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連続性と非連続性、意味的断片化とその収束

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In Pursuit of Dithering and Differing Waves of Consciousness Homogenizing and
Coalescing

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It is no secret that the story and the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway is filled with its divergent and yet unifying temporalities and personalities and everything that tries to pull the narrative in divers directions. The story is in fact so rife with contradictory directionalities and tendencies that any reader may justifiably stop and wonder where the flow of the narrative is going. The fact is that it goes nowhere and simultaneously flows in any direction to the extent that the pull of the bifurcate, or rather multifarious, forces leaves one mesmerized and wondering if the spatiality and temporality that opens up on the narrative horizon has any significance that is unified and determinate, which the reader can make out in a meaningful manner possible. The more deeply and intensely he is engaged with the characters and eventualities of the narrative, the more complex and tricky it becomes to decipher the determinate elements that give him the unified signification on which he can base his judgment of the narrative signification he can absorb and interpret in a consistent manner. The divergent significatory trend and indeterminate signification elements in the narrative that keep cropping up seem to presage a depressing and depressive eventuality that can never be concluded and conclusively related to his personal psyche in any meaningful fashion. But the deconstructed framework of the elements that evolve in the narrative only results in a narrative landscape that is so much richer and so much more rife with promising significatory memes and they in turn contribute to a narrative that is so much more authentic in light of the reality any one spontaneous being exists in the day-to-day world, which the interpretative being participating and closely engaged with the evolving world of the narrative can easily and properly shares with. The sudden disjunctive moves in the narrative flow, which is completely against the tradition of the prose narrative, and the temporality that is time and again twisted and warped by the power of the imagination that is manifested more than amply in the course of the narrative, which develops and emanates from the depth of the psyche of the participant in focus at any given moment, and the characters who seemingly unbeknownst to themselves and with a physical distance that putatively separates them as completely distinct and discrepant from each other, all those elements become almost irrelevant to

the mystery that evolves from, paradoxically enough, the intermingling of the characters who are, legitimately or illegitimately in the context of the narrative, thrown into the arms and psyches of each other. The meeting of the strange thinking beings without the ordinary intermediary devices or excuses on the part of the authorial being, could baffle and pose an obstacle to making a totality that is conducive to an world and narrative sphere that is full of meaningful cues and signs and elements, which could be turned into a holistic picture that is temporarily full and particularized to the point of disintegration and alienation of each character from themselves and from others. But the more the reader gets involved in the narrative world filled with the cacophony of events and characters shot through with disjunctive phrases and scenes and syntaxes, the more united the whole entirety tends to become.¹ In this essay, I would like to pursue the minds in action, perhaps one mind at a time due to the limitations placed on the human mind to grasp a particular mind being developed at any given moment, and follow how the disintegrative flow of the narrative gradually assumes and gives rise to the integrative and holistic picture and significations that indeed seem to appear both dithering and solidifying simultaneously in the depth of the latter's psyche. The best way, after all, to allow the narrative to take its maximum signification would be to allow the mind of the participatory being to join the company of the characters that shape and form in the very framework in which the story seems to be confined and in fact, under the ideal circumstances at least, from which it incessantly tries to escape. The scene I start the journey of the mind, as a companionable and psychologically embedded one perhaps, in is where the young couple from Italy are confronted with a crisis of a kind at the apparition of a long-since dead friend of the husband's and where Septimus continues to be drawn into the mysterious and uncontrollably phantasmagoric world

¹ The juxtaposition of individuality and totality that comprehends each and every seemingly disparate images and elements that constitute the narrative landscape of *Mrs. Dalloway*, underlies the preexistent unity that harmonizes and pulls the entirety of the narrative into one continuous flow, which may be predetermined, in fact, but which seems to evolve in so many unexpected directions. The variegated temporality and eternal and overwhelming control the voice and each consciousness, that which prevails at any given moment in the development of the narrative, exerts over it and over the unexpected and disjunctive modality of events and images that materialize in the narrative yields to a smooth surface that ultimately seems to coalesce within the world of Mrs. Dalloway, which perhaps is only explained by the idea of mythopoeic determinants, the preexistent harmonious whole that underlies the discrete and discrepant narrative scenes that develop in the story. See the idea of mythopoeic and preexistent harmony that comprehends the disjunctive and individualized discrepant growth of minds in action and that develops and prevails in the narrative, as argued by Jean O. Love in *Worlds in Consciousness: Mythopoeic Thought in the Novels of Virginia Woolf* (Los Angeles, California: University of California Press, 1970), pp. 145-160.

that self-evolves both in front of him and before his mind's eyes.

As the blurry and inchoate images behind the railings coalesce, or threaten to coalesce--whether or not they are real images or imagined shapes and sounds that transpire in the mind of Septimus is never determined, or rather it may be that they are just to be imagined, whether they are virtual or real, which are only left to the readerly consciousness to make any sense of and in any way possible--some strange things happen on the scene. Septimus and Lucrezia share the same narrative plane and they reside in the locale they are placed at this particular moment, but they obviously exist in differing psychological frameworks, so much so that what they remark and what they perceive never coincide.² As Septimus copes with the eventuality that develops before his eyes, both literally and imagined, he fuses the shapes and textures and sounds that seem to emanate from the recess of the corner of his mind with those that might arise from behind the bars and railings that in fact may be recognized as such by his wife from Italy. He responds to both potentially imaginary existences away from him and all too vivid evocations that arose from the depth of his mind, the collection of memories that are hopelessly attached to the moment in his past where and when the cataclysmic event took place involving his friend. The searing images and the memories associated with them are not only contributing to and warping the reality that surrounds him and his wife but threaten to pull his physical existence into a dimension that is never meant

² The blurry images and ideas floating around the enigmatic person of Septimus, and his mind and those of others around him, may perhaps harken back to the identity of the person of Septimus and what he and others stand for. The suggestive images and concepts that arise from and around Septimus are all murky and indefinable in the sense that they can be attributed to others, like Mrs. Dalloway herself, but they, including Rezia, a young woman hailing from Italy, the exotic land where Septimus had a bout of bliss and pleasures when he possibly thought the rosy future was awaiting for him, represent not the complete selves independent of others that exist around them but they very possibly need the presence of others in order for them to feel complete. The comment made by Jeremy Hawthorn is quite suggestive, possibly shedding light on what is structurally and artistically happening in the incomplete condition every single character who appears in the narrative seems to be in or feels to be in. According to Jeremy Hawthorn, Virginia Woolf dissected the many phased authorial condition of Joseph Conrad and dared to propose that he was indeed not a single person but two personalities in one, or one person split into two or more beings as he engaged in his authorial production of work. In the similar and suggestive light, Septimus Smith, who initially was not meant to appear in *Mrs. Dalloway*, was allowed to eke out his presence and thrown into the story in order to mirror and echo the existence of others in the narrative, obviously one of which would be Mrs. Dalloway's. On the topic of dithering and multifarious genesis of characters and their identities, see Jeremy Hawthorn, in Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway: A Study in Alienation* (London: Sussex University Press, 1975), pp. 28-44, compiled in *Alienation*, edited by Harold Bloom (New York: Infobase Publishing, 2009).

to occur on the plane that is interchangeable with what Rezia perceives as reality, the physical purview that includes the crowd, the pedestrians and the buildings and shapes and animals that actually lend concrete shapes and forms and palpable atmosphere to where she and her husband now exist. The imminence of the second cataclysmic impact after the real one, or the one that is merely suggested at this juncture for the reader, becomes such an unbearable torture for Septimus that he suggests to move to a location slightly removed from the one they occupy at the moment, a concession on the part of the author and Septimus that what is transpiring in the mind of the latter is indeed something disjunctive with the reality, or whatever everyone else considers as such and recognizes as such vis-à-vis the physical and tangible existences all around them. But the brave attempt on the part of Septimus, removal from the crowd and seek shelter under the tree, the very tree that seconds before seemed to grow tentacles and roots and entrapping branches that simultaneously threatened to connect themselves with his own being—clashes with an eventuality that might easily be construed as enslavement and bondage by the subject that initiated the phantasmagoric growth of the organic being he has decided to shelter under. Regardless of the hoped for succor from the tree, he and his companion are still and continually in the throes of the indescribable and relentless menace that transforms itself into the shapes and colors and brutal and brutish noise:

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

Nothing strikes our hero at this juncture more vividly than the blurry shapes, indescribably mysterious colorations and sounds that emanate from the now and here in particular, except that they seem to point to the indisputable reality that lies right in front of him and Rezia. The connection with his wife by way of the potential physicality is intercalated by the colors and textures that obtrude from the reality, but his mind, the mind of Septimus, is intent on the deep lying mystery that putatively underlies a facile physicality currently transmogrified into the visual and audible and tangible forms. There is no compromise, as far as Septimus is concerned, with the tantalizingly tempting physical reality, physical and as well as rational reality, which his wife and the ilk of the psychiatrist Rezia trusts whole-heartedly uphold. The mystery and the secret is under the surface and the circular and physical and geometric shapes specifically

point to them and, Septimus is convinced, they are obviously talking to him and only to himself, seeing that others, including his wife, do not comprehend the enormity of the mystery that is dangled and suggested before the eyes of everyone present. They are there in front of every single one of them in the street and in the narrative physical sphere comprehended and enwrapped by the conscious flow of the narrative, except that the rabble do not possess the means to decipher or will or proper initiation, which only Septimus has undergone in the field of Greece, and in conjunction with the white shapes and suggestive forms and evocation of his friend they are in reality and virtually only presented only to himself, or so he construes.

The dreamy inchoate images and colors and textures of the surrounding environs come threatening to overwhelm both Septimus and Rezia when the young wife from Italy points to the very physicality of the objects external to them, of the kind Dr. Holmes recommended she was to reiterate in an emergency like she is facing at the moment. The objects and the things she chooses are the persons and the physical objects they carry and the sound and colors that are actually right in front of the young couple. They are so tangibly and visibly coalescing before their eyes and no one fails to misconstrue them and misunderstands them as something other than the very beings they represent to her young and very commonsensical mind, Rezia is convinced. Do they, indeed, convey the same and similar message to the beleaguered and phantasmagoric mind of her husband? She is gripped with self-doubt the next moment. None other than the things their physicality represents and conveys is the very things they inherently mean and represent to herself and to a person like Dr. Holmes and to all the others? She is at this stage desperate and so forceful to impart her intention to her husband and share the message and signification with him, which is there for him to accept as well as it is requisite for him to conform to the ways and teachings of Dr. Holmes, which she whole-heartedly accepts and which she has been following in spite of her husband's objection and demurrer. What seems to be awry in their communication with each other is that she does not understand her husband in the crucial sense of the word and he at this juncture is completely opposed to her on his part, as they bring in misperception and misconstrual of each other, albeit from diametrically opposed perspectives that never mesh with each other. Their parallel views, even though they may appear identical from a certain positionality, are in fact likely to be perpetually unengaged and they will never totally coincide. The physical and psychological planes that are foregrounded, each represented by the one and the other, could as well be placed in their particular circumscribed temporality and spatiality but they conflict with each other and spurn each other, resulting in a state where one lives in a desperate and disparate

frame of mind, isolated and completely inaccessible to the other. The physical images and instantiation of the objective world in the persons of cricketers and young boys and the sound they make as they come close to both Rezia and Septimus simultaneously increase their magnitude and decrease their significance as the percipients indulge in an interpretative act that is unique and discrepant from the physical circumstances that both circumscribe and surround their mental interpretative horizon. Is Septimus properly responding to what Rezia requests? The diverse spheres and places they reside do not allow them to fully engage in a rational conversation, both literally and metaphysically, and they never fuse together as engaging and understanding partners. The lone and lugubrious and desperate call to bring him back from the phantasmagoric and addictive world where Septimus continues to dwell falls on deaf ears and is utterly misconstrued through his refractive and interpretative twist, to the process of which any call from the sphere outside of his own is thrust and forced. The strong and inevitable idiosyncratic mind process all but guarantees that the innocent cry for help, or rather the call to help him out of the miasma of the pullulating unpredictable world of his own, is thrown into a set of phantasmagoric processes and twisted and spun in any manner that only suits the person in question, whether he likes it or not, which purely depends on his whim. At this very juncture, Septimus is in the plain thousands of miles away from where he physically exists with his wife and the simultaneous presence in diverse locales gives piquancy to the sense that he is in the midst of a grandiose drama that is unfolding every passing second.³ The long-awaited moment is just about to arrive, except that the call that keeps interrupting his unwavering attention to the business at hand, the crucial mission to attend and interpret the mystery that is held out only to him, the mystery that may be carried over from the long distant land and to the land of queen and king where the flying object is also weaving out an august message that is also perhaps meant for him only, for him to decipher. The

³ The simultaneous presence of Septimus Smith's mind at variegated sites and locales at this moment hints at a wobbling and uncertain existential possibility of every single character linked to Septimus, as well as himself. Everyone involved in the expansive and expanding mental scape that develops in the mind of Septimus at this juncture contributes to the narrative landscape where physical limitations simply disappear and where more importantly and significantly simultaneous overtones that are derived from the death of Septimus' friend and companion Evans in the land beyond the green fields of England and Great Britain come to endow the narrative with a more grim and preternatural atmosphere and hue, which can perhaps only be portrayed through the medium of cameras and film. On the argument of the film that comprehends and somewhat successfully conveys the complex of emotional and psychological phases portrayed in the novel, albeit in an adapted form, see Emmett Early, *The War Veteran in Film* (Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland, 2003), pp. 121-123.

voice keeps calling him, but in the world of the innermost private realm of his own making, he is the target of an unbearable persecution that is and has been continuing since he shared and participated in that awful moment when his friend died and perished in the plain of Greece, a land of sun and the white sheen that covered the entire world for no reason but the sheer shock and sense of devastation momentarily blinded him and almost left him unable to keep up and maintain the will to live, to live a normal healthy life with a young woman, an exotic and perfect jewel of a girl he could take to his land of king and queen and civilized population, where he and she actually reside at this moment. The sense of desolation is left with him and the memory, which persecutes him and indelibly leaves him the images and moment of devastation that grips him and forces on him the role of an inevitable and indubitable scapegoat, which obviously he desists with a mere wave of a hand. Is he so helpless that the only indication he can give of the murky will, or the congelation of the voluntary and involuntary directionality of the bundle of phantasmagoric divisive and diverse intentions, is a mere fluttering of the hand, which may be in fact construed in any way the overwhelming adversary wants, or whoever may be eavesdropping on the couple at this juncture?

Look the unseen bade him, the voice which now communicated with him who was the greatest of mankind, Septimus, lately taken from life to death, the Lord who had come to renew society, who lay like a coverlet, a snow blanket smitten only by the sun, for ever unwasted, suffering for ever, the scapegoat, the eternal sufferer, but he did not want it, he moaned, putting from him with a wave of his hand that eternal suffering, that eternal loneliness.

Understandably, Rezia is desperate to keep him from embarrassment and predicament of all foreseen and unforeseen kinds. They are reminded of the awkward and difficult situation they may be forced into if Septimus keeps talking to himself and the inner world and the phantasmagoric images therein continue to take control of his entire psyche and being and subject him to all kinds of unpredictable and unimaginable antics, antics, needless to say, that may simply appear as such to the onlookers who happen to be watching the young couple from a foreign land. But, as it so happens, there is a woman, a girl, who walks by and needs some help to let her arrive at wherever her destination happens to be. Thereupon ensues an interaction between Maisie Johnson and Rezia. An interaction, which turns out to be quite an unsatisfactory one for the former as she receives an impression and is left with a residue of a sensation that is described as strange and off-putting, to say the least. Rezia, on her part, is in no mood to engage in a conversation or help a stranger to find her way to her destination. She is

occupied and needs, most of all, needs help, psychological and mentorial and directional, figuratively speaking, and the bluff treatment Maisie Johnson receives, or at least the impression she gets in her encounter with the Italian maiden, is a derivative of an understandable reflex that is unleashed from Rezia at this juncture in the interactive process she is undergoing vis-à-vis her husband. In fact, there may be some hint, if one inquires deeper into the psyche of the suffering woman from Italy, that she may be ready to plunge into an underground psychological and phantasmagoric sphere of her own, a backlash of a kind from the treatment she deems she has been unfairly subjected to without any justification on the part of her adorable and yet inscrutable and irrational husband, which she certainly does not deserve and has not been able to come to terms with simply because she cannot reconcile the condition she has to suffer from and has to undergo with the adoration and love she has been treating and admiring her husband with for the past years since she met him in Italy, a young innocent girl who needed someone who hopefully would take her to the land of knights and civilized world of England and away from the mundane daily chores she continually associates her homeland with. The expectant intercourse with a young man turns out to be a nightmare of a sort as her husband transforms into a man who is completely unpredictable and incessantly and constantly engages in a practice that keeps him in a world that is away not only from her dear and familiar sphere of activities but also in a world that is apart from and discrepant from the real tangible world she is sane enough and practical enough to see as their productive abode and should be as such. But in the midst of revelry that takes place in the mind of Rezia, which is transitory and momentary perhaps, so much so that the world that develops in the mind of Rezia does not or may not appear textually, as a textually delineated sphere that calls for readerly attention and thus to be subjected to his scrutiny-- in the midst of her mind's turmoil appears, out of nowhere, a young woman from Edinburgh. All she needs to know is the location of Regent's Park Tube station. The reasonable request falls on deaf ears, or even worse, elicits a psychological rebuttal and with it the conscious flow that has been refracted and inflected through the minds of the couple, among others, shifts its course, as it were, and changes its direction and flows back into and to the mind of the young woman from the north. Suddenly, the reader is with the girl and forced to see the situation developing right in front of the woman's eyes through her mind and mind's eyes. There is no excuse or deictic explanations as to what perspectival course and change the reader is asked to take but simply move along with the flow and trace the trajectory of the flow, which is needless to say invisible and subtle and at the same time definitively clearly delineated and pointed out and hinted at. In a way, the readerly

mind is asked to bring the two minds, or a plurality of minds in action, together and onto a same visual and psychological plane and compare and analyze them in detail to see what distinguish the one from another and what psychosocial dislocation actually takes place and what in reality constitutes the mind of one, who brings its own perspective and emotions and interpretative nuances to the narrative and all those scenes that develop before her, in relation to another, for after all bringing together of supposedly two minds and two characters nominally separated by the nomenclature of Rezia and Maisie Johnson, for instance, forces the two subjects so constituted to come under the scrutiny of the subject that is trying to impose some form and shape and signification on them and doing so the differences and differentiation that may be foregrounded may come to mean something that may not have been apparent at the inception of the encounter not only between the two characters in question but encounters between all parties concerned at this juncture, including the ones that may be and should be overlooking the whole affair developing in front of their eyes and in their mind.⁴

The horrible sensation that hits the heart and mind of Maisie expands and permeates through her being as she pulls herself away from the couple she accosted and was rebuffed at the same time. The emotions and the sentiments she experiences at this juncture are not only the distinct ones that strictly belongs to Maisie but also a kind

⁴ Externalization of the innerscape that may or may not have coalesced in any interpretative form is the main theme of, if there is any, *Mrs. Dalloway* in its pullulating and inchoate plethora of thought flow and intermixture of conscious aggregation that overall constitute the work of the mind in focus, any mind that happens to be foregrounded in the work, that prevails in the psychoscape that develops in the work of *Mrs. Dalloway*. As Septimus Smith seems to harbor the secrets, those ineluctable and unsharable secrets he would rather hide and bury with his death, and incessantly being infiltrated, as it were, all the inner workings that putatively remain purely private are constantly revealed and exposed to the views of the public, including to the consciousness overlooking everything that transpires as the narrative progresses. Nothing remains in fact completely private and everything is brought to the public domain as it, the mind in focus, is meticulously scrutinized and exposed and looked into by the voice and consciousness that rules and dominates the narrative sphere that is completely under her control while it seems to be populated by spontaneous and individuated minds in action. The balance between the private and the public and the autonomous private domain and the public sharable sphere is constantly being established, or in the process thereof, while the elements that constitute it are constantly conflated and no space and temporal respite is unconditionally doled out to any individual as if each and every single character who appears in the story were forever and perpetually trapped and imprisoned in the manner of the prisoner within the Benthamite panopticon. See the relevant argument being developed by Donald J. Childs in his *Modernism and Eugenics: Woolf, Eliot, Yeats, and the Culture of Degeneration* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2001), pp. 38-57.

that may just as well be described as reverberations of the horror and sentiments the woman from Italy experiences at the face of the incredible psychological difficulty she encounters vis-à-vis her husband and all the things that surround her on all sides, while she looks around and searches for the solace that may or may not be obtained from the immediate vicinity of where she is located now in the city of London and in the street and circumscribed sphere she expected to be filled with civilization, culture and people who embodied them--people who, Rezia almost reverently considered, had history, history of excellence and aristocracy and kings and queens, and while she simultaneously seeks succor from the memories that are deemed to buttress her in the face of all these odds she thinks she is facing. The strain of uncertainty and horror and unhinging impact that arise from the encounter continues and preserves the disquieting stasis that is and has been picked up by the young woman from Italy and the disequilibrium, the danger and chance to go off kilter and dithering psychological dispersion is refocused by the way Maisie Johnson reacts to the odd couple, who are troubled and do not comply with the ways of the world that expect them to behave in a certain manner and overtly approve of the way the crowd is moving and responding to the mysteries that are constantly evolving in the street and over the skies of London. Momentarily, Maisie has a difficult time remembering what made her seek help from anyone, anyone at all in the city of London, to lead her to the ultimate destination where she will be united with the person she can trust and who can fulfill, or help her fulfill the expectant dreams she has been harboring ever since she decided to leave the city in the north in search of the excitement and culture and refined environment that is not only inimitable and unobtainable in her native city but also uniquely and strangely fused in her mind with the evocative emotions and mysteries that are inexplicably and tantalizingly associated with the charmed name of London. The inner phantasmagoric and plastic world of imagination evolves and expands and shrinks as she unsteadily connects the information and the things she has been hoping to ultimately arrive at, and yet the strange reaction incessantly interferes with the linear attainment of the objective Maisie Johnson has long been harboring to attain. The weirdness and unsettling eyes and behavior and reaction exhibited by the couple, particularly the remarks and response she elicited from the foreign-looking woman and as an extension from the man, who is obviously a person close to her and who is not necessarily foreign-looking and yet his external manifestation is so distant from her expectations of what England and London stand for--they seize her attention and mental concentration, or rather interferes therewith, and would not let her free herself to seek the holy grail she has been in search of. Then suddenly, another perspective, another perspective that

is inserted into the perspective that has been dominant and embedded with the person of Maisie Johnson overtakes and as Rezia took recourse to the distant land and time when and where she used to be surrounded by her friends and family and when she used to be merely expectant of the beautiful and felicitous outcomes to happen in conjunction with a rosy and perfectly innocent and happy time that transpired in the past--and just as analogously chronological and spatial transplantation is disjunctively forced into the perspective that is and is not identical with the one Maisie is viewing the entire prospect from, at those that develop all around her. The best she could do, or the overlooking authorial voice could do at this moment to differentiate between the supposedly variegated subjective domains, or rather the experience of the one from the other, is to resort to the very idiosyncratic and subtle nuance that is expressed by a very poetic and curious metaphor that is projected onto the plane taking shape fifty years hence, or any time in the distant future when all the fresh memories are gone and the visible and external vestiges are bereft of all their superfluities and only the essential core of the experience is somehow preserved in the form of a uniquely and textually tangible manner.

...the young woman seeming foreign, the man looking queer; so that should she be very old she would still remember and make it jangle again among her memories how she had walked through Regent's Park on a fine summer's morning fifty years ago.

The sensation of oddness persists, however, even after her mind no longer is directly connected with the circumstances of Rezia and her husband, as Maisie looks around and finds, not surprisingly, more strange appearing people in Bath chairs. They are invalids, according to the young woman from Edinburgh, and constitute the weird and strange atmosphere the city of London seemed to be pervaded with. The expectant girl from the north is inundated with the sensations which she did not quite expect but suddenly invade her inner scape as a menacing threatening element from which she needs to escape at all cost. She feels persecuted as she finds the strange couple and the older invalids that populate the city of London are completely destroying the images and the dreams she harbored and cultivated and which launched her from the city in the north to the teeming and hopeful city in the first place, where she finally is at this very moment. She is disoriented and just as Rezia is momentarily lost her psychological bearings, Maisie is stricken with the fear and the urge to shut off and shun the invading elements that are infiltrating the sphere, her protected sphere, where only the understanding and kindred souls putatively inhabit, watching and sympathizing and guiding her through tribulations and hardships as well as blissful times to always reach the right destination both she and all of them expected and hoped she would eventually

reach. Every single object she peripherally observes, all those things physically surround her, are just about ready to jump on her as soon as she exhibits weaknesses and vulnerabilities. She hurries to leave them all behind, but she obviously cannot. She is, as it were, paralyzed and the only response she can muster her courage to make is to cry horror, or so she imagines.

And Maisie Johnson, as she joined that gently trudging, vaguely gazing, breeze-kissed company — squirrels perching and preening, sparrow fountains fluttering for crumbs, dogs busy with the railings, busy with each other, while the soft warm air washed over them and lent to the fixed unsurprised gaze with which they received life something whimsical and mollified — Maisie Johnson positively felt she must cry Oh!

The horror that is about to engulf her and sink her in a hopeless miasma of psychological depression comes to tear her heart apart and annihilate her very being, which in fact needs to be supported and pampered and harbored by the presences of the familiar figures and faces and places where she hails from, the north of England, actually Edinburgh, that nostalgic paradise in the north, in her mind, where the disintegrative elements and dispersive murderous psychological menace never materialize, or has materialized in her life in the form of threats and fierce aggressive belligerent forces that are about to be unleashed at her in the direction of the core of her being, the core of Maisie Johnson's being, which has never been compromised or exposed in the manner she feels she is at this very moment. She is veritably a person, a young woman, in suffering and at a loss, whom the prying eyes all around her, those who are intent on finding the strangeness and strangers and strange beings that stand out from the rest, have already latched on to and in the process started analyzing and dissecting her and them in the ways that suit the needs and desires of those who are overlooking the discrepant, and apparently, heterogeneous beings amidst them. One of them, who is a discrete and external presence to the woman in suffering and at the same time continuing and sharing the heavy heart and depressed and disequilibriumed psyche that derives from the pain and suffering concomitant of the life that one needs to live and eke it out from day to day, merely to survive in the cruel and harsh world everyone needs to get involved in one way or another. There is simply no separating oneself from the complications of life and world where everything is hopelessly embroiled with each other and thrust into a precarious stasis that is defined by the persistent and impending disequilibrium, which only guarantees the survival of the non-entity of a person like Maisie Johnson, new from the north and has enormous impractical dreams about visiting her relative, a link to the marvelous potential world that may be evolving

at any moment, and attaining her long-held wishes. To the person and being of Maisie is added and layered over another existential being, who is not actually separate and yet physically differentiated and distinct but in fact somewhat of an extension of her as she shares and brings in on the scene the personal views that are sharable and can be overlapped with those of Maisie-- an apparent stranger to the scene where she is thrust in and she herself forces herself into, regardless of the jarring and cacophonous consequences her presence therein generates. As suddenly and abruptly as Maisie bursts into the scene where Rezia and the young man by the name of Septimus have almost exclusively foregrounded themselves amidst the rabble and crowd, who surround them, isolating and making them conscious of their dissonant and cacophonous presences—as abruptly and brusquely the center stage that resides in and coincides with the narrative nucleus of consciousness, a consciousness both in action and focus, is taken over by the elder woman who happens to overlook the woman from Italy and gratuitously interprets the precarious psychological state she exhibits to the expert eyes of an experienced woman like herself, none other than more experienced and rather smugly proud Mrs. Dempster. Almost simultaneously, as a necessary prerequisite perhaps, the perspective shifts, technically speaking, and the consciousness of the person in action and in focus moves in and takes over and overtakes that of Rezia and the two of them smoothly yield to and meld with each other and without any jostling and dithering and conflict and disjunctive intercession of each other or flow to each other, two consciousnesses merely come to be that of Mrs. Dempster's. Perhaps the two consciousnesses are like waves, which dither and waver and wash over and flow into each other and when the right moment and the mature and appropriate juncture arrives they fuse and amalgamate with each other and, perhaps more magically than not, the resultant instantiation of the consciousness coalesces as and transmogrifies into an expansion of mind in action of Mrs. Dempster, watching and observing and analyzing and vicariously explaining the mind and heart in trouble and jeopardy. The differentiation and difference between the two persons that are seemingly successively introduced to the scene is and may perhaps be a reflection of two phases of one consciousness in continuum and the person provided with the latest perspective, a seemingly an independent and new and distinct view that becomes framed and constituted and coalesces in the midst of the narrative space, may be a mind and a window allowing the readerly mind to seamlessly eavesdrop on the psychological spatiality that incessantly expands and evolves into variegated and various psychological states that need to be determined and defined by the hermeneutic mind engaged in deciphering the mystery of consciousness unfolding, with the cooperation of

each and every single character partaking of the scene now in the present as well as in temporal perpetuity-- which comprehends the chronological continuity that existed, exist and will exist in the past and present and future--and also aided by all those instantiations of the overseeing mind that occur along the temporal flow. But the possibility of fusion and continuity and dithering flow of each consciousness from one to another does not exclude the evolving particularities, which naturally add individual characteristics to each persona that materializes, or reifies in the conscious scene that develops right in front of the readerly consciousness.

The person that particularizes on the central stage that evolves and coalesces in the narrative horizon is, as already presaged and hinted, Mrs. Dempster, a woman with rather self-important regard for herself and with a pride that comes from all the years she has accumulated, the years which she considers set her apart from an inconsequential and inexperienced girl by default, who gets lost in the middle of London without rhyme or reason. However, Mrs. Dempster yearns for all the years she has spent and lost, the years she reminisces about and still tends to associate with the rosy colored bliss, which only the youthful and energetic care-free joys and the times and memories that are intertwined with it can bring back, those years the girl at a loss seems to be, rather unfairly to Mrs. Dempster's jaundiced eyes, still enjoying in the midst of her loss at this particular moment, while being watched and observed by the incisive mind and jealous and yearning eyes of Mrs. Dempster's. She is a separate consciousness and mind who puts a distance and analytical distance between herself and the girl in the midst of the narrative theater, surrounded and circumscribed by the crowd and the rabble that sets her apart doubly and singularly and reminds Mrs. Dempster of her belongingness and yet separateness at the same time, both from herself, from her youth, and from the being right in front of her. The youthful uncertainty and loneliness the young girl seems to be suffering from are exactly the psychological states that bring home to Mrs. Dempster the years and the experiences that have intervened between then, of her own youthful days filled with sorrows and tribulations reminiscent of the crisis the girl seems to be undergoing in the present, and now when she can gloat over the inexperience of Maisie and others of her ilk and incisively cut through their malleable and unformed minds as if they were a thing to be exposed and looked through and commented upon, or rather critiqued and criticized about, in the midst of the public. Diffidence and confidence and certainty and uncertainty waver and merge with one another in the mind of Mrs. Dempster as she remains unable to take her eyes off the woman from Edinburgh, not exactly knowing where Maisie actually hails from and yet sure of the unmoored and unsteady mental state the girl is obviously experiencing. Mrs.

Dempster is busy separating her psyche from the girl's from the north and simultaneously merging her self-conscious lonely self (which is so vulnerable and susceptible to the pity and sympathy only women under the same duress and tribulation can extend and provide) with that of the girl's, while seeking succor from the girl, entreating her, implicitly and perhaps only in her mind, to show commiseration and understanding and acknowledge that they are in fact a kindred spirit and an object and subject to each other who need to bond one way or another.⁵ But at the same time, or more accurately alternately, the observing mind of Mrs. Dempster suddenly and simultaneously takes an adversarial analytical position to comment upon and criticize and critique the girl from the north, as she watches over the girl and evaluates and judges the presence in front of her, reducing her to an object, apart from herself after all, that needs to be shunned and spurned lest the long years of experience she has accumulated, those precious pure agglomeration of never-to-be-had moments, from which she derives her sense of superiority to the girl, should be contaminated and corrupted—the possibility of which rather circularly reduces her confidence in herself to vaporize and send her psyche into an inchoate tailspin and nullity where, paradoxically enough, Mrs. Dempster is brought back to the realm of kinship with the girl, with the recognition that they are women who needed to be pitied and mutually deserve consolation and solace, and, simultaneously and circularly again, those years that seemed to be in jeopardy of contamination and contagion by the soul like Maisie Johnson and what she represents become and suddenly transmogrify into a cue and bridge to the blissful and rosy youthful moments the young woman seems to be exuding and enjoying while she is desolate and despondent for a reason that obviously eludes an old woman like Mrs. Dempster. The moments of turning away from the other and falling out with and simultaneously getting closer to the young woman for the very reason Mrs.

⁵ The very mixture and fusion of the subjective and objective in the narrative space enhances and increases the sense of arbitrary nature of the universe each and every one of the characters reside in *Mrs. Dalloway*. Even strangers or seemingly kindred spirits and those who are apparently differentiated from each other and distanced from each other in a physical and psychological sense come to merge with each other in a very curious and subjective manner (while apparently they remain discrepant entities that are clearly distinct and delineated from each other). But in the world of conscious wavering and flow, which is the pervasive characteristic and trait of the world of *Mrs. Dalloway*, the subjective and objective presences are one and the same and while maintaining their own autonomy, and each other's autonomy, they are repeatedly bound together and simultaneously pulled apart and distinguished as discreet presences that are absolutely necessary for each to re-merge with the other. On the argument of subjective landscape that is constantly drawn in the midst of objective entities that reside therein, see Hana Wirth-Nesher, *City Codes: Reading the Modern Urban Novel* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1996), pp. 181-202.

Dempster is both an adversary and a friend and a soul mate for the other and they are (in a metaphysical and metaphorical sense) for each other and also in relation to the others, who surround them and inexorably render Mrs. Dempster as decrepit and old and overlaid with both time and useless experiences, which she for some reason most helplessly and keenly feels at this moment—all these moments and psychological response Mrs. Dempster exhibits therein foreground the bond between the two and bring the two closer than ever on a certain narrative plane while the sense of arrogant disdain and in-difference toward the girl lingers on the mind of Mrs. Dempster throughout the interaction, in which Mrs. Dempster incessantly and circularly prolongs and repeats the dithering psychological convergence with and divergence from the young woman as she focuses on the physical presence of the discrepant and separate being from her that is identified as a girl named Maisie Johnson.⁶ On a certain level, albeit they are separate and discrete and distinct physical presences identified by different labels, they are simultaneously homogeneous and heterogeneous agents and subjects that come together and fuse together every so many fractions of a second and the sooner have they converged the more readily, as it were, do they diverge and retreat to the cocoon of their selves, from which vantage point Mrs. Dempster takes the young woman apart, analyzing and scrutinizing and criticizing her for various reasons and shortcomings, which can only be addressed and made up for by the experiences and times the likes of her have accumulated and gone through. The sense of superiority Mrs. Dempster feels alternately and felt a moment ago belies a sense of insecurity and fear she feels about her status and position in society as well as in the existential scheme of things and at the same time indicates a sign of her insularity and desperate need to preserve her unique and autonomous existence that needs to be incessantly emphasized in order to maintain her special status and independent self apart from anyone and

⁶ The complicated relationship between the two now exhibited in the narrative scene is a duplicate, almost a quasi-duplicate perhaps, of the relationship that develops between Clarissa and Sally and other women and Clarissa and Peter and Richard Dalloway at varying stages of chronological development that evolves in the story. It may indeed be interesting to delve into the psychological depths of the characters as they face and interact with each other, superseding one and supplementing the other as they give rise to a complex gamut of emotional and relational nuances that may or may not be explained by the then popular theory of Freudian struggle and loss much talked about in the heydays of psychoanalysis. See the nuanced argument deployed by Elizabeth Abel as she relates the struggle between Clarissa and Sally Seton and the sudden intrusion of Peter into their pure and somewhat pubescent love relationship to that of the overweening control and usurpation resulting from the appearance and insertion of Richard Dalloway to the narrative and world of Clarissa and all those once resided therein. See Elizabeth Abel, *Virginia Woolf and the Fictions of Psychoanalysis* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998), pp. 30-35.

particularly from a nonentity of a person like Maisie, who ironically threatens her confidence and self-integrity throughout the interaction. The ambivalence about her valiant attempt to preserve the self-integrity under the assault, the most potent assault she can imagine coming from a girl like Maisie Johnson, an epitome of youth and rosy youthful joy of the present that is expiring and passing at this very moment, can be felt and detected in the passage that both foregrounds the joys of life associated with mere mundane pleasures and routine rites of daily lives, which are exemplified by procreation and alimentary consumption, and the yearning for the exquisite and more rarefied joys and pleasures of life that can be only metaphorically compared to the evanescent beauties of roses and craving for the hyacinth beds.

Roses, she thought sardonically. All trash, m'dear. For really, what with eating, drinking, and mating, the bad days and good, life had been no mere matter of roses, and what was more, let me tell you, Carrie Dempster had no wish to change her lot with any woman's in Kentish Town! But, she implored, pity. Pity, for the loss of roses. Pity she asked of Maisie Johnson, standing by the hyacinth beds.

Note how coarsely the speech is delivered and the nuances are phrased, almost in a manner the reader can hear the accent with which the thought is spoken and expressed through the textual surface that covers the entire narrative horizon, which the readerly consciousness pores over and across which allows his mind to roam freely in search of the clues as to the true significations those bundle and nuggets of words might contain and hide. Horror, expressed by the horrified Maisie as she exhibits her candid sentiment on her encounter with the strangers, the strange looking couple in the middle of London, and jealousy, the naked jealousy Mrs. Dempster lays bare at the sight of the youth, the physical substantiation of youth in her prime, they each revert to the source and person from whom they are allowed to issue--a candid translation of the naked sentiment that coalesces and groups and ties the personae together as beings who react to the visceral and primal emotions and gives rise to them simultaneously and narrativistically yielding presences that are synchronous with and a reification of human emotions as they circularly and intercalatedly transmogrify themselves into one another, one that overlooks the other and dissects the other and the one that is made vulnerable to such harsh inspection and criticism and at the same time reflects and mirrors the sentiments and the totality of being that may be identical with the being that is watching and being watched and analyzing the mind in suffering and being analyzed.

But the person who watches and observes and analyzes and dissects the mind of the young girl being left alone, feeling completely desolate and lost, comes to the fore, as she contemplates and withdraws into the cocoon of her safe self and world that

engulfs her and all the elements she grew up with, yearning for the distant lands and the places that are beyond mundane doldrum daily lives, which characterize her life and being and all those surround her. It is time to escape from the teetering self-balance, which has been always and incessantly threatened by the mirror image of herself and being, who goes by the name of Maisie Johnson, the name she does not even recognize and should not know but nonetheless, in the meantime and all the time the interactive scene is being developed, the inevitable and ineluctable counterpoint to the persona and psyche of the old persona, who finally and at long last comes to the fore. The first response the readerly mind sees being displayed by the beleaguered and the soul stultified by the years and days spent in a place and circumstances that are inimical to the development of her full potential, is to allow her mind to fly and expand to the limits of her imagination, as far away as her memory and imagination allows and can reach and can foist her soul and psyche on the rosy and expectant plane and plain where she is free to roam and dream of all the possibilities that could have been possible and would have definitely been the reality, only if she were born and raised in the right circumstances and places and times she dreams of transferring herself and still attempts to at this later stage of her life. She needs to pull herself away from the young girl, who is despondent and bogged down and bogged down and mired in the arena that is definitely detrimental to anyone's soul and psyche, if she wants to develop and dwell in the world that is the ultimate dream and ideal setup Mrs. Dempster can think of now that the mysterious object still hums--it does not matter at this stage whether it only materializes in her mind and not in the real physical world, regardless of which she obviously depicts it in the image she craves would have happened and would happen in the manner that reciprocates her desires and cravings. The object that flies higher and higher and the mind and soul that aspires higher and farther together and in synchronicity with the plane, they are the same aspirations and movements and trajectories as the mind wandering and roaming in the realm that is beyond and over the limitations and the world that places them on the mind of the old woman that has suffered so much and is suffering at the hands of all those who oppose and have opposed to her realization of her dreams, including the young girl who keeps intruding upon her mind and possibilities and ken that needs to be integral and immaculate and unblemished and protected in order for her to remain central and ready to fly with the dreams and the aspirations the plane seems to signify at this moment. But in the moments of high aspirations and chance to go over the limited ken and boundaries that keep her moored to the mundane and ordinary lives she leads in her home land, she is troubled with petty fears and ideas that come recurring to her mind, such as the fear of

water, and ultimately the fear of making the leap and going over and beyond the boundaries that keep her as she is, limiting her to the state in which she is eternally trapped and incapable of joining the metaphorical trajectories of her soul flying through the air and wandering and reaching beyond the realm she feels so constrained and incessantly reminded of her being and limitations. As soon as the fear of water, hydrophobia, which she may or may not deny that she herself suffers or claim others suffer, her mind is simultaneously bent and forced to pore over the features that are the very agents of manipulation and constraints that push her aspiring mind back to the mundane limitations and the fears of other women, whether it is those of the water or boarding a ship heading for the unknown land over the horizon and far into the unexpected and realms beyond the wildest dreams of anyone, including that of Mrs. Dempster's. As the mind of the old woman goes over the possibilities and the petty fears of the elements, which she claims give her no inordinate reflexive fears related to anything she is being involved with—but the idea of water and the rocking boat heading for the land beyond the horizon of the personae involved at this very moment in everything that is taking place in the air and on the land, she is also in danger of feeling the nausea the other women who suffer from hydrophobia might. Notice the repetitious and swaying and rocking movement that is traceable in the text, which obviously accompanies and traces the movement of the mind and psyche of the woman in the center of the narrative as she herself allows her mind to roam and wander with the object in the sky, as it meanders and floats and dashes through the blue sky over and above the heads of all the participants following it with the rhythm and syncopation and rising and falling movement of the plane hurtling through the air.

Ah, but that aeroplane! Hadn't Mrs. Dempster always longed to see foreign parts? She had a nephew, a missionary. It soared and shot. She always went on the sea at Margate, not out o' sight of land, but she had no patience with women who were afraid of water. It swept and fell. Her stomach was in her mouth. Up again. There's a fine young feller aboard of it, Mrs. Dempster wagered, and away and away it went, fast and fading, away and away the aeroplane shot; soaring over Greenwich and all the masts; over the little island of grey churches, St. Paul's and the rest till, on either side of London, fields spread out and dark brown woods where adventurous thrushes hopping boldly, glancing quickly, snatched the snail and tapped him on a stone, once, twice, thrice.

Note how bravely and how valiantly the woman tries to avert the same condition of those who fear water and the rollicking and rolling movement of the boat as it sails off the shore of dear England and motherland and the population who are civilized and

where everything takes on the haze of wonder and marvel and civilization—and as she busies herself with the thought that is closely connected with the movement of the object hurtling through the sky she is brought back to the same condition the weaker and more unstable are prone to, a condition that is deemed to exist and recognized as such from the very limited as well as expansive perspective of Mrs. Dempster's. The nauseating sensation and feeling is so overpowering that she is ready to vomit and allow the food regurgitate and flow out of her mouth. Her stomach veritably turns and with it the idea of rolling boat comes to merge with the aeroplane flying through the sky, rising and falling and everything in her stomach comes tumbling down and out of her mouth, or so it seems when the aspirational part of her dream comes to the fore and takes over the bathetic picture that was coalescing. The thought and the moments that can only be enjoyed while you are young come to the foreground and the names and the pictures and faces and those scenes associated with them soar to the stratosphere of her thought and consciousness and with it the impure and mundane and all those ideas mired with the bathetic become cleansed and she is ready to fly and reach the zenith of her bliss. Her mind is bereft of all those petty thoughts and she is ready to assume a perspective and enjoy sensations that are appropriate for none other than an avian existence as the latter watches the everyday goings on far below it, those things that are simultaneously alien to it and tethered to its soul and essential being as it can never sever its primal instinct from the things that are transpiring below it, such as the life or death encounter between thrushes and a snail.⁷

As soon as the bird's eye view of the land below the soul in contemplation and

⁷ The juxtaposition of the alien and strange and the familiar and mundane is indeed the characteristic of the novel where all the elements that contribute to the cyclical nature of the story, that which recurs and evolves in a manner that endlessly gives rise to phases and scenes and interaction between different characters and elements that may be found everywhere and that are deemed to lie and exist wherever one looks, all those ingredients of the narrative ceaselessly act upon each other and because of the strangeness and cyclicity in which each and every single element that arises and in its turn yields new evolving scenes of the novel they are never definitely concluded and brought to a denouement, in the traditional novelistic sense. The dithering and linear and cyclical evolving of the narrative plot and conscious flow is indeed the dynamic force that keeps the novel both familiar and strange, or rather whatever takes place within the novel, and keeps the story and minds of the personae developing in a manner that is open-ended and at the same time more concentrated as the whirl and circularity that arises from the narrative involves and engages the mind of the participants in the narrative evolution all the more intensely and completely. See the idea of strangeness and circularity in which the story is implicated and on which it is impacted as it gives rise to increasingly complex sets of nuances and novelistic significations, as argued by Valerie Reed in *Mournful Welcome: Strangeness, Tragic Lamentation, and the Poetics of Modern Hospitality* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2008), pp. 149-196.

the soul of the woman who merely and purely mirrors that of the other who is in distress and lost is passed over, another soul transitions into the space in the center of the narrative sphere where it is taken up by the voice and the figure that is over and above all other characters put together and the source and origin of all the voices that arise from all of the personae that putatively inhabit the narrative sphere that is ever transmogrifying itself into another and something else that is completely different from itself even a fraction of a second before. The contact, the point of intersection of the psyche and soul that resides in the narrative space this time and ever repeated again during this segment of the narrative, is the aerial being and entity that flits through the empty space above and over the heads and souls of the participants pullulating in the sphere, who are landlocked and moored to the level that is equal, both metaphorically literally, for everyone concerned and those who are concentrated on the happenings and events that are taking place in the moment. The thought and psyche that seemed to spread out endlessly and infinitely in the souls and minds of all the participants, including those of the readers and all the characters who participate in the goings on of every single mind in action and focus in the narrative center at this juncture--they come rebounding and redounding to the center of the narrative space via the object that intercepts and interrupts the thought flow that is being incessantly generated in the minds of all characters in the sphere that is evolving every passing second. They are intercepted and transmogrified and refracted and reflected and the next moment when they come through the diaphanous realm of and screen of the minds and consciousness of the participants they coalesce as the person who is completely unknown and unfamiliar, at least so far unintroduced, to all those who have been contributing and constituting the conscious flow, which is the story of Mrs. Dalloway in progress. The person, who so fortuitously appears and jumps out of the narrative scene and breaks out of the subliminal conscious horizon of the story at this moment is named Mr. Bentley, harkening back to and echoing the preceding personage and persona, who abruptly barged in on the conscious realm of the narrative and was named Mrs. Dempster. The juxtaposition of the names, while both of them preceded by an honorific, does not have to signify more than they seemingly present and represent to the readerly consciousness. They could mean and represent anyone of the crowd or anyone of those who have nothing to distinguish themselves from except that they are merely respectable law abiding citizens and happen to be sampled and extracted from all the others merely because they happen to be there and happen to represent both no one and everyone of English society, people who fortuitously happen to reside in the public space and they unobtrusively present, or are allowed to, show themselves as if they can be

either an nonentity or a perfect representative of the rabble and crowd who gather and surround and antagonize themselves against the foreign looking couple—at least the wife of the couple picked out of so many possible combinations of men and women who happen to be present at the site looks so conspicuously different and her partner makes himself distinct and differentiated from the rest for being odd and strange, as far as Mrs. Dempster is concerned. It may simply be the echoing of the names, juxtaposition of the two personae, that allows an expectant and smooth transition from one to another without much notice and speculation, but as the mind of the latter obtrudes and intrudes and narrativistically abruptly passes over and transitions into one another, the readerly mind is ready to reside within the mind of the new person in the scene and there is no jagged and unnatural jolt as the reader follows the trajectory of the flow of consciousness, as it continues its journey and the thought of the new character prolongs the yearnings and aspirations, which have been expressed and contradicted and at the same time doubted about and yet somehow left intact to be further elaborated by the person and the mind that is to come after the mind in focus.⁸ The moment of transition and interception and continuation of the untrammelled thought that evolves and develops as Mr. Bentley identifies the flying object and its trajectory and what it, as he deems it, signifies becomes another node where the aspirational mental exercise takes another life of its own and aided and helped to reach its full potential and ultimately brought to intersect with the idea of an abstract and extremely rarefied conjectural scheme that is on the scale of Einstein and on the par with the universal dimensions, possibly and yet beyond which no mind can take it any further. But the extreme height the mind of the new personage has reached at this stage means it needs to come flying, or plunging, back to the ground level and even lower, as in fact it is merged with a new

⁸ The thoughts and ideas that are expressed and then contradicted and not expressed and eradicated altogether by the things that precede and proceed from the ideas and words that arise from the mind of characters in focus, the whole process is reminiscent of the interactions and interweaving of differing degrees of sexuality and different kinds of sexuality that is being argued by Patricia L. Moran in her *Word of Mouth*. The mind and soul that needs to be preserved pure and left intact needs to be attached to someone else's body and mind and heart, as sexuality is oftentimes expressed between man and woman and, more pronouncedly perhaps, between women. The kind that is more deemed appropriate to maintain the pure state of spirituality and pure soul is the kind that both attaches to the body of another and yet that allows the perfect freedom of the soul, which inheres in the person of such contradictory character and at the same time spiritually uncompromising being as Septimus Smith, who seeks the very moment of truth that expired and transpired between himself and Evans, the kind that existed and arose at the moment of the latter's fiery and explosive death. See the argument made by Patricia L. Moran in *Word of Mouth: Body Language in Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf* (Charlottesville, Virginia: University of Virginia Press, 1996), pp. 67-86.

character, some unmentioned and unmentionable one, who may or may not be potentially fused with and identified with the same persona, any persona who has been indulging in the extremely rosy view of human potential where everything can be translated into and transmogrified into something other than what they stand for and once being abstracted they can be equated and stretched even beyond the aspirations of anyone being introduced and transpositioned into the realm that develops in the physical as well as metaphysical and metaphorical sphere, which is albeit contained in the narrative frame incessantly evolving in the story of Mrs. Dalloway.

As soon as the thought flow of the one transitions into that of another it somehow manages to trace more or less the same trajectory it has been describing, as it swerves and rises and flies through midair and coalesces as a rarefied abstract path, which may be interpreted in multiple ways that could be susceptible to the whims and chance occurrences one may encounter anyplace and anytime, or in this case a man merges his rather abrupt thought process with the one that has been flying through the narrative space developing and evolving in the minds of the personae involved in the vast and grandiose and at the same time particularized landscape and inner scape that may or may not be identified with the narrative sphere dovetailed into that of Mrs. Dalloway. The man, a nondescript everyone and no one in the street of London, is forced to join his thought flow with that of the predominant one that has been developing in the narrative sphere and the reader is plunged into the world that is very much particularized in the narrow and personalized version of experience the man brings into the story, as he cogitates and tries to interpret the events that occur around him. The focal events that have been going on and that have been centered around the mysteries on land and in the sky verge on the personal and existential issue the man introduced to the scene has been facing at this very moment and throughout his life, as he compares the uplifting and ethereal display of the aeroplane and the mysterious writings it is engaged in with the mysteries and indescribable and unreasonable difficulties he deems he has been subjected to and has been trying to extricate himself from. The cruel and sad and severe existential vision and hopes embroiled and compacted into them give rise to the abstract and extremely decentralized revelry and ratiocination that develops in the mind of the man in the street of London, a man who might as well be a representative of anyone who happens to be there in the public space and sphere that opens up then and there where all the personae and crowd and rabble are located and where all the contingencies and happenstances and fortuitous crisscrossing of the nebulous webs of fate come to coalesce for no reason except that they merge as one thought and conscious flow that has been running through the narrative. As the

thought process, which is continued and dovetailed into that of the “seedy-looking nondescript man carrying a leather bag,” and as it is looking to prolong the same strain and rhythm and signification direction as it has been conveying and carrying with it for as long as the narrative has been in existence, it rather unexpectedly takes on a philosophical turn and extremely abstruse turn that is slightly baffling and at the same time recondite to such an extent that the readerly mind is forced to grapple with the truth and nature of the statement and descriptive gist that seems to rise from the cursory remark that is let out in the midst of the narrative description that unravels from the mind of the man, who in spite of the nonentity of his existential self is now turning out to be a universal voice and window on something that is momentous in its implication and signification. What is “that plaguy spirit of truth seeking” the man blames for—for all the evils that befell him, or at least that which causes all the inconveniences and difficulties he currently faces and has to undergo, though? Is it something he needs to reconcile himself with in order to enter the public and dignified and at the same time spiritual institution, an entity that is comparable to the grandeur and solemnity and power and anything that is beyond the realm of individual freedom and liberty, or something that contradicts and restrains the will and free will that makes one truly free and individual? All the transitory thought, which nonetheless is part of the larger overall thought process and conscious stream he dovetails himself into, comes redounding to the loneliness he expresses and that which grips him and the core of his being and from which he wants to extricate himself at all costs and yet in order to attain that he needs to be accepted and enter the realm and the institution that symbolizes the nation and the institution that is beyond him and all the individuals of England and yet which somehow represents all of them combined and totalized and that which simultaneously they give rise and consent to as a totality. The mind of the one is sucked into the corporeality of all the others and they in their turn exert so much conformative force that the nondescript man with the leather bag, a man worn out and succumbed to the harsh unyielding forces of life is virtually ready to surrender and accept the order, the coercive and eternal and timeless concept that is the nation and authority, which may or may not be named and yet makes possible the existence of the cathedral he faces and feels so drawn to and wishes to be buried in and becomes of a martyr of, of the concept it represents and embodies. The abstract idea and concept the place gives rise to suddenly becomes identified with the free-spirited flying being that weaves in and out of the smoky letters it writes in the air and simultaneously the idea of martyr and the images and the cathedral invoke in the mind of the current onlooker, the one in focus, the struggles to find a solution to the conundrum and the insolvable

mystery he has been coping with throughout his life. The momentous decision whether he should go in the house of the holy of holies of martyrs who dedicated their lives to the cause of the nation and power that rule and control and give meaning to the existential self of the English is abruptly and rather conveniently suspended as the ideas and abstract thought flow that is derived from the mind of the particular man in focus and the minds connected by way of the ubiquitous conscious flow and voice that prevails in the narrative space of Mrs. Dalloway are joined with the apparition and appearance of the flying object, which suggested the rambling thought and ideas in the mind of the nondescript man in the first place. Nothing stops the aeroplane or checks its flight, unlike the mind of the man overlooking and a man tempted to enter the cathedral, who interrupted the narrative flow with his individual observation and journey through his inchoate inner scape, and the pure exhilaration and delight of seeing such a happy and seemingly untrammelled spirit flitting through the sky reflexively brings bliss and calm and ultimate reconciliation with his own fate, which nevertheless continually entails all kinds of complications and difficulties as the man struggles on in life ad infinitum.

It was strange; it was still. Not a sound was to be heard above the traffic. Unguided it seemed; sped of its own free will. And now, curving up and up, straight up, like something mounting in ecstasy, in pure delight, out from behind poured white smoke looping, writing a T, an O, an F.

The dramatic scene where all the participants, all those who are named and unnamed and both noticed and unnoticed, all of them come mingling and their consciousnesses crisscrossing with each other, their paths merging and psychological trajectories intermingling and their persons coalescing with each other's, resulting in the whole corporeality that manifests as any one particular voice and any disembodied being that remains in focus in the center of the narrative sphere—the exposed and exterior theater of the narrative where Mrs. Dalloway herself plays both a prominent and almost anonymous role distributed among all those characters and personae that appear one after another or for that matter even simultaneously with each other, whether or not she is named or unnamed whether she is being focused on or remains diffuse and ekes out her existence as a mere blur and a blip in the consciousness of the people all around her—the very exteriority, or that very façade thereof, suddenly dissolves as the protagonist in the person of Mrs. Dalloway is pulled indoors of her own home and undergoes the privatest of the private interior exploration that is exemplified and embodied in every single event that transpires there and then in the security and loneliness of her own home. The closing of the door, which both sucks her in and shuts her out of the goings on of those that remain on the outside, transposes her onto a

different plane than she has been existing on while she was out and on her way to purchase the flowers, which made her a figure to be observed and expatiated upon and analyzed and looked into by the observers that remain there in the external sphere, including the readers who accompanied her--and with the closing of the door she is in her familiar sphere and yet separated and lonely and somehow threatened as the new private realm excruciatingly reminds her of the sound and texture and the memories that are associated with the moments when she used to be cloistered and alone and not surrounded by friends, which leaves her desolate and with the sense that she is not in the midst of the community constituted by them. But the domestic surrounding that engulfs and putatively provides protection for her brings on variegated emotions and circumstances that are not the least conducive to the frame of mind, which is rather recursive, she has been in as she headed for the florist and concentrated on the mission she was determined to accomplish, to throw a party that is worthy of her ancestors and to the delight of her husband and present herself as a perfect hostess, which she is supposed to be in order to be a successful socialite that is indeed expected of her, as her special friend Peter Walsh predicted long time ago in that fateful circumstance. The initial indicator as to where she has arrived and entered, "the house was cool as a vault," is indeed evocative of multifarious emotions that may be amenable to variegated interpretations, and intentionally encouraging, perhaps, to be subjected to layered and nuanced readings of the circumstance the narrative gives rise to. If Mrs. Dalloway is sweating and perspiring and seeking respite from the heat of the sun, which is time and again repeated and reminded is the case to underscore the unhealthy state she may be in--after all she has just recuperated from her illness and still remains pale and exhibits the external appearance that is obviously valetudinarian, or at least possibly unhealthy to the eyes of Mrs. Dalloway herself--then the cool vault into which she is sucked and escapes may be a welcome shelter she would gladly incarcerate herself in and separate herself from the harmful stifling air outside. Then immediately after she recalls the convent-like claustrophobia, the images of the nun and enfolding of the musty sheathing of cloth around her body, which is reminiscent of the heavy clothing those who are encloistered are wont to wrap themselves in, a sign of abnegation of flesh and their determination to save themselves from the contamination of the external world full of temptations and desires derived from the flesh and blood and carnal complications humans are prone to, the stuffy stifling air of the convent and cloistered environment that somehow threatens to bring back the heavy, leaden unfreedom that is reminiscent of incarceration of her early childhood. She needs to make a break for freedom, seek an opening and escape from the encroaching and narrowing of her

freedom that is represented by the images and childhood and earlier memories tied to the nuns, devotions and veils, the particularized metonymies and metaphors that become transposed to the constraining hand of those in authority and those hands that try to stifle her freedom even in the private sphere of her own home where she is supposed to be safe and protected from the very menacing elements that crowd her mind and persecute her now inside the protective sphere she managed to walk in. She needs to make an escape from the stifling sphere and the images that gather around her and concretize in her mind and they need to be compensated and replaced by an alternative set that is somehow continuous and are capable of supplanting their counterpart in the way the new one comprehends and seamlessly allows the mind in focus to transition into another phase where she can recreate another set of images among which she can feel both safe and secure and at the same time prolong the potentially menacing and dangerous strain and implications of the former and convey the continuity and rather paradoxically the homogeneity of the sentiment she entertains and evokes in herself right at this juncture in spite of the reflective abhorrence and claustrophobia she even momentarily exhibited at the inception of this domestic scene.⁹ The swish and the whistles, which continue the images represented by each other, safely let the mind of Mrs. Dalloway out of the incarceration she inadvertently puts her mind in, and are interwoven with each other and provide the impetus and momentum to allow the mind of Mrs. Dalloway to go on a trajectory that is brighter and more hopeful and optimistic, as the whistles combined with those of the cook working in the kitchen and the wind trapped in and associated with the swishes of the skirt worn by Lucy, and the sentiment thereof segued to the nuns in the convent, is released from its stifling and leaden atmosphere and merges with the idea of the party being frantically prepared and for which Mrs. Dalloway went out on a mission to obtain and purchase the flowers to decorate and brighten up the atmosphere of the house where indeed the party is to take place that very evening.

The wind and the whistles that are a continuation of the soul and spirit of the

⁹ Concretization and conjoining of various modes of narrative elements and their presence, coexisting within the same narrative frame and preceding and proceeding from each other, the manner in which all those narrative elements recur and harken back to each other resonates with the way the temporal frames are interwoven with each other, wherein those obviously belonging to the past are brought back to the present and the present is suddenly and rather arbitrarily and inexorably thrust to the past moments that are either unitarily or circularly described as having been taking shape in the minds of the characters in focus. On the argument that expounds on the intermixture and co-presence of the omnidirectional timeframes that abruptly and circularly insert into each other, see Steve Ellis, *Virginia Woolf and the Victorians* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2007), pp. 52-67.

things that run through the narrative space from the beginning and continuously to the end of the story are interrupted and merge with the click and clicking of the typewriter. It is no surprise that a piece of reality intrudes just at the moment when the protagonist seems to, the voice and the mind in action, whoever happens to be in the center of the narrative stage at the moment, be imprisoned in her solipsistic dungeon, the privatest of private emotions and reactive thoughts that inundate her mind as she recollects and surveys the environment she has entered into, recollections of the past, the leaden and heavy atmosphere of the convent and the clothes and robes that remind Mrs. Dalloway of the lonely isolated moments she becomes suddenly plunged into and the sentiment she still undergoes for no reason at all but at the slightest provocation, little waves of the branches, the canopy thereof perhaps, the slightest caress of the breeze that runs through her hair, perhaps—but she cannot afford to stay in that very frame of mind forever or any longer lest she should force herself to undergo the hopeless and desperate moments of bereavement, feeling at a loss and left alone in a place she can no longer come back from to the hopeful and life-filled world where she even momentarily felt the joys of life, with trees budding forth their new shoots and new leaves, feeling the joys of life at the sight of the ponies galloping and trotting down the street and young men and women plying what they are good at in the park and anyplace wherever they happen to be, feelings and sensations that are contagious and allowing her mind and heart to absorb everything that exudes bliss and life and joys the life of hers and everyone else bring home to her. The click-clicking of the typewriter is a cue that brings her mind back to the reality and the life of her daily life where everything that is routine takes place and the home she inhabits and coinhabits with her husband and daughter. Without any reason at all, as abruptly as her mood changed at her entrance to her own home, albeit it was somewhat mixed and not completely depressing and not necessarily filled with the lugubrious sensations she might have felt as she recollected and intermixed with that particular experience, the scenes she might or might not have actually experienced at the convent and the nuns and cloistered beings heavily robed and isolated from the external world where all the goings on of daily lives were actually taking place—without any premonition and preamble she is brought back to the daily lives of the external happy environment where she could be as happy as anyone, even like her servant Lucy, as nonchalant and carefree as anyone else who are embedded in the daily lives of her circles and environment. The click-clicking is a cue as well as a node around which her fate and her mood hinges and the next moment, the expectant spatiality of time and events that might or might not take place wait for her ready to greet and introduce her into the brighter and happier phase of her life that is right around the corner. She feels

the fresh and exhilarating air in the environment she currently resides, feels the “influence” that is about to take over her self and bring her to the brighter rosier eventuality. Expectantly and with full of hope and exhilaration she picks up a note, pad of papers with a message scribbled on it, still hopeful that whatever the circumstances and whatever the eventuality of the complicated emotions she has been undergoing something positive would result and in fact she is at the moment convinced that that is what she has been living her entire life for. But something quite sinister suddenly crosses her mind and the sense of impending danger, imminent eventuality of something coalesces out of nowhere and threatens her exhilaration and rosy future that is also gradually materializing.

It was her life, and, bending her head over the hall table, she bowed beneath the influence, felt blessed and purified, saying to herself, as she took the pad with the telephone message on it, how moments like this are buds on the tree of life, flowers of darkness they are, she thought (as if some lovely rose had blossomed for her eyes only); not for a moment did she believe in God; but all the more, she thought, taking up the pad, must one repay in daily life to servants, yes, to dogs and canaries....

But the rosy future overtakes and eclipses the impending danger, which may or may not actually coalesce in the narrative space she currently resides at this moment on a fine summer morning. The sinister “flower of darkness” or whatever it portends does not overcrowd her mind but rather still leaves her to imagine the blessed contingencies that might or have already arisen out of nowhere at this juncture, rendering her tender and thankful and grateful for everything that surrounds her and gives rise to the possible and auspicious eventuality and what the hopeful and hope-giving “buds on the tree of life” potentially yield. It is rather comical and gives a sense of over exaggeration as Mrs. Dalloway rather melodramatically is seized with gratitude for anything she can think of. She thanks and feels more than indebted to God, although she admits she is not the type who falls so easily for such an entity, and she suddenly grows tender for her servant for being so faithful, albeit she is more often than not bitter about her service and recalcitrant attitude—do the tender feelings suddenly and rather miraculously extend to her nemesis Kilman as well?—and the change of heart, which turns out to be both fleeting and recurrent, is so extensive and wide ranging that she cannot help expressing her indebtedness to such non-verbal creatures as dogs, canaries and whatever may have come in contact with her sometime in her life.

The ever-shifting mood of Mrs. Dalloway never stops its ups and downs of the trajectory of the mood change, which indeed constitutes and defines the world of the consciousness and narrative where she inhabits and where others of her ilk and

completely discrepant beings and simultaneously connected beings exist. As soon as she mellows and feels thankful for everything that made her life as meaningful and eventful as she perceives it is and has been, she is plunged in other directions that are at the same time propitious and threatening and ominous in that she never knows where she ends and what kind of mind set she may be forced to be endowed with at the end of the trajectory and transformative transition of her psyche, which is not really any definable entity at any given moment but in fact an aggregate of the fluid and changing sets that dither and expand and transform into a completely different set at any given moment and at any incentive that may be dangled before her curious and straying mind.¹⁰ It is not necessarily confined in her own personal experiential and existential horizon but constantly interfered with and intruded upon by the minds of others that they in fact fuse with others and discrepant differing personal beings while they coalesce as one unified whole of consciousness that is at odds with itself and each other and nonetheless flowing into a whole that somehow allows the transitions that take place within the narrative sphere continuous and disjunctive with themselves and each other, intermingling and interchanging their being and conscious flow and entity with each and every single being that gives rise to the mind and thought and consciousness at any given moment. That variegated moments and phase of the mind in action, which is shared and counterpointed by every single character in the novel, is repeated and continued and disrupted and at the same time transitions from one phase and one locality where it occurs to another that is completely different and disjunctive from the other. The same process that takes place in the overall scheme of the novel is indeed repeated as Mrs. Dalloway undergoes the busy and changing mind flow and conscious flow as she feels so delighted with the sense of thankfulness for everything that

¹⁰ The fluid and changing set of psychological phases the protagonist, or for that matter any character who is in narrative focus, undergoes indeed may emphasize and foreground the point Edna Rosenthal makes in her *Aristotle and Modernisms*. It is the inner struggle and what transpires in the mind of the protagonist that decides the direction of the being who is at the center of the narrative and ultimately narrative itself, not the plot or what is described as external struggle and conflict that manifests outwardly and that come to impinge on the other existential selves externally which determines the course of the narrative. It is the inner dithering and conflict and indirectionality and indeterminacy with which each character expands and evolves in conjunction with the other psychological wobbling and conflict other characters undergo in what is putatively the cocoons of their own internal selves that is prominently exposed in this narrative and turned around to interact with others in conflict and with other internal psychological oscillations, which externally may have no tangential effect on others. On the issue of character and internal evolution that are emphatically foregrounded and brought to the fore of the narrative, see Edna Rosenthal, *Aristotle and Modernisms: Aesthetic Affinities of T.S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens and Virginia Woolf* (Portland, Oregon: Sussex Academic Press, 2008), pp. 93-113.

surrounds her, everything she meets and has met in the past and at the same time plunged into the blackest of despondence at the news of Lady Bruton's invitation only for her husband to lunch with her, and not for her, almost specifically and emphatically not for her. The sense of all comprehensive thankfulness turns to ashes and hopeless despair and what she feels now is the sense of desolation, standing at the top of the stairs, as Peter Walsh taunted her, long time ago, that she might as well be an aloof and selfish and exclusive and excluded being fit for a hostess of a party held in the center of the world, an honorable socialite of a wife of a parliamentarian. The chill she felt at the time, without knowing why perhaps, leaving her completely out of the friendships of the people she needed to be connected with, because she would have striven so hard to be one of them, being a friend and an equal and not at all above them all, a convivial being who would do anything to fit in—the chilling excruciatingly lonely sensation she needs to shun ripples through the air, like the delicate plants and watery growth that can detect the minutest vibrations transmitted from the oars that are plied by the oarsman hundreds of feet away, entailing the shock that sends her soul seeking for shelter, if that is what takes her to escape the unwelcoming tremors and tiniest of the sensations that may or may not be transmitted by the medium, even suggesting the unthinkable and desperate thought that she might as well commit suicide. Could it be the indication of what is to come to her mind and her body by way of the desperate deed committed by one unknown to her, at least on the surface of the novel but surely felt and strongly felt in the core of her being and the act identified and completely shared by her as she imagines herself standing at the top of the stairwell?

Fear no more the heat o' the sun; for the shock of Lady Bruton asking Richard to lunch without her made the moment in which she had stood shiver, as a plant on the river-bed feels the shock of a passing oar and shivers: so she rocked: so she shivered.

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連続性と非連続性、意味的断片化とその収束

Mrs. Dalloway のナラティブではその無限に拡散する意識の流れの故、読者が確定可能な意味的集合体が常に具体化しては抽象化、そして断片化するという非伝統的な叙述の世界が広がっている。そのような非連続的、意味的断片的な世界に入り込んでいくためにはその意識の流れに身を任せる（読者の意識をその断片的世界に埋没させる）という手法が最適であるという認識から、この論文では常に、そして全方向的に拡散する意識の流れに沿ってそれぞれの場で展開される意識の深層的意味を解釈すべくその中心的「意識」の人称化した実在（その顕在化した事象）に逐次焦点を当ててナラティブの発展的分析を試みてみた。