

# 琉球大学学術リポジトリ

## 意識の流れとその拘束からの脱却

メタデータ	言語: 出版者: 琉球大学教育学部 公開日: 2016-10-20 キーワード (Ja): キーワード (En): 作成者: Taira, Katsuaki, 平良, 勝明 メールアドレス: 所属:
URL	<a href="http://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12000/35565">http://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12000/35565</a>

## Flight of Imagination and Departure from the Stream of Consciousness

Katsuaki TAIRA

The flowing consciousness, or expanding conscious horizon, it could be either or both at the same time in the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway, that is what the reader is subjected to as he entangles himself and allows his mind to be subjected to the effervescent and transmogrifying overall subjective and overweening uber-consciousness, or which might be called an overwhelmingly directional will that carries the mind of the reader along no matter which direction the reader intends it to be carried or no matter whichever direction the uber-consciousness is willing to carry it to, unwillingly or willingly, and the readerly mind is moved along and suddenly realizes that he is in and part of the horizon that incessantly expands and transmogrifies into something completely unexpected, that is what strikes an overlooking third party as transpiring in front of him and all around him and simultaneously in the mind of the reader, as he tries to put together continuous bits of senses that are purportedly and intended to be digested and ingested and comprehended in the conscious mind of the reader and made part of him as he tries to make sense of the bits of meanings that are ever changing and yet fixed in his mind at the same time, albeit they autonomously transmogrify and turn themselves into something other than what they seemed to assume and coalesce, significationally, even a second before. Since the meanings that arise from the textual field that the reader faces and which is situated in front of him, may mean one thing and could transmogrify into something completely different, in totality or as independent segments that make up the former, one could be legitimately allowed to constitute them in a manner that may suit his mood and sentiment at any given moment. By investing the coagulated bits of significance in, or deriving such from, the textual field or whatever the text in its totality, or in its discrete segments, give rise to, one may inflect and modulate and at the same time trace the intended path he was supposedly encouraged to take as he struggles to engender meanings and new and ever changing possibilities the text suggests to him. At the same time, it may be a brave attempt to trace and swerve off to a world that may or may not be suggested by the authorial, or the uber-conscious intent, and creates the reader's own narrative field or world where he is liberated and free to dwell on a possible and potential narrative landscape that self creates and recreates by dint of his will, paradoxically, or more like

catalyzed by his own conscious inflective emotion that is put in motion thanks to the fluid and transmogrifying and ever fluid style and semi-coagulated totality the textual field gives rise to every passing moment.<sup>1</sup> Tracing a parallel narrative, or even multi narratives, or attempting to give rise to a world that is tangentially related to the world that is at the same time directly pertinent to Mrs. Dalloway, or that which is occasioned by the conscious interaction and conscious expansion, which after all is the world of Mrs. Dalloway, the reader is allowed to glimpse into and further explore the narrative landscape of a privileged housewife of a parliamentarian and a psychologically dependent soul who manifests as Mrs. Dalloway, dependent on someone whom she believes leads her in the right path, or whom she considers will surely fulfill her sexual and psychological desire, consequently and possibly allowing her to settle the unsettling and disquieting disequilibrium from which she often suffers, unfortunately. My intention, what I would like to accomplish and attempt, in this essay is to trace the ramifying trajectories of the narrative and give rise to the possible paths that could arise from the momentary stasis or open-ended phases that fluidly grow and expand and connect one conscious moment to another. It could be better described as an exploration of the parallel universe, parallel in a sense that everything that arises and occurs in this essay, I should have said every single incident and conscious phase that is explored, is a gate to other possible ramifications that might as well coalesce as a consequence of the inter-connected series of events, both conscious and physical, that take place in the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway, which in turn spawn and engender ever ceaseless narrative sequences that could or might as well happen only in an idiosyncratic and overexcited mind of a reader poring over the narrative.

As it so happens, Peter Walsh is forced to, or rather chooses to mull over what had preceded as he sits on the bench or loiter around in the middle of the city, a city he remembers as a site of much passion and the city where he would rather have stayed

---

<sup>1</sup> It may be instructive to posit two time frames that are equivalent to and constituted by the conscious flow individual characters partake of and departs from every passing moment as they delve into the inner core of their being in search of all possible ramifications of narrative and conscious flow, and by the timeframe that dictates and prevail over the external world that both connects individual beings who remain distinct and discrete thinking selves and yet exist through the self-propelling and distinct and autonomous flow that is oftentimes tantamount to the uber-consciousness that penetrates through the narrative and evolves in spite of and because of all the individual conscious flows or conscious beings that are foregrounded at any given moment. Interaction and interconnection between the two may be construed as giving rise to all the phases of narrative complications that manifest in the narrative over conscious flow or chronological evolution. See the argument on the two timeframes, or inner and outer time, developed by Paul S. Fiddes in *The Promised End: Eschatology in Theology and Literature* (Oxford, UK: Wiley-Blackwell, 2000), pp. 115-147.

except for the memories, the momentous events that took place, involving him and Clarissa and others, who subtly and not so subtly impacted their life or his life, as much as it pertains to him and Clarissa.<sup>2</sup> The sadness he felt at the sight of the daughter, and Clarissa who obviously has undergone so much transformation and transmogrification, but in a way not a whit changed over the years she has been in existence in his mind, all the while when he has been away from the great metropolis and away from the cultural center he could have been part of while he actually lived in India and managed to tie a knot, or contemplated to tie a knot with somebody else's wife. Is that what he really wanted? Or is it a choice to fill the void his departure from his home town the great city of London and the precious memories he gained through his interaction with the most precious and dearest person he will ever know? Suddenly the site and venue where all the precious and valuable memories, or rather the place where all the memories originated from, where all the momentous events occurred break forth through the temporal barrier and appear to him as if they happened just yesterday. Is Peter awake or all the memories and thoughts that rush to his mind, are they merely a phantasy and imaginative creation his overexcited mind incessantly creates and gives rise to, perhaps in order to compensate for the void he otherwise will be helplessly struggling to fend himself off from, or the incredibly harsh and nerve racking loneliness the void is inevitably associated with. He seems to be sleeping and dozing off and forgetting the raw and cruel treatment he received and it may be the only way to avert the psychological and emotional collapse he could think of after so many years away from the metropolis. Why did he come back to London anyway after such bliss, or promise thereof, and a potential renewal of life and resumption, or the happiness that seems to be promised by the lady he met on his way to India? Is that what he really wants,

---

<sup>2</sup> In the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway, the city of London, inclusive of everything that constitutes it, plays numerous roles that may be fused together or function as individual elements that impact the inner core of the characters, who are brought to the fore at any given moment. In fact, the city scape that is being recognized by the being in action, the persona in the center of the narrative stage may be identical or at least similar in functionality to that of the seeing consciousness that is constantly brought to the fore or surface to the narrative textual level and they intermingle with each other or interact in such a manner that their essential cores are brought on to impact each other, resulting in a spatiality where anything is possible and yet nothing coalesces in a mental and physical phase where one can pinpoint and define, or definitively tell, what is actually transpiring. They are rather coexistential functionalities in a way that are coincidentally brought together to give rise to a sensation and experiential phase each character in the narrative scape undergoes, imprints and impacts and lets himself impacted. See the argument pertaining to the city scape and the individuals who appear in the novel and their interaction and the conscious phases and unique spatiality that result from it, being argued by Hana Wirth-Nesher in *City Codes: Reading the Modern Urban Novel* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1996), pp. 181-202.

though? He is not sure if that is indeed the outcome he truly hopes and wants after a brief encounter and re-encounter with Clarissa, in spite of the indifferent treatment he received at the hands of his former lover? Is she or was she truly in love with Peter? He is sure of nothing at this stage, particularly after the proud manner Clarissa exhibited as she introduced her daughter, This is my Elizabeth, is that what she said? Even the mention of her name, perhaps more the way she introduced her put irreparable distance between him and Clarissa.<sup>3</sup> The face of the daughter and her mother nearly overwhelm him and leaves him incapable of rising from where he is laid down. Or perhaps he is laid down and incapacitated and numbed and hampered by the weight of the memories they evoke, Clarissa evokes rather, as her daughter did not exist at the time, the period of his life which is time and again harkened back to. Even when he resided in India and even with the prospect of meeting his newly found bliss, or the lady who promises it, the face and remarks that flowed out of the lady enchantress at the venue, the memorable and unforgettable venue where all the spiritual and psychological energy converged, leaving him at the mercy of the lady he was ready and willing to serve for eternity. But the inconsequential remark he made, which left an indelible mark on Clarissa's psyche, "looking at the vegetables?" is that what he said at that important juncture when Clarissa was apparently absorbed with a momentous thought that could have had an incalculable impact on his life as well a decade or merely years later? They could perhaps have been united and lived happily thereafter. The tantalizing thought coalesces but he is compelled to negate the mere possibility of the union between themselves, because he was and still is essentially different from Clarissa. The fact that she was settled with a conservative and unexcitable politician by the name of Dalloway,

---

<sup>3</sup> The role of Clarissa as a party giver and organizer of all the things that go on domestically, putting all the necessary and oftentimes not so relevant matters at the center of her concern, seem to impact or be related to the way she introduces her daughter as emphatically as "my daughter," which obviously elicits belligerent response from Peter. The mere remark of "my daughter" recalls the defeat he suffered and the humiliation he underwent with the new introduction of the character whom he perceived as becoming in the future the central character in Clarissa's life; all the sentiments that are aroused by the simple introduction and simple revelation of the domestic bliss by way of the daughter and through the daughter the bliss centered around both herself and her husband, they are not only the affirmation of the rule and power she exerts over domestic affairs and the matriarchal position she established for herself, but also foregrounds and points to a momentary weakness that harkens back to the moment when she was vicariously confessed to by Peter near the water fountain. In the context of the complexity that is added to the narrative when the domestic aspect of the heroine is introduced to the narrative, particularly in her interaction to Peter, reading and interpretation attempted by Diane McGee seems rather apt and significant. See *Writing the Meal: Dinner in the Fiction of Early Twentieth-century Women Writers* (Toronto, Canada: University of Toronto Press, 2002), pp. 125-146.

then suddenly the mere name evokes the first time he met him and the first time she referred to him by name comes back to him as if it happened just hours before. The vivid and ineffably clear picture of the whole scene that developed there, perhaps involving the boat which the man referred to rowed, suddenly seizes his mind and will not release him until Peter has ascertained the accuracy of the image that revivifies in his overexcited mind. All the elements that contributed to that scene, the mental spiritual energy only lovers could give rise to, is that why he is incessantly and time and again is forced to recollect the scene and potentially exasperating and bitter memories even though Peter Wash knows the thought of them there and then only brings back the regret and frustration he felt watching the new comer stealing somebody who naturally belonged to him. Was Clarissa naturally his own? The quandary he feels he has put himself in only exacerbates the frustration he has been feeling all these years, even while he was in India. Why did he come back to England anyway? Is it to finalize the marriage he perceived as the only way to gain and attain happiness that proved to be so elusive before? But he believes in the power of the mind, the power of imagination. All the conflict and all the passions he felt at that particular moment at Bourton, what resulted therefrom, as far as he thinks and he is concerned, they could easily be re-attained and reconstituted and realized if he willed them to come back. That is what he dreamily thinks as he nearly wakes up from the current half-awake and half asleep state.

But he did not or could not wake up immediately after he thought he was ready to wake out of the gloom he seems to have put himself in. But he continually wandered on through the murky forest that was filled with the trees and mysterious entities and everything he could not explain about. That was his doom and gloom, where he needed to be inside the realm which is not only gloomy but filled with everything, paradoxically enough, he desired at the moment. He wanted to create something mysterious and everything that was possible to derive from the visible entities and not so visible entities, the murky phenomena that developed only in his overexcited mind, the world and creatures that filled out that which spontaneously opened up and evolved in the deepest and most intimate personal space he wanted to claim as only his own but a realm that was shared by the invisible and visible entities, both organic and inorganic that may have been within reach but ever eluded his grasp and comprehension. The evolving and convoluting tendrils of the branches and trunks of the trees seem to stretch beyond their possible reach and over beyond the realm they needed and seemed to be contained, beyond past the border that definitely seemed to keep them within the realm beyond which they were not permitted to grow and reach, across the space and

through the mental and physical shell that safely and securely, or seemed to, protect Peter's being. But they stretched and transformed themselves into what seems to be not quite their being but into something completely different and heterogeneous. The shapes and beings that beckoned Peter to emulate them actually encouraged him to make and create them into the images he wished to create in his mind, the shapes and beings that are associated with the beings he has been recollecting and reinvoking all the years he has been away from London and England. But the forest, the dark gloom or the endless verdant growth that enveloped him seemed to hide the holy grail and ultimate goal he was in search of, or could it be himself who lost his way and desperately in need of finding his way and reaching his destination and goal, which is the bliss he has been in search of all these years? Odd shapes turn themselves into even more odd shapes and they incessantly transform and transmogrify themselves into something other than themselves, or what he was sure was what they were not. The desperately lost and incredibly desolate feeling descends on him and he is forever destined to search for the exit from the dark gloom, like a wandering lost traveler. The lone soul, is that what he is? In spite of the incredible odds, or the fear that overwhelms him at the moment he searches for the light that beckons him and shows him the way out of the dark gloom he has trapped himself in. The lonesome and lugubrious waves washing ashore and the lonely soul who is helplessly lost and pulled by the waves that wash ashore and pulling him back to the deep of the ocean alternately and hopelessly and helplessly.<sup>4</sup> He was a lone traveler that is lost in the vast ocean of the forest, is that

---

<sup>4</sup> Loneliness and isolation of the individual is one of the major themes explored in the novel. That is related to the psychological split experienced by the number of protagonists who appear in the novel, the characters who in turn are interrelated and interconnected as if their beings, their persons are turned into nothing but reflective mirrors that merely reiterate the persistent theme that is explored by the determined and obsessive author, who herself underwent the sense of helpless isolation and battled with it time again, only eventually to lose to the depressive phase that resulted from it. The lonely souls that are overwhelmingly prominent in the novel seem to engulf and affect even the optimistic and forward looking Peter, as he is left to reminisce about the one point and the cynosure of happiness where he and his former and youthful friends resided decades earlier and journey through time into the past is constantly made and it never fails to trigger the recollection of the venue, a symbol of complete harmony and prelapsarian innocent joy, the crucial locus which also determined the course of each and major characters, whose paths not coincidentally cross with each other over and over again, paradoxically foregrounding the loss of harmonious interconnection and innocent joy. See the theme of isolation and sense of desolation and suicidal thoughts that result, discussed by Jeremy Hawthorn in his *Virginia Woolf's Mrs. Dalloway: A Study in Alienation* (London: Sussex University Press, 1975), contained in *Alienation* (New York: Infobase Publishing, 2009), pp. 111-128, compiled by Harold Bloom, Blake Hobby, et al.

how he is feeling at the moment, as he tries to come out of the half-asleep and half-awake state which he wants to leave behind at the earliest moment possible? He is just about to be obliterated from the face of the earth or drowned hopelessly and without a trace and about to sink to the bottomless ocean a hundred leagues below the surface of the ocean. He needs to cry for help or needs to help himself to get out of the predicament. Is it just a dream or is he hopelessly sinking into the dreamless and fathomless phantasmagoric dream world out of which there is no escape? Thankfully, the solitary traveler is out of the woods soon enough. There awaits an elderly woman waiting to search for the long lost son, lost in the desert or some endless expanse where she is ready to venture into and locate his son. Could the son be Peter himself or is he himself identifying with the elderly woman who needs to be reunited with the long lost alter ego in order to reestablish the condition where they feel safe and sound and sane or at least keep themselves buoyed above the water, keep themselves from being drowned and annihilated in the towering wave they find themselves being swallowed in, from becoming a flotsam and non-entity only good enough to be fed to the creatures of the ocean or creatures that prowl around in the desiccated and driest of the desert that spreads and stretches beyond horizon. The horizon that exists in his mind and in his conscious world, perhaps? The figure of the old woman persists, who may be knitting Peter's fate and predicting what might or should happen from the current circumstances he is in, depicting the possible pictures in the woofs and warps and mirrored by the way she knits with her hands. Is the old woman merely an avatar of what he could become or what he might have ended of being as he met his old friend, who aged and at the same time reminded him of the passage of time that elapsed and intervened between now and then, the then when all the passions flew and all the wonderful things transpired there at Bourton. But the annihilation of the soul, the loss of the lone traveler in the woods and desert and over the wide expanse of ocean merely gives way to the long past memories and the images associated with them, which originated and harken back to the long gone days and times that transpired at Bourton.<sup>5</sup>

---

<sup>5</sup> Brining the past and connecting it to the current time frame allows the author to build tunnels behind the character's mind, which effectively broadens and deepens the possible descriptive inner scape in a way that would have been impossible through the old means, which Woolf time again spurned and rebelled against. Chronological continuity and coexistence of the past and present is time again emphasized and the conventional delineation that separates the two is eliminated and in the new space that opens up in that drastic conjuncture of the seemingly separate chronological frames and phases, therein lies the new world Woolf believed and developed to explore the truth about human existence. It is not the artificial division of the now and the then but



In fact everything murky, everything that coalesces in the mind of Peter turns to and directs his mind, willy-nilly, to the place where everything important, the climatic and most pleasant event that took place in his life. It does not matter whether his mind wanders off to the Indian subcontinent or he is forced to wander through the desolate forest, uninhabited murky forest where he is compelled to locate his place and yet never actually allowed to impart where and why he is indeed compelled to walk and wander through the murky and magical land, which inevitably however harkens back to the place all the wonderful things took place there and then scores of years ago. The people and the sites and also sights and sounds that are evoked from the very interaction he is forced to make among the people who gathered there, they develop into the very force from which all the mysterious images and pullulating opaque images arise. No wonder he admits that everything that coalesces in his mind wobbles. Nothing remains stationary but all of them, everything that arises in his mind remains dynamic and on the move and they remain somehow undefinable as they turn themselves into something they are not, something they cannot be expected to assume on their own, except that he needs to apply his magical and forceful imagination to work on them and act on them and catalyze them into, transmogrify themselves into completely fuzzy and obscure and at the same time something transformative and transformed. He finds himself wobbling from one stasis to another, one state to another and only in transition he can fathom the significance of what he is seeing in the images that coalesce in front of him, in his mind's eyes. But suddenly the more prominent images, the superb and sovereign images, or the memories coagulate and gather around the pullulating congeries of entities, murky and opaque beings that gather around his being, that partake of the organic nature of everything that grows around him, organic because they also work on his mind and act on him to remind him of the very scenes that developed scores of years ago but nonetheless they, the images need to wait for Peter to work on them, and to evoke the very sensations he felt at that very juncture to bring them, all of the organic and inorganic matters and mental images together to give rise to the scenes, the magical scenes that took place there and then at Bourton. The wobbly images and the persona and figures that arose and existed and came into being in the casement, which lets his mind wander off to the distant and desolate forest in the gloom

---

pulling them together and the fusion between discrete phases of consciousness and chronological time frames, wherein exists the hidden conscious landscapes where one can, an author like Woolf could, find reality that lies behind the film that hides the inner core of human existence. See the argument and the nature and what the new approach of Woolf pertaining to the concept of time achieved, being developed by Steve Ellis, *Virginia Woolf and the Victorians* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2007), pp. 52-67.

he is undergoing and the casement, which allows his mind to wander off to the distant land that is merely the avatar and transmogrified simulacra of the scenes that took place at Bourton, or could the images and everything that arise in his mind, are they simulacrums and copies of everything that happened there at Bourton and simultaneously the very essence of what really transpired there scores of years ago at Bourton and which Peter is now granted the opportunity to peek in and experience the very experience he underwent there at Bourton, into the persona and figures that still constitute the main protagonists, who color and make his existence as meaningful as it is after his residence in India and after the emotional vicissitudes he went through while he was physically away not only from Clarissa but also from those who made her existence so coruscating and precious. But at this juncture he must necessarily bare and bring to the narrative center stage the very dangerous and explosive emotions he harbored at that very juncture while she remained bashful and shy and blushed at the mention of a prenuptial relationship, which Sally Seton was so nonchalant about and she did not mince words about.<sup>6</sup> But in conjunction with the protagonists, who they are and still are after so many years after the scenes then and there, it was the man, the mysterious man the cynosure of Clarissa's concerns and on whom her attention seemed so focused while it was actually he, Peter Walsh, and Clarissa that actually mattered and between whom real and significant drama actually transpired or would transpire. The man, young and with memorable characteristic features and the man who seemed to leave so much bitter sentiment and emotional residues in Peter, whose looming and menacing figure however seems to or only gets larger and larger and oppresses him and whom Peter still considers irrevocably changed his life thereupon and whose effect is so vividly felt and who is so often recollected even after so many years. The man looms large again and the images and actions that foreboded so much, or seemed to at that time, become ever so more symbolic of what would happen in later years of our

---

<sup>6</sup> Insertion of Sally Seton, the figure and the body of another female Clarissa felt such instinctive connection with, is something intrinsically significant in the formation of the conscious flow and the conscious foundation on which the whole fluid and transmogrifying narrative is based. It is the similar minded soul and body of Sally that draws Clarissa out of the mundane and confined space of patriarchal Bourton and the world represented by it and into the phase of preverbal matriarchal and inchoate spatiality that may be antagonistic to the patriarchal structure represented by her father and the entrenched social structure, which underpins the narrative scape that makes Virginia Woolf's psychological world so unique and deconstructive at the same time. See the argument relevant to the body and matriarchy and the antagonistic structure demonstrated and constituted by patriarchy and dichotomy given rise to by the two elements, being discussed by Patricia L. Moran in *Word of Mouth: Body Language in Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf* (Charlottesville, Virginia: University of Virginia Press, 1996), pp. 67-86.

protagonist as the images ever more wobble and he is perpetually swayed and involved and trapped in that traumatic quagmire. The words that come out of his mind or mouth is, “she is to marry that young man,” which presumably has already transpired and yet he is, Peter is sure of it and has to convince himself that he is still capable of recuperating the paradisiacal and optimistic state and mend the bruised relationship he seemed or Clarissa seems to have caused.

But could it have been mended or could be mended even after so many vicissitudes and after so many years wandering in the subcontinent of India and after so many years they lived apart but yet his mind has been always fixed on that particular pole star that remained stationary that pointed the way for him out of the possible predicament, and yet the pole star merely fixed him to one point and kept his mind shackled with the idea of possible relationship that could have gone on as business as usual? No, that was not business as usual, he rather wanted to keep the course of his life as straight and as moored to the lady he felt so in love and keep his mind completely focused and in close proximity, his being and his physical being, in close proximity to the person who meant so much to him. The entire universe existed because of her presence, because he was going in the direction that promised the only way he could exist and coexist with the person his heart was yearning for and burning to be united with. The whole universe did not mean anything unless he was together with the lady he really cared for, a lady he set his eyes on and who set his mind and heart on fire, but suddenly the intruder appeared and intruded into and disrupted the straight line that kept his course and the woman of his dream, rather the cord and the binding invisible cord that could have kept their hearts together and kept their heart strings vibrating and resonating because they were in unison in their ideas and goals, which is to move toward each other and united they wanted to exist side by side with the whole universe that existed in conjunction with them or by dint of their being. The memories, the important crucial experience he went through, the critical single and every step he took there and then at Bourton and what was the outcome of those steps except that he was completely betrayed and the usurper, who suddenly and abruptly surged from the invisible corner and invisible place he has never known before existed but before he knew it he was there and set Clarissa’s heart on ablaze and she was with him. Her eyes, those beautiful eyes that seemed to promise him the bright and blissful future but now they are turned to the man, some usurper by the name of Dalloway. Sally Seton incessantly made jokes of the scintillatingly fresh sensations Clarissa obviously felt at the time, sensations Sally immediately felt and instinctively knew as burgeoning love, an overwhelming emotion that could only be possible when it is exclusive and when

nobody else but the said Dalloway was in her heart in her romantic world where Peter Walsh has no business to be in expect to be compared with and mocked at and excluded for the pleasure of Clarissa, for her to thrive and exult and overjoy for she is being in love, truly in love, not in a way she has been incipiently and vaguely and childishly in love with him but truly in love, a condition where she felt truly one with somebody who promised a bright future, a future her father expected her to have and others wanted her to enjoy. But they are all part of the memories that make Peter regret the missed opportunities and possible alternatives he could have had and chosen and explored for himself. But those days are over, they happened and coalesced scores of hears ago and he keeps reminding himself they are over and over, but he does not believe they are over even when he says to himself that they transpired years ago. They are still within reach. All he has to do is reach for the crucial movement, the moment when Dalloway suddenly emerged out of nowhere and invited all of them to go rowing. He rowed himself, rather Dalloway did, and the ensuing quiet and loneliness when he was left behind and not knowing what to do except Miss Parry, Aunt Helena of Clarissa's, was there to console him.<sup>7</sup> Or was he so desperate that anyone who happened to show compassion for his situation would have sufficed, anyone, especially someone close to his love and dear lady, who seems to have been moving off to a distant land where she would have been starting a wonderful happy life, starting a family with none other than Dalloway?

---

<sup>7</sup> Loneliness, however, may not necessarily be an opposing concept to harmonious union with others that often (particularly pertaining to the past moment that is harkened back to time and gain) constitutes a rather nostalgic narrative ethos of Mrs. Dalloway. As Valerie Reed notes, strangeness or being strange or being a stranger to others may be an essential condition of life and ineluctable necessity of being alive to eke out an existential life, which may be the only alternative available to all the characters in the narrative Virginia Woolf develops. The two seemingly diametrically opposed concepts may in fact be reconciled and the fact that they could be allowed to prevail, simultaneously, over any condition the personae may exist in tells a lot about the nature of the story that evolves. They are seemingly irreconcilable, which in fact is the reason why characters feel so isolated and constantly brought to face the insurmountable barrier that blocks their selves' unchecked progress and evolution and yet which simultaneously shields them from the others, or whatever harm that may result from them. But they in fact inhabit in space where they or rather their consciousnesses freely merge with each other's and they exist in a stream of consciousness that allows them their being and existential meaning, without which they may not be able to even eke out their living or existential existence but also their very nature and identity may be in jeopardy. The paradoxical nature of the two seemingly diametrically opposed concepts may be contrasted or inserted into the contextual environment where linearity and cyclicity and circularity of their existence are constantly bound together and each one is given its meaning because of the inseverable coexistence and ineluctable connection between the two. See the argument thereon developed by Valerie Reed in *Mournful Welcome: Strangeness, Tragic Lamentation, and the Poetics of Modern Hospitality* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2008), pp. 149-196.

Elizabeth, that is why the daughter he met for the first time popped up, or needed to barge into his conscious horizon, Elizabeth, an avatar, another avatar who reminded him of the younger carefree days before the arrival of the father of the daughter. The sweet images of the past overlapping with the images of Clarissa and Elizabeth rush back to him and force him to go through the last and monumental parting from Clarissa, or the moments thereof. The wordless parting and yet it was enough to keep him away from her and her family as long as he is destined to until his arrival and current sojourn in London. There is only regret and not recuperating and recovering of the time that elapsed since then except through the emotions that fill his heart and incessantly bring him the immediacy of the sweet and bitter and youthful passionate encounters with the younger selves of himself, Clarissa and others who influenced the trajectories of his life and Clarissa's from then on.

The more he tries to forget all those moments that transpired then at Bourton, the more tormented he becomes and more keenly the memories come back to him, inundating his mind with the vivid bits of concrete information and incidents that happened at Bourton. There is no getting away from those moments, the memories and those bits of incidents and ingredients that constitute those memories, or those which gave rise to those memories, recur and fill his heart as he stands or sits in the street or by the street of where he is at this moment in the year, shortly after, relatively after, the end of the great war. Everything seems to be intertwined, and as soon as he tries to distance himself from those moments that occurred there at Bourton, they come redounding back to him. And before he is aware of it, his mind is traveling back to the cause and source of the memories, the place where all those momentous events took place, each and every concrete and vivid scene where he and others and Clarissa inevitably arises and brings him back to the moments he needs to distance himself away from and yet ineluctably drawn back to. The tears his departure from Clarissa caused and the incredible romantic energy that arose from her encounter with Dalloway, the casual and facetious remarks Seton made, causing every one of them to laugh, and her insistence and her persistence to repeat the jokes until Clarissa becomes exasperated and frustrated and finally takes offence at the silliest remark that, according to her, does not deserve to be repeated any longer than she has already repeated. The frustrated energy is not only there inside Clarissa's heart but also somewhere between them, Clarissa and Peter, particularly the frustrated emotions Peter felt at the inevitable departure of his love and dear Clarissa. Little did he expect to be robbed of his dearest by a complete stranger until Dalloway became an integral part of Clarissa's life and an intruder and transformer of his and their relationship, involving himself and

Clarissa and Dalloway as well in a tangled web of complex relationship, until Sally Seton inevitably intrudes into the tripartite relationship, Sally Seton who is none other than the woman Clarissa momentarily flirted with or seriously fell in love with, the source and object of incipient love, the person Clarissa did not think would be falling in love with, but such love and romantic efflorescence between them occurred before her attention was shifted to Dalloway. What did her father and aunt think of her love, or that which Clarissa considered as such? But at this point it does not matter for a person who will eventually propose to her, a man she eventually marries, who emerged from beyond the horizon, outside the world of her own where she felt content and happy just mingling and cavorting with the likes of Peter and Sally and others of her youthful days.<sup>8</sup> But all those innocent and at the same time passionate days came to a head, or changed completely, with the appearance of Dalloway. But what an emotional outburst it, the newly found relationship with the future politician and statesman evoked and invoked and triggered in the people who used to surround her and used to give her pleasures and joys and innocent bliss. In the jumble of and outburst of emotions lies the seed of eventual romance, a new romance that leads to a new phase of her life and a new phase of Peter's life. That is what causes him to reminisce and ruefully mull over the moments he spent at Bourton, forcing him to recollect that which could have happened and would have happened. The memories are so vivid that every single protagonist of the scenes that evolved and developed at Bourton, including a nonentity, someone not worth even mentioning appears from the corner of his mind, his own mind and allows him to revisit the momentous scenes that need to be, however, visited and revisited in

---

<sup>8</sup> As Elizabeth Abel points out, the sphere demarcated and represented by the nostalgic name of Bourton may be a utopia for Clarissa and others, who perfectly shared her sentiment and ideals, which Clarissa frantically and unconsciously pursued particularly in her youth—utopia in a sense where feminine representation and feminine dominance is supreme and Clarissa felt perfectly happy being feminine and a woman not because she would eventually marry the man she thought she liked but because she was able to have fun and have time together with such free thinking and innocent and at the same time passionate soul like Sally, who did not mind running down the hallway naked, expressing the sheer joy that was contagious. Clarissa could not respond in any other way but admire and emulate, if she could, the soul, the purest and most feminine of them of, personified in their midst by the name of Sally Seton, the person of Sally, which might as well have been the cynosure of happiness, the concentrated essence of happiness and purest femininity she could ever find and experience. On the theme of femininity and the euphoric and utopian paradise only women of the same idealistic goals could achieve and attain, albeit which is perhaps abstract and does not necessarily exist on a concrete level and yet which involves flesh and blood of the same mind and same ideals and who are the upholders of the same ideal goals, see Elizabeth Abel's *Virginia Woolf and the Fictions of Psychoanalysis* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998), pp. 30-44.

order to trace the trajectories that eventually led him to the abode of Clarissa, or rather her husband's, just hours ago. Who did he find there but a daughter, an innocent and proud daughter of both Clarissa's and Richards', who after all were destined to be united in holy matrimony, which ironically Peter needs to emulate at this point by consolidating his ties with the lady in India, allowing her freedom and eventual separation from the other man she has been bound to for the past years. Even the thought of the woman in India, however, reminds him of the blissful years he could have had with Clarissa. Ironically, revisiting the site and sight and the moments when he and Clarissa and Sally Seton ran into Richard Dalloway is the means through which he could achieve his nirvana and possible culmination of happiness that might have been and could have been his as well as Clarissa's, only that revisiting the site and sights of his youth inevitably brings the chagrin and anguish and bitter and sweet love and the fruit thereof, which could have or rather he could have tasted except that Dalloway suddenly and abruptly intruded into his unspoiled world with Clarissa and abruptly snatched her away. But his world needs to be spoiled and destroyed by someone who is completely different than himself, someone who was raised in a different environment than he was raised and accustomed to have been living. When Richard appears Peter's innocent and naïve hope for the ultimate bliss promised and dangled in front of him by Clarissa was shattered and yet at the same time it was eternally preserved and to remain an unfulfilled and therefore fresh and tantalizingly achievable, albeit ever receding, goal. All the wishes and hopes he kept and wished would be possible with Clarissa bubble up and vanish and only to bubble up again.

The unreality and reality of what might have been and could have been recurs and comes back with a vengeance in front of Peter and others who happen to share the same space in the middle of the park, in the middle of the city. They collide with each other, all those constitute the environment where all those participants eke out their space and existence and living in the confined space of the city and park and living quarters and all those who and which constitute the external stimuli which could arise at the slightest provocation and convocation of the central consciousness, the one who is and happens to be in the midst of the whole thing that may be referred to as reality and the universe and the environment that surrounds and make the characters as they are, contribute to what they are, all the jumble of existential presences that come together and result in, rather surprisingly, a bit of reality that might as well be happening over and beyond the confines of Peter's consciousness. It happens to be a little child who is playing and trying to escape the confines of the nurse who keeps an eye on her and yet the child is desperate to expand its active horizon, for after all she exists and her

freedom that she forces to win out for herself is the abstract images of the space where she would rather find herself in. She needs to be protected by all those familiar faces but her nurse and her mother and her parents that happen to be there by the small child and her presence, they all disappear from her mind and all she needs to do is to eke out her own space and be away from all those people who constitute her being who defines what it means to be born in the city she finds herself in, the city all the other characters happen to have congregated and now converge for no reason at all but they are drawn by the invisible energy that is only guided by the unifying and divergent forces which nonetheless continually pull them together toward the center that is forced to arise by the central consciousness that determines after all who they are what they mean to each other in the space they find themselves in.<sup>9</sup> The little child happens to bounce back from the protective hand that tries to keep her as confined and protected as possible, bounces from her hand and reaching the complete stranger who happens to be there, someone relatively new to the city of London but constantly recalling the moments and those days when she yearned to be there, that beautiful city located to the north of the city she was born in, the city that northern city where only the civilized minds inhabit and exist, the civilized minds that definitely include her husband. But what an awful thing it is that the most intelligent and most enlightened mind she thought existed in the whole world turns out to be a mind that is capable of twisting and transmogrifying the reality that may be constituted on an aligned and perfectly predictable series of planes, where all the expected things happen in a manner that is only predicted and expected to transpire because it is an orderly series of planes and spheres that, put together give rise to the most mundane and orderly and expected events and situations a confined mind like Lucrezia could aspire to imagine and

---

<sup>9</sup> The issue of divergent and concentric energy that exists in the sphere of Mrs. Dalloway is carefully analyzed by Jean O. Love. The primordial unity, or what the author calls mythopoetic unity, preexists before and throughout the narrative and what seems to be the divergent strands of episodic flows in fact eventually converge with the forces that ineluctably pull everything toward the path of the naturally flowing uber-consciousness and the end result thereof is the conscious unity, or the resolution of divergent strands into one unified whole. The divergence in unity theme is visible not only in the history of one individual but also in all the individuals and all the personae that enter and exit and reenter the narrative landscape throughout the story. That partly explains the concentric circles that seamlessly coalesce at important nodes in the narrative, such as the areophane scene and the mysterious automobile and motorcade scene with a possible royalty inside, where all the disparate forces or individual beings are brought to the fore and pulled into one harmonious whole that is in turn brought to bear upon the uber-consciousness that dictates the way narrative whole progresses. See *Worlds in Consciousness: Mythopoetic Thought in the Novels of Virginia Woolf* by Jean O. Love (Los Angeles, California: University of California Press, 1970), pp. 145-160.



conceptualize. But the mind that transcends the mundane, the mind that is capable of imagining more than and better than what is and needs to happen and what needs to constitute the mundane and orderly, the superbly refined mind of Septimus is capable of constituting and reconstituting the world that is completely unexpected and yet that functions and evolves in a manner that is extraordinarily evanescent and beautiful. Lucrezia merely deplores the day when she decided to marry and follow her love and ideal gentleman, who she thought was an epitome of English intelligence and civilization that is concretized and epitomized by the person of Septimus. The name itself should have been a predictor of what was amiss, however. The unnecessarily Latinate name, an idiosyncratic curious name that should have given away his true being, true identity, but at the time there was no predicting the future development that awaited her, the development of her relationship with the perfect gentleman, a man who was tantamount to what English nobility stood for what it meant to go back to the land where Roman armies brought the incipient orderliness and discipline that coagulated and coalesced as the northern powerhouse and intellectual powerhouse, a land and nation that was destined to lead the whole civilized Europe after the devastation of complete European civilization, or nearly the collapse of what the best and most beautiful Europe stood for or Europe as a whole produced, fending off barbarism and brute forces that nearly killed and destroyed the best and most beautiful European civilization gave rise to. It was, Lucrezia thought, English values that saved the continent, Christianized Europe and England was the destined ruler and leader of the best and the most beautiful, that which Europe should have stood for and what the possible Italian renaissance strove for and could have produced if it was let and allowed to pursue the beautiful experiment it was initially granted to pursue and lead after the demise of the Roman Empire.

But what ugly and unexpected consequences resulted when Lucrezia actually moved to the land of the intellectuals and the land of the gentlemen and nobility. They were nowhere to be found, or rather the one person, the only person she regarded as the ultimate savior of her, saving her out of the doldrums of the country life in Italy, bringing her and granting her opportunities to be basking in the glorious history of England and allowing her eternal happiness, eternal satisfaction where she could be happy and blissful and blessed for years to come. But what has actually happened was, she surmised, he was transformed, he was turned into some sort of monster, muttering mumbling and seeing things that did not exist, as far as she was concerned. She needed to get out of the predicament she found herself in. She needed to be back in the backwater of her home country, the place she spent her innocent blissful days,

nonchalant and blissful because she did not know any better. She needed to be released from the doldrums of the bucolic background, countrified and sedated environment where nothing unexpected, nothing untoward happened, or could not have transpired, except that one day suddenly out of nowhere a gentleman by the name of Septimus materialized and thrust into her sphere of daily and mundane life, excluding all the concerns she had, all the obsessions she had preceding the arrival of the gentleman, the princely figure, a blue-eyed, fair haired perfect gentleman from the north. Is that what she wanted to happen? is that unexpected event and turn of event is that what was to happen, is that what she indeed looked forward to? But in light of the strange remarks and strange behavior, which attracts such unwanted attention of all those who come close to them, those strange remarks and those obtuse and abrupt responses Septimus exhibits surprise her and at the same time alienate her from all those secure psychological moors she has cultivated throughout her life--secure moors that were or used to be tantamount to the familiar hills and forest and friends and family, all the nonchalant and innocent nondescript conversations she had with her friends, whispering to each other until the princely figure who appeared over the horizon and proposed to her abruptly and obtusely and unexpectedly. All the juxtaposed and contradictory thoughts arise from her untrammelled imaginative mind and let her wander off to the moments when she could still choose one thing over another. She might as well stayed there, feeling blithely happy and unadulteratedly and puerilely joyful except that she needed to get out of the environment that seemed to confine her to the rural and unsophisticated world where she should have been content should have stayed without thinking of the worlds beyond the Asps and beyond the confining and, paradoxically enough, liberating Mediterranean clime. All of a sudden, the face of the dead comrade flashes through Septimus's mind and the focus is shifted to the grizzly scenes and memories when Septimus enjoyed momentary and yet truly unadulterated friendship with Evans. An unadulterated friendship that is equivalent to the innocent and undiluted joys Lucrezia experienced before the gentleman from the north suddenly appeared and crashed into her life, except the features and the expressions of the dead friend, dead comrade simultaneously thrust into the deep core of Septimus with ever vivid imprints they could make on a man who witnessed the explosive death only a battlefield could give rise to. The sedate and serene face of his comrade is now transfigured and turns into the transmogrified shapes and movements of the trees and men and women who happen to occupy the public realm Septimus himself occupies and the two, the face and the person of Evan's and everything that incessantly flashes through and intrudes into the liminal ken of Septimus intertwine with each other and

they become one or fuse with each other or diverge and transmogrify separately and synchronously and uniformly away from and into each other, terrifying Septimus and vicariously Lucrezia. No one in the right mind needs to put up with such scary and indescribably incomprehensible turn of events. The only thing the only way Septimus could deal with the exigency that suddenly and abruptly arises at the moment is to seek the ultimate escape from the whole thing.<sup>10</sup> Cutting off the tether and ligature that connects him to the living world, the momentous excruciating pains and momentous incidents, and go beyond and over to the world where there is only peace and serenity, cessation of the ever approaching ever increasing menace that has been persecuting him ever since he underwent the horrid experience with his comrade in the field of Thessaly. Lucrezia notices it and she knows and intuits what he is in search of, what he has been moving toward ever since and even before he met her there in Italy. Suddenly the idyllic rustic scenes turn jagged and diluted and soiled and marred by the presence of the figure that she initially identified as the ideal knight errant, but now in retrospect coalesces as a completely destabilizing force she needs to get away from at whatever cost.

It is not her, Lucrezia, who is and remains in the center of the landscape where all the narrative strands weave in and out of each other and evolve in a manner that is satisfactory to the charters in the story and the eavesdroppers and the consciousness that resides both outside and inside the narrative sphere. It is the other party than Lucrezia who is more and more brought to the fore and to play a more prominent role. He simply usurps and takes over the role Lucrezia played, or rather his consciousness played and exerted control over the narrative scene and in its stead places himself in the dominant center stage in the middle of the narrative, as he mulls over the skinny

---

<sup>10</sup> The indescribable fear and the threat Septimus incessantly feels he faces is somehow linked to the all-seeing and robotically rational and objective functionality and the mind of the psychologist he has been consulting. As Donald J. Childs argues, the seeing eyes and omniscient mind of Bradshaw is connected and linked to the panopticon type incarceration, or rather incarceration that is accomplished through the aid of the all-seeing prison system developed and talked about by Jeremy Bentham, and the penetrating and relentless pursuit of the mind, which is feared and cold and cuts through the mind of Septimus, is associated with the unsettling fear, self-generated surveillance that is applied to himself by the fearful mind of Septimus. The connection between the prison system that was famously argued by Foucault and the all-seeing unsettling and self-generated surveillance that is conducted by and on himself in the mind of Septimus may well be interlinked and the link between the amorphously and metaphorically connected modi may well be brought to the fore. See the argument developed by Donald J. Childs pertaining to the theme in *Modernism and Eugenics: Woolf, Eliot, Yeats, and the Culture of Degeneration Cambridge* (UK: Cambridge University Press, 2001), pp. 38-57.

and ringless finger with the evocation or attention he or Lucrecia brings to her own emaciated fingers. It could as well be Septimus who is watching and observing Lucrezia concentrate on her own figure and emaciated finger and hands and lets her remark the divisive force the relationship between herself and Septimus exerts on her and Septimus, or it could be the other way round. In fact the focus shifts to Septimus and rather abruptly it is Septimus who is watching and starts to exert conscious influence over everything that surrounds him and over all the elements that seem to engulf and envelop both him and Lucrezia and others who happen to reside in the coexistential sphere that includes the invisible and visible elements that recursively influence and affect their existential selves as they incessantly develop into something else other than they have been and they were merely a second before, that preceded the current moment that resulted by the passage of time that both controls and yields to the conscious move generated by the protagonist and protagonists who exist in the middle of the narrative sphere at this moment. Septimus observes and deducts and predicts the outcome that is inevitable, or at least so he thinks, from the way his partner of the previous years or the current partner who sits next to him, from the emaciated fingers and the ring, the ring he gave to her as a symbol of eternal union eternal love he was willing to bestow on her. But those days seem such a distant memory and if she is unconcerned about taking off and discarding the ring that precious ring that bond and symbol of bonding between the two, then it only means one thing, eternal separation, the irrevocable parting from her, a partner he thought he would accompany for the rest of his life. Or so the ring seemed to symbolize at the moment when he avowed the love the eternal love and the love that he assumed guaranteed eternal salvation of his soul and his being and his existence or the intelligence that lets him eke out his being in this confined and yet potentially liberating space he spent his short years with Evans and then others, who he thought would promise eternal and restful existence in this troubled and troublesome world he happens to be born into. The ring and the disappearance thereof simply meant only one thing, severance from and the willing departure of the woman Septimus considered eternally his and eternal companion of his being and person and company of his restless life and restless itinerary of his life. But suddenly, he sees her turning into something other than she is supposed to be, turning into and transforming herself into something other worldly, existing in a sphere that should not exist conjoined to the world he does, sitting in the corner of the park, watching people go by and a little child banging against him and Lucrezia. Then the trees turn into something other than they are supposed to be. Abruptly and completely unexpectedly their leaves rustle and waver and flutter and change themselves into

something not verdant. They rather change into something organic, living and antagonistic. Or they are trying to convey a message that is life changing, an ultimate truth he needs to know because he is the one who will partake of the ultimate message, the most important message that will completely change the way world is run, the most fundamental essence and key and truth that is the base and omega and alpha of everything that constitutes the world as Septimus has known it. Then, rather bathetically, a dog, at least something in the shape of a dog, approaches him, appears in front of the pair and brings the attention of the two to the living reality, a bit of mundane reality that potentially destroys the rarefied and abstract and ethereal philosophizing attempt on the part of Septimus to make the world a part of the embodied secret, corporeal entity in which everything is part and parcel of the ultimate essence and ultimate element, or coagulation thereof, leading him on to the stage where he is allowed to look into the world that is beyond the pains and sweat and where he does not need to see or does not need to be brought face to face with the ugly reality of dropped and slipped and disappeared ring or emaciated fingers of the woman who he no longer recognizes as the one he momentarily felt in love with, or the cataclysmic encounter or ghoulish experience and encounter with the living dead or the dead beckoning the living to the explosive end to their being. Everything in his mind is in turmoil, as he watches the leaves and trees turn and evolve and twirl and turn and gyrate around him and beckon him to come and see the world beyond the veil, everything remains and turns and invites him to the world of turmoil. His head turns and he feels giddy, perhaps, no wonder the dog, a bit of reality, a sign of hard-edged reality needs to intrude, otherwise he will lose his mind, or has he lost one already, is that what Lucrezia perceives and observes? The transition from the state that develops and to be embedded and moored to the world that is filled with love and familial condition and surrounded by the people who naturally love him and have warm feelings toward him, from there to the cold and lonely and desperate and exasperating dissolution of his being, is that what Lucrezia perceives? A state where nothing holds its own, nothing to be held to the center, loss of equilibrium, loss of normal self, normal sense of being moored to the world that is sentient and tangible, a world that is only moored by love, inexplicable and yet unconditional and profound love.

Everything is in flux and Septimus is in the midst of it. He cannot control his whereabouts or his fate but is simply controlled and submerged in the flow of things.<sup>11</sup>

---

<sup>11</sup> The fact that he chances upon and visits and revisits the image of his former mate and fighting companion Evan is another sign of the timeframe and time, and the idea of time, in flux. Without any reason or psychological premonition he is thrust into the world that materializes over the horizon over the plains of Thessaly when a bomb

Nothing that surrounds him seems to be interested in interceding on his behalf. He merely sits and remains where he is, not knowing what to do. Except that he needs to have this sense, he is rather assaulted by this keen sense of getting himself extricated from the tangled webs that bind him onto the moment. The scene evolves and develops without making him any better or making him any the wiser. In the meantime a dog and for that matter all the objects, or any one of the objects that happen to meet his gaze turn themselves into something completely different that they are supposed to be. A dog, even a dog turning into a human and challenging his sense of being in the midst of tangible objects, a sense associated with ascertaining and evaluating what the objects really signify what they entail what impact they have on him, on his psyche, he loses the sense of assessing everyday object as they are but engulfed and transported into a strange dimension where everything every single object negates what they really are or ordinarily considered what they are and they contradictorily turn themselves into something they are not. Soon flowers, vivid colored, red flowers, red petals engulf him and envelop him, he does not know what those unexpected images of petals red flowers signify, but abruptly absolutely out of nowhere they coalesce except that Evans who appeared out of nowhere, completely unexpectedly from the murky planes of Thessaly, rather mountainous landscape where ragged landscape sturdy trees and bushes could grow, out of that penumbra of landscape where he himself happened to be at, fighting side by side with Evans, but all of a sudden his dear and most trusted friend was blown into smithereens and vanished into thin air. He was left to fend for himself, not knowing what to make of the existential conundrum he immediately faced at this very difficult juncture, but time ticked on and time passed and he is here back in England, married to a young Milanese girl by the name of, what was the name of the girl he married to? He cannot remember who he married and wherefore? Those younger romantic days are over and they seem to have vanished and receded into the penumbra of the Thessalonian plane where he fought with his comrade and best friend. The best

---

suddenly exploded and Evans, his companion, was blown into smithereens. But his image, the memories involving Evans, keep coming back, reversing the flow of time or overcoming the physical flux of time (which Septimus, a living being, is just a part of), the flow to which he contributes with his being and from the core of his being, but the sudden concussion and the brutal severance the bomb achieved or seemed to have achieved is constantly rebutted by Septimus, albeit it may be unbeknownst to himself or simply an unconscious act he cannot help but reflexively engage in. The memories that are centered on the momentous event may be merely his valiant attempt to recoup the wholeness that existed before the cataclysmic event that forced itself between the two. More on the realistic, or visual, depiction of the inseverable psychological bonds that exist between the two, see Emmett Early, *The War Veteran in Film* (Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland, 2003), pp. 121-123.

comrade and friend who was blown to bits and supposed to have vanished from the face of the earth, however, keeps coming back to him. The image of him, the ghostly image of Evans who unbeckoned, thrusts himself into his liminal ken, his sphere of consciousness, surprising him and nearly pulling himself into the penumbral other worldly sphere where the ghostly figure, his former friend and comrade exclusively belongs to, the penumbral sphere is the sphere Septimus actually exists at this very juncture while he simultaneously sits and breathes and feels his existential self next to his young bride and wife from Milan. Do they, himself in the midst of London, his wife newly introduced to a foreign land, who seems to be so despondent, why is she so despondent why is he sitting next to a woman he longer recognizes as his bride and wife? Are they properly betrothed and are they destined to be one and inseverable couple happily married and living their lives happily ever after? Indeed, is he part and parcel and important constituent of the happy figures that constitute the twosome, the inseparable couple, two in one and one in two, does he really signify that being who exists at this present moment sitting next to Lucrezia, the name of the young bride from Italy, and at the same time ever receding into the penumbra of Thessaly, together with Evans, a comrade and friend who keeps coming back simply because Evans deems he and his friend and comrade properly belongs with him in the battlefield, fighting on the side of the right and victorious, bringing the fateful truth, the life altering truth, life and cataclysmically significant news that needs to be proclaimed through the proper channel, perhaps proclaimed and imparted to and by the prime minster of England. No, it does not even take prime minister of England, because he could easily stand for Prime Minister and he could be and should be the one who receive the important message first hand and first and foremost conveyed to him, for he is the one who will be staring into the mystery, life altering mystery, a deadly and dreaded secret that alters the course of cosmos and entire human race. Septimus is nearly sucked into the vacuum, the other side of the real universe, the real life where Lucrezia and others passing by, even those who might be having very relaxing moments in the taverns and pubs that are full of patrons and customers, when the noise that wafts from those distant establishments reach his ears and he seems to respond, or he seems to be momentarily given the opportunity to pull himself away from the penumbral world of Evans. The red petals and red viscous blood in the form of red flowers flow and bloom everywhere, springing through the bodies and objects that surround him and the trees and stems and leaves flutter and shiver and reciprocate and express his desire to be away from the sphere he feels trapped at this moment. As soon as he finds the potential exit from the whole penumbral gloom, Septimus is pulled back by the ineluctable force and pulled back...

into the water to drown. He has this nagging sense of being drowned and drifting off, alone and helpless and hopeless and with it a fear, an uncontrollable fear comes that grips him, driving him nearly mad. Or is he already deprived of sanity?

The trees and birds and grasses and everything around Septimus and Lezia turn and whirl and gyrate, leaving them as they are, as they are constantly drawn to the precipice of insanity but yet managing to cling on to the side of sanity. Birds and flowers and people all around them, they are ready to be assaulted and struck with a sudden inspiration and yet suddenly there is a announcement, sudden promotion of annunciation that the universal truth will be revealed soon after they are reconciled with each other, or is Septimus merely imagining, for he can never be reconciled with his wife, if at all. The only one he needs to be reconciled with at this moment is rather the one who has supposed to have vanished from the face of this earth, without a trace as he was blasted into bits and smithereens in the plains of Thessaly where birds also flew and flowers also bloomed, except that flowers and birds that supposed to have blessed the balmy and propitious days to come for all the people who existed on the face of the earth, on the contrary they foretold the coming war coming disaster, blood represented by the petals flying, the corpse pierced by the delicate flowers, the stalks sticking out of the bony and fleshy bodies that lay across the plains of Thessaly. But he is there in the middle of London, in the midst of civilization, for the war is over and he is back to his home land. He brought his young bride from Milan to be properly married and seek a fulfilled and blissful days in his own and eternally civilized island nation called Great Britain. Suddenly, a sinister figure appears from the corner of the scene and in spite of his insistent to be gone, in spite of his command that the sinister figure be gone and disappear from the face of the earth, it comes closer to the two of them, to bring them or rather him to the world of the dead. He does not wish to be taken to the dead, regardless whether it is the closest of friends he found in the Thessalonian plains he resists and protests to be taken away to the world of the dead. He would rather stay with the young bride in the world of the living. Yes, that is where he is and he wishes to reside, surrounded by the familiar faces and friends and old and closely knit circle of relatives and family and friends. Or is it Lucrezia who is dreaming and wishing she would rather be there in Milan with her friends and family and with those whom she had known since childhood, with the people she felt so close to, the people she feels she can still talk to and tell what is wrong with the newly married man from England. Why is she with a young man she felt she fell in love with and whom after such brief months and years she no longer recognizes? A young man she would rather escape and get away from? The miseries and no revelatory truth comes out of the presences of the two in



spite of the protestations and the conviction Septimus has at this moment, a conviction and gut felt truth that overwhelms him and yet the truth he needs to face and experience for the sake of his own integrity but also for the whole human race. Suddenly, the awkward sensations felt between the two is transferred and interpreted by a mere passerby, a person who is supposed to have no knowledge or is no relation to the two, the sensations are transferred and felt by him as if they were his own. As it so happens, it is Peter five years away from the civilized London, civilized England, after spending so many years in the tropics in the subcontinent he is back and everything he sees strikes him as new and fresh and makes him wonder why he could have been so far away for so long from the source of civilization and the city and country that is the center of the whole world. He wonders but the thought of the personal complications and the reason why he decided to come back and his mission, an immediate mission and ultimate mission to be in the city, back in the city, all the memories and thoughts intermix and weave with each other and the sight of the two young couple who obviously are having such awkward moments, all of them reawaken the young romantic moments and sensations he felt with none other than Clarissa. Clarissa, a woman he for some reason had to see straight away as soon as he arrived in London and what disastrous moments and encounter he had with her and her daughter. Only bitter defeat and awkward and jealous reminiscences the encounter evokes and forces him to go through one more time after so many years after the actual talk transpired there at the water fountain at the memorable site there near the water. In fact, the thoughts of the young couple, the thoughts of Septimus become those of Peter and they are prolonged and amplified and injected into the mind of our protagonist and relived with fresh insight and perspective, only that the source of the thoughts that are relived seem to be derived and originated in each and respective persona and yet those congregate personae the thoughts flow from and to seem to be one and continuous and at the same obviously heterogynous as they are severed by temporal transposition and change that constantly occurs as the narrative progresses. Or could it be that even the temporal progression is both simultaneous and yet expansive and discrepant in each phase?

Whatever the state of mind Peter is in at this very moment, all the congeries of thoughts and ideas rush through his mind. He is merely a medium, an intermediary that allows those thoughts to pass through him, in a manner that is once removed from the real moments where they actually took place, as he lies and sits on the bench that happens to be around in the park, or he may be walking through the park or by the park, it does not matter, the important thing is to be stimulated and made to recall the thoughts and all the variegated scenes and phases of nuanced experiences from the past

and let them pass through his mind. Could it be the incident involving his beloved at the time or all the thoughts that happen to arise from the depth of his mind, completely unrelated to the actual scenes and incidents that took place there at Bourton or incidents per se that happened and yet unrelated to the locale, which seems to hold such prominence and significance in his mind and around which everything seems to evolve and everything ensues from and repercussions being felt even now, after decades from the moments when those important things transpired, but the faces of the immediate past, or rather the faces he came across as he came back home to his old England as he transitioned from the subcontinent, both physically and mentally, all the way to the old and merry England, the faces of people, who did not mind making themselves up in broad day light—all those memories interweave with each other and mix themselves up with each other and constitute one jumble of opaque and yet insistent and persistent ingredients that make up Peter's past and present. The change, the drastic change that seems to have taken place since the days when he and his friends exchanged ideas and had fun together, even the nonchalant and innocent exchange of words, which sound and seem so scandalously indiscreet and candid but they in comparison to what seems to be the norm at the moment, meaning the images and faces and those ethos and practices that have become the norm now, and the timeframes they belong to, the two timeframes that are so discrepant to each other, the contrast and the difference the divergence from one to the other reminds him of the passage of time and the vast crevice that separates him and others who belonged to the time decades earlier, the cliques and friends and groups of people who enjoyed and had their youthful ebullient joy and enjoyed themselves there and then, epitomized by the symbolic and the most joyful moments at Bourton, but the discrepant and unbridgeable crevice that separates him from the then and now overwhelms him, reminding him that he has become part of the past that will never come back and the alienness of the present that will never become part of him and yet he lives in the moment, in the very moment that finds him and his ilk aliens and creatures that actually do not belong to the moment.<sup>12</sup> The comfort and

---

<sup>12</sup> The divergent phases of consciousness, or the characters the uber-consciousness resides one moment to another or simultaneously, may be one reason why the narrative of Wool's masterpiece assumes such opaque and indefinable characteristics. They may be manifested one way but simultaneously they may be presenting themselves in a completely different signficatory manner, which the readerly mind absorbs and interprets in a way that fluidly gives rise to a plethora of mindscapes residing in chronological nodes or trans-chronological nodes, which may be either disjunctive to each other or completely continuous from one phase to another. As the characters are delved and developed and interpreted in the mind of the reader they assume a breadth of signficatory spatiality pullulating with conscious phases of various characters and that becomes contrary to the plotline that putatively progresses unitarily and

ease with which he existed in the past comes back to him as if the friends and personae that lived in the past are the only ones who will bring solace and peace to him. But at this very nostalgic moment what suddenly arises from the depth of the past moments of the irretrievable past is the idea and image and face of someone who was least expected to become the person who will eventually turn out to become the most conventional one that has ever existed on the face of the earth--a persona that has so much importance in the life of Clarissa and the person who cavorted semi, or completely, naked in the hallway of the residence at Bourton. The most unconventional creature, and the most iconoclastic one to the boot, that ever existed then and there turns out to be the most materialistically successful one amongst the people who congregated there at Bourton. No one knew or expected she would eventually attain and amass the status and fortune connected and derived from the person she would tie herself to, when the idea of transition and unexpected turn of events nearly bring tears to his eyes because the time that elapsed and passed will never come back, the irretrievable moments that transpired between then and now, the vast gulf that lies between then and now will never be overcome, except through his imagination, through recollection of the moments all of them shared, those younger selves who nonchalantly and innocently cavorted and spent time together, those transient moments that nevertheless seemed to last forever. Nothing remains still nothing remains the same even for a single passing moment and yet for the moment you are in it everything seems to last forever, that is what makes him connected to the past and at the same time torn between then and now. The dithering scenes, the opaque and blurred moments that kaleidoscopically run through his mind come and go and never remain the same, never remain statically.<sup>13</sup> Yet he is

---

directionally according to the time honored thesis propounded and developed by Aristotle millennia ago. As Edna Rosenthal notes, Virginia Woolf's novel is something that rebels against the thesis and allows the inhabitants of the narrative to overtake the relational strategies that either evolve along the timeline from the beginning of the story through the middle and to the end or in a circularly manner, which either gives rise to a definitive outcome (of that particular phase or larger node of the narrative) readers mull over, or which leaves them unsettled for the story does not indicate how it is to be interpreted. See the argument on the plotline of the traditional authors, the overwhelming number of authors who followed the teaching of Aristotle throughout the years, and that, or non-plotline, of those who rebelled against them to comprehend the fleeing emotional nuances or interrelational subtleties, which in itself needs to be placed in the center of the narrative, according to authors like Woolf. See the argument pertaining to the subject developed by Edna Rosenthal, *Aristotle and Modernisms: Aesthetic Affinities of T.S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens and Virginia Woolf* (Portland, Oregon: Sussex Academic Press, 2008), pp. 93-113.

<sup>13</sup> The murkiness and the non-static nature of the scenes that take place, both internally and externally, may be related to or rather interpreted through the idea of manic-depressive phases the author herself experienced in the course of her life. The

forever moored to the locale and moment where that gravest incident happened, perhaps he needs to be in the pendular and oscillating moments and only therein he finds his own significance and reason for being and that is where he thinks and is convinced he is able to find the secret to the ultimate bliss he has long been looking for.

The pendular moments are the moments where he is perfectly moored and feeling secure and able to recollect himself and recollect the perfectly happy moments together with Sally, Clarissa and others of his youthful days--friends and the youthful bunch who gathered at Bourton and ever dreamed of what might become of them and what they would accomplish, or doubted whether they would at all be able to deliver on the promises they made to others, the promises the empty promises they proudly made to each other, but the true nature they putatively revealed of themselves to each other turned out to be, except for a few cases, rather empty promises and rather not what they actually turned out to be, or they just betrayed others' expectations and yet they could not help themselves. The reason why Peter left the homeland, good old England and spent so many years in that torrid subcontinent, among the people he could not possibly mingle on an equal footing, but he eventually persisted and insisted to be away from the old home, where all the civilized events were taking place, where the old good and mellow memories originated. And suddenly, the memories of Hugh, Hugh Whitbread enter his mind and he is recollecting as much about him as he possibly can recollect, not only about him but everything pertaining to him, even the personae whose fortunes seemed to hinge upon the way Hugh would turn out in the end and eventually and the people who incalculably affected the way Hugh would turn out in the end and his relationship with Sally, most of all. How she despised the way Hugh was brought up, and how she predicted the lowly unaccomplished Hugh and his family would be able to recursively produce a man who is a mere nincompoop, someone she could as well

---

bipolar dithering and oscillation she lived through are famously reflected in the way Septimus experiences his world and it is also mirrored by the way Clarissa goes through her life, at once moment feeling quite secure and content and another moment, without any apparent reason or any premonition, losing her composure and feeling left completely solitary and not knowing what to do or how to address the innumerable issues that incessantly crop up all around her. The oscillating dynamic and indeterminate narrative development is mirrored in the way each character confronts the world, again both internally and externally, as he ekes out a living and tries to interpret the ever changing phases of his life and others' lives and make sense of them and tries to turn them manageable for himself or at least make them as innocuous as possible so that he could deal with contingencies that constantly or threaten to arise at any moment. The bipolar condition the author had and the chimeral reflection thereof in her work is meticulously described by Thomas C. Caramagno in his *The Flight of the Mind: Virginia Woolf's Art and Manic-depressive Illness* (Los Angeles, California: University of California Press, 1992), pp. 185-243.

despise with impunity because he deserved such treatment and such lowly estimate by an accomplished woman like Sally. Because she knew everything and she was clever in a sense that one calls someone clever without her actually possessing rarified knowledge or attaining higher education but because she was a kind of person who was naturally endowed with the skills and knowledge to discern who was good for her and who was likely to succeed in the worldly sense, or not only in the worldly sense but in the truest and most refined way possible. Hugh is merely good at acting, imitating the manners of the upper class and that is where Sally judged he excelled, the sphere where he would be perfectly and perfunctorily able to function in the way he was expected to function and being a robot and mere automaton, perfectly capable of responding in the way he was expected to respond and act, even in such a rarified venue as the upper class residence or royal court that Sally was certain Hugh would be able to hold a job and thrive and persist in keeping his employers happy. He might as well be kowtowing before high ranking officials and keeping his position as promising as possible, because in a constrained and fustian world of the court he is merely content to be what he was, a mere robot mere pleaser of the upper class aristocrats, who deemed him nothing but a dispensable figure that happened to be filling a position that could as well be filled by someone else whom they chanced their eyes upon and chanced to be pleased with (albeit with his demeanor and his prepossessing manners he was most likely to charm them all). Instead of the lowly bred and yet aspiring persona like Hugh, they might as well have requested and hired someone born into the gentry and kept him or her as their most obsequious and most eminent and best bred courtier, which Hugh might not have been by birth but which he worked hard to turn himself into. That is honorable in itself but, Peter hesitates before even contemplating upon the prospect, the prospect that never materialized and will never materialize, the possible or rather the impossible union between Clarissa and Hugh. Hugh was perfectly happy to be married to Evelyn and the invalid woman kept him company for decades since they met in their youth, but they have known each other for eternity since their childhood. Clarissa admitted to that and she also valued Hugh for being such a perfect bureaucrat, a perfect courtier, carrying the crested portmanteau, rather showing off what he has achieved and that was enough to make Clarissa remember what had transpired in the past -- the perfunctory and casual remarks putatively solicitous about his wife and all the fund memories that involved not only his wife but also Clarissa. Peter, once again the perspective is from Peter after the rambling recollections about Evelyn, Sally, Clarissa and others who congregated at Bourton decades earlier--Clarissa might as well have married Richard, he was a good natured, patient and understanding man, who pushed

Peter out of competition and in retrospect, he is happy that Clarissa opted for Richard. He and she would never have gotten along with each other. Such a willful girl and it was not in him to be as solicitous about her as Richard was. Besides being a person with such acute sense of what is right and what is not right, he was too sensitive to all kinds of things, and compared to him Richard was a bit dull, or lenient (he could have conceded). He did not assess or critically evaluate anything, nor did he pass any judgement on people who came around him, or whom he came across. Richard was in other words rather laissez faire and allowed Clarissa to have her own way and was content with the way others treated him and others treated Clarissa while Peter could not bear watching her being so ignorant and willful. He could not bear watching her being so pampered and snobbish. Born into an educated wealthy family did not entitle her or give her complete freedom to have her own way all the time. She needed to be brought under control and he was responsible for bringing her under control. Under his control, he is forced to confess. And his mind wanders off in all directions and the overall consciousness, that which flows through the narrative from the beginning to the end, which accompanies it or is identified with it--they try to pull each other apart and in the meantime the external and internal stimuli incessantly keep impinging upon both so that in turn they give way to the ever new and unique development of the mind world, the process which gives rise to and constitutes an important core of the fluid and ever changing and evanescent world of Mrs. Dalloway. Perhaps the indeterminacy and fluidity and transmogrifying landscape of the conscious world of the narrative is the one that constantly is brought to function and create and evolve in its unique and unconstrained way to give rise to the ensuing and endless phase of the narrative, which further spawns evanescent and ever transmogrifying and interpretatively indeterminate landscapes--which in fact make up the whole of the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway characterized by its multi-directionality and evanescent opacity.

#### Works Referenced

- Abel, Elizabeth. *Virginia Woolf and the Fictions of Psychoanalysis*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998.
- Caramagno, Thomas C. *The Flight of the Mind: Virginia Woolf's Art and Manic-depressive Illness*. Los Angeles, California: University of California Press, 1992.
- Childs, Donald J. *Modernism and Eugenics: Woolf, Eliot, Yeats, and the Culture of*

- Degeneration*. Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2001.
- Early, Emmett. *The War Veteran in Film*. Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland, 2003.
- Ellis, Steve. *Virginia Woolf and the Victorians*. Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2007.
- Fiddes, Paul S. *The Promised End: Eschatology in Theology and Literature*. Oxford, UK: Wiley-Blackwell, 2000.
- Hawthorn, Jeremy. *Virginia Woolf's Mrs. Dalloway: A Study in Alienation*. London: Sussex University Press, 1975.
- Love, Jean O. *Worlds in Consciousness: Mythopoetic Thought in the Novels of Virginia Woolf*. Los Angeles, California: University of California Press, 1970.
- McGee, Diane. *Writing the Meal: Dinner in the Fiction of Early Twentieth-century Women Writers*. Toronto, Canada: University of Toronto Press, 2002.
- Moran, Patricia L. *Word of Mouth: Body Language in Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf*. Charlottesville, Virginia: University of Virginia Press, 1996.
- Reed, Valerie. *Mournful Welcome: Strangeness, Tragic Lamentation, and the Poetics of Modern Hospitality*. Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2008.
- Rosenthal, Edna. *Aristotle and Modernisms: Aesthetic Affinities of T.S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens and Virginia Woolf*. Portland, Oregon: Sussex Academic Press, 2008.
- Wirth-Nesher, Hana. *City Codes: Reading the Modern Urban Novel*. Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1996.

#### 意識の流れとその拘束からの脱却

Mrs. Dalloway のナラティブの中心では様々な登場人物がその主観的世界へ埋没するというパターンが繰り返されてクロノジカルな時間軸上における非直線的な物語の展開がなされているといえる。そして、ナラティブの構造的そして内容的核はその流れに起因する流動的な意識の渦の中に自己を埋没させるその主体で構成されているともいえる。この論文ではあえてその渦を伴う非直線的（意識の）流れの中から脱却し、新しい主観のパターンと方向性を模索するという脱構築的ナラティブのフレームワークに拘束された意識の超越を試み、物語の新しい可能性の開拓を試みる。