secret of the august motor vehicle proceeding right in front of their eyes. As the letters concretize and vapor still continuing to come from the tail of the aeroplane, the object from which everything is derived swoops away from the view of the crowd and it moves on as if the idea and concept and the mystery that are to be unfolded were an autonomous entity that could live on their own as long as there is a crowd who is willing to endow them with the life and significance that propel them forward in a gestalt tandem. Each one eggs the other on to give its existence a reality or tangible force that runs through the narrative sphere on its own and by dint of the other who acts as a medium that helps them to exist while allowing the other to make themselves establish their own identity in the process. They move in tandem, that is, and mutually guarantee their existential coalescence, as it were, as they move forward or disappear, seemingly, and reassert their being in the narrative horizon. In a sense, it is one and the other that gives meaning to what the thing that is foregrounded in the center of the narrative what it is and each and every existence that carves a niche in the narrative sphere does not guarantee their being on its own or for a continuous perpetuity-- what it is at any given moment may as well differ from what it has been and will be and from each other and so on. That is why the guesswork that is exhibited here assumes a meaning through a process where the seemingly random juxtaposition of letters that happen to be spawned from the tail of the aeroplane are and continue to be strung together ad infinitum in an tantalizingly expectant mode, which seems to guarantee decryption of the mysterious message that is at the same time self-evident from the perspective of the authoritative conscious entity, which may be dovetailed with the voice that rings through the empty space of the narrative horizon now being filled by the minds of the personae gathered in the street of London. As if to assert the self-confident manifestation of the voice, one in the crowd actually vocalizes, "Glaxo." And not surprisingly the voice is attributed to the person that has been introduced as the one who has been discovering empathy and sympathy and pity among the rabble gathered there (by way of Mr. Bowley), among whom she happens to be merely one.

The fact that the voice that is instantiated by one of the attendees to the august event is a proof that it might as well have been anyone of the crowd who are intent on the encryption that is being written out (for the knowing) to interpret and decrypt it. The vocalization that is a mere coincidence or coincidental with another authoritative voice that has been ringing and reverberating throughout the narrative may as well be woven through the interaction of the one and the other and the crowd as a whole and

their individual repartees with each other.⁵ The process of encryption and decryption is a process where the interactive interaction among the participants in the gravest mystery that enfolds them and unfolds in the space above and beyond and within the spectators is observed and experienced by the personae who at the same time individually and wholly undergo a conscious transformation that is only to be revealed to the cognizant beings that grasp the invisible and intangible force that evolves among themselves within the narrative theater being coalescing in the open space of London. The meaning that is granted by the vocalization of one of the spectators, “Glaxo,” is quickly overtaken by the annunciation of another rather bathetic message, “Kreemo,” demonstrating the evolving and transforming mystery that correlates to the shifting keys that somehow enable the viewers to access the mystery unfolding above them. What is particularly interesting at this juncture is that the person who makes the second announcement is a seemingly unconscious being who is devoid of her personal will and volition, “a sleep-walker,” a being who is more like a medium and mouthpiece for the transcendent and overlooking voice and consciousness who observes and envelopes all those who are viewing what is transpiring in the sky. She could as well be a channel through whom the voice and the conscious energy flows to another medium and analogously and reflexively the one who preceded her and who pronounced her verdict on the mysterious lettering and who might similarly become the same and transfer the force and energy that is transmitted by the forming and shaping vapor manifested in the sky. They are, in a way, transmitters of the message and mysterious halo and energy that has originated in the aeroplane that has swooped down from high above their sphere, from the land and realm that perhaps shares in its unexplainable ineffable essence with the mysterious presence tucked deep inside the motor vehicle that may or may not have completely disappeared from the ken of the crowd. The analogous nature of the object in the sky, or the effect that results from it, may be seen in the manner Mr. Blowley manifests himself as he takes off his hat and intently seeks

⁵ It may as well be the intersection, or rather interrelation and interlinkage, of the various voices that emerges from the narrative that determines each character as he carves out his identity and function as opposed to others in the narrative, as interpreted in the manner of David Amigoni. What comes out of the novel from the beginning is the rather abrupt and distinctive voice that sets the tone and pace for the narrative flow and which allows the reader to find his bearings. Each signification that is floated from the interstices of the personal interaction with each other can be defined and interpreted and properly assigned to the hermeneutic and overall signification landscape thanks largely to the voice that aids the interpretative mind all along the narrative of *Mrs. Dalloway*. See on the importance of voice that is ubiquitous and integral to the narrative in *English Novel and Prose Narrative* (Edinburgh, UK: Edinburgh University Press, 2000) by David Amigoni, pp. 117-128.

the ultimate reason and cause for which the mysterious being is brought into his view. Understandably, the act of taking off his hat may be explained by the better view of the object that is in the sky may be obtained as a result of removing any obstacle that may have been perched on his head, but at the same time, weather cognizant to the persona in question or not, the hatlessness, or rather the act of taking it off, does easily transvaluate into the condition the crowd was in upon recognition of the august presence in the center of the motor vehicle, albeit it might have been a vague recognition initially and might prove to be as such even till the end preceding the apparition of the aeroplane above the crowd. The idea of respectful silence that is due, or regarded as such by the attendees in the august ceremony greeting the object above them, is again repeated here along the Mall, a perfect *deja vue* of the scene surrounding the motor vehicle as it reluctantly proceeded before and among them. A wordless august silence that can only be metaphorically transcribed and translated into a message that is graspable and intelligible and audible to the crowd below the flying object—something sacred and beyond individual grasp and scale, something that evokes emotions that transcend each individual demarcations and which pervade the public space where the crowd remains motionless and would remain in such immobilized stasis, wrapped in euphoric notes of bells and lulled by symbolic gulls transcribing lines and trajectories, which may be a cue for other spiritual experience.⁶ The consciousness that is shared by the attendees in this august event, or rather the transcendent one that oversees them is put to rest and nothing seemed to stir and sound except the bells and gulls, or perhaps at this juncture the readerly mind is hard-pressed to grasp the overall picture that develops in the narrative space. However, the aeroplane continues to work its mission and describes the mysterious message in the sky through the vaporous emission that rolls out of its tail. Now it is a free “skater” that dances through the blue sky without any trammels or constraints, the free will of the august being which the crowd both admires and yearns for. It is completely self-absorbed, as it were, to convey

⁶ The transcendent and overarching voice and existence can be compared to the order or mythic and preexistent unity that in itself may have been, in the word of Jean O. Love, the starting point for Woolf to construct or let the central consciousness to weave the web of strands which ramify into individual personae acting out in the narrative space of *Mrs. Dalloway*. The individuality and separateness that seemingly comes out of the interaction between personae may be merely one phase of the process that ultimately coalesces into and underlines the unity, on which after all the narrative is premised as it evolves in the consciousness of the interpretive mind participating in the story. See the unity that evolves and comprehends all the seemingly discrepant consciousnesses discussed by Jean O. Love in *Worlds in Consciousness: Mythopoetic Thought in the Novels of Virginia Woolf* (Los Angeles, California: University of California Press, 1970), pp. 145-160.

the holiest of the holy message that needs to be transmitted to the crowd below, for which mission it has descended from high above, from heaven and the sphere that is beyond the reach of any creature, not even of those free-flying gulls perhaps, except the conscious force and energy that have been running through the narrative horizon.

As the conscious force that runs through the narrative persists, the dance of the aeroplane continues, with interruptions here and there perhaps, but what it reveals—yet before it reveals that very important message, or the crux thereof, the readerly mind is solicitously and repeatedly reminded that it is putatively on a mission to convey the message that is almost ineffable and yet felt to be inhumanly, or rather superhumanly, grave and at the same time absolutely essential for all those observing on the ground to grasp it. The “perfect silence” the aeroplane and its dance engulfs the crowd in is indeed reminiscent of the silence the crowd experienced as they gazed at the procession, a motorcade—or has it been a motorcade of one, consisting of a very important looking vehicle, nonetheless?—which automatically contained for everyone concerned, or so they imagined, everything the country and people needed and could be held within that tiny space in the vehicle. The mystery in the center of the vehicle, which evoked serenity and respect and patriotism, is back with the arrival of the aeroplane and this time, appropriately enough, the heavenly presence is the very avatar of the august being that has been entrapped within the motor vehicle moments before and yet now in the sky writing the message (or so it seems, being so evocative and yet so elusive) for the crowd on the ground to take in, if they can, and admire. They watch in respectful and awed silence appropriate for the occasion. The thunderous boom, or a sound contrastively over-magnified in comparison to the unexpected silence that prevailed over the crowd, returns as the aeroplane continues to write the textual message in the sphere above the crowd. The appearance of the aeroplane from behind the cloud is so dramatic that it is reinvested with the august and dynamic irresistible force that is the energy and element which makes the drama and the mystery being revealed to the crowd all the more relevant and which is reminiscent of the event that preceded the current one, which perhaps even hearkens back to the presence that has been persistent throughout the narrative and yet which may be detectable and noticeable only to those who are cognizant of the authorial presence behind all the personae and external and internal beings that are introduced in the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway, a presence which may be identified with the mysterious and yet forceful existence that has been inherent throughout the narrative from its inception. But the dramatic and metaphoric, as well as almost literal, re-emergence of the august presence is appropriate as the crowd remain mesmerized and yet irresistibly watch the aeroplane

move in and out of the cloud, which emits fluffy vaporous letters that combine into a sentient message and tantalize the crowd into one conscious being who follows the letters and arcane encryption being woven out in the sky above them.

Then suddenly, as a train comes out of a tunnel, the aeroplane rushed out of the clouds again, the sound boring into the ears of all people in the Mall, in the Green Park, in Piccadilly, in Regent Street, in Regent's Park, and the bar of smoke curved behind and it dropped down, and it soared up and wrote one letter after another — but what word was it writing? (pp. 24-25)

The message being written out is something nobody can decrypt immediately, with the crowd still somehow dazed by the sudden appearance of the aeroplane and the fascinating wreathes of smoke coming out of its tail in the meantime, but the nearly intelligible encrypted message continually tantalizes the crowd and they need to inquire into the message that is there for them to grasp, which they are so close to decrypting at any moment too. But as soon as the revelatory possibility arises in the minds of the crowd, the bathetic ennui nearly threatens to fill the narrative space. The holy and authoritative presence, writing his presence large in the sky through the medium that is neither solid nor liquid and which is only graspable to those who are intent on seizing the narrow opportunity granted to those who are willing—the aura and halo being evoked by the sound and diaphanous message is, however and rather obtusely, almost adulterated by the last question textualized at the end of the current passage, “but what word was it writing?” Would it not be better not to inquire into the legible message spelled out across the sky but merely follow the trajectory of the godly residue emitted from the mysterious and transcendent presence which is albeit all so mechanical and endowed with such human attributes at the same time? The humor and the dangerously inconsistent bathos the last question poses need to be transposed to a certain differing phase and context where another crisis could be diverted from its literal consequences into a sublimatable tragic universal struggle that is played out by specific personae who are both part and parcel and yet separate from the current concentric rings emanating from the heavenly presence. Simultaneously homogeneous and heterogeneous and simultaneously holistic and individualistic presences, that is what the next personae introduced to the narrative represent in the narrative scheme of things in this very fluid story entitled *Mrs. Dalloway*.

Such personae are the young couple who happen to be at the site watching the aeroplane dance through the sky, weaving in and out of the cloud and disappearing

momentarily and writing the mysterious message across the sky.⁷ They are with the crowd, synchronic and combined and yet separate and heterogeneous in some sense. But the first reaction Lucrezia exhibits is that they are indeed with the crowd and reacting to the object in the sky in the same manner as the rest and feeling and being drawn into the drama simultaneously. They are in the act of decrypting the message and the letters written over the crowd and reading out and trying to delve into the arcane message that is so tantalizingly dangled and to be revealed at any time. But the initial description of the couple tells something else about the couple. They are to be marked out and attended to and comprehended in a way that is not and does not apply to the crowd who surround them. Unlike the happenstance and haphazard personae that have been introduced to the narrative stream so far and will be brought in from now on, they are peculiar and distinct. The synchronicity that is felt to bring them together with the crowd into the synchronic circle that has enveloped the crowd, including the couple, is somehow diaphanous, like the vaporous letters emitted from the tail of the aeroplane, and not absolute. It engulfs and lassoes in both heterogeneous and homogenous elements within it and the couple now introduced to the narrative landscape may as well personify both attributes as they work themselves into the narrative sphere both self-consciously and self-effacingly. Lucrezia points to the object in the sky because of the very physicality and the salutary effect it putatively brings, according to a physician like Dr. Holmes, to her husband, who suffers from a mental case that is strangely and complexly woven into the response he exhibits to the external stimuli now manifested in the sky. Let me quote the passage in question to see what is really taking place.

“Look, look, Septimus!” she cried. For Dr. Holmes had told her to make her husband (who had nothing whatever seriously the matter with him but was a little out of sorts)

⁷ The conscious energy-cum-the aeroplane in action, or the energy concentrated upon the object flitting through the sky may be a metaphor of the process in which the homogenization of conscious acts takes place among discrepant and different personae that inhabit the narrative space of the story. The homogenization of conscious beings and the process thus focused on may be reflected and mirrored by the transparency and non-differentiation between various conditions, such as sanity and insanity, reality and non-reality, a state of determinacy and fluidity through various phases of mental and physical states that are depicted as both a morphous and amorphous continuity, through which the minds of the personae travel chrono-spatially in the world of *Mrs. Dalloway*. See an expository process of such homogenization and fluency traced by Thomas C. Caramagno in *The Flight of the Mind: Virginia Woolf's Art and Manic-depressive Illness* (Los Angeles, California: University of California Press, 1992), pp. 210-243.

take an interest in things outside himself. (p. 25)

Lucrezia's voice here is both a reflection of the crowd and their reaction to the aeroplane in the sky and their sympathetic reaction to the mystery being embodied through it, a sympathy that is transmitted to each other and corresponded to each other as the eyes and minds concentrically pursue the object in the sky. In the meantime, her husband is responding to the object in the sky in his own manner, but the interjectional comment inserted in the parentheses makes the act of bringing Septimus's attention to the aeroplane contingent upon the warning and advice doled out by the said doctor they have obviously been in communication. Their free choice in a way is interceded with and mediated by the authority wielded by the third party named Dr. Holmes, but the outward attention that emanates from Septimus is both interrupted and refracted by the advice and at the same time reinforced by the reaction and the natural inclination that is manifested by Septimus as to the flying object in the sky. Septimus Smith is and his attention is directed toward the object to start with and the encouragement given to him by his young wife both directs him and re-directs him to the same object in the sky. But ironically, what offends him and what interferes with his concentration and attention as he turns his eyes, both physical and internal, to the aeroplane is the very encouragement derived from the authoritative voice of the doctor. The eyes turned to the external object are obstructed, as it were, by the redundant and interfering dictum and the will represented by his wife's voice, as Septimus is turned more and more toward the inner scape that develops in response to the external view that plays out through and by dint of the force of the drama centered around the aeroplane and the audience-cum-crowd, who completes the bifurcate picture evolving in the narrative space. The sordid rather too much reality-impacted comment, "who had nothing whatever seriously the matter with him but was a little out of sorts," nearly collapses the mysterious aura of the drama and the aeroplane in the sky and brings the whole elements down to earth. But at the same time the best his wife could do at this juncture may be turn his attention, perhaps rather paradoxically, to the external object that is beyond the narrow confines of the inner sphere Spetimus has presumably a tendency of indulging himself in. The external drama in a way simultaneously works upon the mind of Septimus and allows it to respond to it in a way that is more internal, or perhaps idiosyncratically subjective, than external. It may be Septimus's way of resisting the dictum and the authority wielded by a person like Dr. Holmes or it is merely a natural tendency that is being repeated in conjunction with the aeroplane and the crowd, who

surround him, and his wife.⁸ They may simply be in a concentric circle of harmony and universal principle and truth, which perhaps Septimus finds in his busily working imaginative mind at this very moment, and perhaps they are simultaneously not only the literal equivalent thereof but also their tenuous correlatives as well.

Everything that happens in the mind of Septimus thereon is an echo and correlative of what is transpiring in the external realm. The transmogrification and the images that undergo mysterious and idiosyncratic change is a response and reaction to the external reality which threatens to take over the internal realm of Septimus, as he and others, including his wife, try to grasp what is taking shape up in the sky above their head and in the realm beyond their grasp. Septimus indulges in his subjective realm with a vengeance and the process he undergoes is a process that tries to overtake and upset and overturn the one that occurs externally, outside of them and yet that which is still part of their psyche and that which dovetails with their being as they focus on the object in the sky. The images and the metaphoric signification that comes out of the revelry he indulges in are a reflection and transmogrification of the external occurrences that derive from the concentric circle in which they are involved in and of which they are surely integral part and contributing actors to give rise to the dance and weaving in and out of the spiritual being-cum-aeroplane, the free spirit that whizzes in and out of the nebulous foggy veils that both hide and expose the tantalizing entity, which is both the avatar and the very being of the mystery the crowd and everyone on the ground has been expecting to discover through the series of events that have been occurring right before and among them in the street of London, along the Mall and at the Palace. The ceaseless trajectory of the aeroplane and what it both physically and spiritually signifies is mirrored as Septimus looks inside himself and into the world which is more real and more objective, and subjective simultaneously for him, and as he gazes at the elements that play so intricately and synergistically they come together and come alive in a manner that is nearly bizarre and to his wife almost threateningly and dangerously alive. What they are is a transmogrified avatar and correlative of what

⁸ Septimus's inward tendency, which coalesces in a world that is distinct from and continuous with the externality that surrounds himself and his wife, may have something to do with the psycho-sexual tendency he might in fact possess, as Thomas Peele notes. The exploration of sexuality, homosexuality in particular, which Peele mentions the author and Septimus share, might develop into a nebulous and too arbitrary phase of the persona's mind, or the argument thereof, that both diverges from the narrative per se and simultaneously brings it closer to the core of what it means to be isolated and depressed. See on the issue of isolation and homosexuality in "Queering Mrs. Dalloway" by Thomas Peele, compiled in *Literature and Homosexuality* (Amsterdam, the Netherlands: Rodopi, 1994), pp. 205-222.

takes place in the sky, as he admits, “they are signalling to me.” The very mystery the whole crowd has been pursuing and has been desperate to uncover is trying to establish communication with Septimus, only him, a special designated being who has been chosen out of the whole crowd who gathered in the street of London. Septimus is ecstatic and, rather reasonably, readying to reciprocate in kind, in some tangible form that allows him to talk with the being in the sky, the being that may perhaps be transmogrified into an aeroplane but the same and persisting being that has been in the center of the automobile that has been passing through the crowd and street of London and now coalesced into a mechanical and both human and non-human object dancing freely through the sky of London. The communication that has been initiated, however, is not the kind that can be verbally imparted to Septimus.⁹ He feels the being, the mysterious one, in the sky is speaking to him, but not in chunks of intelligible words or messages but in texture, color and nuance that can only be subjectively and experientially surmised. The being can only be surmised but it is definitely speaking to Septimus and he can grasp the message in its entirety, or at least he is full of confidence that the august being and presence has chosen him as the surrogate to make the message come alive in the only way graspable for a lowly human like himself, textually, chromatically audibly, in the core of his being, in the bone and marrow of his bodily self that is yet iterated and reciprocated in his conscious self as well. The aesthetic ebullience is so overpowering that Septimus is made one with the beauty the heavenly being represents and embodies, at least in his mind, and tears fill his eyes without knowing why that is the case. Septimus may not understand and grasp wholly what is taking place both in the sky and in his mind but they are corresponding to each other and confirming what each manifests in the subjective depth of his soul and the self-evident and revelatory open skies over London. Perhaps recursively, what the crowd and the couple new from Italy have been witnessing since the arrival of the motor

⁹ The idea of establishing communion and communicating with others that surround his being can be exactly mirrored by the attempt of the author to go beyond the feminine role she was expected to play and yet against which she determinedly rebelled to reach for a state where she was no longer an isolated being entrapped in the claustrophobic narrow dungeon the socio-sexual politics of the day imposed on her. In the like manner, the protagonist of the narrative escapes from the bondage of mundane restrictive existence of her domestic life through the party she has been in the process of organizing, and through which her desire is finally fulfilled by the communion and interchange with the others who gather in her very abode she has been seemingly doomed to live a solitary confined life. See on the role of a Victorian and feminine self that is mirrored and reflected in the narrative and how she climbs out of the confinement and strictures society implicitly places on her, as argued by Diane McGee in *Writing the Meal: Dinner in the Fiction of Early Twentieth-century Women Writers* (Toronto, Canada: University of Toronto Press, 2002), pp. 125-146.

vehicle in the street of London before the appearance of the aeroplane over the crowd may be the ineffable bliss and the beauty the mystery transforms into by way of the very visible and clear and bathetic aeroplane in the sky. The euphoric experience Septimus experiences is the first of its kind among the crowd, including Lucrezia, and that lets the persona reach the level of enlightenment the mystery demonstrates through its dance through the sky and what it attempts to tell the crowd by the vaporous letters spewing out of the tail of the plane, which is rather bathetic but the exquisite beauty might as well reside in the being that possesses the mundanest organ and mechanism humans can understand and follow. The mystery thus revealed is, however, something that is imparted to Septimus and yet the real purpose of the mysterious emissary and the vicegerent thereof, is beyond his comprehension and something that is "unimaginable." The external reality represented by the physical aeroplane and putatively partaken of by the crowd, regardless whether they truly grasp the nuances and texture thereof, is something that needs to be imagined and recreated in the mind of the interlocutor thereof, Septimus Smith. However, what is created and what takes shape in his mind may be perhaps less than perfect image of what is being imparted. There is a gap between the authentic and original presence, which represents and embodies the mystery, and the being and presence which perceives and receives the message arising from the former. What takes shape inside his mind and generated above the heads of the crowd and Septimus and Lucrezia are not quite identical. However, they are connected by a tenuous ligament, perhaps it may be better to metaphorize it by taking recourse to the force and the rhythm and energy that run through the narrative space and have been coursing through it since the inception of the story. Is it then any wonder that the extremely abstract and subjective aesthetic transformation that takes place in the mind of Septimus is suddenly, and brutally, interrupted by a comment, which is so bathetically trivial in its reference to such diametrically opposed commercial product, or the ethos or coagulation of the process thereof, as toffee, which everyone observing the mysterious trajectory of the aeroplane intones in unison, including, and the primary persona in the current act being, Lucrezia?

As soon as the words are out of the mouths of the people around Septimus, he is drawn back to his subjective self and plunging ever deeper into his own inner world where he explores the sensations that may or may not be derived from the texture and color and smell that are associated with the delicious sound coming out of his neighbor at that very juncture. The sound, which passes through the etherealized mind of Septimus transforms itself into something tangible and palpable and it in turn tickles

and rubs against the sympathetic nerves of the extremely attuned persona at the moment and causes sensations that are both exquisite and curious in their unworldly roles as they are turned into an agent to evoke all kinds of strange and marvelous elements in the mind of the man sitting next to his young Italian wife.¹⁰ The sensations come alive, literally, and they interact with the mind of the young man and while they might remain relevant to the causal events that transpire in the external world outside Septimus they are ever turned into something they are far from what they originally are. It may be worth tracing the trajectories of the sensations as they enter and are transformed in the inner landscape of Septimus and interact and cause a plethora of images and emotions that are literally alive and euphoric in their potential to realize the full enlightenment Septimus has been in search of for a long time. Note how the sound emitted from the mouth of the nursemaid is registered with extreme vividness and graphic detail in all its senses.

“Kay Arr” close to his ear, deeply, softly, like a mellow organ, but with a roughness in her voice like a grasshopper’s, which rasped his spine deliciously and sent running up into his brain waves of sound which, concussing, broke. (p. 25)

The exquisite sensation associated with the “Kay Arr” is linked with the only metaphorical rendition possible, or that which is available in the overexcited mind of Septimus, that of the grinding and rubbing vibrations of the grasshopper’s legs and body and the vibrations are repeated through the entirety of percipient’s body, as if Septimus feels the delicious quivering sensation reaching deep down his spine and descending and disappearing into the depth of his psyche only to reappear perpetually throughout the extremity of his being by way of the receptor in the core of his being. The “roughness” that originated in the voice of the nursemaid is transmogrified and transliterated into something it originally is not but inevitably transmitted into a

¹⁰ The transmission of conscious impulse and linkage being felt and being established among people who are putatively physically discrepant and separate from each other is made possible by the famed “tunneling process,” which the author invented (or discovered) to explore the real and universal modus operandi people in reality, on certain psychological and primordial level, use to interact with each other or delve into their conscious self. The process thus named not only makes the communication and interaction and continuation of conscious waves to seamlessly develop among people and incidents that are apparently discrepant but also allows the reader to position himself behind the conscious self of each persona to grasp the real sensations and sentiments and thought processes they are experiencing at any given moment. On the argument about the “tunneling process,” see *The Elusive Self: Psyche and Spirit in Virginia Woolf’s Novels* (Lincoln, NE: iUniverse, 2005) by Louise A. Poresky, pp. 98-125.

different medium of his being and in the process it becomes something that promises to sprout into a euphoric and aesthetic state of mind which Septimus tries to fully take advantage of. Needless to say, it is all too easy to put the delicious rubbing sensation within the range of the concentric circle, or rather link its effect to the concentricity of the mystery that spreads ever wider and wider until it becomes almost ubiquitous until everyone within the circle is united in one gigantic harmony and patriotism and beauty, which may only be described as the ineffable orgasmic sensation that can be savored by a being like Septimus. But on this very auspicious occasion he is about to become one with the voice, which is merely a transmogrified aspect of the mystery that is represented by the free-flying aeroplane above the crowd. The voice, which is the reaction and avatar of the mystery if I may repeat myself, becomes a causal agent to bring the much expected euphoria in which indeed Septimus indulges and readies himself to drown himself, in the inner world that is all subjective and in perfect unison with his own being as it is purely impacted by his own mind and spirit, albeit it does maintain its connection with the external world, which plays out according to its own laws and dictates. They are in tandem and at the same time they seemingly maintain their autonomous existence and now is the time to assert his prerogative and exercise subjective authority over his own subjective emotional and transmogrified realm. The physical sensations, into which Septimus transforms the audible sensation of the nursemaid's voice, however, nearly drive him to a frenzy, which may not be recognizable as such to himself but certainly it would be to his spouse, who happens to be sitting next to him. Just in time Rezia puts the heavy weight of her hand on her husband, to anchor him to the spot and to protect him from the prying and unsettling eyes of the others around them. By then he is ready to dance and shake and twist himself into the shapes of all the elements that strangely change their forms and quiver and simultaneously they beckon him to join the ultimate party to phase themselves into an enlightened state akin to the very being and state only the absolute and transcendent being is capable of enjoying and existing in. The ecstasy and completely self-destructive moment is, fortunately, checked by the hand of the young wife. But the brutal and reality-impacted hand of Lucrezia is merely the symbolic representation of one of the dichotomous forces, which tries to enforce control over the freedom and autonomy Septimus seeks. After all, the mystery that has prevailed over the crowd in the street and over the skies of London, which in its extension has caused the reactive and reflective expansion in the inner landscape of Septimus's mind, may be simply the absolute and omnipresent force and energy that runs through every single being that appears in the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway. The dichotomy between the restraining force

symbolized by the hand of Rezia and the free-roaming spirit that gives rise to the expansive subjective world of Septimus may be merely an extension and another variation of the ultimate and consistent energy and force that has been inherent in the narrative from the inception of the story. But the inevitable end to the current episode of the subjective revelry, which teems with pulsating twirling and twisting colors and shapes nearly leading up to the ultimate sensation Septimus so much has been waiting for, arrives with his own admission, or is it merely the admission and comment of the authorial figure nearby?, that the ever-moving and transmogrifying figures of the "horses' heads, feathers on ladies' heads" would have driven him mad, or ill with motion sickness, perhaps, had he been allowed to indulge in his revelry any longer uninterrupted. The search for the exquisite moment is ever so closer to its end and yet it must necessarily be shunned, at least for the moment, and he "shuts his eyes" to keep himself more securely anchored to the ground and keep himself from faltering into the bottomless pit of subjective, or transcendently metaphysical, transmogrifying kaleidoscope.

The safe haven, or so presumed by a person like Dr. Holmes, by way of reality turns out to be an existential hell for Lucrezia, who hopelessly sits next to her husband, hoping that he does not completely lose his senses in front of all the crowd who are all around them--the crowd, whom she thought were a part of themselves or the other way round, now become a complete adversary, as Rezia places themselves against them in the scheme of adversarial and psychological dialectic that needs to be resolved in a way that is quite salutary to her husband, according to the advice of Dr. Holmes, to whose scientific and confident idea she desperately clings to at this juncture in time. The heavy weight of her hand that is brought down on the body of her husband is in a way a metaphor and metonym for the objective world around Septimus and the lucid and cold advice of a razor-edged reality-impacted mind of Dr. Holmes. The interruption is a desired mechanism by which her husband is brought to his senses and he is once again coerced into the safety of the real world, which, paradoxically, only gives life to their objective, as well as subjective, being as they confront and exist in the "civilized" world of England. But the sudden surfacing of Holmes to the messy and complicated realm of reality, or correlating of the doctor thereto, coincides with her journey to her inner world, where she can perhaps safely reminisce about her paradisiacal past when she used to live in peace and happiness in the land hundreds of miles away from the place she has arrived with a person, who she thought was a young and promising and exquisitely civilized husband named rather aesthetically and culturally suggestive Septimus. If the first name of the persona next to Rezia is a sign of what was supposed to transpire and

come to fruition in England, Rezia is completely disenchanted with what does really take place when they arrive in London, where their, or rather her dream crumbles in the face of the civilized crowd and the promising young man-cum-husband dissolves into incomprehension as he dives deeper and deeper into his own idiosyncratic, and to himself, a transcendently metaphysically perfect realm inside his privately demarcated imaginative horizon. In a way her recollection and indulgence in the past, where she spent happy days with friends and family, functions as a counterweight as well as a counterpoint to the idiosyncratic whimsical world Septimus descends into. She needs to seek a safe haven to maintain sanity but at the same time, and unfortunately for Lucrezia and rather unexpectedly, she undergoes the lonely solitary moments as she is brought to face the reality that the more she forces herself to love her husband, as a newlywed is supposed to and she initially truly felt and was inclined to, the lonelier she becomes as the person her love is intended for remains aloof and turns away from her into his own inner world. The physical proximity notwithstanding, the minds of the personae in focus drift away from each other each passing moment in spite of herself and perhaps in spite of Septimus's intention. But the truth remains, an objective truth that is, that he is content and much more wishes to remain in his more fertile imaginative and subjective realm where he can truly respond to the external impulses and to the message he perceives is speaking to him and specifically intended for him only. The moment the heavy weight of his wife's hand is placed on his body is the moment he was about to decipher the true intent and gist of the message, which he believes nearly gave way to the enlightenment analogous to the birth of a religion with all the necessary trappings of an inception of such a momentous occurrence. But such momentous occurrence or the near fruition thereof is only appropriately countered by an equally momentous sense of desolation felt by the newlywed from the southern realm of Europe. The ensuing divagatory revelry is both a parallel and counter musing on the part of Rezia to offset and escape from the depressing eventuality as she sees developing in the imaginative mind of her husband and to connect with the mind that is condescendingly characterized as somewhat defective, as Dr. Holmes sees it, in that it needlessly forces itself into a situation where it monomaniacally turns itself inward where all kinds of phantasmagoric images shift from one form to another, as if they were granted of their own life, which obviously is totally unfounded and contradicted by the reality that is all around Septimus, or so says the doctor and his wishful disciple, Rezia. As the two minds engage in an interesting dance of escape and rebuttal, Rezia remains only conscious of her resistance to and support for her husband, as he surely, or so she believes, wants to be released from the self-inflicted incarceration in which he

merely suffers and where he is psychologically trapped. The external meeting place of the two minds coincides with the moment when they recognize the physical sights and sounds that impact their senses, but what ensues in this critical scene is withdrawal, which is mutual, into their own defensive and protected psychological and imaginative and subjective realms where they can develop their own demarcated universe that is both objective and subjective and in time and beyond time. The expansion of the imaginative space that each entertains and experiences is in response to the external stimuli and what is putatively “actually” transpiring but they are underpinned by their wishes to retreat to the cocoon of their own memories and creation, which may or may not exist any longer but surely they feel and wish actually existed in a subjective and actual chrono-spatiality opening up both near and far away from their being as they incessantly interact with themselves and with the crowd and the physical occurrence that parallelly draws all their attention in the meantime.

The words that come out of Rezia, or the thought that reifies in the private and public space of the minds in action is that which relates to the good old days when Rezia thought she had happy days ahead of her and all that lay around her were those signify what her life would be like, a harbinger of what a young woman could hope for, the best and pure and sheer joy that would only be augmented by a man like an English man who was suddenly thrust into her horizon. The words, the concrete thought that arises in the thought process that develops in the mind of Rezia, “you should see the Milan garden,” fly out of her mouth, perhaps metaphorically or even literally as it seems to be confirmed by the deictic phrase, “said aloud.” The automatic reflexive reaction to the odd behavior, as she sees it at least, is a desperate response to Septimus’ inward tendency that is merely prolonged and becomes exacerbated, as Rezia helplessly sits next to him and watches him and sinks in her private thought. At least the concrete congelation of words that reverberate through the empty space, either literally or metaphorically, could bring her back to her safe mental haven, as the words confirm her physical existence and sanity, which she believes exists in a concrete and physical world a person like Dr. Holmes encourages her to force her husband to be turned to. (Concreteness of words and congelation of physical reality by way of words is thrust out of her mental world and released beyond the bounds of mere conscious realm and at the same time subjectivized and objectified by their shareability with her dear husband.) But the hoped for moments when she can bring her husband out of the miasma of his subjective hell does not materialize. What transpires is rather the reverse of what she has hopelessly anticipated. She falls back into her own private and demarcated universe where she revels in her own happy paradisiacal subjective, or objective as far

as she is concerned, realm and forces the memories of the past to materialize there and then in the chrono-spatiality that momentarily opens up in the narrative horizon. The moment that happens is fitly compared to the flares and fanfares associated with a shooting rocket that goes up with all the fireworks and scintilla, leaving gloom and darkness behind, which can only be replaced and filled in by the imaginative and creative mind of Rezia. The moment of fireworks and flaring light and ensuing darkness and dimming disheartening despondence that threatens to pervade the space Rezia inhabits could easily drag Rezia deeper and deeper into the slough of despondence, which the subjectively prone Septimus is undergoing at the very moment and from which she was set to escape and which she was determined to counterpoise by diving into her own imaginative conscious spatiality where she could indulge in the hopeful moments, which in fact come rushing to her desperate mind. She cannot afford to be dragged down into the depressing, dim and hopeless loneliness in the realm only she can have control over and has created in the first place, regardless where it is given rise to in response to her husband's despotic and uncontrollable desire to indulge in his own realm. As the darkness settles over after the fireworks and great flares of sparkling scintilla of the external or internal phenomenon her minds seizes on at this particular moment, she immediately replaces them with the memories of the days when she used to live happily and felt fulfilled in Milan, surrounded by friends and family and the circumstances, under which she decided to marry a young man from England. Such auspicious moments notwithstanding, the acme of recollective felicity is not enough to counter the dragging and despondent effect of loneliness her husband's state triggers in her mind. The hills and houses and people who are all around her in this strange land of England merely appear all the more gloomy and the fogginess of the landscape that seemed to promise the bright vista once it was lifted does not materialize as a bright and enlightening landscape and psychoscape, which Rezia seems to have anticipated. At the moment everything colludes to make her mind even more gloomy and the lone voice yearning for confirmation of the bright days, the promised bright days to come, falls on deaf ears, as her husband merely continues to be in the same frame of mind as he has been in, which plunged Rezia to take the evasive and reactive response to dive into her own subjective realm in the first place. The vocalization of one, rather, is reciprocated by the same by another, albeit a more subjective internal one, and the much feared catastrophe nears one step closer to its explosive conclusion. As she is thrust into her own solipsistic desolation, her husband fulfills, or just about to fulfill, his religious nirvana, as he wanders off to his own solipsistic trajectory and the distance between the minds of the two persona widens, as it were, and Septimus becomes repulsed by or

obsessed about the killing of the living being, whether it is inanimate or animate, or organic or inorganic. On this occasion, the starting off incident, or the murky triggering event that takes place in his mind, is felling of a tree. (Is he dreaming of the warping or falling or transmogrifying objects all around him, or are things in his mind twirling and moving at a breathless pace as they are injected with the mental energy which the overexcited mind of Septimus incessantly supplies?) What is interesting, and apt, at this juncture is the killing and death that is brought into the ken of the conscious mind of Septimus, which the idea of desolation and exiled soul driven to extinction out of solipsistic self-commiseration forms a neat counterpoint of. In a way, and on a certain narrative level, the mind of Septimus working within his solipsistic chrono-spatiality goes in tandem with that of Rezia, which also works in a chrono-spatiality where she indulges in the memories of the past when she used to live happily as any young woman may be entitled to and expect to have. The further apart their minds drift from each other, then, the more they seem to echo and reprise what the other experiences and sadly enough, in this case what is repeated in each other is the loneliness and subjective isolation each encapsulates themselves in, and at this juncture what is floated and shared, albeit in passing perhaps, is the idea of death and extinction and transcendence of, or escape from, the present. While Rezia obviously does not mention the exact term in her desultory revelry, the idea of death is unmistakably enchainned and connected to the mind of Septimus--and recursively to Rezia--as he revels in his subjective chrono-spatiality that opens up at this very narrative juncture.

Regardless of the effort by Rezia to draw Septimus out of his subjective isolation, he maintains his calm and subjective exploration inward and conversation with the objects he recognizes exist in his private realm. Inanimate and animate beings start to talk to him, or so it seems to him anyway, and Septimus converts them into shapes and objects he craves and wishes existed in reality. Or they might as well exist in reality, as far as Septimus is concerned, while the objects continue accosting him, or Septimus urges them to, or enable them to accost him in the language he thinks he understands. But, as it so happens, they do not make any sense, or at least immediate sense, as he tries his best to construe the messages they try to convey to him right there in the park and among the crowd, who exist in the midst of the public sphere where the mysterious and intriguing spectacle is putatively still taking place in the sky and among the crowd and in the street and virtually everywhere in the middle of the city of London. Then finally the real concrete image forms around the abstract ideas that seem to strike the mind of Septimus, somewhere deep within his inner psyche where they tend to congeal one way or another but never reify in any communicable shape or color

to the readerly mind so far. But it is an aerial creature, or as it turns out, a group of them, who come and talk to Septimus, telling him or tries to convey the mysterious message that turns out to be something of significance that might decide the fate of our protagonist as he intently grapples with it to decipher the true intent thereof that impacts him in the gravest manner possible. A message that will possibly relieve him of the pains and anxieties he has been tormented with since the death of his dear friend in the recent past. Unfortunately for Septimus, it is rendered in Greek. When he needs the mystery to be revealed right there and then and the fate of his entire life may be determined by the content of the message, he becomes completely frustrated with his inability to access the truth contained in the message he can hear and which comes from the throat of the sparrows that flew all the way from the depth of his subjective realm to tell him and whisper to him the truth about life and the universal key to the enlightenment which will surely grant him the utmost bliss he can obtain and has been waiting for some time now. The enigmatic voice of the birds, albeit it is garbled and impenetrably murky that is merely comprehensively generalized and bundled into what Septimus calls Greek, one message, one significance that is most prominent comes out and Septimus hears it as clearly as he sees the images in the subjective realm of his own making where every single object and abstract conceptualization appears clear-etched and concrete to his over-sensitized mind. The message, or the birds he sees in there are, not surprisingly, tied to and woven into the idea of death, a recursive motif and signification that is brought to bear upon the enigma that is now ready to give rise to the new state of enlightenment, engulfing himself and Rezia and all around them. Or as Septimus recognizes and rendered through textualization of the meta-narrator, they sing “from trees in the meadow of life beyond a river where the dead walk, how there is no death.” The fateful and tremendous climax that has been long waited for, it turns out, merely hearkens back to the moments Septimus experienced in the not so distant past and where he certainly came close to what is being expressed by the message which the mysterious birds have been trying to convey to him in the language he may not understand, or at least the content of which may not be easily accessible immediately, but nonetheless something they must piercingly and desperately, as he conceives, bring to his audible senses to be processed and interpreted to reconcile the state he is in with the harmonious whole he has been seeking, with the phenomena all around him, all the objects both animate and inanimate, his wife and the crowd—all that which have been manifesting and cooperating to coalesce in the chrono-spatiality he also shares at this auspicious moment. The stark reality of the unreal, or rather the subjective being that materializes right next to his concrete “hand” and self brings him face to face with the

person that has been in fact in focus of his conscious self all these years since the fateful moment when the grim reality of death had confronted him in the person of the friend that suddenly appears at this moment in London, in the midst of all the crowd and all the spectacles, which all the physical events contribute to one way or another. The death becomes the person of his friend, Evans, as the indescribable, or rather nondescript white objects pullulate and move ever closer to Septimus and yet keep himself and Evans apart by the mere railings which lie between them and himself. The tragic accumulation of events, or rather climactic tragic catastrophic accretion of events threaten to come to a head as Septimus is about to be sucked into the realm of the white objects beyond the railings, where he is merely separated by the bars that are like those separating spectators from the beings and others residing in an enclosed space lying on the other side of the separation—the other beings separated and yet within sight and nearly and tantalizingly within reach—and yet the very neat concretization of the death in the form of pullulating white forms and objects nearly threaten to give rise to an almost bathetic transmogrification of death in the shape and form that may as well be figures from a popular tale frequently used in entertainment media and presented in the manner that is deemed to please the mass audience. No wonder he needs to be interrupted in his reverie and in the process gives vent to a peevish outburst, albeit rather muted in that it only takes place in his mind and manifested in a subtle external reaction he shows toward the agent of that interruption.

The dichotomous struggle between the two personae continues, as Rezia keeps reminding her husband of the external world, the real world where everything substantial takes place, according to a respectable person like Dr. Holmes, that is. In the meantime, Septimus is all the more intent on developing and seeking his own world where he can see all the beautiful things and indulge in promising prospects and features he has been in search of all this while since the demise of his best friend in the war. The non-real and subjective objects become continually spawned and generated while the objective tangible instances grow out of the periphery of the vision of the personae in focus, the matter-of-fact objects that may be metaphorically analogous to or at least similar to the experience of being in the midst of and among and near the crowd who pullulate around the couple from Italy. In the meantime, they must wake each other up from the private and objective realms they are implicitly aware of existing at this very moment and at the same time keep the validity of each sphere, at least to themselves, and make it relevant to themselves, for the ultimate fate and the ultimate message that has been addressed to him and Rezia depends on the integrity of such realms, which in their turn derive from their soulful engagement with the

chrono-spatiality that arises from their very memories and recollections dating back years and months and tracing back to geographical locations hundreds of miles away from where they are now. The bathetic aspect of the narrative comes to the surface with a vengeance at this moment, however, as the gloomy and murky images, which Septimus seized and interpreted as white nebulous forms corresponding to the nebulous memories centered around the site of the fateful battleground somewhere in Greece (or so the reader construes from the bits of recollective cues dropped in the middle of the passage that are spawned in the wake of the mind in action) take concrete shapes, which are recognized as something not quite unexpected, perhaps, but nevertheless arise with a bit of surprise and jolt to the interpretative readerly consciousness. In spite of the surprise factor, the view that coalesces in the mind of the reader at this juncture is the inevitable conclusion to the vaguely limned shapes and forms, which had been transmuted into white pullulating forms and shapes in the lines preceding the current section of the episode.

there were chairs beneath a tree and the long slope of the park dipped like a length of green stuff with a ceiling cloth of blue and pink smoke high above, and there was a rampart of far irregular houses hazed in smoke, the traffic hummed in a circle, and on the right, dun-coloured animals stretched long necks over the Zoo palings, barking, howling. There they sat down under a tree. (p. 29)

The view the personae active in the narrative perceive reluctantly transitions from the mystifying and enigmatic—which is a continuation of and lingering psychological state two personae are in, who after all have been all intent on poring over the nooks and crannies of their subjective and recollective realms where they were the sole and most privileged generators and interpreters of subtle nuances, which arise from the psychological phenomena that well out of the depth of their privileged realms—to the bathetic and commonplace and mundane—something that has been hinted at for some time, and perhaps even prevalent without being overly and overtly conspicuous. Those objects lying in the periphery of the personae’s consciousness come zooming in onto the forefront of their consciousness and what they coalesce into, or what the personae for the first time clearly recognize turns out to be merely “a rampart of far irregular houses hazed in smoke.” Albeit it sounds all too anticlimactic, the white pullulating shapes and forms being identified as the houses in the distance that are wrapped up in the billowing haze, perhaps—they project themselves in the continuum of the subjective memory the mind of Septimus has been indulging in and developing, which is centered

and derived from the fateful incident in the field of Greece, the death of his friend and the excruciating and terrifying nightmares that ensued therefrom. The use of the word rampart is also a cue to connect the incidents and timelines that are developing on two completely discrepant ontological planes. The possibly fecund hermeneutic potential at this stage once again, and rather suddenly, thrusts, or is about to thrust, the readerly mind onto a trajectory that is both subjective and parallel to the reality impacted narrative line, which in fact crops up now and again and goes dormant thereafter each time it coalesces in the narrative space, as it were, and so on interminably. But the ensuing concrete outcropping of reality in the forms and shapes of the zoo is the final piece of objective instantiation tied to the bars and railings that seems to forever separate Septimus from the ultimate enlightenment and goal he has been in search of. The eerie images of the indefinable entities which are derived from the past and spatiality that reside in the realm other than the one he exists in at this moment, become fused with the rather disenchanting and reality-impacted “barking and howling.” Could the subjective pendulum of the narrative directionality have swung to the opposite extreme? Or could it stand for the victory of the concrete and real over the subjective and psychological? But either case, Rezia at this stage fulfills the function of an objective and scientific arbitrator in the camp of Dr. Holmes and his ilk as she indefatigably reminds her husband of the true and real world that lies all around him. In a sense, the dichotomous structurality that is incorporated into the current segment of the story where Septimus constantly tries to delve deeper and deeper into his own realm and tries to find and attain the psychological nirvana that trumps all the cold logic and reality Dr. Holmes preaches about or the noisy and busy and audibly and visually crowded world to which Rezia tries to pull her husband to—the two facets of the reality that evolve in the narrative landscape which grow alternately, or rather parallelly and simultaneously, give rise to the uniquely complex and satisfying reality that can only be depicted through contradictions and conflicts of the personae embodied by characters like Rezia and Septimus. It is never one-sided and simple as one aspect is easily intertwined with another and Rezia, who putatively represents the cold logic, or at least upholds the view advocated by Dr. Holmes, is a willing and intentional adversary who tries to obstruct, as Septimus sees it, her partner and at the same time save him out of the subjective miasma and entrapment she sees her husband has caught himself in, but simultaneously she herself escapes from the present now and reality and develops her own subjective realm where she can indulge and hover around in search of the subjective and psychological haven where she replicates and reprises

the act of finding the bliss and enlightenment her husband is engaged in.¹¹ In such a world one phase of conscious expansion is mirrored by another--by someone who could be considered an adversary and partner of the one and they exist side by side and simultaneously and contrapuntally to another. The narrative therein, where all the personae inhabit, progresses with layers and circularities embedded in it that inevitably come entwining with each other and each one of the phase of conscious state each persona undergoes either contradicts or simultaneously augments the concrete and subjective manifestations that coalesce there and then. In a way, they either form a parallel universe of their own or inhabit a coextensive chrono-spatiality that are recursively brought to intercalate and dovetail and layer over with each other, giving rise to a complex world of the narrative entitled *Mrs. Dalloway*.

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¹¹ The psychological entrapment each character finds himself in may be impacted on the authorial biography that blossoms, perhaps inflected and refracted by literary nuances and conveniences, as some of the information that is contained in the story is obviously autobiographical and even the fact that the depressive phase Septimus experiences and the suffering that causes in the person who is supposed to be most intimate to him, is easily put in perspective and in the context of Virginia Woolf's personal history as it is developed and evolved in the minds of each character that appears and autonomously evolves in the story. The interrelation between the psychological state each one is in and the external objects that intrude on the mind of the characters and the personal and subjective history that is woven into the story is quite fascinating in that it could produce such complex and layered meanings as the narrative evolves in the minds of the reader and the internal participants who whole-heartedly engage in events, both physical and psychological, that transpire in the story. See more on the biographical details that are incorporated and reflected upon the narrative line of Mrs. Dalloway in *Virginia Woolf and the "Lust of Creation": A Psychoanalytic Exploration* by Shirley Panken (Albany, NY: State University of New York Press, 1987), pp. 115-124.

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パラレルな意識の追求と創出

Virginia Woolf の意識とその物理的要因との interaction を中心に展開された作品では意識の流れが人物の主観的、及び客観的な boundary を超越して絶え間なく多方向に広がりその軌跡が作品の独特な世界を構築しているといえる。恣意的とも思われる偶発性や連続性・断続性が物理的な因果関係を脱却し並列的に配置された世界ではほぼ無限な解釈、並びに展開の可能性を秘めて作品が存在しているといっても過言ではない。この論文ではその連続性・非連続性の世界にある種の意識的 parallel な実態を追及・創出すべく第三者 (reader/interactor) の主観・視点を反映させて絶え間なく拡散する意識のプロセスとの合体、そして分岐を試みてみた。