琉球大学学術リポジトリ

Selfと意識の流れとその関係

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The Self and Ramifications and Rippling Effects Thereof

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In the flow of the conscious river there is the self in the midst of it, or at least that is what seems to emerge from the plethora of phenomena and ingredients and physical beings and characters that pullulate in the spatiality of Mrs. Dalloway. It does not matter whether one is concerned with any particular being in question or someone else who might be located far and far away, perhaps in the Indian subcontinent, thousands of miles away from the center of the world where the narrative unfolds in the beginning of the twentieth century, as our hostess walks through the city of London in quest of the flowers and back to the house, where the doors will be taken off their hinges to make way for the party, a grand and heartwarming and most satisfying event that will ever happen in the life of Clarissa Dalloway, a wife of one member of parliament of the great nation of the United Kingdom. Or perhaps not necessarily the best and most posh and grandiose party that is planned in the life of Clarissa, but more likely a party that is to be remembered and will most likely be one of the most memorable ones for a long time to come in the life of Mrs. Dalloway, as she plies her daily routines, going to the flower shop and talking to her most trusted housemaid and coming in contact with her daughter and at the same time remembering what might have been and would have been and could have been in that most sacred of locations that took shape in her youth, which constantly comes back to the present, inflecting and refracting the impressions that inundate her mind as she lives on this particular summer day in the midst of the city of London. But almost all the hubbubs and goings-on that pertain to daily routines and circumstances that could and would and might have taken shape, and in fact seem to take shape in the life of our heroine, what matters most and what anchors the whole bits of ingredients and entire cast of characters who populate the narrative to the center, or keep them from completely dissipating into thin air, is the self, that ubiquitous and most self-important element, which regardless of what transpires in the mind of the characters that are in focus at any given moment seems to gather its force and elucidates the momentary happenstances that chance upon certain unrelated events and contingencies that break out and cause ripples over the surface of the narrative, which overall constitute and generate the mindscape called Mrs. Dalloway—all the external and internal phenomena and physical elements that circumscribe the

characters and contingencies that circle around the self that sees and observes and endows meanings and plethora of them upon every single manifestation of all the events and characters that ramify and manifest themselves in variegated external shapes in the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway. The conscious stream flows uninterruptedly and it may not have direct relevance to the self that does not seem to be in the center of all things that occur and circulate through and around the narrative sphere, but in fact, it merely redounds and connects to the self, anchors itself to the central consciousness that is always watching and asserts itself in the midst of the narrative sphere, while it gives life to all the elements that inhabit the narrative. The purpose of the essay is to see the various manifestations of the self and the way it impinges upon the conscious flow per se, which is another way of prolonging the life and being of the self that asserts its being and meaning in the sphere that is incessantly in flux, which nevertheless coalesces as the optimal environment where the self can divulge and diverge and expand in the manner that is both ubiquitous and omnipotent and yet so unpredictably evanescent, changing itself from one state into another, which may or may not be recognizable as such but nonetheless maintaining its telltale identity as the self as it exudes and replenishes its self that is all so human and mundane, which can be appreciated and identified with by anyone who even modestly lived life to the fullest with all the complications it brings to the one experiencing it.

Let us then continue with the flow of the conscious flow that particularly arises when Clarissa is and feels rather brutally interrupted by the presence of Peter, her long time close friend and yet now has been absent for some time and supposedly in India. The interruption is so subtle but she is ready to take offence at the slightest provocation and invocation of remarks, which do not seem to be particularly disruptive except that the comment Peter leaves resonates in the quiet and romantic air that pervades the night and which Clarissa would like to share with the person she thinks she can converse from the bottom of her heart. But the intrusion, how brutal and rude it sounds, she thinks in her mind, as the mere words ring so loud and cruel in her ears as she places her self and its relationship between herself and Sally in the foreground of the narrative space as it opens up wide and expansive in her mind at this juncture in the life of the wonderment that in fact took place in the magical land and conclave called Bourton near the ocean or the lake. Everything that is related to the magical locale and name needs to be properly aligned and reduced to the passion that broke out between herself and Sally and reflexively and inevitably the presence of others and most prominently Peter intrudes and breaks through the concatenated selves that seem to have been given rise to at least for a moment as she puts herself and her position

identical to that of Sally Seaton, simultaneously transposing herself to, the scene where the latter walked and ran almost naked to the consternation of the aunt and her kith and kin. The romantic and all so fulfilled moment is ruptured and threatened to be destroyed at the appearance of the mere words and that arising from the person of Peter, none other than Peter. The agony and anger and resentment she feels toward Peter increases in intensity as the person who is to be shattered, or threatens to be shattered, or rather the fulfilled and satisfactory spatiality that is to arise because of the presence of that precious and wonderful person of Sally is contaminated and destroyed by the mere signal Peter gives at the moment when it is completely uncalled for. The words by way of the body of Peter is interpreted as no other than hostility, challenge and attempt to demonstrate and manifest his power over others like herself, or in the words of Clarissa, "she felt his hostility; his jealousy; his determination to break into their companionship." He has no right to be there and he has no right to intrude into the territory that is marked out by the presence of the other, albeit of the same sex, or perhaps all the more because of the sexuality that is involved in the relationship that opens up between Clarissa and Sally Seaton. The rivalry between the two, perhaps that between Peter and Sally, or any combination of the three involved in the scheme Clarissa envisages in her mind—it pushes the self to the foreground and the battle among the three, or between Clarissa and Peter intensifies. The moment the words come out of the mouth of the other is the moment when Clarissa is forced to take a defensive stance and forced to protect and encircle the other, the woman who completely shared the same values as herself, and fend off the other who may have been an important part of her life, pushing her into a relationship that may be characterized as lover's but nonetheless constantly on the verge of breakup and breaking into a belligerent and oppositional one at the slightest provocation. The battle, in other words, that are pronounced by the prominent presence of the self that pushes against the other and does not hesitate to attack and resist the slightest challenge to the relation that she considers needs to be prioritized over anything else for the moment. The self so entrenched in her view, which does not preclude her right to change her loyalty at any given moment or at the slightest provocation, is ready to come to Sally's support, whoever happens to be on her side, as in her view Sally comes out victorious, laughing and nonchalantly walking out to the fore, vanquishing as it were, the opponent, who threatened to disrupt her rule and glorious progress in the eyes of the self that is at this particular moment identified with Clarissa's. But the unflinching support for Sally is upset and turned on its head as Clarissa shifts her position unexpectedly and somehow paradoxically, coming and reverting to a position where she views his existence

essential for the memories and existence she ekes out for herself in those days when she came in contact with Sally and Peter and others and in the very moment she recollects the precious locale where every crucial incident took place. Suddenly, she becomes fearful and hesitant as she thinks of the encounter with Peter after all these years and the words that might flow out of his mouth and Peter commenting and criticizing her position and everything she stands for. He pins her down as if she were a creature that had no control over her own fate except through his self and comments and words that not only determine the way she sees herself but also define her as she faces and faced all the people who surrounded her and made her existence somehow meaningful. Just as she violently reacted to the disruptive words that flew out of the month of the other, wishing Sally to be safe and protected and shielded from the bitter and cruel self that tries to define her and Sally simultaneously as petty insignificant beings who need someone more significant and powerful and supportive than the support the relationship between themselves can provide, she becomes meek and sheepish at the prospect of Peter emerging from the thin air, across the years of time that transpired between the then at Bourton and the now that currently is incessantly coming into being. The years that passed between the two time frames abruptly make her conscious of the passage of time or what it redounds to her as an old woman, "That she had grown older? Would he say that, or would she see him thinking when he came back, that she had grown older?" The rebellion and rejection of the male power and the powerful being that could potentially crush her and destroy the relationship that is, or was, so romantic and mellow and soft and tender—the teetering emotional states that incessantly fluctuate and the people they point to, they intermingle and connect with each other and at this moment one, however, yields to the other as she meekly surrenders herself to the all-powerful presence of, and premonition it gives rise to, Peter after all these years.[1]

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[1] The relationship between Clarissa and Peter could be much more complicated than it initially is presented, or seems to be developed on the surface of the narrative. According to Elizabeth Abel, it indicates the duality and conflicting and belligerent dichotomous tension, or implicit coalescence thereof, which makes up an important ingredient of the narrative throughout its fluid entirety. It, or rather Peter, as he is constantly associated with the locale of the youthful passionate drama, or the site where it unfolded at Bourton, as well as ramifications thereof, may as well epitomize the concomitant dual scheme in the narrative, which includes his eventual rival Richard Dalloway or himself or the combination of both vis-à-vis Clarissa's passionate object of female love, Sally Seaton. All of them are presented as part of the incessantly shifting chronological duality between past and present and the simultaneous co-existence thereof and at the same time all of them are involved in the complex drama that turns and revolves around the overall embroilment of all the elements that contribute to the unfolding explicatory dichotomous tendency that keeps Peter an integral resident in the

The disequilibrium that the unwelcome intrusion, as well as the welcome intrusion from a different and differing perspective that our protagonist harbors in the corner of her mind, causes is another excuse to retreat into her own self, the cocoon of her arbitrary realm where she can indulge in the world that is mainly undefined and simultaneously and incessantly expands and narrows to the center, the one center she can be content with and feels safe with, her own self. Before she can confront the truth, one indubitable truth that should rather hide from herself, it being so coarse and selfish and un-lady-like and all of those, she has to go through all kinds of mental journey and rambling in which she moves from one state of mind to another in search of the other, who might remain lurking beneath the garish and all powerful self that would eventually come to the fore but nonetheless she does not mind camouflaging it or hiding from the all-powerful presence thereof, to appear to be polite and courteous to the other, whoever she or he might be, as long as they could be thankful for her considerateness and that in turn allows them to be naturally more amenable to a tender and gratuitous mode and mood, thanking her and depending upon her merely because she is nice and more lady-like, lady-like that is commensurate with a personage who happens to be throwing a party later in the day. Her mind wanders, looking for the mental vicissitudes that bring her back to her ultimate goal and ultimate mindset where she finds solace and satisfaction because no matter whatever routes she takes, by way of her best and most understanding woman friend back from the locale and time dating back years hence or the person who also coexisted with the former and at the same time is about to come face to face with her in the current abode and venue, about ready to come back to the metropolis from the subcontinent where he has been rumored to be married and met, or rumored to have found an opportunistic (or the other way round) Anglo-Indian wife of a military official, what an appropriate union for a man who could not make much of his life, not like Clarissa's current husband who is properly sitting in the parliament, moving the country in the direction his constituency desires him to, a husband who is by far the more successful than the one who crossed the Atlantic and Indian Oceans on his way to the torrid zone, wasting his talent and squandering his opportunities in the land where no civilized being would be allowed to grow mentally and intellectually. Is it a right assessment of what transpired between then and now, now when Peter is ready to come home and burst into her view and ken, influencing her and perturbing her peace while she plies her daily routines, on the day out of so many other days and months

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psychological and ubiquitous realm of Clarissa. See the dual argument that is developed by Elizabeth Abel on the relationship between Peter and Richard and Sally and the tension that results therefrom in *Virginia Woolf and the Fictions of Psychoanalysis* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998), pp. 30-44.

when he could have perfectly come home and introduced himself as the former friend and boyfriend of one Mrs. Dalloway? At the thought of the ineluctable and the much feared and cherished name and also the unmentionable episode that could have, would have and might have transpired there in Bourton years and decades ago near the ocean, at the thought of all those Clarissa could not help but seek some assurance to cling onto something that buttresses and helps her keep her self integral and keep it and herself going without a rupture and without self-disintegration, leaving her self strong and unperturbed. The disturbance the reckless and nonchalant words that reverberate through and across times give rise to sends her wobbly and toddling along in her search for the secure self and secure ground where she can walk steadily, somehow able to reach the realm where she can feel safe to throw a party and ready to please the guests as a proper hostess of the one respectable MP of the parliament of the greatest empire this world has ever known. Suddenly, what causes her nearly faltering and crumbling to the ground where she barely remains standing or remains in existence, is the idea of aging. The insecurity and uncertainty the mere words and phrases that reverberated and inserted themselves into the relationship between herself and Sally Seaton thrust themselves and grab her by her soul and rudely point to the passage of time that ravaged her soul and body with the imprint of time that cannot be smoothed over.[2] The sadness the mere idea of aging evokes and the unsteady mind and the skinny and pointed feature combined bring about come sweeping over her psyche. She nearly falters and feels once again the sadness and lugubrious air that howls through the hole in her heart. She is forced to look for the steadying center. While the mind wanders over a wide path of cruel wilderness that circles and encircles doubly and quadruply around her psyche, she is discarded into the expanding imagery of her soul that somehow comes

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[2] The objective and historical time can be opposed or juxtaposed with what is called the inner conscious time that flows and cuts across historical timeframes, where one is allowed to recuperate losses and resolve impossibilities physical boundaries of historical time entails. The meaning of the now and the then and the incessant going back and forth between different times, which are important concomitants of the narrative as each one of the elements are impacted upon each other, contributes to a narrative setup that enables the deep caves to develop behind each and every character, who ponders upon the meaning of life and reality and what constitutes to his or her being as they live in the present while they simultaneously transport themselves to discrepant time frames, part of which or all of them, physically speaking, may have existed in the past and in discrepant locales, thus the interchange of the sort that is depicted to transpire in the minds of the characters would never be possible without the introduction of the one or the other. See the argument on the two or more kinds of chrono-spatiality simultaneously, or complementarily, exiting in the narrative, developed by Paul S. Fiddes in *The Promised End: Eschatology in Theology and Literature* (Oxford, UK: Wiley-Blackwell, 2000), pp. 115-147.

hopelessly to and diffusively escapes from herself from the center but at the same time the discrepant images of her self, innumerable pictures and images of them come and gather toward the center on the surface of the mirror and the jar and vase that happens to be placed in the room of her own in front of her, and reflected upon it is a rather ruddy face, a scared and unsteady face but nonetheless unmistakably of her own, that of the one who is ready to give a party in the evening that is rapidly approaching regardless of the diaphanous and concentric figures that loom and appear and disappear and reflected on the glassy surface in the center of her conscious universe.

> Clarissa (crossing to the dressing-table) plunged into the very heart of the moment, transfixed it, there — the moment of this June morning on which was the pressure of all the other mornings, seeing the glass, the dressing-table, and all the bottles afresh, collecting the whole of her at one point (as she looked into the glass), seeing the delicate pink face of the woman who was that very night to give a party; of Clarissa Dalloway; of herself.

The concentric circle that develops around her self is enough to motivate her to concentrate on what she looks like and how she appears to others and what her life has been like. The moment when she notes the images that remained scattered as she mulled over the interception and distraction arising from the past and they get subsumed under the sole image of her self and what arises from it on the fixed center is the moment when she takes the cue and think of her life and her self and what it is involved in on the day when one of the most important things is about to happen.[3] But before it happens she needs to confirm and make sure what the image that lies and appears in front of her, reflected and mirrored and concentrated on the mirror, the glassy surface, momentarily scattered and split into millions of potentially fragmentary

[3] The continuity of the past, with all the things that happened and took place in varying manners by which the self has been influenced and impacted, to the present as the self physically exists in the moment and continuity of each passing moment each one of us experience in the present are indeed some of the major themes that are addressed in the novel. The fact that the mind in the center of the narrative landscape is constantly bombarded by all the minute incidents and events that took place or transpired either tangibly or intangibly signifies the complex relationship that exists between the two time frames that are constantly called upon as the self positions itself in the midst of the narrative universe and as the boundaries of the time schemes are incessantly broached and breached, altering the implications of the memories and what they signify to the self in the midst of the narrative sphere as it undergoes changes in a way that transmogrifies the significance of the present as it pertains to the past as well as everything that occurs all around it in the present moment. See the fluid temporality and the significance thereof as it flows through the narrative present and past and future and its impact on the minds of the characters who reside in the narrative realm argued by Steve Ellis in *Virginia Woolf and the Victorians* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2007), pp. 52-67.

segments on the vase and mental picture that may or may not be the reflection of what actually coalesces in the room of her own, before and after all the distractions that transpire in a fraction of a second, which could as well be the reason why she needs to make faces and confirm and affirm what the self, the image that peers through the looking glass at her, what it all signifies to her and what and how it pertains to everything she has accumulated experientially. Note the curiosity and the fresh look with which she pores over the image that appears in front of her, "She pursed her lips when she looked in the glass. It was to give her face point. That was her self — pointed; dartlike; definite." The familiar and yet strange features that coalesced suddenly on the smooth surface and in her mind's topography seize her and arouse her curiosity and would not release her so easily, or at least until she is satisfied and assured of the person that contributes to the real and self-same and only existence called Clarissa Dalloway. Not even Dalloway, since it is a pseudonym, a name borrowed from her conjunction with the MP of the parliament and not the one that actually reflects and represents the true self, who is merely Clarissa and what it and the real name harkens back to, the locale and the days and people who surrounded her and that which gave rise to the situations that are time and again visited and revisited in her mind, providing endless pleasures and surprises and ultimately defining her and giving shape to her true being as she kept on living for years after the days and time frame that function as the lynchpin in defining her being, a woman secondary and subservient and auxiliary to one Mr. Dalloway. The issue of identity and the self that is truly independent and the true center of her world forces her to think of the focus and the point of intersection between the thinking self, who is engaged in determining the who and wherefore of her self and the self that seems to be in existence throughout time and underpinning everything that has transpired since the momentous series of events that took place in Bourton and even dating back years before that and all the way up to the present. The all precious and objective self, that independent and even transcendental existence and positionality needs to be affirmed and confirmed before Clarissa can declare the centrality of her existence, the one glistening center, coruscating and glittering like a diamond that shines from the depth of her psyche. Such an existence seems to be confirmed as she ponders her being and centrality in the fluid milieu in the midst of her familiar setup, including the maid, her daughter and her husband and all those guests who will be arriving at the party in a few hours' time. But the self that seems to have established its centrality and all-important positionality is jeopardized as Clarissa displays her desire, an insatiable desire, to be loved and thought well of, by not only her equals but, perhaps more so, by her maids and servants and all those who

consider themselves, or rather she considers, to be stationed below her. After all, "she had helped young people, who were grateful to her; had tried to be the same always." But she also made sure that her mean side, the sordid and egomaniacal, or rather the side that can be identified as a self-pampering aspect of her ego-centricity--, she made sure that that particular aspect remained covered up, not revealed to the others, especially to those who should rightfully be thankful and grateful to her.[4] After all she has been so dedicated to them. Whatever gratitude she deserved is the least she could hope for in return. Reciprocation is gratifying and satisfying and if it is something she could rightfully expect from them, then all the extraneous elements that might cloud over the legitimate cause and reason for reciprocation are an anathema, something that needs to be overridden at any cost. The centrality of the self is the ultimate goal, or rather preserving the centrality of the ego in the relationship and social structure she has grown to feel so natural and essential in is the ultimate objective she tries to achieve as she picks up the fragmented shards of her images reflected in her mental spatiality that happens to develop in the room, or the abode, of her own. But simultaneously, as she tries to hide her sordid side under the disguise of, or rather behind a holy sanctimonious saintly facade, it is exactly the side she manifests and forces the reader to focus on rather than the other way round. She cannot avert the prying eyes of the reader who would rather overlook the peccadillo of a lady like Clarissa but, rather paradoxically, she emphatically directs the latter to ponder upon the ramifications of the narrow jealous side of a woman, a woman who toys with the idea of being beautiful and in possession of a beautiful mind and who is trying to convince herself that she is being fair to her servants and maids not necessarily because she needs reciprocation but because she merely wants to be kind and she is, in her eyes, sincerely and truly loving and fair.

The concentric circles of images that seem to have focused upon and materialized upon the mirror and glass and vase that stood in front of Clarissa satisfied her by the pattern of images that appeared, perhaps multifariously and yet in a flash of

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[4] The ego-centricity of Clarissa's world, or whatever evolves and revolves around the selves that are foregrounded in the narrative, is one of the main themes that come out of the conscious webs woven in an out throughout the story. The center of the universe, or whatever pertains to the narrative universe is the point from which emanates all kinds of ramifications and nuances that both deepen and give clues to the dilemma and enigma each characters confronts with as she or he ekes out their living and existence in a world that constantly fluctuates and evolves before their minds' eyes. See the argument on ego versus philanthropy that is developed in the narrative, explicated by Milena Todorova Radeva, in *Philanthropy, the Welfare State, and Early Twentieth-Century Literature* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2008), pp. 37-43.

the moment in one uniform concrete image, with which she leaves for the next objet that is of concern at this moment as she waits for the party that is unfolding sometime in the evening and for which she needs to be prepared, very well prepared. The tangible and plush and soft and palpable textile and dress she handles next is a dress she wore before and that yet again comes to the fore at this juncture as Clarissa holds it in front of her and finds, surprisingly and disappointingly, with a tear around the waist. She recollects the moment that happened, a circumstance that cannot be undone and yet the product of the moment needs to be addressed and mended, the dress, the green treasure she needs to wear and she has set her mind on wearing for the evening. What is it that keeps her mind so strongly attached to the flowing object that she handles and watches and admires, imagining how she would look and the beauty and all the experience that preceded the moment she set her mind on wearing it and enhancing the atmosphere amidst the friends and eminent politicians and their beautifully attired partners who will be descending upon her abode. The tactile sensation the dress imparts somehow soothes her. The rarified concentration and contemplation she has engaged in previous to the current mulling over the green dress makes it essential for Clarissa to cling on to it, or rather finding any object she can hold onto, something she can focus upon and something that keeps her mind not straying off to uncontrollable meditation of all sorts of extremely abstract webs of thought patterns that arise from the depth of her mind, transcending the moments, the boundaries of the now and plunging into the then and the possible and potential eventualities that could and might happen in the future. But the precious dress needs to be mended and who is to be relied on to do the work? She, as a mistress of the house and seeing that there is a maid who seems to be constantly around her, at least ubiquitous in her mind's eyes, she could and should ask her to mend the dress. But she needs to be thankful to the maid and all the workers, or rather Clarissa needs them to be thankful for her consideration and kindness, to a lady who behaves in such a tender manner and considerate manner that they, who are positioned much lower than herself in rank, cannot help but feel gratitude and need to be filled with sense of thankfulness for a woman who is all mercy and grace. Clarissa would rather mend the dress herself. After all she knows how to go about it and with the knowledge and skills she developed through her earlier years, the work should come naturally. The self that is in need of protecting itself would not dare risk the ire and disappointment of the maids and others around it by condescending to beg for the service that entails all kinds of complications and the least of which would be jeopardizing her self-esteem, which is precarious to start with and by compromising her status of noblesse oblige by leaving the green dress with Lucy and asking her to fix the

tear would be indeed allowing her self-respect being chipped away by the eyes and voice that may not be kindly when the servant finds what the lady of the house is after. A mere dress and the tear that seems to have developed around the upper portion of the dress, or around the waist and she needs it to be mended. The suggestion of corporeality, the dregs of the daily event that redound to the torn dress could be enough to suggest the un-ethereal side of the lady and invite sordid and banal response from her grateful, or ungrateful, servant, a thought that sends shudders down her spine as Clarissa convinces herself of the need to exert herself over the fixing of the dress. But the self-convincing she reiterates becomes rather unconvincing as she forgets the essential paraphernalia to mend the dress, "She would take her silks, her scissors, her — what was it? — her thimble, of course, down into the drawing-room, for she must also write, and see that things generally were more or less in order." All the self-respect and consideration for others suddenly sound rather hollow as she not only is revealed to be forgetful of the task at hand but also her mind is already wandering off to the routine she is much more fond of engaging in or something that comes more naturally to her than mending a dress. She is mindful of communication with others, others who pamperingly surround her self as she indulges in her self-thought and contemplation. She may not be conscious of it, but she is incessantly confronted with an urge to establish contact with the others or a particular other, whoever it may happen to be and as long as she, or the other, happens to be compassionate and generous in her admiration of the lady, who and whose ego fills every single square inch of the space she occupies. The self in other words is in constant need of being pampered and paid attention to. The overindulgent and over-exaggerated self may be the reason why the sudden abrupt insertion of the syntax happens, which is quite uncertain to say the least and the positionality of the perspective is indeterminate under optimal circumstances, perhaps, and the voice and the self suddenly fill the air both the mistress and Lucy breathe and the two momentarily merge with each other and the situation evolves in a manner that could be experienced simultaneously by the two. One utters, "Strange, she thought, pausing on the landing, and assembling that diamond shape, that single person, strange how a mistress knows the very moment, the very temper of her house!" It is indeed strange that the voice of the one overlaps with that of another and the reader is left wondering where it comes from, from what depth of the self's mind it arises. The utterance is so abrupt and disorientating that the reader is left wondering what actually transpires. The diamond and the bewilderment that is expressed by the mind in action in the initial half of the sentence tends to point to the maid who may be overlooking and eavesdropping over the mind of the other who finally managed to

collect the shards of images that got scattered and yet finally gathered together upon the mirror and vase and in the mind's eyes, but the voice and the self that arise at this juncture might as well be in search of a self that is momentarily lost and disorientated and not quite defined and lifted out of the jar and vase it may have sucked itself into. Whatever the positionality of the self that has trapped itself into whatever phase, the mistress of the house is conceded as the best and most knowledgeable person who knows how to deal with the situation that arises at very short notice, no matter under what circumstances.

That is almost a cue that Clarissa comes out of her rapturous and self-absorbed self and moves into the external physical world, into the midst of what is transpiring and where the sound and noise arise from below, above and all around her. As it so happens, in fact it may be the crucial key that elicited the needed attention from Clarissa, who notices the sound coming from down below, from below the stairs, somehow mysteriously and quizzically and at the same time perfectly understandable and locatable, which forces her think of who is where and what is happening in her abode and house, where obviously an important soirée is taking place, more a party and a felicitous occasion when all the important people, all the personages who make the world of Clarissa's come and visit her and her husband in the most proper setup she and her servants have been working diligently to create from the early morning and will be engaged in until the moment it happens. But the noise, the actual noise, even though it may be just hinted and the kind that is hard to hear and comprehend and interpret to make proper sense of, but nonetheless a sound that could be construed as part of the essential sound generated by her faithful servants in the process of putting everything together to get the most important event under way. The over-concentrated, over self-conscious ratiocination that has been happening in the mind of Clarissa is momentarily distracted by the sound and the reader is momentarily left to figure out whose mind he has entered and is allowed to explore, as the mind that works incessantly and the mind that seamlessly and ceaselessly engages in a thought process that perpetually runs through the narrative, nearly expands and becomes almost diaphanous and transparent and at the same time unfocused, interwoven with different selves and perspectives that it becomes extremely difficult to pinpoint the source of the voice, the thought process which is continuously engaged with what is at stake, what is needed to make the party a completely success, which all the maids and lady of the house desire. The desire may bifurcate and give rise to divergent perspectives that are simultaneously unitary and defined as both Clarissa's and specifically Lucy's, as the latter rises above the conscious flow that has been flowing through the current scene, a

flow that involves and leaves behind, at least seemingly so, Clarissa in her urgency to get the party ready for all the people who are anxious to arrive to share the moments and share the past and share the joys all those moments promised and gave rise to.[5] Perhaps, the thought that leaks from the self that is completely absorbed in the moment may as well be both Clarissa's and Lucy's, as the objects they are concerned with, the objects that are deemed to contribute to a successful party, are the primary concerns of the two. Perhaps the perspective, or rather who is in charge of the thought flow, whose voice dominates and supersedes the other may not signify much, or affect the way the significances arise or rise from the current passage, as the two, even though their social positions or physical appearances or domestic routines may be as discrepant and apart as two poles of the globe, but nonetheless the way in which their desires converge, their goals and almost monomaniacal desires to bring the party to a successful fruition are the same, or at least indistinguishable—wherein the two merge with each other. That may explain why the voice remains so obscure and undefined and universal as the objects, silver tray, silver casket and crystal dolphin and the light and atmosphere they are associated with and contribute to are foregrounded while the agents, or the persons who are the cause of those sound and color and texture that emerge at this juncture are superseded and relegated to a secondary level. In other words, the objects enumerated come to the fore and are almost raised to the status of autonomous agents that are to be constituted and interpreted and appended to the holistic signification that accrues in the mind of the reader interacting with the scene. But it is strange, or rather expected that the voice and the self that indulges in the rambling thought process ends with focusing on the self of the mistress of the house as the person most wonderful and most looked forward to amidst other ladies who also deserve to be introduced or explained about to Lucy's "old friends in the baker's shop." Nothing, or no rambling thought

[5] The party that is projected to take place in the evening at the abode of Mr. and Mrs. Dalloway may be a fit ground and locale where the past and the present intermingle and all the things that constitute and give rise to what it means to be in the present take shape and become visible and coalesce in a manner that is congruent with the ethos Virginia Woolf held throughout her resistant and revolutionary career, since she ventured into the world that is only described as the layering over of the past and the present, communicating and communing with whatever takes shape in the interstice between the then and the now, pulling all the memories together and impacting them on whatever transpired in the intervening chrono-spatiality and constantly and incessantly contributing to the rounding out of the significance, the entirety and totality of which gives shape to what we call life and reality. See an argument on the subject of layering over of the past and present and future time frames and interjecting them into each other to create a uniquely authentic space called life developed by Steve Ellis in *Virginia Woolf and the Victorians* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2007), pp. 52-67.

process may escape the all-powerful and grandiose influence of the egomaniacal and self-important self that is Clarissa's. She simply needs to be in the center of their attention, admired and adulated over and expressed gratitude to. She is not only dominant, in that she employs them and pays them for their service, but she is equally parasitic and dependent on them for her existence, to maintain her integrity, her sanity and her self-worth.

The interdependent and rather unpredictably precarious relationship Clarissa maintains between herself and her servant and maid and others around her leads her to be rather solicitous, concerned , at least seemingly very concerned with the welfare and conditions they are in. She would like to ameliorate their conditions and situations if she could and the words that come out of her mouth is a manifestation of her concern with her maid, if she watched and enjoyed the play she attended--is it a play, perhaps that is to be assumed, any entertainment, anything that would and is intended to give mental and spiritual nourishment to all those who dedicate themselves to the welfare, well-being of their mistress, the center of the universe, the focus and cynosure of the house and abode where they work and exert themselves to make the existence, not only theirs but first and foremost of the lady they dedicate their lives to make her being and existence filled with happiness and bliss and render her existence and her being saturated with self-gloating sensations, making her feel she is ultimately the one who contributes to their happiness, or could it be the other way round or is it? Clarissa is solicitous and overly and overtly concerned and considerate of her maid's self and welfare, making sure that all those who surround her to be meaningful (or rather eking out a meaningful existence) and filled with bliss not only because such concern brings about happiness of those who make her life more beautiful but also makes her own being more important to her self. The answer in the negative by the maid and that her maid could not sit through the play is so disappointing and it is enough to elicit the kind of response Clarissa exhibits because the fact that her maid was not able to enjoy the play in its entirety, could not stay in the theater to watch the whole presentation saddens her, fills her heart with regret, as if she were the one who made it impossible for her, the maid, to enjoy the play to the end, not being able to sit through the play, which obviously and should have been the desire of a being like Lucy--the mere idea of an unfulfilled promise makes her sad and the ensuing reflexive urge to be kind to her with a vengeance. Clarissa makes amends somehow, or tries to, for the loss and missed opportunity when Lucy could have had such a precious meaningful moment at the theater, but the sense of irony hits Clarissa with a redoubled force, as she realizes that she was the cause and agent not only of the enjoyment Lucy could have derived from the

play but also the abortive pleasures and joys she had to endure. Clarissa made the opportunity to take place and she was and cognizant of the causational function she played in the life of a maid, which obviously sent Lucy on a journey of a life time--is it such a grandiose trip to go to the theater and to be present at a dramatic event that is to ensue?--with friends or solely by herself, seated in the comfort of the chair in the theater and watch and enjoy the play unfold, but the chores and the preparation for the party to be taking place in the evening that cause Lucy to leave the locale in the midst of the entertaining pleasurable act in progress, the idea of the joys and pleasures destroyed and wrecked by her mere existence, which constantly makes demand on the soul of Lucy, makes her endure the almost unendurable. That is why Clarissa is desperate to make amends and make herself available and present herself ever so kindly and charitably to her maid. The self that is used to observing services rendered to herself is flustered and off-kilter, nearly losing self-control and driven to a desperate measure, begging the maid to make use of her in any manner possible. Anything Clarissa could lay hands on may be available and would be rendered serviceable to the maid when a cushion on the sofa presents itself as a palpable presence and becomes a mediator to bridge the relational crevice that remains agape and open between Clarissa and Lucy. The kind words that flow out her mouth, in desperation and in such rush, sound obtuse and yet so sincere, "Take it away! Give it to Mrs. Walker with my compliments! Take it away!" A material object that is a metaphorical equivalent of her dependency and thankfulness and the emotions and sentiment all combined into a mélange of things come tumbling down and tumbling into existence when Clarissa needed an metonymic agent of her sincerest sentiment to reach the other, who happens to be bedazzled and baffled and at the same time absolutely thankful and grateful for the seemingly unconditional charity manifested by none other than her mistress, an august and discrepant being who rules the household that is in a sphere beyond her own and inhabiting it would be beyond any hope and the fact she happens to be in it is due to the merciful heart of the mistress who hired her and pays her for the service she perfunctorily and as a matter-of-factly has been rendering. If the gratitude is mutual at this moment, an offer of one is reciprocated with another, as Lucy immediately makes herself available, entreating the lady if she could mend the frayed part of the precious and treasured dress she happens to be holding in her hand, "Couldn't she help to mend that dress?"

Merely the words of kindness is enough for Clarissa and at the words of kindness she is overwhelmed and filled with euphoria and filled with gratitude that someone in the wide universe, someone who happens to be right next to her is considerate enough to offer service and willing to mend the dress for her. Merely the

words themselves, the heart that utters them, offering the service to be of use to the lady of the house she works for, sends her heart swelling with gratitude. She immediately declines the service, merely because Clarissa is more concerned with the welfare of the maid in front of her and concerned that Lucy is overwhelmed with the unduly large burden she already seems to be carrying, and yet nevertheless she is willing to sacrifice herself for the sake of the lady of the house, to make Clarissa happier and freed of any more burden than she is already weighed down with. The beauty of self-sacrifice is there, that plays out between the two and which yields to the most selfless sentiment that is and that has been welling out from the heart of the lady for some time now. She is indeed filled with pleasure and euphoria, a state of well-being where she desires nothing except loyalty and mere presence of the other, who herself is self-abnegating and selfless and completely dedicated to Clarissa. She declines and instead manifests solicitude to Lucy, which is reflexively and instantaneously appreciated by the latter because she appreciates the selfless heart of Clarissa, a being who is not concerned whether she is the one who will be burdened to fix and mend the dress that has developed a tear, a work that seems so unladylike, work that might as well be avoided and the work that is fit for a maid of the house. The existence of the maid is justified, and needs necessarily justify the service she renders and mending the dress seems to be a meet work for a woman who is paid by the mistress of the house. But Clarissa does not mind sacrificing a bit of pride and self-grandeur as long as she remains appreciated and deemed as someone nearly equal to a goddess, a beautiful being and self-less being ready to sacrifice her own rank and momentary pleasures and time and energy for the sake of the servant like Lucy, just to make her pleased and grateful. Or is it really the consideration for the other that Clarissa is willing to swallow her ego and pride to serve the maid and to please the maid, declining the offer of service that is almost expected by a lady of the house, who is also preparing for the grandiose party unfolding in a few hours? The reason that she would rather mend the dress herself may perhaps be because she wants to gloat over her own self-grandeur, beautiful mind and philanthropic heart that is over and beyond the selfish and mundane existence of a maid like Lucy. She perhaps needs to demonstrate and prove to herself that she is capable of self-sacrifice and forgoing mere self-gratification and momentary enjoyment of easeful moments and pleasures for the sake of the most beautiful moment and sentiment she could experience through the offer she makes to the maid, an offer to allow Lucy to forsake her labor, which nevertheless entails self-exertion and self-sacrifice as she destines herself to be threading through the green beautiful dress that at the same time evokes the moment in the past involving her friend and equal

sharer of the taste represented by the dress Clarissa is handling. The moment she focuses on the work of mending the dress coincides with the reminiscence of Sally Parker, a person who designed and sewed it for her in those glorious days. The magical name evokes the time when things were more beautiful and she was obviously younger while a series of contemplative thoughts coalesce that remind of the aesthetic pleasures Sally Parker contributed to, as everything associated with Sally may have been rather odd or "queer," but they were something Clarissa could not help but appreciate and savor. Her heart swells at the thought, as the images of the dress and things linked to Sally Parker lead to the moment when she attended a party, perhaps, at Buckingham Palace, or was it an occasion when she merely paid a visit to some personages in a grandiose setting, in a palace? The self, the being and the heart of Clarissa is filled with the pride and honor and gorgeous beauty she was full of and she exuded when she was in the midst of the gala party, or whatever ostentatious event might have taken place in the palace. She is elated and overwhelmed and at the same time exhilarating and overexciting sensations arise in the core of her being. She savors every second of being in the timeframe where Buckingham palace coalesces, in a chronological interstice between now, inclusive of the moments Clarissa is going through, and the then, when Sally Parker was in front of her flesh and blood, mending the dress and sewing the dress she at this very moment works on, connecting the thread of fate with the thread Sally wove in and out to give rise to the most wonderful time in Clarissa's life.

That is exactly the sensation Clarissa experiences, as she threads through the green dress in her hand, to mend the tear and be prepared for the party that is happening in a few hours, perhaps a little longer than that, but nonetheless she is more and more anxious to be perfect, to make herself prim and well presented, she herself presenting herself in the manner that is not shameful to whoever is connected to her. Particularly, and as she indulges in the thought that flows from her mind and engages in the thought that unfolds, thinking of her husband and mends the dress she likes and has liked all this while since she encountered with the maker and designer of the dress and envisages the moments and those long gone days when she used to cavort and enjoy the care-free moments with her friends, including the long gone person of Peter Walsh. She becomes completely absorbed in the automatic and repetitive motion of needling, weaving in and out of the dress, trying to mend and recollect. The recollection floats out of the interstice of her memories, from the nooks and crannies of her mind, telling her and showing her the dream-like days she could completely be absorbed and involved in, envisaging the very pleasures and seeing the scenes that coalesce in her mind's eyes, those long-gone days and long-gone friends, in and out and as if she were floating on the

waves, on the smooth surface of the water that in itself reminds of the surfs, waves splashing, how fresh it felt when she stepped out the door and the memories rush through her mind. The magical casement the memories, the abode hearkens back to, and visited and revisited them again and again in her mind. The motion of the needle, drawing the thread in and out of the green dress, the part and region that developed the tear, which needs to be mended to attend and throw the party, in a manner appropriate and perfect in the eyes of the others, and most importantly, in her own eyes. She needs to be admired and liked and, most of all, she needs to please everyone who comes and visits her at the party. Even the maids and servants, who do not stint their praise for the lady of the house, saying how generous and how kind and how sincere and considerate she is, who even mends the green dress herself because she minds how burdened her maids are, how busy Lucy is and she does not like to hamper and weigh her down with any more chores and responsibilities than Lucy already is burdened with. She could be of help to her and others, and be admired for that. How lady-like, how considerate and generous she is. She is the personification of noblesse oblige--that is what Clarissa Dalloway is, that is how she wants to portray and present herself and reach out to others. She sways and rolls and immerses herself in the dreamlike world that evolves from the very motion of the thread going in and out of the green, magical dress, which she will definitely be wearing for the night. The dream-like motion is a cue that something magical is about to happen, something wonderful, which seamlessly puts her in the state and phase she experienced over and over gain since that magical moments that transpired in that care-free realm that opened up through the magical casement she looked through and which lets in the sound and sights that linger in her heart and mind. Suddenly and abruptly, some lugubrious thoughts intrude. The perfect happiness, the sound and sight that represented, possibly embodied the unadulterated pure joy that must necessarily be tinged with sadness, which is somehow unexplainable but nonetheless is an integral part of that purest and most innocent joy and sheer pleasures and purest of sensations she experienced at Bourton. All the faces and scenes and sounds recur and flood through her heart, dragging her down the solitary hole, out of which she cannot escape except that she goes through the sad and sweet sensation she associates with a person, a woman and girl left alone in a tower located in a secluded locale from which there is no escape, no loud call for help would reach anyone who happens to be nearby, as the magical casement she looks through into the distant land and time would not allow her to make contact with other minds who could potentially lend her a helping hand. The moments she falls through the act of threading through the green dress, they forever recede from the present and she falls through the

tunnel that sucks her soul and sucks her self and being into the indefinite and bottomless pit, to the other end of the column and tower and eternal and ephemeral landscape that keeps moving away from Clarissa.

Suddenly and abruptly, as if to break through the calm and indescribably peaceful moments Clarissa was going through, a loud voice resounds and echoes through the hall and from below and through the house Clarissa happens to be in. A brutally shocking sound, rather too obtuse and abrupt but some force and some call that cannot be resisted floats from below and which requires her attention in spite of all the complications she might be having at the moment. She is roused out of her somnolent dream-like state the weaving in and out of the mending of the dress induced in her and she is out of that realm, that timeless and indefinite realm where she retreats whenever she feels deserted in the lonely tower, out of touch with anyone, a locale where no one else could come and reach for her and lend her a helping hand. A loud and abrupt male voice, clattering down the hall and foyer that is increasing in loudness and getting closer, the agent that is causing the noise is approaching and heading in her way. She cannot help but pay attention and focus on the source of the noise, as he, as it turns out it is a male, even Clarissa in her reverie can now tell that it is a male force that passes by Lucy, who obviously is trying to make herself of use to the stranger and yet the force and the still invisible presence disregards her and relegates her to the status of a negligible insignificant obstacle merely to be passed over and forgotten. The presence and the indomitable force is approaching and barging in on her private space and presently he is face to face with her.[6] She does not know what she has been engaged in for the past few moments, or at least not entirely conscious of what it signified, when she wove in and out of the nebulous realm, threading in and out of the dress and whatever it

[6] The concept of privacy can be developed into an important subtext, where the minds of the characters need to be dissected, or rather need to be left unencroached, in order to attain the depth of their individual psyche. The fact that Clarissa allows, willingly or unwillingly, her past lover or the present and constantly existent lover to invade and come inside her private space indicates the degree to which she still feels close to Peter after all the years that interceded since the moments at Bourton coalesced and transpired, which obviously left an indelible mark on her psyche and etched deeply into her inner being, making it possible for them to coexist in a space that is both in and out of the chrono-spatiality referred to as the present, as they exist in the ubiquitous and perpetual concurrent moments stretching from the moment that started at Bourton into eternity, or as long as they and their souls exist in the narrative space. See more on the significance of privacy and its relevance to the idea of control and in the context of analytical intrusion into the psyche of a character like Septimus Smith, and Clarissa Dalloway, particularly against the backdrop of the argument of Foucault that is focused on by Donald J. Childs in *Modernism and Eugenics: Woolf, Eliot, Yeats, and the Culture of Degeneration* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2001), pp. 38-57.

immediately gave rise to thereupon, and just abruptly she is brutally forced to look reality in the face, forced to confront it regardless of the consequences. But soon enough, the brutal force declares that "she will see him," after all those years he spent in India he deserves a conversation with the lady of the house, with whom she has been in particularly intimate terms at Bourton where all those marvelous incidents took place, albeit Clarissa's father may not have liked it, neither did her maid nor others. Peter does not supply the latter part of the information, which simply oozes out of the brief statement he makes as he hurries up the stairs and calls out to Clarissa while still invisible to her. Whether he remains visible or invisible does not make much difference, as Clarissa already recurs to the moments she experienced in the distant land and abode at Bourton and goes through all the romantic experience she underwent with the likes of Peter Walsh, Sally Seaton and some others, some of whom may have been the exact adversaries of Peter in that they are the types who will become stiff and rigid conservative and culturally conscious upholders of the values deemed dear through generations of staunch upper and educated class of decent English population. Clarissa is already defensive, self-conscious of what she has been engaged in, mending the green dress in which she has been completely absorbed and which she felt was such a smooth and apt medium to bring back the happy and dream-like realm, to which she recurs when she feels lonely and isolated from the memories that are the result of, or rather ramifications of, the care-free moments only her experience with her friends and parents and all those people inhabited and associated with Bourton could give rise to. But the memories of those distant days also make her self-conscious of the work she has been engaged in, because the words still resonate in her ears, the words Peter kept telling her that only prude aristocratic stiff class of people would enjoy adventure-less, unexciting life that is epitomized by mending a dress, taking a stroll down the street of London back and forth and hosting a social party, which she in fact is organizing later in the day.[7] All the youthful memories recur to her and immediately, and almost

[7] It may be interesting to think and focus on the importance of strolling down the street of London and explore what the city offers to the mind of the protagonist, or rather the minds that are interchangeably introduced to the narrative foreground, which allows each a vantage point over the others' views, how they work and what they are occupied with and how one mind leads to the thought of another, etc. All the confluence of significances that arise from the meeting of the discrepant, and yet convergent minds, gives rise to the world that is explored and looked into and experienced and mirrored in the inner space that develops in the safety of the home of Mrs. Dalloway, while she engages in mending her dress and transports herself to the different time frames to the distant land and time, the chrono-spatiality that exists in a parallel universe to what she might physically goes through, internally and externally, at any given moment. See the argument on the significance of the city and what the city scape offers to the author

automatically she is face to face with those moments and the person who most personifies them. Suddenly and expectedly, she is a timid disoriented girl, who needs advice and direction someone who is superior to her in intelligence and experience could supply, "She made to hide her dress, like a virgin protecting chastity, respecting privacy." She is back to her virginal and coy diffident self she used to be as she romped through the hallway of Bourton and as she tried to swagger and defy the traditional values upheld by her family and maids.[8] But the reality that existed back then is about to open on her conscious being and self with the turn of the doorknob. A tense moment follows, or seems to but the moment has already evolved and she is in fact face to face with Peter Walsh. No wonder she is flustered and barely manages to maintain her self-composure and, as she confesses, she cannot recollect the name of the person she stands in front of. The paradox she undergoes is odd indeed and yet is true to the sentiment, describing the dual state she is in as she has yearned for the reunion with the dearest person she held and deemed as since the moment she discovered her candid emotion at Bourton and simultaneously the person so deemed is the one she has been trying so hard to keep at arm's length, trying to keep him from encroaching upon her psyche and a free and independent self, all the more so as it oftentimes rendered itself so vulnerable to an iconoclastic being called Peter Walsh.

But the brutal reality, the reality that unfolds and unfolding around Clarissa is indubitably the déjà vu of what she experienced in the past and has experienced in the intervening time between then and now. Peter Walsh stands in front of her,

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as a jumping off points to explore the real world that coalesces each passing moment, developed by Hana Wirth-Nesher in *City Codes: Reading the Modern Urban Novel* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1996), pp. 181-202.

[8] It is noteworthy that the traditional values that are juxtaposed with Clarissa's upholding of those who are considered heretical or iconoclastic by her family and others close to her are the values that are antagonized and shunned by the figures she both feels close to and somehow uncomfortable with as they barge into the realm that may be, or need to be, strictly private and yet which they need to encroach upon in order to shatter the shell she has been protecting herself in as long as she has been raised in a tradition-bound atmosphere, which her family more than amply supplied. The traditional values and the iconoclastic views expressed by Clarissa, at least momentarily, and Septimus Smith and others are echoed by the tension that is incorporated into the narrative and that arises from the dichotomous relation between the two terms--which is also mirrored by the dichotomy between the traditional and classical ethos referred to as Greek and Roman, a backbone of European culture and literature, and avant-garde values adhered to by authors who assumed great influence over the literary scenes at the beginning of the 20th century, such as T. S. Eliot and James Joyce and Virginia Woolf herself. See the argument on the balance and tension that is both visible and latent in the narrative, developed by Jane De Gay, in *Virginia Woolf's Novels and the Literary Past* (Edinburgh University Press, 2006), pp. 67-86.

unchanged, remarkably the same person and being who used to be, as they romped together, always scolding her, remarking that Clarissa being so obtuse and unambitious and smugly content with the things as they were. The rebuke and the bitter words, which are least expected and least wished to be coming from the man Clarissa regarded with so much respect with the emotions that tinged upon love, those words recur and they make her small again. The effect is immediate and even before she comes face to face with the person of Peter she feels inferior and self-consciousness. She would rather escape and go away from the present moment, which is unfolding with so much tension and so much tantalizing expectancy and yet she nevertheless knows what is coming and what to expect from the only person she might have truly fallen in love with, except Sally Seaton. As soon as they are faced with each other, the old routine resumes, as it were. She greets him with nonchalant remarks and he in return reprises with insightful and to the point remarks that send Clarissa into the dark miasmic self-desolation, to which state she so often resorts whenever she needs a respite from the harsh and critical external forces, including Peter Walsh and her maids and servants or rather the condensation thereof, the casual random statements her maids and servants make, or supposedly throw at her implicitly. What is remarkable in the initial exchange is the unperturbed exchange of words that flow between the two. They were as if met casually after a short interval, with merely a few years apart from the last time they met, and ready to resume their normal greetings and routine internecine verbal altercation. But what most prominently takes place between them is neither a verbal kind nor what flows between the two and exchanged between the two beings, but rather the mind assessing the other, an object and subject observing and pinning down the other and observing and analyzing and cutting the other up and analyzing the being that happens to be laid out in front of Peter. He is unabashedly candid in his assessment of the other, recognizing and savoring the passage of time that is reflected in her aged face and body and person that is and was the object of his admiration. The person he fell in love with and expected a reciprocal sentiment from and in fact which coalesced in the exchange of words that flowed between the two at the water fountain, watching the cabbage or the vegetative growth at Bourton and overhearing the surfs gently reminding them of the waves forming out and beyond the abode at Bourton, reminding them of the external hubbubs, whatever was happening in the wider outside world, bringing them news and making them conscious of the existence of the outer world that surrounded the two of them and others, their friends and parents and kith and kin. As Peter watches Clarissa and assesses her, the time and locale and everything they represent rush back to his mind and as he stands in the present, absorbing and taking in the wrinkled and pointed

nose and aged, much aged Clarissa and comparing it to what she looked like in those days when he had a serious, or what seemed like a rather academic somber conversation with her—as soon as the two time frames are fused and all those time frames contain merge and converge and rush back to Peter, the moment when that takes place, the sentiment represented by the mind savoring the past and present and differences the discrepant time frames bring him home, becomes the moment Clarissa also experiences a reciprocal sentiment, assessing Peter and comparing him in the present to the person of Peter in the past and what the intervening time has wrought upon him. What Clarissa concludes, upon observing the manner in which he handles the knife he stills carries in his pocket and takes it out of it, is that the person and mannerism that is preserved intact and that which manifests in the external physical presence of Peter as he acts in the manner Clarissa watches him indulge in coincides with the person and mannerism that is preserved in her mind, perfectly stored and ready to be accessed to at a moment's notice. Both the persons of Peter and Clarissa simultaneously exist in the present and in the past, in the frozen and vivid past as they walked by the water fountain and engaged in the pleasant conversation about the vegetative growth and the constellations in the sky. In fact, what transpires on the surface in the audible and visual realm that coalesces on the narrative page and text of *Mrs. Dalloway* is less important, or rather less indicative of the way their minds feverishly work, as they are desperate to recognize the images of, or rather the continuous elements of their beings in the other, indicators of the passage of time that inevitably and irresistibly march every single passing moment transitioning into another. As they greet each other, they do not fail to notice the vestiges of the past, those elements that bind them to the past and at the same time attach them to the selves that eke out their present existence and simultaneously the parts that are obviously and objectively discrepant from the elements they recognized in the past as they looked at each other and indulged in a very romantic and vehement exchange of conversation. The two are there and each one of them is cognizant of them and their minds lie beneath the visible and audible world busily engaged in ascertaining the definite core of the other that makes the other the recognizable person they used to know and at the same time a being who is somehow foreign to them to the degree that they have grown and evolved since they last saw each other. In the meantime, on the surface they are involved in the routine acrimonious rebuttal, defining each other as the same faulty fault-finding adversary who is trying to accuse the other as being too aggressively intellectual and free thinking or too conventionally and conservatively prudish.

Their minds simply float over the other being's façade and at the same time

over their inner being, that part of them that constitutes and makes up their essential being, that part that remains stable and the same throughout all these years has undergone a dramatic transformation, a time that passed in which Peter spent in various parts of the world, ranging from the Isles of England and to the Indian subcontinent and for Clarissa mostly domestically in the abode and locale where she was born and raised, with slight variations in location, to be exact.[9] But the passing years have never been able to alter the core of each being, one is constantly more conservative and domestic and domesticated, and even more so now that the youthful frolicking days are over, those hectic feverish days when Clarissa spent passionate and all-consuming encounters with her youthful friends and surrounded by the tradition bound inflexible beings, who were mostly her relatives and family members, and as for Peter what constitutes him and what has defined him, at least for Clarissa, is the whimsical and undefinable idiosyncratic behavior, the way he holds the knife and the way he wields it to make his point, the self-same behavior that immediately takes Clarissa back to the days and years when she frolicked and spent all those precious days together with her friends, with Sally and Peter himself, when she walked by the water fountain as Peter pointed out the names of the vegetation and the constellation in the sky, trying to broaden her scope and world, as if urging her to escape the fustian stifling world she seems to be walled herself in and, to Peter at least, where she seems to be destined to live for the remainder of her life. The conversation and the encounter that takes place years after those youthful moments, the actual encounter that would never have happened and that in fact so obtusely happens brings the awkward moment she thought she had left behind long time ago, brings those moments back again and forces

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[9] The character and what constitutes each being's inner core can be porous and can be shared and transformed in a manner that may not be easily predicable to the other who may be overlooking the one that is going through that particular transformation. The border between those personae, all of those who play integral parts in the narrative, may recede and disappear at any given moment, making the demarcation that traditionally makes each character apart from the other somehow less stable and less clear. However, the disappearance of the border between personae does not necessarily make the transformation each undergoes either inwardly or outwardly any more comprehensible to the other, as the other at the same time is subjected to the same, or varying degrees of transformation, and the transformation that is putatively occurring in the mind of the one unequally affects the minds of the others, impacting all of them to differing degrees and in varying manners and both synchronously and asynchronously. The interlinked inner transformation and the impact thereof on each other, which may take place cumulatively, may coalesce as a series of concentric circles that overtake traditional narrative progression associated with Aristotelian narrative development. See more on the concentric evolution of narrative being argued by Edna Rosenthal in *Aristotle and Modernisms: Aesthetic Affinities of T.S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens and Virginia Woolf* (Portland, Oregon: Sussex Academic Press, 2008), pp. 93-113.

her to go through them and live them in the present in front of the person she feels so self-conscious about. What transpires between the two is transcendence of the time intervened, the passage of time that in fact intervened between then and now, with the accumulated experiences, the separate and discrete experiences that each character has undergone and accumulated, the experiences that could have made them completely separate and potentially left no common ground between the two, in spite of the fact the moments they shared at Bourton are indelible and will remain deeply etched into the core of their beings. The reason Clarissa keeps going back to the moments that she experienced and enjoyed with her whole being and expects Peter to have shared the joy and exuberant and passionate rapturous moments and joys they generated, the expectations on the part of Clarissa are based on her firm belief that the continuity that persists through time and spatiality will remain constant and the belief she holds so dear will be shared by her youthful lover, who partook of the pleasures only the hearts that communicate without any verbal confirmation of the communication, the mysterious and very special communication that took place between the cores of their being—paradoxically, they incessantly contradict the nagging distance she feels obliged to secure between her self and that of Peter standing in front of him.[10] The awkwardness as she experiences the very clash of the two paradoxically exclusive sentiments that constantly play against each other, or appear to be played against each other on the surface of the narrative, arises because the parallel spatiality, or parallel emotional phases occur simultaneously between the minds of the characters facing each other. The paradox, or the contradictory streams that weave in and out of each other, not completely clashing with each other nor obliterating the other by the force of the stream that flows over the narrative, the stream that happens to emerge more

[10] The distance that is both obliterated and created by the words and the objects that signify what they hearken back to, some patriarchal referents that are discrepant and apart from what the transcendence of the words allude or give rise to, could indeed on occasion becomes infinitesimally small, when the passions that are intuited and that burn between two cognate minds when they come in contact in a moment of sexual, or pseudo-sexual encounter, or when they take place either in the mind of the protagonist or in a moment of physical contact between characters like Clarissa and Sally Seaton, like the ones that putatively took place at Bourton decades earlier. The moment that is also decisive and dramatic and drastic coincidentally also happened when, rather fortuitously, she was perfectly in a susceptible mood to transcend the mundane and the bathetic when Peter came across and uttered the fateful and disillusioning (rhetorical) question pertaining to the vegetation he found around them. See the argument on the passion that enables transcendence of the words, the things that are specifically spoken about and potentially give rise to the conflagration of the like minds in a dramatic encounter, which could as abruptly turn mundane, developed by Patricia L. Moran in *Word of Mouth: Body Language in Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf* (Charlottesville, Virginia: University of Virginia Press, 1996), pp. 67-86.

predominantly in one lasting duration of a moment and then taken over and alternated by another, the shifting phases of the conscious streams that appear and emerge from the two characters in their variegated mental states-- are the force that carries the reader along and lets him into the true state each persona is going through at this juncture in the abode, which Peter even dreamed of paying a visit to while he was away in the Indian subcontinent. The chronological dislocation that has taken place since then and until the moment the encounter takes place in the present and the conscious dislocation that constantly takes place in the mind of each character and between the two characters and topological shift that simultaneously occurs in the minds of the characters as they engage in a decisive reunion, a reunion that inevitably happens and which has long been yearned for, albeit implicitly, by both of them, who are concerned with the web of conscious intermingling of the subtlest of the minds—they both define and undefine what is truly taking place at the moment when the reunion happens both dramatically and anticlimactically. They cannot find the right and appropriate words to say to each other, the kind of phrases that are reminiscent of the youthful days at Bourton but nevertheless not inappropriate enough to cause any offence to each other, but on the surface, or rather under the surface, they keep up a pretense of normalcy for the sake of a polite and not overtly emotional outburst of an encounter. The tension, however, is there, but it is the intermingling of the different times and different locations and the whirling conscious streams that combined flow across the narrative surface and under the narrative surface, which the reader becomes much conscious of as he reads on, trying to fathom the vestiges of the tender or harsh sentiment that hopefully sheds light on their relation then and now and the ramifications of it upon the current relationship between Clarissa and her current husband and all those people who surround them.

The youthful moments, those days when they used to shine and glow with the passions and with sheer joy of being there at Bourton or whatever state of mind they happened to be in, it is those moments they have after all come together to revive and relive together. In the present when they are now together, physically and mentally and psychologically, one and in unison, momentarily and frequently interrupted by each other's consciousness of the apartness of their experience, the discrepant and discrete experience they each had undergone, all the contradictory emotions and physical mental energy that well out of the depth of their being nonetheless bring them together both tighter and apart incessantly. The only certainty is to seek some understanding, of the moments when they had the sheer joy and pleasures only youthful moments and youthful beings could bring together and experience, reminiscing about them and

reliving them, possibly and having them and sharing them tighter with each other and between them. That seems to be the main purpose of Peter's visit to Clarissa, after so many years and such long distance he and she travelled, both physically and mentally and psychologically. They face with each other and they are reliving the same moments in themselves and between them but at the same time they are completely different beings than when they cavorted and walked by the water fountain and exchanged casual and yet momentous conversations pertaining to all those surrounded them, on a cosmic scale and at the same time microscopic infinitesimally tiny scale. Those moments are condensed and relived and yet they are no longer shareable in the manner when they partook of them in their youth, innocent of all the extraneous concerns, what others might think of them, how each one would turn out in a decade or decades when they grow up and get older, how the whole wide society might think of the relationship Clarissa was developing and enjoying with her partner of the same sex and so on. All the scintillatingly innocent joys are no longer recuperable, except through the powerful recollection and powerful harmony that might be relived and resuscitated between Clarissa and Peter.[11] He, or rather they recur to the moments when the moon shone over the hills and reimagining the scenes, rather romantic ones, that developed between their eyes, scenes and images that could transcend and dominate their mind's pictures and landscape and bring on the paradise of their youth, or even more innocent and perfect landscape and mind's topography where they could commune and communicate with each other and relive the impeccable moments that could be resuscitated and brought into being decades after they experienced the awakening of a sentiment and emotion that they could easily agree on as something akin to a pure and unadulterated love, a love that could transpire between hearts who are intent on establishing the communication that is free of any other consideration than such as the moment imparted or did not impart when the whiff of and soupçon of a sentiment arose when Peter uttered a phrase, "looking at the cabbage," or when the tingling and indescribable excitement took over Clarissa when she accompanied Sally on her escapade. The

[11] Clarissa exhibits a complex of symptoms at various stages of the narrative development, such as a tendency to repel, or being repelled reciprocally by, others who are particularly antagonistic to her values and her obsessive desire to gather discrepant elements and characters and harmonize them into one satisfying totality, which nevertheless evolves in a manner that is deleterious to the stable whole as various elements impact it and causes totality to disintegrate into bits of cacophonous constituents in the process, which nonetheless may spread out, rather align, in concentric homogeneous circles. Clarissa as a perfect and adept hostess as well as a character who is incessantly frustrated in her love is a topic that is addressed by Pamela J. Transue in her *Virginia Woolf and the Politics of Style* (Albany, New York: State University of New York Press, 1986), pp. 65-91.

complicated and yet innocently simple search for the common ground continues and persists as they face with each other, observing and understanding and communicating without uttering any word, except that the words and phrases that come out of the mouth of each other are those that are merely tangential to whatever they are thinking and even distracting from what they are in fact trying to say and ask of each other. The conversation persists merely under the surface, the beautiful and pure and innocent talk continues as they look at each other and avert their eyes from each other, while perfectly comprehending and surmising the other's mind and incessantly reciprocating the other as the unheard and unsaid message is exchanged between the two. Other indicators of what and where the drift of their conversation is going are the references and the light motif around which their above surface speech grinds on, "Do you remember the lake?" They are incessantly searching for the cues that bring them together and bring the beautiful and innocent days back to them, the moments they can share and will share and agree to relive between them into eternity. The tender and subtle reciprocation of sentiment and urging each other to immerse themselves in the world that seems like a magical one and eternity frozen and yet forgone and nearly forgotten, wishing in spite of the odds and physical impossibility that those moments be resuscitated and enabled to plunge them back into the magical and dream-like existence and unreality of the mental phase they wish they were in--that is a parallel narrative and subplot and main plot that emerges as the conversation moves along. A valiant attempt on the part of Peter, to look over the visible horizon and seek out those who existed only in the past but with a little more effort could be resurrected and found to be over the horizon still teaming with those memorable events and people and cherished incidents, that may be what Peter is trying to accomplish or trying to salvage or indicate he is in search of.

> "Millions of things!" he exclaimed, and, urged by the assembly of powers which were now charging this way and that and giving him the feeling at once frightening and extremely exhilarating of being rushed through the air on the shoulders of people he could no longer see, he raised his hands to his forehead."

However, whatever sentiments the encounter between the two evokes, the only and overwhelming sentiment that is recalled over and over again is jealousy Clarissa feels toward the other, who seems to be overjoyed upon conquest of the heart of the other he is presumably in love with, while in fact she has been dreaming to be together with Peter for all these years since the momentous event transpired at Bourton, where the true dialogue of her heart and his heart took place, or so she suspected. She tries to convince herself of the end of their youthful romance, on the one hand, and on the other,

she is incessantly troubled with the intense love and yearning that wells out of the depth of her heart, which still drives her almost mad with the monopolistic yearning for the other, who chances upon her abode thirty years after the event at Bourton. Strangely enough, the emotions that should have gone stale after all these years remain fresh and raw as if the encounter took place only the day before. The memories and the scenes that developed in front of her and between the two of them and others are coexistent with those that occur intermittently in the present, as she prepares and waits for the inevitable to happen, a party that is planned for and prepared for only because Clarissa needs to be thought of as a conscientious and respectable and proper socialite, a socialite commensurate with the status and title that is exclusively imposed upon her in association with the occupation her husband holds in the highest and most important organ in the nation. The sentiments and emotions that have been and existed at the moment that transpired decades before the current phase has come into being, or even the whiff and hint of the complexities of the present even emerged over the conscious horizon of the characters that make up and inhabit the narrative, they exist in parallel to those that happen in the present and at the same time they recur to the moment that dramatically broke out and coalesced on the minds of the two characters romantically entangled and implicated with each other in the past, and simultaneously all the emotions and conscious phases that are plurally layered together, synchronous and coexistent with each other, come to play both a subtle and major influence on the two as they engage in the conversation that may simply be the shadow of the true and substantial and dialogic engagement of the souls that actually transpired between the two beings, on a level that is almost tangible and even palpably felt after so many years and which the actual textual dialogue may not even be possible to access and yet that is more than subtly influenced by the former fact, which after all underpins the existence of the beings, or rather relationship thereof, that are referred to as Clarissa and Peter, where the layers and conscious streams and sub-streams merge and confluence into one larger stream, forcing the reader to hearken back to the momentous and dramatic locale, which is Bourton, the source of the strongest sentiments that arise at the slightest provocation and allows the reader to explore and go over the innermost and most private emotions that developed between themselves and by way of the attendant consciousness. The conversation that skirts around the core of their experience, which simultaneously runs both on the surface of the present and on the inner and accumulated under layers of the past with all the complex and irresistibly passionate instinctive inchoate selves in the center, it connects each with the other and gives rise to the secret each of them tenuously keeps to themselves and share between themselves.

What prevented them to enter into the dreadful and fateful and happiest dialog there and then at the water fountain at Bourton, what restrained them from confessing to the truth, which each one held to be almost self-evident and each one knew almost intuitively, the same adolescent and bashful attempt to surmise the truth that is so self-evident and yet each pretending to be innocent of any knowledge of, the same circumspect dialogue tantalizingly never materializes nor coalesces even in the present . They merely wait for the other to confess and say the unsayable. But the truth needs to be told only after Peter tells his impending marriage to a wife of a major deployed in India. Irony is that he did not come to tell his sentiment nor confess his love nor describe the circumstances under which he met the lady in question but he barged into Mr. Dalloway's domain to see and hear the truth from Clarissa, about what her true sentiment was there and then and what might have and could have happened between the two if she followed her heart and pursued the course that was free of all the economic calculations and status and parties and snobbery, which she obviously could not disentangle herself from. But, nonetheless, she has had doubt ever since her separation from Peter, for all these years, about her ultimate choice and the direction she has set for herself by implicitly not accepting Peter. The only word she needed to say was, or whatever sentiment she could have expressed through it or whatever it represented, was she in essence agreed with Peter on the way life was to be lived and the consequences that could have resulted from it. However, she has been convinced, or need to convince herself over and over again that the choices she made was the only ones she could have made under the circumstances, marrying Dalloway, choosing a more or less traditional course that led to the party she is hosting in the evening, meeting and associating with the kind of people her father and others encouraged and expected her to. In other words, all the eventualities and contingencies that ensued Bourton were inevitable and necessary ones she could neither change nor should have sabotaged by going in the direction Peter so tantalizingly and charmingly suggested she should there thirty years ago. The conflicting and contradictory emotions and thoughts result in the same turmoil in her heart she has been experiencing ever since she married Dalloway, rather than Peter Walsh. No matter how well or poorly she pretends she is happy for Peter that he found a person he could truly love, it is the strongest of sentiment, one mingled with hatred and anger, not necessarily, or rather by no means entirely at Peter but at the object of current love of his, some inconsequential woman in India with children, that is what she is unsettled with and saddened about. What might have been and could have been living with Peter constantly and incessantly causes emotional turmoil and agitation, which she cannot reconcile with for as long as the

moments there at Bourton simmer and trigger all the complexities, vivid and vague and at the same time strongest emotions she could ever experience in her life.

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Self と意識の流れとその関係

Mrs. Dalloway では意識の流れ、あるいはそれに関与する主体の集合体が途切れることなく narrative の世界で時間的境界線を超越して存在することにより物語に命を与えていると考えられる。この論文では常に変遷を遂げる Self がいかに narrative に現れる様々な人物、あるいは逐次変化し続ける Self を取り巻く物理的事象に刺激されつつ意識の流れ、そしてその方向性を決定し、narrative の展開に貢献していくかというプロセスを、narrative の中心に表れる人物の視点を通して考察していく。