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Mrs. Dallowayと流動的具象的現実

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Fluid and Fixed Domain of the Real World

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A fluctuating consciousness that is at one point in the narrative vicissitudes, in the narrative framework that transfuses itself into another phase of a narrative entity, as it manifests in a completely and nearly similar phase of itself but in a transposed state from the one that it is presented in in the current form, that is the mystery and charm and wonder of Mrs. Dalloway, as the reader goes in synch with the unpredictable flow of the story, in synch with every movement of the aggregate of the narrative consciousnesses, which bundled together constitutes the entity of the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway. It is not the words or the distinct time frames that demarcate and define one part of the story from the other, one manifestation of the story from another but the transfusion of each into another, which may or may not be related to each other but nonetheless asserting their supreme independence from each other materialized as a mere phase a mere contingency as the reader moves along with the flow of the uber-consciousness, which could be posited in the narrative theater that opens up in front of his imaginative and conscious ken not merely for its absolute necessity but perhaps because of its use to facilitate better understanding of the fluid narrative that develops in front of the reader's consciousness. The flow that could be determined by all the variables that define the way the narrative flows and narrative manifests in its present form, which continually moves along not only one chronological axis but a multitude of axes that may not be simply determined by the temporal flow that could indeed be defined and recognized as manifesting as temporal passage but involves everything transpiring in the narrative framework wherein disparate and multiple of elements are allowed to define their existence but wherein they merely and evanescently pop up and evaporate without any prediction and predictability and wherein the flow merely keeps on going and merely prolonged for all the contingencies and happenstances that insert themselves into the narrative landscape that pops up in the story at any given moments in particular psychological and conscious shape and hue. As it so happens, the disembodied voice of Peter defines and at the same being defined by the external events and incidents that aggregate themselves into something recognizable, the eventual outcome of the encounter that took place years before, dating back to the youthful days of Peter and Clarissa, harkening back to the momentous point

at Bourton near the shore, and also at a moment scores of years hence and merely a flash of space of time before, virtually in the present moment when he returns to London and without any justification or without any prompting except for his own instinctive reflex to see the love of his youthful days, the best friend the mind and face he has cherished all these years since he parted from Clarissa, in other words to see if she still returns the same passionate sentiment and emotional response he himself is ready to bestow upon her and evoke and invoke at moment's notice as soon as he is thrown in the path of Clarissa.¹ The mind's trajectory, Peter's mind's trajectory, is the narrative flow at the moment and the contingency and arbitrary nature of the content that culminated in his passage from India and departure and return to London is the narrative and the gist and content of the narrative that fills the narrative space as the space is abruptly filled and saturated with the content of Peter's desultory thoughts, which naturally and ineluctably are turned toward Clarissa. In this essay, I will pursue the random and unpredictable trajectory of Peter's thought and see if there is regularity or see if I will be able to find something elemental that could enhance my understanding of the way a mind controls and fills the narrative space in any creatively satisfying manner. A psychological insight I gain may lead me further onto the journey where I will be enabled to grasp and predict the further trajectory each consciousness that is delved into and focused on takes and develops. An insight I gain will hopefully enable me to predict and elucidate the way human mind multitudinously works in a given frame of time, or rather, most likely, in an indefinable way human mind expands and responds in given circumstances.

As soon as he was back in London, and as soon as he met his old love and old flame his mind wanders off to the immediate and mundane concerns he needs to deal with, to eke out a living and to simply survive on a day to day basis, to sustain him through the long arduous days he will definitely have in a state he is in, in a state where he is undecided whether it was the best decision to be together with Daisy, the woman he thought he was destined to be united or was it merely on the spur of the moment

¹ Recuperation of the past, the glorious and fond moments that took place and seem to have transpired in the long distant past, may be one of the symptoms of the narrative, or themes of the narrative Clarissa embodies in her yearning to hearken back to the adolescent and youthful moments she spent with her friends at Bourton. In fact Bourton may as well symbolize or exemplify the paradisiacal phase of anyone's life that transcends death, and the party that is emerging over the horizon every ticking moment may as well signify the symptomatic motif that emerges and disappears from the face of the narrative as it develops on both conscious and subconscious levels. See the subject of death as it unfolds in the narrative being discussed and its significance as it pertains to the narrative being dealt with by Amy Charlotte Smith in *Powerful Mysteries: Myth and Politics in Virginia Woolf* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2007), pp. 104-132.

when he needed to be distracted from the thought of the lady he fell madly in love with, the momentous event that took place in the premises of the property in Bourton, for the name Bourton is synonymous with the happy young and energetic days, the faces of his youthful companions and the complications that led him on to meet Richard, Sally Seaton and, of course Clarissa, with whom he had an unusual conversation near the water fountain. But all the minor and insignificant details that bubble up from the corner of his mind verge and merge with the immediate concerns he was forced to think as he went in and rebuffed by the cold and indifferent treatment he met at the hands of Clarissa, who simply and impertinently introduced him to Elizabeth, and Clarissa said meet my dear Elizabeth, how cute she is, the product of her love for Richard. Needless to say, Peter knows who Richard is, the agony and the jealousy he felt when he met and encountered the young lad as they rowed away in a boat and he was left alone and received commiseration from the aunt of Clarissa's, who kindly enough came close to him and asked whether he was busily occupied or whether she could engage him in a meaningful conversation to let his time to let it pass innocently enough to let him forget the pangs and agonies he obviously suffered as he was left behind and felt he was completely alone and isolated and forced to go through the agony of defeat. What defeat, he might have asked? But of course not being able to gain the ultimate bliss he felt he was entitled to simply because he had been allowed to cross paths with the shining and brilliant person he has ever met, albeit Clarissa may have lacked a bit of imagination and he, or rather Clarissa on her part innumerable times reminded others that Peter would not have granted her the freedom to live the life she wanted to live. Freedom, independence and personal integrity, without being encroached upon by any other being even the person she felt passionately and madly and instinctively in love with and close to, that is what she wanted most as she lived from day to day and enjoyed every single second of her youthful and pleasure filled days at Bourton, or for that matter, wherever she happened to be at at that particular juncture in her carefree days scores of years ago. But the immediate concern of Peter is of course how to find a job, a mundane a concern as that and who would be kind enough to introduce him to the right kind of contact so that he could land a proper and well-earning job before he ends up spending all the money he earned through his hard work in the Indian subcontinent. Or was the whole enterprise of coming back to London worth all the trouble, which may as well have been a cue for him to recollect the bitter disappointment he felt as he failed and lost miserably in his war over the person he felt so passionately and madly in love with? How about the humiliation he felt at the hands of haughty or, intellectually petty and stuffy Richard, who pushed him away from his pursuit of reaching the person, the

ultimate goal of attaining the ultimate bliss? Is he going to ask him to find him a decent job, after all these years of wandering and wondering, after he suffered such contumely and humiliation? Has he lost all the self-respect and self-importance, which or rather without which he would be simply reduced to no one absolutely no one that might as well be forgotten for the rest of miserable life or obliterated from the face of the earth, or reduced to a mere mite that may or may not have existed on the face of the earth? All he could do at this awkward moment is to reminisce about the oddities and idiosyncrasies of all the characters who made his life as satisfying or as miserable as possible even then, at Bourton as Sally took off her clothes, or walked down the hallway near naked and earned the well-deserved comment from Clarissa's aunt, who deigned to engage him in a heartwarming conversation, or an attempted one at least?² Why did Clarissa force him to take a close look at Elizabeth, the remark rather emphatic and forced one at that, but nonetheless seemed a natural one for Clarissa, saying and telling Peter the dynasty she is building all depends on the deepest love she felt for Richard or Richard felt for her? But the passionate moments and passionate confirmation she gave to Peter at that moment in the past at Bourton? Was that for nothing? Did she mean anything as she manifested an awkward but nonetheless very private recognition of inception of love, a burgeoning love, as Peter commented on the cabbages and the incongruous romance that developed or supposedly were associated with them by way of the ambience the evening scene was supposed to contribute to the whole setup?

But the present moment brings its exigencies and pressing issues, which Peter

² The integral part of the character of Clarissa and others for that matter may be constituted by the destabilizing and concomitant binary elements that threaten to put the integrity or the wholeness of character of Clarissa and others in jeopardy. But the instability, the destabilizing factors that contribute to the wholeness of characters of Clarissa, Septimus Smith and Peter Walsh may as well be the factors that make the dynamic narrative of Mrs. Dalloway alive and convincing and appealing to the reader. Clarissa's lesbianism, for instance, is a tendency that makes the wholeness of Clarissa so interesting and convincing to the readership but at the same time that is a factor that drives the narrative line forward from the past through the present and into the future and makes the narrative as exciting and interesting as it seems to be to the reader as he involves himself in the ever transmogrifying tale of consciousness propelled through the chronological trajectories that converge and diverge as they pulse through the narrative scenes. See the binary nature of the story, the binary characteristics of the personae that may be contrasted with the future oriented offspring of Clarissa's, Elizabeth, and yet wherein the seemingly destabilizing components that nevertheless propel the narrative forward with so much force with its innate complications and paradoxes are the major ingredients that make the narrative as meaningful and signifierly important, which is partly an argument developed by Sara Elizabeth Jordan in *A Garden Party for Spinsters, Queers, and Whores: Gender Performance and Nature Imagery in the Novels of George Eliot and Virginia Woolf* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2007), pp. 49-71.

needs to deal with in order to survive, in order to eke out a mere living, to live in the moment and survive. Utilizing his knowledge he learned through his education, he was more than adequate when it comes to teaching little things, perhaps Latin or partaking of knowledge he accumulated through his schooling when he was young. He was young, indeed at one time in his life and with the thought comes the odd moments and little things that linger in his mind pertaining to Clarissa and Richard Dalloway. Who knew that Clarissa would be taken with the man, who was not particularly intellectual? He was not actually suited for politics, rather he was more suited to be strolling down the country path, handling and walking a dog. But the thought of a dog was enough to suggest the episode he once witnessed involving Clarissa and her dog, the dog that got entangled with an object and was nearly his leg torn off. But of course there was a hero or rescuer in sight in the person of Richard, who suggested that no matter how grave or serious the case may be there was a way. All she had to do was to listen and obey his instructions and then everything would be solved as if nothing untoward had transpired. And she immediately believed him, or so Peter thought at the moment. He was ever an eavesdropping assessor, a passerby, someone on the sidelines who intently gazed upon whatever happened nearby and assessed whether the characters involved actually responded to each other, talked and understood each other as the two parties involved presumed they did. It was his responsibility and his passion and his inclination that forced him to predict the outcome of the two personalities who happened to be brought together and who were allowed to cross their paths and thrown to each other's paths and what resulted was something magical, or was it?, albeit an outcome he regretted and he did not actually wish would have transpired or ensued from the mere accidental meeting of the two, who are so discrepant and different in personality and character and the way they were brought up was quite dissimilar according to Peter, or so he assessed. Peter could see he was the one, who innately and perfectly and implicitly and seamlessly understood and sympathetically grasped the nature of Clarissa's each emotional and behavioral response as she reacted and encountered all kinds of personalities, including Whitbread. Could the two, instead of Clarissa and Richard, could they have been meant for each other? But they were acquaintances, and have known each other since early childhood and understood each other and conversed in a manner that was reserved, for now, well has been reserved in a way, that inherently separated them from each other, after all their circumstances were so discrepant and their personality was so heterogeneous, but deep down, both of them or at least Clarissa knew she could unreservedly confess to him whatever happened to be on her mind and got rid of the qualms and frustrations that deterred her from opening up and out to the

wider unreservedly spontaneous self and merely spread out in the innocent and purest of and truest of her self, be herself and be true to herself and to others, perhaps, that was what she thought *vi-a-vis* Whitbread, or that was what she thought Whitbread could essentially allow her to be. But Richard, he pampered her, he allowed Clarissa to be wrapped up in a privileged disguise where she did not have to be herself, she could as well be the disguised and wrapped up self which she could make out in any way she wanted, as long as it was pleasing to herself and vicariously pleasing to others, including Peter. Or was Clarissa in disguise, emotionally and psychologically as pleasing to Peter as she might have been to Richard? But after all, neither Richard nor Clarissa was deeply intellectual. They were merely pampered and well-educated disguised selves who tried to be somebody else than they could ever be truly themselves for. Good natured, well-wishing perhaps sincere and courteous people, that was what Clarissa and Richard might have been. Not definitely not on the par with Peter in terms of intelligence, innate or earned, perhaps Peter is more willing to be inclined to go for both, or more likely to be convinced that he was after all superior to either of them on both accounts. For a person who confesses to be desperate to eke out a bare basic living, someone who desperately needs a job to keep him going, a side-glance observation on his friends, or at least those whom he knew very well in his youth, betrays his unreserved conviction that he was the center of and absolutely the base and basis on which every value needs to be assessed, or rather all the characters who came close to him needs to be evaluated by. Listen to the flippant and insouciant rather class conscious and superior intellectual tone as Peter reminisces about Richard, perhaps strictly in connection with Clarissa:

He was a thorough good sort; a bit limited; a bit thick in the head; yes; but a thorough good sort. Whatever he took up he did in the same matter-of-fact sensible way; without a touch of imagination, without a spark of brilliancy, but with the inexplicable niceness of his type. He ought to have been a country gentleman — he was wasted on politics. He was at his best out of doors, with horses and dogs...

But all the thoughts turn to Clarissa and her relationship with himself and all the others who surrounded her as well as himself.³ He after all cannot get rid of the

³ It is instructive to note that every character who holds a prominent place in the narrative is intended to be delved into by way of other characters who position themselves in conjunction with or in the vicinity of them. The character who may be simply a passerby or who may have developed an extremely close relationship with the other is the one or the congregation of personae are the ones who elucidate the nature and the inner core of the characters to be explored by way of them, or by the way those surrounding peripheral characters are to be interpreted. The hidden and the inner core of the character to be presented and who manifests in the center of the narrative may be

idea of him being happily and intellectually united and cavorting and developing each other and all the others are mere peripheral entities, who merely enhanced his existence and her existence and their existence, which ever more harmoniously grew and should have grown together with each other. But all the characters, all the intervening affairs and events that took place, separating his being, his mind and his being from Clarissa, were both necessary and distracting. But without their existence he could not have known how important the person of Clarissa might have been. The extraneous beings in the person of Clarissa's aunt and family and Richard Dalloway and Sally Seaton, but they exerted inevitably and inexorably important influence on his being and on their relationship, without which he could not have eked out the precious space, the spatiality and the psychological *raison d'être* he called himself, a life, his being his existential being that determined his trajectory and fate, or carved out the field of existential influence where he felt the need to be with all the others and the need to consort with all the others, who might have been distracting but nevertheless essential to keep his integral self, which was to grow his relationship with Clarissa, which paradoxically could not have manifested or existed without the interfering beings who always and incessantly and almost inevitably surrounded him and Clarissa and at the same time defined his being and the meaning of his existence in the mundane and day to day life. All those incidents and characters impacted them all and each other to a differing degree, including the episode involving the cabbage, the subtle reference to the mundane existence and extraneous existence of both of his own and all the others who orbited around Clarissa and where simultaneously the orbiting beings forced Clarissa to orbit the interstices or rather circumferences of the relational atmosphere of which she was merely a part of and contributing factor of. Peter reminisces and must necessarily recollects all those minute bits of memories that bubble up and yet which need to be forced to reoccur in his mind in order to attain the moments that took place then and there scores of years ago at Bourton, and the moments that may not spontaneously materialize in his mind and yet those bits of ingredients that constitute his memories need to be forced and developed and at the same time waited on or merely overlooked and stood by for them to bubble up in the interstices of his mind. Those memories those

the kind that is to be kept away from general scrutiny and to be kept strictly private, but Clarissa and Virginia Woolf by extension may as well be further explored and delved into, not only into their psyche and personal proclivity by way of others, such as Sally Seaton and Peter but also into their psychological and sexual proclivity through such a peripheral figure (in a sense that they never consciously come face to face in the course of the narrative) like Septimus Smith. See the argument developed by Mariella Marie Kruger in *The World as a Work of Art: Relationship in the Novels of Virginia Woolf* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2009), pp. 47-68.

bits of ingredients that make up his memories that are being recollected upon his return to London after so many years of residence in India, they are the very bits of ingredients of reality he has long been looking for. It is not the actual being or rather the actual person of Clarissa he was after but the recollection of and the being that had been reconstituted and relived over and over again in his absence from the person of Clarissa that existed there, in actuality and in reality right in front of his eyes at the memorable place called Bourton that he was after. He is unbeknownst to himself reconstituting all the memories, or rather not only the memories or each ingredient and incident and accident that all together constitute the milieu and environment where the person of Clarissa took place or existed and acted and behaved and being looked at and admired at Bourton, admired by all the others who congregated at the land and premises that are circumscribed by the empirical and palpable sensations associated with the mere recollection of the experience of being out there and yet conjured and concentrated and condensed into the person, flesh and blood person of Clarissa. But what is the actual result of coming in contact with the person whom he so much looked forward to being reunited and looked forward to exchanging merely few words with? Mere rebuttal, a cold completely incommensurate response of a person who says, "here is my Elizabeth," who does not mind talking about how separate she and her family and her clan and kinsmen she has long been in contact with has been surrounded with has been cherished by and loved by are from him, that is the person who actually materialized when he actually came in contact with Clarissa. Not quite the bits of recollections and ingredients of memories he puts together and indefatigably constantly bring together to form and make his being any relevant to the place and time that is inevitably linked to Bourton, a place that has been cherished and prized and made into a virtual paradise that will never be regained simply because the time that has intervened will never allow those moments to return except in his imaginative mind. When he leaves those domains that are ruled by his imaginative mind and imagination and as soon as he leaves behind all the events and characters and circumstances that make any sense of the world Peter is in, or at least seemed to, as soon as he leave all of them behind him, as soon as he returns to London to come face to face with Clarissa, the illusion is no long maintained and the actual Clarissa, the Clarissa that reifies, is no longer the same person as the person he has long associated with Bourton and all the youthful companions he consorted with, all the characters who seemed to make any sense of his youthful outburst and whose meaning and existential significance seemed to be only derived from the person he long cherished as the ultimate being he has been forcing himself and striving to push himself to the level of—as soon as the encounter is over all

the illusion collapses.

But no matter what he thinks he should think about, he should reminisce about, the thought of Clarissa is the primary imaginative source and imaginary stepping stone through which he reminisces and reshapes what could have and did and would have transpired there at Bourton and other places scores years ago, the space and temporal spatiality that is shaped and characterized by the presence of Clarissa and all the characters who are associated and hued by and delineated by the beautiful and friendly presence of Clarissa and everything that is linked to the person that comes pushing through the barriers that should separate the now from the then. But he is not particularly constrained when it comes to reimagining the shapes and sounds and the faces and thoughts that materialize in his imaginative mind and which he imagines to be actually reifying somewhere in association with Bourton. The place itself is delineated and sensually and imaginatively and constantly reimagined and delineated and re-delineated by way of Clarissa, because all the personas and characters that presumably inhabit the spatiality delineated by the term referred to as, or rather the ideas and concepts that are all associated and inflected and reflected and reshaped and generated by the place, which is so mysterious and at the same time inchoate and pristine, for after all his mind must necessarily recur to the innocent and simple days that coagulated as Bourton in order to imagine the person he felt in love with and passionately felt in synch with in terms of mental synchronicity and the way he thought and created the world that developed and lay all around him and her and all around the characters who inhabited the long-gone spatiality, both temporal and physical and geographical spatiality--all redounds to and recur to Bourton by way of Clarissa.⁴ Does he want to regain the lost paradise, lost innocence he seems to have lost

⁴ The personal relationships that establish between all the characters that emanate and bubble out almost spontaneously from the core of the narrative space, form one of the most important narrative themes centered upon Clarissa, Peter and all the others, and may as well indicate the importance of relationships per se that could be translated into the kind of welfare and philanthropic concern expressed, according to Milena Todorova Radeva, through the persons of and works and acts Clarissa and others who inhabit in the narrative space of Mrs. Dalloway perform, commit and engage in. It may be the nebulous and tightly knit networks of human relationships, which may differ depending on which perspectival angle one takes and may change from second to second in the chronological flow of time that persists and pervades throughout the narrative, that is most prominent and important but the concern each character shows, particularly the one expressed by the main protagonists who materialize time and again in the center of the narrative could as well be the kind that foregrounds and prefigures the importance of the network of conscious interrelationships the philanthropy, the kind referred to by Milena Todorova Radeva, could be identified with. See the philanthropic theme developed by Milena Todorova Radeva in her *Philanthropy, the Welfare State*,

through his intercourse with all the characters, who emerge and materialize and had any tangible impact on his life because of their interconnection with Clarissa? Is he intent on recreating the very moment where that intersection, interconnection took place, so that the images and smells and actions that come out of the process, the process of reimagining and reconstituting the phase of his life impacted by the and hued by the time and place that putatively took place scores of years ago come alive and to be relived through his current existential self? Is it the process to regain the evanescent memories and interaction and interconnectedness he felt and he thought was essential to establishing his true being, the being that would not have coagulated and would not have made to exist except for all the associations that were and are only possible through the peripheral existence that he was a mere onlooker of, or a direct causation of it to come into focus at the moment when suddenly an idea occurred to him that coexisting with Clarissa was the best and optimal existence he could enjoy in his own existential existence in his evanescent life given to live a full life of as long as he felt the exuberant love and passion just to consort and cavort and be close to the person and people by dint of whose peripheral existence his existence was made possible, only then was made meaningful, to an extent that he was allowed to eke out an existential temporal and spatial significance that could not self-destruct, because he was allowed an opportunity to make peace with himself, make himself meaningful through and by dint of the person he nearly unconditionally felt one with in so many ways, both intellectually and physically. Is that what he was frustrated about? Not being united with the person in a manner he felt would have been possible for him to attain the bliss and self-less, self-obliterating existence with the other simply because he could as well have felt at that very moment he did not exist for the sake of himself but for the person, only for the person he could truly dedicate himself to? But the silliness of completely devoting himself to Clarissa is soon interrupted by the thought of the mundane and indifferent and overly self-confident remarks both Dalloway and Sally made pertaining to Clarissa. After so many years those remarks were overhead and mulled over and mentally commented on by Peter, the sooner they come rebounding and redoubled in their significance and in their consequentiality. Funnily enough, it was not the comment themselves, the remarks themselves he was particularly deeply impacted and affected by, but the contagious reimagining, re-depiction and re-delineation of Clarissa as she existed then and there in conjunction with the people who characterized and who commented upon her by their nonchalant remarks, the way she was defined by them,

and Early Twentieth-Century Literature (Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2008), pp. 37-43.

that is what Peter recurs to and that is what seizes his attention and make him comment on her after so many years after the incident vis-a-vis Sally and Richard. She was not particularly attractive, she was not in any way any superior when it comes to her physical beauty that grips Peter and has been keeping him so interested and focused on Clarissa, but the way she elicited so much attention from all the others and the manner in which all the peripheral, all those orbiting characters come and remain connected and linked and find their existential significance by way of the central character in the reimagining of Clarissa, that is what makes Peter so attracted to and focused on Clarissa. It is as if he was enslaved to the physical features, every single bit of them, of Clarissa, the way she reacted to both Sally and Richard, not only them but also to himself, and insignificant comments regarding and pertaining and involving the cabbages and the stars and intensely romantic atmosphere intentionally deliberately shunned and averted by Peter at that particular juncture at Bourton when all the characters congregated and were convened at that juncture at Bourton. The intensely opportune moments are deliberately and almost anticlimactically turned on their heads and turned into something bathetic, as in this instance Clarissa was made to imagine Dalloway in the most romantic and adolescent manner and at the same time silliest derisible context possible:

No decent man ought to let his wife visit a deceased wife's sister. Incredible! The only thing to do was to pelt him with sugared almonds — it was at dinner. But Clarissa sucked it all in; thought it so honest of him; so independent of him; Heaven knows if she didn't think him the most original mind she'd ever met!

But derisive comment or not, either way the cited part and other passages that ensue merely demonstrate how Peter is obsessed with the idea of Clarissa tied to Dalloway and all the other people who orbited around the idea of beatified or deified Clarissa as she stood there and existed there decades ago at Bourton. The idea of Clarissa is intertwined with that of Richard and the one is never severed and will not be decoupled in the mind of Peter because the one, whether Peter considers one silly and like a nincompoop and the most inefficient and silliest buffoon he has met and will ever encounter in his life, but all the ideas and all the responses he exhibits in the mere interstices of his inner mind's space certainly gives rise to the possibility, perhaps a mere possibility, but the existence of a mere possibility is enough to spawn a doubt in the reader's mind that he was and has been frustrated because the secondary person has always interceded between him and Clarissa. His access to Clarissa is ever rejected because no matter how hard he tired and will try his access is never straightforward but will be deflected and redirected and refracted by the presence of the secondary person

who in fact is the main protagonist as far as Clarissa is concerned and one will never be replaced by the other except that two are bundled together and two are transformed into one, who will be then neatly referred to as Clarissa or and Richard. But as soon as the image of Clarissa is reimagined and as soon as the face and person and what constitutes Clarissa is imagined and reified in Peter's mind, it inevitably gives rise to the other, the persona and idea and complementary other who is always there, neither severable or replaceable by anyone else. Even in Peter's mind Richard is not to be exterminated or expunged, or the thought or the idea of him will never be annulled from the face of the earth, as long as Clarissa occupies an important place in his mind. That is why Sally once suggested to spirit Clarissa away from all those people who seemingly guard and put her in a dungeon of her own making and there only there, outside the zone of Richard and Hugh and her family, only there she will truly be united with him and Peter will truly become one with her. But the idea thus suggested becomes merely an idea that is promptly turned into something risible and silly and something that should be swept under the rug, but which, however, inevitably gives rise to the torment Peter has to struggle with and has been struggling with ever since he observed the way Clarissa cavorted and casually and insouciantly talked with Richard and incessantly sought his acceptance in order to be able to exist in the world demarcated and delineated by such familiar figures like Hugh and her father an aunt and uncle and of course Richard. He cannot help, Peter cannot help but surrender to the situation, mind's world and mind's scape and mind's shackles, involving all those characters from the past and into which is incorporated his current lady of choice, who in comparison to Clarissa seems to be completely eclipsed and with that, with that realization or with that possibility his mission of coming to London seems to lose its meaning and significance and reason for it in the face of the dominant position Clarissa still seems to hold in his world. Although Peter is in the habit of belittling what Clarissa incorporates and incarnates, such as hobnobbing with important personages, the remainder of the aristocratic customs and associations Clarissa seems to embody and often refers to through her nonchalant and insouciant daily business she is engaged in, which obtusely and rather unpleasantly reminds him of his social status and familial background and upbringing that seems to be so discrepant from each other's, but nevertheless, and all of which merely makes her appeal, her irresistible attractiveness to Peter all the more strong and intense.⁵ The insouciant and derisive comments and views Peter exhibits

⁵ The order that needs to be maintained, whether the kind that unifies the story that incessantly tries to pull itself into multifarious directions with its expansive and autonomously charged elements that make up the entirety of the narrative, is contrasted to the individual characters and characteristics the novel comprehends,

vis-vis Clarissa and Richard and Hugh and her family, merely demonstrate and merely give rise to the helpless condition he is in, which further foregrounds his unconditional surrender to Clarissa on multiple levels, regardless of her silliness and fustian traditionalism and inefficient unpractical approach to life which he criticizes untiringly. They, in spite of all the things he points out as Clarissa's weaknesses and vulnerability, they turn tables on him and make his position all the more vulnerable and his position all the more untenable when it comes to his relationship and his emotional position vis-a-vis Clarissa. No matter how he looks at Clarissa, how he analyzes his position vis-a-vis Clarissa and others, he merely tightens the noose around himself, or rather he more securely places himself in enslavement, his vulnerability and his subservient condition to Clarissa. All the bits of memories and the bits of memorable moments he recollects from the past, including the definitive and decisive moment at Bourton is merely a demonstration and exhibition of how he entrapped himself in the relationship that would never develop except trapping him and entrapping him in the huis-clos he will never able to get himself out of.

Paradoxically enough and interesting enough, whenever Peter tries to sever himself from Clarissa, her image and idealized and deified entity he himself has created pops up in front of his eyes and her image arises and he cannot get rid of it. He is back to her old self, pinched and bound in a perfect quandary out of which he cannot escape, out of which he will never hope to put himself and find himself in, for whenever the name of Clarissa is even suggested to his mind, her image starts to appear and reified there it never lets himself go free except perfectly bound and bonded and never in a state where he could freely think of his other possible selves, untrammelled by the idea of Clarissa, images of Clarissa. As it so happens, as he tries to escape the influence of the deified woman, woman who perhaps will never personify the ideal sentiment ideal body and person he endeavored to turn Clarissa into, but as soon as he reminisces about what

including the different values they uphold or the backgrounds they hail from or the relationships they usher. But the plethora of elements that tend or seem to militate against each other are in fact constantly pulled together and the tension that arises from the inherent conflict that results from the stasis derived from the overall order the form tries to bring to the novel and the destabilizing force the congregation of each and every single element that crops up and engendered unpredictably, enormously contributes to the joy and appreciation of residing in the narrative space or identifying with any of the characters therein. See the contradictory forces that are generated by the dichotomous structure of the narrative that underlies and gives rise to the experience of going through or what it means to go through the minds of people in various phases of their lives, being argued and developed by Oddvar Holmesland in *Form as Compensation for Life: Fictive Patterns in Virginia Woolf's Novels* (Columbia, South Carolina: Camden House, 1998), pp. 27-85.

transpired there and then at Dalloway's residence--he never understands why he needed to go there for he almost reflexively went back to the person who disenchanted and disappointed him and who brought the greatest miseries he would ever experience in his short life, but as soon as he lets himself introduced to the person he has been dreaming of reunited after all the years he has been away from her, the ugly discrepant values that seem to put himself away from all the milieus Clarissa and Dalloway and others of their ilk seemed to have been entrenched in, a milieu that is the farthest domain he could think of putting himself in as a natural domain where he could feel comfortable and call truly his own, where he would feel comfortable and well adapted and attuned, all the rejections and discrepancies associated with the different circumstances he and those characters and people happened to be in, never the self-same and unified domain but perfectly severable and completely discrepant and different domains Peter and Clarissa and others would each be assigned to, where all the cacophonous and discrepant values and personalities bring out the sordid miseries his encounter with Clarissa brought home to him this afternoon, all of them weigh down on him and would not let him go.⁶ All the minor details come back to him with a vengeance, and each and every single impression each and every single vivid image that evokes and invokes, including the sentiments and emotional reaction associated with them, come redounding back to him. On reflex, he tries to remind himself or convince himself that he is no longer in love with Clarissa, neither ever was in love with Clarissa. But the effort to convince himself of the emotions and sentiments that bubble up in his mind, and as soon as they arise in his mind the futility of those sentiments turn them

⁶ One way of reading Mrs. Dalloway is to grasp the manner in which Clarissa organizes the cacophonous world into something manageable and something comprehensible so that in spite of the jarring events that surround all the characters, including Clarissa and Peter and Septimus, one can remain sane and keep in touch with the element core of things that are derived from the chaotic universe to make one's life somehow worth living for, at least for the moment. It is true that Clarissa and others are constituted from the elements that could be characterized as not quite perfect or rather defective, which tends to force them to undergo the gloom and depressive phase they occasionally suffer, but amidst the din and cacophony that surrounds all the characters that reside in the narrative space, one is, Clarissa and others are endowed with this beautiful power and talent to bring all the discrepant elements together and somehow manage to transform their situations, the new phase of their lives into something beautiful and meaningful. See the argument made on the subject of Clarissa as a talented organizer of cacophonous and discrepant elements and bringing them together in a manner that allows perfect understanding of each and every single one of them, including human character, to turn them into an important constituent to make the world a more bearable and livable space, which is developed by Pamela J. Transue in *Virginia Woolf and the Politics of Style* (Albany, New York: State University of New York Press, 1986), pp. 65-91.

into ashes and the effort is annulled and dashed against the hard reality of his true sentiment and emotional responses to the woman of his passion in his youth, all the emotions come back and seize him as something they cannot be gotten rid of.

No, no, no! He was not in love with her any more! He only felt, after seeing her that morning, among her scissors and silks, making ready for the party, unable to get away from the thought of her; she kept coming back and back like a sleeper jolting against him in a railway carriage; which was not being in love, of course; it was thinking of her, criticising her, starting again, after thirty years, trying to explain her.

The futility of his attempt to reject and deny the emotional response, the instinctive love that wells out of the depth of his heart and mind and inner core of himself arises irresistibly and sweeps him away to the land that seems to have gone beyond retrieval, beyond the horizon and beyond the emotional liminal ken, never to be resurrected simply because all the characters and all the words exchanged there, all the emotions and responses single and every other word elicited in him, they seem to have been annulled and dispersed and buried deeply beyond retrieval. But the memories and his mind's action belies what he tries to consciously reject, belies the state he tries to recreate and builds from scratch out of the new life out of all the bits of experience he went through in the subcontinent. But Peter knew from the beginning, even before he left for London, the capital and the beacon that pulled him back to the memories and the land and air and culture which only the person of Clarissa after all completes. All the futile attempt to get away from them all, the debacle, the silly comments he made pertaining to the cabbages and the stars and the romantic aspirations he held and was enabled to hold at that locale years ago, everything after all hinges upon the encounter with the person of Clarissa. Mere words mere eye contact and all the perpetual hullabaloo and all the extraneous characters and personages that orbit around Clarissa, they are all there for him to constitute the world that is the epitome and idealized paradise underpinned by the experience and person he has been drawn to and has been reminiscing about, in spite of his rather dishonest and hypocritical attempts to get rid of her, the attempt to shun her and escape her influence--has merely been a circuitous testament to the ever present and ever secure important presence of Clarissa. The oscillating trajectories of his minds and moves and his physical journey from London via India and via all the characters reminisced and relived and repeated and let loose over the narrative space, around Peter around Clarissa and in the person of Richard and the family members who are always referred to as personages and characters who existed in the past, Sally Seaton, Hugh and the uncle and aunt and others, they merely exemplify the tide ebbing and waxing over the conscious phases of

Peter and others, sweeping over every single one of them and at the same time merely and singularly influencing some and other times the influenced being impacting all the others and each other, uniformly and ubiquitously and generally and imperceptibly, the wave and tides are continually generated and come and go and as Peter goes over the incident one more time out of thousands of times he will go over, is merely a phase that will merely confirm the influence of Clarissa over the narrative horizon, inducing Peter and all the other characters who wax and wane over the chorological and temporal time line.

But regardless of whatever phase Peter is in, he cannot, he simply cannot help but reminisce about Clarissa, who filled his younger days and fills his mind even now, after decades he spent in the subcontinent and decades away from the person who caused and causes so much misery in him. He needs to reminisce and recollect the past, otherwise he does not or cannot exist in day to day life, without her presence, her reified images and figures ideas of Clarissa in his mind Peter cannot exist. His days will be filled with complete emptiness and since he cannot dream of living and spending his days without being productively occupying his mind with, he needs to recur to the scenes and the faces and incidents that materialized and occurred there at Bourton, those faces that are the essence of what transpired at Bourton, he might as well vanish from the face of the earth, for the elements and all the ingredients that make his life worth living for are the elements he retrieves and recurs to and the things he brings back in his mind from those precious moments he spent with his friends and particularly with Clarissa in his youth. Although he tries so hard to shun the images of Clarissa and he would rather be thinking of all the other things, the phase of his life completely apart from Bourton and those faces that constitute his adolescence and the elements that orbit around the person of his youth, the epitome and apotheosis of his exquisite moments he spent his youth there at Bourton, he tries and the harder he tries to leave Clarissa behind, the images and faces and deified and epitomized and embodiment of whatever is most delectable and exquisite that will likely never happen in his life but only in pursuit of his ideal the objective he must necessarily work toward, without the person his life will be reduced to nothingness, after all these years he spent away from her away from London, she occupies a center stage in his mind's space, the person he most adores and most dreads, no matter how hard he tries to shun and evade and tries to obliterate the image of Clarissa, he is forced to think of the person and faces and attributes and characteristics of that deified figure and most intellectual and homogeneous partner he could have asked to be his wife for but did not happen in the manner he expected, in retrospect, or it may have been foredoomed. Before the reader is

aware of it, before he is enabled to follow the trajectory of Peter's thought process, he is back to the world where Clarissa is brought to the fore and projected and imaged and reminisced about in the most detailed manner possible. The most vivid memory he has of Clarissa is, not surprisingly and at the same time rather paradoxically after his intellectualization of her after his attempt to raise her above the rabble made up of all the rest who made the youthful days of Peter so fun and entertaining, even above Richard, only because he was rather dull and too predictable, for Peter knew, almost saw and forecast what he would turn himself into even before he entered the world of politics even before they any of them manifested any interest in any of the careers they might be pursuing. They were there they simply existed in the youthful space they carved out for themselves, for breathing the youthful and adolescent air and pursuing the spontaneous selves and careers and fun and joy that offered themselves as they lived day to day, as they spontaneously interacted with each other was enough to make them happy and fulfilled. But the image of Clarissa rises out of that youthful space, the sphere of sheer joy and bliss and happiness, and what is most striking what appears as the most unique and conspicuous characteristic of Clarissa after so many years of separation is her innocent and her spontaneous joy and ability to take whatever life offered in their path and savor and appreciate it as it is and derive life's meaning and significance from the mere interaction with all the elements that came across their paths. He was obviously there and others were there but he little dreamed of reminiscing decades later in his life in their lives and the idea and most prominent characteristic he would seize upon vis-a-vis his passionate love and passionate youthful companion who could see eye to eye on almost every aspect of life the most unique and interesting and conspicuous characteristic of the lady of his passion was vivacious spontaneity and the ability to be innocently joyous for merely being alive. He may simply be dreaming of what she could have been like what she could be like for his sake, the whole image of Clarissa with all the attributes he attaches to her after decades he spent in India, decades away from her, but he is convinced or he would rather convince himself that what makes up the ideal image of Clarissa other than that floats across the temporal space of years that separates the contemporary now from the dreamy and youthful then they all spent together and were in the midst of is, but what he is constantly reminded of is that the there and then will never be retrieved except by the strong imaginative mind of his, only by dint of it, as he navigates through the street of London, burdened with the indubitable sense of passage of time that is manifested by his own age. After all, he is no longer that carefree and dashing young man, enjoying the spontaneous joys life offered abundantly then. He is now fifth three years old.

And of course she enjoyed life immensely. It was her nature to enjoy (though goodness only knows, she had her reserves; it was a mere sketch, he often felt, that even he, after all these years, could make of Clarissa). Anyhow there was no bitterness in her; none of that sense of moral virtue which is so repulsive in good women. She enjoyed practically everything. If you walked with her in Hyde Park now it was a bed of tulips, now a child in a perambulator, now some absurd little drama she made up on the spur of the moment.

However constrained and however tortured he feels by the circumstantial occurrences and the incidents that transpire all around him, including in his own life, whatever thought that seems to obsess him and come back to him after all these years that intervene between now and then when the crucial incident and incidents took place there and then at Bourton, the thought of Clarissa and all the others recur and return to him all over him, impacting him in a manner that is completely unexpected but at the same time in a manner wherein he is willing to make himself subjected to the mood and emotional response he would rather make himself susceptible to, in spite of all the things that assault his mind on this summer day, after so many years and days and after so many miles of distance he has covered since the momentous event that took place in his life in the past--what he desires is life itself, which not coincidentally is the ideal Clarissa also cherishes and pursues, as far as Peter assumes what she engages in is life itself unencumbered by all the extraneous thoughts, regardless of what might result from the moment to moment encounter that might entail, regardless of all the consequences that might ensue, she merely is in the midst of the process, at least she is completely enraptured with subjecting herself to pursue a life to reap the fruit of merely being existing, merely alive. Peter is no exception, this day and that encounter with Clarissa after so many decades leaves him with a modicum of satisfaction, more than a modicum of satisfaction, but the joy and jubilation that fills his mind is enough to send him to go on a sentimental and nostalgic journey that may harken back to the inception of his association with Clarissa, then and there decades ago when he used to be young in his twenties and all the others of his contemporaries where all of them were merely happy merely being there merely sharing the space not circumscribed by the limitations that come from living years of a long life that accrues wisdom and circumspection and other intellectual hesitation and cautiousness, which could easily have deterred him from broaching upon the subject that was forbidden to be introduced, such as referring to the cabbages and other external objects that surrounded them, or turning potentially romantic moments into bathetic attempt to compare to and metaphorize into visible objects that are paradoxically enough far from romantic and expressive of his very

sentiment he in retrospect might have been harboring at that particularly juncture vis-a-vis Clarissa and others who inhabited that youthful space at Bourton. It is escaping the jealous and inescapable pulls of a charming and passionate lover that reifies in his mind, as he desperately tries to pull himself out of the influence of Clarissa that he posits a notion of a life away from any sort of trammels and any potential hindrance to enjoy the moment, this moment the ideal life that seems to open at any moment, away from and distant from Clarissa, a life completely unrelated to and unlinked to the person who nevertheless would not let him go and would not let him feel at ease with himself or for that matter with the person he thought had chosen to start a new life with. As soon as the idea of Clarissa returns, which is almost incessant and recurrent and inevitable, Peter is pulled back to the youthful moments when he was in fact uncontrollably in love and completely enslaved to the sentiment that is akin to and abstracted as and which he desperately managed to compare to a sentiment associated with something vegetative, organic and potentially bathetic. He was in a quandary, in fact that out of which he could not release himself without jeopardizing his integrity his existential meaning and significance, and with that fear and with that uncertainty comes rushing to his mind, circularly, inevitably and paradoxically, the thought of Clarissa. The pattern is unbreakable and it is something recurrent and something that excludes everything else, including his present love and the partner or the person he is engaged to, for the matrimony with her he came to England to in the first place. But the raw sentiment that is tied to Clarissa is so sweeping that even the thought of the new partner new lover merely evokes an antagonistic relationship between potentially two comparable women wherein the old flame merely overwhelms the new lover that the thought of the old moments, the indelible youthful moments and everything that transpired at Bourton completely eclipse the new one, everything that is associated with her. As soon as the thought process involving the two women is entered into he is left with the torment or rather the completely irrational conclusion that no matter how solicitous and vehement and passionate the declaration of love made by the new lover, that is merely a counterbalance and complementary prop to make his sentiment toward the old lover and everything associated with her even more vital and valuable and existentially more significant.

The evanescent and more fixed sentiments and all those emotional responses they naturally elicit in the heart and mind of Peter and others all around him, for those who were present in that old locale that coalesced ages ago decades ago are as if they were coexistent with Peter and others who all orbit around the important person of Clarissa, even Elizabeth would not have materialized in the abode of Dalloway when he

went there, as soon as he reached London, as soon as he came back to London, and he was forced to go through the contumely of being reunited with the arrogant woman, who was so smug and superior as to introduce her daughter as "my Elizabeth." She dared him to face her daughter if he could, because she is the one who emerged victorious after so many years of separation and maturation and he, Peter, who emerged as rundown and disheveled and a veritable loser, drawn ineluctably to Clarissa as if the past happiness was still there to be found in the moment of reencounter with the lady of his passion and the young woman of privilege who would naturally come to him begging for his forgiveness, begging him to take her to the distant land, even to India for instance, so that they could start their happy and exquisitely blissful life together that was interrupted when a young intellectual and mysteriously interesting person of Dalloway appeared out of nowhere and overwhelmed her and completely eclipsed Peter and took over Clarissa as completely as she imagined would not have been possible to be possessed by Peter. But all the evanescent and permanent and fixed thoughts are suddenly interrupted, as the narrative has a tendency of, and Peter is brought to a stop, as he stands on the curb and waits for the traffic to stop. But then at that very moment he hears a song, at least something akin to a song that is very nostalgic and at the same time inchoate and indistinct and indeterminate, that dates back years and millennia to the days when London was overgrown of nondescript weeds and plants and marshes dotted around the entire isles and at the same time the song reminds him of the days when he might have been a mere crawling creature that moved from one end of the pond and one end of the crack filled with water to another in search of food or in search of shelter from larger creatures that may have preyed on him. No consciousness of what is moving, or superior intelligence might have been or is moving the whole harmony of movements, for so the entire nebula of creatures who are mysteriously connected to each other, and abruptly the song brings him to the reality of the now in the early twenty century in the mist of London. What is the intermittent flow of indescribable sentiment the song fills his heart and mind with and the hard edged flow of reality represented by the middle class people who look respectable enough but nonchalantly going about their business of walking down the side of the street and, going every which way but certainly with some purpose and goal in their mind and the song rising out of nowhere but a song that reminds of the then and a world that might have and could have existed in a different sphere and different era when all the reptiles crawled on the face of the earth and all the amphibious creatures moved in concert and in perfect cacophony, with perfect multivalent purposes in a direction that may not have been intentional but moving simply moving because they had no choice to do otherwise. And

then the song, the actual audible music and song wafts through the air and reminds him that there is an originator, a lady a woman who actually sings her heart's out to tell the whole world, including Peter and the whole indifferent middle class pedestrians who go about their business, their daily routines simply because they had no choice to do otherwise. Soon Peter finds the source of the music and he focuses his attention on the woman who is evoking and invoking the days and eras that passed millennia ago and yet could be brought back to the present for all the indifferent pedestrians to feel and appreciate and live the then in the very present they are living. She wants to experience, wants all the others to experience what is like to live in the past and existing simultaneously in the present, and between the temporal coexistence of the two is an important existential secret only the loving and sweet music could invoke and evoke. That is what the woman is trying to convey to the whole gamut of people who materialize and pass by Peter. The ethos and the message contained in the song is so piquant and so universally appealing that Peter could not and cannot help stopping and hold and partake of the sentiment the woman is promulgating and putting Peter in the right mood to be generous to all the others, particularly people who are in a needy condition, a condition where they need to be succored from, if possible. She is appealing for his charitable sentiment and she wants Peter to partake and donate the concrete expression and reification of his sentiment and overwhelming and outflowing love, a charitable sentiment in a form that is palpable and exchangeable.

But the woman, the poor woman who suddenly intervenes in the reverie of Peter but who at the same time allows Rezia to come to the fore, for she, Rezia, feels pity, the pity and more pity than she ever felt for herself but the pity that may be ubiquitous and all the people all the sad people need self-pity to keep them going. They would not survive without being consoled and being loved and being commiserated, for they and Rezia need sympathies, commiserations and pity. She did not mean to be, or rather she could not reconcile herself to the fact that she would be bound to a man who was bent on killing and destroying himself and together with himself destroying Rezia as well. What did she do to deserve such destruction and self and utter alienation and a hero in the person of Septimus Smith could have prevented and could have saved her from such predicament, or was meant to be.⁷ She is trapped, she would not have come to England

⁷ Septimus Smith with his madness may as well be a savior and someone who could indicate the way to salvation for a woman like Rezia, or for anyone such as Clarissa, who seems to be lost momentarily and soon and often led on to another level of enlightenment as she finds and struggles to find her way out of the doldrums she often finds herself in. In fact, as Barbara Hill Rigney explains, madness may be a disguise or one facet of philosophical figure like Septimus who, provided that he has learned higher

if she suspected that this, the slough of despond and utter destruction of the self, at least a possible destruction of herself could ensue. She looks at the lady who hums, “ee um fah um so/ foo swee too eem oo,” or is she just imagining that the old woman was humming anything audible? She may not be hearing anything that comes from outside of herself, rather she may be hearing something that may as well be originated in her self. What if it is her grieving soul that needs to be saved and helped and succored from the dismal confinement she also finds herself in? She needs to be emancipated from the man who is ever dour and gloomy and dismal to say the least. She yearns for abundant sunlight, the sunny and warm Italy where she could have spent carefree days surrounded by her friends, like-minded people, who were merely happy to be just alive and just sewing and making hats. What she found satisfying was the beautiful dresses and beautiful hats and beautifully dressed people walking by. She stopped on occasions when such sights freely offered such flowery images to her and presented themselves to hint at the mere possibility that she was in for such a life, all she needed was to run into a person who would bring such fortuitous and happy outcome for her dreams. She was destined to meet the prince who would lift her out of the mundane life and yet happy care-free life. Only if she in retrospect could have kept on dreaming and had not taken that drastic step, albeit a step that seemed a natural consequence of a dream she kept on dreaming and had been dreaming for her whole life. A gentle and handsomest person from the north would naturally materialize in front of her because she was destined to live a dream-like life that had nothing to do with reality. But a dream turned into a nightmare and she was not meant to live a carefree life and she was not meant to be surrounded by her bosom friends, who indulged in an innocent talk, who made small talk that brought smiles on their face cackles and titters and giggles on their innocent plump faces but that exquisitely innocent and child-like pure moments were not meant to last at least for Rezia. She would be ripped from the bosom friends and was destined to journey north to be surrounded by the cold and indifferent people who were indeed dressed well but they exuded no warmth. They seemed cold and antagonistic and almost

levels of understanding about human existence through his encounter with and his face to face experience with his friend being exploded into smithereens, may as well be in possession of some supernatural power to see into things that may not be obvious and observable to run of the mill average people like others all around him in the middle of the city of London or wherever he happens to be. See the madness and the implicit and concomitant sexual complications and torments the psychotic conditions he finds himself in force him to undergo, being interpreted by Barbara Hill Rigney in *Madness and Sexual Politics in the Feminist Novel: Studies in Brontë, Woolf, Lessing, and Atwood* (Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin Press, 1980), pp. 39-64 for further insight into the minds of special people being focused on in the narrative.

adversarial in a way. Nothing like the people she imagined people would be to the north where civilization was more refined and advanced and people were more beautiful and men were definitely more handsome and courteous. Nothing like the passionate Italians and candid Italians and people here seemed indifferent to the plight of Rezia, an innocent girl like her and people looked at both her and Septimus suspiciously because they acted strange. Did they act strange both of them, is it the fault of Septimus, she wants to get away from him, it is his fault but she was wedded to him believing that she would finally find a natural abode for her, where she and Septimus would live a happy and fulfilled life because they were meant for each other. The dreamed of north where everything was clean and beautiful where people were gentlemanly and women were lady-like and men were courteous that is what she thought would find herself surrounded with. She would be in the midst of those people and she would live in a dream of her own creation and of her own doom. But the sudden transition of the ubiquitous and all seeing mind, the omniscient and omnipresent mind is so ingrained in the narrative that the all-seeing uber-consciousness and the dominant perspective leaves and departs from Rezia and seamlessly transitions into Septimus. The reader is almost unaware of the subtle and abrupt transition that takes place in the fluid flowing conscious stream but when he realizes it is the phase of Septimus that has never been introduced to the reader ever in the spontaneous and rambling narrative, a narrative where expansive consciousness all seeing consciousness expands and contracts and extends over the whole narrative landscape that contains every single character that appears in the narrative, traveling and flowing in and out of one character into another and continuing and reprising the same pattern over and over again until the all seeing consciousness sees fit to take a sudden and abrupt turn to explore something completely different than it has been exploring for the preceding pages.

It happens rather abruptly and suddenly when Septimus with his prehistory and post history before the war and after the war until and through his initial meeting and association with Rezia was introduced. The revelation is rather unexpected but when it comes it comes in such a vivid and informationally recondite manner that the reader is rather taken aback. After such a long and intricate desultory journey through the minds of many characters who popped up and disappeared at moment's notice and reappeared over the narrative horizon and remained in the center of the narrative only to be relegated to the corner of the narrative consciousness where only to be resurrected or relinquished for good or at least for a long time from the narrative scene. But the narrator forces the history to the foreground and the reader is pulled to the phase of conscious frontier where two different personalities are brought to intermingle with

each other only to result in a connection of a kind that could be described as thorough and brutally truthful to each other.⁸ Or the method employed here either one of subterfuge and half truth or transmogrifying transitional inchoate aggregate that needs to be fully dissected and analyzed in order to come up with the true picture of the person who is suddenly thrust to the reader's consciousness with fluid contextual and temporal entirety, as much as the narrator could allow his life to be fitted into the narrative chunk of spatiality that could be brought to the core of reader's consciousness so that it will be reconfigured and realigned and reinterpreted in a way that makes the most sense to the recipient of the information, who after all is plunged into the inner core, inner personal history that could have never materialized or surfaced in the course of the narrative without the candid and brutally naked revelation Septimus is subjected to undergo in the current segment of the narrative.⁹ As it turns out, Septimus was a regular introspective young man who was not particularly destined to be anything heroic or anything prominently spectacular with a course of personal trajectory and

⁸ The connection of a kind that is both subtle and deep could be explained by introducing the concept Morton P. Levitt formulates in his work entitled *The Rhetoric of Modernist Fiction: From a New Point of View*, where the stream of consciousness is rejected in favor of something wider ranging more revolutionary and more innovative, the kind that links even the most peripheral characters to each other and brings about the relationships, or the link that foregrounds the universal nature of human psyche, universal aspect of human relationships that sheds light on the inner most secret one harbors throughout one's life. The linkage enabled and the connection thus produced could add not only depth to the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway but aids in interpreting the complicated links that exist and develop from casual and even nontangible encounters one makes throughout his life, as demonstrated by Morton P. Levitt in *The Rhetoric of Modernist Fiction: From a New Point of View* (Lebanon, New Hampshire: University Press of New England, 2006), pp. 102-123.

⁹ The narrative landscape full of transmogrifying phenomena may be characterized or interpreted through the pseudo-theory promulgated by Bergson toward the end of the nineteenth or the early part of the twentieth century. The rippling effects everyone gets involved in and allowed to partake of the sense and feelings one experiences therein, the kind of emotional response and intellectual response each one is allowed to undergo may be seen as an overall picture of the subjective world that evolves centered around each consciousness that is focused on one moment and then left to evolve unchecked and the next moment the focus of narrative attention is centered on another completely unrelated character who happens to share the same or similar emotional response to the self-same stimuli they are allowed to experience simultaneously. The irrational and at the same time somehow mysterious unfolding of the world may be exactly the picture Woolf wanted to depict, a picture that is perhaps diametrically opposed to the world dominated by the rational clear-cut scientific and domineering kind represented by such character as Bradshaw, a confrontation of the two states that result in the death of a character who has indelible and yet deep impact on the protagonist as she prepares for the party in the evening. See the view and interpretation attempted of the condition the aggregate of characters are placed in, developed by Michael H. Whitworth in *Virginia Woolf* (Oxford, UK: Oxford University Press, 2005), pp. 125-146.

history that might or could have resulted in a heroic outcome resulting in a world altering transmutation. He was, however, destined to turn into a very romantic young man, who falls in love with a woman simply because she represented anything historically authentic and culturally mature that could be summarized by Shakespeare's plays and the romance and wisdom that were reconditely fully developed in Shakespearean plays. Or it might have been the other way round. He was literary and that inevitably led him to admire and emulate and develop a passion for a person who could be associated with anything that could be connected to plays and literary output associated with the best mankind had ever produced. His early boyhood was dedicated to literature and the woman who epitomized everything that was good and esthetically admirable and everything authentically eternal, but time passed and he was plunged into the post adolescent period, or early adulthood as he pursued an occupation, an apprentice who proved to be so promising, at least to the eyes of the employer and seemed to be destined to sit in the leather chair of the managerial director or inspirational director of the house except that he was not meant to occupy such a position. He chose a rather unexpected path and with the inception of World War I he decided to dedicate his life to the great cause to fight for the great nation of Shakespeare and all the other eminent figures who epitomized everything great about England and Great Britain. He needed to be away from England may be the right assessment, which ironically forced him to relocate to the front of the battlefield in Italy. It also brought him to come face to face with a commander who was to leave an indelible mark indelible impact on the psyche of Septimus. They quickly became close comrades, bosom friends, two men who could share their ideas and philosophical esthetic core of their being in a manner they or at least Septimus had never felt it would be possible that he would or could share with another person with, sharing the inner core of self, identifying all the values and pursuing the same existential goal, united in the same faith that they could eventually be fully united to become one living soul, is that what he felt at a time when he associated and began to come to understand Evans his commander but the cruel fate was never to sit still and allow the dreamed of outcome to ensue from the association of two likeminded young men.¹⁰ Evans was blasted into smithereens, a living body ripped

¹⁰ What transpires on the surface of things, even on the surface of characters, may be quite different from what actually happens and takes place in the core of characters who are foregrounded in the narrative. But, on the other hand, whatever manifests on the surface of Clarissa, that which Maureen Frances Curtin calls manifested on the skin of Clarissa and others, or whatever coalesces on the surface of the person of main characters who appear in the narrative scenes in Mrs. Dalloway may be closely linked to whatever coalesces in the inner core of the person being presented in the narrative. Whatever manifests on the surface, or the skin of the person and whatever congeals in

into bits by the powerful blast of the bomb that was dropped nearby and right next to Septimus right in front of Septimus as the other was obliterated from the face of the earth, obliterated in a sense that his soul quietly departed and simultaneously blasted out of the same living sphere with Septimus and forced out of the field of Thessaly never to return while his body was torn apart and blasted into bits beyond recognition right before Septimus. Ironically, Septimus felt rather proud that he felt completely sheltered from the pains he thought he would be subjected to like other soldiers and other young men who suffered the similar fate. Little did he dream that the numbness he experienced at the moment was to develop into an indescribably acute conscious twinge or traumatic painless lingering heavy emotional scar that continually weighs down on him with the pain that never mitigates but only to gnaw at him with bouts of guilt and irrational fear that revisits and recurs to him for the remainder of his life.

But his thoughts recur to the very moment he was initiated into the ways of Rezia, the slow and leisurely pattern of life those Latin people, those residing in the southern clime are attuned to where he was introduced and allowed to glimpse into the arcane and secret source of happiness, easy laissez faire lifestyle of Italians, who seemed to be happy and yet so superficial in their way of deriving pleasures from. His mind is at the very moment when he was seeing the inner work space of Rezia, surrounded by her friends surrounded by all the paraphernalia all the knickknacks which Septimus found so inconsequential and yet Rezia to her they were all important and they held all the values the world could offer to her to make her life so much more exhilarating. Her hands, her lithe and deft and well-shaped hands, skillful hands the hands that could transform the mere materials of milliners into something that was marvelous, more wonderful than all the jewels the eastern and southern queens could boast of. But Rezia was fascinated by anything that glittered. Whenever she passed any well-dressed women, ladies and personages who could afford to bedeck themselves in a way that was sure to catch the attention of all the passersby, there was Rezia to observe them and comment on the way they dressed. How wonderful they looked and how beautiful they looked. Of course she was mostly interested in the way the garment the external ornaments enhanced their beauty, the very things the material objects that glittered and made the persons and ladies who wore them larger than life, more

the inner core of the characters may each reflect the other in that anything that defines that person's core could be clearly mapped on the surface of the character in a way that is convincing and that foreshadows what might entail from a sequence of (potentially) sexual and private moments that take place in the story. See a pertinent argument made by Maureen Frances Curtin in *Out of Touch: Skin Tropes and Identities in Woolf, Ellison, Pynchon, and Acker* (New York: Routledge, 2003), pp. 15-40.

beautiful than the famed queens of the past. Rezia was more interested in the gewgaws the externalities the items that adorned those personages while Septimus was more concerned with the internal landscape and what made those marvelous intellectuals more than mere mortals, unlike those who busily engaged in daily trade daily activities in search of more wealth. They went in diametrically opposite directions in a way as Rezia was ever searching for the external physical elements that made life more glitzy and more ornate and better off while Septimus was more focused on the qualities that may have been more tenuous but at the same time more substantial and more fundamental. The inner treasures inner qualities that made real differences in the ways human race transformed themselves on a daily basis, or perhaps from epoch to epoch; it was the ideas and philosophies which should have been the foundations of daily lives which could have fundamentally altered the way world functioned and worked, not in a manner Rezia imagined it worked and functioned, all those jewel bedecked personages strutting down the street showing off whatever they could boast of showing off, flaunting all the treasures they may have accumulated over their lifetime as they were ever pressed to display their wealth for time was obviously running out; they were getting aged they were aging every passing second. But Septimus was ever in search of the fundamentals, for ever shifting minutiae, fashions and material changes world seemed to be succumbing to, they did not actually count. His mind was more focused on the abstract intellectual values that made life worth living for, worth striving for certain objectives Septimus was ever in search of. Rezia was puzzled, not surprisingly, by the quiet introspection Septimus seemed to be engaged in all the time, or more and more of his time seemed to be spent on searching for and striving to locate the intersection of timeless and extremely precious eternal timeless values that never changes through history but only becomes consolidated as humans realize the true values of those changeless goals and philosophical ideas that rule or should rule the whole world. But regardless of the profundity of Septimus and of his grandiose project Rezia found him rather quiet, too taciturn and unresponsive. For the moment she is satisfied by merely convincing herself that English people were all so gentlemanly and quiet. They are polite and civilized that they perhaps do not unnecessarily enter into a conversation when they could be required to talk about a gamut of subjects they have no intention of mulling over. They need to deliberate first as to what constitutes the priority in life. What is important in life, that is what Septimus is constantly concerned about. His serious mind is incessantly dealing with the life's extremely serious and important issues of what causes our existence to be perennially stuck in such mundane huis-clos. As days go on he is gnawed by the lingering worry lingering thought that he has become

so apathetic to everything that goes on around him. He may be interested in abstract thoughts and abstract philosophical issues that could determine the fate of whole civilization, whole humanity but senses and sensual moments make him completely indifferent or rather they make him repulsed and he finds them completely bestial and abhorrent. Things of flesh and sexuality ceased to interest him or excite him in any way. In the meantime Rezia wants a child like any other woman of her age desires. Without offspring or without the process of going through the creation of offspring her life seems quite futile. She married Septimus because he appeared to promise such romantic and beautiful life she had been yearning to partake of. Marrying an English man, fair skinned and blue eyed and blond haired English man, and marrying a man from such a civilized country seems to promise such a plethora of beautiful things to come, not the least of which was a child. She wants a boy. However, Septimus remains indifferent and she sees it as an insult to her womanhood, rejection of a progenitor of the beautiful offspring she was entitled to. Without consummation her life will come to naught, at least the kind of life she envisaged for herself when she left Italy her motherland where she spent her youth and developed such beautiful friendships and relationships with her friends and family. She cannot bear the thought of her life coming to naught because it is a family her own family that compensates for all the beautiful things she left behind in her motherland. Without her own family she cannot bear even contemplating spending the rest of her life, alone perhaps stuck with a man who is so taciturn and a man who tends to remain within his own constraining and constrained inner space, perhaps threatening to suck her into that confining tight inner space of his abstract construction or deconstruction. Once she is sucked into that space once she is trapped in that confining space she would be no longer able to return to the world the beautiful life she so carefully constructed for herself, a life involving all her caring friends her family bedecked and adorned and enhanced by the beautiful things she would ever and tirelessly deriving pleasures from for the reminders of her life.

The times of whirly phases pass and go and continue on to other phases and the conscious whirls and conscious phases one person pass on to another and the two merge with each other and transform themselves into another and larger whirls of conscious whirls and the outcome is the phase that is never expected at the inception of the process and yet completely expected at the same time, or rather the end result of the one transitioning into another is the ever shifting ever evanescent images of conscious dream that is constantly spawned by the minds that ever moves along the temporal axis, which itself diverges into multi-layered and multi-dimensional strands, generating ever complex convoluted loops of conscious phases that recur and retreat to the beginning of

the process that eventually might give rise to the similar development manifested as variegated memories and conscious perception each character both contributes and perceives developing right in front of his eyes. It is the ever shifting transmogrifying phantasmagoric images and conscious manifestation that develops incessantly in front of the reader's mind and characters conscious mind which one pursues and one finds oneself embedded in as the images constantly evolve and develop in spite of and because of the conscious contribution one makes toward the totality that is the narrative landscape that ever grows and unravels over and beyond the narrative landscape. But is there any end to the narrative evolution and narrative convolution that takes place in front of the reader's mind? Are all the complications and narrative evolution and convolution that results from the interaction of all the characters and reader's mind is it bound to produce never ending phantasmagoric images and reified conscious inchoate pullulation and aggregation of the subtlest of conscious energy perceived and channeled through each character, is it bound to merely continue and evolve into something that is ever shifting in shape and content and ever evolving in a manner that is unexpected and irrational and at the same time, rather paradoxically, gradually conforming to the reader's expectations? But the domain that is delineated by the boundaries of each consciousness where everything described and memorialized or recollected is a domain that is ever bursting with conscious ideas and minds that are continuously trying to bursting out of their own boundaries. Is that what characterizes the story, is it what defines the narrative, or the individuals who inhabit and who seem to evolve throughout the narrative without any interruption without any physical intervention? In fact, the memories that are recollected by the manifestation of one character seamlessly merge into another's and the overall effect is that the one character's recollection or whatever is recollected is influenced and perpetually influencing whatever is associated by another and the minds that are visited and revisited by the uber-consciousness, the super insight provided by dint of the authorial prerogative or through the mere convenient construction and premise of a boundless superposition of supreme view and perspective, through which each character is enabled to come into being as a concrete person or active and independent existing entity constituting and contributing to the aggregate of the conscious totality that resides in the narrative, the force that enables such position at the same time to compromise and annihilate the boundaries of each independent autonomous entity, giving rise to the domain that is made up of variegated views and perspectives, each one of which is attributed to and ironically gives rise to the individuals made to interact with each other in the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway. Is that what takes place in the story, the circuitous and conflicting

and recurrent series of events conjunctively and disjunctively manifesting over the narrative landscape, over the temporal expanse of Mrs. Dalloway? It may indeed be a free flowing energy and each independent and interdependent entity that both constructs and deconstructs the narrative spatial structure and gives the story an unmistakable mark of a venture into defining what it means to exist in the fluid and fixed domain called the real world.

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Mrs. Dalloway と流動的具象的現実

Virginia Woolf の Mrs. Dalloway では具象的な現実と流動的な意識の世界が混在し、二者

が継続的、ないしは同時に展開される。両者はあたかも矛盾なく存在する補完的世界としてのみではなく、独立したそれ自体の特徴、時間的流れを持つ相反するナラティブ空間として作品の中で描写される。その不思議な世界を貫くのが意識、ないしは幾層にも交錯する意識の流れであるが、この論文ではその意識の流れに沿って様々に展開する矛盾するかとも思われる世界を次々と表出する現実世界と意識世界の媒体（登場人物）を介して追求し、二者の関係を経験主義的見地から検証してみた