

琉球大学学術リポジトリ

内在的・内的意識の世界とその変遷

メタデータ	言語: 出版者: 琉球大学教育学部 公開日: 2015-09-15 キーワード (Ja): キーワード (En): 作成者: Taira, Katsuaki, 平良, 勝明 メールアドレス: 所属:
URL	http://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12000/32000

Eternal Pulsation of the Chrono-spatiality and the Mindscape in Mrs. Dalloway

Katsuaki TAIRA

It is no exaggeration to say that Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* is a remarkable depiction of a mind in transition as it awakens to and evolves in response to the changing reality that surrounds and circumscribes it every single passing moment. The mind that is positioned in the center of the narrative, which may not always be literally in the center of the narrative by the way, transitions from one phase to another, exhibiting a gamut of inclinations and potentialities it develops and merely suggests itself to be evolving into in the near or distant future—that is what the reader eavesdrops on as he participates in and partakes of the dithering and connotative significations and substance of the mind as it circles and develops around the center of the narrative that is only controlled by the mind in focus itself and the voice, that ubiquitous and omnipresent entity that pervades and reverberates throughout the narrative from its inception to the terminus and into the chrono-spatiality that extends further into the future. The suggestive and suggested signification nebula, and the derivatives thereof, of the mind in action and all those surround it are so enormous that the halo that is generated by the mere presence and existence of the mind needs to be experienced and developed and inquired into as it constantly pulsates and transforms itself in front of the consciousness of the readerly mind that partakes of the experience that is directly undergone by the persona located in the narrative landscape.¹ The mind, which is something to be intuited and experienced and shared with through the process that is the narrative evolution in its purest, as far as the narrative we are focused on is

¹ The indefinability and not easily resolved signification murkiness is a constant that manifests in the narrative and is pointed out by a critic like Oddvar Holmesland in his *Form as Compensation for Life: Fictive Patterns in Virginia Woolf's Novels* (Columbia, South Carolina: Camden House, 1998), pp. 27-85. The meanings and the metaphors and images that contribute to their coalescence do not convey any defined and fixed senses, but rather they diverge and give way to more undefinable and dithering senses, which further blur the line between what is intended and what might be implied and presaged. They never converge on one fixed point, or rather they are incessantly diverging and converging, shifting in their epistemological entity, and the only way to salvage and derive any communicable signification for the reader might be to go along with the flow of the narrative as it pulsates and develops and evolves around the consciousness that is brought into action in the process of reality-- contemplated by the mind of the meta-narrator that comprehends all sorts of contradictions--evolving.

concerned, takes a journey that is not necessarily circumscribed by any physical encounter or physical occurrences that in fact occasionally coalesce, but by those intangible qualities and ambience that accrue and arise from the scenes that erupt and come into focus while it simultaneously and continually makes itself both detached from and susceptible to the moods and the overwhelming pathos that shade the scenes that develop in the narrative landscape, which the readerly mind and all the others that crowd the narrative horizon share and define at the same time. There are fluid significations floating throughout the narrative and my intention is to take cues from them and while it may be rather arbitrary to impart any signifiatory shades to the landscape that happens to be forming in the mind of the narrator and the personae and other readers in a way I feel may be appropriate and in proper context, on the other hand the act of imparting nuances and added meanings to the developing narrative, which is crowded with the psychological nuances each character brings to each passing moment as it interacts with the mood and ambience and physical surroundings that circumscribe it, may be rife with potential reward that arises from intersection of and participation of the minds that may be brought together by the narrative that engulfs and gives rise to so many redundant and abundant significations every passing moment.² Since the mind undergoes so many different and variegated and unpredictable processes, which may be both independent of and involved with other minds in action who happen to be standing by or eavesdropping on the things that may be directly linked to the ongoing narrative flow that ceaselessly pulsates through the

² The fluid significations and the varying dithering wavering potential for more meanings than initially suggest to the minds of the participants and the readers who browse through the narrative—they may be turned in various and almost infinite ways to create a story told and retold in manifold ways. In that context the creation of a film, or rather the manner in which it is developed, described by Emmett Early in *The War Veteran in Film* (Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland, 2003), pp. 121-123, may be rife with suggestivities as Eileen Atkins, the script writer for the film discussed in the book, takes cues from the returning soldiers and the person and mind of Septimus and Peter, particularly the former, as he, and his mind, is impacted upon the pullulating population and the mind of the protagonist and gradually, oftentimes suddenly and abruptly, takes over the narrative and moves in so many unexpected directions. All the potential and the narrative twists that are contained and generated by the participants and the personae that inhabit the narrative sphere are so many ingredients and agents that could open up the window on each and discrepant experience that could be broadened and augmented so that the sphere of each experience and the subject that originates it could intersect and come together, the entirety of which may be exactly the confluence one might enjoy going through the narrative of Clarissa, Peter, Septimus and others that are, as it were, fortuitously brought in to create a story that is shared and participated by everyone and every distinct and disjunctive personality in the narrative.

narrative, it may be a great experiment and promising undertaking to take hints from the complexities of narrative lines that are both explicit and implicit, those strands of narrative possibilities which may be interpreted as going in variegated directions, and expand on them and continue the strands in a manner that is both inevitable and contingent and at the same time that which one feels necessary for the multifarious lines to be interwoven and implicated with the minds that are active participants and progenitors and generators of the narrative, which might include the omnipresent voice and the uber-narrator that resides over and above the characters and minds directly involved in the phenomena unraveling in the story. I intend to indulge in a narrative line that may be construed and can be restructured as existing in the parallel narrative spatiality, coexisting side by side with the narrative that imparts the sense of tangentiality and intactility and simultaneously keen sense of reality and vague inchoate insubstantiality that wells out of the bottom of the narrative nucleus. The venture into a parallel narrative starts with the scene where the Clarissa comes into the room of her own and is filled with a sense of loss and helplessness, recollecting the memories of the past and present and the reality and imagined reality that incessantly shades the sensations and mood she experiences in the protected or solipsistic space she would rather escape from and escape into.

The scene we choose is very appropriate for a kind of exploration we are undertaking, an exploration of the mind, tangentiality and everything that is pertinent to what is suggested through the passage and interstices therein and everywhere, which oozes out of the course of the narrative, in cracks and on the surface and up and down through the phases of mind that cannot be discovered except through the means that may only be surmised. As Clarissa enters the room of her own, a space that is both secluded and opens up to the whole wide world of the mind, she feels an inexorable pull and is seamlessly put in a frame of mind that is only amenable by the indirect means she, or rather the meta-narrator, employs for one reason or another, perhaps intentionally and unconsciously and both simultaneously, but the metaphor, that may be the term to be used appropriately at this juncture, indeed, gives off and reveals the phases of her mind and consciousness that are open to all kinds of interpretation, both strict and latitudinal, but entering into the room and mind of the protagonist is the only means to synchronize and identify with the persona that is depicted and foregrounded at the moment and fathom her deeper sentiment that is aroused at this juncture. The meanings and significations and the mood that is not directly touched upon, even avoided to be discussed, rather pointedly, are the ones that rather paradoxically become emphasized and foregrounded as the reader focuses on the busy center of the mind in

action that lives in the narrative present and that is evolving incessantly before the eyes of the reader and his consciousness. Enough of the abstractive conjecture and chasing of the mind that is rapidly entering into the psychological spatiality that is juxtaposed and linked to the variegated objects that lie and are allowed to exist both in the mindscape and physical environ, which in fact may be the same and identical setups after all in the narrative framework we are dealing with. Note how impressionistic and concise and terse the description that meets the readerly consciousness is as he goes along with the mind in action through the phases and vicissitudes the protagonist transitions through. Likening the protagonist in her fifties, with ample prehistory and post-history, as it were, that are buttressed and implicitly referred to through the evocations that are constantly made and suggested, to a nun and a child, both perhaps symbols of isolation and innocence and who are deemed to typify the presences devoid of complications of life and all those pre and post history a character like Clarissa seems to be full of and invested with, seems rather abrupt and contradictory and at the same time effective as the mind in focus continually falls ever deeper into the chrono-spatiality that is lonely and other-worldly and tenuous because the jagged and cold reality lies immediately around the mind that is the core of her being, and simultaneously the process of simulation and identification of the two cacophonous and heterogeneous states brings the readerly consciousness into a unique and strange mindset that is not easy for him to accept or reconcile himself to perhaps, which keeps him tumbling over a slippery slope of vulnerability and susceptibility and renders him helpless except that he ultimately acquiesces and surrenders to the pace the consciousness that dominates the narrative landscape sets at this moment, no matter how vulnerable and helpless he might feel. The readerly consciousness might as well resist and demur to such cruel and uncertain contingency, which in fact is steadily coalescing despite his resistance and whatever psychological uncertainty he might harbor at this juncture. However, the force with which he is now carried away into the world that is developing and has opened up before his eyes, in a perhaps discrepant narrative landscape than he himself might be located, is relentless and the mind that used to merely look over the kaleidoscopic scenes evolving, or in the process thereof, is layered over with the one that is fictively allowing her mind carried away and being explained away by metaphors, which are strung together and being constantly generated by dint of the flow that has been pulsating throughout the narrative since the inception of the story. Let us cling to the images and metaphors that are unfolding before the readerly consciousness and see the implications and new significations and derivative meanings that more often than not autonomously evolve on their own.

The linoleum she is likened to, or she likens her sentiment to, as she undergoes the lonely and solipsistically intolerable psychological enclosure, the spatiality of which the linoleum is associated with narrows and narrows until she feels as if she were incarcerated and enclosed in a space where there is no exit and no way out of. The cold sensation, the inhuman and inexorably flimsy and unwarm sensation that the linoleum invokes drives the protagonist to go through a series of, or nodes of, self-implosive psychological predicament that cannot be shunned and yet the crystallization of the sensations coalesce as something that merely increments and coerces the mind of the protagonist to fall further down and deeper into the miasma of darker psycho-scape, leaving her desolate and hopeless and helpless until merely the indirect metaphorization of her state of mind is etched out and foregrounded and comes out of the narrative horizon to intersect the ken of the readerly consciousness. The shiver and hopeless retreat and withdrawal, that is what Clarissa undergoes and the point of convergence and journey downward and the goal thereof merely recedes further, as the mind of Clarissa further seeks the stasis and phase where she feels settled and undergoes the cessation of motion and transition, that goal remains beyond her reach, as she is carried along and merely sees herself circumscribed by the series of metaphors and indirect delineations that merely and continuously circle around her core of being. They do not determine her being or define the center of her being but merely prolong the circular paths of the indirect characterization metaphors hint at and simultaneously evoke in the mind of the bystanders, including the readers in attendance.³ Note the incremental and accelerating sense of solipsistic torture the protagonist goes through, as she hears the “dripping of the tap,” or in whatever manner the water seems to be escaping and making the punctuating and unpleasant and horrifying sound as Clarissa overhears and cannot help hearing it at the same time. The sound bores a hole in her

³ The circular paths delineation of the internal and external objects and phenomena takes indicates the counter and un-traditional nature of the story Virginia Woolf produced and had in mind when she embarked upon seizing and grasping the real, what she conceived as real, that lay deep beneath the mundane everyday life she and others lived day to day and we in the present live. The contrast of mundanity and something wonderful and marvelous that lies unexplored emphasizes her belief that there is strange beauty, the aspects of lives that remain unpursued and undealt with since the inception of modern literature. As Valerie Reed points out in her *Mournful Welcome: Strangeness, Tragic Lamentation, and the Poetics of Modern Hospitality* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2008), the very significance of contrasting and juxtaposing the contradictory aspects of familiar and strange, or rather the process therein it arises, is one of the important themes that comes out of the narrative, which was deemed avant-garde and rather experimental when it was released at the beginning of the twentieth century. See more on Reed’s argument on the theme in the work cited, pp. 149-196.

heart and mind and the intolerable wringing of the heart and psyche takes place and she is rendered helpless. The heart is emptied of what makes her life worth living for and at the same time her mind is transported to the emptiness of the attic where she merely observes and watches the goings on of life, unable to participate and partake of the joys that arise from the matter of fact events that make up the normal pleasures of life, not necessarily the luxurious and exceptional moments, which only a handful people are capable of paying for and are allowed to enjoy and share with the loved ones who are very special to them, but merely the daily concomitants everyone, given the right circumstances, can enjoy and partake of. All those essential joys and ingredients that make her life truly fulfilled are taken away from Clarissa, she is at this moment disrobed of the “expensive clothing” and garbs that merely guard her from the nefarious and dangerous contingencies of life but which are mere external sheathing that can be expunged and taken off and taken away from her without any rhyme or reason, just a merely unreasonable and arbitrary turn of events that happen to take place at any given juncture in our lives. The keen sense of helplessness and hopelessness converges and transfuses with the pincushion being pierced, the sensation and the image of it renders the piercing and disrobement of the sentiment that is and felt to be exposed to the cold and cruel reality and at the same time keenly felt and excruciatingly weighing down and oppressively pounding upon her body and soul transmogrifies into an image of narrower and narrower and tighter and tighter bed that crops up from the depth of her psyche unbidden and uncoerced. The intolerable imagery and sentiment and cruel and oppressive sense that arises from the convergence of all the elements that constitute the narrative horizon makes the moment unbearable for the protagonist and forces her to find a window on another more favorable dimension which might, rather tantalizingly, pop up at any moment, albeit the metaphor employed here, “half burned candle,” seems to suggest the transition and escape is not necessarily or likely to be complete or successful. That is part of the reason, perhaps, that the experience invoked at this moment, to keep her mind off the oppressive outcome that is all too readily developing in front her mind’s eyes and reader’s eyes as well, is so digressive and languorously futile and is the kind which is most likely to bring about only a momentary respite from the current despair, or near complete hopelessness which she thinks she is ineluctably forced to go through.

For the purpose of escaping the moment of despondence, the moment of ennui and indescribable depression she both needs to undergo and at the same time cope with, she turns her attention to something that is light and mediocre and something that does not require her particular attention. Something that is simply gone through and does

Katsuaki TAIRA : Eternal Pulsation of the Chrono-spatiality and the Mindscape in Mrs. Dalloway not necessarily brings her mind fully to what is taking place, unraveling the complexities and nebulae of narrative patterns which may hide, rather mysteriously and neatly, the secret of life or the direction where she needs to advance, both physically and spiritually, in order to attain that tantalizingly slippery goal, a state of mind, which in fact she does not know what is and what it actually does to her to ameliorate the sufferings and pains she occasionally seems to undergo. Something that keeps her from turning her mind to the critical and serious issues of what constitutes life's true meaning and what forces her to go through the critical moments she needs to go through and yet could somehow avoid and circumnavigate to a phase of her spiritual stasis where she feels completely at ease and safe from all the uncertainties and contingencies, which her and our life is indeed full of. The name of the books she chooses and prefers to read at this juncture, Baron Marbot's *Memoirs* or the "retreat from Moscow," they are exactly the kind of fare she needs to entertain herself with and to forget about the heavy and somber eventualities she is compelled to face and to solve life's mysteries, or to turn her mind away from undertaking the task thereof, at this juncture. They might as well allow her a momentary respite from the mortifying tête-à-tête with the dreadful pain, which is likely to bring about the crisis of a kind she has already suffered and has been desperate to avoid since the last time she suffered that dreadful and painful mental and physical crisis, the effect of which obviously still lingers. The dull and yet somnolent and completely passive moments, that is what the story now gives rise to, a phase that resides in her mental horizon, which is both simultaneously suggested and promised by way of the conscious stream that pulsates through the narrative. But the lull and peacefulness the books and the recollection of them brings to her do not last long as the circumstances, in which she feels so susceptible and feels so fearful of being overwhelmed and feels just about to succumb to physical and psychological implosion, protrude and she is once again forced to confront with the reality that incessantly evolves and revolves around her. The thought that torments Clarissa at this juncture is a trauma of a kind, something fit for Freudian analysis in which the subject has to go through the sexual crisis and sexual conflict and torment that weighs down on her psyche and materializes in her heart and mind and where the lingering pain subsists and hopelessly pulls her down to the depressive dark nadir, out of which there is no escape. The idea that coalesces in her inner mindscape and mental horizon is that of virginity and sexuality that has been on her mind since her separation from Peter, or rather that momentous day when they discussed the meaning of life and their destinies that wait for them, in a rather abstruse and metaphorical and vicarious manner to say the least, the idea of sexuality, womanhood

and relationship between man and woman that is somehow not orthodox and something that she has been unable to share with others partly because of that very reason, even with her husband perhaps, not fully, except only with the woman she met fortuitously and fatefully and whom she felt so close to when she met her and had such pleasurable moments with ever so long time ago.⁴ But the fear and guilt mixed with her inability to bring herself to conform to the expectations, as a wife and a respectable housewife of a prominent parliamentarian, exacerbates and affects her condition and psychological and mental equilibrium, particularly and all the more because she defines her role and sees herself as a being who is supposed to be responsible for entertaining and hosting social functions and views herself as a domestic pillar of a prestigious household, a role she, however, feels somehow falling short of and not quite fulfilling, not to the extent as others perhaps expect her to. The inadequacy and the hopeless guilt expressed through a stinging imagery, “a virginity preserved through childbirth which clung to her like a sheet,” which she cannot dispel and expunge from her psyche—lingers in her mind and imbues the whole mental horizon that is circumscribed by the narrative voice with sad and hopeless and resigned lugubriousness, out of the mental state of which the protagonist finds it difficult to climb and escape. The guilt and a sense of inadequacy and insufficiency and a mind which is obviously not being able to cope with the expectations placed on her by others and by the social position that is almost imposed upon her, which has coalesced as a failed sexual function, a failure and feeling insignificant which she intuitively exactly mirrors her inability to fulfill what is expected of her and what most men expect from a housewife of her ilk, devastates her and threatens to tear her apart and pull her down to the darkest bottom of depression. The sense of failure and the overwhelming sense of inadequacy fill her heart and without some

⁴ The fact that her most intimate thoughts, the kind of ideas that lie in the deepest recess of one’s mind and that which are rather to be hidden than to be exposed and made into an object everyone, every conscious being, partakes of as the novel unfolds, is indeed resonant with the theme and the issues Donald J. Childs raises in his *Modernism and Eugenics: Woolf, Eliot, Yeats, and the Culture of Degeneration* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2001), where he focuses on the relationship between the psychiatrist Bradshaw and his patient-cum-experimental case study, or the object thereof, Septimus Smith. Just as the inner mental and psychological landscape of the latter is bared and subjected to the scrutiny of the indomitable omniscient (putatively) mind epitomized by Bradshaw and exposed to the gaze and assessment of the eavesdroppers who happen to be undergoing and experiencing the flow of conscious pulsation that runs through the narrative, Clarissa and every single persona who appears in the novel are exposed and subjected to the scrutiny of the eavesdropping subjects and the meta-consciousness that exists within and beyond the narrative horizon, who watch and dissect the faults and private thoughts that occur in the deepest corner of the subject being portrayed. On the relevant argument developed by Childs, see the work cited, pp. 38-57.

emotional uplift that counterbalances the annihilating sense of insufficiency that suffuses her being and invades her very core, she feels she would be completely lost and reduced to a shell of her former self when she suddenly realizes and becomes aware of her true sentiment and the importance of being true to her self and being. It is the warmth that exists between man and woman, or no matter what the sex of the other might be, which becomes the center of the new source of succor and psychological stasis and equilibrium, or the source where such state of mind is generated or a locale it is confirmed, that is what brings her back from the depth of despair and miasmatic psychological annihilatory hopelessness, which could be the love that arises from the friendships and special relationships she has felt between herself and others close to her, particularly with the progressive thinking and vivacious woman she gamboled with and had youthful times together at that memorable place that readily springs back into tangible living reality at any moments, very often almost automatically, unbeckoned and unbidden and unforced to coalesce in Clarissa's mind's space. It is the sentiment and warmth and love that particularly existed between her and the woman she fondly and so yearningly recollects time and again, which is connected to the place and time she feels so close to even now decades later, that brings solace and some sort of resolution to the miasmatic despair she has been struggling with for the space of time she has been confined to the room of her own, or rather, sheltered in the room of potential spiritual and psychological liberation.

But before the long-awaited revelation materializes and lights up in her head, telling her what it is and where she can obtain it and the happiness and the ultimate bliss on which her mind has been concentrated for as long as she can remember--or perhaps for merely a fraction of a second--that important crucial moment does not arrive until she has gone through the images and the nebulous complexities of the conceptual landscape that resides in her harried and dismayed mind and heart. She needs to struggle and subject her soul and psyche to the process first, an arduous and tantalizing process to weave and concretize the exact sentiment with a nirvana of bliss in a frame of mind she is looking to attain. It may not be reachable immediately or through the conventional material means except through constant trial and error in a circumstance where she needs to subject herself to while checking her excited mind from overreaching and overreacting and at the same time urging her psyche to go forward to the ever tantalizing and ever closer goal, concretization and coalescence of the frame of mind, sentiment and mood and that mysterious and ever needed reification and coalescence of the thing that is ever receding from her and ever getting closer, at the same time, and flying toward her, within her reach and within her grasp. The

tantalizingly imminent realization of the fulfilled moment where all those conflicts and dithering and wobbly and indeterminate complex of contradictory and paradoxical phases and elements relevant to achieving the very thing of our protagonist's heart's desire, for which she obviously retreated to the room of her own and room of her potential relief from all the pain and indescribably oppressive coagulation of dross of life and reality where she needs to ply her trade as a housewife and perfect mistress, for which she remembers her late and present lover blamed and pinned her as an ossified and incurable snob raised and born to be a perfect hostess never to be liberated and yet she continually would look to and hope for the resolution of the complexities resulting thereof.⁵ She is destined to be and trapped in the circumstances she can function as the perfect hostess she needs to be and should be content with but somehow compelled to rebel against the function thereof. The contradictory strains and the paradoxical conscious tendencies are the ingredients that match with the digressive and dithering progress the imageries take as they ever so slowly and steadily evolve in the mind of the protagonist as she grapples with the difficult task of finding the reason and cause for the ineluctable depression and hardships she finds herself in and struggling with. The only reliant media and means to find her way out of the mental incarceration she finds herself trapped in at the moment are the instinctive and inner driven struggle impacted by the senses, either visual olfactory or otherwise, that derive from her own being and from the core of her being. Note the following observation, or the mental transcription that mirrors the phase of her conscious flow as it happens at the moment, "And whether it was pity, or their beauty, or that she was older, or some accident — like a faint scent, or a violin next door (so strange is the power of sounds at certain moments), she did undoubtedly then feel what men felt." The revelation, a sudden one at that, comes by way of the faint sound associated with the violin and the faint scent that she may or may not at the moment recollects in association with the image or constellation of

⁵ Reality and real politics, or rather all the worldly complications that are woven into the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway, may have far-reaching implications as Clarissa deals with the various situations that materialize while she daily goes on her business as a housewife and denizen of Westminster. In fact, as she walks in the street of London on her way to the florist, she encounters a gamut of characters who bring in a degree of sociological, class and human complications that not only add nuances and depth to the narrative but also etch out and externalize the psychological quandaries and complexities Clarissa and other personae otherwise would only harbor and go through only within their own internal psychological sphere. More on the sociologically inclined reading of the story, with particular emphasis on characters like Lady Bexborough, Lady Bruton and others, or in the manner they are inflected and reflected upon the whole narrative, see Milena Todorova Radeva's *Philanthropy, the Welfare State, and Early Twentieth-Century Literature* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2008), pp. 37-43.

images she allows her conscious stream to give rise to in her mental scape. It may simply demonstrate the double faceted progress a conscious stream takes whenever a character comes face to face with difficult and complicated issues such as the existential questions Clarissa is suddenly confronted with in the face of the indescribable danger or menace that pertains to the personal and self-integrity of her very being, the kind that threatens to, or on the contrary, enables her to run the daily business of hosting such a momentous event like throwing a party, hosting a function that is planned for the evening, for instance, or meeting her husband and fulfilling the demand that is conventionally expected of a good and dutiful housewife of a prestigious family like the Dalloways. But the need to extricate herself from the web of complicated and intractable burden of fulfilling the function of the other, not true to herself but merely the façade and playing the role that is expected of her by convention and expectations of the people around her, including perhaps her husband, pushes her to the edge. She needs to cling to the means and elements that hold any modicum hope of bringing her back to the life of sanity and personal integrity, or a phase of her mental stasis where she can maintain and affirm her own being and her own safe and true self, an unadulterated and uncompromised self where she can simply let go of all the constraints that arise simply because she cannot assert and preserve her true being. It is a desperate attempt on her part, perhaps, as she suddenly recollects and remembers the sound and smell and view that remind of the sane moments and sane reality where she needs to live and protect her own being, or conversely, those tangible images thereof are the ones that are fortuitously evoked and metaphorized to bring about the conditions in which she can remind herself anew the moments of personal security and integrity. Those strains related to the senses put her in a path to more discovery and exploration and hold a great promise for her to claw out of the dark pit of despair she finds herself trapped in. The physical reception of the impulse she evokes in her mind is repeated and reverberates in her mind as she feels “a tinge like a blush” and as soon as she registers the physical response she feels happening in her physical being, becoming conscious of it and almost to the point of self-consciousness, she tries to check it, opening up a further possibility to break away from the constrained shell of her own being and seeking to communicate with the beings that reside outside of her self.⁶ Once

⁶ Communication may be a more complicated attempt on the part of Clarissa than it is supposed in other circumstances when it happens and coalesces between minds of other people, such as communication between (less refined and sensitized) men and women. It arises--or rather the desire to connect with others, a desire to partake of the emotionality that needs to be understood and conveyed-- but as soon as it wells out of the heart and mind of a character like Clarissa, perhaps including the author and

the revelation takes hold of her, or she becomes aware of the new phase of her consciousness prevailing in the mindscape of her being, she awakens to the new vibratory possibility of life, a tangible and almost sexually charged inclination and exploration of the body and senses, which is quite contrary to what she could verbally and consciously admit to what needed to happen and what should perspire in the potentially protective spatiality of the room of her own.

It was a sudden revelation, a tinge like a blush which one tried to check and then, as it spread, one yielded to its expansion, and rushed to the farthest verge and there quivered and felt the world come closer, swollen with some astonishing significance, some pressure of rapture, which split its thin skin and gushed and poured with an extraordinary alleviation over the cracks and sores!

As it so happens, the illumination she long waited to coalesce in the mind's horizon of her own inner psyche, does materialize in a manner that is rather unexpected, or on the contrary, much anticipated by the heart and soul craving for the satisfaction of a tangible kind, impacted by the flesh and warmth of the body, even accompanying the sensual pleasures and joys, which she may as well have swept under her conscious psyche but never quite obliterated. The admission, which she cannot easily concede under normal circumstances, comes in a metaphorical fashion in which the flowers and tangible objects coalesce, accompanied by the definite sign of flesh and warmth and touch of the other, whoever the other happens to be, and the opening up of the psyche and efflorescence of the idea, which has been compactly and beautifully folded under the conscious veil of her own being, happens and when it does, it is so revealing that the reader may feel as if he were drawn into the inner sanctum and cleverly hidden niche of our protagonist's soul and inner being, whether it be related to the flesh and her body or soul or a phase where the two are craftily and delicately fused together. No wonder Clarissa experiences the blush, a tinge of it, as she is suddenly overwhelmed and awakens to the momentary illumination, which is overpowering and at the same time floods her soul and fills her with joy, the kind that is unconditional and accompanied by

meta-narrator, it withers and dissipates, being unable to express its full sentiment and significance. As Patricia L. Moran points out in *Word of Mouth: Body Language in Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf* (Charlottesville, Virginia: University of Virginia Press, 1996), pp. 67-86, conscious phases that arise and coalesce in the narrative space of Mrs. Dalloway tend to be frustrated as they fail to translate into verbalized and ordinary form of communication, resulting in merely potential metaphorization of senses and meanings that occur in the mind of the protagonist and yet they become fully conceptualized and mature, as it were, when they fail to transcend ordinary and physical limitations and fail to transmorph into something that are grasped and conveyed to the other in so many articulated words and syntaxes.

shivers and frissons of the soul and body. There is an inkling of the bodily union, as well as between two souls, that takes place under the veil of the metaphorical and subtle plunge into the private corner and sanctity of her own self, but such words, rather explicit, albeit the explicitness here defined may be rather relative depending on the interpretative strategy one adopts, the vivid and baring and bared reality that coalesces in the passage cited above and the ensuing ones as well, cannot hide the reality and the truth that has been lurking in the depth of our protagonist's mind. She needs and undergoes the organismic baring of her soul to the other, the other who could be merely imagined or recollected from the persons of the past at the locale in that fateful setup and abode near the ocean, or the other may as well be her husband, in a setup where she fulfills the function of a dutiful wife, or giving what is expected of her, and giving him the dues he demands and the service she feels she owes him and for which and the idea of being unable to render the service thereof has put her in a psychological depression and mental instability that has driven her to seek shelter in the room of her own, perhaps.⁷ The contradictory emotions clash with each other and give rise to the ideal and idealized emotional physical climax, which is felt by her soul and mind and body, but the too vivid and tangible encounter and the very naked sensual frisson that entails turns out to be a mere reverie and revelry, an ephemeral rapture that gives way to another phase of struggle with reality. The climax that fizzles out and the hardness that relaxes and the tense yields to the soft is a transition that expressly discloses and describes the state of her body and mind, "But the close withdrew; the hard softened." The orgasmic rapture is over and she is left in the mundane scene where she remembers has been dreaming and in rapture as long as it lasted and where she has come to escape the very mundane and oppressive reality that is all around her. There is a sense of

⁷ The events and personae that coalesce and purportedly exist in the moment and in the present are constantly contrasted and referenced to the events and beings that are recollected and recognized as part of the locale and people who are no longer physically and yet part of her conscious life and thus coexist with those which constitute the chronological framework defined as the then, which is disjunctively introduced and abruptly conjoined with the events and phenomena that prevail and pervade in the present. Constantly bringing together of all those elements in the narrative and digging tunnels that connect the then and the now is a method Virginia Woolf indeed preferred to give rise to the sense of reality and verisimilitude and psychological and sensual and tangible reality and the truth she associated with them and bring them together to a narrative sphere as one lived experience of a persona or a congeries of personae or consciousness thereof. See the argument that sheds light on the constant juxtaposition of the past and the present and the inevitable conjoinedness of the then and the now that constantly appears in Woolf's work and its effect on the reader or hermeneutic consciousness--an argument developed by Steve Ellis in *Virginia Woolf and the Victorians* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2007), pp. 52-67.

ennui and disappointment, as she finds the books and the things that are supposed to give her courage and distraction, but they merely add to the sense of helplessness, inescapability from the trap she finds herself in, the reality and the role she needs to play and continue to play as a perfect hostess of a prominent parliamentarian. She is not Clarissa of her childhood, a daughter of her father and mother, but merely Mrs. Dalloway, a function and a wife and a role she shaped herself into and as willingly plunged into to play and fulfill. Just as her mind roams over the scenes and wanders off to the depressive inner landscape of self-misery and self-pity, the sound and smell and view of a slice of tangible reality intrudes and protrudes to the ken of consciousness. Her husband gently and quietly approaches and, being a considerate and devoted husband, he is careful not to wake her up and the next moment, however, rather inadvertently and contrary to his initial intention, drops a “hot water bottle” and swears. Clarissa laughs and the miasma of depressive and uncontrollably oppressive air of hopelessness is suddenly lifted and she is back to her healthy state, ready to participate in the reality that is welcoming her back to the arms of the people who are willing and more than willing to welcome her back to the commonplace and salutary and mindlessly and carefree world of the non-descript and commonplace day to day life where Clarissa just moments ago and hours ago found life and sprouting leaves and joy, the gamboling ponies, young girls dancing and unfurling their energy to the tune of music, music of life and music of merely being alive and simply awake to the now. The laughter Richard’s faux pas elicits is genuine and Clarissa for the first time in many passing scenes feels truly and innocently happy. The sexual organism, whether it is a vicarious quasi-organism she momentarily experiences in her reverie, and the genuine laughter as she awakens to the reality the new reality, the commonplace reality of what the daily lives bring to her and to those who are like and unlike her, the combination of the tangible and physical and primal contact with the other, whether Clarissa is aware of it or not, brings on the happy and care-free moments which she finds completely satisfactory and which perfectly functions as an effective antidote to the depression and self-uncertainty and psychological instability she has experienced and experiences so abruptly and so frequently.

But the security and carefree moments her husband’s clumsy entrance into her world, inner world of security and safety, ushered do not linger in her mind as something worth mulling over, something that promises a true security and true freedom from all the cares she thought she was subjected to even in the presumed haven of her own room, separate from the dross and dark and sweaty world that threatens her every passing second. The laughter her husband’s faux pas brought on

does not last any prolonged moments, any prolonged stable moments, but she is pushed into her own inner world where she feels completely free to recollect the events and fond memories, including and involving her and the wondrous creature named Sally Seaton, who was so care-free, and so unique and different and yet did not mind swerving from the daily norms, from the societal expectations placed and imposed on her.⁸ She was on her own and proud to be one and that was infectious. The reverie Clarissa plunges into, in spite of the presence of her husband, who so stealthily entered into her own world, to protect her and to look after and to take a peek if she was doing well, when she was subjected to go through the bout of psychological instability, which her husband has ample experience with simply because she has a tendency to fall into the nadir of her depressive phase without any premonition at all and that is what her husband is concerned with and that is what brought him there, to encourage her and keep her from falling further into the miasma of depressive and darkest of depression. But the presence of her husband dissipates and vaporizes in the mind of Clarissa as she is more intent on the woman she was so drawn to and a woman who fascinated her with her swarthy and exotic looks and manners. Suddenly she remembers and recollects the moment of her desire when she wanted to be like her, a woman who are purported to have hailed from a prominent family, someone related to Marie Antoinette? Is that it? Any mystery that surrounds Sally merely increases the fascination Clarissa feels for her. The fascination that is so overwhelming that the physical presence of her husband dissolves and the presence that is immediate and merely in front of her vanishes with the inception of the reverie. Her thought is concentrated on the cause of the fascination

⁸ The memories and their unsettling and at the same time dynamic effects on the characters and the plot of the narrative as it weaves in and out of the minds of the personae participating in the unfolding line of conscious development may harken back to, or rather reflect the role of, and conflict between, tradition and its coalescence in modern day literary philosophy, which Virginia Woolf tried to define and refine as she experimented with various sketches and novellas and novels, a project that might have been influenced by James Joyce and other contemporary avant-garde authors. The newness that emerges from and is founded upon traditional literary theories and practice is exactly the concept along which Woolf struggled to attain and realize the right phases of inner mental and psychological scape, and which most characteristically manifests as the tunneling method she “invented” to delve into the depths of personae’s psyche, enabling the author and the meta-narrator to freely retrieve past memories and let them impact on the present. As Jane De Gay notes in her *Virginia Woolf’s Novels and the Literary Past* (Edinburgh University Press, 2006), pp. 67-86, the memories may be a channel through which Woolf tried to fuse two literary traditions, classical and modern, and on the unstable balance between the two, as epitomized by the struggle Septimus Smith goes through, tried to depict the true picture of the inner and psychological landscape, which modern writers needed to project onto their narrative canvas if literature was to remain relevant to the contemporaries.

and in order to delve into the mystery and the ineluctable charm Sally wields and with which she draws her in and into her alien world, which suddenly and unbeknownst to herself becomes apparent and she admits and acknowledges is somehow sexual and that overrides the concern exhibited by her Aunt Helena, who was adamantly opposed to a person like Sally simply because the swarthy intruder into a genteel family like hers presented and represented values that are completely beyond her comprehension, and even worse than that, values that could be harmful to an innocent mind of her niece, who has been raised and educated in a sterile bubble like Bourton where the influences, nefarious and unpredictable, such as that which Sally embodied and typified, were screened out and shielded out. That is why the presence of a person like Sally was a fresh breath of air, as it were, to Clarissa. As she confesses, she has never heard anyone talk about their parents and parents not getting along, which obviously gave more incentive to Aunt Helena to shun an uncultured and menacing presence like Sally Seaton, a woman who is obviously portrayed as an exotic creature who did not actually belong to a genteel society Clarissa and her clan belonged. Sally permeated through the protective membrane of the Bourton and the clan, and sexual attraction, which may not have been evident at the time and now in hindsight seems to be so evident and the kind that is so potentially powerful to override the present encounter with her husband, Mr. Dalloway, the influence of it, influence of the person of Sally, fills her heart and plunges her into the world that opened up on that fateful day in Bourton near the ocean. A girl, as young as her perhaps in those bygone days, but definitely more experienced and joyful and unconstrained by the shackles of conventions and moral values her parents imposed and cultivated in her, she ran and gamboled around in the abode of bliss and innocence of youth and the fact that Clarissa enjoyed her company and so wished to be like the swarthy girl hailing from a French aristocratic family, the values and images that coalesce in her mind pulverize the concrete presence of her husband in London while the overriding images concretize in the present and in the living and developing moment in the present. It was not only sex that was first introduced to the awakening mind of Clarissa but the deaths and births, the primal scenes Clarissa would never have been initiated into or even imagined existed in the world. That shocked her and at the same time fascinated her all the more, in a manner that drew her even closer to a person who was and is even more mysterious and exotic and powerful and seemed more knowledgeable because of the fresh insight into the primal scenes that date back to the dawn of civilization and to the core and naked reality that Sally enabled her to take a glimpse at. The moments and talk with Sally was so mesmerizing and overwhelming that there was heady abandon in her interaction with Sally, allowing her to dream of an

ideal society and revolution that they both of them together would initiate and through which bring the whole world into one harmonious entirety. Her intellectual curiosity was aroused, for the first time in a manner Sally awoke in her, and in her rapture she is proud to recall that she read what seemed like completely intellectual and philosophical thinkers like Plato and Shelley, even the names bring on the heady excitement she shared and experienced with Sally at that juncture in the heyday of her youth.

There they sat, hour after hour, talking in her bedroom at the top of the house, talking about life, how they were to reform the world. They meant to found a society to abolish private property, and actually had a letter written, though not sent out. The ideas were Sally's, of course — but very soon she was just as excited — read Plato in bed before breakfast; read Morris; read Shelley by the hour.

The giddy excitement merely the name, the magical name Sally Seaton, evokes fills her mind and overwhelms her at this distant chorological venue, actually physically removed from the locale where she and Sally had such memorable moments, gamboling and cavorting in the hallway, going out and seeing and taking in the view that filled her heart with pure and sentimental emotions, which still make her wonder what is that very and secret ingredient that made the presence of the mysterious and magical persona who appeared and instilled such strong emotions in her in the distant land and time. Suddenly, she is completely in the moment when she had such exquisite time with Sally and others, except that her Aunt Helena was mad and irate over the irrational and uncivilized behavior Sally exhibited in the abode and house where all the mysterious and magical moments, as far as Clarissa was concerned, transpired. Curiously, she recollects the flowers Sally Seaton seemed to embody and evoked at that juncture, and the actual flowers she gathered, fresh flowers and beautiful ones no one ever dreamt of beheading, the image of flowers separated from their body and the innocence and fragrance and bright petals merely floating on the water in the basin and the vase, sticking out of the table, but more than the impressionistic images coagulating in the present that is years removed from the then, the audacity and iconoclastic action of taking them off the stems and let them merely place on the surface of the water for all those who are intent on taking in the view and the shapes that are described on the water, that is the overall imagery that comes back to the mind of Clarissa, as she mulls over and delves into the mystery, the very evanescent and momentary picture that springs out of the depth of her memory embedded deep in the corner of her brain.⁹ The

⁹ The so-called actual images, actual scenes and actual personae that fill the world of Mrs. Dalloway could easily be fused with those images that are imaginary and may not “actually” exist in the real world, which may altogether perhaps be delineated as the city of London and what might constitute it as such. The house Clarissa inhabits and

barbaric and yet refreshingly unusual approach to deal with the fresh flowers and turning them into some sort of aesthetic object on the water, at the sight of the action that transformed them into the object and the resulting product, raw and fresh and bright and colorful picture smiling on the surface of the water--Clarissa was mesmerized and the shock and the joy and everything that was contained in the moment bursts out of the chronological frame where the flowers and the people relevant to the action and the petals and fragrance all the things connected to Sally well out of the corner of her mind and connect her once again with the young self that was Clarissa, free and jovial and yet innocent and uninitiated to the mysteries of life, the scenes and the primal emotions and connections one makes with the other and the other and self-same sex and person, like Sally Seaton. The joy and pleasure fills her heart and mind as she identifies herself with the younger self and the faces and personae who participated in the moments then redound to her being and the wrath and irate person of her Aunt Helena and the indiscretion of Sally, running around naked, the shock and the indecorous and inappropriate behavior of her brings Clarissa even closer to Sally's being, to the core of her being, even closer than ever, the faces and voices and the anger and blush of the housemaid, Ellen Atkins, brings the whole scene, the people and the act and the images and smell and sounds back to her alive and full of significance, what they meant and what they stood for and still do, that abstract and yet very fundamental framework and skeletal structure of the chrono-spatial entirety rushes to her heart and mind and Clarissa feels safe and secure once again. Secure, perhaps in the presence of not her husband in the present, but secure in the heart and presence of Sally as she looked and was in the then and there, a breath of fresh air, unconventional and iconoclastic juggernaut, who could take Clarissa for the first time in her life, perhaps, out of the stifling and confining realm of her safe and traditional parental abode.¹⁰ No

the abode she associates with the ones and images that float in the interstice, simultaneously chronological and topological and physical, that may or may not be related to her actual person and others who purportedly played crucial roles in formulating and defining who she is and has been in the narrative, all of those elements are prominently foregrounded as the various manifestations of the flow of consciousness, which in fact persists from the inception of the story to the end and beyond. The city of London as a congeries of individuals, edifices and characters who populate it and are associated with it, may be simply a phenomenal space in which all the imaginary beings and what Clarissa wishes that it had been filled with pullulate. A city that may be constituted by what is and what may perhaps have been, the interaction and interweaving thereof is a theme that is developed by Hana Wirth-Nesher in her *City Codes: Reading the Modern Urban Novel* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1996), pp. 181-202.

¹⁰ The intense and raw emotions Clarissa exhibits toward Sally are essentially heterogeneous to the kind that is manifested toward her husband and others, in front of

wonder Sally is and was rumored to have hailed from the French aristocracy, looking physically distinct from the likes of her and Aunt Helena and perhaps housemaid Atkins. The remark Atkins made reverberates in the corner of her mind after so many years, removed by so many layers of experiential phases and patina, "Suppose any of the gentlemen had seen?" The genteel and civil remark Atkins made is an epitome and the representation of the hiatus and gap that existed between her realm and Sally's, the insurmountable barrier that was in fact surmounted or annulled and annihilated by a vivacious iconoclastic being who suddenly intruded into her protected and isolated world named and circumscribed by Bourton. Even her father chimed in with the maid when he defined Sally as someone who is "untidy." However, the derogatory names and terms did not quite resonate with Clarissa at the time or even now. On the contrary, they are the terms that indicated and held enormous potential to be free and different and allowed her to escape the stifling and tradition-bound realm she has been raised for as long as she remembered. The naked run through the hallway, the beheading of the flowers (deflowering and breaking the maidenhead), the unconventional behavior and remarks that arose from the magical being enthralled Clarissa and they were hooked to each other, rather Clarissa was charmed and was completely willing to surrender any of the restraints and reservations she held about uniting and upholding the values and ethos the other advocated and personified.

Everything that pertains to the memories and those that cling to the person of Sally Seaton is mixed with the emotions Clarissa has a difficult time pinpointing and yet she repeatedly reminds herself that they all cling to the person of Sally and those moments and the place circumscribed by the locale called Bourton, those childhood, well perhaps adolescent and post-adolescent days when she tended to be excited and looking beyond the realm of her own, those familial grounds her mother and father represented and demarcated for her to be safe and secure, so that their precious daughter could have a life honored by tradition and predictable eventualities, in the household dating back for centuries perhaps and so secure and honored and tradition-bound that they did not expect anything different than the lives they themselves enjoyed and led under the

whom she is usually reserved and tends to hide her naked emotionality, which makes her life both genteel and complicated, as the inability to show those emotions potentially drives her depressive and psychotic and forces her to withdraw into the world that is circumscribed and protected from the harsh reality constituted by a gamut of people and societal complications, among which she nonetheless has to continue living and find a way to preserve her sanity. On the issue of love and other primal emotions she is averse to exhibiting before some and feels free to be demonstrative with others, see Pamela J. Transue in *Virginia Woolf and the Politics of Style* (Albany, New York: State University of New York Press, 1986), pp. 65-91.

protection of their parents. Each and every one of them, the fond memories are all so complex and wrapped with the halo of familiar nuances and yet somehow tied to the moments and to the trigger which Sally personified and the person Clarissa focused upon and looked for as a potential trigger to launch herself beyond the bounds of the familial territory she found herself in, so securely bound and locked in that she never imagined that she would be able to go beyond the boundaries and experience the lives and culture and ethos that are not their own, what Aunt Helen perhaps called the culture and ethos of the low-down, not truly of the aristocratic and civilized English. After all, Sally did not represent the class and family and ethos Aunt Helena did, or for that matter, Clarissa herself did but Sally is one of those tracing back to the aristocracy, which may have culminated at the time of Marie Antoinette, to whom she is deemed to be related perhaps not linearly but collaterally. The emotions that are impacted by the memories of the past, which are ineluctably wound with the excitement and mysteries those younger days held for her, force her to focus on the mystery and the very personal emotions tied up with the person of Sally and would not let her and her mind to wander off to another direction to mull over other topical and crucial themes that have lingered on her mind since the same moments that opened up in her conscious horizon there and then at Bourton in her post-adolescent moments decades earlier.¹¹ The images and the crucial sentiments that rush back to her are those purely and momentarily bound with the person of Sally and Clarissa recollects the consequences and implications of the mystery Sally presented to her then and which still does even now. Clarissa proceeds to analyze the finest of the feelings that coalesced at the moment when she cavorted and gamboled and had pleasurable moments with Sally, merely being with her and engaging

¹¹ What has transpired in the past and whatever effect that continues to exert on the mind of the person directly in focus in the narrative conscious sphere may not have any direct correlation with what actually coalesces in the present and what objective voices occur at the very moment those past events and objects and subjects reverberate in the mind of the person in focus. The so-called objective time, including the time flow and what transpires in the public domain, those events and memories and occurrences that can be putatively shared with others in the narrative domain may not have any relevance or direct correlation with what crops up in the mind of the persona that happens to be focused on in the narrative at any given moment. The objects and ideas that arise in the mind of the subject may be related or unrelated to what surrounds her or that which is deemed to have direct impact on her while simultaneously they may have etiological relation to what has been happening from the past up to the present when the mind of the persona has been implicated and embroiled with the memories, or the formation thereof, which unravel and cause themselves to unravel in the present where she has direct bearing in the way narrative significations coalesce in the public sharable domain. See the idea of public and private times discussed by Paul S. Fiddes in his *The Promised End: Eschatology in Theology and Literature* (Oxford, UK: Wiley-Blackwell, 2000), pp. 115-118; 140-147.

in a conversation with her was enough to evoke the mystery, which arose from the interaction between the two women, but nonetheless, the coalescence and coagulation of emotions that arise even now is the kind that is obviously different from the kind that is generated between man and woman and yet more intense because it is more spontaneous and at least seemed more organic and seamlessly reciprocal, the kind she had been looking for as long as she lived and finally materialized and arose between her and Sally. But it was so precious that as long as the fulfilment and the sentiment on the part of Clarissa, which can only be described as the perfect stasis and equilibrium of the emotionality happening between two of the purest and perfect women, or rather the perfectly matching and compatible women, while the bliss and the happiness lasted the presentiment of the destruction of the emotional bliss, somehow the equilibrium is broken and two beings in unison and harmony could be thrust asunder and separated, merely the possibility and hint and dark thunderous and the ominous omen, merely a hint thereof, constantly crosses her mind and she is weary and wary of the eventuality that may after all one way or another come about at any temporal point beyond Bourton; the coexistence of the two diametrically opposed emotional states disturbed her and still does and made her feel on the edge of uncertainty as the blissful moments lasted and the carefree cavorting and bliss occurred. In her words, “a presentiment of something that was bound to part them (they spoke of marriage always as a catastrophe),” in other words, the tradition and the expectations of the people in society, including her parents and Sally’s parents, if they are still alive and together, may eventually force them to undergo a break, the marriage between man and woman, the traditional union of husband and wife, will eventually break them asunder and they will be forced to part their way. The sense of unison and union between Clarissa and Sally is not meant to be, or the lingering nagging sense of someday they will be coerced to choose one over the other, as the tradition dictates, more likely they choosing the other rather than each other, the idea and the impending idea thereof constantly made the blissful moments temporary and ephemeral and the resignation to the eventual outcome already predetermined, resignation of the individual beings who may or may not be attached to their partners of the same sex, in the case of Clarissa and Sally it is certainly the case, overtakes them and allows no leeway as to the outcome of the separation and breakage that awaited them. The overwhelming sadness wells out of the core of her being and she cries out for help or confirmation of the need of external help, hopefully a helping hand that is extended toward her as well, telling her that she did not need to despair, at least as long as Sally was under the same roof. The consolation, which is in fact a backhanded one, makes the need for the other even more acute and

more intense, as Clarissa without clearly being able to rationalize it herself cries to herself or to the other, “She is beneath this roof. . . . She is beneath this roof!” while in fact “holding the hot-water can in her hands.”

The sensations and the feelings the words evoked and the moment and the locale associated with the whole scene provoked and incited in her lose meanings and gradually yield to the mysterious sense that is beyond words and rife with symbolism, whether private or public, whether the kind that is arcane and too abstruse to be carried to the realm of the public domain or indeed sharable and public and understood and appreciated with all personae concerned. But the words that went out of her mouth dissipate and lose their immediate effect and meaning and in their stead some idea forms and the abstruse and inchoate thoughts that coalesce and form in her mind and take hold of her, the person and the subject that is engaged in the conversation both with the parties who happened to be there at Bourton and with herself as she stands there in the secluded space of the attic or the lonesome room that is her own, chronologically removed from the momentous occasion and scene where all the major and climactic meetings and ideological firestorm took place and at the same in the moment that is both continuous with those moments and with the thought process that has been continuing since the inception of the opening out of the private and arcane spatiality where there may be a chance perhaps that she may be connecting with the minds and hearts of those who played such important roles in her life, and those who have had such impact and traumatic and significant impact on her life ever since up to the present, those related and unrelated personae and events that are all the elements which constitute her life all fuse together and immediately her thought flow rush back to her and she is left with deciphering the very secret of life and the significance of the words and act and excitement that moment and that act, instinctive and frenetic act and voice crying out for help and reaching out for help from the person she felt so involved and perfectly engaged intellectually, or perhaps on a level that is beyond intelligence, perhaps on the level that could only be described as primordial and instinctive, blood and flesh intersection of the mind and heart with the other, who suddenly becomes one and the same as her self, the person who perhaps makes the perfect union of the souls possible through all the channels available to her and opening up the spatiality where they perhaps coexist in perfect union and harmony and where the passion and love, the purified emotions that are cleansed of all the dregs and impurities that are the inevitable residues in a relationship between man and woman, perhaps? The transcendent relationship, that is what she may be entering into, that is why the words, the plethora of them, may not suffice to enter into the core and the

essence of the relationship she felt she may be undergoing with a person who happens to be the same sex but promises to offer the emotional reward that is beyond anything she will ever expect to obtain in a relationship that is expected of her to build in the future and she indeed entered into with her husband, the husband who endowed her with and at the same time robbed her of her natural name and surname, which defined who she really was and instead foisted upon her a someone who is merely a vicarious functional existence, someone who is expected to serve as his domestic caretaker, embellishment and someone who organizes a social function, which indeed is taking place later in the day. But for the moment Clarissa needs to delve into the symbolic and the realm that is beyond mere words and beyond what words can describe and constitute. The realization potentially brings her ever closer to the being and entity who promises her the ultimate escape and bliss that coalesces in a spatiality that in fact exists in a parallel and serendipitous moment, a moment that is so ephemeral and evanescent that she needs to grasp the opportunity as it presents itself while she remains completely oblivious to what is transpiring in the moment, what she is engaged in. As it so happens, she is doing her hair. The nebulous and the tangential feels the brushing movement entails evokes the potential implications of the path she could pursue, both the literal and symbolic implications of the act of playing with her hair and brushing her hair. From the blurry corner of her mind, as if stimulated by the wavy motion and images of the hair that take shape on her head and in her mind, rises the eerie tantalizing images and significations that try to impart the deeper meanings of life and the relations it brings forth. Without fully realizing, she undergoes a contemplative awakening, the realization brought on by the act of engaging in a meditative act, the immediate outcome thereof is “the rooks flaunting up and down in the pink evening light,” a rather evocative and tantalizingly significant imagery that nonetheless remains murky and open to plethora of interpretations. Clarissa keeps the rooks and their meanings and deep running significance uninterpreted and undefined, or does not help the reader to come to terms with them in any constructive or through short-circuited construction of signification of the term. On the contrary, she deliberately leaves the imagery murky and obscure and tangential, even adding the coloration at the end that adds rather eerie tone to the lugubrious line, which makes the imagery all the more mysterious. While the murkiness that is rendered and conveyed by the eerie imagery increases the level of uncertainty on the part of the reader, it is rather consistent with the idea that the phase of conscious peregrination Clarissa is entering into is a one that is beyond words and beyond any empirical referent. In order to escape the perilous solipsistic conundrum and obtain the bliss and attain the relational holy

grail, the ultimate goal, her dramatic relationship with Sally hinted at and posited, she needs to plunge into the new and perilous and uncertain and inchoate world that suddenly opened up in her mind, which may not necessarily be the shortest and surest way to the goal, goal of discarding and ridding of all the extraneous complications and uncertainties and terrifying distractions she is often subjected to in real life, even in the putatively secure and protected cocoon of her home with Mr. Dalloway, but certainly one of the few ways whereby she could come to terms with the destructive quandaries and hopelessness she is prone to. Because Sally is the only person, one of the few certainly, who could potentially release her from the intolerable complications, excruciatingly painful and torturous quagmires of life, Clarissa could rightfully feel that the moment, that mystical and completely harmonious moment and the moment when the rare and fortuitous spatiality opens up in her imaginative horizon is the moment when she feels content passing away, fading peacefully into the realm that is over and beyond the feverish and torturous pains of life, which is impacted by anything and everything empirical.

...“if it were now to die 'twere now to be most happy.” That was her feeling — Othello’s feeling, and she felt it, she was convinced, as strongly as Shakespeare meant Othello to feel it, all because she was coming down to dinner in a white frock to meet Sally Seton!

The rapturous moments, the spatiality where she existed in the same confined space with Sally, those memories rush back to her and inundate her being and she feels content, not perhaps ready to pass away, or perhaps she is ready, as she confesses to herself, or could it have been a momentary exuberant emotionality that overwhelmed her and got the better of her, but the momentum is there and she merely allows it to carry her along and the memories and the tangential feelings that arise from the corner of her mind wraps her being and she is there and then in the confines of Bourton, both in time and space. The sheer happiness and bliss and the air she breathed with Sally thrusts her into the spatiality that is only there and then and opened up and recurred since then where she actually gamboled and played and had the spiritual communion with her. The color and ambience and the sound and the surrounding personae who constituted and contributed to the perfect opportunity to share and live in the momentous juncture that is only defined by the person of Sally and her together with Sally, those memories rush back and wraps her up and thrust her into the spatiality that is only the dream and ephemeral juncture which may or should not exist but she definitely craves that it does. Nothing is more appropriate than to recall the momentary sensation that occurred and recalled even now that is best described as the utter bliss,

the unreachable and almost unrecalable sensation that inundates the moment and the concurrent eventuality, what might have been and what seems to have transpired there and then. She is not quite sure if she is merely dreaming or recalling what actually coalesced in those magical moments, but the delight and surprise and bliss she felt at the moment is certainly recurrent and recalable as she imagines and recreates the simulacrum of the feeling that pervaded and which she underwent at that juncture and moments in the past. But the sensation is so intense that she needs to take a detour and metaphorical inflective plunge to experience the sheer intensity and emotive exultation, as she introduces, rather off-puttingly, albeit she has been likened to a bird with her pointed nose and features (which may as well reflect the condition she may have been in after recuperating from the valetudinarian state she putatively has been in), a bird that hops and plays in a bramble bush, moving from branch to branch, as if a soul flitting through the thin air until it finds, fortuitously and serendipitously, the goal that has eluded the avian creature for ages. The goal, that elusive goal seamlessly merges with the person of Sally and all the surrounding characters and personae merely enhance the preciousness of the person of Sally as she inevitably and fortuitously comes close to Clarissa and fuses with her and becomes one with her, or that is what she wished perhaps but only that the elusive object of desire does not merge with her person, the ultimate ecstatic moments did not transpire and in its stead the other, the surrounding elements and personae need to enhance and foreground the being that is needless to say the center of her conscious horizon, the person of her desire.¹² Only through depiction of others can the center be pinpointed and defined. They need to be there, even in her memory and consciousness, and as the bird transitions into Sally and Sally becoming

¹² All significations, the elements and personae who appear and coalesce in the novel and introduced and developed through the novel, they all diverge and merge with each other, as they are diaphanous characters and elements that are permeable and interpretable to each other and being constantly open to interpretation and interference and modification by each and every single one, who in fact is under control, both internally and externally, of the meta-narrator, the ultimate agent and the pulsating stream that constitutes the central core of the narrative that both shapes and being shaped by the contingent and active subjects, who incessantly emerge and then immediately disappear into pullulating narrative sphere. As Edna Rosenthal argues in her *Aristotle and Modernisms: Aesthetic Affinities of T.S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens and Virginia Woolf* (Portland, Oregon: Sussex Academic Press, 2008), the world of Mrs. Dalloway is constituted by the convergent and divergent and constantly shared conscious phases that are dependent and defined by the ever-shifting conscious stream, or meta-perspective, which in its turn is made possible by the gestalt and converging minds that act both disparately and inter-relatedly in the narrative that wobbles and grows as if it were an organic product given rise to by each narrative constituent, both organic and inorganic. See more on the relevant argument made by Edna Rosenthal in the said work, pp. 93-113.

the soul and the psyche that is the being flitting through the air and playing in the brambles, she needs to be circumscribed and delineated by the others. The presence of the others and the ambience and the activity they foreground, that is the only means through which Clarissa can eliminate the distance and the psychological barrier that blocks her from reaching the person of Sally. Strangely enough, as she notes and unconsciously affirms, it is only through delineation of the others, the surrounding beings and the smell and view and objects and those putatively and supposed to have existed then and there when she was completely preoccupied with Sally that define the essence and memorable characteristics and significance of the beings that are iterated and linked to the person of the vivacious woman, who coalesced and materialized in the setup associated with the magical abode of Bourton. In juxtaposition to the central character, even Peter recedes into the distance, relatively speaking, and his significance is merely relativized and he is rendered a contributive and constitutive figure, allowing the central person of Sally to endue and give significance to himself and all the appurtenant figures, including Breikopf, a person who may not have been recalled in the first place if he had not been deemed to give life and significance to the central figure there in the sphere circumscribed by Bourton, a spatiality and ambience that is associated with the locale and the past and the fixed time safely stored in her memory. As Clarissa confesses, everything that coalesces at that juncture in that temporal and chronological spatiality was “only a background for Sally.”

Even the anger of her archenemy, that is Sally's, turns into something that tends to be cherished and reminisced about and which in turn gradually yields to the sentiment that is only described as a tender feeling toward the person her father has antagonized himself against. Everything is so tender and soft colored and the jagged memories rounded off and robbed of the sharp edges which may have existed initially and by now and even then, after a certain lapse of time, became an exquisite sentiment that cannot be replaced by any other but the love and closeness even her father felt toward Sally. The bitterness and enmity he felt toward her, which was initially caused by the book she left unattended and left soaked wet, a book he cherished as well as the person he later comes to understand as the object of passion and love and tenderness, or is it the perspective Clarissa provides over the whole scene, as she viewed and yearned for the person of the most charming and mysterious and marvelous existence that will ever be possible, when the interwoven and composite and mixed sentiments flow to each other and brought together and fused together as the tension and the tender feeling he later and she immediately came to harbor toward Sally. The mesmerizing moment comes ever closer and closer as she reminisced and reminisces about the person of her

dream and the idealized figure that ever existed there and then in the purview of Bourton, or is she merely dreaming for and of the moment she has much anticipated and urging herself to get ever closer and once again after decades of absence from the milieu that gave way to and generated the mysterious and tenderest of tender emotions and generated a gamut of sentiments she felt toward none other than the woman who did not mind walking naked, disregarding the rebuke of her aunt and all those eyes that may have been waiting to take a glimpse at the perambulation of the goddess incarnate? And the anger and the dudgeon her father felt at the moment in connection with the soaked book, the book that is a cue and rendered a cue merely for them to exit the stifling space of the indoor claustrophobic enclosure of the abode now being fondly recollected at a chronological vantage only a woman of fifty-two can savor when the much awaited moment resounds with the utterance Sally makes, "What a shame to sit indoors!" What a perfect introduction to the solitary moments they and only they could share with each other. The anxious and much awaited moments reify and come into being as they bask in the romantic and magical flavor only the memory and imaginative power can supply and give tangible shapes to. The exquisite and magical moments can only be described by a metaphor that is so indirect and charmingly nuanced that the minds that coalesced in those chrono-spatiality transform themselves into the shapes and sounds and colors and hues that are neatly compacted by the depiction that arises in the mind of Clarissa located decades removed from the site and time that actually saw the image transpire then and there, "Then came the most exquisite moment of her whole life passing a stone urn with flowers in it." A receptacle that needs to be filled and what a proper way to ornament and fill an urn except by the most beautiful flowers and entity that was available then in those chrono-spatial moments that materialized at Bourton. The sensuality is there coming to fruition with the appearance and coalescence of flowers inserted into an urn, a receptacle which is the mind yearning for the existence that fills the lacunae in the depth of her being is filled at the right moment, the moment when the sensuous contact is made between the two minds that share the values and ideals and the air they breathed together except that the breath they took, every one of them, is so tightly compressed between their beings that only the breath resupplied and supplied through their mouths could be transfused to each other and enable them to live the moments in eternity. The shiver and frisson that are the result of the ultimate moments reifying in the past and locale that opened up and developed between the two perfectly matched beings send the heart of Clarissa thumping uncontrollably even decades removed from the actual moment that took place at Bourton then and there. The existence of all the extraneous beings completely vanish from the purview shared

by the two and even the mind's horizon Clarissa harbors even now and they are twirling and feeling secure and throbbing with excitement and with the new reality that suddenly opened up before their eyes, or Clarissa's mind's eyes. At ecstatic moments she shared with Sally nothing sufficed and nothing is now adequate to describe the joy and sheer joy of sharing the purest of the pure emotions together, leaving only two of them together and vanishing and evaporating the others that may or may not have been there just around them, just by them. The coruscating jewel is an adequate image that shines through the heart and the inner being and nucleus of their being. Or perhaps even a diamond may not have been adequate to describe the minds and hearts palpitating in their being, separate two incarnate beings and yet one and united in the very scintillating moments that are beyond anything any empirical object Clarissa experienced in her short life then and long life she has undergone since then. However, the extraneous personae that were deemed to have been relegated to the corner of her mind come surfacing back to her conscious ken, as Peter Walsh and Joseph Breitkopf come barging into her solitary and almost perfectly romantic union with Sally.

The brutality of the sundering that took place and forced to occur at the hands of none other than the personae that were thought to have been exteriorized and marginalized--and with the brutality the two personae come back into her ken and into her conscious world with a vengeance and intrude into none other than between the closest relationship she thought she had established, between herself and Sally. The brutal intrusion of the two personae shocked her partner and Sally was in a hurry to take cover and take shelter under the witty remark and clever response she could think of at that moment, the temporal interstice between the moment the two reemerged in the corner of her consciousness and the moment before one of them verbally thrust into their most intimate spatiality, the space charged and filled with the mysterious and marvelous potentiality that was giving rise to and could have given rise to something unimaginable and marvelous. But instead of that efflorescence, the moment when Clarissa dreamed of beyond her realistic expectations but thought the moment had finally arrived, the mere word from the men destroys and wrecks the charm that was coalescing over the conscious horizon of Clarissa. The marvelous metaphor, or the sentiment that can only be approached and transcribed by the metaphor of the vase filled with flowers, the injection and intrusion that rubs and unites and couples the two beings exquisitely interrelated and inseparable, they are forced asunder and the closest of the kinship that would never materialize as long as she lives is pulverized and vaporized, as if the moment has been a mere dream that has never meant to arise in her

Katsuaki TAIRA : Eternal Pulsation of the Chrono-spatiality and the Mindscape in Mrs. Dalloway life.¹³ Sally takes cover and searches for words and action that is appropriate for the occasion, under the circumstances that are at best described as bathetic and anticlimactic--failed moments that were meant to be the acme of their lifetime's experience and the climax of their mutual and physical contact that seemed to have taken place by way of the flowers in a vase, which was suddenly thrust into the reader's consciousness as an image that is the epitome and pure and simple transcription of their etherealized sentiment and emotion shared by the two women there in the locale and at the time that is in fact decades removed from the present and in fact felt by Clarissa as the present and the moments continuous with the chrono-spatiality she is living and reliving in the present. The closest approximation she can achieve may as well be the act of reliving the moments that gave rise to the dream-like state she experienced with Sally and interjected and interrupted by the two men who are so comically and yet fondly recollected by the subject in the center of the narrative, in the conscious stream that flows and develops in front of the reader's mind in the middle of the narrative scape transpiring right in front of his eyes in the present. But the grating words and uncalled for greeting recurs and echoes and reverberates in the mind's ear of Clarissa, "Star-gazing?" The completely uninvited and abrupt and sudden interruption by her dear Peter is the words that ring so jarringly and regrettably in her ears and mind's ears as Sally is recollected at the very juncture when she was ready to plunge into the dreamlike union with the soul of her soul mate. No wonder Clarissa aptly transcribes the sensation she felt at that particular juncture when she was greeted by the leaden, boring and such unkind greeting by Peter. She is sincere and cannot help but honest to herself as she picks up the essence of her feeling at that moment when the romantic and etherealized out-of-this world moment vanished and in its stead was

¹³ The relationship between Sally and Clarissa is the thing that was not meant to coalesce in the life that opened up in the horizon of our heroine then in the protected space of Bourton and in the present, away from and removed from the moments when the soft and tender possibilities arose decades ago in the locale that is readily recalled and forced to reify in the conscious sphere that perpetually recurs and is lived and to be relived in her own very private sphere as Clarissa secludes herself in the enclosed space away from the rest and insulated from the goings-on of the mundane and daily events, which she in fact should not avoid and rather willingly encounter and get herself involved in as she prepares for the party, which is in fact the epitome and substantiation of what it meant to marry a politician rather than the intense and truly of the psychologically homogeneous man she felt attraction to then and has felt during all these years she has been living with her own family. The psychological intrusion and disruption the appearance of the men caused and the sense of camaraderie and bond she felt in the past in the locale in association with the vase both literally and metaphorically filled with flowers is astutely analyzed and described by Elizabeth Abel in *Virginia Woolf and the Fictions of Psychoanalysis* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998), pp. 30-34.

replaced by the uncalled for and jagged coarse physically rude expression that was completely uninvited for. The fear and horror she was forced to undergo at the utterance of the words--at that moment when she might as well have been thrust against a hard granite surface and broken asunder into thousands bits, "It was like running one's face against a granite wall in the darkness! It was shocking; it was horrible!" The insult and insincerity and inconsiderate rudeness that is compacted into the expression is too much for both Sally and Clarissa. The broken expectations and the broken hope is indeed mutual as both of them were at a loss how to respond and how to deal with the awkward situation presented by the men, who abruptly and irritatingly materialized in their private space where there should have been no heterogeneous minds, no unkind hearts but the same sympathetic and understanding hearts who share the identical tenderest of tender emotions for each other. But in an exigency like this, what Clarissa was concerned about was not herself but her love and best companion Sally and her response. The memories and the moments that are filled with such tragedy and such rude awakening and such jolt, psychological and psychophysical, reverberate even decades after the drama unfolded and exploded in front of her mind's eyes. At the moment and years removed from that particular moment she understood and comes to understand and intuitively perceived and now perceives what caused the abrupt barging in of the male companions: jealousy and meanness and destructive urge to dilute and pollute the purest of love and friendship and companionship both men, particularly Peter who is attributed to have conscious urge to wedge into the union that transpired between Sally and Clarissa, saw blooming between the two women in the nocturnal and romantic garden in Bourton and felt so vulnerable and threatened. Perhaps an urge to partake of it and drag it down to the level where they themselves could enjoy and share the happiness and bliss the ethereal union seemed to promise and present and the complex emotions accrued from the whole process, might have been simply overwhelming for the two men, perhaps to be fair for the male personae concerned, more on an unconscious and primal level than otherwise.

The malice and the antagonism that was manifested, or at least that which seemed to have been manifested to Clarissa, was enough to obliterate fears that were bubbling up in her heart, when she was simultaneously becoming fearful and afraid that the uncalled for interruption by the men and words that cleaved into the union between the two women could jeopardize the existence of Sally and bliss and the ethereal moments the two were enjoying and could have enjoyed. Clarissa was drawn to her protégé and object of heavenly bliss and partner whom she felt needed to be protected and kept in safe haven from the intruding males at any cost. The bitter

emotions and the fears they gave rise to were enough to convey the sense of danger she felt at the moment when the menacing arrows of words were about to be released from the mind of one of the most formidable antagonists she had ever known, simply because he was also someone who inexorably drew her and her soul into the core of his soul and enforced the emotional union that could not be severed except by changing her loyalty from one to the other. At the moment there existed two of them simultaneously, both in her private and public spheres, and the choice between the two was turning the demand that was implicitly made upon Clarissa into something beyond her control and something she could not do anything about, yet the choice was constantly demanded by both of the personae who were potentially the foci of Clarissa's attention. But the emotions, the bitter and sinister and powerful emotions the threat her adversary putatively poses evokes, put both Clarissa in danger and her partner in a potentially compromised position, as the male adversary is perceived to be determined to "break into their companionship" and unsettle the easeful and beautiful harmonious relationship that seemed to have been established between herself and Sally. But, as it turns out, her concern seems to be rather extraneous and uncalled for, as Sally rises to the occasion and handles the contingency in a manner that was unexpected of an ethereal goddess Clarissa thought Sally was turning into. Sally calmly reacts and turns the occasion, a potentially a disastrous one, into an opportunity to establish more amicable relationships, to revel in astronomical and phenomenal lucubration that involves both men and in this instance more availing of Joseph than Peter of his interest in nature and beauty that exists all around them. It is Sally who turns and transforms the disastrous scene into a managed and more harmonious encounter between two sets of disconnected minds and hearts, two sets of heterogeneous mindsets and sensibilities. The manner in which Sally develops a new spatiality where two minds reside and differing views and sentiments coexist is so beautiful and so effortless that Clarissa on her part is momentarily made redundant or disconnected from the scene and released into a space where she may be relegated and let loose, allowing to freely wander in search of the new alliance and new connection and fusion with other minds than the kind momentarily at this moment seemed to be constituted and defined by Sally's. The recounting of the stars Sally elicits and induces in Joseph is the moment, is an act, where Clarissa finds herself indeed released and plunged into a differing phase of emotionality, perhaps chrono-spatiality where she is reminded of and merges with the mind of Peter, the one who menaced and seemed to intrude into the harmonious relationship between herself and Sally, and destroyed it. The transition is complete when Clarissa shifts to the benign effects of Peter, or the account thereof, and his

presence that has had over her for the preceding and proceeding years that are centered around the moment when the critical encounter with Sally simultaneously took place. The chastisement and mutual understanding that are underpinned by bitter retribution or criticism Peter doled out unstintingly whenever occasions presented themselves, the intertwined and variegated emotional phases that succeed one another, including the moments and sentiments when her intuitive perception and assessment of Sally nearly culminated with the etherealization of the goddess incarnate, all of those transmorph themselves and transfuse into a stream that seems to be pulsating through the narrative from the inception of the story when the morning brightly and freshly broke upon the consciousness of Clarissa and the mind of the reader as he surprisingly found the reticent and yet busily engaged mind of the protagonist setting out on an endless journey putatively terminating in the party that is to unfold in the evening.

Works Referenced

- Abel, Elizabeth. *Virginia Woolf and the Fictions of Psychoanalysis*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998.
- Childs, Donald J. *Modernism and Eugenics: Woolf, Eliot, Yeats, and the Culture of Degeneration*. Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2001.
- De Gay, Jane. *Virginia Woolf's Novels and the Literary Past*. Edinburgh University Press, 2006.
- Early, Emmett. *The War Veteran in Film*. Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland, 2003.
- Ellis, Steve. *Virginia Woolf and the Victorians*. Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2007.
- Fiddes, Paul S. *The Promised End: Eschatology in Theology and Literature*. Oxford, UK: Wiley-Blackwell, 2000.
- Holmesland, Oddvar. *Form as Compensation for Life: Fictive Patterns in Virginia Woolf's Novels*. Columbia, South Carolina: Camden House, 1998.
- Moran, Patricia L. *Word of Mouth: Body Language in Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf*. Charlottesville, Virginia: University of Virginia Press, 1996.
- Radeva, Milena Todorova. *Philanthropy, the Welfare State, and Early Twentieth-Century Literature*. Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2008.
- Reed, Valerie. *Mournful Welcome: Strangeness, Tragic Lamentation, and the Poetics of Modern Hospitality*. Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2008.
- Rosenthal, Edna. *Aristotle and Modernisms: Aesthetic Affinities of T.S. Eliot, Wallace*

Stevens and Virginia Woolf. Portland, Oregon: Sussex Academic Press, 2008.

Transue, Pamela J. *Virginia Woolf and the Politics of Style*. Albany, New York: State University of New York Press, 1986.

Wirth-Nesher, Hana. *City Codes: Reading the Modern Urban Novel*. Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1996.

内在的・内的意識の世界とその変遷

Mrs. Dalloway の世界はその意識の流れに包まれ常に変化を遂げる潜在的可能性とそのさまざまな局面を構成する表層化した要素に特徴づけられた potential dispersive energy に（意味的レベルにおいて）常に左右されているといっても過言ではない。この論文ではその potential energy がいかに意識下で具体化し外的要因と反応しつつそれぞれの登場人物を定義し、意識下の潜在的意味を決定づけていくかという過程を具体的なエピソード、そして一連の登場人物の内的・物理的 peregrination を通して考察していく。