

I. Modernism and Modernist Text

This chapter deals with the critical feature of modernism in relation to Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* by tracing those elements in it through various perspectives. Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* is a modernist text from multiple perspectives. Society hostess, Clarissa Dalloway's party giving tendency, post-war effect, stream of consciousness, fragmented story preceding methodology, Warren Smith's ultimate destiny etc. replicates Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* as modernist fiction. Novelist's motive of recapitulating contemporary playwright's works in reference to James Joyce's *Ulysses* exhibits her text inclination towards it. It too seems modernist fiction in relation to its form and content. Her characters in the novel demonstrate representative figures like post-war era of the Western literary tradition. Characters' solitude, suicidal motive, stream of consciousness, multiple narratives, throwing party etc replicates *Dalloway* as a modernist text.

Mrs. Dalloway opens on a summer morning as Clarissa Dalloway leaves her Westminister home to buy flowers for the party that will take place this evening. The novel revolves around the only one-day happenings. Though the events of the narrative present are not far reaching the themes and technique employed by Virginia Woolf are nearly limitless. For ex. Existential, Modernist, formalist, structuralist etc. Woolf's complex structure as the narrative flows out of the initial action into a memory about Peter Walsh, a man with whom Clarissa had a relationship some thirty years prior. She recalls, in present time reflection that he will be back from India soon. She used to receive letters from Peter, and though she finds him dull, she maintains a sort of affection with him.

As narrative proceeds the reader is made aware that Clarisse Dalloway (Protagonist) has suffered through a significant bout of influenza, as though quite pale, she is still attractive. As she makes her way through the park, she runs into her old friend Hugh Whitbread. Hugh tells her that his wife Evenlyn is still sick, so he will be attending her party alone. Clarissa proceeds past her old friend and the narrative spirals through a series of connections occurring within her mind, concentrating again Peter Walsh.

The reader is shown the human hypocritical nature of Clarissa's thoughts as she thinks of the intolerable nature of Peter's possessiveness while simultaneously experiencing a possessive reaction to his decision some years ago, to marry an Indian woman. Her thoughts turn to her husband and his ability to act for the sake of action rather than for the sake of influencing outside observation as Clarissa feels and she does. She also feels that marriage to Richard Dalloway has stripped herself. Going from the independent Clarissa to Mrs. Richard Dalloway, Clarissa finally enters Mulberry's flower shop where Miss Pym, the shopkeeper meets her. As they gaze over the flowers, they heard the loud sound coming from an extravagant looking motorcar. Septimus smith who is sitting on a bench in Regent's park with his Italian wife Lucrezia also hears the loud sound. Septimus jumps off the bench and vows to kill himself.

He is dissatisfied with the contemporary society. But, his wife Lucrezia is concerned for her husband and embarrassed the crowd who gathered can hear his cries by the motorcar. As the couple proceeds into the park, their attention is diverted towards a plane flying in the sky. Lucrezia encourages her husband to watch the plane as his doctor suggested that he should focus on things outside of himself. It is when

Septimus looks up at the plane that the reader is made aware of the extent of his mental illness; he is convinced that the plane is writing secret messages intended only for his eye. His wife walks to the water fountain feeling very distressed. When she returns, Septimus is listening to a bird chirping his name. He gets upset when Lucrezia interrupts.

Woolf uses the spectacles of the plane to shift back into the perspective of Clarissa Dalloway who has just arrived back home. She finds a note on the table and her husband is eating with lady Millicent Burton. Trying not to get upset that she was not invited to lunch, Clarissa heads up to her room and lays down. She thinks about her husband and love and how she had once felt a sense of love for her childhood girlfriend Sally Salton, Sally had a magnetic, reckless personality.

As Clarissa's memory fades back to her husband's lunch with lady Burton, she takes her green dress window, remembering that she had torn it. She decides to mend the dress herself and wear it that evening. Now with the entrance of Peter the point of view shifts between Clarissa and Peter. It begins as Peter kisses Clarissa's hand and notices that she appears older. As the conversation continues, both Clarissa and Peter scrutinize each other, each equivalently critical and warm, insecure and nostalgic. Peter had wanted too many Clarissas.

Likewise, the decision to wed Richard Dalloway had been a difficult one for Clarissa, but the safest decision; and the one that allowed their greatest sense of independence and security. Peter too tells Clarissa about a married woman in India with whom he is in love. Then he breaks into tears. Clarissa kisses his hands and attempts to console him. Peter asks if she is happy in her current life. Before she can

answer, Clarissa's daughter Elizabeth interrupts them. Peter greets her and leaves.

Clarissa runs after him and reminds him of her party later that evening.

The narrative follows Peter as he exits the Dalloway home and walks toward Regent's Park. He realizes that no one other than Clarissa knows that he has returned to England. He stops beside a statue and sees a young attractive woman passing. He decides to follow her walking through several streets until she finally enters into the house. Peter then decides to walk into the park where he finds a bench, sits down and smokes part of a cigar and dozes off. When he wakes up, he reflects on his days as a young man when he had fallen in love with Clarissa. They had the ability to read each other's thoughts he believed, and he knew that when she met Richard Dalloway she would marry him. She remembers when their relationship ended; he can still hear himself demanding the silence. Peter is taken out of his reflection by the sound of a child who breaks from her nurse and runs into the legs of a woman. The woman is Lucrezia Smith.

Here, Woolf takes the reader into the mind of Lucrezia who is upset because of her husband's condition, and distressed that she has to suffer because of it. She returns to Septimus and the reader is drawn into the delusional state of his thought and perception. As Lucrezia walks back to her husband Septimus sees his dead friend approaching. Lucrezia is disturbed by her husband and tries to get into a leave.

The reader is made aware of that the approaching person whom Septimus believes to be his dead friend, is in fact Peter Walsh enchanted at the sight of the arguing couple likely involved in a lovers spat. While Peter walks, he reflects on how times have changed since he was young. He remembers Sally Seton and how he was ahead of her time, willing to express her opinions without fear of convention. He held

considerable respect for her and her ability to see through the shallowness of the British class and modernist tendency of time.

Clarissa is involved in the preparation for the party. She is torn about whether to invite Ellie Henderson a woman she feels to be dull. Richard meanwhile convinces himself that he does not have to say 'I love you' to his wife as it is understood. The narrative takes on the Clarissa's perspective as she reflects on how she is perceived by others, wondering why she enjoys through parties when the excitement could be detrimental to her health. She concludes that she does it all out of a zeal for life here, with conversation to Miss Kilman Clarissa determines that love and religion are the detestable and destructive things in life.

The narratives move into the mind of Doris Kilman as she and Elizabeth enter into the café. Miss Kilman becomes increasingly paranoid that she is losing her influence on Elizabeth. She tries to conjure up sympathy for herself by speaking of her misfortunes, but this only proves boring. Eventually Elizabeth gets up to pay the bill and leaves Miss Kilman alone. The narrative follows Elizabeth as she boards an omnibus and heads for the strand. She acknowledges that she is maturing into womanhood and that she has the opportunity to do anything she chooses with her. As Elizabeth returns home Septimus Smith who is gazing absently out of the window of his sitting room, finally commits suicide.

As the ambulance, races to the hospital with Septimus' mingled body. Its sound is heard by Peter Walsh who is walking back to his hotel. While he walks, he thinks about Clarissa Dalloway and the impact she have had on his life. It reads simply that she was delighted to see him. He gets mildly upset at the brief letter, which she must have written and sent immediately for it to have arrived so soon. His

mind wonders to Dassin the woman whom he hopes to marry upon his return to India. She is only twenty-four and has two small children. Peter takes his reflection down to the hotel restaurant where he eats and decides that he will attend Clarissa's party.

After his diner, peter walks to the Dalloway's home his presence is announced at the door. Clarissa who expresses delight, meets him. Clarissa suspects that peter is critical of her, and worries that her party will be a failure. The party proceeds and the reader is given an outsiders perspective through the lens of Ellie Henderson whom Clarissa invited at the last minute. While making her social sounds, Clarissa is surprised at the sight of her childhood friends, Sally Seton. Sally happened to be in town and had heard about the party.

She tells Clarissa that she is married with five sons. But just as they get talking Clarissa is whisked away to greet the prime minister, one of her more distinguished guests. Clarissa and prime minister are seen by peter Walsh who makes a mental note of the elitist nature of these parties. The narrative stays with peter while he watches Clarissas' mingled mentality. Eventually he is led by Clarissa to her aunt Helena who had written a book on Burma some years ago. Clarissa then goes over to lady Burton who mentions how helpful Richard Dalloway was earlier that afternoon. Meanwhile, Clarissa greets Sir-William Bradshaw and his wife who tells her of the unfortunate incident that had taken place earlier in the afternoon.

They describe how a young man who had been in the army (Septimus) had killed himself. Clarissa bears inceasing upset by the Bradshaw's' insistent discussion of this young man's death. Her mind taught about him, in vitality of death and what it all means. She notes the fragility of life. She felt somehow very like him the young man who had killed himself. She felt glad that he had done it. Thrown it away... he

made her feel the beauty' made her feel the fun; the narrative turns to the conversation between Sally and Peter.

They are speaking of these lives and discussing old times. There Woolf might be trying to expose the time consciousness of the people (i.e. modernist tendency) now their focus turns to the people at the party as they file out of the Dalloway's home. Peter and Sally admire Elizabeth Dalloway standing by the father. Sally gets up to wish Richard good night never having spoken at length with Clarissa. The novel ends as Peter feels a sudden sense of excitement realizing that the source of this excitement is Clarissa herself, who is standing directly before him.

II. Modernism

Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* replicates the modernist tendency of the fiction of the time. Set on 28 June 1927. In London city, Woolf employs the modernist ethos like: style, multiple point of view, alienation, suicidal motive, party throwing tendency (hypocrisy of the time) etc. for her intended motive. *Mrs. Dalloway* seems to be masterpiece of modernist fiction writing of the English fiction. T.S Eliot who thought *Ulysses* a masterpiece of modernist expression, and *Mrs. Dalloway* referred to here is not yet the novel but still the story, which would provide Woolf with the idea for the novel. As the record of Woolf's diary indicates, then, at its inception, *Mrs. Dalloway* not only shared but also reinterpreted the modernist preoccupation with Odysseus narrative and *Waste Land* myth.

In the story, Woolf into a new combination a feminist quest to buy flowers Clarissa Dalloway and give a party in a social *Waste Land* shaken to its core in the aftermath of World War. A part from much modernist fiction Dante's the *Inferno* indeed the entire *Divine Comedy*, served as a major influence on many modernist writers. Echoes from it are woven through Eliot's the *wasteland* and *Joyces' Ulysses* as well as Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*. The novel like *Ulysses* is narrowly circumscribed by time for the whole of the action takes place within a single day.

It opens with *Mrs. Dalloway's* morning preparation for party, and it ends with an account of party that the same evening. With these spaces of time, by the seemingly casual contracts, she makes and the associations and memories they evoke the whole of *Mrs. Dalloway's* life is laid bare. To exhibit the predicament of her characters Woolf departs from the imminent narrative and employs the multiple points of view to precede the story. Her narration seems democratic where she allows

many characters to speak that precede the story, not chronological order but sets forth and back. Her characters seem free themselves and not dominant by playwright. Thus Septimus Warren Smith seem really descend and depressed in the novel that finally leads him to commit suicide. Here, Clarissa party throwing tendency to replicates the materialistic people of the modern time in relation to their tendency.

The relation between the imaginative mind and nature obviously depends somewhat upon whether "Nature" is taken to mean the physical landscape of woods and trees. The forces animating that landscape the external world in general or unconscious life as opposed to conscious fabrication. But the symbolist look at nature askance in all these senses, as a kind of brutal, massive and crude encroachment of the non-human and sub-human. There *Rebelian* against it leads to *Wilde's paradox* that art holds mirror to nature but is rather males protest against nature's ineptitudes his substitution of perfect imagination forms for rudimentary natural ones. Nature always outdone can be providing enfeeble copies of what artist have conceived more perfectly. So wild research Taines contention that art is shaped by its ages, instead arts recreates the age.

Rilke also maintains that art is contrary to nature, not so much by for giving perfect patterns however as by uncovering the hidden reality that nature. Especially our human nature urges us to ignore. Outward events, circumstance share and us to ignore so engrossing that most people gladly dwell among them; but the artist turns away into the "abyss" of his own bring to learn what is there and to become reconciled with his own latent powers. In this way, he is able to surpass his ordinary self to achieve preternatural level of being and perception.

This sense of secret reality leads Picasso, in a rare statement about his art to say that the artist expresses what nature to say “what nature is not”. He does so by granting forms of life of their own. Independent of their function or appearance in external Nature. Judged in terms of nature, these forms are lies; but they are valid imaginative expressions manifesting the distinctive world of the artist. When people objected to his portrait of Gertrude Stein on the grounds that it did not resemble her language Picasso replied, “it will” (8, intro).

Marlax argues that the ruling passion of modern art has been to dominate appearances, to create-by rejecting and distortion-another with a touch of regret that Picasso does not share, Malraux finds that individual artists have substituted the art itself for the accepted values the presumed nature of things- to touch with in other ages are has usually been subordinated. Art theory becomes the modern absolute, but at the same time rejecting so much of “the estate of man” it is anxious and perplexed uneasily assertive and even moves towards a kind of modern barbarism. To distinguish between nature and imaginations often only a step towards reconciling the two this rapprochement is apparent in Kantian idealism. Kant postulates a “transcendental faculty of imagination” an a priori unifying or “synthetic” power of the mind without which we could never reproduce the image of an object, its “representation” just as we could never possess any image at all without an earlier posed “synthesis of apprehension” (9, intro).

In effect, Kant regards aesthetic creation (or “genius”) as a special case of the generic imagination. Unlike mere “taste” which is an awareness of the beautiful things that are present in our initial apprehension of nature genius is active and constructive. It is a beautiful “representation of a thing the world of aesthetic ideas,

the products of genius is like a second nature built out of the first, the “actual nature” that we grasp through the synthesis of apprehension, and recall through the synthesis of reproduction. The aesthetic world also differs from the nature that is known through different form of the nature that is known through concepts. Yet the aesthetic world is truly a world of thought. It has the ideal quality of intellectual forms and the intuitive, untranslatable immediacy of sensory perception.

In a development typical of the post Kantian era, Coleridge focuses upon this midpoint of the ideal and actual the intellectual and empirical. He pictures art on integration or “coalescence” of mind and nature, a process in which the original terms are altered. Imagination is not a mere duplication of nature nor it is a propounding of human thought; it is an activity of function that lies between, a union and reconciliation of nature with what is distinctively human. Since, it is genuinely creative, imagination is quite distinct from “fancy” which does not more than shuffle the “fixities and definitives” of practical experience.

In a same way, Coleridge sharply distinguishes between allegorical art, which construct a parallel between imagination and nature and symbolic art, which makes one tune of the two. Here, Coleridge departs from Kantian notion of art and imagination. Rilke’s term for “coalescence” is less philosophical; he catch it enetration into the confidence of things. Those things that are outside us in daily life are observed into the artists’ mind, where, without surrendering there material reality they acquire a spiritual as well. They now can take on a life of their own and becomes tutelary to man like angles. To undergo this experience is to attain in “a single violent gasp of feeling” what Coleridge more abstractly described for Hans

Arp, the relation of imagination to nature is a kind of sexual congress, an impregnation of objects. Unlike Picasso, Mondria and others who sponsor art against nature Arp wants man to recognize his own naturalness. He calls for a “concrete” art in which imagination, the engendering power, is part of the natural world that it quickens.

To William Blake, nature is deception and a delusion when seen only by the corporeal eye and its confederate, memory for which “the verities of space and time” are all in all. But when properly apprehended by the visionary eye nature is imagination’ that is it embodies realities. The whole world including the perceiver is understood by Blake to be a primal and eternal unity which he depicts under the figure of a single recreant man; a Christ in the *prelude* Wordsworth recounts a vision comparable to Blake’s which he experienced on crossing the Alps. Woods, streams, cliffs, and clouds alike presented themselves in their permanent aspect, as a symbol of extremity.

For Baudelaire nature at times becomes a “temple” in which one can perceive the mysterious correspondence of natural forms to each other and to qualities of one’s mind. Such correspondence suggests permanent essences, which Yeats considers to be “disembodied powers”. By the use of emotional and intellectual symbols, the poet frees the essence of things from the “crude circumstance” in which they are hidden. From the similar vantage points, John Keats defines the mood of artistic creation by his term “negative capability” meaning the acceptance of uncertainties, mysteries and doubts, without any compulsion to resolve them in rational terms or to weight them by factual probability the “Cold Philosophy” of abstract idea can only destroy the surmises and intuitions from which creative art is born. Flaubert also lays stress on

the negative aspect of imagination. According to him 'not to conclude' is a characteristic of the creative mind which is reflected in the work itself; just as the artist renounces clear cut opinions, so the absence of them is one of the marks of great work of literature.

To differentiate between proposition as they occur in poetry and prose, I.A. Richards offers the term 'pseudo-statements'. Poetic- propositions, though they look like statements and not to be judged by truth or falsity but only by their effect in releasing or organizing many impulses and attitudes. What Coleridge called the willing suspension of disbelief induced by a poem is simply our recognition that a different mode of assertion is involved. Nietzsche finds that 'untruth' is a condition of life; opinions ideas and beliefs are unavoidably false, yet they are necessary to gauge reality against imagined standards without which life would be arid. Affirmations however fictional are life-furthering because they extend man's sway over things and also provide necessary food for the passions, which carve attachments (12, intro).

Baudelaire proclaims that art demands the suppression of outside motives moral teaching violates the aesthetic effect. Art may indeed, if it wishes disdain voice, thought because of disharmony rather than evil, and art may result in the uplifting of men's minds. The doctrine of purity has influenced even the theory of prose fiction, the art that traditionally has been most receptive to extra artistic motives. Virginia Woolf held that the novel should not imitate objective life by means of plot, but rather should present the "Luminous halo" or "semi-transparent envelope" of consciousness the unsequential and perhaps irrational form in which life is really experienced. Events are no more than small islands in a mental sea.

T. S. Eliot theorizes that a work of art is successful insofar as it is the “objective correlation” of the writer's emotion; it fails if it is only a confession. James Joyce traces a logical development in the relation between the artist and his material (10, intro).

The objective image becomes increasingly palpable until it reaches the stage or complete esthetic existence. While by a reverse process the artist's personality recedes from sight. The perfect literary artifact is static, as against the dynamic experience of as against the lyrical expression of modern art.

The depersonalization of art, emphasizing the hand and objective thing that the artist is to produce is related to Imagism, an effort to find concrete images that instantaneously present things and participate in their objective solidity. The image writes Ezra Pound, is the poet's pigment; it is his primary material later Pound altered the term “image” so as “vortex” to indicate a less passive more substantial and self-propelling quality in his medium. The symbolist endeavor to deal with problems of form as logically is well illustrated by Joyce's use of language in *Finnegan's Wake* words are sudden mode plastic shaped and reshaped like Dufay's past and their lingual fusions parallel and evoke similar fusions of incident and character.

Max Ernst tells how multiple and contradict images makes their unexpected appearance on his canvases. In addition, Einstein in writing about film elevates montage for splicing heterogeneous images together to achieve and affect not paraphrasable or in any other way attainable. Artistic heroism is epitomized Paul Valéry in his by Leonardo da Vinci a type of artist as universal man. Exploring the high of consciousness, the artist discourse that the reality to which we are accustomed is but one solution out of many possible ones.

Deviously but surely then, symbolist art moves toward a recognition of the artists role in his society. Even Flaubert sketches tentatively and almost in desperation an 'Aesthetic Mysticism'. There are hints of his letters that he envisages humanity as ultimately awaking uniting and finding a higher morality in arts. Flaubert argues that since artistic form has an intrinsic virtue, perhaps it evinces an eternal principle a drive order meanwhile we may love each other in art. E.M. foster adopts art for art sake without this metaphysical hope.

In opposition to almost magical view of art, that Mallarme takes. W.H. Auden used to speak of art as an impersonal game, though a game of knowledge. It makes nothing happen but is a way of manning hidden relationship (16, intro). In making any survey even the freest and loosest, of modern fiction, it is difficult not to take it for granted that the modern practice of the art is somehow an improvement upon the old.

The term Modernism is widely used to identify new and distinctive features in the subjects, forms, concepts, and styles of literature and the other arts in the early decades of the present century, but especially after World War I (1914-18). The specific features signified by "Modernism" (or by the adjective modernist) vary with the user, but many critics agree that it involves a deliberate and radical break with some of the traditional bases not only of Western art, but of Western culture in general. Important intellectual precursors of modernism, in this sense, are thinkers who had questioned the certainties that had supported traditional modes of social organization, religion, and morality, and also traditional ways of conceiving the human self-thinkers such as Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, and James G. Frazer, whose *The Golden Bough* stressed the correspondence between central Christian tenets and Pagan. Often Barbaric, Myths and rituals.

Literary historians locate the beginning of the modernist revolt as far back as the 1980s, but most agree that what is called high **modernism**, marked by an unexampled range and rapidity of change, came after the first World War. The year 1922 alone was signalized by the simultaneous appearance of such monuments of modernist innovation as James Joyce's *Ulysses*, T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, and Virginia Woolf's *Jacob's Room*, as well as many other experimental works of literature. The catastrophe of the war had shaken faith in the moral basis, coherence, and durability of Western civilization and raised doubts about the adequacy of traditional literary modes to represent the harsh and dissonant realities of the postwar world. T.S. Eliot wrote in a review of Joyce's *Ulysses* in 1923 that the inherited mode of ordering a literary work, which assumed a relatively coherent and stable social order, could not accord with "the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history." Like Joyce and like Ezra Pound in his *Cantos*, Eliot experimented with new forms and a new style that would render contemporary disorder, often contrasting it to a lost order and integration that had been based on the religion and myths of the cultural past. In *The Waste Land* (1922), for example, Eliot replaced the standard syntactic flow of poetic language by fragmented utterances and substitutes for the traditional coherence of poetic structure a deliberate dislocation of parts, in which very diverse components are related by connections that are left to the reader to discover, or invent.

Major works of modernist fiction, following Joyce's *Ulysses* (1922) and his even more radical *Finegan's Wake* (1939), subvert the basic conventions of earlier prose fiction by breaking up the narrative continuity, departing from the standard ways of representing characters, and violating the traditional syntax and coherent of narrative language by the use of stream of consciousness and other innovative modes

of narration. Gertrude Stein-often linked with Joyce, Pound, Eliot, and Woolf as a trail-blazing modernist-experimented with automatic writing (writing that has been freed from control by the conscious, purposive mind) and other modes that achieved their effects by violating the norms of standard English syntax and sentence structure. Among other European and American writers who are central representatives of modernism are the novelists Marcel Proust, Thomas Mann, Andre Gide, Franz Kafka, Dorothy Richardson, and William Faulkner; the poets Stephane Mallarme, William Butler Yeats, Rainier Maria Rilke, Marianne Moore, William Carlos Williams, and Wallace Stevens; and the dramatists August Strindberg, Luigi Pirandello, Eugene O'Neill, and Bertolt Brecht.

Their new forms of literary construction and rendering has obvious parallels in the violation of representational conventions in the artistic movements of expressionism and surrealism, in the modernist paintings and sculpture of Cubism, Futurism, and Abstract Expressionism, and in the violations of standard conventions of melody, harmony and rhythm by the modernist musical composers Stravinsky, Schoenberg, and their radical followers.

A prominent feature of modernism is the phenomenon called the **avant-garde** (a military metaphor: "advance-guard"); that is, a small, self-conscious group of artists and authors who deliberately undertake, in Ezra Pound's phrase, to "make it new". By violating the accepted conventions and priorities, not only of art but of social discourse, they set out to create even-new artistic forms and styles and to introduce hitherto neglected, and sometimes forbidden, subject matter. Frequently, avant-garde artists represent themselves as "alienated" from the established order, against which they assert their own autonomy; a prominent aim is to shock the sensibilities of the conventional reader and to challenge the norms and pieties of the

dominant bourgeois culture. With their simple tools and primitive material, it might be said Fielding did well and Jane Austen even better, but compare their opportunities with our as Woolf remarks.

Their masterpieces certainly have a storage air of simplicity (*Virginia Woolfs' TNOC*) our quarrel then is not with the classics, and if we speak of quarrelling with Mr. Wells Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Galsworthy, it is partly that by the name fact of their existence in the flesh their work has living breathing everyday imperfection which bids us take what liberties with it we choose. But it is also true that while we thank them for a thousand gift, we reserve our unconditional gratitude for Mr. Hardy, Conrad and in much lesser degree for the Mr. Hudson of the *purple and Green Mansions* and Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Galsworthy have excited so many hopes and disappointed them so persistently that our gratitude largely takes the form of thinking them for having shown in what they might have done but have not done; what we certainly could not do but as certainly perhaps does not wish to do.

No single-phase will sum up the change or grievance, which we have to bring against a mass of work so long in its volume and embodying so many qualities both admirable and the reverse. Would we should say that these three writer are materialists. It is because they are convened not with the spirit but with the body that they have disappointed in, and left us with the feeling that the sooner eggless fiction turns its back upon them (122). It can scarily be said of Mr. Wells that he is a materialist in the sense that he takes too much delight in the solidity of his fabric, his mind is too generous in its sympathies to allow him to spend much time in making things shipshape and substantial. He is a materials from sheer goodness to heart, taking upon his shoulder the work that ought to have been discharged by

governmental officials, and in the plethora of his ideas and fat secretly having leisure to realize or getting to think important the curding and coarseness of his human being.

It is at any rate in some such fashion as this that we seek to define the quality, which distinguishes the work of several young writers, among whom Mr. James Joyce is the most notable, from that of their predecessors. They attempted to come closer to life and to life and to preserve more sincerely and exactly what interests and moves them, even if to do so they must discard most of the conventions, which are commonly observed by the novelist. Let us record the at most as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall lets us race pattern, however disconnected and incoherent in appearance, which each sight or increment scores upon the consciousness. Let us not take it for granted that life exists more fully in what is commonly thought big than in what is commonly thought small. In contrast with whom we have called materialists.

Mr. Joyce is spiritual; he is concerned at all costs to reveal the lickings of that innermost flame which flashes its messages through the brain and in order preserve it he disregards with complex courage whatever seems to him adventitious, whether it be probability or coherence, or any other of these signposts which for generations have served to support the imagination of a reader when called upon to imagine what he can neither touch or see.

Indeed we find ourselves fumbling rather awkwardly if we try to say what else we wish and for what reason a work of such originality yet fails to compare for we must take high examples, with youth or *The Mayor of Caster Bridge*. It fails because of the comparative poverty of the writers mind, we might say simply and have done with it. But it is possible to press a little further and wonder whether we may not be

for our sense of being in a bright yet narrow room, confined and shut in, rather than enlarged and set free to some limitation imposed by the method as 'well' as the mind. The method inhibits the creative power.

It is due to the method that we feel neither jovial nor manglavious, but centre in a self which, in spite of its term or of susceptibility never embraces or creates what is outside itself and beyond? Any method is right every method is right, that express what we wish to express, if we are writers: that brings us closer to the novelist's intention if we are readers. This method has he might of bringing us closer to that are prepare to call life itself; did not the reading of *Ulysses* suggest how much of life is excluded or ignored, and did it not come with a shock to open Instars Sandy or even pendants and be by them convinced that there are not only other aspect of life, but more important ones into the bargain.

However, this may be the problems before the novelist at present, as we suppose it to have been in the past, is to contrive means at being free to set down what he chooses. He has to have the courage to say that what interests him is no longer "this" but "that" alone must be he constructs his work. For the moderns "that", the point of interest, lies very likely in the dark places of psychology. At once, therefore, the accent falls a little differently, the 'emphasis is upon something hitherto ignored', at once a different outline of form becomes necessary, difficult for us to grasp. Incomprehensible to our predecessors. No one but a modern no one but a Russian, would have felt the interest of the situation which Chekov has made into the short story which he calls *Gusev*.

The most elementary remarks upon modern English fiction can hardly avoid some mention of the Russian influence, and if the Russian are mentioned one runs the

risk of feeling that to write of any fiction some there is waste of time. In every great Russian writer we seem to discern the features of a saint if sympathy for the sufferings for others, love towards them, endeavour to reach some goal worthy of the most exacting demands of the spirit constitute saintliness. It is the saint in them that confounds us with a feeling of our own irreligious travailing turns so many of our famous novels to tinsel and trickery.

The conclusion of the Russian mind, thus seem comprehensive and compassionate one inevitably perhaps of the utmost sadness. More accurately indeed, we might speak of the inconclusiveness of the Russian mind as Woolf remarks.

English fiction from Sterne to Meredith bears witness to our natural delight in humour and comedy, in the beauty of earth, in the activities of the intellect and in the splendor of body. But any deductions that we may draw from the comparison of two fictions so immeasurably far apart are futile save indeed as they flood us with a view of the infinite possibilities at the art and reminds us that there is no limit to the horizon, and that nothing-no "method" no experiment even of the wildest-is forbidden, but only falsity and pretence. "The proper stuff of fiction" does not exist; everything is the proper stuff of fiction, every feeling, every thought; every quality of brain and spirit is drowning upon; no perception comes amiss. And if we can imagine the art of fiction come alive and standing in our midst. She would undoubtedly bid us break her and bully her as well as honor and over her, for so her youth is renewed and her sovereignty assured as Virginia Woolf regards.

"The illusion of truth (if there is one) comes, on the contrary from the books impersonality. It is one of my principles that a writer should not be his own theme. An artist must be in his work like God in creation, invisible and all-powerful; he should

be everywhere felt, but nowhere seen. Furthermore, art must, arise personal emotions and nervous susceptibilities. It is time to endow it with pitiless method, with the exactness of the physical sciences. Still for me, the capital difficult remains style, from that indefinable. Beauty implicit in the conception of and representing as Plato said the splendor of "Truth." (Flaubert, IOA, 132). Flaubert proceeds writer like God who should be omnipresent in the creation (text) and impersonalized the art expressed by T.S. Eliot. Flaubert remarks: "It is a same with art. Feeling does not make poetry; and the more personal you are the poorer you will be. That has always been my sin; I have always put myself into everything I have done. There I am for instance in Saint Anthony's place; the Temptation was mine and not the reader's. The less one feels a thing the more fit one is to express it in its true nature (as it always is, in itself in it generize being and divorced from all ephemeral conditions). But one must have the faculty for making oneself feel. This faculty is neither more nor less than genius, which is to have the object posed in front of one. (132)

"One thing ... psychoanalysis all along the line fails to determine, and that is the nature of the pristine unconscious in man. The incest carving is or is not inherent in the pristine psychoanalysis. When Adam and Eve became aware of sex in themselves, they became aware of that which was pristine in them, and which preceded all knowing. But when the analyst discovers the incest motive in the unconscious surely he is only discovering a term of humanity's repressed idea of sex". (*D.H. Lawrence, A NFU, 591*) Lawrence precedes that it is not even suppressed sex consciousness but repressed. That it is nothing pristine and anterior to mentality. It is in itself the mind's ulterior motive. That is the incest-carving is propagated in the pristine unconscious by the mind itself even though unconsciously. And the incest

motive is in its origin not a pristine impulse but a logical extension of existent idea of have and sex. The mind that it transfers the idea of incest into the affective passion psychoanalysis, and keeps it there as a repressed motive.

For Lawrence the Freudian unconscious it the clear in which the mind keeps its own bastard spawns. The true unconscious is the wellhead, the fountain of real motility. The sex of which Adam and Eve became conscious derived from the very God who bed them be not conscious of it. It was not spawn produced by secondary propagation form the mental consciousness itself. This motivating of the final peril of human consciousness. It is the death of all spontaneous creative life and the substituting of the mechanical principle. It is obvious that the ideal becomes a mechanical principle, if it be applied to the affective soul as a fixed motive.

Thus, we see how it is that in the end pure idealism is identical with pure materialism and the most ideal peoples are the most completely material. Ideal and material are identical. The ideal is but god in the machine. The little fixed, machine principle, which works the human psyche automatically. We are now in the last stage of idealism. And psychoanalysis alone has the courage necessary to conduct us through there last stages. The identity of love with sex, the single necessity for fulfillment through love this are our fixed ideals. We must fulfill us finally to incest, even incest-workshop: we have no option, whilst our ideal stand. Hence, psychoanalysis as the last advance guard of science, the evangel of the last ideal liberty.

What is the true unconscious? It is not shadow cast from the mind. It is the spontaneous life-motive in every organism. Where even it begin? It beings where life begins. The beginning of life is in the beginning of the first individual creature. You

may call the necked, unicellular bit of Plasma the first individual if you like. Mentally as far as thinkable simplicity goes it is the first. So that we may say that life begins in the first raked organism. And where life begins unconscious also begins. At the moment of conception, when a procreative male nucleus fuses with the nucleus of the female germ, at that moment does a new unit of life, of consciousness arise in the universe. As yet we see the unconscious active one plane only and entirely dependent on two individuals. But immediately following the establishment of the circuit of the powerful, subjective abdominal plane comes the quivering of the whole system into a new degree of consciousness.

And two great upper centers are awake. There are now two planes at primary consciousness, active beneath the diaphragm, and the second upper objective plane, active above the diaphragm in the breast. From the sympathetic center of the breast as from a window, the consciousness goes forth seeking its object, to dwell upon it. When a child leans its breast, against its mother it becomes filled with a primal awareness of her not of itself desiring her or partaking of her but of her as she is in herself.

This is the first great acquisition of primal objective knowledge the objective content of consciousness. Such knowledge we call the treasure of heart. When the ancients located the first seat of consciousness in the heart, they were neither misguided nor playing with metaphor. For by consciousness they mean as usual, objective consciousness only. It is a dwelling of the child's unconscious within the form of the mother.

Consciousness develops on successive planes. On each plane there is a dual polarity, positive and negative, or the sympathetic and voluntary nerve centers. The

first plane is established between the poles of the sympathetic solar plexus and the voluntary lumbar ganglion. This is the active first plane of the subjective unconscious, from which the whole of consciousness arises. Immediately succeeding the first plane of objective dynamic consciousness arises the corresponding first plane of objective consciousness the objective unconscious, polarized in the cardiac plexus and the thoracic ganglion in the breast.

There is a perfect correspondence in difference between the first abdominal and the first thoracic planes. These two planes polarize each other in a fourfold polarity, which makes the first great field of individual self-dependent consciousness. Each pole of the active unconscious manifests a specific activity and gives rise to a specific kind of dynamic or creative consciences. But the moment we enter the two planes of corresponding consciousness however and upper, we find a whole new range of complements. The upper, dynamic objective plane is complementary to the lower, dynamic subjective.

The mystery of creative opposition exists all the time between the two planes, and this unison is opposition between the two planes form the first whole field of consciousness. Within the individual the polarity of fourfold. On both planes of love, upper, and lower, the two modes must act complementary to one another the sympathetic and the separatist. It is absolute failure to see this that has form the modern world into two halves, the one warring for the voluntary, objective, separatist control, the other for the pure sympathetic.

“Consciousness then does not appear to itself chopped up on bits. Such words as “chain” or “train” do not describe it fitly as it present itself in the first instance. It is nothing jointed: it flow a “river” or a “stream” are the metaphors by which it is most

naturally described. In taking of it hereafter let us call it the stream of thought, of consciousness, or of subjective life". (*William James, SOC, 717*) As we take ... a general view of the wonderful stream of our consciousness, what strikes us first is ... [the] different place of its parts. Like a birds life it seems to be made of an alternation of flights and perching. The rhythm of language expresses this, where every thought is expressed in a sentence and every sentence closed by a period. If we speak objectively, it is the real relations that appear revealed; if we speak subjectively, it is the stream of consciousness that matches each of them by an inward coloring of its own. In either case, the relations are numberless, and no existing language is capable of doing justice to all their shades.

Suppose we try to recall of forgotten name. The state of our consciousness is peculiar. There is a gap there in; but no more gap. It is a gap that is intensely active. A sort of wraith of the name is in it, beckoning us in a given direction. There are innumerable consciousness of emptiness, no one of which taken in itself has a name, but all different from each other. The ordinary is to assume that they are all emptiness's of consciousness, and so the same state. But, the feeling of absences is *totocoelo* other than the absence of feeling. For this school the only possible materials of consciousness are images of a perfectly definite nature. Tendencies exist, but they are facts for the outside psychologist rather than for the subject of the observation, the tendency is thus a psychical zero, only its results are felt.

Virginia Woolf uses the novel as a vehicle for criticism of the society of her day. Characters in *Mrs. Dalloway* occasionally perceive life's pattern through a sudden shock of what Woolf called a "moment of being" (*Jacob's Room* 14). The main characters of her novels raise issues of deep personal concern; in *Clarissa*, the

repressed social and economic position of women and in Septimus the treatment of those driven by depression.

While writing *Mrs. Dalloway* Woolf read the Greek classics along with two modernist writers Marcel Proust and James Joyce. Woolf shared these writer's interest in time and psychology, and she incorporated these issues into her novels. She seems to show her characters who are in flux rather than static who think and emotive as they move through space, who react in their surroundings in ways that mirrored actual human experience. Rapid political and social change marked the period between two world wars; the British empire for which so many people had sacrificed their life to protect and preserve, was in decline countries like India were beginning to question Britain's colonial rule. At home the labor party with its emphasis on imperial business interests. Women who had gone to war flooded the workforce. They were demanding equal rights.

Woolf used characters from her own past. Clarissa was modeled after a friend of Woolf's named Kitty Maxse, whom Woolf thought to be a superficial socialite, Madge Symonds on whom she based Sally Seton. Woolf held a similar type of affectionate devotion for Madge at the age of fifteen as a young Clarissa held for Sally. The theme of insanity was close to Woolf's past and present. Woolf's husband and close friends compared her periods of insanity to a manic depression, quite similar to the episodes experienced by Septimus. Woolf also included frustratingly impersonal doctor types in Bradshaw and Holmes that reflected doctors she had visited through out the years.

Ralph Samuelson interprets Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* on a novel of modernist theme with suicide, insanity and proposition:

Though he doesn't specifically attack the suicide serene in *Mrs. Dalloway* savage makes it clear that any ethical, justification of such as act would be as alien to him as are Woolf's attacks against the ideas of "proportion" and "Conversion". Suicide insanity proportion; these are all terms which the novel forces us as we discuss it. But the very use to which the novel itself puts these terms, the ways in which the novel "tests" them as it were should make us realize the impossibility of abstracting the terms and asking direct ethical questions about them. Is "Suicide" good ? Is "insanity" bad? Is "Proportion" desirable? such questions obviously lead nowhere and for the absolute moralist *Mrs. Dalloway* will remain a novel one might softly discuss only as an interesting display of technical virtuosity. (35)

As a modernist technique for art Woolf uses impersonality as tool to write. She exposes her reality in hidden and distinct manner to achieve her desired goal. Woolf creates a new structure in *Mrs. Dalloway* where in, her prose has blurred the distinction between dream and reality, between the past and the present. An authentic human being functions in this manner, simultaneously flowing from the conscious to the unconscious, from the fantastic to the real and from memory to the moment. Woolf also strived to illustrate the vain artificiality of Clarissa's life and her involvement in it.

The detail given and thought provoked in one day of a woman's preparation for a party, a simple social event exposes the filmsy life style of England's upper classes. Even though Clarissa is affected by Septimus death and its bombarded by profound thoughts through out the novel. She is also a women for whom a party is her

greatest offering to society. The presence of the Prime Minister though out, the near fulfilling of Peter's prophecy concerning Clarrissa's role, and the characters of the doctors, Hugu Whitbread and lady Burton as compared to the tragically mishandled plight of Septimus, throw a critical light upon the social circle examined by Woolf.

Woolf portrays the same grasping for significant and substantial connections to life, sliving among those who have been cut off from such connections and who suffer because of the improper treatment of them. The critical Routolo, excellently develops the idea behind the theme:

Estranged from the sanity of others rooted to the pavement of the "veteran" [Septimus] asks for what purpose he is present. Virginia Woolf's novel honors and extends his question. He perceives an beauty in existence that his age has almost totally disregard; his vision of new life [. . .] is a source of Joy as well as madness. Unfortunately the glimpse of beauty that makes Septimus less forlorn is anathema to an age that worships like Septimus' inhuman doctor Sir William Bradshaw, the twin goddesses proportion and conversion. (76)

Here, Woolf seems to blurring the traditional mode of fiction writing. She depicts her characters more distracted to the mondain world and depressed psychologically. Virginia Woolf's out put can be found not only in fiction but also in reviews and essays. One of them "Modern Fiction" written in the spring of 1919, is extremely important. In the above mention essay she has not only attached outstanding novelist of the day but it is also a kind of manifesto of what she now wanted to write himself. She explores on her famous manifesto:

Look with in and life, it seems, is very far from being 'like this'.

Examine of a moment an ordinary mind on an ordinary day. The mind receives myriad impressions trivial, fantasy to evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel. From all sides they come, an incessant shower of innumerable atoms; and as they fall, as they shape themselves into the life of Monday or Tuesday, the accent falls differently from the old; the moment of importance came not here but there; so that, if a writer were free man, not a slave, if he could write what he chose not what he must if he could base his work upon his own feeling and not upon convention there would be no plot, no comedy no tragedy no love interest no catastrophe in the accepted style, and perhaps not a single button sewn on as the bond street tailors would have it. Life is not a series of gignlamps symmetrically arranged; life is a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelop surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end. it is not the task of the novelist to convey this varying, this unknown and uncrisumscribed sprit, whatever aberration or complexity it' may concern with little mixture of the alien and external as possible? (187-88).

Woolf describes artist as a freeman not a slave of the subject matter he/she writes upon. She seems suggesting writer to depart from traditional method and style to give new test to audience or readers. Her basic aim of novels was to capture different reality from what Wells Bennett and Galsworthy assumed to be reality something that would express the semitransparent envelop of consciousness in all its intuitions of the external as in the greatest poetry, rather than the material world.

Another critic John Lehmann writes in his book *Virginia Woolf and her old on her new technique*:

Virginia Woolf took two years, from 1922 to 1924 to write her next novel, *Mrs. Dalloway*, though it was evidently in her mind for sometimes before she began to put it down. In it she shows far greater mastery of her new technique. The problem of structure is effectively solved by having the action confined to one place, London and one day the day of Clarissa Dalloway's Party, in which the passing of time is marked by the booming of the hours by Big Ben. (The novel was originally to be called *the Hours*). But where as the impressionism of *Jacob's room* had reduced her to glimpsed shadow impressions in *Mrs. Dalloway* her use of 'stream of consciousness' builds them up as real persons with astonishing skill [. . .]. The most daring and original aspect of the design, or tapestry of the book is the weaving together of two entirely separate threads of narrative: Clarissa's party and day-long preparation for it and the madness and eventual suicide of Septimus' Warren Smith (50).

Her intermingling thoughts of the characters, their actions and confined place, use of thoughts, memories and Judgment over the past, as well as the present show the continuous process of mental thought as a original design for the novel.

Here, Woolf's Modernist fiction *Mrs. Dalloway* portrays the political atmosphere through the characters Peter Walsh, Richard Dalloway and Hugh Whitebread, it focuses more deeply on the changed social mood through the Septimus Warren Smith and Clarissa Dalloway.

III. *Mrs. Dalloway* as a Modern Text

This section of reading shows the modernist feature of *Mrs. Dalloway* in relation to her other works with reference to critics comment in Woolf's work. *Mrs. Dalloway*, published in 1925, Woolf discovered a new literary form capable of expressing the new realities of post-war England. The novel depicts the subjective experiences and memories of its central characters over a single day in post-world War I London. Divided into two parts rather than characters, the novel's structure highlights the finely interwoven texture of the character's thoughts.

Critics tend to agree that Woolf found her writer's voice with this novel. At forty-three, she knew her experimental style was unlikely to be a popular success but no longer felt compelled to seek critical praise. The novel did, however, gain a measure of commercial and critical success. This book which focuses on commonplace tasks, such as shopping, throwing a party, and eating dinner showed that no act was too small or too ordinary for a writer's attention. Ultimately *Mrs. Dalloway* transformed the novel as an art form.

Woolf develops the book's protagonist, Clarissa Dalloway, and large number of other characters by chronicling their interior thoughts with little pause or explanation a style referred to as stream of consciousness. Several central characters and more than one hundred minor characters appear in a text, and their thoughts spin out like spider webs. Sometimes the threads of thought cross and people succeed in communicating. More often, however, the threads do not cross, leaving the 'character' isolated and alone. Woolf believed that behind the "cotton wool" of life, as she terms it in her autobiographical collection of essays (1914), and under the downpour of impressions saturating a mind during each moment, a pattern, exists,

characters in *Mrs. Dalloway* occasionally perceive life's pattern through a sudden shock, or what Woolf called a "moment of being". Suddenly the cotton wool parts and a person sees reality and his or her place in it, clearly.

In the vast catastrophe of the European war, wrote Woolf "our emotions had to be broken up for us, and put at an angle from us, before we could allow ourselves to feel them in poetry or fiction. These words appear in her essay collection, the common reader which was published just one month before *Mrs. Dalloway*. Her novel attempts to uncover fragmented emotions, such as desperation or love in order to find, through "moments of being" a way to endure.

Woolf possesses the ability to create a work of fiction that evokes a pleasant reading experience for the reader without utilizing a central plot. In *Mrs. Dalloway*, Woolf chooses to explore the narrative possibilities of bringing several characters through one single day in time. This narrative technique works well in a text that mainly focuses on *Mrs. Dalloway's* worldview, her inner workings, and her exploration and sensory experience of the world surrounding her. Woolf's embrace of the realistic and spiritual aspects of the world, asserted in "Modern Fiction", are set up within this novel so that these views will be challenged. Through the character Clarissa, struggling through one day in time Woolf compels the reader to consider the possibilities beyond the material world. The narrative technique moves the action forward and simultaneously delves into the life and inner workings of Clarissa, barring her soul to the reader and opening up the possibilities and realities of the spiritual world.

Woolf also employs imagery that similarly challenges the reader to explore the possibilities of what lies beyond the material. The imagery of death is quite prevalent

in the text and these images are mainly viewed through Clarissa, as she makes sense of her life. Clarissa's "fear of termination" resonates most clearly in her isolated attic bedroom. The image of her bedroom symbolizes loneliness and death and serves as a place where Clarissa frequently contemplates these subjects. She has no one but herself in which to rely and this is evidenced through her continual fractionation with the concept of death and the end of existence. The image of the spiritual transcending death through means of apparitions is another powerful image with in the text and interlooks with the image of death and presents itself simultaneously.

In the case of Septimus, Clarissa is able to feel a connection with him after he has died that seems to transcend death. She assimilates herself with him after he took his life. She knows that "she felt glad that he had done it; thrown it away. He made her feel beauty, made her feel the fun. But she must go back. She must assemble" (185). *Mrs. Dalloway* sees herself in Septimus even though she has never encountered him face-to-face, she sees something in Septimus that she desires for herself. Woolf uses themes that connect reality with the spiritual realm in an attempt to further her thesis in "Modern fiction", for fiction to be modern and worth reading it must explore that which is above the material world.

Woolf's main concern in the novel seems to be the inner workings of *Mrs. Dalloway*, her thought processes, and how she engages with the world surrounding her. Woolf juxtaposes Clarissa's internal self with her external world, thus setting up one of the most prevalent resonant themes with in the text and it is "against this system that Woolf places a world of private significance whose meaning is wholly irreducible to facts of the external world" (37)

This struggle between the internal and external surrounds not only Clarissa, but her double, Septimus and thus permeates the novel. In essence, the separation between the internal (soul) and the external (material world) is not navigable. *Mrs. Dalloway* is forced to break down the material barriers that bar her from knowing herself, and delve into the depths of her soul to find the spiritual, the truth. Another fascinating theme with the text is the intriguing concept of human interaction. Characters within the novel are being continually merged together through their experiences and through their own imaginations and memories as well (Littleton 39).

One of the most interesting examples of this is the relationship between *Mrs. Dalloway* and Septimus. Clarissa never visually sees Septimus yet he is the most significant part of her day. Clearly Woolf is merging the two characters together, yet she blurs the lines a bit, thus furthering her assertions in "Modern Fiction" that "Life is not a series of gig lamps symmetrically arranged; life is a luminous halo a semi transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end" Septimus is a part of Clarissa's consciousness even though she doesn't realize it. His life has a large impact on Clarissa and he is the sole character that compels her to remain true to her soul.

The characters are connected on various levels, and Woolf shows this connection quite acutely through the lens of lady Burton as she muses about the way in which Hugh and Richard remain with her after they leave "as if one's friends were attached to one's body after lunching with them by a thin thread, which became hazy with the sound of bells, striking the hour" (112). The interaction between the characters is remarkable as Woolf continues to assert that there is a spiritual

connection between human beings that surpasses any material, physical connection (8).

Through means of narrative technique, fascinating imagery and compelling themes Woolf continues to assert her thesis in "Modern Fiction" that fiction must be concerned with the reality of life, its inherent truth and spirituality. If fiction is not only willing to explore the material, it will do a disservice to humanity, for there is a world beyond the material that begs to be explored. In *Mrs. Dalloway*, Woolf explores this other world, and brings to light fascinating possibilities that lies far beyond that realms of the material.

Except the above discussed methodology Woolf employs experimentation in narration:

What a lark! What a plunge ! for so it had always seemed to her when, with a little squeak of the hinges which she could hear how she had burst open the French window's and plunged at Burton into the open air. How fresh, how calm, stiller than his of course, the air was in the early morning; like the flap of ware; chill and sharp and yet (for a girl of eighteen as she then how) Solemn, feeling as she did standing there at the open window, that something awful was about to happen; looking at the flowers, at the tree with the smoke winding off them and the rooks rising falling, standing and cooking until peter "Walsh said, "Musing among the vegetables? – Was that it ? – I prefer men to cauliflowers – Was that it? They must have said it at break fast one morning when she had gone out onto the terrace _peter Walsh. (1)

In the opening line of the novel Woolf sets forward the background for the story with the help of stream of consciousness technique. Her smooth narration exhibits the morning time the protagonist Clarissa Dalloway walking for to buy the flower for her grand party. Here, in the fresh, calm and stiller morning the narrator's mind seem open and emotional. He must have said it at breakfast one morning when she had gone out to on to the terrace- Peter Walsh. The flash back of the story.

Preceding technique of Woolf shows her as experimental playwright in modern time (i.e. 20th Century)

Woolf's characters seem more lured to material gain rather than spirituality:

Peter never saw a thing of all that. He would put on his spectacles if she told him to; he would look. It was the state of the world that indented him. Wanger, pope'[s poetry people's characters eternally and the defects of her own soul. How he scolded her ! How they argued ! She would marry a prime minister and stand at the top of the staircase; the perfect hostess he called her (she had cried over it in her bedroom) she had the makings of the perfect hostess he said. (6)

Clarissa in the patriarchal society wants to gain high prestige in the society by throwing grand party. She seems to trying her best to gain some 'space' through marrying Parliamentarian Richard Dalloway by rejecting her suitors. She seems to reach at the top of a staircase of the society bears emplied meaning behind it. By gathering people in her party she wants to establish herself as a part of socie.ty. Her desire is to reciprocate with society by gathering town people in her house. Here, her party accumulates topstaire case of people and establishes a kind of relation to her and society. Her implication to organize party is to be for her hostess in the society and

get some reputation in modern town. So the protagonist seems more materially guided not that that of spiritually.

The characters of Woolf's too seem guided by suicidal motive in the story. Septimus Warren Smith who seems to attach more to his wife Lucrezia and Clarissa directly exposes his frustration to this mundane world:

People must notice; people must see. people she trough, looking at the crowd staring at the motorcar; the English people with their children and their horses and their clothes which she admired in a way; but they were 'people'; now, because Septimus has said ' I will kill myself; an awful thing to say'. Suppose they had heard him ? She looked at the crowd. Help, help! 'She wanted to cry out to butchers' boys' and 'women. Help ! Only last autom she and Septimus had stood on the Embankment wrapped in the same cloak and Septumu's reacting a paper instead of talking, she had snatched it from him and' laughed in the old man's face who saw them ! But failure one conceals. She must take him into some park. (12)

Septimus, the First World War veteran an insane seems more fade up to this material world. He publically says "I will kill myself" and ultimately commits suicide in the novel.

I'm alone, I an alone! she cried by the fountain in Regent's Park (Staring at the India and his cross), perhaps at midnight when all boundaries are lost, the country reverts to it's ancient shape, as the Romans saw it, lying cloudly when they landed and the hills had no names and rivers would they knew not where-such was her darkness;

when suddenly as if a shelf were shot forth and she stood on it, she said how she was his wife, married years ago in Milan, his wife would never never tell that he was mad ! Turning the shelf feel; down down she dropped. For he I was gone, she thought- gone as he threatened, to kill himself- to throw himself under a cart ! But no; there he was; still sitting alone on the seat, in his shabby overcoat, his legs crossed, staring talking aloud (18).

The above passage depicts the predicament of post World War I people of England.

The veteran victim of war fighter is insane and because of his insanity his wife Lucrezia too seems suffering. Seemingly interior monologue Woolf sets forth the story to replicate suicidal motive, loneliness, depression etc. of the modern London. Smith's wife too suffers because of her husband. Because of insanity many people are affected in the novel. As a modern kind people seem more lured to materiality loneliness, insanity, frustration rolling her characters destiny entirely in her novel.

Gustave Flaubert's the Impersonality of Art and *Mrs. Dalloway*

"I therefore answer your questions: *Madame Bovary* is based on the actual occurrence. It is totally factious story; it contains one of my feelings and no details from my own life. The illusion of truth (if there is one) comes, on the contrary, from the books' impersonality. It is one of my principles that a writer shouldn't be his own theme. An artist must be in his work like God in creation in visible and all-powerful; he should be everywhere felt but no where seen. Further more art must rise above personal emotions and nervous susceptibilities. It is time to endow it with pitiless method with the exactness of the physical sciences. Still for me the capital difficulty remains study from that indefinable Beauty implicit in the conception and

representing, as Plato said, "the splendor or Truth" (132)- Said Austane Flaberts about art and fiction. He says it is the same with the art, feeling doesnot make poetry; and the more personal you are the poorer you will be.

That has always been my sin; I have always put myself into everything. I have always put myself into everything I have done. There I am for instance, in saint Anthony's place; the Temptation was mine and not the readers. The less one feels a thing, the more fit one is to express it in its true nature (as it always is, in itself, in it's generic being and divorced from all ephemeral conditions). But one must have the faculty for making oneself feel. This faculty is neither more nor less than genius; which is to have the object posed in front of one.

To trash the Gustare Flaubert's vision of art in *Mrs. Dalloway*, Woolf, seems to have affected by his philosophy. ". . . the more personal you are the poorer you will be" in fiction writing i.e. Impersonality must dominant art. Here in Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* characters in the novel Septimus Warren Smith seems more closer to Woolf herself and her biography but she depicts Smith in the story as a World-War I veteran in Shell-shok insane . Woolf's time and again attempting suicide in her real life seems more replicating to her fictional Septimus in the novel. So, some critics interpreted septimus in relation to Woolf herself therefore, Woolf employees flauberts impersonality in her novel *Mrs. Dalloway*.

Virginia Woolf's The Novel of Consciences and Modern Fiction

In making any survey even the freest and loosest, of modern fiction, it is difficult not to take it for granted that the modern practice of art is somehow and improvement upon the old. With their simple tools and primitive materials, it might

be said fielding did well and Jan Austine even better but compare their opportunities with our's ! Their masterpieces certainly have a strange air of simplicity.

Woolf depicts modernist as materialist. She says "it can scarcely be said of Mr. Wells that he is a materialist in the sense that he takes to much delight in the society of his fabric. His mind is too generous in its sympathies to allow him to spend much time in making things shipshape and substantial. He is materialist form sheer goodness of heart taking upon his soldiers the work that ought to have discharged by government officials, and in the Plethora of his ideas and facts scarcely having leisure to realize, or forgetting to think important, the crudity and coarseness of his human being". (122)

The most elementary remarks upon modern English fiction can hardly avoid some mention of the Russian influence, and if the Russians are mentioned one runs the risk of feeling that to write of any fiction save theirs in waste of time. If we want understanding of the soul and heart where else shall we find it of comparable profundity? If we are seek of our own materialism, the least considerable of theirs novelist has by right of birth a natural reverence for human spirit. It is the saint in them which comfounds us with a feeling of our own irreligious triviality and turns so many of our famous novels to tinsel and trickery. The conclusions of Russian mind, thus comprehensive and compassionate, are inevitably perhaps of the utmost sadness. It is the sense that there is no answer, that if honestly examined life presents question after question which must be left to sound on and on after the story is over in hopeless interrogation that fills us with a deep and finally it may be with a resentful, despair. (124)

English fiction from Sterve to Meredith bears witness to our natural delight in humor and comedy, in the beauty of earth, in the activities of the intellect, and in the splendour of the body. But any deductions that we may draw from the comparison of two fictions so immeasurably far apart are futile save indeed as they flood us with a view of the infinite possibilities of the art and remind us that there is no limit to the horizon and that nothing-no "method" on experiment, even of the widest- is forbidden, but only falsity and pretence.

"The proper stuff of fiction" does not exist; every quality of brain and spirit is drawn upon; no perception comes amiss. And if we can imagine the art of fiction come alive and standing in our midst, she would undoubtedly bid us break her and bully her, as well as honour and love her, for so her youth is renewed and her sovereignty assured.

D.H. Lawrence's A Non-Freudian Unconscious and Woolf's Mrs Daloway

One thing . . . psychoanalysis all along the line fails to determine, and that is or is the nature of the pristine unconscious in man. The incest-craving is or is not inherent in the pristine psyche. When Adam and Eve became aware of sex in themselves they became aware of that which was pristine in them and which preceded all knowing. But when the analyst discovers the incest motive in the unconscious, surely he is only discovering a term of humanity's repressed idea of sex. It is no even suppressed sex-consciousness but repressed. That is it is nothing pristine and anterior to mentality. The mind acts as incubus and procreator of its own horrors, deliberately unconsciously. And the incest motive is in its origin not a pristine impulse, but a logical extension of the existent idea of a sex and love. The mind that is transfers the

idea of incest into the affective passional psyche, and keep it there as a repressed motive. (591)

The Freudian unconscious is the cellar in which the mind keeps its own Bastard Spawn. The true unconscious is the well-head, the fountain of real motivity. The sex of which Adam and Eve became conscious derived from the very god who bed them be not conscious of it. It was not spawn produced by secondary propagation from the mental consciousness itself. This motivising of the passional sphere from the ideal is the final peril of human consciousness. It is the death of all spontaneous creative life and the substituting of the mechanical principle. Thus we see how it is that in the end pure idealism is identical with pure materialism, and the most ideal peoples are the most completely material. Ideal and material are identical.

The ideal is but the god in the machine. The little, fixed, machine principle which works the human psyche automatically. When then is the true unconscious? It is not the shadow cast from the mind. It is the spontentious life-motive in every organism. Where does it begin? It begins where life begins. The beginning of life is in the beginning of the first individual creature. You may call the naked, unicellular bit of plasm the first individual, if you like. Mentally, as far as thinkable simplicity goes, it is the first. So that we may say that life begins is the first naked unicellular organism. And where life begins the unconscious also begins.

If however the unconscious is inconceivable, how do we know it all? we know it by direct experience. All the best part of knowledge is inconceivable.

Consciousness develops one successive planes. On each plane there is the dual polarity positive and negative, of the sympathetic and voluntary nerves centers. The first plane is established between the poles of the sympathetic solar plexus and the

voluntary lumbar ganglion. This is the active first plane of the subjective unconscious from which the whole of consciousness arises. Immediately succeeding the first plane of the subjective dynamic consciousness arises.

Immediately succeeding the first plane of the subjective dynamic consciousness arises the corresponding first plane of objective consciousness, the objective unconsciousness polarized in the cardiac plexus and the thoracic ganglion in the breast. But, the moment we enter the two planes of corresponding consciousness, lower and upper, we find a whole new range of complements. The upper dynamic objective plane is complementary to the lower, dynamic objective. The mystery of creative opposition between the two planes forms the first whole field of consciousness.

Tracing out 'unconscious' of D.H. Lawrence Woolf seems to be affected to her unconscious and creative mind to this fictional work *Mrs. Dalloway*:

There was nobody. Her words faded. So a rocket fades. It sparks having gazed their way into the night, surrender to I, dark descends, pours over the outline of houses and towers; bleak hillsides soften and fall in. But though they are gone, the night is full of them; robbed of colour, blank of windows, they exist more ponderiously, give out what the frank daylight fails to transmit- the trouble and suspense of things conglomerated there in the darkness; huddled together in the darkness; reft of the relief which dawn brings when washing the walls white and gray, spotting each windowpane, lifting the mist from the fields, showing the red-brown cows peacefully gazing, all is once more decked out to the eye; exists again. (18)

To achieve her desired goal 'stream' of thought of the playwrite smoothly floods in the above stanza. Her unconscious mind seems more straight forward and energetic for composition. She sets forward the Psychic out put of her mind to create storyline in the novel. Here, we see the sense of urgency which replicates as modernist fiction in English literature.

William James's The Stream of Consciousness and Modernist Element in *Mrs.*

Dalloway

When it come to modernist fiction, Virginia woolf's "*Mrs. Dalloway*" provides a good example of modernist themes, especially in the way she portrays and characterizes the characters in the novel. Time and space are not always the same for the people and this point is clarified in *Mrs. Dalloway*. Like Woolf herself Septimus Warren Smith suffered from mental illness. The title character seems to trivialize the suicide of Septimus Warren Smith even though she is very affected by news of his death, even if it may have been for selfish reasons. As common with modernist literature, Woolf allows the readers to see many facts of the characters.

Mrs. Dalloway's seems to care more about how the tragic news of Smith's suicide will affect her party than she cares about the actual self-inflicted death of Smith. "Stream of Consciousness" Plays a major role in modernist fiction and it is no different in Woolfs *Mrs. Dalloway*. She exploits this technique in peculiar manner to give new test in the story with influence of modernist writers James Joyce and Marcel Proust.

Woolf uses another character-Clarissa to show another side of the same events with the use of upper mention methodology. Clarissa shows the most compassion to the news of Smith's death, even though her reaction cannot exactly be classified as

"Heartfelt". Her reaction and the way Woolf Portrays her provides a contrast and much more than old versus young or mature versus immature. It was Clarissa that was simply reacting to Smith's death, as opposed to *Mrs. Dalloway* who saw the death as a tragedy as it impact her life.

It is here too, time aspect really comes into play. The reader can clearly see the urgency and impact that the news of Smith's death has affected much to *Mrs. Dalloway* and the party that she is trying to host. Perhaps there is one part of *Mrs. Dalloway* that really does feel bad that smith has chosen to take his own life. As Dalloway is portrayed as fine, outstanding women it would stand to reason that she would be at least sympathetic and sorry to hear of smith's death. Has the news came the day before the party after or even priory to or following the party, we might have seen an entirely different reaction.

Finally, with the use of stream of consciousness, multiple characters, experimentation in tools Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* is accounted as a good modernist play. With experimentation in narrative the use of space and time too plays a critical role in modernist writing to the extend that setting an metaphorical explanations are almost as a vital to the story. In fact, themes go hand in hand with the concept of space and time in Modernist writings. Much like adjective describes a noun, the poetic devices and writing style take strides at giving the characters more depth, more personality and furthering the writers ability to give the reader a slice of life from the character's point of view.

IV. Literature Review

Virginia Woolf uses the novel as a vehicle for criticism of the society of her day. The main characters of her novels raise issues of deep personal concern: in *Clarissa*, the repressed social and economic position of women and in *Septimus*, the treatment of those driven by depression. As Woolf noted down in her diary, "I want to criticize the social system, and show it at work, at its most intense" (Diary II248).

Woolf believed that behind the "cotton wool" of life, as she terms it in her autobiographical collection of essays *Moments of Being* (1941) and under the downpour of the impression in a saturated mind during each moment, a pattern exists. Characters in *Mrs. Dalloway* occasionally perceive life's pattern through a sudden shock of what Woolf called a "moment of being" (Jacob's Room 14). Suddenly cotton wool parts and a person sees his or her place in it clearly.

While writing *Mrs. Dalloway*, Woolf reread the Greek classics along with two modernist writers, Marcel Proust and James Joyce. Woolf shared these writers' interest in time and psychology, and she incorporated these issues into her novels. She wanted to show her characters who are in flux rather than static, characters who think and emot as they move through space, who react in their surroundings in ways that mirrored actual human experience. Rapid political and social change marked the period between two world wars; the British Empire, for which so many people had sacrificed their life to protect and preserve, was in decline. Countries like India were beginning to question Britain's Colonial rule. At home the Labour Party with its plans for economic reform, was beginning to challenge the Conservative Party with its emphasis on imperial business interests. Women, who had gone to war, flooded the workforce. They were demanding equal rights. Men, who

had seen unspeakable atrocities in the First World War, were questioning the usefulness of class-based sociological intuitions. Woolf lent her support to the feminist movement in her non-fiction book *A Room of One's Own*, as well as numerous essays, and she was briefly involved in the women's suffrage movements.

Although *Mrs. Dalloway* portrays the shifting political atmosphere through the characters Peter Walsh, Richard Dalloway, and Hugh Whitbread, it focuses more deeply on the charged social mood through the Septimus Warren Smith and Clarissa Dalloway.

Woolf's struggle with mental illness gave her an opportunity to witness firsthand how inattentive medical professionals could be and criticizes their tactlessness in *Mrs. Dalloway*. One of Woolf's doctors suggested that plenty of rest and rich food would lead to a full recovery, a cure prescribed in the novel, and another removed several of her teeth. In the early twentieth century, mental health problems were too often considered imaginary, an embarrassment, or the product of moral weakness. During one bout of illness, Woolf heard birds sing like Greek choruses and King Edward use foul language among some azaleas. In 1941, as England entered a Second World War and at the onset of another breakdown she feared would be permanent, Woolf placed a large stone in her pocket to weigh herself down and drowned herself in the River Ouse. In *Jacob's Room*, the novel preceding *Mrs. Dalloway*, Virginia Woolf works with many of the same themes, she later expands upon in *Mrs. Dalloway*, Virginia Woolf works with many of the same themes, she later expands upon in *Mrs. Dalloway*, Virginia Woolf works with many of the same themes, she later expands upon in *Mrs. Dalloway*. To *Mr. Dalloway* she added the theme of "insanity and suicide; the world seen by the sane and the insane side by side"

("Seasons of Essay" 66) However even the theme that would lead Woolf to create a double for Clarissa Dalloway, can be viewed as a progression of other similar ideas cultivated in *Jacob's Room*. Woolf's next novel, then, was a natural development from *Jacob's Room*, as well as an expansion of the short stories she wrote before deciding to make *Mrs. Dalloway* into a full novel.

Woolf became inspired by 'a tunneling writing process, allowing her to dig caves' behind her characters and explore their souls. As painter Jacques Raverat wrote to characterize, it is "precisely the task of the writer to beyond the formal railway line of sentence, and to show how people feel or think or dream [. . .] all over the place" (77). In order to give Clarissa more substance, Woolf created Clarissa's memories.

Woolf used characters from her own past. Clarissa was modeled after a friend of Woolf's named Kitty Maxse, whom Woolf thought to be a superficial socialite, Madge Symonds on whom she based Sally Seton. Woolf held a similar type of affectionate devotion for Madge at the age of fifteen as a young Clarissa held for Sally.

The theme of insanity was close to Woolf's past and present. She originally planned to have Clarissa die to commit suicide at the end of the novel but finally decided that she did want this manner of closure for Clarissa. As critic Manly Johnson elaborates:

The original intention to have Clarissa kill herself in a pattern of Woolf's own intermittent despair was rejected in favour of a 'Dark Double' who would take that act upon himself. Creating Septimus Smith led directly to Clarissa's mystical theory of vicarious death and

shared existence, saving the novel from a damaging balance on the side of darkness. (183)

Still the disassociation of crippling insanity from the character of Clarissa Dalloway did not completely save Woolf from the pain of recollection. Woolf's husband and close friends compared her periods of insanity to a manic depression, quite similar to the episodes experienced by Septimus. Woolf also included frustratingly impersonal doctor types in Bradshaw and Holmes that reflected doctors she had visited through out the years.

Woolf's mastery comes in the expression to the social facts in different methods. For instance, the sea represents a great confidence and comfort. Yet when the image is presented as disjoined or uncomfortable it symbolizes disassociation, loneliness, and fear. Many critics describe Septimus as Clarissa's doppelganger, the alternate persona, the darker, more internal personality compared to Clarissa's very social and singular outlook. Woolf's use of doppelganger, Septimus, portrays a side to Clarissa's personality that becomes absorbed by fear and broken down by society and a side of society that has failed to survive the war. The doubling portrays the polarity of the self and exposes the positive negative relationship inherent in humanity. It also illustrates the opposite phases of the idea of life.

Woolf creates a new structure in *Mrs. Dalloway* wherein, her prose has blurred the distinction between dream and reality, between the past and the present. An authentic human being functions in this manner, simultaneously flowing from the Conscious to the unconscious, from the fantastic to the real and from memory to the moment.

Woolf also strived to illustrate the vain artificiality of Clarissa's life and her involvement in it. The detail given and thought provoked in one day of a women's preparation for a party, a simple social event exposes the flimsy life style of England's upper classes. Eventhough Clarissa is affected by Septimus' death and is bombard by profound thoughts through out the novel. She is also a woman for whom a party is her greatest offering to society. The presence of the Prime Minister throughout, the near fulfilling of Peter's prophecy concerning Clarissa's role, and the characters of the doctors, Hoge Whitbread and Lady Burton as compared to the tragically mishandled plight of Septimus, throw a critical light upon the social circle examined by Woolf.

Woolf portrays the sane grasping for significant and substantial connections to life, living among those who have been cut off from such connections and who suffer because of the improper treatment of them. The critic, Ruotolo, excellently develops the idea behind the theme:

Estranged from the sanity of to hers, Rooted to the pavement the 'veteran' [Septimus] asks for what purpose he is present. Virginia Woolf's novel honors and extends his question. He perceives a beauty in existence that his age has almost totally disregarded; his vision of new life [. . .] is a source of joy as well as madness. Unfortunately, the glimpse of beauty that makes Septimus less forlorn is anathema to an age that worships like Septimus' inhuman doctor, Sir William Bradshaw, the twin goddesses proportion and conversion. (76)

Virginia's output can be found not only in fiction but also in reviews and essays. One of them, "Modern Fiction" written in the spring of 1919, is extremely important. In the above mensioned essay she has not only attacked outstanding

novelists of the day, but it is also a kind of manifesto of what she now wanted to write herself. She moves on to her famous manifesto or blueprint for the new novelist:

Look within, and life, it seems is very far from being 'like this'
 Examine for a moment an ordinary mine on an ordinary day. The mind receives myriad impressions trivial, fantastic evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel. From all sides they come, an incessant shower of innumerable atoms; and so they fall, as they shape themselves into the life of Monday or Tuesday, The accent falls differently from the old; the moment of important came not here but there; so that, if a writer were free man, not a slave, if he could write what he chose, not what he must, if he could base his work upon his own feeling and not upon convention, there would be no plot, no comedy, no tragedy, no love interest, no catastrophe in the accepted style, and perhaps not a single button sewn on as the Bond Street tailors would have it. (187-88)

Her basic aim of novels was to capture different reality from what Wells Bennett and Galsworthy assumed to be reality, something that would express the semitransparent envelope of consciousness in all its complexity, the soul with its intuitions of the external as in the greatest poetry, rather than the material world. And to achieve this aim she saw that she needed to 'jettison plot' in the accepted sense and achieve an aesthetically satisfying structure by other means. Most of the other conventional props of the novel in which the author-narrator (however concealed) moves his characters with careful scene-shifting from one place to another from one moment of time to the next moment.

Another critic John Lehmann writes in his book *Virginia Woolf and her World* on her new technique:

Virginia Woolf took two years, from 1922 to 1924, to write her next novel, *Mrs. Dalloway*, though it was evidently in her mind for sometime before she began to put it down. In it she shows far greater mastery of her new technique. The problem of structure is effectively solved by having the action confined to one place, London, and one day- the day of Clarissa Dalloway's party, in which the passing of time is marked by the booming of the hours by Big Ben. (The novel was originally to be called *The Hours*.) But whereas the impressionism of *Jacob's Room* had reduced her to glimpses shadow impressions in *Mrs. Dalloway* her use of 'stream of consciousness' builds them up as real persons with astonishing skill. [. . .]

The most daring and original aspect of the design, or tapestry of the book is the weaving together of two entirely separate threads of narrative: Clarissa's party and day-long preparation for it and the madness and eventual suicide of Septimus Warren Smith. (50)

Her intermingling thoughts of the character, their action and confined place, use of thoughts, memories and judgment over the past as well as the present show the continuous process of mental thought, as a original design for the novel.

V. Conclusion

The implication of this research work is to display the modernist features in Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* like Feminist, Marxist, Structuralist domains of 20th century modernist fiction writing tendency which have more to do with *Mrs. Dalloway*. Her play seems more influenced by the technique and methodology employed by James Joyce and Marcel Proust in their respective literary creation in English literature of the time.

Clarissa Dalloway in the novel *Mrs. Dalloway* is imprisoned with in her modern mind of her own consciousness. Her Psychic reality comes out in the form of fiction. She is something more than an ordinary women seems an image of British twentieth century ruling class. In the novel *Mrs. Dalloway's* society represents the capitalist society, which is more tilted towards material gain, hierocracy but not that of spirituality.

Clarissa's greed to achieve top staircase in the society with the use of society-hostess resembles her intended motive behind it. Her relation with her suitor Peter Walse and married with parliamentarian Richard Dalloway replicates her lured towards material gain rather than spirituality. She is certainly the heroin of the novel shows, the entire novel is guided by the feeling and thoughts of Clarissa that of then suggests typical society of modern time. Clarissa Dalloway the protagonist of this novel has every kind of talent that a person is endowed with by nature. But she is compelled to get her all materially confined with in the sphere of domesticity that she vainly tries to fulfill by being perfect hostess in the party. However the most noticeable aspect is that she cannot get the answer why she has organized such grand party so far. Here, Clarissa is no doubt ambitious and trying to rule over the society as

a modern talented women. Her effort to throw party even discloses her intention to solace herself from frustration, loneliness and distraction form this modern world.

The lack of connection in the physical relationship in Dalloway can in fact be seen as a manifestation of the nature of all relationships in the book. As Peter Walse muses and the book bears out all relationship are characterized by fantasy: one person is constantly projecting his fantasies into other people with the result that no one ever sees anyone else for what they are; Clarissa and Peter vastly misinterpret each other and Clarissa sees the lack of an invitation from lady Bruton as deeply insulting more out of her own insecurity than any real evidence. Peter's visit with Clarissa is characterized by an intense unspoken dialogue with using the technique stream of consciousness. Woolf is deeply concerned with the internal lives of individuals. She consistently makes the point in Dalloway that two people will have different interpretations of the same event in which the reader is given access into the minds of both characters.

At the party when Clarissa heard the news of Septimus' suicide, she identifies herself with him. Thus at the Pinnacle of her success, Clarissa feels the hollowness of her existence. With the death of Septimus all the essence, vitality and spirit of Clarissa also vanishes leaving her empty from inside. Though a highly admired figure by all she cannot feel any false of triumph in her success. Influenced by her thoughts on Septimus, Clarissa senses that people like Brandshaw Lady Bruton, they enforcers of status quo, make life intolerable with all their demands that people shut up their feelings in support of ideal vision that is ultimately hollow and hypocritical.

To recapitulate, Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* as a modernist novel discloses the post-war effects of the time. Characters greed to materiality, insanity, suicidal motive, fragmentation, hollowness etc. ruling the entire novel's story because of the above mention tendency and stream of consciousness, multiple character, fragmented story preceding shows Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* as a representing novel in modern fiction.

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