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The Spherical Vision

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On reading over now what I wrote about this novel (in 1942,) I find that I paid a great deal of attention to the technical devices employed but did not sufficiently explain what those devices were employed for. I am convinced now that Mrs. Dalloway, like so much of Mrs. Woolf's work, is essentially about the unresolvable paradox involved in the individual's need to retain his individuality while at the same time needing some real communion with others. The theme of Septimus Warren Smith, the mentally deranged young man whose derangement consists in his inability to be aware of the reality of other people and who is bullied into a semblance of communion with others—a mechanical outward conformity—by the two doctors, is basic to the story. It is only when Sir William Bradshaw, the doctor whose stultifying insistence on outward conformity to upper-class social habit has already (we are told quite clearly) destroyed his wife before it goes on to destroy Warren Smith—it is only when he appears at Mrs. Dalloway's party, tells his story, and arouses Mrs. Dalloway's deep revulsion and a sense in her of an identity with Warren Smith, that the strands of the novel at last begin to come together. For Mrs. Dalloway too is obsessed by the need for true communion and is dissatisfied with its simulacrum. She had rejected an offer of marriage from Peter Walsh because his dominant personality would have left no room for the exercise of her own, and married Dalloway because he left her more freedom as a person; yet that freedom is a kind of isolation, and she is haunted continually by thoughts and images that suggest that she has been left alone—in a narrow grave, in a lonely tower, behind a wall.

The novel begins and ends with Mrs. Dalloway's party. Why a party? Because parties bring people together. But they also emphasize the fact that people brought together on a purely social occasion may not be able to achieve real communion at all. Mrs. Dalloway looks out of her window to see the old lady opposite making ready to go upstairs to bed—"climb up the narrow winding stair to bed," in Yeats's image of life's progress towards death—and feels both divided from and united with her. (Windows, the invisible walls which divide us from each other, are also effectively used in this way in *To the Lighthouse*.) Meanwhile, the party is going on. At the very end of the book, Peter Walsh, whose coming to the party (from India) brings Mrs. Dalloway's past, as well as his own, concretely into the present moment, is redeemed from his intent preoccupation with his own memories and reactions by a vivid, exciting awareness that Mrs. Dalloway is there, in all her individuality, in all her otherness:

It is Clarissa, he said.
 For there she was.

That is how the novel ends, not only in an assertion of the moment in the midst of flux—and in my original discussion I perhaps sufficiently stressed the dialectical opposition between the flux of time and the moment in Mrs. Woolf's work—but in an assertion of individuality in the midst of society. Earlier in the novel Mrs. Dalloway had speculated on what happens to what is not ourselves when we ourselves die. Does the outside world depend for its reality on our awareness of it? That would put an intolerable burden on selfhood. Better to imagine that death solves the problem of identity and communion by making us all truly members of one another:

Did it matter then, she asked herself, walking towards Bond Street did it matter that she must inevitably cease completely; all this must go on without her; did she resent it; or did it not become consoling to believe that death ended absolutely? but

that somehow in the streets of London, on the ebb and flow of things, here, there she survived, Peter survived, lived in each other, she being part, she was positive, of the trees at home; of the house there, ugly, rambling all to bits and pieces as it was; part of people she had never met; being laid out like a mist between the people she knew best, who lifted her on their branches as she had seen the trees lift the mist, but it spread ever so far, her life, herself.

And at that moment she sees in a bookseller's window a copy of Shakespeare open at

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
 Nor the furious winter's rages.

This introduces the theme of the lonely grave, repeated in so many different ways throughout the novel; death may not be the ultimate in communion but rather the ultimate in loneliness. Both possibilities haunt Mrs. Dalloway's mind and are related, in the emotional rhythm of the novel, to the main theme of the relation between individuality and communion and between the moment and the flux of time.—DAVID DAICHES, "Preface to Second Edition," *Virginia Woolf*, 1963, pp. xiii-xvi

NANCY TOPPING BAZIN

"The Spherical Vision"

Virginia Woolf and the Androgynous Vision

1973, pp. 21-46

Virginia Woolf's experiences as a manic-depressive influenced her vision of reality and, in turn, her aesthetics. Manic-depression is a "cyclic" illness—cyclic in the sense that the manic-depressive moves alternately between two extreme psychological states. Hence, he experiences reality in terms of two opposite perspectives. Psychotic depression involves what Jung describes as the experience of the "shadow." That is, looking into the unconscious, the individual sees his own reflection. He takes a risk in looking, for as Jung says, "The mirror does not flatter, it faithfully shows whatever looks into it; namely, the face we never show to the world because we cover it with the *persona*, the mask of the actor." This confrontation with one's own "helplessness and ineffectuality" opens the door to experiencing what I refer to as the void—what Jung describes as "a boundless expanse full of unprecedented uncertainty, with apparently no inside and no outside, no above and no below, no here and no there, no mine and no thine, no good and no bad." Hence, it is an experience not only of nothingness but also of formlessness.¹ Thus, in depression the manic-depressive sees life as transitory, meaningless, and formless. In mania, on the contrary, he sees life as eternal, significant, and whole. Virginia Woolf embodied in her vision of reality the paradox inherent in her experiences as a manic-depressive; she concluded that life is both transitory (ever changing) and whole (never changing).

In "Phases of Fiction" (1929) she suggested that for a writer's vision to be "spherical," meaning "comprehensive," it must be "double." The novelist must see the evanescent details, which exist in time, and intuit the invisible underlying whole, which is timeless. For instance, he must see "two faces to every situation; one full in the light so that it can be described as accurately and examined as minutely as possible; the other half in shadow so that it can be described only in a moment of faith and vision by the use of metaphor."² In "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown" (1924) she implied that Arnold

Bennett was guilty of seeing only the light half. He was excessively concerned with describing and analyzing transitory details; therefore, in his novels that which is eternal, namely, "the spirit we live by, life itself" escapes (CE I, 337). "Life itself" can be seized, she felt, only in a "moment of vision." In an instantaneous revelation one sees through the transitory to the eternal.

In an essay entitled "Reading," Virginia Woolf clarified what happens in a moment of vision: "As with a rod of light, order has been imposed upon tumult; form upon chaos. . . . Through the tremor and vibration of daily custom one discerns bone and form, endurance and permanence. Sorrow will have the power to effect this sudden arrest of the fluidity of life, and joy will have the same power. Or it may come without apparent cause, imperceptibly, much as some bud feels a sudden release in the night and is found in the morning with all its petals shaken free" (CE II, 25). She was conscious of the fact that both Joseph Conrad and Thomas Hardy used the phrase "moment of vision" (CE I, 305, 258).

Except perhaps for *Night and Day*, she seems to have conceived of each of her novels as such a moment, a little "globe" of life³ which holds in equilibrium life's two opposite qualities—the "shifting" and the "solid" (AWD, p. 141). In 1928 she wrote, "I mean to eliminate all waste, deadness, superfluity: to give the moment whole; whatever it includes. Say that the moment is a combination of thought; sensation; the voice of the sea. Waste, deadness, come from the inclusion of things that don't belong to the moment; this appalling narrative business of the realist: getting on from lunch to dinner: it is false, unreal, merely conventional" (AWD, p. 139).

She associated the masculine with the shifting, the feminine with the solid. For example, as we have seen in *To the Lighthouse*, Mr. Ramsay fixes his attention upon the "shifting," rejecting any human knowledge of timeless absolutes. Mrs. Ramsay, however, prefers to explore the timeless realm of the unconscious, rejecting her existence in time as "simply childish." In the unconscious state "there was freedom, there was peace, there was, most welcome of all, a summoning together, a resting on a platform of stability."⁴ Seen comprehensively, life contains both the ever changing masculine and the never changing feminine. If the novelist's vision is "spherical," he perceives and balances these two aspects of reality. As in Lily Briscoe's painting, the masculine and the feminine should be balanced but not fused, for truth requires that the paradoxical nature of life be preserved.

In her novels Virginia Woolf sought to convey what it feels like to live. In order to accomplish this, she wanted to stay as "close to the quick of the mind" as possible. She wanted to retain the ambiguities, paradoxes, and complexities of one's innermost thoughts and feelings and to communicate honestly and exactly "the things people don't say" because they don't want to admit what they feel.⁵ Theoretically, she believed she had to describe as accurately as possible what goes on in a character's mind before the thoughts and feelings have been transformed into assumptions and generalizations. She thought she was more likely to seize the "quick of the mind" in this way than if she were less interested in precise detail.

Ironically, the never changing essence must preserve the ever changing character of the mind. Otherwise, she would fail to communicate life; for, as she said in her essay on Montaigne, "Movement and change are the essence of our being; rigidity is death; conformity is death." Pleading for accuracy and honesty, she added, "let us say what comes into our heads, repeat ourselves, contradict ourselves, fling out the

wildest nonsense, and follow the most fantastic fancies without caring what the world does or thinks or says."

However, in the sentence which concludes this passage, she recalled the necessity for equilibrium and suggested how difficult the task of finding it would be: "For nothing matters except life; and, of course, order" (CE III, 22). In "The Russian Point of View," she described the inner life as "formless. . . . It is confused, diffuse, tumultuous, incapable, it seems, of submitting to the control of logic" (CE I, 242). To put it into a work of art meant that she had to suggest formlessness within form.

One of the ways by which Virginia Woolf wanted to give form to her novels was to make them "poetic." In her essays and diary, she implied that the poetic novelist first apprehends his material, then detaches himself from it in order to sift out, capitalize on, and give form to what is essential. In order to intensify and formalize he must eliminate all "superfluity" (AWD, p. 139). In "Life and the Novelist" (1926) she claimed: "The writer's task is to take one thing and make it stand for twenty" (CE II, 135). In other words, his material takes on a symbolic value.

Although the poetic novel is not written in verse, it is similar in many ways to the novel-poem as she describes it in "Aurora Leigh":

As we rush through page after page of narrative in which a dozen scenes that the novelist would smooth out separately are pressed into one, in which pages of deliberate description are fused into a single line, we cannot help feeling that the poet has outpaced the prose writer. Her page is packed twice as full as his. Characters, too, if they are not shown in conflict but snipped off and summed up with something of the exaggeration of a caricaturist, have a heightened and symbolical significance which prose with its gradual approach cannot rival. (CE I, 217-218)

As she had already noted in 1923 after reading Joseph Conrad, a novelist by the use of a few well-chosen details can "light up a whole character in a flash" (CE I, 312). In particular, the minor characters in her novels are often "summed up" in this manner. For instance, in *Mrs. Dalloway* the admirable Lady Bexborough "opened a bazaar, they said, with the telegram in her hand, John, her favorite, killed."⁶ However, all of Virginia Woolf's characters are to some extent symbolical. One may say of her what she said of George Meredith: "He is among the poets who identify the character with the passion or with the idea; who symbolize and make abstract" (CE I, 229). To see how this statement applies to Virginia Woolf, one need only think of Helen Ambrose (fate), Mrs. Dalloway (the "life instinct"), Septimus Smith (the "death instinct"),⁷ or Mrs. Manresa (the sensual woman).

Virginia Woolf wanted her characters to be convincing simultaneously as individuals and symbols.⁸ Mrs. Ramsay, for example, is a particular mother, wife, and hostess and, at the same time, the essence and symbol of femininity. Virginia Woolf visualized how the novelist moves from the particulars to the essence in a description of Marcel Proust's use of detail in relation to character. She was speaking of a scene in a theater in which Proust's emphasis is upon "a young man's emotions for a lady in the box below":

With an abundance of images and comparisons we are made to appreciate the forms, the colours, the very fibre and texture of the plush seats and the ladies' dresses and the dullness or glow, sparkle or colour, of the light. At the same time that our senses drink in all this our minds are tunnelling logically

and intellectually into the obscurity of the young man's emotions, which as they ramify and modulate and stretch further and further, at last penetrate too far, peter out into such a shred of meaning that we can scarcely follow any more, were it not that suddenly in flash after flash, metaphor after metaphor, the eye lights up that cave of darkness and we are shown the hard tangible material shapes of bodiless thoughts hanging like bats in the primeval darkness where light has never visited them before.⁹

Proust begins with visual details of objects seen by his characters (realism), yet simultaneously passes on to a metaphorical use of such details in order to express the inexpressible (realism transformed by the imagination), and arrives finally at a level of abstract or nonrepresentational art where realistic detail has been replaced by pure form and color. His "hard tangible material shapes of bodiless thoughts" remind us of Mrs. Ramsay in *To the Lighthouse*, who would shrink to being herself, "a wedge-shaped core of darkness, something invisible to others" (p. 99). Of course, as Virginia Woolf created her characters she moved back and forth between the world of details (the masculine vision of the evanescent) and the world of abstractions (the feminine vision of the eternal). Otherwise, a balance between the two would have been unobtainable.

However, Virginia Woolf claimed that the essence—the aspect of reality which is eternal—is more "real" or "true" than the particular (CE II, 105). Therefore, she tried to develop techniques which would permit her to capture it. Although she knew it was dangerous to move too far towards poetic abstraction (CE II, 82), she began, nevertheless, to move in that direction in *Jacob's Room*. When as a result she was accused of creating characters that do not "survive," she commented in her diary: "I insubstantise, wilfully to some extent, distrusting [the representational or descriptive] reality—its cheapness. But . . . Have I the power of conveying the true reality?" (p. 57). To convey not just a glimpse but the whole of the true reality—the one, she must present and reconcile in her novels all the opposing forces which operate within her innermost being.

In 1923 she discovered another way of making her characters more "abstract" and "symbolic." She adopted and, of course, modified to suit her own purposes Conrad's technique of representing in different characters the selves of which a total self might be composed (AWD, pp. 60–61). For instance, just as Lord Jim is Marlowe's shadow-self, in Mrs. Dalloway (1925), Septimus Smith is Clarissa's shadow-self. In "Mr. Conrad: A Conversation," Virginia Woolf wrote: "it is when [novelists] bring these selves into relation—when they simplify, when they reconcile their opposites—that they bring off . . . those complete books which for that reason we call their masterpieces" (CE I, 310). Like Clarissa and Septimus, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay may be viewed as opposing forces or "selves" which Virginia Woolf brought "into relation" in her novel. Moreover, while the six characters in *The Waves* are clearly individualized, they may also be viewed as aspects of a whole. Virginia Woolf saw them as elements in a complex pattern of interrelationships.

In creating the six characters in *The Waves* (1931), she eliminated all details that were irrelevant to their thoughts, feelings, and visual sensations. Moreover, except in the brief interludes between the nine sections of the book, the reader remains inside the minds of the characters. Through this approach to characterization, Virginia Woolf keeps the reader in constant contact with "life"—life in the sense of what it feels like to live. The characters speak only in the condensed,

symbolic, rhythmic prose suitable, in Virginia Woolf's terms, to an intensely poetic novel. Significantly, Virginia Woolf referred to *The Waves* as an "abstract mystical eyeless book" (AWD, p. 137). As such, of all her novels, it is the least "representational."

In 1925, while writing *To the Lighthouse*, Virginia Woolf indicated that she thought of prose and poetry as opposite poles. She believed she had discovered a new theory "about perspective. . . . [It has] to do with prose and poetry, in novels; For instance Defoe at one end; E. Brontë at the other. Reality something they put at different distances. One would have to go into conventions; real life; and so on" (AWD, p. 83). A few years later, in "Phases of Fiction," she claimed that both Defoe and Emily Brontë were completely consistent in their perspectives. In Defoe's novels "God, man, nature are all real, and they are all real with the same kind of reality." In Emily Brontë's novels "the whole mood and temper" is poetic (CE II, 59, 96). Defoe conveyed what is eternal by describing what "happens actually before our eyes"; in his novels "emphasis is laid upon the very facts that most reassure us of stability in real life, upon money, furniture, food, until we seem wedged among solid objects in a solid universe" (CE II, 57, 58). Emily Brontë conveyed the eternal by freeing "life from its dependence on facts; with a few touches [she indicated] the spirit of a face so that it needs no body" (CE I, 190). Virginia Woolf equated Defoe's perspective with a representational (predominantly masculine) approach to reality, Emily Brontë's with a nonrepresentational (predominantly feminine) approach.

Night and Day is Virginia Woolf's most representational novel. In her first novel, *The Voyage Out*, and to a greater degree in the novels written between 1919 and 1931 she moved towards and, in *The Waves*, even beyond the pole of poetic abstraction symbolized by Emily Brontë. However, Virginia Woolf moved back towards Defoe's approach to reality in her last two novels.

The rise of Hitler and the growing threat of another world war during the late 1930's made her painfully aware of what was going on in the "outer" world and the influence these developments were bound to have on her "inner" world (CE II, 232). Thus, in *The Years* (1937) and *Between the Acts* (1941) she tried new ways of combining the two perspectives—the outer or representational and the inner or nonrepresentational. While writing *The Years* she commented, "I can take liberties with the representational form which I could not dare when I wrote *Night and Day*—a book that taught me much, bad though it may be" (AWD, p. 193). And in *Between the Acts* she united a more descriptive approach to character with a more complex concept of abstract structure than she had used in her stream-of-consciousness novels—Mrs. Dalloway, *To the Lighthouse*, and *The Waves*. She tried to bring the "shifting" and the "solid" into equilibrium in a new way.

Virginia Woolf thought of structure as "something lasting that we can know, something solid" (CE II, 124). The importance which she gave to the essential or "true" reality and to the abstract structure which expresses it may be explained, I believe, by her mystical experiences. These experiences were probably related to the moments of revelation that occur during mania. Moreover, like the manic experience of oneness, her glimpses of the eternal apparently helped to check the total despair which she frequently felt. For instance, she suggested in her diary that her consciousness of the void was frequently followed by her perception of the abstract whole (p. 132). On one occasion she described the experience of the whole as "a great and astonishing sense of something there,

which is 'it'. . . the thing is in itself enough: satisfactory; achieved. . . I do fairly frequently come upon this 'it'; and then feel quite at rest" (p. 86).

This aspect of reality has something in common with form. As she explained in *A Room of One's Own*,

It lights up a group in a room and stamps some casual saying. It overwhelms one walking home beneath the stars and makes the silent world more real than the world of speech—and then there it is again in an omnibus in the uproar of Piccadilly. Sometimes, too, it seems to dwell in shapes too far away for us to discern what their nature is. But whatever it touches, it fixes and makes permanent (Italics mine).¹⁰

The structure of a novel—what Virginia Woolf referred to as "design"—also "fixes and makes permanent." According to Simon Lesser in *Fiction and the Unconscious*, form presents "everything in a way which emphasizes its wholeness and intactness. By lavishing love and care upon the material, it seeks to protect from death itself both the material and the object it commemorates."¹¹ This concept helps to explain why Virginia Woolf regarded "design" as the "solid," "permanent" aspect of the work of art.

She spoke, for instance, of Henry James's novels as "products of 'an inexhaustible sensibility', all with the final seal upon them of artistic form, which, as it imposes its stamp, sets apart the object thus consecrated and makes it no longer part of ourselves" (CE I, 285). This suggests that Virginia Woolf saw the use of "design" as a way to seize "life itself" and make it permanent. Moreover, she saw in her books her chance for immortality. Leonard Woolf groups her among those writers who "regard the fate of their books as if it were the fate of themselves . . . they seem to see in the book shops and libraries an unending struggle between mortality and immortality." She did not believe in life after death but, as he says, she "did believe in her life after death in *The Waves*, and not merely in the life of *The Waves* after her death."¹²

Yet to give the reader the impression that he has seen the timeless "pattern" which lies beneath the flux, she had to discover how to make him perceive the whole of her design instantaneously. The way in which she resolved this problem reflects the fact that she was visually oriented.

In *Old Friends* Clive Bell said of Virginia Woolf: "In the strictest sense of the word she is a seer." Moreover, he said that she "had a genuine and highly personal liking for pictures" and that "she occasionally made drawings, which are said to show considerable talent." He added, "Her sense of visual values revealed itself most clearly, and characteristically, in a feeling for textures and the relations of textures. She would pick up a feather in the fields and set it in an appropriate wine-glass against a piece of stuff carelessly pinned to the wall, with the taste and 'rightness' of a Klee, if not a Picasso."¹³

This "sense of visual values" reflected the talents and interests of the Stephen family. For instance, Virginia Woolf's father

would twist a sheet of paper beneath a pair of scissors and out would drop an elephant, a stag, or a monkey with trunks, horns, and tails delicately and exactly formed. Or, taking a pencil, he would draw beast after beast—an art that he practised almost unconsciously as he read, so that the fly-leaves of his books swarm with owls and donkeys as if to illustrate the 'Oh, you ass!' or 'Conceited dunce, that he was wont to scribble impatiently in the margin.' (CE IV, 77).

Moreover, since Mrs. Stephen was the prototype for Mrs. Ramsay, it seems probable that, like Mrs. Ramsay, Virginia

Woolf's mother was sensitive to visual detail. Also, as a girl, she had been "courted and admired by eminent artists, and chosen by Burne-Jones as the model for his painting of the Annunciation."¹⁴ Whereas she obviously felt at ease in the company of artists, Leslie Stephen once wrote, "I have always been shy with artistic people, who inhabit a world very unfamiliar to me." In the Stephen home, painters as well as writers visited her on Sunday afternoons.¹⁵ Also, Virginia Woolf's sister, Vanessa Bell, became a professional painter. In 1930 when she exhibited her work under the auspices of the London Artists' Association, Virginia Woolf wrote, "Berthe Morisot, Marie Laurencin, Vanessa Bell—such is the stereotyped phrase."¹⁶ As we shall see, Virginia Woolf's interest in painting was also stimulated by Roger Fry and Clive Bell, the former a close friend, the latter her brother-in-law. As one might expect, her visual sensitivity and the artistic talent and interests of family and friends encouraged her to compare the art of writing to the art of painting. She wrote in "Walter Sickert" (1934): "Painting and writing have much to tell each other: they have much in common" (CE II, 241).

Virginia Woolf had a painter's eye for shape and design, and she found this useful while writing her novels. Her sensitivity to abstract shapes is evident, for instance, in the way she presented many of the scenes in her books. In *The Voyage Out* the native women in the Amazon jungle are seen "squatting on the ground in triangular shapes" (p. 348). In *Night and Day* when Mary Datchet's brother is feeding chickens, we see him as "a tall figure in gaiters, rising from a fluttering circle of soft feathery bodies, upon whom the light fell in wavering discs. . . . Mary dipped her hand in the bucket he carried, and was at once the centre of a circle also" (p. 196). More important, however, is the way in which Virginia Woolf used this sensitivity to provide a structure for her novels.

To one degree or another, she visualized all of her novels in terms of shape much as if the novel were a painting. In speaking of her first novel, she said that "the whole was to have a sort of pattern."¹⁷ As she discovered techniques which enabled her to rely less and less upon story and, hence, upon a chronological time sequence, she developed what Joseph Frank calls "spatial form." Spatial form transforms the novel itself into an image. That is, in Frank's words, it unites "disparate ideas and emotions into a complex presented spatially in an instant of time."¹⁸

As Virginia Woolf said in her introduction to the Modern Library edition of *Mrs. Dalloway*, the reader's interest should be in "the effect of the book as a whole on his mind."¹⁹ He must, while reading, build up what she called elsewhere "the architecture of the whole" (CE IV, 4). When he finishes the book, he should suddenly see the whole and simultaneously feel the impact of the book in its entirety.

In other words, the reader should experience in a moment of vision what Ezra Pound described in "A Few Don'ts" (1913) as "that sense of sudden liberation; that sense of sudden growth, which we experience in the presence of the greatest works of art." The reader experiences this sense of liberation in part because he is suddenly conscious of the unity which exists beneath the complexity, in part because, suddenly realizing that the novel is symbolic, he experiences at the same time the impact of its greater significance. *The Waves*, for example, suggests the absurd nature of human existence; *The Years* conveys a loss of faith in human beings; *Between the Acts* reflects the fragmented world of modern man.

"Design" provides the wholeness which makes the reader's moment of vision possible. In Virginia Woolf's novels the design is a harmonious combination of rhythms and patterns.

A rhythm may be established by the periodic repetition or variation of a symbol, a phrase, or a theme. In *Jacob's Room*, for example, the ram's skull, the call "Ja-cob! Ja-cob!," and the themes of love and death are used in this way. Patterns may be created by the reactions of different characters to the same sight or sound or by a series of moments of vision. As in many abstract paintings, the patterns and rhythms seem to overlap or may even appear superimposed. For instance, in *Between the Acts* the hate-love relationship between Giles and Isa is interwoven with the pattern made by the village pageant, and both are seen against a backdrop of war. Some patterns may seem to be composed of masses (like the three parts of *To the Lighthouse*), others of geometrical shapes (like those suggested by the plot of *Night and Day*). Of course, whereas the design is in a visual sense abstract, it is composed of the character's experiences and emotions.

In 1921 Virginia Woolf regarded form only as "emotions . . . placed in the right relations to each other." Hence, she rejected at that time Percy Lubbock's suggestion in *The Craft of Fiction* that one should be able to "see" a novel's structure (CE II, 129, 126). However, in 1923, while writing *Mrs. Dalloway*, she discovered her "tunnelling process": "I dig out beautiful caves behind my characters: I think that gives exactly what I want; humanity, humour, depth. The idea is that the caves shall connect and each comes to daylight at the present moment" (AWD, p. 60). The caves reveal the characters' pasts while at the same time recording their reactions to the present. Freed by this technique from the necessity of revealing facts about her characters' lives in chronological order, she could connect the "caves," and hence her themes, by the spatial devices already described. Significantly, while speaking of her new technique, Lubbock's name again came into her mind; and she implied that by working inductively she had discovered her own kind of visual design (AWD, p. 61).

In fact, she had become fascinated by design. On June 19, 1923, she commented about *Mrs. Dalloway*: "The design is so queer and so masterful. I'm always having to wrench my substance to fit it. The design is certainly original and interests me hugely." By December 13, 1924, she was comparing her way of working to that of a painter: "one works with a wet brush over the whole and joins parts separately composed and gone dry." She again used the image of the "canvas" in her diary while she was writing *Orlando*, *The Waves*, and *Between the Acts* (pp. 118, 124, 171, 358). By 1929 she was looking at novels written in the past in a new manner:

From the first page we feel our minds trained upon a point which becomes more and more perceptible as the book proceeds and the writer brings his conception out of darkness. At last the whole is exposed to view. And then, when the book is finished, we seem to see (*it is strange how visual the impression is*) something girding it about like the firm road of Defoe's storytelling; or we see it shaped and symmetrical with dome and column complete, like *Pride and Prejudice* and *Emma*. A power which is not the power of accuracy or of humour or of pathos is . . . used by the great novelists to shape their work. As the pages are turned, something is built up which is not the story itself. (*Italics mine*)

She claimed that this "power . . . accentuates and concentrates and gives the fluidity of the novel endurance and strength, so that no novel can survive even a few years without it" (CE II, 100-101). Similarly, in "How Should One Read a Book?" she noted: "And the book as a whole is different from the book received currently in separate phrases. Details now fit them-

selves into their places. We see the shape from start to finish: it is a barn, a pig-sty, or a cathedral" (CE II, 8).²⁰

We have seen that Virginia Woolf's double vision of reality was a reflection of her psychological experiences as a manic-depressive. Her concept of the novel as a moment of vision in which the reader sees through the transitory to the permanent was based upon her mystical experiences. Her aesthetics, therefore, were rooted in the whole of her being. However, she was also influenced by the aesthetics of the postimpressionist painters; for, when introduced to their work by Roger Fry, she recognized the kinship between their way of seeing and her own.²¹

The art critic Roger Fry (1866-1934) was an intimate friend of Virginia Woolf's. She met him in 1909 (AWD, p. 299), and during 1910 he became one of the circle of friends that met on Thursday evenings in the Stephen home in Bloomsbury.²² At that time, he was choosing the paintings for the first British exhibition of the French postimpressionist painters. The exhibition was held from November, 1910, until mid-January, 1911. It included a large selection of paintings by Gauguin, Cézanne, and Van Gogh.²³

In her biography of Roger Fry, published in 1940, Virginia Woolf said that this exhibition sent the British public "into paroxysms of rage and laughter" (p. 153);²⁴ most people were not prepared to accept colors and shapes which were not, in their opinion, realistic. However, she herself was evidently fascinated by the postimpressionists. She indicated the impact this exhibition had upon her when, in 1924, she stated in "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown": "In or about December, 1910, human character changed" (CE I, 320). The germ of this important essay goes back to 1917, when she referred in a review to a statement Arnold Bennett made in December of 1910:

I have permitted myself to suspect that supposing some writer were to come along and do in words what these men have done in paint, I might conceivably be disgusted with nearly the whole of modern fiction, and I might have to begin again. This awkward experience will in all probability not happen to me, but it might happen to a writer younger than me. At any rate it is a fine thought.²⁵

Virginia Woolf was one of the young writers who wanted to "do in words" what the postimpressionists had "done in paint." She may well have been attentive when Roger Fry was asking in 1911 why "no English novelist . . . took his art seriously? Why were they all engrossed in childish problems of photographic representation?" and when he was complaining that "literature was suffering from a plethora of old clothes. Cézanne and Picasso had shown the way: writers should fling representation to the winds and follow suit."²⁶ For Virginia Woolf commented in "The Art of Fiction," an essay written in 1927: "If the English critic were less domestic, less assiduous to protect the rights of what it pleases him to call life, the novelist might be bolder too. He might cut adrift from the eternal tea-table and the plausible and preposterous formulas which are supposed to represent the whole of our human adventure. But then the story might wobble; the plot might crumble; ruin might seize upon the characters. The novel, in short, might become a work of art" (CE II, 55).

As influential art critics in their day, Roger Fry and Clive Bell introduced into English thinking what they had discovered in France, namely, a new way of looking at paintings.²⁷ Because of Fry's emphasis upon "plasticity" and Bell's emphasis upon "significant form," attention was shifted from the representational or descriptive elements in a painting (images of people, places, things) to the nonrepresentational ele-

ments—that is, to the design created by a harmonious combination of lines and colors. The design should communicate the artists' grasp of a significant, invisible reality. For instance, Cézanne said, "Nature is more depth than surface, the colours are the expression on the surface of this depth; they rise up from the roots of the world."²⁸

Virginia Woolf's reaction to a painting by Walter Sickert indicates that she had learned to look at pictures in this way:

At first it suggests the husky voice of Marie Lloyd singing a song about the ruins that Cromwell knocked about a bit; then the song dies away, and we see a scooped-out space filled curiously with the curves of fiddles, bowler hats, and shirt fronts converging into a pattern with a lemon-coloured splash in the centre. It is extraordinarily satisfying. Yet the description is so formal, so superficial, that we can hardly force our lips to frame it; while the emotion is distinct, powerful, and satisfactory.

Although she was aware that Sickert considered himself "a literary painter," she felt that often the emotion was derived from "something that had nothing to do with the story"; it is "the effect of those combinations of line and colour" (CE II, 242–243).

Similarly, when she looked at a picture by Cézanne in which there is a representational element (she referred to "a rocky landscape all cleft in ridges of opal colour"), it was the non-representational element that stimulated her:

no painter is more provocative to the literary sense, because his pictures are so audaciously and provocatively content to be paint that the very pigment . . . seems to challenge us, to press on some nerve, to stimulate, to excite. That picture, for example, . . . stirs words in us where we had not thought words to exist; suggests forms where we had never seen anything but thin air.²⁹

Through purely plastic expression, Cézanne communicated something from the impersonalized, abstract, silent depths of his being which gave birth in the novelist's mind to unexpected words and forms. Virginia Woolf referred to Cézanne as a "silent" painter. By this she meant that he expressed those profound, undefined feelings which cannot be described directly but may be evoked only through symbolic equivalents.

The remark made by Terence in *The Voyage Out* that he wanted to write a novel of silence suggests that Virginia Woolf was interested in writing such a novel as early as 1915 (p. 262). Her fascination with the silent depths of the unconscious is already evident in this novel; for example, Rachel feels that "to be flung into the sea, to be washed hither and thither, and driven about the roots of the world—the idea was incoherently delightful" (p. 365). Virginia Woolf's aesthetic concept of "silence" was undoubtedly rooted in her experiences with the unconscious as a manic-depressive.

She found that she profited from these experiences, for her novels were often conceived or "fertilised" by what she called her "madness" (AWD, p. 146). For instance, recovering from one of these periods, she wrote in her 1930 diary:

Once or twice I have felt that odd whirr of wings in the head, which comes when I am ill so often—last year for example at this time I lay in bed constructing *A Room of One's Own*. . . . If I could stay in bed another fortnight . . . I believe I should see the whole of *The Waves*.

She went on to describe the creative process:

Something happens in my mind. It refuses to go on registering impressions. It shuts itself up. It becomes

chrysalis. I lie quite torpid, often with acute physical pain—as last year; . . . Then suddenly something springs. . . . I had a tremendous sense of life beginning; mixed with *that emotion which is the essence of my feeling, but escapes description*. . . . I felt . . . all the doors opening; and this is I believe the moth shaking its wings in me. I then begin to make up my story whatever it is; ideas rush in me; often though this is before I can control my mind or pen. It is no use trying to write at this stage. (AWD, pp. 153–154, italics mine)

(. . .) In an unpublished autobiographical fragment, she associated herself with the moth and her mother with the chrysalis. She wrote that the chrysalis of her childhood split in two when, by the age of fifteen, she had felt the full impact of her mother's death. The split had been coming for two years but was precipitated by the death of her stepsister, Stella.³⁰ After the chrysalis split, she evidently sought to recover the wholeness she felt she had lost by devoting herself to her writing; for, in reflections recorded probably in 1903 about a woman who killed herself by jumping into the Serpentine, Virginia Woolf implied that in her own case she had learned to alleviate her sorrow through her work.³¹

As we have seen, Woolf tried to capture the "eternal" aspect of reality within each of her novels, and the novel itself was to partake of the eternal. In *To the Lighthouse* she associates the maternal with the eternal and with light (pp. 100–101). The image of the fragile moth attracted by a light despite the danger of being burned or killed by its efforts to attain it often appears in her writings.³² The psychological and aesthetic quest for perfect wholeness, symbolized by light, was equally absorbing and dangerous for her; as we have seen, the quest itself endangered her stability. Yet, however destructive, at the same time the quest was saving her. The light was a substitute for the chrysalis. When she perceived it in art or in life she experienced the wholeness which she had lost when her chrysalis had split, leaving her still attached to the two conflicting parts of which it was composed.³³

Her descriptions of the creative process reveal how her novels began as an indescribable emotion which at times she experienced in terms of a visualized shape.³⁴ For example, she spoke of *The Waves* as an "angular shape"—"that fin in the waste of water which appeared to me over the marshes out of my window at Rodmell when I was coming to an end of *To the Lighthouse*" (AWD, pp. 142, 169). The "indescribable" feeling had to be put into the words and form which best express it. The emotion could not, however, be described directly; rather it had to be "suggested and brought slowly by repeated images before us until it stays, in all its complexity, complete" (CE IV, 2). Even the words used had to take on a "mystical" quality. The reader must be able to

grasp what is beyond their surface meaning, gather instinctively this, that, and the other—a sound, a colour, here a stress, there a pause—which the poet, knowing words to be meagre in comparison with ideas, has strewn about his page to evoke, when collected, a state of mind which neither words can express nor the reason explain. (CE IV, p. 200)

Virginia Woolf believed that ideally the novelist must sink into a kind of impersonal state in order to write (AWD, p. 48). His "ego" (his particular personality) should not be allowed to stand between the emotion or state of mind to be expressed and the symbolic equivalent, namely, the work of art (cf. AWD, p. 23). In other words, the reader should not feel the author's presence in the novel.

In her foreword to *Recent Paintings by Vanessa Bell* (1930), Virginia Woolf suggests that her sister succeeded in doing in her paintings what she herself hoped to do in her novels. What she said illuminates still another facet of what she meant by her ideal of silence:³⁵ "One defies a novelist to keep his life through twenty seven volumes of fiction safe from scrutiny. But Mrs. Bell says nothing. Mrs. Bell is as silent as the grave." Virginia Woolf explained the value of this silence:

That is why they [the paintings] intrigue and draw us on; that is why, if it be true that they yield their full meaning only to those who can tunnel their way behind the canvas into masses and passages and relations and values of which we know nothing—if it be true that she is a painter's painter—still her pictures claim us and make us stop. (Italics mine)

Although her sister's paintings were "silent," she found them "immensely expressive," charged with emotion—that deep, complex emotion which may be evoked in a painting through rhythms and patterns. Simultaneously, however, Vanessa Bell also conveyed the "shock of emotion" which the "visible world" gave her "every day of the week" (pp. 3–4). Hence, Virginia Woolf found in her sister's paintings the comprehensiveness which she sought to create in her novels, that is, the continual interrelationship between the visible and the invisible—the evanescent and the eternal.

Virginia Woolf's basic concept of the novel never changed. The dual vision of the evanescent and the eternal and the need to bring the two into equilibrium, appear in all Virginia Woolf's writings. Significantly, she often summed up this duality in visual terms.

She often saw the evanescent in terms of color, transparency, or movement, and the eternal in terms of shape, heaviness, or durability. As early as 1915 she imagined the perfect novel as "fireworks that make figures" (VO, p. 266). In 1925 she praised Proust's novels for being "as evanescent as a butterfly's bloom" yet "as tough as catgut" (AWD, p. 72). She praised Laurence Sterne in 1928 for combining "fluidity" with "permanence" in *A Sentimental Journey* (CE I, 96). In 1935 she wanted to preserve both "movement" and "weight" in the last chapter of *The Years*, and in 1938 she imagined *Between the Acts* as "a rambling capricious but somehow unified whole" (AWD, pp. 252, 289–290).

However, her concept of the novel is most clearly visualized through Lily Briscoe's eyes in *To the Lighthouse*. Lily sees that "In the midst of chaos there was shape; this eternal passing and flowing (she looked at the clouds going and the leaves shaking) was struck into stability" (pp. 249–250). Early in the novel Lily envisions her painting as "colour burning on a framework of steel; the light of a butterfly's wing lying upon the arches of a cathedral" (p. 78). Later, in Part III, she thinks: "Beautiful and bright it should be on the surface, feathery and evanescent, one colour melting into another like the colours on a butterfly's wings; but beneath the fabric must be clamped together with bolts of iron" (p. 264).

By the time she was writing *The Voyage Out*, Virginia Woolf already viewed reality in terms of the "shifting" and the "solid." But before she could combine the two successfully, she had to develop the necessary techniques. *The Voyage Out*, *Night and Day*, and *Jacob's Room* prepared her for writing the three important stream-of-consciousness novels—*Mrs. Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse*, and *The Waves*—which provide us with the key for understanding her works as a whole. In them we see the realization of her basic aesthetic concept. Her last two novels, *The Years* and *Between the Acts*, were attempts to

bring the representational and the nonrepresentational into equilibrium in a new way. They could never have been written had she not passed through her phase as a stream-of-consciousness writer. These novels reveal that she had slightly modified her aesthetics; however, she continued to conceive of her works in terms of a dual perspective, and the problem continued to be one of balance.

As she wrote in 1929:

It is the gift of style, arrangement, construction, to put us at a distance from the special life and to obliterate its features; while it is the gift of the novel to bring us into close touch with life. The two powers fight if they are brought into combination. The most complete novelist must be the novelist who can balance the two powers so that the one enhances the other. (CE II, 101)

Virginia Woolf's continual quest for this equilibrium is summed up by Lily's efforts in *To the Lighthouse*. It is significant that Virginia Woolf found that she could best symbolize her aesthetics in terms of a painter and her painting. Lily is trying to balance "the mass on the right" with the "mass on the left." However, she must gain insight into human beings and into human relationships before she can gain insight into the formal relationships in her painting. She learns something about Mrs. Ramsay's art of personal relationships by giving of herself to Charles Tansley and Mr. Ramsay (pp. 143, 237). Moreover, she is observing Mrs. Ramsay's relationship with William Banks when she has her first vision: "Yes, I shall put the tree further in the middle; then I shall avoid that awkward space. . . . She took up the salt cellar and put it down again on a flower in pattern in the table-cloth, so as to remind herself to move the tree" (pp. 132–133). Significantly, a tree may be a symbol of bisexuality.³⁶ It may also symbolize "the reconciliation of opposites" and "the impersonal life."³⁷ Lily's second vision occurs after she establishes a balance in her mind between the triangle on her canvas (symbolic of Mrs. Ramsay) and the triangle on the sea (Mr. Ramsay in the sailboat). The line which she draws "in the centre" is both the tree and the lighthouse. Thus, the lighthouse, usually associated only with the masculine, functions here as a symbol of a dual reality; for it is a combination of what Mrs. Ramsay sees, "a silvery, misty-looking tower," and what Mr. Ramsay sees, "the tower, stark and straight" (p. 286). Moreover, Mrs. Ramsay is identified with the light, while Mr. Ramsay is identified with the lighthouse (pp. 311, 318). The light represents to Mrs. Ramsay the essence of her being, which partakes of the eternal (pp. 100–101). The lighthouse which stands on a "dwindling" island, represents to Mr. Ramsay the fact that he will someday be swallowed up by the sea. Indeed, the island on which the lighthouse stands is a symbolic equivalent for the "dwindling" island on which he lives (p. 110).

By uniting the feminine, that which is timeless, with the masculine, that which exists in time, Lily Briscoe creates a symbolic vision of the androgynous work of art. Just as Lily finds it difficult to balance the two halves of her painting; so too Virginia Woolf found it difficult to balance the eternal and the evanescent aspects of reality in her novels. As T. S. Eliot says in "The Dry Salvages," "to apprehend / The point of intersection of the timeless / With time, is an occupation for the saint—."

Notes

1. *The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, trans. R. F. C. Hull. Collected Works of C. G. Jung, Vol. IX, Part I (New York, 1959), pp. 20–21.

2. *Collected Essays II* (London, 1966), p. 97. Hereafter cited as CE I, II, III, or IV.
3. See *A Writer's Diary* (London, 1953), p. 138. Hereafter cited as AWD. Cf. her reference to life as a "luminous halo" (CE II, 106). Also, many characters in her novels refer to the "globe" of life. For a number of examples, see Dorothy Brewster, *Virginia Woolf* (London, 1963), pp. 79–80.
4. *To the Lighthouse* (London, 1927), p. 100. Subsequent page references are to this edition.
5. CE II, 106–107, and *The Voyage Out* (London, 1915), p. 262. See also CE I, 153, and CE III, 19.
6. *Mrs. Dalloway* (London, 1925), p. 7. Subsequent page references are to this edition.
7. *Mrs. Dalloway* was published in 1925. Freud first presented his concept of the life instinct (Eros) and death instinct (Thanatos) in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* (1920). Leonard Woolf writes in *Downhill All the Way*: "In the decade before 1924 in the so-called Bloomsbury circle there was great interest in Freud and psychoanalysis, and the interest was extremely serious." For instance, Adrian Stephen (Virginia Woolf's brother), James Strachey (Lytton Strachey's brother), and their wives became professional psychoanalysts. The Hogarth Press began publishing English translations of Freud's works in 1924 (London, 1967, pp. 164, 166). Hence, Virginia Woolf was undoubtedly aware of Freud's ideas while writing *Mrs. Dalloway*. However, she did not mention reading Freud until 1939 (AWD, pp. 321, 326), and on the basis of what we know about the way her mind worked, we may assume that Freud's terminology merely helped to illuminate, for her, feelings which she herself had experienced and wanted to express.
8. See her remarks about E. M. Forster's failure to convey the real and the symbolical simultaneously in CE I, 346–347.
9. "Pictures," *The Moment and Other Essays* (London, 1952), p. 141. This essay is not included in the *Collected Essays I–IV*.
10. *A Room of One's Own* (London, 1929), pp. 165–166.
11. Boston, 1957, p. 130.
12. *Downhill All the Way: An Autobiography of the Years 1919–1939* (London, 1967), pp. 205, 206. In "A Letter to a Young Poet" she wrote, "for my part I do not believe in poets dying" (CE II, 190).
13. London, 1956, p. 113.
14. Aileen Pippett, *The Moth and the Star: A Biography of Virginia Woolf* (Boston, Toronto, 1955), p. 4.
15. F. W. Maitland, *The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen* (London, 1906), pp. 317, 323.
16. "Foreword," *Recent Paintings by Vanessa Bell* (London, 1930), p. 1.
17. *Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey: Letters*, ed. Leonard Woolf and James Strachey (London, 1956), p. 75.
18. Joseph Frank, "Spatial Form in Modern Literature," *Criticism: The Foundation of Modern Literary Judgment*, ed. Mark Schorer et al. (New York, 1948), p. 381. Frank is using "image" as Ezra Pound defines it in "A Few Don'ts": "An 'Image' is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time" (*The Literary Essays of Ezra Pound*, ed. T. S. Eliot [London, 1954]).
19. New York, 1928, p. viii.
20. Cf. also CE II, 77, where she speaks of "spectral architecture."
21. Whereas I place the primary emphasis on Virginia Woolf's psychology, other critics stress the influence of Roger Fry; see John Hawley Roberts, "Vision and Design in Virginia Woolf," *PMLA*, LXI (September 1946), 835–847, and Josephine O'Brien Schaefer, *The Three-Fold Nature of Reality* (London, The Hague, Paris, 1965), esp. pp. 16–19. For similarities between Virginia Woolf and others in the "Bloomsbury Group" (including Fry), see J. K. Johnstone, *The Bloomsbury Group: A Study of E. M. Forster, Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, and Their Circle* (New York, 1954).
22. Pippett, *Moth*, p. 74, and Virginia Woolf, *Roger Fry* (London, 1940), pp. 149, 152–153. In the 1910–1914 period this group included eight people who lived in Bloomsbury—Adrian Stephen, Virginia and Leonard Woolf (who married in 1912), Clive and Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant, Maynard Keynes, Saxon Sidney Turner—and five people who lived outside of Bloomsbury—Lytton Strachey, Roger Fry, E. M. Forster, Desmond and Molly MacCarthy. These are the thirteen intimate friends whom Leonard Woolf refers to as "Old Bloomsbury." They were separated during the war but began to meet regularly again when in March of 1920 they formed a Memoir Club. See Leonard Woolf's accounts of Bloomsbury in *Beginning Again*, pp. 21–26, and in *Downhill All the Way*, pp. 114–117.
23. Werner Haftman, *Painting in the Twentieth Century* (New York and Washington, 1966), I, 150.
24. For further details on the reactions to this exhibit, see Roger Fry, pp. 153–159. In 1966 Quentin Bell wrote of the effect of this exhibit in 1910: "There was an outcry such as has never been heard since then in this country" (Quentin Bell, et al., *Vision and Design, The Life, Work and Influence of Roger Fry, 1866–1934*. Exhibition arranged by the Arts Council and the University of Nottingham [1966], p. 8). Werner Haftmann claims that as a consequence of the postimpressionist exhibits in 1910 and 1912 "English art underwent a decisive change" (p. 155).
25. Arnold Bennett, "Neo-Impressionism and Literature," *Books and Persons: Being Comments on a Past Epoch 1908–1911* (New York, 1917), p. 284. Virginia Woolf referred to this passage in "Books and Persons," *Contemporary Writers*, ed. Jean Guignot (London, 1965), p. 62. Katherine Mansfield was also impressed by this exhibit; she said that Van Gogh's paintings taught her something about writing which was "a kind of freedom, or rather a striking force." (Quoted by J. Isaacs, *An Assessment of Twentieth-Century Literature* [London, 1951], p. 9. Cf. the influence of the Futurist painters on D. H. Lawrence. See Jack Lindsay, "The Impact of Modernism on Lawrence," *Paintings of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. Mervyn Levy [London, 1964], pp. 35–53.)
26. Virginia Woolf, *Roger Fry*, pp. 164, 172.
27. Monroe C. Beardsley speaks of the "extraordinarily valuable educational work" of Fry and Bell, which "consisted in helping people to look at paintings without predispositions and preconceptions, and without being distracted by irrelevant associations with the representational subject-matter" (*Aesthetics from Classical Greece to the Present: A Short History* [New York and London, 1966], p. 364). Probably the best known of Fry's works are *Vision and Design* (1920), *Transformations* (1926), *Cézanne* (1927), and *Last Lectures* (1939). In his day Fry was perhaps even more influential as a lecturer than as a writer. Although Roger Fry was the greater art critic of the two, I have found that Clive Bell's name is as frequently and often more frequently mentioned by aestheticians, for his book *Art* (1913) and his term "significant form" sum up in an oversimplified way what in 1910–1913 was a new approach to painting. Aestheticians who speak more of Bell than of Fry include: Rolf Ekman, *Problems and Theories in Modern Aesthetics* (Malmo, 1960); Edward G. Ballard, *Art and Analysis* (The Hague, 1957); W. E. Kennick, "Does Traditional Aesthetics Rest on a Mistake?" *Collected Papers on Aesthetics*, ed. S. J. C. Barrett (New York, 1966). For references to others who have dealt with the concept of "significant form," see Monroe Beardsley, *Aesthetics: Problems in the Philosophy of Criticism* (New York, 1958), p. 315.
28. Haftmann, *Painting in the Twentieth Century*, I, 34.
29. "Pictures," *The Moment*, p. 142.
30. See [Autobiographical Fragment], "The tea table . . .," unpublished in "Articles, essays, fiction and reviews," Vol. 9, dated January 28, 1940, Part I of 1940, pp. 55–69, esp. p. 67. Located in the Berg Collection, the New York Public Library.
31. Diary No. 2, Hyde Park Gate, June 30–October 1, 1903(?), unpublished manuscript in the Berg Collection, the New York Public Library, pp. 149–156. See her remark about work, p. 154.
32. See, for example, *The Voyage Out*, p. 452, and *Jacob's Room* (London, 1922), p. 30.
33. See the Autobiographical Fragment, pp. 57, 65–67. She speaks of the two sides of herself and her room (also a chrysalis). In *Psychology of the Unconscious* (New York, 1916), C. G. Jung has a chapter entitled "The Song of the Moth," in which he quotes a song written by a Miss Miller. This song helps to illuminate why Virginia Woolf chose the moth and chrysalis image and how it was related to her intensity as an artist.