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意識の多方向性と流動性、そしてナラティブの非確定性について

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Journey through the Tunnels of Consciousness

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In Mrs. Dalloway, the thought of one character weaves in and out of that of another. The direction and the paths they take in each other's minds are completely unchecked and have a tendency to develop in a manner that is both unexpected but quite delightful, as they begin to assume lives of their own. As the reader immerses his mind and eavesdrops on the mental and phenomenological world that constantly evolves in front of him, or through and by way of his mind, he is treated to the phantasmagoric phases of the characters' minds expanding, which may meet half way through the narrative development with his, or simply leave him far behind, forcing him to make an extraordinary effort to catch up with where he or she is at the moment, as the time scale and physical and psycho-topological scape of the novel incessantly evolve in the minds of the characters and the reader, while the flow of the thought, the overwhelming and overwhelmingly controlling thought, expands ever unchecked. As the mind of the character in focus at any given moment expands and unwinds itself, the thought processes that are involved and enveloped in the initial and primary process that takes place in the narrative landscape become intertwined with the thought processes that represent all the processes that impinge upon and are derived from all those who are involved in the narrative, including the readers, who freely and liberally allow themselves to be impacted by the phenomenological process and the thought process that occurs ceaselessly throughout the novel. The beautiful process of the narrative that evolves in front of and inside of the narrative mind as it intercuts and intersects those who are both inside and outside of the narrative per se is that it seamlessly expands and involves all those who are unconscious of all the development that is taking place what the latter thinks is in his mind and in the narrative scape as a whole, which coalesces in the intersection between him, that is his mind and those minds or thoughts or thought processes that occur because of his involvement in them. Once the process of intercutting and intersecting of the thought processes gets under way, there is not one main consciousness, albeit the main protagonistic thought process or the mind seems to dictate the whole process at every passing second and evolving second of the narrative from the beginning of the narrative to its termination sometime in the future, it carries along everything in its path, bringing all the factors and minds

together in one continuous and harmonious circular movement that eventually and likely to be compelled to synergistically produce a world that is at once plastic and jaggedly and angularly disjunctive in that every occurrence and product thereof results in an outcome that is anything but synergistically expected and predicted.¹ Nothing indeed is predictable in a world that arises in the novel, or that which is derived from the mental landscape that is contributed by all the characters, who are obviously centered around the eponymic protagonist and her circle of friends, including mere acquaintances and antagonists as well, as they only follow the law of their existential compulsive dictates that compel them to move forward on jagged and unpredictable trajectories, which only an overactivated imagination of the eavesdropper could predict. Here I start my essay by attaching my activated imagination to the person and mind of Peter Wash, as he becomes frazzled after his encounter with both Clarissa and her daughter. The incident that transpires in the house of Clarissa obviously turns out to be more than he expected and more than he could handle after so many years he spent in India and after so many years that elapsed since he went through so many passionate and life-altering experiences at Bourton.

Peter is in a state of shock, as he wonders what happened to him, what could have happened and what he wishes to happen to him and all around him. His mind wanders off to something pleasant, which is his way of valiantly trying to figure out a way to come up with nice images, pleasant circumstances he should like to put himself in. That is exactly the contrary setup to what he actually went through as he faced Clarissa and her daughter. How haughty she looked, how proud, as she introduced a new face, a face he did not see until that very moment. He was in India, as Clarissa was well aware of and the point she intended to remind him of in the abode of her dear

¹ The idea of creative consciousness, or rather the consciousness that allows all the external stimuli to enter into the mind of the persona in focus and at the same time to reformulate and alter the coalescence of all the images and ideas the stimuli have contributed to, and vice versa, are the two aspects of the creative mind in progress. It is as if the mind as it works and copes with the images and ideas that are the result of the external stimuli intentionally alters and modulates them in the shape and form and desire of its being and simultaneously allows the stimuli to unconditionally impact the mind that works on them. The bidirectional function or agency at work may be the key to the dithering and at the same time extremely active function of the mind that decentralizes and centralizes the supreme and uber-conscious flow that continuously foregrounds itself as the narrative weaves in and out of each and discrete and individual consciousness that manifests therein. See the argument on the alternating force or functionality of the mind in action as it allows the external force, in its various manifestations, to work on it at the same time, being developed by Joseph Allen Boone in *Libidinal Currents: Sexuality and the Shaping of Modernism* (Chicago, Illinois: University of Chicago Press, 2007), pp. 172-203.

husband and the center of social activities that have been going on and the site of a party that is going to take place in the evening. The difference, difference in milieu and social status and the education he received and she received and her husband received and what all of them made of it, which resulted in the persons who they are, what they are and what they made of their fortunes in the given circumstances, all of those things came rushing back to him, as if he was once again reminded of the extraneous, or rather self-consuming, feelings she felt at Bourton, where her father was adamantly opposed to her association with a wandering soul like him.² It might have been obvious from the beginning, from the beginning of his burgeoning sentiment toward Clarissa. Although he mentions that none of them could actually get along with Clarissa's father, it might as well have been he himself who found it impossible to keep his company. But all those memories are of the distant past, or so he tries to force himself to think in order to gain solace from the fact that he is finally out of the confined space, the space of Clarissa's abode and the space she cherishes and shares with her dear husband. He tries to leave the excruciating moments behind him, the humiliation of being treated as less than perfect, less than satisfactory to a person of such high self-regard as Clarissa, as she faced him and engaged him in a nonchalant conversation or what seemed like one to him and her but in fact filled with significance which is somehow undefinable, however. He might have been too obtuse when he barged into her abode, without warning her, without any precognition of what the day holds for himself and for her, after so many years since they parted company. The memories at Bourton rush through his mind, regardless of his forced confidence about containing the damage that seems to have been done through his encounter with Clarissa and her daughter, by extension her husband and her daughter's father. No wonder he seeks relief from the extraneous

² The narrative line that is determined and decided and bent and refracted by the memories associated with Bourton could as well be described as an outcome that is derived from the dominant will and directional power, which is ubiquitous and insurmountable in the novel and is manifested throughout the conscious work compacted and framed under the rubric Mrs. Dalloway. The reflection of and pure sexuality and desire that are spawned throughout the narrative not only in relation to the characters and personae that are related to Bourton but also those arise from the depth of Clarissa's soul and naked being, spontaneously and ineluctably, are the ones that need to be looked into and followed closely in order to bring the novel and conscious flow that dominates the fictional scenes of *Mrs. Dalloway* in check, so that the reader could comprehend and bring the incidents and memories that are moored to the past and reflected and impacted in the living present alternately, and almost simultaneously, to a level that is comprehensible and epistemologically and empirically attainable. See the consciousness at its most active, being argued by Annamarie Jagose in *Inconsequence: Lesbian Representation and the Logic of Sexual Sequence* (Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 2002), pp. 77-100.

events that take place and which merely surround him as he watches and absorbs everything that goes on around him. A woman, or whatever it stands for him in association with his youthful days at Bourton and particularly the object of his youthful passion there, that is what is on his mind. Perhaps any woman will do, after his debacle with Clarissa. His encounter was meant to remind her, Clarissa, of the youthful moments they spent together and the pleasant memories that resulted from the conversation and just being together at Bourton could have yielded. The time spent together there could have resulted in a final bliss, instead it was his friend and rival, stuffy and well-educated Dalloway who married Clarissa, not him. In revenge and out of exasperation he decided to go to India, that far away land, the tropics where nothing resembled what he would have experienced and come across in his dear England and he could have enjoyed together with Clarissa. But those days are over, and he repeats it over and over again in his mind. Once again, however, the thought of youthful moments and youthful scenes return to him and the only counterbalance, counteraction he could take at this juncture is to pick a woman among so many apparitions that float through the space where he exists and coexists with them--anyone who is young and who will bring satisfaction and compensation for the lost youth and wasted passions he could have shared with Clarissa. Suddenly, and out of the blue, or as it so happens what coalesces in his mind is "the swinging baskets of pale geraniums," representing and suggesting what his life could have been like, how splendidly his life could have turned out. But those geraniums are smashed into smithereens. All the petals and all the elements of youthful passion and whatever could have contributed to his ultimate bliss dissipates and is destroyed beyond recognition. He could have remade the bits and pieces and put them together that would have made his life so perfect and pleasant, but they are no longer there, they do not exist, as they are destroyed and annihilated out of recognition, just like so many geraniums, which at one moment seemed to be in their full bloom but the next moment blown to bits and with it his happiness. But he has no choice but pick up what is left of those bits of elements and reconfigure the simulacrum of the happiness, the splendor and bliss that could be once again his. Trying to retrace the youthful images of those who ran together and spent time together at Bourton cannot bring back the care free days of the youth that has gone beyond reach and beyond hope of retrieval. No incarnation or reincarnation of his loved one, who was full of promises and possibilities and could have contributed to his happiness, or suggested at that particular juncture the hint of happiness between Peter and herself, is possible in the youthful figures and persons of women who happen to seductively and temptingly appear in front of him.

No matter who and where he looks at, at this moment in the year he arrives from the distant land and the tropics and wanders through the streets of London, anywhere he looks for information and enlightenment—he needs so much to be enlightened and keep himself entertained and soothed, especially after his encounter with Clarissa. He did not expect so much fuss and so much disappointment he faced, Clarissa merely there to impress him and trying to emphasize the different ambience and milieu they have been actively engaged in and have been living daily lives in since the cataclysmic moments at Bourton—these are the derivatives of the memories about the moments when he simply referred to the vegetables that grew around them and Clarissa obviously taking cues from the remark, so simply and innocently put, but the devastation that caused on Clarissa, is that why she is after some sort of revenge, some sort of justice to be done to the culprit who caused such misery there and then, which caused her to eventually to marry a man she never thought would be interesting or fun to be with, except that her father expected her to be married decently, marry a man who might bring a modicum of familial bliss and more than a portion of decency and appropriateness of position and of family background like herself, a daughter of a respectable family who the relatives and others close to the family expected to be betrothed to a man who would be successful and socially much more acceptable than Peter Walsh might have been and would be. Peter was already somewhat of a Bohemian, at least in the eyes of Clarissa's father. No one expected him to be moving to India, to the tropical subcontinent where everything was dissimilar to what took place in England, what occurred in England, what was common in England. But Peter admits that his family has been linked to the subcontinent, and military service brought them to India for three generations. He would be by no means an exception to the rule. Wandering off to the distant land was what he had in mind, perhaps, but so abruptly after the romance and the burgeoning love that seemed to bring him and Clarissa ever closer to marriage, something he or Clarissa could envisage taking place in the imminent future or as something that would really take place but perhaps only in their imagined and pretended world where things were eternally fresh and they would be forever young and passionate and happy, being so different and craving for their presence, each other's presence, just to be engaged in a vehement and intellectually stimulating argument. Intellect, that is what Clarissa was so attracted to Peter for and uniqueness and difference and what Peter intuited to be Clarissa's iconoclastic strain, which would eventually burgeon and blossom into something fully and truly mutual, an understanding both of them would eventually arrive at to keep each other's company ever so stimulating and eternally entertaining and which would prove to be ineluctably

essential. But those dreams he continually dreamed since his departure from England, since his final talk with Clarissa are merely dreams, which he visits and revisits in order to recollect the youthful days and adventures that might have resulted and would have resulted in an eventuality, leading to something wonderful and beautiful. The thought of Peter is constantly on Clarissa and on the moments that would have fully bloomed into the ultimate bliss they would have enjoyed and shared together, but now as he wanders through the streets of London and finally find a temporary resting place on the bench, all he could do is look for an appropriate figure and object of a woman that allows him to indulge in the dream he has been dreaming of for the past decades. So many years have passed, indeed, since the fateful day at Bourton, but the encounter that would have brought both the scintilla and vague vicarious pleasures, and the intense and ultimate bliss they could have attained first then and there, that is what crosses his mind as he takes in the view and scene that develops in front of him and every single pedestrian and goings on in the street of London is a cue to bring him back to the moments at Bourton. He is in a circle of inescapable memory lanes and no matter how hard he tries to pick a lane that promises to take him onto the real world, which might be actually and tangibly developing in front of him, those objects and women who somehow resemble any of the figures that remind him once again of those associated with Clarissa plunge him back to the days when he was younger and future seemed to hold so many promises.³ No wonder the passage becomes so symbolic and murky, as he traces back the way he travelled thence and every time he attempted to come out of the impasse, both emotional and physical and economic and psychological, he is kept pushed back to the moments that are supposed to be the original and starting point where he could have made a fresh and propitious start, an action, however, he would have undertaken only with the person he dreamed of having a stimulating life together. The smiles and conversations and the faces all those associated with the scene engulf

³ The memory, the concept thereof, in Virginia Woolf presents an interesting conundrum for it functions as a stepping stone to plunge the protagonist's consciousness into the future and because of the nature and definition of memory it continually moors it to the definite or indefinite past that is being recollected at any given moment when the memory is forced to the foreground. As it overtakes the prominent concept of the present and simultaneously the past and even the future, the concept of chronological time is superseded and annihilated and everything that takes place in the mind of the protagonist, whoever is foregrounded at any given moment, becomes a focal point through which time is bent and refracted to allow the mind of the reader to plunge into the subjective time world that immediately develops in front of his eyes, as he, or his mind, interacts with the textual narrative. See the nature of time and chronological progression and its disruption through memory in Virginia Woolf's work, as argued by John Batchelor in *Virginia Woolf: The Major Novels* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1991), pp. 29-55.

and envelope him and lull him into somnolent inaction, further making him a prisoner of the past out of which he is incapable of escaping, even when he was situated decades after the event and incalculable psychological distance away from the scene where the actual momentous events took place. The murky and vague and symbolic memories and potential cues to let him out of the quandaries well out of the very locale he finds himself in and all the memories, which may be the accurate reflections of what actually transpired there and then or they may actually be refracted images of those which he thinks and hopes had happened there at Bourton, and everything that seems to materialize in front of him simply recedes into the vague indefinable phases of both the now and the then, making each and discrete objects he perceives rather difficult to distinctly trace and delineate.

Out of the penumbra Peter, in the midst of the London street, as he sits on a bench, surrounded with all the nondescript and all the pullulating crowd around him is a vague set of figures and abstract images that float through and are spawned out of his busy mind.⁴ The images and the thoughts that crowd the scene and are thrown into the narrow and tiny space where Peter inhabits at this moment on this fine summer morning, are nothing that indicates where his mind is wandering off to, except, all of a sudden, he sees a familiar face, the face he saw and the face of Elizabeth he was thrust into, to be forced to meet and admire, as if that is the face Clarissa wanted him to observe and admire for the old times sake. The offspring of both Clarissa and Mr. Dalloway, none other than his rival, or a man who turned out to be one in the course of evolving events that led from the momentous events that took place at Bourton. The proud mother, that is what struck him most and that is what lingers in Peter's mind as he recollects the circumstances where the gratuitous introduction, how the whole thing

⁴ The constant interaction between the consciousness and mind of the person in the center of the narrative and the external objects that surround the former is extensively dealt with by a critic like Linda Schermer Raphael. Albeit the first between the two terms may supersede and dominate the latter in a manner no interaction between the external and objective elements alone could give rise to, it is the dynamics between the two distinct and interrelated entities, the one that putatively resides inside the person being depicted and the other that supposedly resides outside her, that is most pronounced and interesting in the narrative, which, as argued by the same critic, indeed is the source and agency that promises to generate an infinite number of conscious phases and processes in the midst of the narrative landscape, which also and in itself is a setup that largely contributes to, as well as depends on, the two interacting narrative elements that play against and out with each other every passing second. See the argument pertaining to the dynamic alignment and interaction between the inside and outside of the person's conscious and creative mind in action, being developed by Linda Schermer Raphael in *Narrative Skepticism: Moral Agency and Representations of Consciousness in Fiction* (Danvers, Massachusetts: Rosemont Publishing, 2001), pp. 126-139.

seemed so contrived and unnatural and forced upon him, although Peter thinks that Clarissa may have been feeling the awkwardness of being reunited with him after so many years since the moments at Bourton, or it might have been his imagination, the nebulous and completely baseless speculation that made him think Clarissa was unsettled, being forced into an encounter when he decided to knock on the door of her home sweet home, when he decided to barge into her private and familial space unto which he had indeed no right to intrude and plunge himself into but how about the old memories the moments and the burgeoning love he felt existed and grew between them. The titillating and almost tantalizingly sweet sensation he felt, the tingling sensation and the emotion that was almost reminiscent of an incipient love? If he felt even the simulacrum of love would not that entitle him to go and claim Clarissa, at least for a fraction of an hour? Instead, what he encountered was an insolent introduction to her daughter, this is my daughter Elizabeth, emphasizing the claim she putatively has over her daughter. As a mother that cannot be denied but he could as well have been the other an important other half, instead of Mr. Dalloway, who was married to her with the full sanction of the family and relatives and all around Clarissa, people who wished her the best of luck and saw her through difficult times, perhaps, when she was plunged into the period of darkest of depressive phases and the effect of which is still being felt and what she may be perhaps undergoing as she was left by herself after Peter's visit, after the fateful reunion, during which she managed to keep her equanimity but the fact that she was compelled to introduce her daughter, out of delight of seeing her old friend and out of her maternal love that needs to express its overflowing instinctive and reflexive love for her daughter by simply asking her daughter to come out of her seclusion and see her old friend, one of the best, and very special friend, who would have been and could have been her spouse. But the introduction might as well have indicated her uncertainty, momentary sense of disjointedness between what she is purported to be and what she really is insider her deepest and truest self, that may have indeed driven her to seek her daughter's help and forced Peter to meet Elizabeth, by the odd and obtrusive and proprietary introduction, rather unctuous and alienating introduction, which remains stuck deep in Peter's psyche. The deepest and vaguest inner space, the thought process that involves all ingredients and the blurriest characterization of whatever is taking place all around him, whatever coalesces in his mind may be due to his sense of defeat and futility and resignation in his fate, sense of hopelessness to recollect and revisit and relive the purest and most incandescent and at the same time most traumatic moments in his life that happened at Bourton with Clarissa and other friends of the two at that juncture in their young promising lives. The multi shapes of

smoke that emanate from the tip of the cigar he smokes may be an accurate or metaphoric reflection of whatever is happening in his mind, his mind as it tries to trace and retrace the fluid and shape-shifting memories and figures and persons of those who played prominent roles in his youth, particularly that of Clarissa, who was supposedly his beloved or to be his beloved and his only and fated partner in life, which in fact did not happen and the disappointment which resulted from the regrettable turn of events that resulted from that juncture, which eventually led to his trip to India and the consequences that befell him thereafter and thereon. He throws away the cigar he savored so much, the vicarious conduit through which he was momentarily, or he thought he was on the cusp of being, enabled to relive the sweet and acrid moments of his youth, but the act simultaneously functions as an introduction to the mind world that is definitely more blurry and more abstract and transmogrifying than the people and events he seems to behold in front of him.

As it so happens it is a nurse, a guardian of a sleeping den where a traveler takes a well-deserved rest and lets his mind wander off to the distant land, a lalaland where he could go to all kinds of places, the land of his wish fulfilment and the land where all those momentous events happened decades earlier. As the hand of the guardian and nurse incessantly moves, describing the webs of fate that needs to be discovered and woven out of the current moment where the traveler and the tired soul needs to take a rest and recuperate in order to further continue his journey into the paradisiacal land where he can be once again reunited and confront and transition into a spatiality, which is merely the fulfillment of his youthful dreams and wishes, or rather such dreams and wishes are filled with. But it is the hand, that only manifests in the temporal and physical world the traveler himself could exist in, could be manifested in, but the two somehow act in synchronization and the two combined promises to give rise to a world where every hope is fulfilled, a continuation of the youthful exuberance he and others who romped and tasted the joys of ultimate bliss together, with the presence of his beloved-- at this point the traveler overlaps with Peter, which is no surprise as the tired soul could easily recur to the mind and soul of Peter, who after all traveled from the tropics and in search of a divorce, a final and formalized cessation of a condition, which seems to be hampering him from going into a state of connubial bliss. That is what he was here for and that is what triggered him to search the dearest of his heart and mind, hearkening back decades into the distant land, which nonetheless is the origin of everything he eventually has undergone later, or rather after the decisive moments at Bourton. But the hand of the nurse, weaving in and out of the current moment, thrusting him into the distant past and out of it and into the eventuality he

desires from the bottom of his heart, an ultimate endpoint of his journey that will eventually end with his marriage with the person he resigns himself to or he is convinced of destined to spend the rest of his life together. Could it be the divorcee of the colonel in the Indian regiment he happened to meet on the boat, as he transitioned into the phase of his life thousands miles apart from the condition, psychological and physical condition apart from where he was at Bourton, with the rest of his friends, running and engaging in a delightful and flirty and nonchalant conversation with in that distant past and locale. But the traveler, beckoned by the busily moving hand of the nurse sitting outside in the middle of London, in public place being looked upon and at the same time observing whatever happens to develop in her mind's eyes and in front of her that may as well be the land thousands miles apart from where she is at the present moment, where the traveler, who is suddenly dislocated into the land of fulfilment, continues his journey in search of the mysterious and elusive goal that finally seems to coalesce in front of him. The juxtaposition of the three, the nurse with the busily moving hand and the traveler and sleeping Peter, tantalizingly suggest an outcome, an imminent resolution of the conundrum each and every one of them poses and throws in their midst and presents to the reader and for him to solve. But the conundrum, the mysterious interconnected picture never resolves itself or is dissolved into an orderly picture that can be assessed and evaluated and made use of by the readerly intellect in order to arrive at some sort of understanding, an understanding which sheds light on the state of mind of all the three characters who are prominently projected on to the scene in front of the reader's mind, on the readerly stage that develops in front of his eyes, or his hermeneutic mind. He, or rather the solitary traveler, seems to take a glimpse at what lies beyond the clumps of trees that obstruct his views merely several hundred yards away from him, but he recognizes some object that lies very conspicuous and prominent, something gigantic and emphatically existential in that it is an object or a figure that tries to project itself larger than itself, an oversized nonentity that is enlarged and grasped and looked at and observed and invested with recondite and autonomous significance by the mind that is intently engaged with itself on its journey to self-discovery.⁵

⁵ The trees and every other object, which surrounds the mind in contact with them, or that which is busily engaged with whatever is developing all around him, could assume a shape and existence that may as well be both anthropomorphic and autonomous in that they could evolve in whatever manner one, the mind in the center of the narrative, sees fit and appropriate under the circumstances, but in spite of that the mind that is putatively, or seemingly in control of inanimate objects cannot completely bring them under its dominance, as they work magic and exert influence on the mind and the consciousness, which perceive and conceive their significance as they think is true and

Regardless of the figure that mysteriously and rather murkily and abruptly appears from the space that opens up in front of the nurse and the sleeping man, who is completely tired and exhausted from the long journey and the visit to the household he has thought of and looked forward to for all those years he has been away to India, a different country, a different clime and all those people who do not understand him really but all that is left is the memories of where unforgettable scenes developed at the site decades before the current scene that seems to have been etched into his mind already and he seems to be unable to extricate himself from, from the fracas and the displeasing scene that took place there in the expensive and luxurious household of Mr. Dalloway. The place is certainly beyond what he can afford now or never will be able to for that matter. Even after he has worked years in the hot and sultry and stultifying environment only the tropics could offer, where he has indeed no choice but to stay and be with the person he putatively has decided to spend the rest of his life together. But why did he decide to come to London and see Clarissa in her abode, the abode that seems to be so strongly associated with the fated person, the person who somehow struck him as the one Clarissa would eventually be united in betrothal. Was he dreaming when he intuited, or so he thought that Clarissa, so willful and so pampered by the old man Peter could not get along with, who may have been beyond him in affluence and education but when it came to real mental acuity might as well have been on the same level as he or he might as well have been their superior, much more intelligent and capable in every aspect he could think of. They gathered and the faces and the scenes that recur to him is the pompous and proud Clarissa, who snobbishly makes fun of the person who Clarissa thinks is innately comical and everything about her is beyond comprehension except that she needs to be portrayed as deservingly comical, what the person is or where she belongs, the sphere where she is actively engaged in, everything is a joke to a person like Clarissa. After all, the mean streak was there from the beginning. The father who hated Peter and reciprocally given up by Peter as a person who Peter could not get along with simply because they were supercilious and snobbish and less compassionate and understanding of human nature

appropriate and commensurate with the given circumstances and with whatever value they invest in them. All the anthropomorphic and autonomous tendencies of the objects that exist all around the thinking mind and consciousness in the middle of the narrative may as well be derived from the Celtic myth as argued by Keith Brown, or they may as well be a natural extension and ramification of the mind as it fails to completely manipulate and control them in a manner that is desirous to the thinking core of the being that resides in the narrative center at any given moment. On the Celtic connection of Mrs. Dalloway, or foundation thereon, see Keith Brown, *Sightings: Selected Literary Essays* (Bern, Switzerland: Peter Lan AG, 2008), pp. 211-228.

than he himself was. They are all of the same ilk, the meanness and the obnoxious imitation by Clarissa of the person who seemed enormously ridiculous and foolish and comical almost beyond comprehension by Clarissa and her father and her circle of friends. The images and scenes recur to Peter, but one person who seems to be so different than all the cabal of them, who seems to assert her idiosyncratic individuality and she did not mind being merely herself and the way she lived to her was the way she was convinced was the right and most suited way for her, the person Clarissa could not go against and contradict and make fun of was Sally Seaton. Sally declared that she was carrying on an affair or relationship before she was wedded, or had a child out of wedlock, technically speaking, and she did not mince her words, causing much embarrassment to others at Bourton, incurring the wrath of the father and patriarch there and then. But Peter liked her assertiveness and individuality and independence. Sally was the person he could talk from the bottom of his heart and could be on the same level where their minds met as equals. But Clarissa was definitely offended and she could not help but turn away and walk away from the scene if she had the means of getting away from the scene, or had been courageous enough, she would have. But Sally Seaton charmed all of them, meaning at least Peter and Clarissa. Even Clarissa fell under her charm and in spite of the embarrassment Sally caused among the household members, she was drawn to her and the romping and carousing through the night and the scandalous unchaste traipsing down the hall in the middle of the night, naked, is that what that was? Peter or Clarissa may have been dreaming at the time or might as well have been in ecstatic revelry when the incident putatively happened and not only Sally but Clarissa and Peter all of them shared and participated in the moment, the charmed and murky and completely enraptured and enrapturing moments that transpired then and there as they gathered at Bourton to taste the forbidden fruit of sweet dreams of youth. That is what the figure among the clumps of trees revert to, as the traveler, tired and completely beaten by the person he travelled long to see renders him but nonetheless intent on finding the holy grail, the moment of intersection between what could have been and would have been and had happened there and then and transpired ever since he travelled through the range of momentous years that stretched over decades and scores of years since he shared the magical moments with Clarissa.

But arrogance, arrogance of being so confident about herself in whatever situation that arose between them and between all the parties that happened to be present there at Bourton decades back. The phrase that comes reflexively pushing out of his mouth is, rather appropriately, at least for himself, "death of the soul." She is dead

inside, dead to all kinds of humanly and humane reaction he expected she would be capable of manifesting, under the circumstances. All he, Peter needed at that juncture was a little understanding and sympathy, respect for what he was, what a person was supposed to act and react at that very important moment in his, and he thought was their, both Peter and Clarissa's, mutual life. But the relationship that supposedly have developed between the two did not grow out of the casual remarks and casual eye-to eye contact, but out of the kind of understanding that was implicit and that he thought arose without words, beyond any words that were exchanged between them. Everything was supposed to be implicit and reflexive and instinctive, the understanding that was based on both solid and tenuous foundation that was innate and has been there between them without foreknowledge and prequel, an understanding that suddenly and abruptly grew out of the random and unexpected encounter, or rather experience, that took place one friendly day there at Bourton decades ago near the water.⁶ That is why he intuited what she was going through after the proud moment when Clarissa introduced her daughter to him, for the first time since she was born, the daughter was born and Clarissa was born, might as well, as the moment that offered itself with the presence of Peter and all his friends and Clarissa and the abrupt and unexpected presence of her daughter. So gratuitous was her my daughter Elizabeth, he goes over the phrase Clarissa employs at that particular juncture, that lingers in his mind and stabs him in the heart, the place that has been reserved for the precious encounter between himself and Clarissa, after so many years since they parted friends as well as adversaries, Clarissa not understanding him what he was going through, what kind words he needed at that particular juncture, but the proud and deathly cold remark, or rather an indifferent expression he was forced to come face to face, but he knew what

⁶ Everything in the story erupts abruptly or is generated abruptly wherein the reader is oftentimes plunged into the inchoate and uncertain world and is most likely to be left disorientated as to how to proceed and come to terms with any given situation in order to extricate from the congeries of complicated and undefinable issues that assault his mind as he desperately tries to rise above the network of and a set of intricate webs of possibilities that incessantly confront him. Even the narrative development seems to be unfixed and indeterminate in that the consciousness that is at the center of the narrative landscape could go and flow and move in any direction, evolving and developing in a world that is seemingly contingent and open-ended and disjunctive. See the manner the story unfolds where the reader is left to his own devices to make of the narrative development that unfolds each passing moment, unpredictably and oftentimes contrary to what is presaged in the preceding narrative or in contradiction to the way and or unrelated to the manner the preceding episodes have evolved. See the disjunctive and unpredictable way the story develops and the function of the reader and his consciousness, argued by David Amigoni in *English Novel and Prose Narrative* (Edinburgh, UK: Edinburgh University Press, 2000), pp. 117-128.

she was going through, implicitly without words. That is why the shaggy dog, the sudden entrance thereof, butting between them, was such a welcome change for Clarissa, giving her an excuse for being, or rather allowing and granting her an opportunity to become genial and be kind to Peter when he needed and craved a treatment that was gentle and kind and understanding. Clarissa was rapturous in her encounter with the dog, exhibiting an outburst of sweetest of emotions, tenderest of tender maternal love she could muster, except that it was not intended for Peter but toward the dog. Or, Peter suspects and he may be right in his suspicion that the profusion of love and tender feelings are putatively shown for the dog but in fact vicariously and in the presence of the person she wanted to apologize for the silly and chilly and childish behavior to for a reason. Understandably, she feels contrite, has the urge to excuse her immature outburst, misdirected tender emotions to the person they are truly intended for. But the implicit, wordless communication expires then and there and Peter is left uncertain and psychologically isolated, where he deplors the missed opportunity, the unmentionable phrase that was left unmentioned, leaving him thinking what if, what would have happened and could have been done at that moment. Loneliness and isolation and lugubrious sense of separateness, separate from others and the weighty leaden sense of never meant to be united and never meant to be for each other comes descending on his soul and suddenly he is back to the present when he is thousands miles from the tropics on his journey to secure proper documents to be united with the person who is currently, at least legally, attached to the colonel in the military in India but soon to be properly divorced and to be united with him. The incessant psychological pull and push that leaves him attached to the person of Clarissa, whom he met and had such disastrous moments with, not being able to communicate fully but his thoughts are incessantly moored to the then and there and the now as his mind is forced to be on the treadmill of never ending journey to reach the goal that is ever so elusive and never to be meant to be arrived at by the ilk of Peter. He is a wanderer, whether he wanders through the wide expanse of the continent or whatever lies between Europe, England and Indian subcontinent, or whatever separates his soul from the dearest one that is also constituted by the undefinable independent mind, that can simply be referred to as the spontaneous and fateful person, who manifested herself in the abode at Bourton, which was cohabited by such unforgettable characters as Parries, or are they merely other referents by whom Peter is circuitously allowed to arrive at his, or what he considers as his final destination, his soul's pole star, end point and start point.

But how he felt totally in love with the person who was the cause of persecution

and tribulation and pains, all the pains he had to suffer simply because she did not reciprocate. Only if she had deigned to give him kind words, considerate remarks he looked forward to flowing out of that gentle soul, but it never happened, which further exacerbated his condition. The more in love he felt toward the person who seemed to be so insouciant and indifferent to his welfare, the better and more godlike Clarissa seemed to become. He could not help the overwhelming love, the overflowing emotions that drowned him, nearly murdered him with their sheer illogical uncontrollable intensity, which simply increased as he considered his helpless state and even, time and gain, tried to pull himself away from Clarissa, both emotionally and physically. Going away to a distant land liked India would have changed the condition he was in, would have ameliorated the bitter sentiment and pains and tribulations he was forced to undergo. The vague sense of romance and juvenile and uncontrollable passions ever keep him in despair, which was the exact sentiment he felt in those younger days at Bourton, but the same intensity he felt there, not knowing how and why he was made a slave of love, which was not at all reciprocated, but the despair he felt then and there still lingers now, in the present after he travelled from India all the way to London and once there, instead of going directly to where he was supposedly headed he took a detour and ended up with being face to face with the person who caused him to go away in the first place and put a distance between himself and the person he was helplessly drawn to. He was attracted and compelled to return to the source of his misery and the source of the intuitive and primary desire, or rather the causative agent who elicited such emotions in Peter. The past and present are intertwined with each other and as Peter recollects the bitter failure and defeat at the hands of the person facetiously referred to by Clarissa as Wickham, and immediately the name evokes all others who were involved in the drama developed there in the abode of the Parries' and Clarissa's and with them he was thrust to the distant phase, chronological and locational venue where all the important and momentous dramas of his life originated. Recalled from the vantage of point of decades later, after he has accumulated so much more experience than he had possessed and had undergone by then and there when he went to Bourton and was enabled to enjoy the innocent gatherings culminated by the escapade of Sally Seaton and her unusual and unique relationship with Clarissa and Peter himself—those distant memories are ever present in his mind and they indeed coexist with the scenes that develop in front of him, as he dozes off or dreamily observes whatever evolves in the midst of London. The faces of Mr. Parry and Miss Parry come coalescing before his eyes and as they appear and disappear over his conscious horizon they start to reassume importance he may not have known before. They are thrust into

his conscious ken with reinvigorated and refreshed significance and they are conjoined and thrust into a significatory position adjacent and next to Clarissa. They are made use of to gauge the psychological state she was in at the moment, or at the moment that transpired there and then at Bourton, albeit he thought he knew and understood fully what she was going through but he may not have understood what she was really thinking of at the same juncture. This may be the right time to reconstitute what was going through her mind and reconstitute the meanings and significance that may grow out of that juncture as Mr. and Miss Parry are impacted on the mind and person of Clarissa in conjunction with Mr. Wickham and himself and the vivacious Sally Seaton. What all of them signify as they delineated a chunk of spatiality, psychological and conscious spatiality that needs and must necessarily be impacted by the characters and individual minds that coexisted but nonetheless independently and mutually existed. The only way to keep the memories of the past relevant and meaningful to Peter and hopefully successfully relive the meanings and memories derived from those moments at Bourton and make them both interesting and useful for him, useful to merely survive the moments he is going through, especially at this critical juncture when he is feeling rebuffed, once again, and experiencing the nadir of his life simply because the person, his pole star and alpha and omega of his existence, treated him so indifferently and nonchalantly as if he did not mean much even then and still does not constitute any significant part of her life even now—he is distraught and would have been completely lost without the tenuous and very important memories and clues his past provides, the clues and cues that may be hidden and could be developed between the interactions of those protagonists, silly and inconsequential personae whom Peter came across decades back at Bourton. But the moments that transpired there and then never confluence into the moments he is going through in the present except through the person of Clarissa, who is still kept as fresh and relevant to Peter as those moments in the past, regardless whether that was indeed the same interpretation Clarissa made of the relationship between herself and Peter or whatever arose in that particular space of time involving herself and Peter, is moot. But out of the blue, out of the mental landscape where he finds no particular hopeful signs or anything positive or for that matter inordinately negative drama emerging, arise the eyes and casual wordless exchange that seemed to have been registered between Mr. Wickham and Clarissa. Immediately, Peter knew that two were destined to be united in marital bliss, or legally wedded as husband and wife, which indeed did happen to the delight of the tradition bound clan of the Parries. Peter was excluded from the circle of acceptable characters and personae, who would live in harmony and in the manner expected of everyone who properly belonged to their class

and society, unlike himself.

No wonder he slept, at least momentarily, to avoid the outing with the others, or he felt this uncontrollable desire to doze off to refresh his mind to cope with the urgent and complicated situation that broke out over his conscious horizon, that seemed to be so overwhelming that he needed to close his eyes and get rid of it, to vaporize it and simply wish it away. But it did not disappear, when he was made to wake up, Miss Parry was there, she might have been the person who brought him out of somnolence to face the reality that was opening out before and around him, and he and when he opened his eyes everyone was gone, that would have been a great relief but instead he was urged to follow them to the lake or to the water to enjoy a boat ride and participate in the outing together with Clarissa, his dear and lovely Clarissa for whom he would have devoted his whole life and even decided not to go to India, although it was her, his breakup with her that caused him to choose that drastic option, take off from the cursed British Isles. Rather than yielding and putting up with the ignominy of seeing the other overcome him and take his beloved away from him, he would seek new opportunities in the distant land, where his forbears have gone to and have been successful military officers to rule the far flung colony of England. But Miss Parry entreated him or compelled him to go out and share the fun moments with the rest of the youthful bunch, leaving him no choice but join and see Clarissa engage in a serious talk, life or death conversation, for him at least, a conversation that indeed decided his fate there and then, seeing his archrival come close to her and clinch the relationship that was a death knell for Peter. Those moments come to him as if they happened just yesterday. The faces of the youthful jubilant group, which fortuitously included him and Sally, whose presence may have been a mere coincidence but Sally played such a crucial role there as he watched his much cherished prize, the person who could have and would have contributed to his happiness and joys for the rest of his life. But Sally in fact played an intermediary role to define who he was and define what would follow from the fateful conversation that took place there in the garden of a delightful home of the Parries near the water. The eyes and the words that were implicit, he is not sure if he indeed heard the conversation that took place between the two, not between Clarissa and himself but between Clarissa and Dalloway, the wordless and implicit talk, the unheard message, that transpired between the two was enough to send him tumbling down the precious, from utter bliss to the nadir of his life where he would never ever would see his beloved in the light he had been wont to see for a brief period of his youthful moments, but the fateful message that dawned upon his mind, invisible and conscious message but to the over-sensitized mind of Peter then and there it was enough to see the eyes and the

nodding exchanged between the two to conclude that days of innocent joys were over for them all, at least for Peter, as Clarissa was destined to be with Dalloway, while his future belonged with others, not the ilk of Mr. Parry and Miss Parry and all those well-to-do residents of Bourton. But he needs to confirm and have final words with Clarissa and others, just to make sure to convince himself of the end of, or rather the beginning of the end of his youthful phase of innocent joys and passionate abandon. The memories of those moments when they explored the island, the bike ride, the smiles and satisfied and smug expression of Dalloway, they come back to him as vividly as things that are ever preserved fresh and vivid in his mind are capable of. The memories he went over and over again and each time they are recalled they are magnified and ever refreshed and made more poignant and more relevant to him, not only to Peter at that particular juncture but at this very moment as he sits on the bench in the middle of London, after so many years from the actual moments that transpired there at Bourton, after he spent years in India and when he came back to London in order to finalize his marriage to a woman who is still attached to an officer in the colonial military stationed in India. All the vicissitudes, all the incidents and events that intervened between the moments that happened at Bourton decades earlier and the now as Peter absorbs all the views and incidents that take place in the middle of London, trying to forge a new self and trying to forget the old self, that is simply an aggregate of the disappointments and failures he blames himself for, and out of which he was finally ready to escape and which he was about to abandon and jettison for the sake of a lady he met on the boat to India. But regrettably, at this very juncture, at this very critical moment in his life, the word and the revelation that descends upon his mind is the one that completely transformed his life decades ago at Bourton, "she will marry that man." The revelatory recognition is so tangibly and visibly obvious that he cannot help but repeat the same phrase one more time, except from an adversarial perspective, "Dalloway would marry Clarissa."

But Clarissa was not certain whether she should or would be united with Mr. Dalloway as Peter saw and predicted would inevitably happen sometime in the future, or immediately and soon after the scenes that would eventually develop in their midst there at Bourton. It was more like resignation on the part of Peter, resignation for the sake of better happiness for Clarissa, rather than his own misery by yielding to the man whom he momentarily considered his rival, whom he could easily have beaten in so many regards. He might have been, or rather he was sure of it himself that he was more intuitive and more intellectual, in the truest sense, in the way he interpreted the word, and he was more considerate of others, particularly of Clarissa's welfare, her present

state and present condition, a woman who needed gentle and assiduous caring for and needed to be looked after, being so sensitive and at the same time pleasure loving and reserved. She was raised and educated in such a staid environment, a traditionalist but at the same time she needed to burst out of the shackles of the hide-bound constraints such tradition and class consciousness imposed upon her. That is why she was attracted to an idiosyncratic personality like Sally, a woman who did not mind running down the hallway naked, well almost naked, shocking Aunt Parry and others who happened to be there at Bourton. Clarissa was scandalized like her aunt and she duly concurred with Mr. Parry's assessment of the woman, concurring that Sally was an untrammelled soul who did whatever she chose to do. The unrestrained free spirit that flew and jumped and went to all kinds of places in a manner that she thought would please herself, unconcerned with whatever others thought of her, because what mattered most was in the center of the universe, her unique and distinct being and personal being that eked out her own differentiated and discrepant and personal life that was not to be infringed upon, for she existed in the moment and the present now was what counted most and so should others. That iconoclastic and completely new idea and mentality struck Clarissa as fresh and most dangerous, as her aunt and Mr. Parry kept reminding her of, but she was attracted to Sally, uncontrollably and viscerally, attracted in a way that two souls of the same ideal, two souls that are destined to reach the same destiny and destination might find themselves fighting for and heading toward, in spite of anything and anyone that and who might threaten to get in their way, that was how Clarissa found herself in, in a state that she could intuitively be attracted to the way Sally, her dear friend and soul mate in spite of herself, or because of who she was could not help but personify and exemplify at the abode that marginally and at the same time centrally opened up in her adolescence, or late adolescence decades and scores of years before she reunited with a person who traversed the length of the continent and went beyond the reach of and sphere of European civilization, and as soon as he reentered the culture and sphere characterized by the most civilized people, or was it the ephemeral idea that crossed the mind of a young woman from the Mediterranean, from the south of the continent? But the tears and cries that remained unheard there at Bourton, at least not heard by Peter because he was devastated with the sudden idea and sudden illumination that dawned on him, that she was destined to be married to Mr. Dalloway. But there was of course a sequel to the utter defeat Peter thought he suffered at the hands of his rival. The intimate details only reached him after so many years he wandered over Eurasia and Indian subcontinent by way of Sally and the words that reverberated and revealed through the barrier and thrust through temporal disjunction that would have severed

him forever from his beloved and from the person who made such indelible devastating impact on him.⁷ Peter was after all not the only one who cried because of the cruel fate that intervened between him and Clarissa. Clarissa also shed tears, the cause of which was not clearly mentioned but obvious to a woman like Sally, who knew what was going on in the depth of her soul as she shared the sentiment which she divulged at the moment in the past and that still reverberates through time, a sentiment that is derived from the moment as Clarissa was faced with the stark choice between the two men, one destined to be a conservative traditional politician and the other a passionate unpredictable wanderer across Europe and Asia and over beyond all the way to India. It was the cruelty of fate and inevitability of their separation, that was beyond anyone's control, not that Peter knew but also Clarissa was also aware of the barrier that separated the two, a barrier that cannot be bridged by any sentiment, by any shared memories or interest they confessed to have possessed there and then, albeit perhaps implicitly. They did not talk verbatim, their speech rather was circuitous and the one that was tinged with hesitation and dithering to express what it purportedly meant but each one knew what it was intended to mean. Their relationship was determined and defined by wordless implicit communication, the kind of communication only the souls of similar and self-same nature could share and attain.

Inevitably, the pains and tribulations the thought of the past and the moments that could have been filled with joys and happiness but they turned out to be merely a cue and clue to what he goes through every passing moments. Whenever he falls asleep and whenever he tries to take a break from the life's heavy weights, pains and trouble and tribulations he needs not have to suffer but he is going through every passing moment because of the fateful moment there at Bourton, near the water fountain, the memories come crashing down and bowling over his tiny being, already tired and crushed because he does not know how to fend off the disastrous thoughts barging on

⁷ The temporal disjunction, or for that matter any kinds of disjunction, is a means of introducing the reader and the mind in focus to other phases of the psychological condition by way of the physical and phenomenal elements that incessantly impinge upon the mind of the persona in the center of the narrative, or even in the periphery of the narrative landscape. It is the manner in which all the incidents and accidents mesh together and disentangle from each other that moves the narrative forward and makes all the narrative progression possible, or the progression that is unpredictable and filled with disjunctions and dithering narrative themes and expansive disconnected components of the narrative possible to be generated from the conscious interstices born out of the interaction between disconnected and unconnected beings, who and which pullulate the story of Mrs. Dalloway. See the conscious expansion and the conjunction of disjunctive narrative elements, which in total constitutes the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway, a process thereof explained by Nataliya Gudz in *Concepts of Time in Virginia Woolf* (Munich, Germany: Grin Publishing, 2005), pp. 4-8.

and come crushing over his psyche and soul, but the suffering that takes place in the middle of the road and suffering he quietly and patiently endures sitting on a bench as things go by and drive by and transpire all around him, something else, something completely tangible and concrete and as physical as the weight, the heavy weight that impends to come crushing down on him, moves in front of him and with it, with the arrival and coalescence of the child, the focus of the narrative shifts to something else, another soul who is also undergoing the tribulations of her own.⁸ After all, the suffering and heavy weight and the mental and psychological weight that was about to fall down on Peter was not taking place in his own, solely of and in his own realm. The same suffering, same trouble and tribulation is happening in the soul and psyche of the young woman who hails from hundreds of miles south of England, away from the Alps and over beyond the high European mountain range, that separates and has separated the civilization Britons have enjoyed since the Roman invasion and thereon from the civilization and culture that has been interrupted by innumerable cataclysmic events ever since the Roman empire, with its collapse and the resurgent empire and city states that arose from the ashes of the empire but a culture nonetheless that is separate and apart from the one that developed over beyond the Alps and over beyond the northern and Western European countries that exist between England and Italy--the one who sits right across Peter might as well exists on a diametrically opposed spectrum of civilizational development, in nature and character and inclination, she is the one who receives the incentive and the energy that is transmitted by Peter and intermediated by the little girl who happens to trot around between the two souls who suffer because of the circumstances that are so unfairly meted out to them. The innocent girl, ironically, acts as a transmitter of such unhappy tidings such unpropitious energy flow when the readerly consciousness is expected to shift to the young woman from Italy to focus on and delve into to locate and determine the cause of the coincidental flow of energy that

⁸ The way the plot works in Virginia Woolf is quite different than other so called conventional writers' concept of plot. It is something not to make the wills of the characters conform to the flow of the narrative, as it gathers its momentum and heads toward its inevitable denouement or conclusion, but a plot as was envisioned and developed by Virginia Woolf is something that needs to be broken down, annihilated and transcended so that the will that wells out of the interstices of narrative scenes gives rise to the trembling flow and indomitable energy that persists throughout narrative development. The unbending and wayward will and desire that is delineated and that cannot be neatly contained in the traditional framework of plot is the thing that becomes one of the important themes of the works of Virginia Woolf. See the concept and idea of plot as opposed to the will and desire that is putatively manifestly demonstrated in her work, as maintained by Tony E. Jackson in *The Subject of Modernism: Narrative Alterations in the Fiction of Eliot, Conrad, Woolf, and Joyce* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: The University of Michigan Press, 1998), pp. 113-136.

seems to determine how one is made to and incline to exist in this mundane and coincidental world we occupy on a second by second basis. The would have been's and could have been's and all those thoughts and memories that both moor them to the happy past moments and at the same time determined their fate in such a manner that they simply regret that such cataclysmic and dramatic juncture coalesced then and there in the past, at such fortuitous and unpropitious juncture in their lives, in the midst of such inchoate thought both Peter and Lucrezia regret and yearn for the innocent past, innocent and happy and undiluted bliss they enjoyed before they were introduced to their other half, with whom they are bound and to that half they are inexorably tethered and moored with the consequences which are both sweet and sour. Lucrezia, however, regrets that she was encumbered with someone, with whom she happened to meet simply because she yearned for a civilized and blue-eyed and blond northern European, whom Septimus Smith represented and who materialized in front of her years before she became convinced of her immaturity and naiveté, before she developed and matured in a manner where she can assess more carefully and more objectively who she is getting involved with, but all the regrets and bitter sentiments that fill her heart are compounded and exacerbated because of Septimus's psychotic and psychological condition. It is simply unfair, unfair why she out of so many young girls who could have met Septimus and become engaged there in the land of the Medici's and Renaissance and cradle of European civilization, out of all those nubile and gullible girls she was the one Septimus chose, or rather fate put him in her path and the two got together and that led to one thing after another, eventually bringing her to the shore of the civilized and land of Shakespeare and Newton and the beautiful race called English. But who could have predicted Septimus would lose his mind? Even her neighbors are afraid, or starting rumors that something is definitely wrong with the young couple, not only Septimus but Lucrezia herself who is always together with him, which is inevitable as she is wedded to him, a man once considered so promising and handsome and cause and reason to celebrate for both for herself and family and the country she was born in. But Septimus is obsessed with death. All he does is look for reasons and causes for terminating their existence, in a world that is supposed to have been filled with joys and happiness, together with Septimus and others Lucrezia had such joyful moments with. She cannot bear it anymore. She would rather go home and leave him behind. Pull the ring off her bony finger, such relief it would entail, the tyranny of spiritual engagement, tyranny and enslavement and inexorable suffering it brought on. She yearns for relief, escape and shunning him and obliteration of the image of the person she had fallen in love with. What the little girl intervenes and connects inadvertently is the bondage and

bonding of the two suffering souls who happen to be sitting and existing in the middle of London. The self-same tormented souls, unbeknownst to each other but living vicariously and immediately of each other's lives.

The interconnected souls are gradually and at the same time abruptly released from each other and when she realizes Lucrezia is left to herself. That was rather odd because she is supposed to be with her husband, a young and handsome husband she married lately, or it seems like just months ago when she was blooming in the summer of Milan, surrounded by her friends and family and then suddenly the handsome, the handsomest of young men appeared in her sphere and she was swept away. She was completely in love with the young man, for she has been waiting for a prince of his ilk to suddenly to coalesce and materialize in front of her and hold her and take her to the land of the princes and civilized and fairytale. But the man who sits next to her is nothing of the sort, or she does not recognize the person she saw in front of her at that crucial juncture in Milan when she felt so exquisitely happy, completely over the moon when she immediately began dreaming of the days when she would be eternally happy surrounded by those who she deemed possibly the most civilized race in the whole world. What a contrast and what a change mere months and years make in her mind and in her environment as her prince is completely transformed and changed and has become not the person she thought he was but instead turned into a moribund and psychologically defective, or rather someone completely obsessed with the end of life, end of the world. He suggests they might as well put an end to the whole thing by ending their lives once and for all. She is afraid, afraid to be with Septimus. If she had a choice she would rather go back to the paradisiacal land of her youth, to be together with her friends and with her family to escape the horror, the whole unreasonable situation she put herself in, a situation she finds herself incarcerated and she finds herself unable to extricate herself from, from the nebulae and bondage that leads her on to her certain annihilation. Is that what Septimus wants, is that why he chose her, an innocent completely vulnerable young maiden, with full of adoration and adulations and admirations for Septimus, a man, someone from the north, north of Italy north of the continent, off the coast of the continent. She wants to hide beneath all the things that give life to the grandeur, greenery, leafy trees, flowers and vegetation that grow out of the soil, on which they stand and exist at this juncture in the summer of 19... soon after the end of World War I. The two souls that are supposed to be looking toward each other for support and intellectual and emotional nourishment, but on the contrary they repel and reject each other, or one is forcing the other to follow him on the path to annihilation. Lucrezia cannot condone it, she cannot possibly and simply yield to his

demand and acquiesce to the demand and request, a very civilized one and nonetheless sinister and insistent one. All the sunny memories with her friends and her family and the childhood home surrounded with happiness and innocent pleasures and bliss come rushing to her but what could they be of use for? Are all the memories likely to succor her from the nadir and despond of, from the depressive phase of psychosis, is that what she is undergoing, reciprocating Septimus as he insists and intones the beauty and happiness, the care free eventuality that brings about? Bringing themselves into nothingness, annulling their existence, take the decisive step to make themselves scarce, make themselves dissipate and disappear out of this world into thin air and into nothingness. Would Lucrezia, would she be willing to go along with his request, would she could she and should she acquiesce in his gentlest and softest of solicitation to take the decisive step and simply disappear into thin air? Suddenly, the idea of the rational and reasonable doctor, doctor they have been seeking guidance from in order to bring the course of the psychotic aberrant path of Septimus to go straighter, the figure and words of the doctor descend on Lucrezia. What would the doctor say? What would the most reasonable course of action she and Septimus and they together should take? The reasonable and objective ratiocination is juxtaposed at this juncture with the strong urge to self-annihilation and they go hand in hand, making the outcome of the parallel narratives and mental development murky and unresolved and undecidable.⁹ The voice and call for help, self-succor and urge for self-annihilation go side by side and the two converge and diverge, allowing the reader to catalyze the outcome of the parallel narrative lines to develop, which alternately and seemingly converge and tantalizingly

⁹ A clearly delineated narrative line in contrast to the murky non-linear and unresolvable line of narrative possibilities is the thing that is being challenged and upturned by the feminist oriented narrative like Mrs. Dalloway, at least according to the critic like Jeannette Baxter. The traditional narrative is symmetrical and clearly demarcated and resolves in a manner expected of by most readers, at least those who consumed literature toward the turn of the century and up until scores of years ago when the traditional values were demolished and deconstructed as something that was valuable in so far as they were useful to be sliced and interjected and unraveled according to the rules that were beyond the traditional dicta, which had prevailed in western culture for millennia. The circularity and the sexuality that goes against social norms and the murky and irrational narrative propositions and those narrative lines that are contradictory to each other and yet juxtaposed in a manner that encourages them to be combined into one uniform line, as if they are conducive to traditional narrative plot, and yet soon to be discovered and revealed to be contradictory and disruptive to a uniform, linear and rule dominated narrative is the space Mrs. Dalloway gives rise to and urges reader to explore. See the argument made from a modernist perspective by Jeannette Baxter in "Case Studies in Reading 1," contained in *The Modernism Handbook*, Philip Tew and Alex Murray, editors (London: Continuum, 2009), pp. 85-89.

urge and encourage him to resolve the huis-clos. The intensifying call for help and the ever urgent call for the end to their lives clash and conflict with each other and intensify in clangorous cacophony and there seems to be no time to be wasted and the cataclysmic denouement seems to be inevitable when Septimus mystically reaches the ultimate resolution to the conundrum, which he and Lucrezia and everyone who suffers on the face of the earth has been struggling to solve in the day to day existential present. However, as it so happens, the supreme secret, the truth that governs the whole universe is there and imminent to be revealed but through the intervention of or by way of none other than the political leader of the country:

“To the Prime Minister,” the voices which rustled above his head replied. The supreme secret must be told to the Cabinet; first that trees are alive; next there is no crime; next love, universal love, he muttered, gasping, trembling, painfully drawing out these profound truths which needed, so deep were they, so difficult, an immense effort to speak out, but the world was entirely changed by them for ever.

But before the supreme truth comes out, comes out of the interstices of trees, rocks, people and everything that surrounds Septimus, he needs to undergo more profound changes and profound experiences that he somehow already had gone through together with his friend far down there in the land of civilization and conflict, the land where European civilization first came into being with the beings like Aristotle and Socrates and many more. Interesting things happen all of a sudden as Septimus is carried along and allows his mind to go as freely as he wishes--he is rendered in a state where he feels the past and the present and the future come together and one continuous time, one coexistent time gives rise to the secret that he has been waiting for to be revealed all the time. The secret that moment ago seems to be spawned through the edict of the parliament, through the mouth of the prime minister, the highest official in the land with whom Septimus is on the same footing for the moment and yet someone who stands for the authority and dignified and immortal institution called Great Britain. The trees and birds and humans all move along and make sounds that may or may not be appropriate for the situation and condition that is being developed. Septimus yearns for liberation and the secret the ultimate secret to be divulged and revealed so that he can be at least free, finally free to enter into the world where his friend is presumed to be spending the eternal winter or summer, depending on how you interpret the state his long lost friend, Evans by the name, is faring up and out there. Then all of a sudden, everything needs to coalesce suddenly in the world that is being depicted and thought of in his mental landscape, as Septimus closes his eyes and imagines the rosy future and rosy eternity and rosy and happy present where things

simultaneously exist in pure harmony.¹⁰ But Evans has died and perished right in front of him, a devastating experience and devastating and gut wrenching reality where the person of his dearest friend was blown to bits and that simultaneously ushered in the instability, the wobbly mental state Septimus has been suffering from ever since. He is calling his name, inviting him to come to him and go through the nirvana and the mental and psychological state Evans has been experiencing ever since the explosive death he sustained and suffered in the plains of Thessaly, the cradle of European civilization. Evans, Septimus is tempted to call out to beckon him to come closer to him and share the moments, the present moments together to talk about what transpired ever since the devastating death that severed and separated the two indelibly and eternally, or so Septimus thought until he started having the recurrent dreams and recurrent reimagining of the person blown to smithereens.¹¹ The colors and sounds and

¹⁰ Indeed one of the leitmotifs of the story Virginia Woolf is interested in developing seems to be the unity that could be achieved through the tunnels dug through the unconscious realm that is deemed to lie behind the conscious mundane world, a world that assumes a concrete and physical aspect of the external objects and surroundings, which is a backbone to the whole narrative as well as to the murmurous and inchoate world that pullulates behind the curtain of the narrative that manifests as one form or another in the nether narrative of Mrs. Dalloway. The unconscious realm is the potential region of anonymity and uniformity and harmony where personae like Septimus Smith and Lucrezia and Peter Walsh could meet, and merge, and form one harmonious totality and corpus, which exists and contributes to the manifested and phantasmagoric realm of Mrs. Dalloway. In a sense, it is the unseen and invisible behind the scenes occurrences and backdrops to the physical manifested narrative landscape that constitute the main props to developing the existential struggle and the resultant triumphant rise of the indomitable and sinuous and flexible will and consciousness of the narrative. See an argument on the unconscious realm where the harmonious unity could be achieved among the disparate and diverse individual consciousnesses represented by the characters mentioned above and others, made by Louise A. Poresky in *The Elusive Self: Psyche and Spirit in Virginia Woolf's Novels* (Lincoln, NE: iUniverse, 2005), pp. 98-125.

¹¹ The recurrence of the past events and the memories that are shared and repeated in one mind and then another and each one of them becoming the ever wider circle of shared consciousness—this is the pattern that increments and constitutes the being and existential core of the story of Mr. Dalloway. Each one of the repeated and the cause of the repetition and the elements that give rise to the repetition and the intricate weaving of the aggregate thereof is the pattern and processes that give depth and meaning to the world that evolves in the mind of the individual protagonist, or persona who happens to be centered in the narrative and the narrative consciousness that merges with the central consciousness in the midst of the narrative and departs and ramifies into another individual and disparate and discrete conscious memories and thoughts that may or may not be attributed to the same discrete beings, are the essences of the world that develops from the interweaving of the conscious processes that entail therefrom. See the repetition and the conscious minds that are unified and controlled by the single overall narrative mind in dominance and the latter being interchangeably supported

noises that ring and assault him as he sits in the street of London, in the middle of the city of London in the year, so many years since the end of World War I when he fought together with his friend and escaped scot free and safe and sound, or that is what he supposed to have happened to himself until the twisted images of birds and figures and his friend and the experience that is completely refracted and twisted and bent by the strong imaginative power of himself and power that is derived from something more powerful and something that is inscrutable to a mind like himself. But a figure clad in gray is approaching imminently, the image and shadow of the menacing figure flickers and starts to appear in the corner of his eyes and the voice, together with the menacing and approaching figure, beckons him to stand up and face the great secret that is imminent and just about to be declared and proclaimed by the supreme office of the land, the highest ranking political leader, prime minister of the land, who is about to proclaim the secret and cessation of the existence of secret, that has been the worry and cause of his ever relentless search for the state and condition wherein he, Septimus, was compelled to walk tirelessly and tiredly and but nonetheless the goal to reach the end and the ultimate grail, holy grail to identify and determine the epistemological foundation of the ultimate stasis of his being, cessation of his emotional state, where he needs not worry and be oppressed by the irritating and relentless pursuit of the stasis, is tantalizingly within reach. But the voice, which incessantly reminds him of the existence of reality, but the reality that presumably lies out there and surrounds him is the perpetual source of menace and mental instability and non-stasis. He avoids the encounter and hesitates to admit the existence of and encounter with the reality in spite of the voice that rings and reverberates in his ears. In the meantime, as if Lurezia exists hundreds of miles away from him instead of sitting right next to Septimus, a voice calls his name, tries to wake him up from the delusional self-exploration where he is perfectly content and perfectly happy until he finds the voice of the other, the other with whom he fought and went to the plains of Thessaly, the land of the faeries and nymphs and the original source of Shakespearean Delphi and eternal dream world. He is drowning in his dream and phantasmagoric changeful world where nothing is stable or remains in stasis, as he clings onto the rock, the stable source of surety and certainty, without which he fears he disintegrates. He reaches for one and still he is unable to hold onto it, or rather the stable source that presumably exists right next to him, even that becomes illusory and it, instead of his being, disintegrates, as the voice calls his name

and given its *raison d'être*, skillfully explained and analyzed by Joseph Hillis Miller in his "Mrs. Dalloway: Repetition as the Raising of the Dead," which appears in *The J. Hillis Miller Reader*, Julian Wolfreys, ed. (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2005), pp. 169-184.

over and over, which begins to sound ever and more distant and fainter. But surely the time is mature and ripe for the secret of the universe to be revealed, and the parliament or the supreme being is ready and just about to promulgate what the secret is to the whole nation or ready to whisper to his ears only. With that recognition, the exquisite and ultimate beauty descends upon the world, or on his psyche. Interestingly, in conjunction with the Greek locale where the tremendous and traumatic incident happened, truth and beauty seem to combine themselves into one universal truth, which not surprisingly hearkens back to Keats' poetry, "calm and reasonable as it was, made out of ordinary things as it was, was the truth now; beauty, that was the truth now. Beauty was everywhere."

But intercalated with the peons to beauty and truth, Septimus hears and sees all the phantasmagoric scenes and objects turning into any other possible kinds of things and shapes. The milieu and the weather that are supposedly gentle and soothing and he seems to be completely immersed in them and all of a sudden the images of the dead, the devastation, all the disfigured shapes and contorted shapes start to appear, to emerge from his long deceased friend and war companion, Evans, which appear and pullulate the space that develops and opens out in front of him. All the sounds and the noises that remind him of the day's peaceful random events and mundane events that evolve and transpire in front of him and around him, and then suddenly the sound that seemed to seep out of the depth of his memory tries to come out and to be simultaneously sucked into the tavern and ooze out of the tavern, what a English scene that suddenly pushes out of the corner of his memory, or is it a piece of reality that gradually and suddenly coalesces in front of him, in front of his waking consciousness, is that what he suddenly and abruptly is reminded of? The phantasmagoric shapes and objects that mysteriously erupted from the interstices of his deeply buried memories, are they simply transmogrified and transliterated shapes and objects that merely are modified by his waking and very conscious mind? Is Septimus is he himself responsible for what seems to have been transpiring in the broad daylight out in the street of London? But he is not entirely sure where he is? Is he in the field of Thessaly, buried and surrounded and caressed by the flowers, the bombing raids and explosive fireworks, and the dead, the grotesquely disfigured bodies and the ravaged landscape that opens up in front of him. And most of all, what has happened to his friend, Evans, the mainstay and best person to understand his true sentiment, most advantageously situated to read his inner mind and sentiment--what has happened to you?¹² Even the

¹² After all, Virginia Woolf's main project in creating the fluid inner landscapes of the various characters, such as those appear in Mrs. Dalloway, is to delve into the depth of

birds change their shape into a human, is that what he is experiencing? What reason is there for a mere bird, a number of them and group of them suddenly taking shape that is not what they are supposed to represent or embody. A cry of help is what Septimus needs but the only one who is capable of stretching her hand and can soothe him, and tell him where he is, what he needs to do is his partner, his young and adoring wife from Italy, Lucrezia. Is it time to leave the scene, or what he hears and interprets as the most mysterious of concept wherein he once again safely locates himself and brings him side by side with his friendly compatriot in the cruelest of land and landscape he has experienced, the war and the devastation and the separation from the land of the civilized and solid democracy and monarchy? Why did he pull himself away from the comfort of his home and safe abode and homeland and have to endure the savagery and pains and killings that surely took place in the midst of conflict where he was himself involved and rendered senseless and robbed of common decency simply because it was required of him. Simply make himself recognize that it was time to fight and time to fall in love. But Lucrezia, the girl he met in the land of Renaissance and operas and less advanced democracy--is that what it was? He met her but she simply disappears from his consciousness and the voice that calls out to him to remind him of the time to retreat and time to go on another journey to seek peace and conjugal bliss and build a life of their own. His mind wanders off and the reality that putatively surrounds him and his young wife and others—all of them continually conflict and clash with each other, leaving the individuals and the connective entity, the lynchpin of human existence and human sanity, ever adrift. But somewhere in the wake of that ubiquitous, and possibly only hope for human sanity, sanity that connects a community of people, there is a woman who nonetheless feels extremely unhappy and left out, “But I am so unhappy, Septimus,” says Lucrezia. The voice, the one voice that recalls the strength and ever

their psyche and to dig deep into the core of their mind so that they will be adequately explored and fathomed for the reader as well as the author to be able to come to grips with what constitutes their existence and how they are impacted by the external and internal elements they are constantly bombarded with and come to terms with the existential issues of what it means to live and eke out a living in the changeable and ephemeral and phenomenal world they exist. Her sexuality may be another factor, as noted by Shirley Panken, that influenced the way for the author to see and develop the world that has coalesced in Mrs. Dalloway and other works she produced, but the two themes, developing and exploring the inner workings of human existence and all those variables that inflect and reflect the unseen corner of their mind, may be intricately connected as each unilaterally as well as bilaterally and reciprocally, and subtly, influences and inflects the way various aspects of human psyche are manifested. See the subject further explored by Shirley Panken, *Virginia Woolf and the “Lust of Creation”*: A Psychoanalytic Exploration, (Albany, NY: State University of New York Press, 1987), pp. 115-124.

present conscious flow, that unites and pulls every single one of the discrete beings and existence together also reminds that ones like Lucrezia are also ubiquitous and they will never be brought into the circle of community of people who are truly, or felt, part of the corpus that is made up of, paradoxically and logically enough, of the discrete and discrepant consciousnesses that drive the narrative forward.

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意識の多方向性と流動性、そしてナラティブの非確定性について

Virginia Woolf の作品の中で意識は各登場人物を中心に絶えず拡散し、そして収束する、あるいはそのような概念として定義、展開されている。この論文ではその意識の流動性、そして（その流動的な意識に影響されたナラティブ全体の）非確定性を時間的・空間的非連続性に特徴づけられた世界において次々と展開し、そしてその中で成長拡散する意識の具象化した登場人物の意識下（意識の中）に直接入り込むという形、つまり Woolf の呼ぶところの Tunneling Process（を逆に辿る）という方法で追及し、意識の多方向性と流動性、そしてナラティブの非確定性について検証してみた。