Virginia Woolf and the First World War

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by

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Introduction

Introduction

Virginia Woolf is a writer who lived during the era of the First World War, and thought about the war and wrote for peace throughout her life. When she published her first novel, *The Voyage Out*, in March 1915, the Great War had already broken out and had been raging for several months.[1] Her next novel, *Night and Day*, appeared in the year when the Versailles Peace Conference, following the end of the war, was opened in Paris for inaugurating the international settlement.[2] Though her two earliest novels had no particular reference to the conflict,[3] Woolf matured as a writer during the war period, which readied her to write about the ongoing historical crisis in her fiction. In fact, Woolf's interest in the Great War can be found not only in her book-length essay, *Three Guineas*, where she attempts to answer the question of how war should be prevented and to understand men's motives for war,[4] but in almost all of her narratives written and published after the war, such as *Jacob's Room*, *Mrs Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse*, *The Years* and even her posthumous, *Between the Acts*. Woolf began to write *Jacob's Room* in 1920 and published it two years later, killing the title character Jacob Flanders somewhere on the battlefield of the Great War. Soon after, she began writing *Mrs Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*, both of which were in the 1920s.[5] The former presents a returning soldier who suffers from the trauma of the war and eventually commits suicide in post-war London. The latter is concerned with the period including the First World War and offers a glimpse of some battlefield where a shell explodes and kills several soldiers. *The Years* was written and rewritten in the years from its conception in 1931 to its

publication in 1937; it contains an undertone of war and the dread of air raids, suggesting that portents of another war were visible near the end of the narrative.[6] *Between the Acts*, which was published in 1941, shortly after her death, also expects the outbreak of another war or World War II.[7] For Woolf, whose career as a novelist covers the war and the post-war age, the Great War itself was an inevitable topic in her fiction, exerting a continuous effect on her whole life and works.[8]

Many critics have so far found that studies on Woolf's writings and their relation to the Great War are necessary.[9] The subject of warfare in Woolf's works has been widely researched since the 1980s.[10] Alex Zwerdling's *Virginia Woolf and the Real World*, published in 1986, is one of the first studies to place Woolf's fiction in a historicised frame and consider the society and politics of her times, including World War I. Zwerdling regards Woolf as an 'instinctive pacifist who found it impossible to imagine a situation that justified the use of force' (272), adding, 'While others were carefully distinguishing between "just" and "unjust" wars, war and revolution, combatant and noncombatant service, all she [Woolf] could feel was an involuntary revulsion for the whole business' (272).[11] *Virginia Woolf and War: Fiction, Reality, and Myth* is known as a pioneering work in exploring the meanings of war in Woolf's fiction and nonfiction, emphasising the need for re-examination or reconstruction of her writings for evidence of her interpretations of the war.[12] Editor Mark Hussey states, 'What is perhaps yet to be recognized informs the common purpose of the essays collected here: that *all* Woolf's work is deeply concerned with war' (3: emphasis original). Karen L. Levenback, one of the contributors to that collection,

wrote the full-length study *Virginia Woolf and the Great War* near the end of the twentieth century. Levenback explains, 'Woolf's depiction of the relationship between popular consciousness and constructions of the Great War is examined in this book' (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 6); 'Myths of war, illusions of immunity, and realities of survival are recalled, remembered, and observed by Virginia Woolf and can be seen in her work from 1914 to 1941' (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 8).[13] A few years ago another collection, *The Theme of Peace and War in Virginia Woolf's War Writings: Essays on Her Political Philosophy*, was published, and in 'Afterwards,' Jane M. Wood comments that 'perhaps more than ever, we need to reconstitute Virginia Woolf not only as on of the world's greatest novelists, but also one of our most important global activists' (278). Recently in her essay titled 'Woolf, War, Violence, History, and . . . Peace,' Sarah Cole observes that 'Violence and its cluster are ever present in Woolf's writing, a black tide that threatens humanity and derails the accomplishments of culture' ('Woolf, War, Violence, History, and . . . Peace' 334); 'At the level of novelistic form, violence creates many of the breaks, interruptions, and silences that give primary shape to Woolf's texts' ('Woolf, War, Violence, History, and . . . Peace' 334).[14]

All these studies of Woolf and the war, however, have not paid enough attention to the subject of dehumanisation during the Great War. It is not uncommon that dehumanisation occurs in a war because a government often represents enemy civilians or soldiers as less than humans and makes its people kill the others without feeling compassion: 'it is easier and more urgent for the soldier to kill a dehumanised monstrous spectre than a human

being' (Pick 140). However, dehumanisation itself was extremely escalated and became one of the most essential characteristics of World War I. The people of the new century witnessed an extraordinary scale of denial of humanity as a result of using new-firepower weapons such as machine guns, artillery shells, tanks, airships or airplanes with bombs, all of which completely ignored individuality and caused genocide during the years of the war. Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar say, 'The first modern war to employ now familiar techniques of conscription and classification in order to create gigantic armies on both sides, World War I virtually completed the Industrial Revolution's construction of anonymous dehumanized man' (259). The Great War became the greatest in its geographical scope and in human costs in the history of wars in the world. In his *Fallen Soldiers: Reshaping the Memory of the World Wars*, George L. Mosse explains the number of casualties, comparing it with other wars in the last century: 'More than twice as many men died in action or of their wounds in the First World War as were killed in all major wars between 1790 and 1914' (3); 'Some thirteen million men died in the First World War, while Napoleon in the war against Russia, the bloodiest campaign before that time, lost 400,000 men' (3−4). J. M. Winter also emphasises the number of victims in 'The Human Cost of the War' section of his *The Experience of World War I*: 'No one will ever know how many men perished while on military or naval duty in World War I. An estimate of about 9 million – the total population of New York City – may give some idea of the magnitude of the catastrophe' (*The Experience of World War I* 206). As for the Britons, three-quarter of a million British combatants were killed out of a pre-war population of 45 million, millions more were

physically injured, mentally traumatised or weakened by disease.[15]

Woolf must not have been ahistorical, apolitical or a bystander at this exceptional result of the Great War. In a battle scene in her fiction, she writes that soldiers fighting are like 'blocks of tin soldiers' (*Jacob's Room* 216) or 'fragments of broken match-stick' (*Jacob's Room* 216). Besides, she referred to the mass casualties of the war in the voice of a character in the post-war London: 'Really it was a miracle thinking of the war, and thousands of poor chaps, with all their lives before them, shovelled together, already half forgotten; it was a miracle' (*Mrs Dalloway* 98). Moreover, as already mentioned above, Woolf's writings give reference to the explosion of the artillery shell that could cruelly destroy people only in a moment: 'A shell exploded. Twenty or thirty young men were blown up in France [. . .]' (*To the Lighthouse* 109). These examples indicate that Woolf was deeply concerned with dehumanisation in her fiction.[16] Therefore it is necessary to consider how Woolf responded to a catastrophe that was caused by globalisation and imperial expansion in the new century.

The aim of the present study is to shed new light upon the problem of dehumanisation during the Great War in Woolf's fiction. Woolf's literary activities cover a wide range of writing. However, this study is limited to her four novels written and published in the decade after the end of the First World War; *Jacob's Room*, *Mrs Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse* and *The Waves*, because it was especially in these novels that Woolf revealed her increasing concern over the dehumanisation caused by the war. Chapter 1 considers *Jacob's Room* and technology during World War I. *Jacob's Room* portrays technology as extremely dangerous because it would endlessly make people

go to the front as dehumanised war materials. Chapter 2 deals with a delicate situation of children in the post-war British society in *Mrs Dalloway*. The main character is a woman with five sons who would be expected to be future soldiers for the empire, indirectly expressing the fear for another war in the near future. Chapter 3 tries to clarify the hidden meaning of the word 'gunpowder' in *To the Lighthouse*. Woolf links the word with the image of shells exploding in the battlefields of the Great War, emphasising how people were broken into pieces there. Chapter 4 focuses on one character's monologue about the sensitivity to humanity in *The Waves*. When such sensitivity is emphasised in the novel, it can be a reminder of what people lost during the dehumanising war. As a study of Woolf and the war, tracing the development of Woolf's war consciousness, the present thesis concludes that Woolf was not only an anti-war writer or a feminist for pacifism, who advocated the prevention of the future war, but also an anti-dehumanisation writer.

Chapter 1

Chapter 1

'Did He Think He Would Come Back?':

Technology and Atrocity in *Jacob's Room*[1]

I

Virginia Woolf's third novel, *Jacob's Room*, is the story of the title character, Jacob Flanders, who is born in Scarborough in England in the late nineteenth century and spends his youth in London until the outbreak of World War I.[2] Jacob's life is presented without any particular details or clear chronological links, but the 14 sections of the novel can be largely divided into three stages. In the first stage, Jacob spends his childhood in his hometown with his two brothers, Archer and John, both of whom attract little attention throughout the novel, and his mother, Betty Flanders. Though Betty is neither a woman from the upper classes nor rich, Jacob is expected to go to Rugby, the famous public school called.[3] The next stage starts with Jacob attending Cambridge, in spite of his humble family background,[4] to be a member of the elite of English society. He learns Greek, has lunch with dons and spends his time with friends at college, gradually becoming an educated Englishman. In the third stage, Jacob works as a clerk in Georgian London, develops a passion for literature and ancient Greece and enjoys a Continental tour. While he is travelling alone, the Great War is brewing between the major European powers.[5] The novel ends with Jacob's sudden disappearance during the Great War. It is assumed that he got lost somewhere on the battlefield and eventually died there along

with numerous other young men who enthusiastically signed up to serve for their country. Jacob, as his last name suggests, is presumed to have died in 'the *Flanders* Field' of the Great War, which had become synonymous with death in battle by the time the novel was published.[6] The novel closes with a scene of Jacob's room in London, untidied, just as he left it: 'Listless is the air in an empty room, just swelling the curtain; the flowers in the jar shift. One fibre in the wicker armchair creaks, though no one sits there' (*JR* 247).

Compared with her earlier novels, *The Voyage Out* and *Night and Day*, *Jacob's Room* shows Woolf's concern with the Great War and its effects on the younger generation. She expatiates mainly on two topics: one, how Jacob's *room* was constructed in pre-war England; the other, his death in the war. Critics have made much of the issue of his end in the war. Alex Zwerdling says, 'We may be reading about his [Jacob] intellectual and amorous adventures, but we are also witnessing the preparation of cannon fodder' (65). In her introduction to the Oxford World's Classics edition of *Jacob's Room*, Kate Flint writes that 'The title itself draws attention not so much to an individual, Jacob, but to the poignant emptiness of his immediate environment after his death in the First World War' (Introduction xii), referring to 'the rigid expectations of the social structure that made death in this war a strong possibility for a young man of Jacob's generation' (Introduction xii). William R. Handley argues that 'the war is central' (111) to the aesthetic and ethical ambivalence about knowledge and representation of others in *Jacob's Room*: 'Woolf's aesthetic project [. . .] is a fighting response to the war, to the historical structure, culture, and rigid psychology of a society that pulls itself toward this destructive end' (111). Kathy J.

Phillips claims that ‘as a victim of war, he [Jacob] is not an innocent scapegoat. Rather, he is a full participant in his society, with all its dangerous failings’ (123); ‘The Empire, purpled with blood, feeds on others in the system who makes sacrifices – women, servants, the colonized – and, eventually, on its own soldiers. Jacob, for instance, soon will be carrion’ (153). Karen L. Levenback notes that ‘The novel [*Jacob’s Room*] [. . .] refers to war and war death only in undertones, that is, in allusions, metonyms, and interrupted syntax’ (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 41); ‘Just as the war would interrupt the progress of life, so too would it alter the context that made death acceptable’ (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 41). In her essay titled ‘British Women’s Writing of the Great War,’ which appears in *The Cambridge Companion to the First World War*, Claire Buck observes that ‘When Jacob dies in Flanders at the end of the novel the reader is left to ask whether he is the victim of his society or the embodiment of the values of England that supported the war’ (104).

Moreover, *Jacob’s Room* considers the subject of women’s involvement with the war. If Jacob represents all the young men killed in the Great War, his mother, Betty, stands for all the mothers who grieved over their sons who were lost on battlefields such as the Flanders Field. Some critics have noted the importance of Betty. For example, Nancy Topping Bazin and Jane Hamovit Lauter note that ‘Mrs. Flanders’s grief in *Jacob’s Room* reveals Woolf’s sensitivity to the emotional cost for mothers who had devoted eighteen years or more to raising their sons only to have them killed in a war’ (17). Towards the end of the novel, Betty, who is asleep in the middle of the night in the house at Scarborough, is awakened by an abrupt sound that seems

to be the rumble of artillery across the channel: '"The guns?" said Betty Flanders, half asleep, getting out of bed and going to the window, which was decorated with a fringe of dark leaves' (*JR* 246); 'Again, far away, she [Betty] heard the dull sound, as if nocturnal women were beating great carpets' (*JR* 246).[7] This home setting in wartime has also fascinated critics about the Great War. James Longenbach, for instance, explains that 'It is not that the war exists only in the public world of masculine heroism; the war also takes place in the private space of feminine detail' (116). Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar comment that 'she [Woolf] uses oddly domestic imagery for the noise of battle as Jacob's mother [. . .] hears it across the channel [. . .] as if the very notion of male combat had released some hidden fury for purification in the wives and mothers who knit and wait on the shore' (315). Tracy Hargreaves says, 'The image takes on for her the states of a truth that substitutes women for combatant soldiers, carpet-beating for battle scene, as the unfamiliar is troped into familiarity, authenticating, in the process, Betty Flanders's grasp of events' (136). In her essay titled 'Consolation Refused: Virginia Woolf, The Great War, and Modernist Mourning,' Tammy Clewell states that 'When Mrs. Flanders's question as to what she should do with Jacob's shoes goes unanswered, Woolf's text moves beyond a critique of the consoling and gender-biased rhetoric with which British culture memorialized the war dead' (209).

Few scholars, however, have thus far attempted to examine Jacob's experience and acceptance of modern technology in *Jacob's Room*. Notably, just before the outbreak of the war, during his trip to southern Europe,[8] Jacob experiences transportation by rail and says that 'It is a strange reflection that

by travelling two days and nights you are in the heart of Italy. [. . .] And there is a lonely hill-top where no one ever comes, and yet it is seen by me who was lately driving down Piccadilly on an omnibus' (*JR* 187). During his trip he discovers that an overseas trip has become quite easy in the early twentieth century. Actually, modern technology had advanced greatly during the last decades of the previous century and was already becoming available in those days, as John Pemble explains: 'During the nineteenth century journeys to the Mediterranean by land and sea were radically changed by steam locomotion' (18). H. P. Willmott notes that 'The process of industrialization was crucial in that it made possible the raising, organization and arming of unprecedented numbers of fighting men' (13), adding that 'Thanks to their rail networks, most were able to mobilize across their entire area and they could mobilize in depth, but, once developed, their armies could not move with the speed and effectiveness of armies of 100 years before' (36). If Jacob notices the easiness of access to any place on the Continent during his trip, he may also find similar conditions, concerning the access to the Western Front during the Great War.

The present chapter aims at showing how Jacob's experience with modern technology is closely related to his decision to go to war. Woolf in *Jacob's Room* presents Jacob as a person who accepts technological development, and this acceptance might affect him when he goes once again to the Continent at the start of the war. Jacob may well believe that returning home from the battlefront is much easier than he expected. But Woolf demonstrates that theory and practice do not always go together. Woolf eventually kills Jacob, suggesting that technology may prompt a man

to go to war, but it in fact only carries him on a one-way trip to the battlefront.

II

Jacob experiences modern technology on the way to Italy during his Continental travels in section 13 of *Jacob's Room*. He is in search of art, culture and the roots of Western civilisation in his travels to southern Europe, thinking of this as a kind of Grand Tour, an educational rite of passage traditionally undertaken by British upper-class young men,[9] but he encounters a product of new Western technology while on this journey.[10] Section 13 begins with a description of the view of a railway station in Italy from a train which Jacob is riding on: 'The water fell off a ledge like lead – like a chain with thick white links. The train ran out into a steep green meadow, and Jacob saw striped tulips growing and heard a bird singing, in Italy' (*JR* 185).

Interestingly, Jacob states his impressions of railway transportation on the Continent in the same section. He must have up to this point in his life boarded trains many times in London, and one of these rides is actually mentioned in an early part of the novel,[11] but this is the first time he has ever betrayed his feeling about a train's speed and possibility. He seems to accept the idea that railway transportation has made a journey much easier than ever before.

> A stout gentleman laboriously hauled himself in, dusty, baggy, slung with gold chains, and Jacob, regretting that he did not come of the Latin race, looked out of the window.

> It is a strange reflection that by travelling two days and nights you are in the heart of Italy. Accidental villas among olive trees appear; and men-servants watering the cactuses. Black victorias drive in between pompous pillars with plaster shields stuck to them. It is at once momentary astonishingly intimate – to be displayed before the eyes of a foreigner. And there is a lonely hill-top where no one ever comes, and yet it is seen by me who was lately driving down Piccadilly on an omnibus. And what I should like would be to get out among the fields, sit down and hear the grasshoppers, and take up a handful of earth – Italian earth, as this is Italian dust upon my shoes. (*JR* 186−87)

Jacob is surprised by how quickly the train is able to take him from 'Piccadilly' in London to 'the heart of Italy.' In this case, it takes only 'two days and nights.' According to Pemble, if one used railways in those days, it actually took 'only fifty-five hours' (27) to go from London to Italy.[12] However, before the construction of a railway system throughout the Continent in the late nineteenth century, it took at least several weeks to travel to southern Europe from England. Jacob realises that such long excursions will be outdated in the new century.

Jacob's acceptance of modern technology is indicated in his room in the flat in London, which is depicted in the final section of the novel. Having gone off to the war and been killed there, he is absent from this scene. His absence itself is the important subject of Woolf's first experimental novel,[13]

but the condition of his room could be said to betray what he was thinking on the verge of his departure for the battlefront.[14]

> ‘He [Jacob] left everything just as it was,’ Bonamy marvelled. ‘Nothing arranged. All his letters strewn about for anyone to read. What did he expect? Did he think he would come back?’ he mused, standing in the middle of Jacob’s room.
>
> The eighteenth century has its distinction. These houses were built, say, a hundred and fifty years ago. The rooms are shapely, the ceilings high; over the doorways a rose or a ram’s skull is carved in the wood. Even the panels, painted in raspberry-coloured paint, have their distinction.
>
> Bonamy took up a bill for a hunting-crop.
>
> ‘That seems to be paid,’ he said.
>
> There were Sandra’s letters.
>
> Mrs. Durrant was taking a party to Greenwich.
>
> Lady Rocksbier hoped for the pleasure . . .
>
> Listless is the air in an empty room, just swelling the curtain; the flowers in the jar shift. One fibre in the wicker arm-chair creaks, though no one sits there. (*JR* 246−47)

In this scene, Bonamy, a friend of Jacob, and Betty visit Jacob’s flat. They have probably just heard the news of his death on the battlefield and come there immediately to organise his things that are left behind.[15] Both Bonamy and Betty enter the room to find that it has not been touched at all: ‘He left

everything just as it was'; 'Nothing arranged. All his letters strewn about for anyone to read.' Bonamy says, 'Did he think he would come back?' and these words suggest the notion that a man would usually tend to his living space before going off to war if it required a lot of time both to travel to the Continent and to come back from there in wartime. But Jacob has contradicted such assumptions, having left his personal items, including letters or bills, laying about just as they were. The state of this room reveals that the owner's thoughts about the war were that it was not a serious matter initially. Jacob did not entreat someone to take his possessions from him; rather, he simply left them as they were. Having experienced modern technology on his trip to Europe, Jacob realises that he neither has to spend a lot of time to travel there nor worry about the distance between London and the Continent. Later, Jacob seems to have considered his trip to the Continent as a recruit during the war, or as no more than a brief trip like the one he took earlier that is described in the last section as cited above. He is certain that there is no difference between his personal trip and the one he makes to the front and that he will be able to return home soon if he gets permission to leave.[16] He has no doubt about his capacity or qualifications to hurry back to his rooms in London.

What Jacob thinks when he enlists in the army is suggested in another item left behind in his room in London, which is described in the same section. Betty finds a pair of shoes at the end of *Jacob's Room*. This item of apparel has attracted much critical attention,[17] but it can reveal something about Jacob's character.

> ‘Jacob! Jacob!’ cried Bonamy, standing by the window. The leaves sank down again.
>
> ‘Such confusion everywhere!’ exclaimed Betty Flanders, bursting open the bedroom door.
>
> Bonamy turned away from the window.
>
> ‘What am I to do with these, Mr Bonamy?’
>
> She held out a pair of Jacob’s old shoes. (*JR* 247)

Betty passes through ‘confusion’ into the bedroom and finds Jacob’s old shoes left behind there. It appears he must have thought that he had no need for his old shoes when going off to war. This does not mean that he might simply be provided with another pair of shoes that would be more befitting to battle. But what is suggested here is that he wears a kind of ‘seven-league boots,’ which had previously existed only in fantasy but which he found in his travels to Italy in the early twentieth century. Everyone does not have to make an excursion on foot any longer in the new age of modern technology. He seems to think about the trains like they are a pair of magical boots. His leaving behind his old shoes is significant as it suggests his dismissal of old ways to make a journey. People were now able to take advantage of another form of transportation.[18] In other words, Jacob is presented as a person who accepts these boots or modern technology, which will make it possible to go to the battlefield speedily, cutting travel time greatly, and to return home in the shortest possible time.

Several critics have thus far regarded Jacob as typical of a particular generation of young men who joined the military during the Great War in

1914. As Zwerdling says, 'Jacob Flanders is a paradigmatic young man of his class' (73); 'Rugby; Trinity College, Cambridge; a London flat; a couple of mistresses; the Grand Tour: everything in his [Jacob] life is a traditional step on the road to establishment success' (73). Judith Hattaway also states that 'Jacob's story is both that of one young man and of a whole generation; a "war book" which does not represent the War directly at all but which looks, instead, at the routes by which the entire diversity of life prewar came to be concentrated in the conflict' (19). Jacob is, however, more than a typical representative of his generation. What he symbolises is those individuals who accepted technology as it developed around the turn of the twentieth century. There were many people at the time who had similar experiences as Jacob and accepted these advancements as a sign of modernity. The speed of new age brought about by modern new inventions just before the outbreak of the war was quite important for them. According to George L. Mosse, 'in 1914 the changes in perceptions brought about by advances in technology were relatively more important in influencing those who articulated the ideals of the generation of 1914 – signs of a modernity to be accepted or rejected' (54). Mosse says, 'New inventions like the motorcar, the telephone, the telegraph, and the cinema – all present at the turn of the century – seemed to revolutionize time itself' (54). He continues, 'Men and women could ignore labor unrest, anarchist bombs, or riots [. . .] but they could not escape the new speed of time which seemed to threaten chaos' (55).[19] Jacob, in his acceptance of modernity, is overlaid with the image of a generation of eager young people who join up to fight a war, leaving behind the old ways of life.

A factor that might have prompted young men of Jacob's social class to

accept modern technology and hurry off to war was that the war was initially expected to be short.[20] Importantly, J. M. Winter says that 'If you asked how long this [war] would take, the likely reply was a few months at most. The men of 1914 therefore thought of military service as a brief interlude in their lives' (*The Experience of World War I* 118). In other words, the war was considered not so serious as to prevent men from volunteering to fight in 1914. Therefore, failing to prepare for the worst, they simply hurried to make their way to the battlefield. In his *The Generation of 1914*, Robert Wohl states that 'When the war broke out, they [a generation of young men of unusual abilities] volunteered for service in the fighting forces and did whatever they could to hasten their training and secure their transfer to the field of battle. Their main fear was that the war would end before they arrived at the front' (85).[21] These young men who were confronted with the war would rather have died than avoid going into battle. Nothing was more precious than time for them, and they would thus take advantage of modern technology in order to reach their destination before the war ended. As they marched to the trenches, they had no idea of what they were doing: nobody anticipated that the war would last so long.

In Woolf's novel, the young men of Jacob's generation die in battle in a scene of World War I in section 12,[22] and this suggests Jacob's demise at the front.

> The battleships ray out over the North Sea, keeping their stations accurately apart. At a given signal all the guns are trained on a target which (the master gunner counts the seconds, watch in

> hand – at the sixth he looks up) flames into splinters. With equal nonchalance a dozen young men in the prime of life descend with composed faces into the depths of the sea; and there impassively (though with perfect mastery of machinery) suffocate uncomplainingly together. Like blocks of tin soldiers the army covers the cornfield, moves up the hillside, stops, reels slightly this way and that, and falls flat, save that, through field-glasses, it can be seen that one or two pieces still agitate up and down like fragments of broken match-stick. (*JR* 216)

This passage depicts two military battles, one at sea and one on land. First, in the sea battle, sailors stand on a battleship near the North Sea, pointing guns at their enemies up ahead. They are probably trying to be heroic, because they are praised for carrying out actions based on their technical training, without any personal feelings such as fear for their lives,[23] but none of these figures is considered as less than human being. Second, in the land battle, the soldiers on the battlefield also lose their humanity; they have been manipulated to sacrifice their lives for victory, and appear not to deserve any better than being called as 'blocks of tin soldiers' or 'fragments of broken match-stick.' The problem is that they are seen as nothing more than war materials, their individual characters being of no significance, and which are no longer used or required once they fall in battle. Handley, who cites this passage, points out that 'In war, the monotonously recurring product of patriarchal order, human beings become, like technology, war material' (121); 'individuals become objects' (122). Vincent Sherry mentions that

‘Leaving the war unmentioned directly in this narrative moment of mid-July 1914, moreover, Woolf compounds the oddness of its all-too-logical atrocity with the eeriness of that preview’ (*The Great War and the Language of Modernism* 276). Both types of military action in the passage from the novel cited above shows that it was only an illusion that men could fight a desperate battle and die a heroic death in the Great War. These scenes suggest that their deaths are the result of acceptance and use of modern technology that is employed for violent destruction. In this passage cited above, Woolf suggests the death of Jacob, which is left vague, has come about through advanced technology. Just as Bazin and Lauter say that ‘Only from a great distance, through field glasses, could Jacob be a fragment “of broken match-stick”’ (16), Woolf likewise suggests that Jacob’s death is hinted at this passage. What Woolf indicates here is that Jacob might also be transformed into war material and be easily killed in the war, losing his humanity as do the other soldiers who are like ‘blocks of tin soldiers’ or ‘fragments of broken match-stick.’ Jacob is called by name at the end of the novel, as already noted above: ‘“Jacob! Jacob!” cried Bonamy, standing by the window’ (*JR* 247). This scene indicates that Jacob, after arriving at the front, must have needed his own name because he had lost what his name represented, that is, his humanity and even identity, and therefore Woolf has one of her characters say his name with emphasis.

The battle scene in *Jacob’s Room* reflects an actual aspect of the dehumanisation that took place in the Great War. Most men at the front lost their humanity. For example, on the battlefield of the Somme, which is known as one of the most disastrous battles with some of the highest

casualties in the war, soldiers were often called ‘material.’ Modris Eksteins says that ‘A Frenchman described the effects of his machine gunners more laconically: “The Germans fell like cardboard soldiers.” Herbert Read recalled seeing German soldiers falling like shooting-gallery targets’ (146). Willmott writes about the killing fields at the Somme: ‘From a distance the ragged lines of slowly advancing soldiers looked like clockwork dolls, and equally vulnerable, as individuals began to stagger and fall under the withering machine-gun fire before they had fired a shot themselves’ (160). Similar to these cases, troops were often described as mere material. Soldiers transported to the war by train were treated not as humans but as materials to be endlessly consumed for war. It was the case in this modern era that soldiers were able to arrive at the battlefield as quickly as possible through the use of advanced technology, as a whole generation that enthusiastically enlisted in the army anticipated, but none of them were allowed to leave the arena of war so easily, because such a mass arrival of manpower itself provided an exceptional chance for mass killing by troops from countries that prevented them from leaving the war zone. Once these troops made the journey to the front by train, they became nothing but manufactured products. Soldiers were easily produced and endlessly supplied for war, just like ‘cardboard’ or ‘target,’ just as dehumanised existence. Woolf criticises that the idea that technology has made it possible to see human beings as only materials to be used for war in *Jacob’s Room*.

Woolf in another scene demonstrates great concern about how technology made the war easy to pursue and to cause harm. *Jacob’s Room*

focuses on modern technology in a scene in section 13 which describes the period just before the outbreak of the war, showing how the European powers headed towards war. In the following passage, prime ministers and viceroys are declaring war at the Reichstag, which leads to alarming rumours concerning the imminence of war and quickly spreads far and wide throughout the Continent.

> Five strokes Big Ben intoned; Nelson received the salute. The wires of the Admiralty shivered with some far-away communication. A voice kept remarking that Prime Ministers and Viceroys spoke in the Reichstag; entered Lahore; said that the Emperor travelled; in Milan they rioted; said there were rumours in Vienna; said that the Ambassador at Constantinople had audience with the Sultan; the fleet was at Gibraltar. The voice continued, imprinting on the faces of the clerks in Whitehall (Timothy Durrant was one of them) something of its own inexorable gravity, as they listened, deciphered, wrote down. Papers accumulated, inscribed with the utterances of Kaisers, the statistics of ricefields, the growling of hundreds of workpeople, plotting sedition in back streets, or gathering in the Calcutta bazaars, or mustering their forces in the uplands of Albania, where the hills are sand-coloured, and bones lie unburied. (*JR* 240)

At midnight on 4 August 1914, the war began for Britain. The British

Empire, with France and Russia, declared war against Germany (Keegan 70), and this passage thus describes the hours just before the three Allied Powers formally declared war. Several literary critics have focused on the fact that Woolf included such a historically important situation in *Jacob's Room*.[24] But more important is that the events described in this passage occur quickly through two forms of modern technology: the telegraph and the telephone. The first is 'The wires,' or the telegraph. This device was used for communicating short messages between places, and it could transmit messages to different places within a very short period of time. It is one of the most famous inventions developed in the nineteenth century.[25] The second, which is reflected in the phrase 'A voice' or 'Another voice in the passage,' is the radio. The voice that is repeated heard here can be considered as a radio-like one. This apparatus also transmitted messages to different places like the telegraph did. The radio was soon developed after the success of the telegraph in the nineteenth century.[26] The practical aspect of these inventions enabled people to have access to news from abroad. Woolf in *Jacob's Room* deals with the worst uses of modern technology and suggests that such a situation easily led to war.

It can be said that modern technology was actually one of the important causes of the Great War. In his *The Culture of Time and Space 1880–1918*, Stephen Kern explains that,

> In the summer of 1914 the men in power lost their bearings in the hectic rush paced by flurries of telegraphs, telephone conversations, memos, and press releases; hard-boiled politicians

> broke down and seasoned negotiators cracked under the pressure of the tense confrontations and sleepless nights, agonizing over the probable disastrous consequences of their snap judgments and hasty actions. (260)

Kern says that the war, unlike any previous war, resulted from advancements in technology. He states that 'Observers during and after the First World War agreed that the telegraph and telephone had shaped the pace and structure of diplomacy during the July Crisis' (275), adding that 'Ironically, although both inventions were used more to bring on war than to keep the peace, all the leading diplomats at that time failed fully to appreciate their effect on the conduct of diplomacy' (275). Willmott says, 'The factors that produced the First World War were long in the making, but in the end war broke out as the result of calculations and miscalculations made in the weeks following an incident in Sarajevo, Bosnia-Herzegovina, on June 28, 1914' (26).

Jacob's Room is concerned with the way in which modern technology had an impact on young people and nations in the new century. It spurred people on to war. Some problems needed to be dealt with quickly and might be speedily resolved if the telegram or telephone were used, while other issues were difficult for nations to deal with in a short amount of time and required a careful response based on consultation and the weighing of choices. The Great War belongs to the latter category. That is, time was needed to deal with matters related to the approaching war. Woolf suggests that Jacob should not have thrown away his old shoes or his old way of life. Similarly, nations should not have thrown away their habit of giving matters careful

consideration as they related to an international crisis. Woolf is critical of modern technology that was developed in the nineteenth century and used in the twentieth century, especially that which was employed for escalating warfare. She claims that people need to learn some lessons from their past mistakes when they stopped maintaining their old ways, much as Jacob stops using his old shoes.

Jacob's Room begins with Betty writing a letter and pressing her feet into the sand at Cornwall: '"So of course," wrote Betty Flanders, pressing her heels rather deeper in the sand, "there was nothing for it but to leave"' (*JR* 3). Her two actions in this scene can be considered as representing the old way of life. Jacob also expects to engage in an old action on his trip to southern Europe: 'And what I [Jacob] should like would be to get out among the fields, sit down and hear the grasshoppers, and take up a handful of earth – Italian earth, as this is Italian dust upon my shoes' (*JR* 187). After he experiences modern technology, however, he throws his old shoes away and follows the latest trend at the end of the novel. *Jacob's Room* ends with the same character as it opens with, but her actions are now the opposite of her old way of behaving: she receives a telegram of condolence, which is not mentioned but which can be guessed at as the means by which she is informed of her son's death on a battlefield of the Great War, and she disposes of the old shoes that would never again press anywhere on the earth. These images suggest a change that has taken place in the age which confronted World War I.

III

The present chapter considers that Woolf in *Jacob's Room* criticises people for using modern technology only to escalate war in the new century. Jacob, who saw technological developments on his Continental tour to southern Europe just before the outbreak of the Great War, finds it easy and fast to travel to foreign countries. It is assumed that, thanks to this experience, he thinks that going to the war front and coming back home will not take a long time either. It appears that in his mind, the war is not a serious incident. Jacob is not prepared for the worst; he thinks that it is most unlikely that he will be killed. But he gives his own body to this war that takes place on European soil and becomes war material. Moreover, Woolf suggests that all the major European countries that were involved in producing modern technology, such as the telegraph or the radio, failed to pay attention to how to avoid issues that would lead to a long-term war involving much bloodshed. Surviving at the front is not so easy. Not only Jacob but also numerous other young men made use of technology and arrived at the front. Jacob's death suggests that they also gave their lives to this major conflict. *Jacob's Room* is concerned with the problem of dehumanisation through war. European nations used technology in wartime, mainly to increase the potential for producing destruction. Jacob's expectations, or his generation's expectations, as well as those of their nations' were that speed was advantageous to ending the war successfully, but in fact the speed that modern technology allows them was overly idealised in the optimistic mood of the summer in 1914. The reality was quite different. As a warning for the post-war British society, just as Jacob himself should have known

better than to leave his old shoes behind, people should not have thrown out their old ways in order to allow time for making critical decisions related to their life.

The war cost a great many lives not only in Britain but also other European countries. Most of those who engaged in killing, whether they were willing or unwilling participants, were eventually killed or wounded so severely as to never fight again and were thus removed from the general state of affairs. There would be no other murderous incident for a while. Modern technology that had provoked the conflict between nations and increased the senseless killing, however, would continue to exist in post-war British society. If the European nations were to increase their population of young males, and hence potential soldiers, they could repeat the catastrophe that was World War I all over again. The next chapter of the present study examines Woolf's concern with the problem of male population in *Mrs Dalloway*. Woolf, who has the title character, Clarissa Dalloway, say that 'The War was over [. . .] it was over; thank Heaven – over' (*Mrs Dalloway* 4), could not overcome her fear that when one war is over, there will still be another one. This fear of Woolf's is clearly visible behind the words spoken by Clarissa's friend, Sally Seton, to Clarissa, about her sons, sons who are expected to be a part of the replacement for the Lost Generation, when she says, 'I have five enormous boys' (*Mrs Dalloway* 145).

Chapter 2

Chapter 2

'I Have Five Enormous Boys':

Fertile Mother and Future Soldier in *Mrs Dalloway*[1]

I

Virginia Woolf's fourth novel, *Mrs Dalloway*, is set during a single day in June 1923 in London,[2] in which Clarissa Dalloway, the wife of Richard Dalloway, a Member of Parliament, reflects on her life in the past and the present. On the one hand, Clarissa inhabits a townhouse as a politician's wife and celebrates the beauty of the day and the excitement of living in the city. She enjoys the female status of being the mistress of the house and of the hostess of dinner parties after she recovers from heart disease.[3] On the other hand, she still remembers the time she spent with friends at her father's manor house Bourton,[4] a period in the 1880s, in which she agreed to deny her love for Sally Seton, found marriage to Peter Walsh impossible and chose to marry Richard for the sake of living a carefree social life. Clarissa's thoughts and feelings about the present and the past are expressed in the novel in a flow of impressions through stream of consciousness narrative technique. *Mrs Dalloway* ends with Clarissa overhearing a man jump out of a window to commit suicide during her evening party. The man, named Septimus Warren Smith, kills himself because he is suffering from traumatic stress due to fighting in the Great War and, soon after, being committed involuntarily to the psychiatric hospital of a famous psychiatrist named Sir William Bradshaw. Clarissa does not know any background about Septimus,

but she somehow feels a kinship with him,[5] imagining that he has done what she has wished to do in order to preserve a treasure in one's heart: 'A thing there was that mattered; a thing, wreathed about with chatter, defaced, obscured in her own life, let drop every day in corruption, lies, chatter. This he [Septimus] had preserved. Death was defiance. [. . .] There was an embrace in death' (*MD* 156). She finally realises the most fundamental form of connection between human beings is that of being alive in the same place at the same time and decides to recommit herself to life and to return to her party in post-war London.

In *Mrs Dalloway*, World War I is a vivid presence in the form of post-war London and especially in the character of the war veteran Septimus. He is more notable than any other war victim in *Mrs Dalloway* and, moreover, the most remarkable character in all of Woolf's fiction. Woolf did not allow Jacob to return home from the front in her previous novel, *Jacob's Room*, but she did choose to focus on what happens when one comes home bearing experiences from the battlefield in her next work, *Mrs Dalloway*. Some critics, comparing these two novels, have commented, 'In many respects Septimus, a tragic figure of the class system, is a projection of what would have happened to Jacob Flanders if he had not been killed in the war' (Peach 109); 'Septimus is Jacob returned from Flanders' (Dalgarno 66). Septimus was sent to one of the Italian fronts during the Great War,[6] and while he was not injured physically, he was broken mentally by seeing his friend Evans, for whom he had homosexual affection, killed in the war. As a result, he was diagnosed with 'shell-shock' (*MD* 155). This was a well-known psychological condition that affected soldiers exposed to the explosion of

shells on the battlefield for a long period of time. The trauma of war is as old as war itself, but it was not until World War I that it came to be seen as a serious medical problem.[7] David Bradshaw, in his introduction to the Oxford World's Classics edition of *Mrs Dalloway*, notes that 'There were some 200,000 cases of this kind of nervous breakdown during and after the War, and at the end of 1922 there were still 16,771 soldiers hospitalized with shattered nerves and around 50,000 neurasthenic and other types of war pensioner at large in Britain' (Introduction to *Mrs Dalloway* xvi). Alex Zwerdling writes that 'Though the war had transformed the lives of millions of people, only one character in the novel – Septimus Smith – seems to have counted its cost, both to the victims of the slaughter and to the survivors' (122). Elaine Showalter thinks that Siegfried Sassoon was uppermost on Woolf's mind when she was writing *Mrs Dalloway*. He became one of the most famous British poets to fight in World War I: 'Septimus Smith, the victim of 'deferred shell-shock' in *Mrs Dalloway* (1925), perhaps owes something of his name, his appearance, and his war experience to Sassoon' (192).[8] Karen L. Levenback believes that Philip Woolf, who was a brother-in-law of Virginia and who was wounded at the front by a shell in December 1917, served as a model who embodied the post-war experience of returning soldiers in *Mrs Dalloway*: 'Philip was a more proximate model than Siegfried Sassoon' ('Virginia Woolf and Returning Soldiers: The Great War and the Reality of Survival in *Mrs. Dalloway* and *The Years*' 74).[9] In depicting the character Septimus in her novel, Virginia Woolf points to the danger that anyone could become like him if he suffered such a tragic experience as Septimus did in the war.

However, little attention has been paid to the fact that *Mrs Dalloway* contains the sign of another war that is expressed by the female character named Sally, who exclaims that she has a lot of male children: '"I have five enormous boys," said Sally' (*MD* 145). Sally mainly appears in Clarissa's memories of the past throughout the novel. Clarissa remembers that Sally was attractive to her because her behaviour was in many ways different from traditional upper-class manners.[10] Critics have preferred to focus on the topic of the relationship between the two women in Bourton rather than the fact that Sally has a number of sons.[11] But the fertile Sally can be seen as an imperial maternal figure in the world of *Mrs Dalloway*. The empire as portrayed in this novel needs to promote the social role of motherhood in order for children to be produced, as all empires universally require youth to build up their power. 'Motherhood was to be looked on not just as a personal duty but as a national one. Women were expected to take pride in being mothers of the race and they had to learn how to do the job properly' (Holdsworth 113).[12] Woolf, who gives Sally five sons, seems to present her as the type of woman Great Britain requires in order to make it strong. In another scene, Sally says, 'She [Sally] had often wanted to write to him [Peter], but torn it up, yet felt he understood, for people understand without things being said, as one realizes growing old, and old she was, had been that afternoon to see her sons at Eton, where they had the mumps' (*MD* 160). One can see in these words that Sally's sons are attending Eton. They are not simply growing up as ordinary men in Britain; rather, they can be expected to become the new leaders of a middle-class. If Sally is raising her sons to be elites, they might thus become replacements for the 'Lost

Generation' of the Great War. This would suggest that they would be new soldiers of the future or would engage in killing, which could be a sign or an indication of anxiety about impending war within the post-war society of *Mrs Dalloway*.

The present chapter aims at examining how Woolf presents Sally as an ideal mother for Great Britain because she performs the role of bearing children who will become soldiers, or new human resources, in *Mrs Dalloway*. Sally fulfills the expected female role for the empire, which is that of being a wife and mother. Her bearing of sons is important, especially given the serious loss of human life in World War I. The present chapter suggests that those who would replace the lost lives in the empire are Sally's sons in *Mrs Dalloway*. Her five sons are actually described at two points in ways that suggest they represent alternative soldiers. First, the adjective 'enormous' (*MD* 145) hints at their powerful manliness, which the society needs because so many strong young men have gone off to war. Her sons exemplify qualities that can help the empire recover. Second, as noted above, they are being brought up to be English elites. All of her sons are studying at Eton. The empire lost its leaders who represented manliness in the war and must therefore find new leadership in them. The present chapter asserts that they can be considered as new candidates to be soldiers, and thus they must bear the fear of another war in the near future.

II

The statement 'I have five enormous boys' (*MD* 145), which reveals Sally's fertility, occurs in a scene near the end of the novel. Sally, who now

lives somewhere in Manchester as the wife of a man known as a capitalist millionaire,[13] attends to Clarissa's evening party in London as an unexpected guest without an invitation.[14] She exclaims that she has a lot of children:

> And what was so odd about it was the sense one had as they came up the stairs one after another, Mrs Mount and Celia, Herbert Ainsty, Mrs Dakers – oh, and Lady Bruton!
>
> 'How awfully good of you to come!' she said, and she meant it – it was odd how standing there one felt them going on, going on, some quite old, some . . .
>
> *What* name? Lady Rosseter? But who on earth was Lady Rosseter?
>
> 'Clarissa!' That voice! It was Sally Seton! Sally Seton! after all these years! She loomed through a mist. For she hadn't looked like *that*, Sally Seton, when Clarissa grasped the hot-water can. To think of her under this roof, under this roof! Not like that!
>
> All on top of each other, embarrassed, laughing, words tumbled out – passing through London; heard from Clara Haydon; what a chance of seeing you! So I thrust myself in – without an invitation . . .
>
> One might put down the hot-water can quite composedly. The lustre had left her. Yet it was extraordinary to see her again, older, happier, less lovely. They kissed each other, first this cheek, then that, by the drawing-room door, and Clarissa turned,

> with Sally's hand in hers, and saw her rooms full, heard the roar of voices, saw the candlesticks, the blowing curtains, and the roses which Richard had given her.
>
> 'I have five enormous boys,' said Sally.
>
> She had the simplest egotism, the most open desire to be thought first always, and Clarissa loved her for being still like that. 'I can't believe it!' she cried, kindling all over pleasure at the thought of the past. (*MD* 145−46: emphases original)

Clarissa has been not in touch with Sally since the two spent time together many years ago in Bourton and finally parted there. Clarissa therefore does not know anything about the recent life of her old friend. She might have already heard about Sally's marriage, because she is the person who mentioned it to Peter.[15] But she seems to have less interest in her.[16] Clarissa might thus have no idea that 'Lady Rosseter' is the name Sally now goes by as the wife of Mr Rosseter. Also, she would never have imagined that Sally would now have five children. However, Sally still seems to have the same desire that she had when she was young in Bourton and that made Clarissa feel love for her. Even now, she appears to want people to focus their attention on her, and she says, 'I have five enormous boys' at the end of the passage. She has gained happiness as a wife and a mother, which gives her pride and leads her to say that she has sons.

Notably, the mention of Sally's fertility occurs not only in this passage but also in other remarks or thoughts in *Mrs Dalloway*. Woolf repeatedly mentions it in some other scenes that come just after the passage cited above.

First, Clarissa pays attention to the fact that Sally is now a mother of five children. Having seen her at the party, Clarissa looks back on how Sally used to attract people as a girl in Bourton and then refers to her fertility: 'But everybody adored her [Sally] (except perhaps Papa). It was her warmth; her vitality [. . .]' (*MD* 154); '[. . .] she [Sally] had married, quite unexpectedly, a bold man with a large buttonhole who owned, it was said, cotton mills at Manchester. *And she had five boys*!' (*MD* 154: emphases added). Second, Sally herself refers to her sons again when she sees Peter at the party: '"*I have five sons*!" she [Sally] told him [Peter]' (*MD* 158: emphases added). Moreover, Peter thinks of Sally's sons after he has just heard about her life in Manchester: 'And so she [Sally] would go on, Peter felt, hour after hour; the miner's son; people thought she had married beneath her; *her five sons*; and what was the other thing [. . .]' (*MD* 161: emphases added). These repeated mentions of Sally's sons are made by different characters, but Sally's fertility itself receives particular emphasis in the novel. One can thus assume that Woolf is assigning some important meaning to this character's fertility.

Sally's fertility can be seen as important because it is just what the British Empire needs. She thus can be rendered as a person who produces children for Great Britain. Sally herself is not aware that she is raising her sons to be soldiers. She seems merely satisfied that she is playing the role of a mother with many boys, but any mother would please an empire, because she could contribute her sons to its warfare and make the country stronger. Sally thus can give the British Empire what it needs at that time. In fact, the country was lacking a population of young men as a result of the Great War. Many young men were killed in the war. The novel presents examples of the

cost of war among this generation. In the first few pages, when Clarissa is going to buy flowers in preparation for the party she is hosting at her house that evening, she mentions some women who had the misfortune to lose their sons in the war: 'The War was over, except for some one like Mrs Foxcroft at the Embassy last night eating her heart out because that nice boy was killed and now the old Manor House must go to a cousin' (*MD* 4). Clarissa continues, 'or Lady Bexborough who opened a bazaar, they said, with the telegram in her hand, John, her favorite, killed' (*MD* 4).[17] In *Mrs Dalloway* Clarissa points out only a few victims, offering no other examples of lost sons in the empire. But the novel further underscores numerous other dead in another scene, as when Richard mentions, in the middle of the novel, that the majority of men in England were killed in the war: 'Really it was a miracle thinking of the war, and thousands of poor chaps, with all their lives before them, shoveled together, already half forgotten; it was a miracle' (*MD* 98). As seen here, he thinks that many people are ignoring the heavy loss of soldiers at the battlefront, but he recognises that after the war ended, Great Britain is being troubled by the shocking fact that the war saw the terrible cost of lives that was unprecedented for her. Actually, in the case of Britain, 'Three quarters of a million men from the United kingdom were killed during the first World war. The Empire lost another 200,000 – nearly a third of them Indians; in all, a death roll approaching one million' (Taylor 120). Such a society, though it temporarily may attempt to forget this painful fact, needs replacements. Sally could offer her sons, and surely contribute to the empire, which is suffering from the loss of young males in the war.

When Sally says, 'I have five enormous boys' (*MD* 145), the adjective

‘enormous’ is suggestive. It means that they have physically well-built bodies, which people in post-war British society must have regarded as necessary for aiding in the recovery of their country. The world of *Mrs Dalloway* actually lacks such manliness. Young men in the novel are described as looking weak, and thus they cast a shadow of fear about living in the empire. For example, Peter sees weakness in the young men in London: ‘Boys in uniform, carrying guns, marched with their eyes ahead of them, marched, their arms stiff, and on their faces an expression like the letters of a legend written round the base of a statue praising duty, gratitude, fidelity, love of England’ (*MD* 43). According to Bradshaw, these young men might have been members of Richard Burdon Haldanes’s cadet corps or miniature rifle club, part of his scheme by which boys would be gradually prepared for service in the Territorial Army (‘“Vanished, Like Leaves”: The Military, Elegy and Italy in *Mrs Dalloway*’ 110).[18] Strength was needed for such training after the war, and if that is the reason why they are training, they can be expected to be future soldiers who can compensate for the dead lost in the war. But they are in fact not capable of fulfilling this role, because they are weak. Peter continues, ‘It is, thought Peter Walsh, beginning to keep step with them, a very fine training. But they did not look robust. They were weedy for the most part, boys of sixteen, who might, tomorrow, stand behind bowls of rice, cakes of soap on counters’ (*MD* 43). These youth are far from strong, and furthermore, they are still too young to be physically well balanced enough to play a role in an army. When there is a lack of manliness in the empire, then, Sally’s ‘enormous’ sons are remarkable. The nation does not like to leave a post empty for long and therefore is training

young boys, but it is Sally's sons who can fill the gaps in the army.

Mrs Dalloway offers still another example of the weakness of males. It presents the war veteran Septimus as a weak person. He was working in an office as a clerk just prior to the outbreak of the war. He then volunteered for the front soon after the war broke out. He showed courage in going to war without fear of being killed, but he was initially weak before the war started, as seen in the comments of his employer, Mr Brewer: 'something was up, he [Mr Brewer] thought, and, being paternal with his young men, and thinking very highly of Smith's abilities, and prophesying that he would, in ten or fifteen years, succeed [. . .], "if he keeps his health," said Mr Brewer, and that was the danger – he looked *weakly*' (*MD* 73: emphasis added). Thus, Brewer advised him to play 'football' (*MD* 73) to improve his health or strength.[19] Fortunately, during the war Septimus seemed to become strong: 'There in the trenches the change which Mr Brewer desired when he advised football was produced instantly; he [Septimus] developed manliness' (*MD* 73). But he became shell-shocked and now is incapable of providing masculine strength for the empire. Septimus, who spends his time planning for his death, does not fear death any more, but such courage to accept death is different from what the empire requires after the war. Though he came back, he is actually not needed due to his mental disorder and is eventually called, 'The coward!' (*MD* 127) after he commits suicide. Showalter, describing shell shock as a case of male hysteria caused by the war in *The Female Malady*, suggests that 'Septimus's problem is that he feels too much for a man. His grief and introspection are emotions that are consigned to the feminine' (193). As Showalter observes, in the

aftermath of the war, attempted suicide was 'not uncommon among returning soldiers' (193).[20] Many soldiers who had experienced the war and been praised by people on their return home, could not help revealing their weakness as they tried to escape from reality through the psychological disturbance of shell shock. Although they may have survived on the battlefield, a number of returning soldiers were no longer useful for rebuilding the empire. The existence of Septimus in the novel suggests that post-war British society needed to replace its war veterans. Returning soldiers were, if they wished for their own death, quite useless in helping the empire overcome its weakness. *Mrs Dalloway* presents a period of time in which all the unneeded human beings who were used up in the war were done away with and replaced by new human resources.

These examples of masculine weakness mirror the situation in actual societies at that time. Not only Britain but also major European countries had the social anxiety about male feebleness that had been increasing since the late nineteenth century. This was known as a phenomenon called 'degeneration.' 'The idea of degeneration was an important resource of myth for the post-Darwinian world' (1), says William Greenslade, who goes on to note that 'The late Victorian establishment and the propertied classes generally harboured anxieties about poverty and crime, about public health and national and imperial fitness, about decadent artists, "new women" and homosexuals' (1−2). In the case of Britain, the turning point could be found in the Boer War, first in 1880 and then in 1889. Some men in Britain were not able to pass the test for military service, which made people doubt the manliness of the empire as a whole. In his book-length study titled *Virginia*

Woolf, Michael H. Whitworth also observes that 'Britain's supremacy as an imperial power was brought into question by the Boer War' (32).[21] Donald J. Childs notes that 'The early defeats of the British army in the Boer War [. . .] confirmed for many that degeneration had become a national problem' (1). 'The Second Boer War [. . .] focused attention sharply on the ability of mothers to rear fit children. The fate of the Empire depended on tomorrow's soldiers and an unacceptable number were not surviving infancy' (Holdsworth 112).[22] Degeneration was the actual background of the age. The event that followed, which was far bigger, that is, the Great War, did not clear up the doubt about men's weakness. At the start of the war, a number of young men greeted the outbreak with patriotic excitement, but it was soon revealed that not a few men were physically unfit to serve: Winter says that 'many infirmities precluded frontline service' (*The Experience of World War I* 118); 'Of the 2.4 million British men who were medically examined in 1917−18, over one million or 40 percent of those tested, were either totally unfit for army service, or capable of noncombatant duty only' (*The Experience of World War I* 118). Great Britain lacked strong men who could become soldiers. The image of degeneration still stuck to the society, and men were still seen as weak after the war, betraying British potential anxiety about men's loss of physical strength and about its producing of weak men. Sally's sons are expected to be a counterweight to such a social mood in *Mrs Dalloway*.[23]

Concerning whether Sally's sons are suitable to be future soldiers, it is also suggested that all of them are being raised to be leaders or members of the elite class in Britain. Her husband did not come from that class.[24] But

he became a capitalist millionaire and is seen as nearly the same as a member of the middle class due to his efforts in his business. In fact, Sally says, 'I have ten thousand a year' (*MD* 159). The Rosseters can thus afford to raise their sons to be well-educated gentlemen at one of the best-known public schools in the country: 'She [Sally] had often wanted to write to him [Peter], but torn it up, yet felt he understood, for people understand without things being said, as one realizes growing old, and old she was, had been that afternoon to see her sons at Eton, where they had the mumps' (*MD* 160). Eton, which Sally mentions in the passage cited above, was known in those days as a school where the students were expected to become the leaders and elites of society in the future. Young boys who went to Eton were expected to become the Oxbridge type, which was needed to replace the young men lost in the war. The Great War deprived the empire of its young, including the educated or the future elites. It is also true that not only middle- or upper-class men but also a great many working-class men enlisted voluntarily on behalf of British Empire. Such losses might be partly reflected in Septimus, who is one of the 'half-educated, self-educated' (*MD* 71) and who seems to come from a lower social status, not from public schools and a university education but from the new secondary education. The deaths of middle-class young men can be seen in the representative examples that Clarissa comments on, as already cited above: Mrs Foxcroft's boy who 'was killed and now the old Manor House must go to a cousin' (*MD* 4) and Lady Bexborough's boy. The one was to inherit Manor House and the other had a mother who was a woman of good social position. Both boys were from the upper or the middle class in Great Britain. Woolf, who had already given

Jacob an elite position in her previous novel, *Jacob's Room*, understood that the overwhelming image of the volunteers and the victims of the Great War came mainly from the middle class and that the poignant loss of English elites was a more serious concern in the early twentieth century. As Sally's five sons are on their way to becoming the elites of society, they have the tendency to be lost in war, and thus can be seen as replaceable for those already missing at the front.

As mentioned in the last chapter of the present study, the war claimed the lives of many of the gentlemanly elites of the ruling class in Great Britain. In his book *Rites of Spring*, Modris Eksteins says, 'In 1914 in France, Britain, and Germany, it was primarily the middle class, imbued with ideas of service and duty, that went to war. This was the first middle-class war in history' (177). Moreover, Eksteins goes on to state the following:

> In Britain, enlistment was highlight among men in the professions and in commercial and clerical occupations. [. . .] Middle-class professional men were most caught up, it seems, in the purpose of the war, in the notions of duty and service, notions that continued to have residual meaning for them even when that meaning could no longer be articulated with precision. (190)

The outbreak of war cause a generation of young men at Oxbridge or at prestigious public schools in England to readily join the army to fight against the enemy, and most of them were killed on foreign battlefields. Those who volunteered were not aware that they would risk their lives on the battlefield.

Calling ‘elder sons from the dominant political and cultural elites died in disproportionate numbers’ (120) as ‘missing elite’ (120), Robert Wohl says that the term ‘“Missing elite” meant that the decimation, partial destruction, and psychological disorientation of the graduates of public schools and universities who had ruled England during the previous half-century’ (120−21). Thus, victims naturally raised the death rate of middles in the Great War. Dan Todman also says, ‘What was different about the First World War was the scale and duration of its battles and the number and class of British soldiers involved’ (7). He notes that ‘The destruction on bodies and landscapes wrought by concentrated bombardments created an environment of horrors with qualitative difference to previous wars’ (7); ‘[. . .] this destruction was participated in and witnessed, not by a tiny professional army, but by a huge army of citizen soldiers, including numerous well-educated and well-connected men who could record what they saw’ (7).[25]

Woolf presents Sally’s fertility and the possibility that it will allow her to contribute to the empire as quite exceptional in *Mrs Dalloway*. Woolf shows the reader no other fertile person except Sally and emphasises her fertility. Although Woolf has Peter say that middle- or upper-class people attending the party must have some sons: ‘“Everybody in the room has six sons at Eton,” Peter told her [Sally], except himself’ (*MD* 161),[26] there are few examples of mothers with a lot of sons in the novel. Peter’s remark might imply that there was a higher birth rate of males than females in the nation, but almost all of the married women in *Mrs Dalloway* are not fertile or healthy enough to be capable of producing multiple children. Clarissa has

only one daughter, Elizabeth Dalloway. Masami Usui points out that 'It is interesting to note that Clarissa had not had a baby until she was thirty-five years old even though she married young, probably just after she met Richard at Bourton at eighteen' (157). Also, the wife of one of the friends of Clarissa, Hugh Whitbread, is not mentioned as having children. Mrs Bradshaw has an only child, 'a boy doing well at Eton.' Like Sally, she is also sending her son to Eton, and thus he is expected to become one of elites in the future, but Mrs Bradshaw is not fertile. She only wishes for a daughter, saying that 'she [Mrs Bradshaw] would have liked a daughter too; interests she had, however, in plenty' (*MD* 80). She does not seem likely to bear another son in the coming years. Moreover, Lucrezia, a 24-year-old Italian woman, who is married to Septimus, has not had any children since she got married four years earlier. In spite of her ardent desire to have a son, which she repeatedly expresses, her husband is impotent due to shell shock from the war: 'At tea Rezia told him [Septimus] that Mrs Filmer's daughter was expecting a baby. *She* could not grow old and have no children! She was very lonely, she was very unhappy! She cried for the first time since they were married' (*MD* 76−77: emphasis original). In spite of her revealing her true emotions here, Septimus has never understood her, and thus her potential fertility has been denied. There is no person who is directly mentioned as having more than five children.[27] It can thus be considered that Woolf sees Sally's fertility as exceptional in the novel.

Sally's fertility can be compared to that of Betty Flanders in *Jacob's Room*. Betty bears sons and eventually sends all of them to the Great War. The three sons, Archer, Jacob and John, volunteer to go fight at the end of the

novel: ‘her [Betty] sons fighting for their country’ (*Jacob’s Room* 246). Betty is rendered as a mother who breeds sons as material to contribute to Great Britain’s war effort. It is assumed that all three of them lost their name and identity through the mass killing that took place in the war. Jacob is finally called by his name: ‘“Jacob! Jacob!” cried Bonamy’ (*Jacob’s Room* 247). However, it is a useless attempt to recover his identity. Woolf tries to hint at the dehumanisation of the protagonist as he meets his end in the novel. Sally and her sons are expected to encounter the same. Sally also has only sons, who are expected to be the workforce for the reconstruction of the empire. In other words, she will be asked to give them up as would-be soldiers for the country when another war breaks out. The sons of the Rosseters are initially nameless. ‘I have five enormous boys’ (*MD* 145); ‘And she had five boys!’ (*MD* 154); ‘her five sons’ (*MD* 161). None of these mentions of the boys reveals their names. This means that their humanity is not emphasised in *Mrs Dalloway*, and thus the five sons are much more likely to become material for the empire. Their initial namelessness suggests that they will be part of a killing machine, incapable of remorse, compassion or love in war and finally will be broken as war material in another dehumanising conflict. Woolf, who had already shown her concern for the dehumanisation that resulted from war in depicting the disappearance of the protagonist in *Jacob’s Room*, maintained the same concern when writing *Mrs Dalloway*, focusing especially on the anonymous young men in post-war British society.

III

This chapter considers the meaning of the fertility of Sally Seton in *Mrs Dalloway*. It is an ideal attitude that she possesses and that could be of use to the empire, which needed to build up its army to maintain its strength. Great Britain was no exception to this tendency, especially when the Great War had just ended with terrible looses of manpower to the nation, as indicated in *Mrs Dalloway*. Sally is able to contribute to the preservation of the military force of the empire, because she can offer all of her five sons, which is more than any other mother in the novel. Her sons are actually described as suitable to be soldiers, as they are characterised by the adjective 'enormous' (*MD* 145). Physical sturdiness is required for excellent fighting ability and defence, to achieve victory and, at the same time, to hide the social anxiety about degeneration in Europe that had lingered from the previous century. Woolf gives examples of weakness in young boys in London and, moreover, presents the possible loss of strength or health of males in the figure of the returning veteran Septimus. The manliness of Sally's sons is just what the world of *Mrs Dalloway* needs. In addition, Sally raises her children to attend the best public school in England in order to become intellectual elites for the future. The war had taken a number of lives of highly educated men in England, and thus the nation needed young leaders as replacements, who might be found at Eton. Clarissa says that 'The War was over' (*MD* 4), but, as she notices, it has not ended yet in the novel.[28] The war had inflicted psychological wounds on those who lost their fathers, husbands, brothers, sons or friends and who were left alone after the Armistice. Also, the war still continued for returning soldiers such as

Septimus, who continued to suffer from the trauma of battle in his mind. This chapter examines one more important reason why the war was still not over. The possibility existed of another war that British society might become involved in, because the empire needed young men again and wanted them to be new war material and ready to go fight. Woolf's awareness of the fear of an impending war is reflected in the potential of Sally's sons to become soldiers, soldiers who might kill and be killed. *Mrs Dalloway* describes a world where people are relieved that the war is over, but they might be only on the way to preparing the imperial army for the next war, which would eventually turn out to be World War II.

It is significant that Woolf writes new roles of women's lives in *Mrs Dalloway*. She suggests that giving one's children to one's country is not the only way for women to live in society. The two female characters in *Mrs Dalloway*, Clarissa's daughter, Elizabeth and her governess, Doris Kilman, think about the future for females. Miss Kilman says, 'Law, medicine, politics, all professions are open to women of your [Elizabeth] generation' (*MD* 111). She has had the misfortune of having been badly treated and dismissed from the school she had worked for during the war,[29] which made her a radical feminist, but she still expects the next generation, including Elizabeth, to receive equal opportunities in employment. They will not be confined to the home as married women or mothers. What Kilman says lingers in Elizabeth's mind: 'She [Elizabeth] liked people who were ill. And every profession is open to the women of your generation, said Miss Kilman' (*MD* 115). Elizabeth continues, 'So she [Elizabeth] might be a doctor. She might be a farmer. Animals are often ill. She might own a thousand acres

and have people under her. She would go and see them in their cottages' (*MD* 115−16); 'In short, she [Elizabeth] would like to have a profession. She would become a doctor, a farmer, possibly go into Parliament if she found it necessary, all because of the Strand' (*MD* 116). Seeing the Strand, Elizabeth repeats this expectation about her future in which she would have equal rights in society. Everyone but Kilman expects her to get married as a daughter of the middle class, like other respectable women at the party,[30] but she keeps open other possibilities for her future. Although such a vision as can be seen in these passages might be not serious, or, in other words, might be 'childish' (Bowlby 97),[31] Elizabeth, as the only young woman in the novel and thus as representative of the next generation, is the polar opposite to a fertile mother such as Sally. This seems part of Woolf's feminist attitude towards the patriarchy that oppresses women's true selves, deprives them of their voice and causes the masculine violence of war. Elizabeth might be an example of opposition to the old idea that women are always required to give birth to sons, raise them to be strong and urge them to go to war for the empire.

In *Mrs Dalloway*, only Septimus, who witnessed the actual war, seems to notice the potential danger that people might be confronted with another conflict in the future, where they would kill each other and be dehumanised again, and thus he is worried about children living in the world that experienced the Great War: 'One cannot bring children into a world like this' (*MD* 76). The returned veteran, who experienced the actual war, might be able to see the danger of the battlefield more clearly than anybody else. Woolf might find it essential to see or imagine the actual state of the horrible

war if one was seriously aware of the danger like Septimus. Woolf herself, like any other civilian on the home front, could not witness the actual front lines. However, she felt a need to think about the danger at the front and to describe it. The next chapter of the present study examines Woolf's further engagement with the battlefront in her fiction. While in *Mrs Dalloway*, the shell missed Septimus: 'The last shells missed him [Septimus]' (*MD* 73), in Woolf's next novel, *To the Lighthouse*, another shell actually hits one of the characters: '[A shell exploded. Twenty or thirty young men were blown up in France, among them Andrew Ramsay, whose death, mercifully, was instantaneous]' (*To the Lighthouse* 109). This seems to be only a glimpse, but Woolf, in writing a cruel but cool report from the front, maintained her concern for the dehumanisation caused by war and attempted to reveal more dangerous aspects of war in the new century.

Chapter 3

Chapter 3

‘A Shell Exploded’:

Gunpowder and the Great War in *To the Lighthouse*[1]

I

To the Lighthouse focuses on a middle-class English family, the Ramsays,[2] which includes Mr and Mrs Ramsay and their eight children, who are hosting a number of guests at their summer house on the Isle of Skye in Scotland at the beginning of the twentieth century. The novel consists of three parts, titled ‘The Window,’ ‘Time Passes,’ and ‘The Lighthouse.’ The first part, ‘The Window,’ is set on a single day before the start of World War I. While Mrs Ramsay and James, the youngest of the eight children, hope to have good weather to travel the next day to the lighthouse near their home by the sea, her husband finds their prospects uncertain, seeing their excursion as likely impossible.[3] One of guests, Lily Briscoe, an unmarried dilettante painter, is struggling with an aesthetic problem of how to attain a satisfying balance of elements in her painting. The second section, ‘Time Passes,’ takes place ten years after the events in ‘The Window.’ The family and their guests have been forced to leave the house, and soon the Great War breaks out. The house, which no one could visit during this period of time, is gradually destroyed but is eventually restored by two elderly charwomen, Mrs McNab and Mrs Bast. In the final section, ‘The Lighthouse,’ though the people seen in ‘The Window’ have scattered over the years, including during the war, some of those who survived return to the house again. The central figure,

Mrs Ramsay, whose death is mentioned in the second section,[4] left behind the idea of the journey to the nearby lighthouse, an idea that is repeatedly referred to in 'Window.' The trip is finally made by the people who remain: Mr Ramsay, Cam and James. This journey is juxtaposed with a different type of endeavour, one culminating in Lily's cathartic moment of vision when she finally finds her painting completed. The novel concludes with the sentence 'Yes, she [Lily] thought, laying down her brush in extreme fatigue, I have had my vision' (*TL* 170).[5] The final brush-stroke down the centre of Lily's canvas has been read as constituting the novel's aesthetic wholeness.

As in her two earlier works written after the end of World War I, Woolf shows her concern about the war, because the novel focuses specifically on a war period in the second section. This is the shortest section of all and seemingly lacks any noteworthy mention of the war or any actual involvement by the characters in the war, but which is entirely encompassed by wartime circumstances. As seen in the following passage that is presented in the 'Time Passes' section: '[A shell exploded. Twenty or thirty young men were blown up in France, among them Andrew Ramsay, whose death, mercifully, was instantaneous]' (*TL* 109), a member of the Ramsay family, the eldest son, Andrew, is killed by a shell. He is lost along with other troops when the shell explodes. In addition to scenes in Woolf's previous novels which mention shelling, the sound of guns and the death of Jacob Flanders in *Jacob's Room*, or the actual shells that, fortunately, did not hit Septimus but that killed his friend Evans and others such as upper-class boys in *Mrs Dalloway*, here too, in *To the Lighthouse*, the shell is a key to considering the impact the Great War had on British society. Woolf announces soldiers'

deaths in brackets in *To the Lighthouse*, increasing the pain of these deaths by presenting them as insignificant within the larger picture.[6] Many critics have interpreted the section 'Time Passes' as suggestive of the impact of the Great War. The house is now decrepit because it has been left untouched by any member of the family, but such a situation is a result of the war. As to the descriptions of nature gradually invading the empty house of the Ramsays, Makiko Minow-Pinkney aptly notes that 'What is literally destroying the house is rain, rats and wind, but what is figuratively destroying it is the First World War' (99).[7] Kate Flint also says, 'Woolf may primarily have at the back of her mind the impact of the First World War – a war where, for the first time, huge, impersonal, mechanised means of fighting played a central part' ('Virginia Woolf and the General Strike' 329−30). Karen L. Levenback argues that 'the published novel [*To the Lighthouse*] suggests that Woolf had discovered a strategy for representing the effect of the war not only on language but on life itself' (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 107), and continues, saying that 'By putting the narrative under the control of a working woman's vision and vocabulary, Woolf no longer "poeticizes" or "exaggerates" [. . .]. Instead, she describes changes owing to the war in the concrete, nonliterary terms of lived experience (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 107−08). In addition to Andrew, some of the female characters in the novel also attract critical attention. James M. Haule writes that 'Originally, she [Mrs McNab] is presented as a brake to the destructive power of war' (169). Tracy Hargreaves comments on this notable female character: 'Woolf raises the spectre of social responsibility and politics, but she is ultimately more concerned to make this spectre work as part of her writing praxis, hence

the ambiguity of the representation of Mrs McNab' (147). Moreover, Tammy Clewell links the Time Passes section and Lily's gesture and says that 'When her final "vision" prompts her to draw a line at the painting's center, Lily divides her canvas in two parts, a division that recalls the way "Time Passes" separates the novel's own prewar and postwar sections' (218). Clewell concludes, 'With the final brush stroke down the center of her canvas, Woolf's artist [Lily] shows us why we need to perpetually remake our grief and perpetually remake our memorializing art' (219).

No literary critic, though, has ever fully appreciated what the explosion of the shell in the novel means. The sentence is short. The meaning is not clear. Then, another word in another scene gives a hint as to the meaning of the shell. Charles Tansley, one of the Ramsays' guests, who is a student at a college studying under Mr Ramsay's strong influence,[8] mentions a similar image to that of the explosion of a shell: 'He [Tansley] could almost pity these mild cultivated people, who would be blown sky high, like bales of wool and barrels of apples, one of these days by the gunpowder that was in him' (*TL* 75). The phrase 'The gunpowder that was in him' represents his hidden desire to rise above his working-class background. In this passage, he compares himself to gunpowder, suggesting his superiority to others. He is neither a volunteer nor a conscript in the novel, so in his present situation this description seems to be merely metaphorical, not related to war.[9] But in the post-war narrative *To the Lighthouse*, it is possible that these words can evoke scenes of war in the mind of the reader. With its explosive characteristic, gunpowder is the origin of all modern weapons, and thus the use of the word conjures images of shells exploding on a battlefield.

Tansley's line is a hint that allows us to interpret the meaning of the shell in the novel. It can help shed light on what all-out war meant in the new century and, above all, what the complete destruction it could bring meant for Woolf.

The purpose of the present chapter is to demonstrate the linkage between the shell exploding and Tansley's comment that includes the word 'gunpowder' in the novel. The discussion here suggests that 'gunpowder' can evoke the image of other explosions made by weapons, such as the shells used in the Great War. Tansley's imaginary scene of blowing up people around him and an actual shell, which kills in a second, assume the same role in the story: they just suggest that the middle class is in danger of collapsing. Notably, gunpowder has the power to break down the middle class. The novel, then, emphasises that the Great War led to the collapse of the middle class. Like Jacob Flanders in *Jacob's Room,* Andrew exemplifies this class; therefore, his death represents the decline of the middle class during the war. The present chapter suggests that Woolf, in *To the Lighthouse*, saw the impact of the war on British society as having to do with the destruction of the middle class of mass.

II

Tansley's inner thoughts, including the word 'gunpowder,' occur in the middle of the first section, 'Window.' All the Ramsays and their guests are staying at the summerhouse and attending a dinner, with the elderly people talking about going to the lighthouse nearby. Mrs Ramsay, though she has been told by her husband that bad weather will prevent anyone from going

there the next day, is still preoccupied with her youngest son's desire to go. Then she asks Tansley if he is good at sailing. As he answers, he reveals what he is thinking in the narrative, and in this passage his strong desire for success is curiously expressed with an image of gunpowder.

> 'You're not planning to go to the Lighthouse, are you, Lily?' said Mrs Ramsay. 'Remember poor Mr Langley; he had been round the world dozens of times, but he told me he never suffered as he did when my husband took him there. Are you a good sailor, Mr Tansley?' she asked.
>
> Mr Tansley raised a hammer; swung it high in air; but realizing, as it descended, that he could not smite that butterfly with such an instrument as this, said only that he had never been sick in his life. But in that one sentence lay compact, like gunpowder, that his grandfather was a fisherman; his father a chemist; that he had worked his way up entirely himself; that he was proud of it; that he was Charles Tansley – a fact that nobody there seemed to realize; but one of these days every single person would know it. He scowled ahead of him. He could almost pity these mild cultivated people, who would be blown sky high, like bales of wool and barrels of apples, one of these days by the gunpowder that was in him. (*TL* 75)

Tansley reveals here his class consciousness, focusing on his own poor family. He has already mentioned his family in the previous part of the novel. At

the beginning of 'The Window,' when he is going to town with Mrs Ramsay, Tansley emphasises that he belongs to the poorer, labouring class than other people in the novel. He is a college student, but has received no money for school expenses from his father: 'It was a large family, nine brothers and sisters, and his father was a working man' (*TL* 13); 'My father is a chemist, Mrs Ramsay. He keeps a shop' (*TL* 14). He has paid his own way since he was thirteen. He grew up in needy circumstances, in a large family, with a working-class father, in which there was and frugality with money. In spite of these disadvantages, he is managing to educate himself at college. His thoughts in this passage represent a repetition of such a consciousness of his circumstances.[10] In the passage cited above, he shows how he judges his own potential for being successful in society and that he finds in his blood 'gunpowder,' thinking that he can surprise everyone someday by that. The gunpowder metaphorically represents his strong desire for achievement and the possibility of his worldly success. Some individuals might feel humiliated if they came from a working-class family, or see weakness in a working-class background, but Tansley is not in the least embarrassed or worried by this at all. He seems confident in his potential to become something successful after being a hard-working student. This sets him to thinking about 'gunpowder.'

Obviously, Woolf does not see Tansley as a malicious person who actually intends to destroy the people around him. He only thinks that, knowing the class structure in British society is not easily changed, he will be above them someday. Interestingly, however, Woolf places the word 'gunpowder' in the text and thus connects these words to the war scenes in

this novel. It is true that gunpowder was not used in shells in World War I, but it is possible that the source of almost all weapons used in the war came from gunpowder. Gunpowder can be seen as the origin of weapons. Strictly, gunpowder had only limited use in Europe from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century.[11] When the new twentieth century dawned, another form of explosive was used in war. According to Clive Ponting, it was difficult to employ gunpowder for military operations for hundreds of years because it inevitably produced too much smoke, and in the late nineteenth century, 'smokeless powder' was discovered and adopted in all major countries. Soon after, 'lyddite' was developed in Britain and 'trinitrotoluence,' called 'TNT,' in Germany as nations searched for more powerful explosive. Both of these were used in World War I (Ponting 231−42).[12] Generally speaking, however, though gunpowder was no longer used as a military explosive during this war, the word itself continued to be used to denote an explosive material. Thus, military men still referred to gunpowder. Actually, a reference can serve to disclose the general currency of the word, as when Modris Eksteins cites a soldier's writing about the battlefield conditions of the war: 'The noise, the smoke, the smell of *gunpowder*, the rat-tat of rifle and machine gun fire combined to numb the senses' (171: emphasis added).[13] Whereas the new technological weapons did not employ the old material of gunpowder, its name survived as a byword for explosives in the Great War. Gunpowder itself was an old form of explosive, but the term was still in people's mind, so Tansley's use of the word 'gunpowder' can be connected with the shell in the war scene in 'Time Passes' in this novel.

The use of the word is also seen in Woolf's other fictional work. She

employs it as a word representing the Great War in *Mrs Dalloway*, in which the returned soldier Septimus reflects upon World War I: '"The War?" the patient [Septimus] asked. The European War – that little shindy of schoolboys with *gunpowder*?' (*Mrs Dalloway* 81: emphasis added). Having witnessed the actual battlefront as an early volunteer, and now realising the stupidity of the war, he has become scornful of the way all Europeans were fighting each other with dangerous weapons. In this passage expressing his reflections, he is likely alluding to their poor judgement in risking the use of 'gunpowder,' which he sees as an explosive material which has brought the destruction of soldiers' bodies and minds. In his case, though, he was not hit directly: 'The last shells missed him [Septimus]' (*Mrs Dalloway* 73), but instead, his friend Evans was killed, and the impact of this has caused him to be called 'shell-shock' (*Mrs Dalloway* 155). Septimus's reflection suggests that the word 'gunpowder' was still used in everyday language related to war. Though it is not clear that he knew exactly what was loaded in the shell, the word was still commonly used after the Great War. If that is the case, then, the use of the word 'gunpowder' in this earlier novel by Woolf can also be considered as suggestive of the war. Thus, it is possible that her next novel, *To the Lighthouse*, also employs the same word to examine a similar theme: the cause of the war. Tansley's imagining does not have to do with his own participation in the war, but rather the word itself is used in reference to the time after the war. Therefore, the image Woolf presents to the reader is that of a weapon in the Great War.

The notion of gunpowder and what it could demolish, as presented in the scene that Tansley pictures, therefore hints at what Woolf herself thought

the war could destroy. What gunpowder breaks in *To the Lighthouse* is middle-class people. As mentioned above, imagining 'the gunpowder that was in him [Tansley]' (*TL* 75), Tansley hopes to see 'mild, cultivated' (*TL* 75) people broken, and regards the Ramsays and their guests as 'bales of wool and barrels of apples' (*TL* 75). The middle-class people who surround him at dinner are no more than ordinary material to him. He sees them only as representing material wealth, such as a barrel of produce and, based on his internal desires, they can be broken by gunpowder. Tansley is a member of the working class, so these feelings of rejection and destruction might possibly come from his irresistible urge to subvert the English class system. But at the same time, it is important to note that if gunpowder, as a significant word for explosive, can evoke the war even after it was no longer in actual use in the twentieth century; this suggests that the Great War results in the breakdown of a number of people of the middle class. Woolf suggests here that soldiers from the middle class were lost during the war. The explosion in *To the Lighthouse* expresses a fear for the destruction of the English middle class, suggesting the collapse of the social system. As the first and second chapters of the present study have discussed, many soldiers from the middle class volunteered to go to war and eventually disappeared when they lost their lives. Woolf, for example, wrote about the death of Jacob Flanders in *Jacob's Room* and other deaths of middle-class young men in *Mrs Dalloway*. Woolf intends to repeat such a theme in *To the Lighthouse*, especially in the image of the explosion of the shell. The account of the Western Front scene in the second section of the novel 'Time Passes,' which spans a period of ten years, including the war, is quite brief: '[A shell

exploded. Twenty or thirty young men were blown up in France, among them Andrew Ramsay, whose death, mercifully, was instantaneous]' (*TL* 109).[14] Woolf, who has already placed the reference to Tansley's gunpowder and its destruction of the middle class before this, helps the reader see the war as a kind of middle-class death. At the Western front, as portrayed in *To the Lighthouse*, people and, unfortunately, Andrew are killed in the explosion of a shell, a new type of weapon that was a successor to gunpowder, which was the first explosive material. Those who are killed there can be seen as belonging to the middle class, including Andrew Ramsay. It might be noted that, also in this section, the deaths of Mrs Ramsay and the eldest daughter, Prue, can be taken as another example of the decline of the middle class,[15] but unlike these two female cases, the death of men, including Andrew, is expressed as far more meaningful, for example, in the way that his end produces an echo of Tansley's idea that the gunpowder inside him would crush the people around him. Woolf repeatedly emphasises the actual aspect of the death of the middle class in her fiction.

What Woolf shows is that the explosions of the war shattered the individual distinctions between human beings on the battlefield. Unlike in her previous works, Woolf shows in *To the Lighthouse* the actual state of war and focuses on how the killing of the middle class in the war was in the description of the explosion of gunpowder in Tansley's imagination, or in the explosion of the shell in the war. The passage from 'Time Passes' that is cited above shows that men at the front were physically torn to pieces by shells. Telling one man apart from another is hard on the battlefield. As the word 'or' in the sentence 'Twenty or thirty young men were blown up' (*TL*

109) suggests, no one can determine the exact number of casualties, and only a rough guess is possible as to how many troops are present in a particular area. This means that any attempt to identify them would be fruitless. The victimised soldiers' face, name, rank or any personal characteristics are ignored. In the war scene cited above, it would be meaningless to distinguish each individual who has no relation to the Ramsays or to their guests who appear in this scene, but indifference to soldiers' identities on the front line is significant in that it suggests the impossibility of recognising them in a war of mass slaughter. In the explosion of a shell, all middle-class soldiers die as equals, losing their own name and their pride. Each man has a social rank, but they all lose their rank equally together. A human being is a tiny piece in the extremely large battle to destroy them with new powerfully destructive weapons. The novel reveals that the middle class, which had been stable and prosperous in British society, became vulnerable and easily lost in the war. In other words, it did not matter whether soldiers were from the middle class or not. All individuals who went to war were simply dehumanised as war material. Though the word 'gunpowder' (*TL* 75) is mentioned only in the scene cited above, and the war scene in 'Time Passes' is surprisingly terse and even brusque in *To the Lighthouse*, Woolf suggests that the nature of warfare had changed with the adoption of new weapons like shells and that human beings had become mere war material.

Actually, the war broke apart any kind of border between individual human beings. Machine guns, shells, tanks, airships and airplanes, all of which had the capability to easily and instantaneously kill people, were used for dehumanising people. For example, machine guns could do this

effectively. In the Great War, the machine gun was used more than in any previous war. 'The individual counted for nothing, all that mattered now was the machinery of war. If a machine gun could wipe out a whole battalion of men in three minutes, where was the relevance of the old concepts of heroism, glory and fair play between gentlemen?' (142), says John Ellis, in *The Social History of the Machine Gun*.[16] But the weapon that was much more effective in destroying people than the machine gun and which Woolf focuses on in her fiction was the shell. According to Gary Sheffield and Stephen Badsey, 'Increasing reliance on artillery, and so on industrial production and logistics, was central to the strategies of attrition – the wearing down of enemy strength and morale – that prevailed on the Western Front after 1914' (392). Such a front, which could eliminate every border, would easily lead to the disappearance of the border between middle-class soldiers and others. The impact of exploding shells is far more dreadful, as Eksteins explains: 'they [the huge shells] ravage the earth with their violence, hurling trees, rock, mud, torsos, and other debris hundreds of feet into the air. Craters the size of swimming pools remain' (140). Eksteins continues, 'The small and medium shells, which make up most of the barrage, are less sensational in their effect. But to the soldier they too can mean annihilation without trace' (140). He includes an observation by a medical officer in the war: 'A signaller had just stepped out'; 'when a shell burst on him, leaving not a vestige that could be seen anywhere near' (140). J. M. Winter also says that 'The butchery of battle was worsened by the development of artillery, which could literally tear a man to pieces, even at times without leaving a single trace of his existence' (*The Experience of*

World War I 145–46). H. P. Willmott cites the words of Lieutenant Stefan Westmann, a German medical officer: 'Day and night, the shells came upon us. Our dugouts crumbled. They would fall on top of us and we'd have to dig ourselves and our comrades out. Sometimes we'd find them suffocated or smashed to pulp' (160). The bodies of soldiers at the front were blown into pieces with such force that there was little possibility of identifying their bodies on the field. Thus, even the boundaries between soldiers such as class, community, or nationality were destroyed.[17] Stephen Kern significantly notes, 'As the war dragged on it released other powerful and dislocating forces that broke up the old dividers and forged new unities. [. . .] In the trenches distinctions of class, rank, and profession became as muddied as the uniforms' (307). All soldiers died together on the battlefield, therefore, with the loss of the usual boundaries that separated them, they were treated as only one category.

The destruction of the middle class can be seen in British society after the war, which confronted the problem of how to bury the dead who fell in battle at a front far away from England. It was not possible, then, from two perspectives, for the people at home to see these bodies during the Great War. First, British soldiers, if they were killed in a foreign country, were supposed to be buried there. The British government decided during the war that soldiers would be buried where they died and that families did not have the right to demand the return of their bodies for burial. Allyson Booth says, 'British civilians experienced the death of their soldiers as corpselessness' (21); 'The dead on the western front were buried on battlefields or in cemetery plots acquired from France and Belgium – near trenches or behind

the lines' (25). Second, as noted above, when soldiers were killed in this war, it was not unusual for their bodies to be blown to pieces and even destroyed completely due to heavy weapons such as shells. Therefore, it was impossible to find any physical traces of soldiers who died this way. People at home, who could not go to the foreign place where their soldier was buried, or could not ever locate his body anywhere, needed instead a monument to the war dead for mourning. Politicians established monument of mourning in England for domestic people to see. For example, they created the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior, which contained the body of a soldier from an actual battlefield in a foreign country, and which was intended to represent all the dead in the war. This way of honouring fallen soldiers was generally seen as a replacement for each individual dead soldier, and thus helped the people at home remember their loved one who was lost in the war. However, the anonymous dead body that was supposed to take the place of burying one's own soldier-family member suggests that all soldiers become one and the same, thus losing their own name or identity. As George L. Mosse says, 'The return and burial of the Unknown Soldier was accompanied by a riot of symbolism, for all the symbols present in the design of military cemeteries, and in the mythology which surrounded the fallen, were compressed into one ceremony – indeed, into one symbol' (94). Mosse adds that 'Such symbolic action assured anonymity, emphasizing that military rank did not matter' (95) and 'The cult of the fallen, in the course of the war, came to symbolize the ideal of the national community as the camaraderie among members of equal status' (95). Sarah Cole aptly observes that 'the notion of an anonymous body that could represent all the war's casualties,

regardless of regiment, rank, or nature of service, provided a resonant symbol of the homogeneity of death in modern war' (*Modernism, Male Friendship, and the First World War* 152), adding that 'The anonymity of the unknown soldier points quite directly to the utter destruction of individuality in the name of the nation, yet the symbol worked as a unifying force' (*Modernism, Male Friendship, and the First World War* 152). As noted above, the battlefield is where shells explode, and therefore soldiers lose their lives on an equal basis, which means they have no name. According to Winter, 'The casualty lists which grew and grew as the war continued preclude any conclusion other than that the war was one of the most miserable chapters in human history. [. . .] Being so many, the victims of the war became one: the Lost Generation' (*The Experience of World War I* 18). Soldiers were seen as one and the same, so their particular names were not required, which can be called a state of anonymity. This namelessness means that all soldiers equally represent the same material that is intended to be used in the planning of war. Eksteins mentions that 'The enemy became increasingly an abstraction as the nature of the war changed. The gentleman too became an abstraction. And the hero lost his name: he became the nameless, faceless unknown soldier' (135).[18] Men who become soldiers are given a name at home, so it can be said that each of them is respected by his family, but the people at home also find themselves subjected to a nameless culture when mourning not their own soldier's body but a monument. Another example of a monument for mourning the dead in the war, a cenotaph, also suggests that all the dead were no more than a single symbol. People may imagine an individual represented by a cenotaph, and believe it should be a monument to

someone they remember, but it became symbolic and rank did not matter. This also became the case with the tombs of all soldiers regardless of their name, class or identity. Mosse says that 'The Cenotaph fulfilled the function of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, in spite of the fact that such a tomb had been constructed in Westminster Abbey' (96), adding that 'But the abbey was too cluttered with memorials and tombs of famous Englishmen to provide the appropriate space for pilgrimages or celebrations, and it was the Cenotaph which became the focal point for the march-past on Armistice Day' (96). If the war did not result in a soldier's name and identity being unrecoverable when he died, then he was buried as was common practice. People were confronted with the matter of how to treat the numerous dead after the war, and such a situation is significant in that it suggests that all soldiers became persons without a name, class, or identity and were categorised as a single group. The loss of names and identities meant that the Great War, with its cruel weapons like shells, was a dehumanising war.[19]

Woolf finally emphasises the collapse of the British middle class by reversing the positions of Tansley and Andrew. While Andrew loses his life in the war, Tansley seems to be on the road to success, or, at least, seems to realise his fervent hope towards the end of the novel. In the third part, 'The Lighthouse,' after the war has concluded, Woolf presents both the death of Andrew and Tansley's rise in British society. Following the war, people remember again that Andrew was killed. Before the war, he was expected to be a member of the elite: 'Andrew – even her [Mrs Ramsay] husband admitted that his gift for mathematics was extraordinary' (*TL* 49); 'He [Mr Ramsay] wished Andrew could be induced to work harder. He would lose every

chance of a scholarship if he didn't. [. . .] He should be very proud of Andrew if he got a scholarship, he said' (*TL* 56); 'Andrew would be a better man than he [Mr Ramsay] had been' (*TL* 58).[20] Actually, Andrew shows his talent, which is his intelligence: 'She [Lily] asked him [Andrew] what his father's books were about. "Subject and object and the nature of reality," Andrew had said. And when she said Heavens, she had no notion what that meant. "Think of a kitchen table then," he told her, "when you're not there"' (*TL* 22). Michael H. Whitworth points out that 'Andrew's suggestion alludes to the philosophical tradition of taking tables and chairs as typical real objects' (115).[21] As seen here, Andrew is very smart for suggesting such problems as a young child, but he is nevertheless eventually killed in the war, which suggests the death of the middle class in British society. Andrew's absence and the striking it has on others, is touched upon: 'but somebody had said, she [Lily] recalled, that when he had heard of Andrew Ramsay's death (he was killed in a second by a shell; he should have been a great mathematician) Mr Carmichael had "lost all interest in life."' (*TL* 159); 'What did it mean – that? she [Lily] wondered. [. . .] She did not know what he had done, when he heard that Andrew was killed, but she felt it in him all the same' (*TL* 159). Tansley, who thinks about gunpowder in his imagination and wishes to rise in society, finally seems to succeed in moving beyond his working-class standing. Tansley comes near to obtaining a profession: 'He [Tansley] had got his fellowship' (*TL* 160). Andrew can be recognised as a formidable rival for Tansley in his efforts to become a gentleman, but it can be said that the war destroys Andrew and thereby creates a vacancy among the elites, which is given to Tansley. Actually, Tansley is able to make a speech as if

he had obtained a position at university: ‘She [Lily] had gone one day into a Hall and heard him [Tansley] speaking during the war. He was denouncing something: he was condemning somebody. He was preaching brotherly love’ (*TL* 160). What and whom he denounces and condemns are unclear here, but as he has moved up the ladder of society, he has no need to be jealous of other people, so, ironically, he can preach ‘brotherly love’ most sincerely without bothering about class-conflict consciousness. Woolf finally presents Tansley’s ascension in society and emphasises that the Great War has broken down the British class system during the Great War.

III

This chapter examines the word ‘gunpowder’ in ‘The Window’ section of *To the Lighthouse* as a clue to interpreting the war scene in the ‘Time Passes’ section of the novel. Tansley, who is a class-conscious student, mentions ‘gunpowder’ and wishes to transcend his working-class status, but at the same time, the image of the gunpowder exploding and its destruction of middle-class people gives a hint that the reader should consider the war scene, which begins, ‘A shell exploded’ (*TL* 109), and the violence to come that kills many soldiers in the Great War, including the Ramsays’ eldest son, Andrew. Woolf suggests that those who are blown to pieces by the shell in the novel come from the middle class. Given Tansley’s imagining of the destruction of the middle class, she appears to emphasise that the war broke middle-class people. As in her previous works, Woolf also presents the important problem of how the Great War led to the destruction of British class system in the new century. The deaths in the novel can be also considered as the

symbolic death of the intellectual young elites. This, too, can be seen as suggesting the precariousness of the British ruling class. Especially in *To the Lighthouse*, Woolf focuses on how soldiers, including Andrew, are destroyed through the explosion of a shell. Though the description gives a short account of the moment of a shell explosion at the front, it suggests the most important characteristic of the Great War. Shells completely destroyed middle-class soldiers' body, face, name, identity and social rank in only a moment. The war scene in the novel deals with the reason why the empire required a number of monuments to the war dead such as the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior and the cenotaph after the end of the war. *To the Lighthouse* examines the death of the middle class and at the same time reveals human beings' vulnerability when people use modern weapons in warfare. What Woolf feared in this novel was that, unless such weapons were disposed of, people would continue to live under the threat of existing in a world where they were thought of as less than human, in which their existence could be destroyed easily, instantly and meaninglessly, and furthermore, that many more people would die in the future.

In *Mrs Dalloway*, Woolf shows her feminist attitude against being a mother and producing children for the empire in the character of Elizabeth. Her presence is opposed to that of the character Sally Seton, who represents the fertility and health of a mother. In *To the Lighthouse*, Woolf again takes a stance against the role of motherhood. She chose to have the mothers in this novel not survive: the marriage maker Mrs Ramsay, who thinks that 'unmarried woman has missed the best of life' (*TL* 43), dies,[22] and moreover, the pregnant woman, Prue, also dies: 'Mr Ramsay stumbling along a passage

stretched his arms out one dark morning, but Mrs Ramsay having died rather suddenly the night before he stretched his arms out' (*TL* 105); 'Prue Ramsay died that summer in some illness connected with childbirth' (*TL* 108). However, Woolf still appears anxious regarding the role of motherhood that is assigned to women in the empire. In *To the Lighthouse*, Lily rejects marriage itself.[23] Notably, Lily has similar characteristic to Elizabeth in *Mrs Dalloway*, and thus it can be considered that she shows the same idea towards the empire's need for women to play the mother role. As notable examples, Elizabeth has Chinese eyes: 'Elizabeth [. . .] was dark; had *Chinese* eyes in a pale face; an Oriental mystery; was gentle, considerate, still' (*Mrs Dalloway* 104: emphasis added), and Lily also has Chinese eyes: 'With her [Lily] little *Chinese* eyes and her puckered-up face, she would never marry' (*TL* 17: emphasis added).[24] Elizabeth's characteristics are taken over by Lily Briscoe.[25] Lily does not praise marriage, not as a feminist but as a free woman who does not care for being single. Their Chinese characteristic, which both the two female characters have, might be seen as a counter to the view of modern European civilisation. Septimus says, '"The War?" the patient [Septimus] asked. The *European* War – that little shindy of schoolboys with gunpowder?' (*Mrs Dalloway* 81: emphasis added).[26] Now that this civilisation has developed, all European countries possess numerous shells for killing each other. Woolf might think that women no longer have to obey the prescriptions of such a European society and thus offer this as another sign that such an anti-European view could lead to dehumanising wars.

When Woolf, in *To the Lighthouse*, emphasises the death of the middle

class and how these individuals were killed, she also shows a fear which was particular to the new century that had developed explosive weapons such as shells for warfare. The problem Woolf examines in her fiction is that indiscriminate killing is now easily available and lurking everywhere in the post-war world. Woolf continues to present here nearly the same problem that was seen her earlier works. For Woolf, people living in danger of being annihilated by weapons such as shells in the new century must seek a solution against another possibility of a dehumanising war. Once a method of killing is developed, it will continue to exist as an effective tactic. People in dawning twentieth century could not live without possibility that such dehumanising weapons would be used once again in the future. Some could throw away such killing 'gunpowder' weapons, but others would pick up them for killing once again. What people should do if they wished to stop the use of such destructive weapons was the most important problem of her time even after the war. People needed way of seeing others not as the enemy that deserved to become dehumanised war material through the explosions created by weapons in the future. The final chapter of this study discusses Woolf's next novel, *The Waves*, which reveals that she struggled in considering how people might avoid killing each other. When one of the central characters, Bernard, says, 'I have been sensitive, percipient' (*The Waves* 241), Woolf gives an answer to how to stop killing and to realise a world without war.

Chapter 4

Chapter 4

'I Have Been Sensitive, Percipient':

The World without War in *The Waves*[1]

I

Virginia Woolf's seventh novel, *The Waves*, is known as the most experimental of all of her fiction. After completing the writing of her fifth novel, *To the Lighthouse*, she wrote *Orlando*, which is a parodic biography of a young man named Orlando who, surprisingly, lives for three centuries without ageing much past 30 and abruptly turns into a woman in an unrealistic setting.[2] However, Woolf then returned to creating realistic contexts again in her next novel, *The Waves*. This work consists of texts in italics that describe a seaside vision of an unknown place, as in the following: '*The sun had not yet risen. The sea was indistinguishable from the sky, except that the sea was slightly creased as if a cloth had winkles in it*' (*W* 3), and unnumbered sequences of voices of the six characters, Bernard, Jinny, Louis, Neville, Rhoda and Susan: '"I see a ring," said Bernard "hanging above me. It quivers and hangs in a loop of light"' (*W* 5); '"I see a slab of pale yellow," said Susan, "spreading away until it meets a purple stripe"' (*W* 5); '"I hear a sound," said Rhoda, "cheep, chirp; cheep, chirp; going up and down"' (*W* 5); '"I see a globe," said Neville, "hanging down in a drop against the enormous flanks of some hill"' (*W* 5); ' "I see a crimson tassel," said Jinny, "twisted with gold threads"' (*W* 5); '"I hear something stamping," said Louis. "A great beast's foot is chained. It stamps, and stamps, and stamps"' (*W* 5).

While the italic texts reflect a day at the seaside, in which the sun rises, comes to full height and at last sets,[3] these six characters' monologues, which obscurely articulate their thoughts or utterances, portray each of their individual lives, from childhood to adulthood and constitute the main parts of the novel.[4] In the characters' monologues, Woolf uses the present tense, effectively revealing the activity of their own mind.[5] In the final section of the monologues, only Bernard speaks as the storyteller and phrasemaker, which allows the six characters' separate lives to be summed up and unified into one soliloquy through his voice. In *The Waves*, Woolf seeks to escape the narrow bounds of fiction in order to represent human consciousness and the complexities and isolation of the human subject.

As seen in the previous chapters of the present study, Woolf had written about the war after the end of World War I, especially the period of the 1920s, but she does not include a particular reference to the event of the war in *The Waves*. Woolf sets the first monologue section of the novel in the nineteenth century,[6] and ends with the final monologue in the time period that seems to be the same as when the book first appeared, sometime in the 1930s.[7] Thus, the characters are assumed to live during the early twentieth century, including the period of the Great War. However, none of the six reflects on his or her experience of the war or refers to that event. All six live a quiet life, and they seem completely uninvolved with what people see as a European catastrophe. Some of the six speaking characters mention 'war' in the novel, such as Louis, who says, 'Sealed and blind, with earth stopping my ears, I have yet heard rumours of *wars*' (*W* 77: emphases added), but there is no direct connection to the Great War. Even the most masculine character in

the novel, Percival,[8] who is a mutual friend of the six characters, does not go off to fight in World War I. Though in the novel his manliness is emphasised: 'Look now, how everybody follows Percival. [. . .] His magnificence is that of some mediaeval commander. A wake of light seems to lie on the grass behind him' (*W* 23); 'Look at us trooping after him [Percival], his faithful servants, to be shot like sheep, for he will certainly attempt some forlorn enterprise and die in battle' (*W* 23),[9] Percival dies from falling off a horse in colonial India, one of the greatest colonies of England, in the period before the outbreak of the war: '"He [Percival] is dead," said Neville. "He fell. His horse tripped. He was thrown"' (*W* 124).[10] Woolf certainly presents a realistic picture of British society in *The Waves*, but she does not seem to have any intension of writing about the Great War in this novel. Thus, among literary critics, little attention has been paid to the topic of war in *The Waves*, or else it is seen as a post-war narrative.[11] Nancy Topping Bazin and Jane Hamovit Lauter discuss almost all of Woolf's works in their essay titled 'Woolf's Keen Sensitivity to War,' but they make little mention of *The Waves*, except for alluding to Percival.[12] Similarly, Karen L. Levenback, though acknowledging that 'Myths of war, illusions of immunity, and realities of survival are recalled, remembered, and observed by Virginia Woolf and can be seen in her work from 1914 to 1941' (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 8), provides no important chapter on *The Waves* in her book.[13] Judith Lee employs Elaine Scarry's analysis of war as a framework for understanding political problems in *The Waves* in her essay in *Virginia Woolf and War*, but her analysis contains no consideration of World War I itself.[14] In her study 'Of Oceans and Opposition: *The Waves*, Oswald Mosley, and the

new Party,' Jessica Berman argues that 'Woolf's work [*The Waves*] runs determinedly counter to the onward rush of fascism, presenting an oppositional politics that resists the lure of the corporate state and that is prescient in its understanding of the danger of the fascist aesthetic' (121). She continues, saying that 'The gathering stages of fascism may produce rhythms, intonations, and oceanic feelings that hide its hard-booted political identity – by the waves of Woolf's novel, by moving according to another logic, uncover its masculinist, violent danger' (121).[15] Berman's critical study is not concerned especially with World War I; rather, it deals with the political crisis in Britain in post-war British society as it was facing the threat of fascism.

However, *The Waves* is not completely unrelated to the dehumanising war that took place in the early twentieth century, as seen in Woolf's having Bernard make the following statement: 'I have been sensitive, percipient' (*W* 241). Remembering his childhood, when he washed his body with a sponge, Bernard notices that he was sensitive and then he continues sharing experiences he had with of his friends: 'Here on my brow is the blow I got when Percival fell. Here on the nape of my neck is the kiss Jinny gave Louis. My eyes fill with Susan's tears. I see far away, quivering like gold a thread, the pillar Rhoda saw, and feel the rush of the wind of her flight when she leapt' (*W* 241). His monologue, as seen here, is generally considered as being related to the topic of self or identity. But at the same time, Woolf seems to emphasise in Bernard's monologues what people lost in the war. She presents the reader with a chance to think about the capacity for sympathising with the feelings of other people, which were utterly destroyed

in the war. This was a time when men saw themselves as nothing except cannon fodder that was carried to and used up on a mass scale through modern technology on the battlefields of the Great War. No regard was given to soldiers' lives and to their deaths at the front, and everyone in the war period failed to see people as equal human beings given the new conception of men as mere units for battle. Soldiers were now much more expendable than they had ever been before. People lacked the sensitivity to imagine others' lives or to share their pain or sorrow and faced their own life and incredible death with a dull perception. Bernard's statement can thus be seen as directly counter to such a situation brought about the war.

The present chapter considers that Bernard's statement 'I have been sensitive, percipient' (*W* 241) offers a hint for considering how people could be prevented from hurting each other in an extraordinary situation such as the Great War. Woolf, in *The Waves*, shows how important it was for every person to maintain a sensibility that would allow him or her to empathise with others' feelings, including pain. Bernard's sensitivity offers a chance for sharing the experiences of others. Woolf lived during an age in which people lost the capability of understanding others' lives and saw young men as mere material that would be transported to and destroyed at the battlefront. To experience how others feel within one's own self is, then, a counter for everyone in the war period failing to see other people as human and regarding them only as war material that was to be destroyed. The present chapter concludes that *The Waves* reflects the cherishing of what people lost during the dehumanising war, and that it can therefore be considered an antiwar work.

II

The paragraph that includes the sentence 'I have been sensitive, percipient' (*W* 241) occurs in the final monologue section of *The Waves*. While the other monologue sections consist of the six speaking characters' voices, the final section is made up of only Bernard's soliloquy. No one except Bernard and his listener, called 'you,' is seen in this section.[16] Bernard attempts to summarise the essence of the novel: '"Now to sum up," said Bernard' (*W* 199); 'Now to explain to you the meaning of my life' (*W* 199). He gives an account of what has happened to all six of the characters and as well as Percival throughout the narrative.

> 'I begin now to forget; I begin to doubt the fixity of tables, the reality of here and now, to tap my knuckles smartly upon the edges of apparently solid objects and say, "Are you hard?" I have seen so many different things, have made so many different sentences. I have lost in the process of eating and drinking and rubbing my eyes along surfaces that thin, hard shell which cases the soul, which, in youth, shuts one in – hence the fierceness, and the tap, tap, tap of the remorseless beaks of the young. And now I ask, "Who am I?" I have been talking of Bernard, Neville, Jinny, Susan, Rhoda and Louis. Am I all of them? Am I one and distinct? I do not know. We sat here together. But now Percival is dead, and Rhoda is dead; we are divided; we are not here. Yet I cannot find any obstacle separating us. There is no

> division between me and them. As I talked I felt, "I am you." This difference we make so much of, this identity we so feverishly cherish, was overcome. Yes, ever since old Mrs Constable lifted her sponge and pouring warm water over me covered me with flesh I have been sensitive, percipient. Here on my brow is the blow I got when Percival fell. Here on the nape of my neck is the kiss Jinny gave Louis. My eyes fill with Susan's tears. I see far away, quivering like a gold thread, the pillar Rhoda saw, and feel the rush of the wind of her flight when she leapt. [. . .]' (*W* 240−41)

In the passage cited above, Bernard explains how he has realised the human identity. He thinks that someone can be another person because there is no necessity for a person to have his or her own identity that defines the self.[17] Bernard reaches a particular conclusion: 'I am you.' He becomes unable to recognise what he sees or feels around him, and then he finds, in having talked about himself and others in this final section, no distinction among human beings. Eventually, he says, 'I have been sensitive, percipient.' In this passage Bernard reveals that he feels he has become so sensitive that he can share all the feelings that the other characters have. He can imagine exactly how others were feeling in the most critical moments of their lives, and he mentions not only the other five speaking characters but also even Percival: 'Here on my brow is the blow I got when Percival fell. Here on the nape of my neck is the kiss Jinny gave Louis. My eyes fill with Susan's tears. I see far away, quivering like gold a thread, the pillar Rhoda saw, and

feel the rush of the wind of her flight when she leapt.'[18] Bernard, who significantly says, 'I am you,' realises how easily one can identify with others. He claims that each human is initially without separateness or indivisibility. Bernard can achieve wholeness through being sensitive, participating and finding resources for what humans can be in the final monologue of the novel.

Importantly, however, in the passage cited above, Woolf embeds clues for the reader to consider how people might be able to go on to live without violence after experiencing World War I. She emphasises a sensibility that suggests the possibility of imagining other people's feelings. Such a sensibility is exactly what people lost during the war. People lost their identity and, what was worse, their sensibility in the early twentieth century. Those young men who joined up to fight in the war in response to their countries' call to arms were hardly treated as human beings at the front. They confronted the realities of a new way of making war that saw them as war material and dehumanised them. Every soldier became a living weapon, deprived of his identity and destroyed through four years of battle in the trenches at the front. As a result, all soldiers, after realising that they were nothing more than cannon fodder, lost their capacity to imagine the feelings of others. The Great War caused people to throw away their humanity and lose the ability to understand how others felt. It is not surprising that in such a situation, soldiers were required to use modern weapons that caused mass death without feeling the pain they caused others through the use of such dangerous and deadly weapons, which were unlike anything seen in previous wars. In the passage cited above, though Bernard thinks, 'I have

been talking of Bernard, Neville, Jinny, Susan, Rhoda and Louis. Am I all of them? Am I one and distinct? I do not know' (*W* 241), he finally finds a sensibility in himself: 'I have been sensitive, percipient.' (*W* 241). Even when he loses his own identity, Bernard is not made to lose his own sensitivity that allows him to imagine others' feelings. Woolf seems to emphasise her hope that all humans are not so weak as to easily surrender to dehumanisation and lose their sensibility. She thinks that one must not lose one's sensitivity towards humanity that allows people to sense the feelings of others, because one can only stop hurting others when one imagines the pain of others.

Actually, many soldiers did lose their capacity for empathy during the war. It is not unusual that a man has to fight and kill the enemy in wartime, and in such a situation he might see the enemy as not like himself but rather as someone whose existence should be destroyed. However, too many people lost their sensitivity in the Great War. The war brought about a loss of human life on a scale that was unprecedented. 'The First World War marks the shocking appearance of mass death in Europe' (561), says Antoine Prost, 'this war, the Great War, was a hecatomb without precedent, with losses on a truly monstrous scale' (561). The war represented a complete abandonment of the practice of treating soldiers equally as human beings. Everyone forgot that each life was precious, and not replaceable. 'World War I virtually completed the Industrial Revolution's construction of anonymous dehumanized man' (Gilbert and Gubar 259). Men were no longer men but the inhabitants of inhumane era and the citizens of the unpromising new land into which the war had led them. The Great War represented the

experience of death on a scale that was physically hard to take in, so it should not be surprising that everyone became insensitive to others. Modris Eksteins explains that 'even horror can turn to routine and bring on ennui – the sense that one has seen it all before and that existence no longer holds any surprises' (154). He continues, saying that 'Even when things seemed quiet, the casualties continued to accumulate – from sniper activity, from random artillery fire designed to keep the enemy on edge, and from accidents' (154), and 'It was this attrition, precisely when nothing of any consequence seemed to be happening, that horrified some soldiers the most. Death seemed totally without purpose' (155). Having confronted the impossibility of comprehending the emotionally overwhelming experience of death, people then lost any sensibility during the war. People could not fill the emptiness that existed within them and continued to engage in the cruel killing of each other. No one could be sensitive to others' pain during the Great War.

Bernard's sensibility is given important meaning by Woolf as it allows the reader to remember what was missing in an age in which people's humanity was lost and what people had to do to return to a world free of indiscriminate killing. Sensibility is an absolutely fundamental quality for soldiers in battle who wish to stop killing each other, because it gives all of them the ability to recognise that they are not material but rather human beings. Unlike in other of her fictional work, Woolf, in *The Waves*, offers a way of answering the question of how to stop hurting others. She suggests a simple answer, which is that if one has sensitivity to others, one will be able to reject the killing of others. The previous three works by Woolf, as already argued in the present study, concern the fear of losing the ability to

see a human being as a human being during the war. First, in *Jacob's Room*, near the end of the novel, Woolf depicts a battle scene where soldiers are described as material: 'blocks of tin soldiers' (*Jacob's Room* 216) or 'fragments of broken match-stick' (*Jacob's Room* 216). At the end of the final section of the novel, from which he is already absent, he is called by his own name: '"Jacob! Jacob!" cried Bonamy, standing by the window' (*Jacob's Room* 247). This scene suggests that Jacob, after arriving at the front, must have lost what it was that his name represented, that is, his humanity, and therefore Woolf has one of the characters say his name with emphasis. The same question is continually asked in Woolf's next novel, *Mrs Dalloway*, which suggests that Septimus, who is emotionally damaged in the war, also loses his identity. Even before going to the battlefield, he is thrown into a place where any name and personality are no longer required: 'London has swallowed up many millions of young men called Smith; thought nothing of fantastic Christian names like Septimus with which their parents have thought to distinguish them' (*Mrs Dalloway* 72). This passage suggests that Septimus volunteered for service like many other men named Smith and then lost his own name simply because he was nothing but material. Fortunately, he narrowly escapes death, but he is nevertheless nearly dead rather than alive in post-war London. In fact, in the novel the narrator mentions that he has not been able to recover his senses: 'he [Septimus] became engaged one evening when the panic was on him – that he could not feel' (*Mrs Dalloway* 74); 'For now that it was all over, truce signed, and the dead buried, he [Septimus] had, especially in the evening, these sudden thunder-claps of fear. He could not feel' (*Mrs Dalloway* 74); 'So there was no excuse; nothing

whatever the matter, except the sin for which human nature had condemned him [Septimus] to death; that he did not feel. He had not cared when Evans was killed' (*Mrs Dalloway* 77).[19] Septimus is still not able to find himself even where he has returned home from the battlefield, as he has nightmares of the war.[20] *To the Lighthouse* presents a scene in which soldiers are not at all shown respect as human beings in the Great War. In the middle of the second section of the novel, 'Time Passes': '[A shell exploded. Twenty or thirty young men were blown up in France, among them Andrew Ramsay, whose death, mercifully, was instantaneous]' (*To the Lighthouse* 109). The description in this passage shows that troops are completely physically shattered from the impact of the explosion of a shell. The word 'or' suggests that the exact number of the dead could not be determined in the area where a shell landed. The narrator could not find any trace of a human being there after the explosion. Thus, he has nothing further to say about it in the passage cited above. Because soldiers are seen as material, they can be easily destroyed, without careful attention being paid to the number of them who are lost. All of these cases were caused by a situation in which it was not possible to prevent the spread of the idea that others as not the same. Unlike in these earlier novels, Woolf, in *The Waves*, never presents examples of a situation that arises from a dehumanising war, but, importantly, she suggests a potential solution to this situation. People have to be sensitive in order not to be cruel to others. In other words, she sets out the idea that it is important to perceive others, even though they may be the enemy who should be destroyed. In Woolf's view, sensitivity is something that gives people the ability to feel others' pain. If a person retains that capacity, that person,

who empathises with others' pain, may never hurt others.

The sentence that reflects such sensibility, 'I am you' (*W* 241), can be considered as developing from the sensibility that Clarissa possesses in thinking of Septimus in *Mrs Dalloway*. Immediately after hearing the news that someone has just killed himself outside during the evening party that she is hosting, she thinks, 'He [Septimus] had killed himself – but how? Always her [Clarissa] body went through it, when she was told, first, suddenly, of an accident; her dress flamed, her body burnt' (*Mrs Dalloway* 156). Clarissa, though she has never met the man who has just plunged to his death, attempts to imagine how he died outside. She continues thinking: 'He [Septimus] had thrown himself from a window. Up had flashed the ground; through him, blundering, bruising, went the rusty spikes. There he lay with a thud, thud, thud in his brain, and then a suffocation of blackness. So she [Clarissa] saw it' (*Mrs Dalloway* 156). Clarissa even identifies herself with him, thinking, 'She [Clarissa] felt somehow very like him [Septimus] – the young man who had killed himself' (*Mrs Dalloway* 158). It might be said that she feels sympathy for him because he seems to have done what she has been longing to do for years.[21] Importantly, though, Woolf places the same kind of emphasis on the sensibility with which Bernard can imagine others' feeling in *The Waves*. *Mrs Dalloway* shows that Septimus becomes a person who is living but is emotionally dead due to shell shock. However, Woolf finally makes Septimus recover his humanity through Clarissa's imagination, reminding the reader that he is a human being not only through blood but also through having the same spirit. He is recognised not as material that lacks humanity but as a man with blood and a sense in the end of *Mrs Dalloway*, because

when it is said that 'She [Clarissa] felt somehow very like him' (*Mrs Dalloway* 158), he is seen a human being like her, without any distinctive differences between the two of them. Danell Jones says, 'she [Clarissa] is able to construct not just a picture of his death with all its brutal details' (149); 'What Woolf gives Clarissa Dalloway at the party is her own gift of being able to imagine another's life with all its "vanity and irreticences"' (150). *Mrs Dalloway* suggests that Septimus is finally imagined and recognised as a human being, like other human beings through a person's sensibility. Bernard's sensibility is thought to be a particular development from Woolf's previous works.

The feeling that 'I am you' (*W* 241) in being 'sensitive' (*W* 241) and 'percipient' (*W* 241) comes from being washed: 'Yes, ever since old Mrs Constable lifted her sponge and pouring warm water over me covered me with flesh I have been sensitive, percipient' (*W* 241). This is an impressive memory from childhood for Bernard, but it is meaningful that washing the body gives on a sensibility for being anti-war.

> 'Mrs Constable, girt in a bath-towel, takes her lemon-coloured sponge and soaks it in water; it turns chocolate-brown; it drips; and, holding it high above me, shivering beneath her, she squeezes it. Water pours down the runnel of my spine. Bright arrows of sensation shoot on either side. I am covered with warm flesh. My dry crannies are wetted; my cold body is warmed; it is sluiced and gleaming. Water descends and sheets me like an eel. Now hot towels envelop me, and their roughness,

> as I rub my back, makes my blood purr. Rich and heavy sensations form on the roof of my mind; down showers the day – the woods; and Elvedon; Susan and the pigeon. Pouring down the walls of my mind, running together, the day falls copious, resplendent. Now I tie my pyjamas loosely round me, and lie under this thin sheet afloat in the shallow light which is like a film of water drawn over my eyes by a wave. I hear through it far off, far away, faint and far, the chorus beginning; wheels; dogs; men shouting; church bells; the chorus beginning.' (*W* 19−20)

In this passage, Bernard is shown as a child who has played and then needs his body bathed. As she washes him, the water takes on a 'chocolate-brown' colour, which suggests that he was covered in mud. Mrs Constable washes him with a sponge, makes him feel sensitive. Notably, Woolf sees the washing away of mud as a means of gaining the sensitivity to empathise with others. Mud is a notorious substance especially at the front. There was a lot of rain that lasted for days on the Western Front during the war, turned the soil to mud, and which covered every soldier's feet in the trenches. 'The Western Front was not located in an area noted for its sunshine. Even in summer, low cloud and rain could ruin observation [. . .]. In winter, of course, fog, sleet and snow might prevent aircraft from even leaving the ground' (Prior 209). Importantly, when covered in mud, soldiers became insensitive to the life or death of others in the war. In his study *The Great War*, Dan Todman says that 'Mud, with all these associations, dominates our

understanding of what the First World War was like for those who fought it' (1). Todman concludes that 'Without mud, it wouldn't be the First World War' (41). H. P. Willmott pays attention to 'Death in the Mud' (218). He continues, saying that 'most of the 380,000 casualties suffered by the British in the second half of 1917 were incurred at Ypres. A particularly appalling statistic is that in the final stages of the battle, up to one in four British dead may have drowned in the mud' (220). If the memory of war is in a sense the memory of mud, soldiers needed to wash off its stain, and in doing so they could have the chance to recover their sensibility that they lost in the war years. Woolf feels a need to wash away such mud in order for people to recover from the war.

In *Jacob's Room*, Woolf suggests that Jacob Flanders is killed on Flanders Field during the war. 'Flanders' was known as one of the muddiest locations of battle. Thus Jacob, who has the same last name as this battlefield, is assumed to die at such a front filled with mud. He finally leaves behind his old shoes: '"What am I to do with these, Mr. Bonamy?" / She [Betty] held out a pair of Jacob's old shoes' (*Jacob's Room* 247). The previous chapter of this study considers that Jacob's leaving his shoes suggests his abandoning of his old way of life and his choosing a new one, but the shoes left behind also indicate that he must have been suffering from the sticking of the mud, because he finally leaves without his shoes. Eksteins cites a soldier describing the conditions at the front: 'It was not war. It was more like a mud lark if it had not been for the machine guns and shelling. One dragged about everywhere. The tenacious mud pulled one's puttees down and would have pulled boots and socks and legs off if they had not been

properly fixed' (qtd. in Eksteins 147). In *Mrs Dalloway* Woolf also notes there was mud on battlefields. Septimus, who witnesses the actual war, mentions mud. When, in post-war London, he sees his friend, Evans, who dies at the front, he says, '"For God's sake don't come!" Septimus cried out. For he could not look upon the dead. / But the branches parted. A man in grey was actually walking towards them. It was Evans! But no *mud* was on him; no wounds; he was not changed' (*Mrs Dalloway* 59: emphasis added). Septimus remembers that soldiers were inevitably covered in mud on the battlefield during the Great War. What Woolf suggests in *The Waves* is the necessity of washing off mud that represents the memory of the war and gaining capacity to imagine others' feelings and empathise with them.

III

This chapter examines the possibility of considering *The Waves* as a text connected to the Great War. It is not merely a modernist experiment within Woolf's body of work. There is no mention of the war in the novel, but the war itself is not completely omitted from this post-war text. As noted previously several times in the present study, the war led to the deaths of soldiers in numbers beyond anyone's expectations. It was not unusual to say that the incredible death toll was the most serious aspect of this event. In the war, soldiers could no longer see themselves as human; rather, they were only material for war. Having failed to feel pain given to body, people continued to kill each other and to be killed. They did not hesitate to use brutal weapons and cause many deaths. Woolf confronted the question of how human beings could be so cruel in their use of with modern technological

weapons in this dehumanising war. She suggests that humans lost the ability to empathise with others during the war. She shows an interest in the issue of dehumanisation repeatedly in her fiction, such as in *Jacob's Room*, *Mrs Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*. But the scene at the end of *The Waves* shows importance of having the sensibility to be able to imagine others in order to be deal with such a situation. Woolf, who experienced such an era of the war, offers an answer, which is to stop the killing and to reject the political and militaristic view that sees young men as war material for their countries. Now that technology had advanced, no one could ignore its impact, and some men would be required to do again what they had already done in using deadly weapons if another war broke out in the near future. Regarding this point, *The Waves* is, then, a novel that shows what people should do to achieve a lasting peace. Woolf thinks that people need to wash away the dirtiness of the past, which was especially the case with the Great War.

Such a sensitivity towards other human beings was not only limited to Woolf's literary work. In other words, in Bernard's statement that 'I am you' (*W* 241), there can be heard echoes of a war poem written about the Great War. The poem 'Strange Meeting,' written by the soldier-poet Wilfred Owen, reflects the same sensitivity that leads Bernard to say, 'I am you.' It begins in the dark space of a dream, where the speaker wanders into 'some profound dull tunnel' (148), and then he comes upon a ghost figure who says, 'I am the enemy you killed, my friend' (149).[22] Notably, this statement is similar to what Woolf shows in *The Waves*. The 'I' in the poem is different from 'the enemy,' but the two are mixed together in this poem. Sarah Cole,

significantly, says, 'If "enemy" and "friend" conventionally function as opposites, here they become near-relatives, as the axis of male relations shifts' (*Modernism, Male Friendship, and the First World War* 162). She continues, saying that 'Combatant men might be structurally opposed (one could not proclaim comradeship across enemy lines), but the possibilities for identification, friendship, and even love proliferate, as the men experience an ambiguous closeness that resists categorization' (*Modernism, Male Friendship, and the First World War* 162).[23] The two individuals here recognise their humanity as being part of the same community of suffering. As a poem against war, 'Strange Meeting' gives an actual example of feeling closeness to others. Such phrases are effective in war, because when a soldier sees that he and his so-called 'enemy' are not that different, it becomes a confirmation that all human beings are basically the same. Such a feeling that of acknowledging that others are the same as oneself might be respected as a way of stopping destroying on a personal level. The basic notion of avoiding a life full of violence, such as had escalated in the new century, could be easily forgotten.

It is said that soon after the end of World War I people wanted to forget about this event. Eksteins says, 'Faced by the horrendous idea that the war might not have been worth the effort, people simply buried the thought for a time. And if one was to bury that thought, one also had to bury the war. So be it. The war was buried' (254); '"Lest we forget" was intoned on every conceivable occasion, but forget was exactly what everyone wanted to do' (254). After the decade following the close of World War I, a war boom began, and many famous literary works that directly treated the war as their

theme were published around that time. People remembered and knew about war as their own experiences. Samuel Hynes explains regarding the war boom that 'As about the time of the General Strike this situation began to change, and the great period of English prose-writing about the war began. In the years that followed, the classic war books were published' (424).[24] In spite of this surge in war literature, Woolf did not include *The Waves* in the literary trend of those times. This does not necessarily mean that Woolf wrote only an abstract book with an experimental approach and one that steered away from social and political concerns. On the contrary, she wrote this novel for an age that had experienced mass death in the Great War, unlike the works of many other authors that dealt with issues related to war. In *The Waves* she took an approach that was unlike that of any of her other previous works. Woolf shows different ways of confronting this event in the new century. She created a world without war in the novel, where she demonstrates that people could imagine and acknowledge the possibility of having a sensibility that everyone surely has in their nature, providing a hint for how people might never commit violence against others.

Conclusion

Conclusion

Virginia Woolf not only lived at the time of the Great War but also expressed serious concerns about it. Woolf wrote about this European crisis in almost all of her narratives that followed the war, such as *Jacob's Room*, *Mrs Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*. In *Jacob's Room*, the protagonist Jacob Flanders dies, becoming an example of the millions of combatants who lost their lives in the war. Even though Septimus Warren Smith in *Mrs Dalloway* survives on the same battlefront, Woolf describes him as a living dead due to his war experience – traumatised and haunted by a psychological disturbance called 'shell shock.' In *To the Lighthouse*, another character, Andrew Ramsay, is killed in the instantaneous explosion of a shell on a horrible battlefield, which is a chilling reminder of the fact that any human being could be vulnerable to the advanced weapons introduced in this war in the new century. There is no doubt that Woolf is a novelist of the post-war age and that the topic of the Great War is absolutely necessary to understand her fiction.

Wherever the Great War appears in her fiction, Woolf focuses on the dehumanisation it brought. Few studies of Woolf and the war have fully appreciated this subject; however, Woolf was aware that dehumanisation occurs in war, which escalated to an altogether new scale with the use of new weapons such as the artillery shell that caused innumerable deaths on the battlefield. In *Jacob's Room*, Woolf presents Jacob as a person who accepts technological development without understanding its pitfalls. She suggests that technology may prompt a man like Jacob to go to war; however, it makes

him dehumanised war material in the trenches. In *Mrs Dalloway*, Woolf seems to hint at her anticipation of another war in her depiction of Sally Seton and her many sons. Numerous young men disappeared during the war, so all sons would be welcomed in post-war society; however, the need for the male population to grow reflects the desire of an empire that could not avoid another dehumanising war. Woolf warns that care must be taken so as not to lose more lives as new war material in the near future when people would again become expendable. Woolf gives another example of dehumanisation in the Great War in *To the Lighthouse*. She depicts a character imagining the destruction of people by gunpowder. In the pre-war era, this would have seemed to be an unrealistic flight of imagination; however, Woolf shows that in the post-war era, this becomes real because it was proven in the Great War, on whose battlefront soldiers were dehumanised and destroyed. By contrast, in *The Waves*, the war was omitted; however, Woolf gives the reader the chance to consider their capacity to imagine the feelings of other people, which was lost in the Great War. The era that Woolf lived in was a time when no regard was paid to people's lives and their deaths and in which people failed to see one another as equal human beings. To avoid another war, neither must people lose their capability to understand others' lives nor must they see one another as war material to be transported to, and destroyed on, the frontlines. If *The Waves* reflects the cherishing of what people lost during the dehumanising war, it can be considered to be a work that is dead set against the dehumanising effect of war.

Even today, people witness much killing in wars, and no one seems to know how to stop this cruelty. During World War I, people saw not only

worldwide violence and its consequence, a wanton bloodbath, but also air raids, which broke the sense of security in civilian life. Since then, everyone at home has become vulnerable – in as much danger as any soldier and directly involved in battle. As the battle lines were drawn at the end of the Great War, World War II took place on expected lines and far more bombs were dropped, culminating in the dropping of the nuclear bombs on Japan. If the period between 1915 and 1945 can be considered to be the age of aerial bombardment, the period between 1945 and 1990 could be dubbed the nuclear age. Even though no country has ever used nuclear bombs in war except the U.S. during World War II, many major countries have tested them, putting ever more lives under threat of being destroyed in a moment. We now live in an era of global terrorism in which violence, death and loss escalate limitlessly, particularly after the tragedy of 9/11. As technology advances, people continue to witness mass destruction in the form of violent revolution and terrorism. They might be mute witness to, and even collateral damage of, even more wars. If present society still cannot find a way to refrain from war and restrain their fellow human beings from unleashing terror, people must realise that it is dangerous to see others and themselves as no longer being human in killing and being killed, respectively. People must remember that Woolf is a writer for anti-dehumanisation. Even though she is from the past, of a world a hundred years behind us, Woolf helps us to see how cruel war always is and how crucial it is to find a way to stop it. Insisting on the problem of the dehumanising nature of war, she continues to give us an important occasion to reflect on the senseless slaughter of human beings by others of our species with technological weapons. Until these

weapons are wiped off the face of the earth, these devastations would continue to beset humankind in the future.

Notes

Introduction

1. World War I began on 28 July 1914.

2. The Versailles Peace Conference, also known as the Paris Peace Conference, took place in Paris in 1919.

3. Woolf made no particular reference to the Great War in her first two novels, *The Voyage Out* and *Night and Day*. It is well known that Katherine Mansfield wrote a cool review of *Night and Day* because of its lack of reference to the war (*Novels and Novelists* 107−11). While reviewing it, she clarified in a letter her beliefs about writing a novel in the aftermath of the war: 'I am doing Virginia for this week's novel. I don't like it, Boge. My private opinion is that it is a lie in the soul. The war has never been, that is what its message is. I dont [sic] want G. forbid mobilization and the violation of Belgium – but the novel cant [sic] just leave the war out' (*Selected Letters* 147). Ann Mclaughlin explains that 'She [Mansfield] was angry at Woolf's seeming obliviousness to the war and disappointed by what she felt was her retreat into a traditional style' (154). Trudi Tate notes that 'Virginia Woolf herself was very ill in the early part of the war, missing much of the news of 1915. When she recovered, she followed events with dismay. Much of her writing thereafter struggles to bear witness to this terrible period, and to warn against warfare in the future' (161).

4. Woolf's anti-war pamphlet, *Three Guineas*, was structured as a response to

a gentleman who had written a letter asking her to join his efforts to help prevent war. In the course of responding to his questions, Woolf turns to two other letters: a request for funds to help rebuild a women's colleage and a request for support for an organisation to help women enter the professions. In *Three Guineas* Woolf traces the origin of war to men's socialised habits of violence. Wood says, 'Woolf's belief, summed up in the closing pages of *Three Guineas*, is that in order to end war, one must begin imagining peace' (278).

5. *Mrs Dalloway* was published on 14 May 1925; *To the Lighthouse* on 5 May 1927.

6. *The Years* gives a chronological and realistic account of people mainly concerned in the Pargiters, a middle-class family in London, who live in the eventful age around the time of the First World War. The novel encompasses some fifty years, from the late nineteenth century to the twentieth century. The war is depicted in three sections, titled '1917,' '1918' and 'Present Day.' In '1917,' a Zeppelin raid in London is described, a siren announces an air raid and bombs drop from the sky. Stuart N. Clarke says, 'While Woolf seems to have been unfazed by the air raids in the First World War, when she came to write *The Years* [. . .] she made the air raid scene in "1917" chapter almost entirely represent the First World War' (112). In '1918,' Woolf depicts what the moment in London was like when the Armistice was announced on 11 November 1918 at 11:00 a.m. In 'Present Day,' the shadow of the next war can be seen. One of the Pargiters, Peggy,

has doubts about the future, while at the same time people enjoy the family party without any fear of danger in post-war British society.

> ‘Always talking of the other world,’ he [Renny] said. ‘Why not this one?’
>
> ‘But I meant this world!’ she [Eleanor] said. ‘I meant, happy in this world – happy with living people.’ She waved her hand as if to embrace the miscellaneous company, the young, the old, the dancers, the talkers; Miriam with her pink bows, and the Indian in his turban. Peggy sank back against the wall. Happy in this world, she thought, happy with living people!
>
> The music stopped. The young man who had been putting records on the gramophone had walked off. The couples broke apart and began to push their way through the door. They were going to eat perhaps; they were going to stream out into the back garden and sit on hard sooty chairs. The music which had been cutting grooves in her mind had ceased. There was a lull – a silence. Far away she heard the sounds of the London night; a horn hooted; a siren wailed on the river. The far-away sounds, the suggestion they brought in of other worlds, indifferent to this world, of people toiling, grinding, in the heart of darkness, in the depths of night, made her say over Eleanor’s words, Happy in this world, happy with living people. But how can one be ‘happy’? she asked herself, in a world bursting with misery. On every placard at every

street corner was Death; or worse – tyranny, brutality; torture; the fall of civilization; the end of freedom. We here, she thought, are only sheltering under a leaf, which will be destroyed. And then Eleanor says the world is better, because two people out of all those millions are 'happy.' Her eyes had fixed themselves on the floor; it was empty now save for a wisp of muslin torn from some skirt. But why do I notice everything? she thought. She wished her position. Why must I think? She did not want to think. She wished that there were blinds like those in railway carriages that came down over the light and hooded the mind. The blue blind that one pulls down on a night journey, she thought. Thinking was torment; why not give up thinking, and drift and dream? But the misery of the world, she thought, forces me to think. Or was that a pose? Was she not seeing herself in the becoming attitude of one who points to his bleeding heart? to whom the miseries of the world are misery, when in fact, she thought, I do not love my kind. Again she saw the ruby-splashed pavement, and faces mobbed at the door of a picture palace; apathetic, passive faces; the faces of people drugged with cheap pleasures; who had not even the courage to be themselves, but must dress up, imitate, pretend. And here, in this room, she thought, fixing her eyes on a couple . . . But I will not think, she repeated; she would force her mind to become a blank and lie back, and accept quietly, tolerantly, whatever came. (*The Years* 368−69)

What is suggested in this passage, especially in the sentences 'On every placard at every street corner was Death; or worse – tyranny, brutality; torture; the fall of civilization; the end of freedom. We here, she thought, are only sheltering under a leaf, which will be destroyed' is that the Great War was not a war that would end all war. It had endless potential to threaten people's lives in the new post-war world because they were 'only sheltering under a leaf.' Levenback, citing this sentence, says, 'the portents of the next war are visible' (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 153). Elizabeth F. Evans says, 'In Woolf's writings of the thirties and until her death in 1941 there is a greater emphasis on the link between aerial perspectives and the destruction of war' (62), and 'The memory of war, the dead of air attack, the rising voices of aggression and tyranny: these are the contexts in which Woolf revised *The Years*' (63).

7. Julia Briggs says, 'The novel [*Between the Acts*], [. . .] a snapshot of English village life on the eve of a war that Woolf herself did not survive, a war that lent a desperate urgency to the need to learn the lessons of history, but gave no indication of where to begin' (83). She continues, 'Many, perhaps all, of the old immunities, confidences and assumptions were now under threat' (83). Levenback observes that 'Woolf's last works, including the posthumously published *Between the Acts*, reach back to the Great War, not as a measure of war, but as a touchstone to its reality' (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 157). John Whitteir-Ferguson says that *Between the Acts* is 'written in the shadow of the Second World War' (231).

8. In his Introduction to *World War I*, Richard Overy notes that 'The First World War has a good claim to be the most decisive event of the modern age, changing the world in ways not even the French Revolution could achieve' (6).

9. Some believe that Woolf was not deeply interested in the Great War. Levenback notes that 'Not surprisingly, in addition to Quentin Bell [. . .] and Andrew McNeillie [. . .], one must add Nigel Nicolson and Joanna Trautmann [. . .] and Ann Olivier Bell to the group that believes Woolf's interest in the war was "negligible"' ('Virginia Woolf's "War in the Village" and "The War from the Street"' 56: note 2). In her introduction to *The Theme of Peace and War in Virginia Woolf's War Writings: Essays on Her Political Philosophy*, Levenback says that today Woolf's experience of the Great War has burgeoned and has been accepted into the cannon 'not only in the English-speaking world, but internationally, a reality visible in academic conferences, in college classrooms, in published writings, in popular culture, and on the internet' (Introduction 1). She states that 'The end of the twentieth century saw a plethora of approaches to the study of Woolf, women, and war' (Introduction 6), adding that 'Coincident with *Virginia Woolf and the Great War* [. . .], anthologies, books, and collections on women and war, pushed the boundaries beyond the anglocentrism, gendered identities, and even the written word that had long problematized such works and studies' (Introduction 6).

10. Among studies of Woolf and war, invaluable are: Kate Flint, 'Virginia

Woolf and the General Strike' in *Essays in Criticism* 19 (1986); Laura Moss Gottlieb, 'The War between the Woolfs' in Jane Marcus (ed), *Virginia Woolf and Bloomsbury: a Centenary Celebration* (1987); Kathy J. Phillips, *Virginia Woolf against Empire* (1994); Karen L. Levenback, 'Virginia Woolf and Returning Soldiers: the Great War and the Reality of Survival in *Mrs Dalloway* and *The Years*' in *Woolf Studies Annual* 2 (1996); Hermione Lee, *Virginia Woolf* (1997); Tracy Hargreaves, 'The Grotesque and the Great War in *To the Lighthouse*' in Suzanne Raitt and Trudi Tate (eds), *Women's Fiction and the Great War* (1997); Linden Peach, *Virginia Woolf* (2000); Merry M. Pawlowski (ed), *Virginia Woolf and Fascism: Resisting the Dictators' Seduction* (2001); David Bradshaw, '"Vanished, Like Leaves": The Military, Elegy and Italy in *Mrs Dalloway*' in *Woolf Studies Annual* 8 (2002); Sarah Cole, *Modernism, Male Friendship, and the First World War* (2003); Tammy Clewell, 'Consolation Refused: Virginia Woolf, The Great War, and Modernist Mourning' in *Modern Fiction Studies* 50. 1 (2004); Vincent Sherry, *The Great War and the Language of Modernism* (2003); Christine Froula, *Virginia Woolf and the Bloomsbury Avant-garde: War, Civilization, Modernity* (2005); Claire Buck, 'British Women's Writing of the Great War' in Vincent Sherry (ed), *The Cambridge Companion to the Literature of the First World War* (2005); Sherry, 'The Great War and Literary Modernism in England' in Sherry (ed, 2005); Trudi Tate, 'The Frist World War: British Writing' in Kate McLaughlin (ed), *The Cambridge Companion to the War Writing* (2009); John Whittier-Ferguson, 'Repetition, Remembering, Repetition: Virginia Woolf's Late Fiction and the Return of War' in *Modern Fiction Studies* 57. 2 (2011); Elizabeth F. Evans, 'Air War, Propaganda, and

Woolf's Anti-tyranny Aesthetic' in *Modern Fiction Studies* 59. (2013).

11. Levenback states the following:

> The difference between what Zwerdling calls her 'instinctive pacifism' [. . .] and her [Woolf] sense of World War I involves the difference between the theoretical and actual (or 'real'), which seems to me analogous to what Zwerdling himself calls the 'contradictory impulses at work in Woolf's feminism' [. . .]. (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 33: note 21)

12. 'A turning point in representations of Woolf and war can be traced to the 1991 publication of *Virginia Woolf and War: Fiction, Reality, and Myth*' (Levenback, Introduction 4).

13. Levenback argues that 'What the war would teach her is that her experience of reality needed to be tied to her experience of the war, that individual authenticity was to be achieved by a kind of commerce between the civilian experience of the war and that of those on the front' (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 16). Wood, citing this passage, says, 'For Woolf, the polarization of war and peace, terms such as the "front" and at "home" required blurring, reexamination, and then, of course, language revision accompanied by political action' (275).

14. Cole continues, 'But the alternatives *are* there, and in many cases what

stands out from Woolf's works are the spellbinding efforts to give peace a place of prominence, if only fleetingly' ('Woolf, War, Violence, History, and . . . Peace' 334: emphasis original).

15. For example, in *The Social History of the Machine Gun*, John Ellis explains that,

> Clearly the machine gun, more than anything else, was a dire threat to such assumptions about the nature of war. The officer corps of the nineteenth century clung on to their old beliefs in the centrality of man and the decisiveness of personal courage and individual endeavour. Machines had brought with them industrialisaiton and the destruction of the traditional social order; they must not be allowed to undermine the old certainties of the battlefield – the glorious charge and the opportunities for individual heroism. The machine gun threatened to do just this. Its phenomenal firepower could render such charges quite futile. It negated all the old human virtues – pluck, fortitude, patriotism, honour – and made them as nothing in the face of a deadly stream of bullets, a quite unassailable mechanical barrier. For the old-style gentleman officers such an impersonal yet utterly decisive baulk was unacceptable. So they tried to ignore it. For them the machine gun was anathema, and even when their governments bought them out of curiosity, or because their enemies did, they almost totally ignored them. The behaviour of

> certain commanders during manoeuvres just before the First World War perfectly summed up the whole military attitude to the new automatic weapons. When asked by keen young subalterns what they should do with the machine guns they replied: 'Take the damned things to a flank and hide them!' (17−18)

16. See A. J. P. Taylor 120. According to Dan Todman, 'Since 6,146,574 men served in Britain's armed forces during the First World War, this meant that almost 12 per cent of the men who served died. The bulk of these losses were sustained by the army, in which 5,215,162 men served. Its rate of loss was almost 13 per cent' (44).

17. Some people had already been concerned about the tendency for human beings to be dehumanised in wartime in the previous century. For example, Pick says, 'Military writing around the turn of the century displayed on occasion both the extraordinary anachronisms and the prescient anticipations which characteristically divided so much other pre-1914 literature' (8). He adds, 'if we go to Lieutenant-Colonel Eugène Hennebert's *Military Art and Science* (1884) we find an evocation of industrialised conflict, an awareness of factory production for war which dwarfed the individual human being' (8, 10). For Eugène Hennebert's works, see Pick 9, figures 1 and 2.

Chapter 1

1. Hereafter, abbreviated as *JR* in citation in this chapter.

2. *Jacob's Room* was written as an imitation of a *bildungsroman*. The novel departed from a conventional treatment of the protagonist. The reader knows something about him: he went to Cambridge, lived in London, travelled to Greece and went to war, but attributes and events explain nothing. Flint says, 'despite Jacob's nominal centrality, the novel [*Jacob's Room*] is not a conventional *Bildungsroman*, tracing the growth of a young man's self-knowledge through experience' (Introduction xvii). Linden Peach states that '*Jacob's Room* does not conform to the structure and characteristics of the *bildungsroman*, the narrative of a character's social and personal development. [. . .] Like *Orlando*, the novel reflects Woolf's long-standing interest in debunking traditional biography' (69).

3. 'Then Mr Floyd spoke about the King's Navy (to which Archer was going); and about Rugby (to which Jacob was going) [. . .]' (*JR* 24). Kathleen Dobie, in her essay titled 'This is the Room That Class Built: The Structure of Sex and Class in *Jacob's Room*,' says that 'Like lower-class women and men she [Betty] is profoundly dependent upon upper-class men. Through her association with wealthy and well-connected men, her son Jacob is able to attend Cambridge and her son Archer enters the Royal Navy' (196). She continues, saying that 'Mrs Flanders is not herself upper-class; she merely transfers that status from educated and influential men to her sons' (196).

4. ‘She [Betty] was half-way between forty and fifty. Years and sorrow between them; the death of Seabrook, her husband; three boys; *poverty*; a house on the outskirts of Scarborough; her brother, poor Morty’s, downfall and possible demise – for where was he? what was he?’ (*JR* 14: emphasis added). Levenback notes that Mrs Flanders ‘met the challenge of rearing her three sons alone, in a suburb of Scarborough, with very little money and despite distracting suitors and proposals of remarriage’ (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 40−41).

5. In section 13 there is suggestion that war is going to break out in Europe: ‘Now it was dark. Now one after another lights were extinguished. Now great towns – Paris – Constantinople – London – were black as strewn rocks’ (*JR* 223). The former sentence is similar to a well-known remark upon the European society on the verge of the Great War by Foreign Secretary Sir Edward Grey: ‘The lamps are going out all over Europe. We shall never see them lit again in our time’ (qtd. in Hynes 3). Sherry states the following,

> The breeze blowing into Betty Flanders’s bedroom from the east is salted with the menace of events developing in England’s direction from the Continent. The ‘extinguish[ing]’ of the ‘light’ coincides with the onset of war, imagining in particular the slippage of those powers of ‘civilization’ for which the Liberal campaign would be nominally fought. (‘The Great War and Literary Modernism in England’ 131)

The same kind of prediction can be seen in another novel *To the Lighthouse*: 'One by one the lamps were all extinguished, except that Mr Carmichael, who liked to lie awake a little reading Virgil, kept his candle burning rather longer than the rest' (*To the Lighthouse* 103).

6. Jacob's family name calls up the site of the famous battlefield and mass grave, Flanders field. It was one of the most notorious fronts in the Great War, where nearly a third of the million Britons who went to war were killed. It was made known throughout the world in those days by a poem of the war soldier poet John McCrae's 'In Flanders Field's.'

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:

> To you from failing hands we throw
> The torch; be yours to hold it high.
> If ye break faith with us who die
> We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
> In Flanders fields. (qtd. in Bishop, Notes 149−50: note 3)

Contemporaneous readers of the novel would know that *Jacob's Room* predicts Jacob's death in the war. Zwerdling points out that 'As her [Woolf] first readers in 1922 would certainly have known, Flanders was a synonym for death in battle' (64); 'Woolf keeps us aware of Jacob's impending fate by moving back and forth in time' (65). Woolf mentions Flanders as a place name in the novel: 'And now Jimmy feeds crows in Flanders and Helen visits hospitals. Oh, life is damnable, life is wicked, as Rose Shaw said' (*JR* 131). Flint says, 'Nor do the couple who stray into the text when Rose Shaw mentions them at a party, Jimmy and Helen, have any future, either for "now Jimmy feeds crows in Flanders and Helen visits hospitals"' (Introduction xix−xx). Sherry writes that 'Projecting an event at least several years beyond the place its representation takes in the historical narrative, she [Woolf] matches this piece of narrative anachronism with a corresponding anomaly in language' (*The Great War and the Language of Modernism* 274). In his essay titled '*Jacob's Room*: Occasions of War, Representations of History,' Sherry states the following:

> For Woolf provides the words of an all too direct reference to the burial site that is the namesake for Mrs. Flanders, and she does so,

> moreover, in the historical time of the narrative, in a stunning anachronism: 'And now Jimmy feeds crows in Flanders and Helen visits hospitals' [. . .]. This sequence of sentences provides an especially indicative instance of the motive aim in writing a music without words elsewhere, that is, in leaving the historical namesake of Mrs. Flanders unmentioned and undeveloped in the narrative: this silence amplifies the power of the connection when it is made, and the momentary aspect of that disclosure intensifies it all the more. ('*Jacob's Room*: Occasions of War, Representations of History' 69)

7. In this scene, the war is going on, but Mrs Flanders is concerned with matters unrelated to the war. This suggests that she still does not take the war seriously, which – though she does not know it yet – will kill her sons in the near future. Longenbach argues that 'the life of the ominously named Jacob Flanders (who would die in the war) is told not so much in terms of the masculine world of public history as in the feminine world of domestic detail' (116), and says that 'It is not that the war exists only in the public world of masculine heroism; the war also takes place in the private space of feminine detail' (116). Levenback says that the passage suggests 'how detached Mrs. Flanders is, with her worries about the poultry [. . .] even as we are told that "her sons [were] fighting for their country"' (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 107). Actually, people heard the sound of guns from the Continent during the war. Eksteins says, 'The artillery barrage is deafening. When the air is still, the din can be heard faintly in London and Paris' (139), and

Hynes writes that '[. . .] this was a nearby war – you could hear the guns across the Channel when the wind was right' (120). Willmott says, 'It was a perfect summer's morning when on July 1, at 6:25, the final Allied bombardment began. Continuing for over an hour at a firing rate of 3,500 shells a minute, the noise was so intense that it could be heard as far away as England' (160). Woolf herself wrote about such a situation in an essay entitled 'Heard on the Downs: The Genesis of Myth' in 1916.

> Two well-known writers were describing the sound of the guns in France, as they heard it from the top of the South Downs. One likened it to 'the hammer stroke of Fate'; the other heard in it 'the pulse of Destiny.'
>
> More prosaically, it sounds like the beating of gigantic carpets by gigantic women, at a distance. You may almost see them holding the carpets in their strong arms by the four corners, tossing them into the air, and bringing them down with a thud while the dust rises in a cloud about their heads. All walks on the Downs this summer ware accompanied by this sinister sound of far-off beating, which is sometimes as faint as the ghost of an echo, and sometimes rises almost from the next fold of grey land. At all times strange volumes od sound roll across the bare uplands, and reverberate in those hollows in the Downside which seem to await the spectators of some Titanic drama. Often walking alone, with neither man nor animal in sight, you turn sharply to see who it is that gallops behind you. But there is no

> one. The phantom horseman dashes y with a thunder of hoofs, and suddenly his ride is over and the sound lapses, and you only hear the grasshoppers and the larks in the sky. (*The Essays of Virginia Woolf* 40)

8. Jacob's journey is based on a journey that Woolf made in 1906. She went to Southern Europe with her sister Vanessa Stephen, Violet Dickson, and her brother Thoby. Thoby caught typhoid fever there and died in November of that year. Therefore, *Jacob's Room* can be read partly as an elegy for him. Ruddick remarks that 'Woolf fairly worshipped Thoby, mourned him after his death at twenty-six, then attempted to understand and recreate him in her fiction' (186). The character of Jacob was also modelled after a friend of Woolf's, Rupert Brooke. He was a young man who joined up enthusiastically when the war began, but died of an illness in April 1915 on his way to the war, without ever engaging in combat. Levenback observes that 'Rupert Brooke's death seems the pivotal event that moved the war into the real world for Virginia Woolf' ('Virginia Woolf's "War in the Village" and "The War from the Street"' 44). Hattaway says, 'Another model for Jacob was already in public possession. Rupert Brooke's death in 1916 had been quickly mythologised' (21); 'The broad resemblances to Jacob are obvious: they inhabit the same world – Cambridge, travel, living in London, philosophy, poetry, studying Elizabethan poetry and drama. They resemble each other in their physical beauty and in a kind of muscular intellectual health aimed' (21).

9. One of his relatives leaves some money to Jacob. It makes him temporarily wealthy and allows him to do what he likes: 'Old Miss Birkbeck, his mother's cousin, had died last June and left him a hundred pounds' (*JR* 171). Zwedling says, his trip as 'the Grand Tour' (73). Pemble says,

> Most Britons who went abroad before the First World War travelled for professional or commercial purposes. They were colonial bureaucrats, service officers, traders, and missionaries, and their destinations were scattered over the two hemispheres of Britain's global empire. But a minority travelled at leisure – from choice rather than necessity; and this minority grew steadily larger as a rise in wealth and decrease in the cost of travel made foreign holidays accessible to the lower reaches of the middle classes. (1)

Pemble adds that 'It was here that the missing apex of the British social pyramid was to be found' (2); '*jeunesse dorée* from Oxford and Cambridge poked about the galleries, churches, and ruins of Italy and Greece' (2).

10. Jacob complains about technology in section 12:

> In spite of its ramshackle condition modern Greece is highly advanced in the electric tramway system, so that while Jacob sat in the hotel sitting-room the trams clanked, chimed, rang, rang, rang imperiously to get the donkeys out of the way, and one old

> woman who refused to budge, beneath the windows. The whole of civilization was being condemned. (*JR* 190)

Jacob's reaction to these new forms of technology is described in negative terms. In the next section, he also shows his difficulty in accepting technology, saying, 'The whole of civilization was being condemned' (*JR* 190). But the reason why he dislikes technology is that it causes him to feel disappointed if it is employed in the traditional regions that he wants to see. His complaint seems to be merely a reaction against an over-developed modernity, the appearance of which ruins an ancient Greek landscape. Unless it disfigures the scenery, it offers a great way to move from one place to another, as when he arrives in Italy, which is the topic of this chapter of this study.

11. Section 3 begins in a railway car, where a lady named Mrs Norman, one of the numerous minor characters in *Jacob's Room*, watches Jacob board the train: '"This is not a smoking-carriage," Mrs Norman protested, nervously but very feebly, as the door swung open and a powerfully built young man jumped in. He seemed not to hear her. The train did not stop before it reached Cambridge' (*JR* 35). Sue Roe points out that 'the railway carriage is one of Woolf's favorite locations' (Notes 160−61: note 1). Rachael Bowlby says,

> With the scene in the railway carriage, then, Woolf tells the typical story of a middle-aged woman's telling of typical stories faced with an unknown man. He can only be read with

> equanimity by being transferred from the class of men to the class of family members: he is the first regarded as savage and then domesticated to the familiarity of every mother's son. But she also shows that there is no reading of character outside the type. The public scene presents women with its unknown faces and potential dangers to be read and reread according to a prescribed sequence, so that the alien and fearful may be accommodated and the railway compartment become just like home. But this structure is itself what produces the illusion of depth and individuality in the contrasted figures of the family: as before, the standard model of the type generates the exceptional status and uniqueness of those who are supposed to be something more.
>
> It is not, then, a question of reading behind or beyond the conventional signs and typifications to understand a genuine as opposed to a superficial story or the complete book of each character as opposed to a few hints or fragments. Rather, what Woolf suggests is that it is not possible to separate conventional signs, characters, stories and the reality which they structure and interpret. (106)

12. According to Pemble, 'In the 1830s and for most of the 1840s they relied mainly on horse power to carry them through France and Italy' (18); 'Consequently the journey from London to Rome still took between three and four weeks – as long as it had taken in the days of the Roman Empire' (18).

In 1871 the Mont Cenis tunnel was opened and it became possible to travel direct from Paris to Turin by train (Pemble 27). Pemble says that 'The Italian railway was now complete to Rome, via Bologna, Florence, and Perugia, and the total journey time from London was only fifty-five hours' (27).

13. In her essay titled 'Private Brother, Public World,' Sara Ruddick mentions that 'Jacob himself is introduced to us as an absence' (192). She continues, saying that 'At the end of the novel, Jacob is once more again an absence, his tenuous presence in his empty room barely suggested by a creaking chair, his useless shoes in his mother's hand, perhaps by the wind which rustles the leaves outside the window' (192). Robert Kiely claims that 'For the last time, the biographical, data-laden, knowable, summarizable Jacob has escaped. But is this escape, this absence, a failure in Woolf's art? On the contrary, it is her first important success' (155); 'The achievement of *Jacob's Room* is that in conceding to Jacob's absence, in collaborating so ingeniously in his various vanishing acts, Woolf lets the individual go and, in the process, preserves and illuminates images of a wider common life' (156).

14. Kiely states that 'the objects in Jacob's room lend themselves easily to interpretations about the character of the young man who inhabits the space – his youth, masculinity, class, intellectual promise, literary taste' (155).

15. According to Allyson Booth, 'For the families of soldiers killed at the front, however, death was not a corpse at all but a series of verbal

descriptions. Next of kin were informed of a casualty by a telegram, the terse language of which gave merely the date and location of death' (25); 'The telegram was frequently followed by letters from friends and/or commanding officers, who gave more precise details about the location and circumstances of death' (26).

16. Actually, there was not a great distance between the home and the front during the Great War. Paul Fussell gives some examples:

> In the Second World War the common experience of soldiers was dire long-term exile at an unbridgeable distance from 'home.' [. . .] 'Shipping out' is significantly a phrase belonging to the Second War, not the First. And once committed to the war, one stayed away until it should be over.
>
> By contrast, what makes experience in the Great War unique and gives it a special freight of irony is the ridiculous proximity of the trenches to home. Just seventy miles from 'this stinking world of sticky trickling earth' was the rich plush of London theater seats and the perfume, alcohol, and cigar smoke of the Café Royal. The avenue to these things was familiar and easy: on their two-week leaves from the front, and the officers rode the same Channel boats they had known in peacetime, and the presence of the same porters and stewards [. . .] provided a ghastly pretence of normality. (64)

The phrase Fussell uses in this passage, 'this stinking world of sticky trickling earth,' is taken from the unforgettable feeling of being in the trenches experienced by a survivor of the Ypres Salient. Fifty years later he remembers the walls of dirt and the ceiling of the sky, as if he were still imprisoned in the trench: 'To be out of this present, ever-present, eternally present misery, this stinking world of sticky, trickling earth ceilinged by a strip of threatening sky' (qtd. in Fussell 51).

17. Bazin and Lauter say, 'These final lines have a powerful impact on the reader who is still shocked at the news of Jacob's death. The shoes help to convey how his mother feels, namely, hollow and forlorn' (16). Handley explains that 'While Jacob's shoes point to his death in the Great War, they also suggest what the narrator has had to combat throughout the novel: the ways in which a militarized society robs human beings of bodies and voices for its own violent ends' (110). In *The Cambridge Introduction to Virginia Woolf*, Jane Goldman writes that 'it [*Jacob's Room*] speaks movingly to the lacunae left by the war dead, but also raises the problem of gender, class and subjectivity in the context of the postwar extension of the franchise to working-class men and partial enfranchisement of women' (*The Cambridge Introduction to Virginia Woolf* 51), suggesting two questions: 'Will the working classes and women fill Jacob's shoes?' (*The Cambridge Introduction to Virginia Woolf* 51); 'Can women occupy the same subjective space as men, or must identity, and narratives of identity, be reinvented to accommodate the feminine?' (*The Cambridge Introduction to Virginia Woolf* 51). Jacob's shoes in the final section of the novel reminds us of Work of Dutch

Post-Impressionist Vincent van Gogh, *A Pair of Shoes*. Roe speculates that some of 'shoes' inspired Woolf's final image of empty shoes (Introduction xxxvii).

18. The practice of going to battle by train had already proved effective since the first time it was used in wars in the previous century. Kern says of wars in the nineteenth century: 'The importance of speed in the mobilization and concentration of men on the battlefield were lessons learned from German victories against France in 1870s' (269), and 'The lesson of 1870 was not lost on other European powers, which soon commenced the construction of railway lines in coordination with military needs' (269).

19. Mosse explains that '[Italian] Futurism and [German] Expressionism were youth movement. [. . .] However, Futurism and Expressionism exemplified a widespread mood shared by many educated and sensitive European youths, whether they expressed their mood publicly or through a private revolt' (55).

20. People were optimistic about the war. In *The Short War Illusion*, L. L. Farrar, Jr. mentions that national leaders thought in the beginning that the Great War was going to be short: 'Most European leaders assumed a short war' (148). There was not yet any actual fear yet that the efforts that had been planned according to a timetable would be interrupted with unpredictable halts and withdrawals, as was often with the case, and that soldiers would have to be deployed for years. It was not until the end of December 1914 that the sense of optimism disappeared from the world. Willmott says that

'In all the combatant states departing soldiers were cheered on by enthusiastic crowds, confident that their 'boys' would be home for Christmas' (32). Idealistic soldiers praised the war in the early days of the conflict, but many changed their view in the light of their service in that period.

21. Wohl says, 'There is a legend about the history of twentieth-century England' (85). He goes on to state the following:

> Once upon a time, before the Great War, there lived a generation of young men of unusual abilities. Strong, brave, and beautiful, they combined great athletic prowess with deep classical learning. [. . .] Although stemming from all parts of England, they were to be found above all at Oxford and Cambridge, and in the case of the younger men, at the better public schools. When the war broke out, they volunteered for service in the fighting forces and did whatever they could do hasten their training and secure their transfer to the field of battle. Their main fear was that the war would end before they arrived at the front. Brought up to revere England and to do their duty, they embraced their country's cause and accepted lightheartedly the likelihood of early death. (85)

22. The events in *Jacob's Room* are sometimes not chronological. Jacob's life is presented in the barest detail, and it does not have clear chronological links. For example, the action in section 12, which is cited here, is presented ahead of the outbreak of the war in section 13. Roe comments that

'this passage may be a flash-forward' (Notes 183: note 24). As another example, in section 2, the narrator takes the reader from Floyd's proposal to Betty, to his meeting with Jacob over a decade later. Bishop says, 'where the book [*Jacob's Room*] starts with the template of a *Bildungsroman*, beginning with the protagonist's childhood, the novel deliberately upsets the linear chronology that normally underlies such works' (Introduction xxvii).

23. According to Fussell, 'not to complain' is to be 'manly' for men of feudal language those days (22). Ekesteins says, '[. . .] to be a typical Englishman meant, of course, that one repressed inner feelings, stiffened one's upper lip, and functioned according to form' (184). Zwerdling writes that 'Woolf's only description of the fighting is remarkable for its contained rage, its parody of reportorial detachment' (65). Sherry, who cites this passage, states that 'Leaving the war unmentioned directly in this narrative moment of mid-July 1914, moreover, Woolf compounds the oddness of its all-too-logical atrocity with the eeriness of that preview' (*The Great War and the Language of Modernism* 276).

24. See Roe, Notes 185: note 14; Raitt, Footnotes 139: note 3; Bishop, Notes 174: note 143. In *Jacob's Room*, Woolf provides another passage that describes the hours just before the outbreak of the war.

> The voice spoke plainly in the square quiet room with heavy tables, where one elderly man made notes on the margin of type-written sheets, his silver-topped umbrella leaning against

> the bookcase.
>
> His head – bald, red-veined, hollow-looking – represented all the heads in the building. His head, with the amiable pale eyes, carried the burden of knowledge across the street; laid it before his colleagues, who came equally burdened; and then the sixteen gentlemen, lifting their pens or turning perhaps rather wearily in their chairs, decreed that the course of history should shape itself this way or that way, being manfully determined, as their faces showed, to impose some coherency upon Rajahs and Kaisers and the muttering in bazaars, the secret gatherings, plainly visible in Whitehall, of kilted peasants in Albanian uplands; to control the course of events. (*JR* 240−41).

As to this, see Roe, Notes 185: note 14; Raitt, Footnotes 140: note 6−7; Sherry, *The Great War and the Language of Modernism* 280. Sherry states that 'Woolf makes evident the conflict between its faith in the ethical reasonableness of policy [. . .] and the imminent riot of *Mitteleuropa*, configured as the incomprehensibility of those barbarous tongues' ('The Great War and Literary Modernism in England' 132), adding that 'This is the dissonance that provides the instigating, substantiating occasion of Woolf's major work' ('The Great War and Literary Modernism in England' 132).

25. In *Codes, Ciphers, Secrets and Cryptic Communication: Making and Breaking Secret Messages from Hieroglyphocs to the Internet*, Fred B. Wrixon says that 'Morse's code-and-telegraph system was arguably one of the

most significant developments in communications during the 19th century' (454), adding that 'It allows speedy and reliable message sending over vast distances and was used extensively by both military and civilian groups throughout the 19th century until the mid-20th century' (454–55)

26. Wrixon explains that 'The next great communications advance, the telephone, is credited to inventor Alexander Graham Bell in 1876. [. . .] While the telephone quickly became popular among civilians, it took longer to be accepted by the military' (456). He says, 'Radio was accepted much more quickly by military officials than Bell's telephone, as American and British naval officers had already been conducting experiments with wireless signals' (458), adding that 'In 1899, with Marconi equipment and other instruments developed by British Commander Henry Jackson, the Royal Navy conducted successful ship-to-ship radio exchanges' (458).

Chapter 2

1. Hereafter, abbreviated as *MD* in citation in this chapter.

2. *Mrs Dalloway* is set on ‘an imaginary [. . .] and very hot Wednesday in June 1923 (Bradshaw, Introduction to *Mrs Dalloway* xi). See Bradshaw, Explanatory Notes to *Mrs Dalloway* 182−83: note 123.

3. ‘For having lived in Westminster [. . .] one feels even in the midst of the traffic, or walking at night, Clarissa was positive, a particular hush, or solemnity; an indescribable pause; a suspense (but that might be her heart, affected, they said, by *influenza*) before Big Ben strikes’ (*MD* 3−4: emphasis added). See Bradshaw, Introduction to *Mrs Dalloway* xvii: note 7.

4. Bourton is ‘an imaginary country house, the family home of Clarissa Dalloway, née Parry, enjoying an elevated view of the River Severn’ (Bradshaw, Explanatory Notes to *Mrs Dalloway* 166: note 3). Whitworth explains that ‘Bourton is presented as a place and time of freedom and possibilities, an Edenic location free from the authoritarian categories of present-day London’ (141); ‘Its freedom is imagined particularly as a sexual freedom, seen in Clarissa’s intimate friendship with Sally Seton [. . .] and in Clarissa’s freedom to choose between possible male partners’ (141).

5. Woolf wrote Septimus to be Clarissa’s double in *Mrs Dalloway*. Originally, Clarissa was to kill herself; instead, Septimus dies. The bond

between Clarissa and Septimus should be understood as a common sense of being victimised by the war and by patriarchal values. Emily Jensen points out that 'Septimus appears to retain his love for Evans through visions and voices of the dead, while Clarissa more obviously denies hers for Sally Seton, accepting conventional heterosexual life as all that is possible for her' (173); 'in the process, she [Clarissa] refuses the body and its natural feelings, which is exactly what Septimus does in asserting that he has lost his ability to feel' (173).

6. Bradshaw argues that 'By selecting Italy as the scene of Evans' death and Septimus's shell-shock, Woolf asks her readers, almost as pointedly in the mid-1920s as today, to remember a forgotten front' ('"Vanished, Like Leaves": The Military, Elegy and Italy in *Mrs Dalloway*' 119). Usui says, 'Septimus [. . .] needed spiritual comfort and psychological security, which he sought from an Italian woman, Lucrezia. As a result, he forced Lucrezia to wear the image of Florence Nightingale, "the Lady of the Lamp," that is, a nurse who would take care of him unselfishly, patiently, and compassionately" (156).

7. In his *World War I*, H. P. Willmott states the following:

> The sustained psychological and physical stress of soldiering in the trenches led to a new kind of war damage known as 'shell shock.' In dealing with victims of shell shock, army commanders and medical officers tended to be unsympathetic,

> partly because the condition ranged from frayed nerves to complete mental collapse. After 1918 there was a public debate in Britain about shell shock, and in 1922 a War Office Committee of Enquiry published its report on the phenomenon of shell shock, which was now termed 'war neurosis.' Although the report made it clear that loss of nerve or mental control would not be tolerated as an escape route by soldiers, it did acknowledge shell-shock victims as genuine casualties of 20th-century warfare. To prevent war neurosis, it recommended shorter tours of front-line duty, and more attention to the health and welfare of soldiers. It also recommended psychotherapy for the treatment of shell shock, which gave a boost to Sigmund Freud's revolutionary theories about repression and defence mechanisms. (265)

8. It is often said that the model for Septimus was Siegfried Sassoon. Sassoon was to become one of the most famous of the British First World War I poets. He served on the front lines and was profoundly distressed by his experiences. In May 1917, Woolf published a review of two collections of his war poems, *The Old Huntsman* and *Counter-Attack*, in the *Times Literary Supplement*. He actually visited Woolf in 1924, when she was writing *Mrs Dalloway*. Showalter says that 'Septimus Smith, the victim of 'deferred shell-shock' in *Mrs Dalloway* [. . .], perhaps owes something of his name, his appearance, and his war experience to Sassoon' (192). Linden Peach states that 'The name Septimus Smith, "S. S." was probably suggested by Siegfried

Sassoon whom Woolf knew and the impact of whose poems [. . .] upon her' (109). However, Whitworth notes that 'It would, however, be misleading to describe *Mrs Dalloway* as being a novel "about" shell shock or more generally "about" ex-soldiers' (135).

9. Levenback notes that Woolf 'us[ed] Philip Woolf as a model for embodying the postwar experience of returning soldiers in *Mrs Dalloway* [. . .] and *The Years*' ('Virginia Woolf and Returning Soldiers: The Great War and the Reality of Survival in *Mrs. Dalloway* and *The Years*' 74). She continues, saying that 'Even if North had spoken of his experience of the war, it is clear that he, like Septimus, would have lacked a receptive audience' ('Virginia Woolf and Returning Soldiers: The Great War and the Reality of Survival in *Mrs. Dalloway* and *The Years*' 84) and 'In the end, Septimus is unable to become part of the postwar world, while North seeks to understand it. What neither death nor life in postwar London has assured, however, is the end to war and the end of the need for soldiers, many of whom, had not returned' ('Virginia Woolf and Returning Soldiers: The Great War and the Reality of Survival in *Mrs. Dalloway* and *The Years*' 85). In *Virginia Woolf and the Great War*, Levenback concludes that 'In *Mrs. Dalloway* Virginia Woolf sought not to endorse suicide as an answer to living in the postwar world, but to dramatize a situation that had long been ignored and allowed to become more widespread and harmful' (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 81).

10. Sally attracts Clarissa because she departs from upper-class etiquette in many ways. Obviously, Sally's behaviour is new to people in the place

where social convention in the country house find it unacceptable, but Sally's direct sensuality seduces Clarissa. Clarissa says, 'But this question of love (she [Clarissa] thought, putting her coat away), this falling love with women. Take Sally Seton; her relation in the old days with Sally Seton. Had not that, after all, been love?' (*MD* 28); 'But nothing is so strange when one is in love (and what was this except being in love?) as the complete indifference of other people' (*MD* 30). Clarissa experiences 'the most exquisite moment of her [Clarissa] whole life' (*MD* 30), especially when Sally kisses her on the lips. Clarissa now remembers that she had fallen in love with her when she was young. What led Woolf to write about such a love affair between two women was her own experience of lesbian passion both in her own youth and as an adult at the time when she was writing *Mrs Dalloway*. Sixteen-year-old Virginia loved a woman named Madge Symonds Vaughan. In his famous biography *Virginia Woolf*, Quentin Bell explains that Madge was 'the first woman – and in those early years Virginia fled altogether from anything male' (60). Sally is partly modelled on the person in Woolf's young memory. In addition, when she was writing *Mrs Dalloway*, Woolf was indulging her adolescent passion for the same-sex in seeing and loving Vita Sackville-West, who was a prolific writer of poetry, fiction, biography and travel books and also a notable gardener and was married to Harold Nicolson. Patricia Morgne Cramer notes that 'Woolf met Vita in 1922; their love passion peaked between 1925 and 1928 [. . .]. Thus, Woolf wrote most of her major novels – from *Mrs Dalloway* [. . .] through to *The Years* [. . .] – with Vita in her heart and much on her mind' ('Virginia Woolf and Sexuality' 185). Among these works that Cramer mentions, Woolf was very much

aware of a romantic relationship between women at that time and thus seems to have included it especially in *Mrs Dalloway*.

11. Critics have tended to focus on the particular relation between Clarissa and Sally. Elizabeth Abel points out that 'Sally's uninhabited warmth and sensuality immediately spark love in the eighteen-year-old Clarissa. Sally replaces Clarissa's dead mother and sister, her name even echoing the sister's name, Sylvia' (31); 'The moment Woolf selects to represent Clarissa's past carries the full weight of the pre-Oedipal experience – the phrase that Freud discovered to his surprise substantially predates and shapes the female version of the Oedipus complex' (32). Peach also notes that 'The scene Clarissa always remembers is the one which Peter interrupted Sally's kiss. Indeed, her version of what happened reconfigures the Freudian Oedipal narrative – Peter is cast as the jealous male attempting to rupture the female bond' (96). Other critics have explored lesbianism in the novel. It might be assumed that the relationship between Clarissa and Sally is not merely a girlhood friendship, but that, as Emily Jensen states, 'Through its metaphoric structure, the novel reveals that Clarissa felt her only real love for Sally Seton' (162). Jensen suggests that Clarissa agrees to deny her love for Sally and marries Richard Dalloway in order to choose a respectable life: 'Crippled by heterosexual convention, her life thereafter, her "process of living," is her "punishment" for having denied herself that love' (162). Moreover, in *Virginia Woolf: Lesbian Readings*, Eileen Barrett interprets the novel in light of the competing discourses of feminism and sexology, examining Woolf's attempt to express a lesbian sexuality free of the distortions of sexologists.

Barrett states that ‘The relationship between Sally Seton and Clarissa Dalloway exemplifies the romantic friendships between women that were thriving at the turn of the century’ (147); ‘In the passionate friendship of Sally and Clarissa, Woolf captures the intermingling of the intellectual and erotic, the personal and the political that she experienced in her own feminist friendships’ (151); ‘After all, Clarissa knows that it is in this inverted world that Sally’s kiss lingers [. . .]. And, as contemporary lesbians would tell her, those exquisite moments, along with the mischief they inspire, can last a lifetime’ (162). As for Sally’s fertility, Abel points out, ‘In *Mrs. Dalloway*, Woolf more subtly indicates the masculine tenor of postwar society. The youngest generation in this novel is almost exclusively, and boastfully, male: Sally Seton repeatedly announces her pride in her “five great boys”’ (41). Childs, who traces the impact of the eugenics movement on *Mrs Dalloway* in his study *Modernism and Eugenics: Woolf, Elliot, Yeats, and the Culture of Degeneration*, states the following:

> Then there is the Mediterranean race: ‘short of stature, dark of complexion and hair, long skulled, vivacious, gregarious, and, one may perhaps add, at once restless and easy going – the typical Italian.’ Woolf clearly embodies this stereotype in the ‘simple,’ ‘impulsive’ Rezia from the Italian ‘streets crowded every evening with people walking, laughing out loud, not half alive like people’ in England [. . .]. The Mediterranean Sally Seton (she has ‘a sort of abandonment . . . much commoner in foreigners,’ ‘always said she had French blood in her veins,’ and

> has ‘a father or mother gambling at Monte Carlo’) are notably interested in producing offspring: Sally has ‘five enormous boys’ and Rezia ‘must have children’ [. . .]. Similarly, in *To the Lighthouse*, the polyphiloprogenitiveness of Mrs. Ramsay seems to be explained in these racial terms by the Italian Blood in her veins. All three women would be seen by the Whethams and other like-minded eugenists as testifying to the dysgenical threat represented by the Mediterranean race: ‘the apparent prepotency of the darker Mediterranean race, probably due to the Mendelian dominance of their characters, would gradually efface the northern characteristics as soon as intermarriage and unchecked social intercourse were permitted throughout the nation.’ In *Mrs. Dalloway*, however, Rezia’s potentially fatal fertility is neutralized by Septimus’s impotence. (49)

12. An imperial mother might be found in the scene in which Peter falls asleep and dreams of ‘grey nurse’ (*MD* 48). The nurse echoes the image from ‘“The Greatest Mother in the World” depicted in Alonzo Earl Foringer’s famous 1918 Red Cross War Relief poster – an enormous nurse cradling a tiny immobilized male on a doll-sized stretcher’ (Gilbert and Gubar 288). What Peter sees in his dream is ‘an elderly woman who seems [. . .] to seek, over the desert, a lost son; to search for a rider destroyed; to be the figure of the mother whose sons have been killed in the battles of the world’ (*MD* 49). Makiko Minow-Pinkney says, ‘Maternity is the only female identity which is valorised by patriarchy. Only as a mother is a woman allowed to have her

sexuality as difference, to own her body and social place' (71). Danell Jones states that 'Such disturbing iconographic images, suppressed in what Woolf saw as the pervasive postwar amnesia, return in dreams and call up not just images but emotions connected to wartime' (136).

13. In the novel Peter mentions Sally's marriage: 'Who was it now who had done that? Peter Walsh asked himself, turning into the Broad Walk – married a rich man and lived in a large house near Manchester? [. . .] Sally Seton, of course!' (*MD* 61); 'It was Sally Seton – the last person in the world one would have expected to marry a rich man and live in a large house near Manchester, the wild, the daring, the romantic Sally!' (*MD* 61).

14. 'All on top of each other, embarrassed, laughing, words tumbled out – passing through London; heard from Clara Haydon; what a chance of seeing you! So I [Sally] thrust myself in – without an invitation . . .' (*MD* 145); 'when I [Sally] heard Clarissa was giving a party, I felt I couldn't *not* come – must see her again [. . .]. So I just came without an invitation' (*MD* 162: emphasis original).

15. 'But who was this Rosseter? He wore two camellias on his wedding day – that was all Peter knew of him. "They have myriads of servants, miles of conservatories," Clarissa wrote; something like that' (*MD* 159).

16. Jensen notes that 'at best Sally is a ghost out of the past whom Clarissa has avoided over the years and whose married name she cannot even

remember' (178). Clarissa is content with thinking about her excitement over staying with Sally in Burton. In the early part of the novel, 'she [Clarissa] could remember standing in her bedroom at the top of the house holding the hot-water can in her hands and saying aloud, "She [Sally] is beneath this roof . . . She is beneath this roof!"' (29). But Clarissa also says, 'No, the words meant absolutely nothing to her now. She could not even get an echo of her old emotion' (29). Woolf similarly wrote in her diary about her feelings of idolisation of Madge when she was awaken in an upstairs room at Hyde Park Gate: 'Madge asked to come; so we had her. [. . .] And this was the women I adored! I see myself now standing in the night nursery at Hyde Park Gate, washing my hands, and saying to myself "At this moment she is actually under this roof"' (*A Moments Library: The Shorter diary* 129). These intensely passionate words echo Clarissa's exclamations in *Mrs Dalloway*.

17. The two mothers attract much attention, as Mrs Flanders, in *Jacob's Room*, offers and loses her sons in the war. In *Mrs Dalloway*, Woolf depicts almost the same situation in relation to rather minor characters, such as these two women. These two gentlewomen mentioned above mourn for their sons and have to endure the corruption of their world, where titles became extinct and estates had to be sold. Nancy Topping Bazin and Jane Hamovit Lauter say, 'In *Mrs. Dalloway*, Woolf demonstrates the cost of war not only through the suffering of Septimus and his wife but also through unhappy experiences of minor characters and through the memories and thoughts of all her characters' (18). Usui states that 'Many women became widowed, fatherless,

brotherless, and childless. Those gentlewomen [Mrs. Foxcroft and Lady Bexborough] [. . .] had to endure the corruption of their world; titles became extinct and estates had to be sold' (153). Whitworth suggests that 'In *Mrs Dalloway* two indirect victims of war, Mrs Foxcroft and Lady Bexborough, are mentioned near the beginning [. . .], preparing the reader for the novel's examination of Rezia's suffering' (160). Levenback observes that 'The first of Clarissa's two "memories" of the war dead does not directly involve the dead at all, but second-hand reports of an inheritance owing to death, and a socially countenanced and applauded repression of death' (48). Jones notes that 'Mrs. Foxcroft's actions [. . .] suggests she mourns the war dead, too. However, the rest of the sentence "and now the old Manor House must go to a cousin" indicates she's more worried about the family estate than the death of the boy (whose name, it seems, she can't remember)' (124: note 26).

18. According to Jones, 'Impressed by their machine-like movement that easily outstrips his own pace, he [Peter] decides that "one had to respect it; one might laugh; but one had to respect it." But Woolf's description of the boy's mechanized gate suggests a more deadly practice than Peter seems able to imagine' (128). Jones says, 'For Woolf, this proto-military training reduces these scrawny boys at the Cenotaph, like the more than 800,000 British dead before them, to "staring corpses."' (128). He continues, saying that 'The precisely synchronized actions render them thinking automatons who will not – or cannot – question the military values celebrated by their performance' (128).

19. In *The Great War and Modern Memory*, Paul Fussell notes that 'Cricket is fine for implanting the right spirit, but football is even better. Indeed, the English young man's fondness for it was held to be a distinct sign of his natural superiority over his German counterpart' (26).

20. In *Mrs Dalloway*, the problem is that the only way to cure Septimus is for him to see doctors, but they cannot give him adequate treatment and this leads him actually to kill himself. Septimus's suicide is a result of the suffering he experienced from the war. It is also a fact that veterans of the Great War often did commit suicide. Showalter mentions that in the aftermath of the war, attempting suicide was 'not uncommon among returning soldiers' (193). There were many who experienced the war and received praise from people, but who could not help revealing their weakness in seeking to escape from the memory of war and the reality of human existence. Zwerdling says, 'Septimus Smith is instantly seen as a threat to governing-class values not only because he insists on remembering the war when everyone else is trying to forget it but also because his feverish intensity of feeling is an implicit criticism of the ideal of stoic impassivity' (130−31).

21. According to Whitworth, 'In the 1890s Britain came into conflict with the Boers of the Transvaal and Orange Free State areas of southern Africa [. . .]. The Boars wished to establish a United States of Southern Africa, and conflict broke out with the British settlers of the Cape region' (32). Whitworth says, 'Britain appeared to have won the war on 25 October 1900, when it formally annexed the Transvaal, but the Boers maintained guerrilla resistance until

May 1902' (32).

22. Angela Holdsworth states the following:

> The second Boer War (1889 - 1902) focused attention sharply on the ability of mothers to rear fit children. The fate of the Empire depended on tomorrow's soldiers and an unacceptable number were not surviving infancy. Many of those that did were not up to much: there were far too many puny volunteers, with weak hearts and lungs, offering to fight for King and Country. (112)

23. 'Woolf [. . .] implies that the same public health and social problems remain in place in 1923 as in the late 1890s' (Bradshaw, '"Vanished, Like Leaves": The Military, Elegy and Italy in *Mrs Dalloway*' 112)

24. 'Clarissa thought she [Sally] had married beneath her, her husband being – she was proud of it – a miner's son. Every penny they had he had earned. As a little boy (her voice trembled) he had carried great sacks' (*MD* 161).

25. Wohl emphasises the fact that 'deaths among Oxford and Cambridge graduates were nearly one and a half times as high as the national average for men serving in the fighting forces' (266: note 57). Eksteins states the following:

> In 1914 in France, Britain, and Germany, it was primarily the

> middle class, imbued with ideas of service and duty, that went to war. This was the first middle-class war in history. If previous wars were wars of dynasticism, of feudal and aristocratic interests, of princely rivalries, then the First World War was the first great war of the bourgeoisie. It is therefore hardly surprising that the values of this middle class should have become the dominant values of the war, determining not only the behavior of individual soldiers but the whole organization and even strategy and tactics of the war. Its very extent – it was of course called the Great War – was a reflection of the nineteenth-century middle-class preoccupation with growth, gain, achievement, and size. Machines, empires, armies, bureaucracies, bridges, ships, all grew in size in the nineteenth century, this maximalist century; and Dreadnought and Big Bertha were the telling names Europeans applied to their most awesome weapons on the eve of the war, this maximalist war. (177−78)

Todman notes that ‘The dead were concentrated amongst younger men: more than one in seven of the adult male population under twenty-five had been killed, compared to one in ten of those between twenty-five and forty, and one in twenty of those over forty’ (44), adding that ‘This was clearly a war that was brutally destructive of lives and bodies, and that inflicted heavy casualties amongst young British men in particular’ (44). Also, Anne Rasmussen says, ‘The post-war years were initially a period of mourning in

intellectual circles, as in all other social strata' (416). She continues, saying that 'The cultured elites of belligerent nations had paid a heavy price in lives lost, less in the older generation that had exercised intellectual leadership before the war than among the young generations of apprentices' (416) and 'Students [. . .] had often served as junior officers, and they were particularly exposed in trench warfare: at Oxford a fifth of those who served had died on the battlefield' (416).

26. Peter's reference might partly reflect the fact that after the war 'more male babies were born' (Taylor 166) in Britain.

27. Exceptionally, Mrs Holmes might be fertile: Lucrezia says, 'Dr Holmes was such a kind man. He was so interested in Septimus. He only wanted to help them, he said. He had four little children and he had asked her to tea, she [Lucrezia] told Septimus' (*MD* 78).

28. Whitworth points out that 'The logical turn – "except" – makes the reader double back and ask what "over" really means. [. . .] It is not an abstract philosophical issue, but one of human importance to Septimus, for whom the war is not over' (134). Sarah Cole also says that 'Do wars ever end? When? For whom? In a sense, these are the great questions posed by the novel [*Mrs. Dalloway*]' ('Woolf, War, Violence, History, and . . . Peace' 338)

29. In *Mrs Dalloway*. Kilman, who works as a governess for Elizabeth and whose brother has been dead in the war, is described as an unhappy person

against the society. Usui says that 'It is Lucrezia and Kilman [. . .] who are victimized through spiritual imprisonment by the Great War' (151). In her essay titled 'A Don, Virginia Woolf, the Masses, and the Case of Miss Kilman,' Elizabeth Primamore states that 'By implication, the male characters in the novel figure as Kilman's intellectual inferiors' (134). She says, 'To complicate matters, Kilman is a "mass" woman, who possesses some of what is categorized as atypical of "mass" characteristics: strength, independence, and individuality. So Woolf neither invents the "mass" as woman, nor the woman as "mass"' (134). Cristine Froula, in *Virginia Woolf and the Bloomsbury Avant-garde: War, Civilization, Modernity*, says that Kilman is 'created by the social system – a casualty of an economic war between the wars, a mute witness to Britain's unacknowledged tyranny' (110).

30. Elizabeth is not too young to think about marriage in her future, but she is not very interested in it. As Clarissa regrets, Elizabeth shows little interest in being a lady: 'And her [Clarissa] old Uncle William used to say a lady is known by her shoes and her gloves. [. . .] Gloves and shoes; she had a passion for gloves; but her own daughter, her Elizabeth, cared not a straw for either of them' (*MD* 9); '[. . .] and how she [Elizabeth] dressed, how she treated people who came to lunch she did not care a bit' (*MD* 10). People around her expect her to be married. 'For her [Elizabeth] father had been looking at her, as he stood talking to the Bradshaws, and he had thought to himself who is that lovely girl? And suddenly he realized that it was his Elizabeth, and he had not recognized her, she looked so lovely in her pink frock!' (*MD* 164).

Peach says, ‘Richard Dalloway’s declaration that Elizabeth is a ‘lovely girl’ reduces her to the ideal female in the male gaze and suggests that she will follow her mother’s role [. . .]’ (100). But Elizabeth reveals that she has a dream of not being a respectable woman but instead having a profession that has been dominated by men in the patriarchal world. Most of the professions Elizabeth wants to enter are the most conservative male-dominated professional positions at that time, so it might be said that she represents women’s future. Primamore says that the statement indicates that ‘the professions traditionally closed to women of her generation were starting to open up’ (131).

31. Bowlby states the following:

> Elizabeth Dalloway is a young woman without a past and with many possible future directions [. . .]. Unlike her mother’s period of hesitation at Bourton, Elizabeth’s takes place in the city which can then figure forth the new urban opportunities not available to her mother’s generation of women. But Elizabeth’s fantasies are represented, as we have seen, as a form of rebellion against maternal wishes; and the narrator, sometimes via the thoughts of the mother, represents her as naïve [. . .]. This suggests that Elizabeth’s professional ideas are childish rather than mature fantasies, and adds force to the hints that she may turn from them to the more usual feminine place she presently refuses [. . .]. Further, the difference between being an object

of poetic idealization and being a professional is structured for Elizabeth as mutually exclusive opposition of the 'trivial' to the 'serious.' For the time being, she places herself on the masculine side of that valuation, rather than seeking to modify its hierarchy or its terms of exclusion. (97)

Chapter 3

1. Hereafter, abbreviated as *TL* in citation in this chapter.

2. In her diary Woolf writes that 'I'm now all on the strain with desire to stop journalism and get on to *To the Lighthouse*. This is going to be fairly short: to have father's character done complete in it; and mother's; and St Ives; and childhood; and all the usual things I try to put in – life, death, &c' (*A Moments Library: The Shorter diary* 195). Just like Mrs Ramsay, Julia had eight children, three from her first marriage, four from her second, and one stepchild. 'Lighthouse' in the novel is based on the Godrevy Lighthouse, located on Godrevy Island, three and a half miles across St Ives Bay from St Ives itself (Bradshaw, Explanatory Notes to *To the Lighthouse* 172: note 7). Hargreaves says, 'The text is often seen as an elegiac reconstruction of Woolf's childhood summers in Cornwall and a nostalgic recollection of her parents, in particular her mother, Julia Stephen' (134).

3. *To the Lighthouse* begins with a discussion about travelling to the lighthouse near the Ramsays' summer house by sea next day.

> 'Yes, of course, if it's fine tomorrow,' said Mrs Ramsay. 'But you'll have to be up with the lark,' she added.
>
> To her son these words conveyed an extraordinary joy, as if it were settled the expedition were bound to take place, and the wonder to which he had looked forward, for years and years it

seemed, was, after a night's darkness and a day's sail, within touch. Since he belonged, even at the age of six, to that great clan which cannot keep this feeling separate from that, but must let future prospects, with their joys and sorrows, cloud what is actually at hand, since to such people even in earliest childhood any turn in the wheel of sensation has the power to crystallize and transfix the moment upon which its gloom or radiance rests, James Ramsay, sitting on the floor cutting out pictures from the illustrated catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores, endowed the picture of a refrigerator, as his mother spoke with heavenly bliss. It was fringed with joy. The wheelbarrow, the lawn-mower, the sound of poplar trees, leaves whitening before rain, rooks cawing, brooms knocking, dresses rustling – all these were so coloured and distinguished in his mind that he had already his private code, his secret language, though he appeared the image of stark and uncompromising severity, with his high forehead and his fierce blue eyes, impeccably candid and pure, frowning slightly at the sight of human frailty, so that his mother, watching him guide his scissors neatly round the refrigerator, imagined him all red and ermine on the Bench or directing a stern and momentous enterprise in some crisis of public affairs.

'But,' said his father, stopping in front of the drawing-room window, 'it won't be fine.'

Had there been an axe handy, a poker, or any weapon that would have gashed a hole in his father's breast and killed him,

> there and then, James would have seized it. Such were the extremes of emotion that Mr Ramsay excited in his children's breasts by his mere presence; standing, as now, lean as a knife, narrow as the blade of one, grinning sarcastically, not only with the pleasure of disillusioning his son and casting ridicule upon his wife, who was ten thousand times better in every way than he was (James thought), but also with some secret conceit at his own accuracy of judgement. What he said was true. It was always true. He was incapable of untruth; never tampered with a fact; never altered a disagreeable word to suit the pleasure or convenience of any mortal being, least of all of his own children, who, sprung from his loins, should be aware from childhood that life is difficult; facts uncompromising; and the passage to that fabled land where our brightest hopes are extinguished, our frail barks founder in darkness (here Mr Ramsay would straighten his back and narrow his little blue eyes upon the horizon), one that needs, above all, courage, truth, and the power to endure. (*TL* 7−8)

Mrs Ramsay and the youngest of the eight children James hope to have good weather, but her husband finds their prospect unreasonable, seeing an unlikely possibility of their excursion. Elizabeth Abel notes that 'James's response to his father's interruption [. . .] is [. . .] overtly violent [. . .]. [. . .] We are situated safely in this discourse; we know how to read its metaphors. [. . .] The Oedipal narrative appears to have achieved new orthodoxy' (48).

4. The death of Mrs Ramsay is mentioned in the second section: '[Mr Ramsay stumbling along a passage stretched his arms out one dark morning, but Mrs Ramsay having died rather suddenly the night before he stretched his arms out. They remained empty]' (*TL* 105). Gabrielle McIntire says that 'In writing *To the Lighthouse* [. . .] Woolf was thus autobiographically (re)rendering not only the "kill[ing]" of her mother, Juila Stephen, by her father, but she was staging a symbolical killing of the abstract ideal of "Angel in the House"' (88) and 'Woolf had to "kill" Mrs. Ramsay, its outmoded "angel," but it was a necessary death and part of Woolf's brave voyage into feminism's future' (90). Hargreaves states the following:

> *To the Lighthouse* abounds with mothers, from the placatory Mrs Ramsay to the slatternly Mrs McNab. Maternity is the root of an impossible identification (Lily's desire to be one with Mrs Ramsay) and Woolf also produces an interesting corollary: maternity and the battlefield are fatal in the respective instances of the beautiful Prue and the brilliant Andrew Ramsay, who both die during the First World War. After the war, clearly, there will be no more Mr and Mrs Ramsays. If human character changed 'on or about December 1910,' the 1914–18 years completed the transformation. (136)

Booth writes that 'Lily decides that Cam and James (not Andrew) are the tragic characters, for they are the ones subject to a father looking 'like a king in exile,' forcing them to submit to his will' (8), continues that 'Mrs

Ramsay's death has left her children more vulnerable than before to the tyranny of her husband; the tragedy is not her death but its effect on them' (8).

5. See, for example, Bradshaw, Introduction to *To the Lighthouse* xli–xlvi.

6. Vincent Sherry states the following:

> The bracketing action that the narrative of 'Time Passes' performs on this character's [Andrew] death in battle reenacts the strategy shown in the framing of this central section of *To the Lighthouse*. The war is parenthesized, contained as an interlude: the life of the Ramsay family goes on, in the domestic circumstance of their summer house on the Isle of Skye, in the first and third parts of the novel. Where the conventional representation of family experience in the Great War tends to surround the intimate, interior coherence of the home with the encircling menace of world conflict, this composition reflects the threat that the new international frame of reference presents to those older economies of local feeling. (*The Great War and the Language of Modernism* 294)

7. Nancy Topping Bazin and Jane Hamovit Lauter say, 'Woolf integrates the concept of nature as destroyer and man as destroyer' (20). Levenback also mentions that 'the figurative or "literary" language is found not only in the

unbracketed narrative but in the bracketed reports, which represent the wartime press' (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 103).

8. In *To the Lighthouse* Mr Ramsay offers Tansley the opportunity to experience middle-class domestic bliss. Tansley is 'the hundred and tenth young man to chase them [the Ramsays] all the way up to the Hebrides' (*TL* 9). Actually, Tansley thinks Mr Ramsay as 'the greatest metaphysician of the time' (*TL* 33). Kathryn Simpson says, 'his [Tansley] hard work, educational achievement, and fierce independence have enabled him to enter the middle-class institutions of university and the Ramsay holiday home' (113).

9. Simpson states that 'In many ways, Charles Tansley would seem to represent the authentic insider voice (working-class and provincial) the Hogarth Press was keen to promote during the 1920s' (113). She continues, saying that 'If the trip to the lighthouse can be seen to symbolize a connection and communication between the classes, then Tansley's family origins as the descendant of fishermen and lighthouse keepers [. . .] suggest his potential to bridge the social gulf' (113); 'His [Tansley] explosive transgression of dinner party etiquette [. . .] serves to turn the light of scrutiny on this middle-class presumption and the outmoded, rigid, constraining class hierarchies persisting beyond the Victorian period' (113−14). She goes on to state the following:

> What Woolf renders objectionable is not only his [Tansly] overbearing ambition, fierce class defensiveness, social unease,

> and lack of cultured taste and manners [. . .] but also his desire to emulate the middle-class men around him. His potential as a force for change and as a voice for class equality is severely limited by his aspiration to belong to the masculinist educational establishment that keeps class and gender hierarchies in place. At the dinner party, his criticism of middle-class social conventions, which he disparages as feminine and sees as detrimental to male intellectual achievement, echo those of the other middle-class men around the table. His class war and demands for unity in reform are premised on his fierce assertion of his masculine superiority and exclusion of women. (114−15)

10. In ‘The Window,’ Tansley repeatedly emphasises that he grew up in needy circumstances.

> ‘Let's go,’ he [Tansley] said, repeating her [Mrs Ramsay] words, clicking them out, however, with a self-consciousness that made her wince. ‘Let us all go to the Circus.’ No. He could not say it right. He could not feel it right. But why not? she wondered. What was wrong with him then? She liked him warmly, at the moment. Had they not been taken, she asked, to circuses when they were children? Never, he answered, as if she asked the very thing he wanted to reply to; had been longing all these days to say, how they did not go to circuses. It was a large family, nine brothers and sisters, and his father was a working

man; ‘My father is a chemist, Mrs Ramsay. He keeps a shop.’ He himself had paid his own way since he was thirteen. Often he went without a greatcoat in winter. He could never ‘return hospitality’ (those were his parched stiff words) at college. He had to make things last twice the time other people did; he smoked the cheapest tobacco; shag; the same the old men smoked on the quays. He worked hard – seven hours a day; his subject was now the influence of something upon somebody – they were walking on and Mrs Ramsay did not quite catch the meaning, only the words, here and there . . . dissertation . . . fellowship . . . readership . . . lectureship. She could not follow the ugly academic jargon, that rattled itself off so glibly, but said to herself that she saw now why going to the circus had knocked him off his perch, poor little man, and why he came out, instantly, with all that about his father and mother and brothers and sisters, and she would see to it that they didn't laugh at him any more; she would tell Prue about it. What he would have liked, she supposed, would have been to say how he had been to Ibsen with the Ramsays. He was an awful prig – oh yes, an insufferable bore. For, though they had reached the town now and were in the main street, with carts grinding past on the cobbles, still he went on talking, about settlements, and teaching, and working men, and helping our own class, and lectures, till she gathered that he had got back entire self-confidence, had recovered from the circus, and was about (and now again she liked him warmly)

> to tell her – but here, the houses falling away on both sides, they came out on the quay, and the whole bay spread before them and Mrs Ramsay could not help exclaiming, 'Oh, how beautiful!' For the great plateful of blue water was before her; the hoary Lighthouse, distant, austere, in the midst; and on the right, as far as the eye could see, fading and falling, in soft low pleats, the green sand dunes with the wild flowing grasses on them, which always seemed to be running away into some moon country, uninhabited of men. (*TL* 13−14)

In addition, he mentions his uncle who was a lighthouse keeper: 'One of his [Tansley] uncles kept the light on some rock or other off the Scottish coast, he said. He had been there with him in a storm. This was said loudly in a pause. They had to listen to him when he said that he had been with his uncle in a lighthouse in a storm' (*TL* 76); '"But how long do they leave men on a Lighthouse?" she [Lily] asked. He [Tansley] told her. He was amazingly well informed' (*TL* 76). In spite of these disadvantages, he manages to educate himself at college, which is usually thought to be a place for sons of middle- or upper- class families to be the intellectual elites and therefore difficult to enter. For him, achieving some scientific subject at university means rising from the working-class standing. Kathy J. Philips notes that 'Sympathy goes to lower-class Tansley because he "had paid his own way since he was thirteen," "went without a great coat in winter," and "was educating his little sister"' (110) and 'Although he [Tansley] boasts of economizing with the cheapest tobacco, he feels more class shame than class

solidarity. [. . .] he wants to become the *seigneur* displaying *largesse* to inferiors, rather than to abolish the ways of the *grand seigneur* altogether' (111). Whitworth states that 'Woolf sometimes uses markers of social class to place characters' (52). According to Whitworth, Tansley is an explicit example of those who 'have moved up the social scale by ability and hard work' (52) and 'seem to lack the humanity that is "proper" to their new-found class, and the reader is left to speculate whether this is because r¥their original class lacks it, or whether they sacrificed it during their upward struggle' (52).

11. Bert S. Hall explains that 'In Europe, gunpowder weapons [. . .] date from the 1320s, yet it is largely in the sixteenth century that these weapons become central to the conduct of war' (2).

12. Ponting says that 'TNT was much more stable than lyddite and easier to manufacture. It did not explode on detonate it enable armour-piercing shells to be make. Their performance, as the German navy demonstrated to great effect at the battle of Jutland in 1916, could be crucial' (242).

13. Eksteins states the following:

> What becomes clear from the diaries and letters of front soldiers is that in front-line service, particularly in action but in routine duty as well, the senses become so dulled by the myriad assaults on them that each man tended after a short while to live

> according to reflexes. He functioned instinctively. Of course self-preservation was an important instinct, but even more important, considering the situation the soldier found himself in, were the firm rules of behavior the military laid out and especially the social norms that constituted the broader context of the military. Reflexes and instincts were in large part prescribed by the soldier's society.
>
> Of an attack Alan Thomas wrote afterward: 'The noise, the smoke, the smell of gunpowder, the rat-tat of rifle and machine gun fire combined to numb the senses. I was aware of myself and others going forward, but of little else.' Thomas may have been unaware of why he was going forward, but going forward he was, loyally, dutifully, honorably, for many reasons; and most of these reasons were positive, not negative. 'The cause,' with multitude of interpretations – personal, familial, and national – was a far more significant factor in determining behavior than the threat of punishment. (171)

14. Bazin and Lauter say, 'This dispassionate, abrupt report of Andrew's death is reminiscent of the manner in which the news of Jacob Flanders's death was relayed' (21). Booth states that 'War is reported by an ambiguous narrator lodged in an empty house; the report relies on no witness, details no wound, and elicits no response' (3). Levenback argues that 'Woolf's point is clearly that newspaper reporting is selective and incomplete [. . .]. As an avid wartime reader of newspapers herself, Woolf found sloppy and

unreliable coverage of the war on the front even more disturbing' (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 103−04).

15. Booth states the following:

> Andrew Ramsay is not the only family casualty of time's passage in *To the Lighthouse*. His mother also dies [. . .] and his sister Prue dies [. . .]. Virginia Woolf's narrator reports the fates of various family members from inside a house where they lived together, surrounding Andrew's death with the deaths of his mother and sister, collapsing the distance between a French battlefield and an English bed. (8)

16. Ellis states the following:

> Through bitter experience the machine taught that man himself was no longer master of the battlefield. The individual counted for nothing, all that mattered now was the machinery of war. If a machine gun could wipe out a whole battalion of men in three minutes, where was the relevance of the old concepts of heroism, glory and fair play between gentlemen? Lloyd George said that almost eighty per cent of the First World War casualties were caused by machine guns. In a war in which death was dealt out to so many with such mechanical casualness how could the old traditional modes of thought survive? The First World War

> was an event of crucial significance in the history of Western culture, a four-year trauma in which men tried to hold on to their old self-confidence in the face of horrors that would have been literally unimaginable two or three years earlier.
>
> The confusion manifested itself in many ways. Some tried to cling on to the old modes of thought. In this respect the praise for the German machine gunners achieves a new significance. In it one sees a desperate attempt to create new heroes in a war in which heroism was in fact irrelevant. Men tried to forget the weapons themselves, the mere machines that killed so unerringly and so indiscriminately, and remember only the men that pressed the trigger. Thus death could be made a little more acceptable. (142)

17. It is also considered that when the border is lost, the friendliness between the two classes is bonded. Eksteins 'In the trenches social barriers broke down as intellectuals became dependent on working-class men and aristocrats on crop farmers' (230).

18. Alex Zwerdling says, 'Woolf's picture of his [Andrew] end is very far from a heroic consummation and is relegated to a parenthesis [. . .]. The anonymity, the parenthetic dismissal, the futility of this death are all intended to act as antidotes to the poison of the martial myth' (275).

19. In *Mrs Dalloway*, Woolf referred to symbolic monument in the post-war

London: ‘Now they [boys in uniform] wore on them unmixed with sensual pleasure or daily preoccupations the solemnity of the wreath which they had fetched from Finsbury Pavement to *the empty tomb*’ (*Mrs Dalloway* 43: emphasis added); ‘But now Miss Kilman held her tent before her face. Now she was deserted; now rejoined. Now worshippers came in from the street to replace the strollers, and still, as people gazed round and shuffled past *the tomb of the Unknown Warrior*’ (*Mrs Dalloway* 113: emphasis added). According to Bradshaw, ‘The “empty tomb” is the Portland stone Cenotaph [. . .] in Whitehall [. . .] erected in 1919−20 as the national memorial to the “Glorious Dead” of the First World War’ (Explanatory Notes to *Mrs Dalloway*, 175−76: note 43). David W. Lloyd says, ‘The memorials [the Cenotaph and the Unknown Warrior] drew upon and affirmed the high diction of heroic sacrifice. The Cenotaph referred to the dead as “The Glorious Dead.” Naming the body which was buried in Westminster Abbey the “Unknown *Warrior*” also invoked the heroic tradition’ (89: emphasis original). Lloyd continues, ‘While the Unknown Warrior particularly emphasized the tradition of heroic sacrifice, the Cenotaph symbolised all those who had died in the war. [. . .] Some people saw it as a memorial to anyone who had died, not just the war dead. Wreaths were left at the memorial to commemorate not only the war dead but also the dead children and relatives of ex-servicemen’ (90). It is well known that in *Imagined Communities* Benedict Anderson makes a reference to such monuments; ‘Yet void as these tombs [cenotaphs and tombs of Unknown Soldiers] are of identifiable mortal remains or immortal souls, they are nonetheless saturated with ghostly *national* imaginations’ (9: emphasis original).

20. It is not only Andrew that he expects, for Mr Ramsay says at the same time that 'James will have to write *his* dissertation one of these days' (*TL* 29: emphasis original).

21. Bradshaw says, 'Mr Ramsay is an exponent of philosophical idealism' (Explanatory Notes to *To the Lighthouse* 177–78: note 22). Whitworth writes that 'There are many philosophical questions about subjects and objects, but they tend to touch on two main themes' (115) and 'the question of how far an individual's personal, subjective knowledge of those objects is reliable; and, more searchingly, whether we have any grounds for saying that there are real objects "out there" in the world beyond our perceptions' (115–16).

22. Woolf describes Mrs Ramsay as a matchmaker in *To the Lighthouse*: 'Smiling, for it was an admirable idea, that had flashed upon her [Mrs Ramsay] this very second – William and Lily should marry – she took the heather mixture stocking, with its criss-cross of steel needles at the mouth of it, and measured it against James's leg' (*TL* 25); 'she [Lily] must, Minta must, they all must marry, since in the whole world whatever laurels might be tossed to her' (*TL* 43); 'she [Mrs Ramsay] was driven on, too quickly she knew, almost as if it were an escape for her too, to say that people must marry; people must have children' (*TL* 51); 'Ah, but was that not Lily Briscoe strolling along with William Bankes? She [Mrs Ramsay] focused her short-sighted eyes upon the backs of a retreating couple. Yes, indeed it was. Did that not mean that they would marry? Yes, it must! What an admirable

idea! They must marry!' (*TL* 59): 'Oh but nonsense, she [Mrs Ramsay] thought; William must marry Lily. They have so many things in common. Lily is so fond of flowers. They are both cold and aloof and rather self-sufficing. She must arrange for them to take a long walk together' (*TL* 85); 'Mockingly she [Lily] seemed to see her [Mrs Ramsay] there at the end of the corridor of years saying, of all incongruous things, "Marry, marry!" (sitting very upright early in the morning with the birds beginning to cheep in the garden outside)' (*TL* 143).

23. Lily says, 'For at any rate, she [Lily] said to herself, catching sight of the salt cellar on the pattern, she need not marry, thank Heaven: she need not undergo that degradation. She was saved from that dilution' (*TL* 83). Rachael Bowlby writes that 'If Mrs Ramsay endeavours to preserve the spectacle of the composure of feminine and masculine relationships, Lily Briscoe is placed outside this structure, fascinated by it but resisting incorporation into it' (73). McIntrire states that 'Only Lily Briscoe, focused on her painting rather than on men or domesticity, and unmarried at thirty-three, and still at forty-four at the novel's close, offers a glimpse of newer roles for women' (81).

24. In *To the Lighthouse* Lily's Chinese eyes are repeatedly mentioned: 'Lily's charm was her *Chinese* eyes, aslant in her white, puckered little face, but it would take a clever man to see it' (*TL* 24: emphasis added); 'But, she [Lily] thought, screwing up her *Chinese* eyes, and remembering how he [Tansley] sneered at women, "can't paint, can't write," why should I help him

to relieve himself?' (*TL* 74: emphasis added); 'She [Lily] faded, under Minta's glow; became more inconspicuous than ever, in her little grey dress with her little puckered face and her little *Chinese* eyes. Everything about her was so small' (*TL* 84−85: emphasis added); 'There was something (she [Lily] stood screwing up her little *Chinese* eyes in her small puckered face) something she remembered in the relations of those lines cutting across, slicing down, and in the mass of the hedge with its green cave of blues and browns, which had stayed in her mind' (*TL* 130: emphasis added). Urmila Seshagiri says, 'Woolf alludes to Lily's Chinese eyes whenever romantic possibilities arise. [. . .] While suggestions of Oriental identity impose a mandatory sexual exile on Lily, they also grant acuity to her reactions against social convention' ('*To the Lighthouse* and the Art of Race' 103−04). She continues, saying that 'The Chinese eyes work to critique as well as to exclude, and Orientalizing Lily's vision enables Woolf to write her out of Victorian patriarchal expectations' ('*To the Lighthouse* and the Art of Race' 104).

25. Elizabeth has Chinese eyes: 'Was it that some Mongol had been wrecked on the coast of Norfolk (as Mrs Hilbery said), had mixed with the Dalloway ladies, perhaps a hundred years ago?' (*Mrs Dalloway* 104); 'For the Dalloways, in general, were fair-haired; blue-eyed; Elizabeth, on the contrary, was dark; had *Chinese* eyes in a pale face; an Oriental mystery; was gentle, considerate, still' (*Mrs Dalloway* 104: emphasis added); 'It was expression she [Elizabeth] needed, but her eyes were fine, *Chinese*, Oriental, and, as her mother said, with such nice shoulders and holding herself so straight, she was

always charming to look at' (*Mrs Dalloway* 114: emphasis added). Abel states that 'Some features of Elizabeth recur in Lily Briscoe: the name, even, as the flowering of the bud; the Oriental eyes; the independence; and the self-definition through work rather than marriage' (43−44). Seshagiri says, 'Lily Briscoe, although white and English, has 'little Chinese eyes' [. . .] and Elizabeth Dalloway, similarly, is "an Oriental mystery"' ('Orienting Virginia Woolf: Race, Aesthetics, and Politics in *To the Lighthouse*' 303−04). Childs suggests that 'Woolf's concern about the hereditary nature of mental defects is so great and so deep-seated that it wells up in this passage – unconsciously displacing anxiety about her own tainted germ plasm' (51), continuing that 'not only onto Clarissa's concern about the inheritance of quite other characteristics, but also onto a word (*Mongol*) that can express both Clarissa's descriptive purpose and Woolf's personal eugenical anxiety' (51).

26. The Great War is written as 'European War' in *Mrs Dalloway*: 'something happened which threw out many of Mr Brewer's calculations, took away his ablest young fellows, and eventually, so prying and insidious were the fingers of the *European* War, smashed a plaster cast of Ceres, ploughed a hole in the geranium beds, and utterly ruined the cook's nerves at Mr Brewer's establishment at Muswell Hill' (*Mrs Dalloway* 73: emphasis added); 'The War had taught him [Septimus]. It was sublime. He had gone through the whole show, friendship, *European* War, death, had won promotion, was still under thirty and was bound to survive' (*Mrs Dalloway* 73: emphasis added). In *The Persistence of Modernism: Loss and Mourning in the Twentieth Century*, Madelyn Detloff says, 'he [Septimus] refuses to accept that British

civilization (with its ambulances, industries, and social niceties) is worth the death of his killed friend' (38).

Chapter 4

1. Hereafter, abbreviated as *W* in citation in this chapter.

2. See, for example, Whitworth 105−08. By the way, *Orlando* might be considered as a reminder of the Great War.

> The beautiful, glittering name fell out of the sky like a steel-blue feather. She [Orlando] watched it fall, turning and twisting like a slow-falling arrow that cleaves the deep air beautifully. He was coming, as he always came, in moments of dead calm; when the wave rippled and the spotted leaves fell slowly over her foot in the autumn woods; when the leopard was still; the moon was on the waters, and nothing moved between sky and sea. Then he came.
>
> All was still now. It was near midnight. The moon rose slowly over the weald. Its light raised a phantom castle upon earth. There stood the great house with all its windows robed in silver. Of wall or substance there was none. All was phantom. All was still. All was lit as for the coming of a dead Queen. Gazing below her, Orlando saw dark plumes tossing in the courtyard, and torches flickering and shadows kneeling. A Queen once more stepped from her chariot.
>
> 'The house is at your service, Ma'am,' she cried, curtseying deeply. 'Nothing has been changed. The dead Lord,

> my father, shall lead you in.'
>
> As she spoke, the first stroke of midnight sounded. The cold breeze of the present brushed her face with its little breath of fear. She looked anxiously into the sky. It was dark with clouds now. The wind roared in her ears. But in the roar of the wind she heard the roar of an aeroplane coming nearer and nearer.
>
> 'Here! Shel, here!' she cried, baring her breast to the moon (which now showed bright) so that her pearls glowed like the eggs of some vast moon-spider. The aeroplane rushed out of the clouds and stood over her head. It hovered above her. Her pearls burnt like a phosphorescent flare in the darkness. (*Orlando* 190)

Stuart N. Clark states that 'The negative aspects of the airplane may have become more fully part of Woolf's imaginative consciousness at the end of November 1928 when she wrote the manuscript draft of the posthumously published "Flying Over London"' (109−10). Clark continues, saying that 'This "essay," which could easily be allocated to Woolf's shorter fiction, is usually seen as one of her imaginative flights – for example, linked to the ending of *Orlando*, which is echoed in *Between the Acts*' (110).

3. Each monologue section of *The Waves* is preceded by italicised passages. These italicised passages can be largely divided into five parts: the movement of the sun; the waves; the garden of a house; the birds; the light on the house. A single day passes: '*The sun had not yet risen*' (*W* 3); '*The sun rose higher*'

(*W* 21); '*The sun rose*' (*W* 58); '*The sun, risen, no longer couched on a green mattress darting a fitful glance through watery jewels, bared its face and looked straight over the waves*' (*W* 88); '*The sun had risen to its full height*' (*W* 121); '*The sun no longer stood in the middle of the sky*' (*W* 136); '*The sun had now sunk lower in the sky*' (*W* 151); '*The sun was sinking*' (*W* 173); '*Now the sun had sunk*' (*W* 197). In *The Waves*, Woolf suggests that the life of a human being is like a single day.

4. Each monologue section of *The Waves* begins with the voices of mainly Bernard, or of some of the six characters: '"Now," said Bernard, "the time has come. The day has come. The cab is at the door. [. . .]"' (*W* 22); '"The complexity of things becomes more close," said Bernard, "here at college, where the stir and pressure of life are so extreme, where the excitement of mere living becomes daily more urgent. [. . .]"' (*W* 61); '"How fair, how strange," said Bernard, "glittering, many-pointed and many-domed London lies before me under mist. [. . .]"' (*W* 91); '"He [Percival] is dead," said Neville. "He fell. His horse tripped. He was thrown. The sails of the world have swung round and caught me on the head. All is over. The lights of the world have gone out. [. . .]"' (*W* 124); '"I have signed my name," said Louis, "already twenty times. I, and again I, and again I. Clear, firm, unequivocal, there it stands, my name. [. . .]"' (*W* 138); '"And time," said Bernard, "lets fall its drop. The drop that has formed on the roof of the soul falls. On the roof of my mind time, forming, lets fall its drop. Last week, as I stood shaving, the drop fell. [. . .]"' (*W* 153); '"Hampton Court," said Bernard. "Hampton Court. This is our meeting-place. Behold the red

chimneys, the square battlements of Hampton Court. The tone of my voice as I say 'Hampton Court' proves that I am middle-aged. [. . .]"' (*W* 175); '"Now to sum up," said Bernard. "Now to explain to you the meaning of my life. Since we do not know each other (though I met you once, I think, on board a ship going to Africa), we can talk freely. [. . .]"' (*W* 199).

5. Whitworth says, 'The wide vocabularies and regular grammar of the speakers at the opening of *The Waves* implies that they are adults, yet their unsophisticated, unconceptualized perceptions imply that they are infants' (97).

6. *The Waves* is not directly concerned with historical events that could reflect the time in which it takes place, but the reader can be certain that it begins in the Victorian period, because some of the six characters take the train in the early part of the novel. Jane Goldman says, 'when the railways first started running in the 1830s, first- and second-class coaches were enclosed [. . .], whereas third-class passengers travelled in open wagons; enclosed third-class carriages were introduced gradually in the years following' (Explanatory Notes 292: note 51:12). Moreover, there is some mention of popular authors of that era in the middle of the novel. Neville says, 'Once you [Bernard] were Tolstoy's young man; now you are Byron's young man; perhaps you will be Meredith's young man [. . .]' (*W* 70). 'Meredith's young man' probably alludes to George Meredith and his *Ordeal of Richard Feverel* or *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*. These two works were published in the latter half of the nineteenth century (Beer, Explanatory

Notes 252: note 70).

7. The final section of Woolf's eighth novel, *The Years*, which is titled 'Present Day,' also makes no clear mention of the date. It is presumed to take place sometime in the 1930s or around the time the novel was published. Levenback states that 'Present Day' takes place 'in 1927' (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 148), saying, 'In the context of the novel, this seems to me to be a reasonable assumption. The section "1921," the last of the "two enormous chunks" deleted in proof, suggests 1927 as reasonable in sequence, and in context' (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 148: note 50). However, Susan Squire says, '*The Years* moves from 1880 to 1937' (232). Jeri Johnson notes that 'we can date the chapter from Peggy's age: according to Eleanor, in 1911 Peggy is "sixteen or seventeen" [. . .], and in "Present Day" she is "thirty-seven, thirty-eight?" [. . .], which makes it sometime between 1931 and 1933' (351).

8. In the middle of the novel, Louis says,

> 'My roots go down through veins of lead and silver, through damp, marshy places that exhale odours, to a knot made of oak roots bound together in the centre. Sealed and blind, with earth stopping my ears, I have yet heard rumours of wars; and the nightingale; have felt the hurrying of many troops of men flocking hither and thither in quest of civilization like flocks of birds migrating seeking the summer; I have seen women carrying

> red pitchers to the banks of the Nile. I woke in a garden, with a blow on the nape of my neck, a hot kiss, Jinny's; remembering all this as one remembers confused cries and toppling pillars and shafts of red and black in some nocturnal conflagration. I am for ever sleeping and waking. Now I sleep; now I wake. I see the gleaming tea-urn; the glass cases full of pale-yellow sandwiches; the men in round coats perched on stools at the counter; and also behind them, eternity. It is a stigma burnt on my quivering flesh by a cowled man with a red-hot iron. I see this eating-shop against the packed and fluttering birds' wings, many feathered, folded, of the past. Hence my pursed lips, my sickly pallor; my distasteful and uninviting aspect as I turn my face with hatred and bitterness upon Bernard and Neville, who saunter under yew trees; who inherit armchairs; and draw their curtains close, so that lamplight falls on their books.' (*W* 77)

Throughout the novel, Louis is obsessed with Egypt. In this passage, he thinks about women on the Nile. Bradshaw claims that 'diffusionism' is an important context for Louis's obsession with ancient Egypt. He argues that the women carrying pitchers to the Nile in Louis's imagination can represent 'the fateful period of transition from the egalitarian archaic civilization to the patriarchal oppression of Dynastic Egypt that all the deffusionists highlighted' ('Beneath *The Waves*: Diffusionism and Cultural Pessimism' 331).

9. Percival appears in the second section when the six are at school. Unlike

the six, he is a silent character. All of his acts are narrated by them and never by him, but he is the central character in the novel, because he is always the centre of consciousness of the six as a perfect man in Britain, whom some admire, love or envy. As Goldman says, Percival contains something of Thoby Stephen (Explanatory Notes 266: note 26:29). Moreover, Goldman says, 'there is also a possibility that Percival might contain something of Rupert Brooke [. . .], or even J. K. Stephen [. . .]' (Explanatory Notes 266: note 26:29).

10. After graduating from the university, Percival becomes an ambassador and goes to India, where he dies. He is a representative soldier of the empire, so his death is generally thought of as signifying the end of British history in the traditional sense of Britain's being the power centre of the world. It can be considered that in undercutting Percival's heroism halfway through the novel, Woolf betrays British anxiety over the decline of the imperial and masculine world around the turn of the century. His absurd death, or his falling from a horse in India, is dishonourable, as Kathy J. Philips argues, saying that 'Percival's death in India seems less the catastrophe of an innocent young man and more the predictable death by violence of one who lives by violence' (179). Jane Marcus, in her essay 'Britannia Rules *The Waves*,' suggests that 'Bernard and his friends idolize Percival, the violent last of the British imperialists, as his (imagined) life and death in India become the story of their generation' (82); 'Percival embodies their history, and Bernard, the man of letters, ensures by his elegies to Percival that this tale, the romance of the dead brother/lover in India, is

inscribed as *the* story of modern Britain' (82: emphasis original). Patrick McGee says, 'in *The Waves* she [Woolf] struggles toward a critique of the European cultural system that she knew and that her family had participated in making. [. . .] As Bernard realizes after the death of Percival, the mechanisms of imperialist culture have a life of their own' (395); 'In effect, Bernard says that his identity as a hegemonized subject of imperialism has died with the death of Percival' (396).

11. Exceptionally, in *Virginia Woolf*, Hermione Lee says, 'In *The Waves* [. . .] there is no war in the narrative, but image of war fill the book' (342). She continues, saying that 'An impersonal force which pushes people to their deaths is in control. The machinery of modern life – like the escalator in the Tube station – imitates the force of war' (342).

12. Bazin and Lauter say that 'Again in her next novel, *The Waves*, Woolf mourns irrevocable losses. The death of Percival, a representative of imperialism, symbolizes the death of unselfconscious normality and an unexamined sense of oneness' (22) and 'In *The Waves*, Woolf subtly links the patriarchal ideal, as embodied by Percival, with imperialism. Percival is the ideal athlete and soldier' (31). See also Whitworth, 157−67.

13. In her book *Virginia Woolf and the Great War*, Levenback only mentions that 'In early version of *The Waves*, it maybe implied that Percival dies in the war, as Rhoda "proclaims" civilian immunity' (*Virginia Woolf and the Great War* 98: note 28).

14. In her essay '"This Hideous Shaping and Moulding": War and *The Waves*,' Lee employs Elaine Scarry's *The Body in Pain: Making and Unmaking the World* as a framework for understanding political problems of the novel. Lee says, 'Scarry allows us to consider the assumption, which she shares with Woolf and which [. . .] is central to *The Waves*, that all aesthetic activity inherently has an ethical content because it originates in bodily, sentient experience' (181); '*The Waves* dramatizes a process of making in which questions of aesthetics and ethics are inseparable, and it shows the tension between them to be essential to invention itself' (199–200).

15. Berman states the following:

> What has not been adequately discussed is the extent to which in *The Waves* Woolf's aesthetic is bound up with the emergence of British fascism in the period of crisis from 1929 to 1932. For this is fascism's gathering stage in Britain, the period in which the populist appeal of the proto-fascist movement is often indistinguishable from that of left-leaning political groups [. . .]. In fact, in this period of rising unemployment, economic crisis, and dearth of leadership on both the right and the left, there were many British intellectuals whose quest for community brought them to the brink of fascism. Yet, even as *The Waves* espressos an oceanic feeling, desire for wholeness, and pressure for international community like that which pervades the proto-fascist rhetoric of Mosley's New Party, and as well as

> much twentieth-century neo-conservative and fascist literature, *The Waves* specifically confronts the limitations of this political and literary discourse. (106)

16. The person Bernard calls 'you' is someone he first met long ago on board a ship on a journey that takes place outside the narrative: 'I met you once, I think, on board a ship going to Africa' (*W* 199). Beer says that 'The listener is also the reader who at last resolves and orders the group's lives through time, sharing them anew, recognizing stark individualities as well as the overlap of identity' (Introduction xxv).

17. Susan Rubinow Gorsky says, 'what is identity? how can the individual distinguish himself from his world and from other people? [. . .] In *The Waves* these questions are explored with an intensity and detail rarely achieved even in Mrs. Woolf's other writing' (220). Linden Peach writes that '*The Waves* prioritises the anxiety over identity, and specifically within masculinity, that developed in the wake of the projected demise of the empire, particularly of the British empire in India' (137).

18. The wind is probably what Rodah finally feels in her life at the attempt to suicide. Bernard says, 'she [Rodah] had killed herself' (*W* 234). As Beer notes, 'we never know when. The event seems outside narrative sequence' (Explanatory Notes 259: note 234). Annette Oxindine states that 'Rhoda remains invisible, as she is unable to conjure a self that will conform to patriarchal standards. Rhoda's world, her face, her body, even her language,

are still inchoate – as is a way of writing the truth about a woman's experiences as a body' (219).

19. In *Mrs Dalloway* Woolf repeatedly refers to Septimus's mental suffering: 'As he [Septimus] opened the door of the room where the Italian girls sat making hats, he could see them; could hear them [. . .] but something failed him; he could not feel' (*Mrs Dalloway* 74); '"Beautiful!" she [Lucrezia] would murmur, nudging Septimus, that he might see. But beauty was behind a pane of glass. Even taste (Rezia liked ices, chocolates, sweet things) had no relish to him. [. . .] he could not taste, he could not feel' (*Mrs Dalloway* 74−75); 'In the tea-shop among the tables and the chattering waiters the appalling fear came over him [Septimus] – he could not feel' (*Mrs Dalloway* 75); 'He [Septimus] could reason; he could read, Dante for example, quite easily [. . .], he could add up his bill; his brain was perfect; it must be the fault of the world then – that he could not feel' (*Mrs Dalloway* 75); '*She* [Lucrezia] could not grow old and have no children! She was very lonely, she was very unhappy! She cried for the first time since they were married. [. . .] But he felt nothing' (*Mrs Dalloway* 76−77: emphasis original); 'His [Septimus] wife was crying, and he felt nothing; only each time she sobbed in this profound, this silent, this hopeless way, he descended another step into the pit' (*Mrs Dalloway* 77); Nothing could rouse him [Septimus]. Rezia put him to bed. She sent for a doctor – Mrs Filmer's Dr Holmes' (*Mrs Dalloway* 77).

20. In *The Cambridge History of the First World War*, Winter states the

following:

> A Cambridge-educated physician, psychologist, and anthropologist, C. S. Myers, was the first to draw attention to a new category of battlefield injury. He did so in an article in the premier British medical journal, *The Lancet*. [. . .] The article had the virtue of presenting the story of three injured men in their own words. They were all disabled, though not physically injured, by artillery fire. The first man was a private, aged 20, injured on 31 October 1914. He told Myers that as he was struggling to disentangle himself from barbed wire, shells burst behind and in front of him, damaging his vision. It hurt to open his eyes, he said, 'and they "burned" when closed.' Crying and shivering, he was brought to hospital, where he told physicians he had lost his sense of taste and smell too; his hearing was unaffected. Myers tried hypnosis and suggestion, with a slight restoration of sense reactions, both there and in London, where he regained some, though not all, of his vision. ('Shell Shock' 315).

He goes on to state the following:

> 'Comment on these cases appears superfluous,' Myers concluded. 'They seem to constitute a definite class among others arising from the effects of shell-shock.' Hearing was

> unaffected, but the other senses and memory were altered by the explosions these men had endured. 'The close relation of those cases to those of "hysteria,"' Myers laconically remarked in closing, 'appears certain.'
>
> Comment was anything but superfluous thereafter. It appeared that some kind of commotion had disordered the memory and senses of these three men, but none of them had a physical wound or other injury. Their own accounts suggest that the terrifying nature of their experiences at the front produced conversion symptoms: that is, physical disabilities the origins of which were primarily emotional in character. That was what 'hysteria' signified at the time: a physical expression of an emotional state. Furthermore, there was little indication in these three cases that these men were dissimulating; their physical distress was real enough. And there was no indication that they had suffered from mental illness of any kind before the war. In sum, the extreme conditions of the war on Western Front, even in its early months, could and did produce a new kind of injury which Myers termed 'shell shock.' Thus the term was born. ('Shell Shock' 316)

21. It is generally considered that the two resemble each other in a certain way. Septimus loves Evans, while Clarissa loves Sally but more obviously denies her feelings, so the death of Septimus is, for Clarissa, the death of herself, and thus Clarissa even identifies with him in the novel. Jensen says,

‘a dead stake is not much different from a dead stiff in the morgue, justifying in graphic terms Clarissa’s sense that she was “somehow very like him – that young man who had killed himself”’ (177); ‘It is thus appropriate that, from Clarissa’s point of view, Septimus impales himself on “rusty spikes” [. . .]; that image calls up Clarissa’s image of the stake, both phallic and both suggesting respectability in a culture defined by male prerogative’ (177). Jensen says, ‘to attempt survival outside the heterosexual norms of that culture is to die at the stake, classic punishment for social deviants’ (177). Oxindine observes that ‘Woolf is direct about Neville’s homosexuality and his love for Percival in *The Waves*; for male homosexuality, at least as Woolf witnessed it in her circle of friends, cemented rather than weakened patriarchy’ (218); ‘Furthermore, Woolf’s depiction of same-sex desire between men often serves to reinforce more subtle evocations of same-sex desire between women, as Septmus Smith’s homosexuality in *Mrs. Dalloway* underscores the more oblique lesbianism of Clarissa Dalloway (218). Winter states the following:

> The motif of the mad soldier and his visions came into the cinema right at the end of the Great War. [. . .] The same naturalisation of shell shock occurred in fiction. Rebecca West’s *Return of the Soldier* was one of the first to address the problem of amnesia. The story is told from the viewpoint of Jenny, the cousin of an officer, Chris Baldry, who has lost his memory on active service. He has no knowledge whatsoever of his marriage, and on his return from the front he is full of his love for Margaret, a woman

> he had known fifteen years before. To restore him to the present, a psychoanalyst suggests that his wife confront him with the clothes and toys of their dead son. That brings him back to his senses, but that recovery means he can return to the war. No such luck befell Virginia Woolf's character Septimus Smith in her 1924 novel *Mrs Dalloway*. He imagines he is pursued by a soldier who died under his command, and to avoid being taken to hospital he jumps out of a window to his death. ('Shell Shock' 326–27)

22. Wilfred Owen wrote 'Strange Meeting' in 1918.

> Strange Meeting
>
> It seemed that out of battle I escaped
> Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped
> Through granites which titanic wars had groined.
>
> Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,
> Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
> Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared
> With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
> Lifting distressful hands, as if to bless.
> And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall, –
> By his dead smile I knew we stood in Hell.

With a thousand pains that vision's face was grained;
Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.
'Strange friend,' I said, 'here is no cause to mourn.'
'None,' said that other, 'save the undone years,
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,
Was my life also; I went hunting wild
After the wildest beauty in the world,
Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,
But mocks the steady running of the hour,
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.
For by my glee might many men have laughed,
And of my weeping something had been left,
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,
The pity of war, the pity war distilled.
Now men will go content with what we spoiled.
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress.
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.
Courage was mine, and I had mystery,
Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery:
To miss the march of this retreating world
Into vain citadels that are not walled.
Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels,

I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,
Even with truths that lie too deep for taint.
I would have poured my spirit without stint
But not through wounds; not on the cess of war.
Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.

'I am the enemy you killed, my friend.
I knew you in this dark: for so you frowned
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.
I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.
Let us sleep now. . . .' (Owen 148–49)

23. Sarah Cole goes on to state the following:

> Perhaps more than any other of Owen's poems, 'Strange Meeting' connects a particular image of male intimacy with the moral authority to speak. The dead German expresses a conscience not just for England, but for the whole of western militaristic culture, as Owen's language, with its jarring pararhymes, its epic imagery, and its simultaneous pathos and anger, seas through the platitudes of popular rhetoric about war ad nations. 'Strange Meeting' accomplishes a primary goal of much war writing, developing a language for the intimacy of war that relies neither on celebrating impersonal comradeship nor on mourning the endless loss of individual friends. Of course, 'Strange Meeting'

> is remarkable for its liminality, its dreamscape atmosphere and status on the threshold between Fantasy and lived reality. In other texts, Owen attempts to find a friendship language within a more recognizably real setting and context. (*Modernism, Male Friendship, and the First World War* 163)

24. Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* is one of them. Eksteins says, 'Remarque's spectacular success brought on a flood of war books and other material dealing with the war and ushered in what came to be known as the "war boom" of 1929−1930. War novels and war memoirs suddenly dominated the lists of publishers' (277). He continues, saying that 'The sudden public interest in the war meant that moldy manuscripts, previously rejected by wary publishers who thought that the war would not sell, were now rushed into print' (277). See also Hynes 424−25.

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