So far as story and plot, Mrs. Dalloway hangs very slenderly. Clarissa, who jilted Peter Walsh and married Richard Dalloway, a Member of Parliament, and bore a daughter, goes for a walk. She has to buy flowers for her party. She is middle-aged, but slim, straight and charming. Walking, she sees a car containing Royalty, perhaps. A crowd collects outside the Buckingham Palace and sees an aeroplane writing something on the sky. Clarissa also sees it. At the same time, it is seen by Lucrezia sitting with her shell-shocked husband, Septimus Warren Smith, in Regent's Park. Clarissa returns home and Peter, the rejected suitor, calls on her after a long separation. He has been in India. In spite of all these years of separation, both entertain a softness of feelings for each other and both are somewhat uncomfortable in their respective places. They at once become reminiscent, but also a bit resentful towards each other. With all her deficiencies, Clarissa is a grand success; Peter, with all his intellect and energy, an utter failure. Peter terminates his visit to Clarissa with an insistent invitation to attend her party. He walks out, still reminiscent and still amorous. He pursues a young girl. Opposite Regent's Park Tube Station, he hears an old woman singing. The same woman is heard by the Warren Smiths sitting in Regent's Park. Septimus has moments of vision and illusion. He consults a psychiatrist, is all the more depressed, loses faith in human nature and kills
himself. The psychiatrist attends Clarissa Dalloway's party and talks about Septimus's suicide. Clarissa feels as though it were her own disaster, her own death. All this happens in the three quarters of a day or even less than that.

But behind the specious time plan of seventeen hours from ten o'clock of a June morning to three o'clock of the following morning, there spreads a period of thirty three years. The events starting with Clarissa Dalloway deciding to buy flowers herself and ending with her party are a distillation of her total physical and psychic experiences from the time she was at Bourton at eighteen to the present time in London when she has "just broken into her fifty-second year" (41). The unfolding of the entire panorama is facilitated by the unfolding of the past in the present. The past continually impinges on the present and a much wider and richer time expanse is covered than is possible in a single day. What Virginia Woolf in this way presents is a kaleidoscope of life — its tentativeness and chaos, its frivolity and fastidiousness, its sadism and suffering, and above all the futility of all its exploits and egotism in its most quintessential form.

Virginia Woolf conceived of *Mrs. Dalloway* as *The Hours* in the summer of 1923; and while writing it she inserted in her *Diary*, on 30th August, an entry: "I have no time to describe my plans. I should say a good deal about *The Hours* and my discovery: how 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. Later in the year, she clarified what she meant by her "discovery": "It took me a year's groping to discover what I call my tunnelling process, by which I tell the past by instalments, as I have need of it. This is my prime discovery so far."  

Commenting upon Virginia Woolf's "tunnelling process", Edward A. Hungerford draws attention to the parallelism between her technique and painting and writes:

as Virginia Woolf hoped, the difficult technical labour will sometimes be rewarded: 'The idea is that the caves shall connect and each comes to daylight at the present moment.' The present moment in Mrs. Dalloway, then, is the moment of revelation. It is the moment when Clarissa identifies herself with Septimus Warren Smith and sees that his death is related to her life... And the moment of revelation comes finally to Peter Walsh, filled with extraordinary excitement by the mere fact of seeing Clarissa at the last few moments of her party.... This moment... had been arrived at only after all the caves, carefully tunnelled out behind the characters in the earlier part of the book, had interconnected.

Like Jacob's Room, Mrs. Dalloway follows the design of an Impressionist painting, but is more intricately designed than the former. We are made aware of not how characters develop and change but how our sense of them changes as we know more about them. The major characters meet each other more intuitively and less physically. For instance, there is absolutely no physical confrontation between Clarissa and Septimus. Their thoughts and actions also are not marked by any linear development and they live not in one world, but in several worlds at once, and while they are presented to us, we are always kept oriented in time and space. The Big Ben striking the hours irrevocable
symbolises the passage of chronological time, and the movement of characters, whether through parks, streets and squares or by palaces and statues, indicates the different points in space. The use of the "tunnelling process" is made in the best possible manner by making Peter reveal Mrs. Dalloway "in instalments". His ruminations alone provide us with some hard facts about her past which, like her present, verges on irrationality. The narrative mode too has no sequential character about it. Mention has already been made of Virginia Woolf's correspondence with Jacques Raverat regarding her attempt to make Mrs. Dalloway radial rather than linear. She desired to match her achievement with that of a painter, and it seems she even sought confirmation of this from Raverat. Quentin Bell records: "In February 1925, a month before (Raverat) died, Virginia did something that, so far as I know, she never did for anyone else. She sent him proofs of her unpublished novel (Mrs. Dalloway)."4

The novel, indeed, has a very tight structure which gives the clear hint that Virginia Woolf had mastered the problems of structure and theme and surmounted the difficulties of relating one to the other. The entry dated 19th June, 1923, in her Diary reads: "I foresee, to return to The Hours, that this is going to be the devil of a struggle. 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."5 What is
original about the novel is that its significance does not lie in the portrayal of character or the description of external events. Dialogue and action also do not present any meaningful materials in it. Virginia Woolf makes a kind of texture out of the purely internal conditions of life by getting inside everything and everybody.

Comparisons, contrasts and repetitions are the principal techniques employed by Virginia Woolf to structure character and theme. The theme of *Mrs. Dalloway* is freedom from fear which is worked out in the lives of both Clarissa and Septimus through repetitions and variations. Both have a fear of the irrational though their definition of the irrational differs. Clarissa fears death and Septimus fears life and the progress of their souls hinges on the elimination of this fear from their paths. Clarissa who loved "life; London; this moment of June" (6) is conscious of fear all the time and is always in search of some spiritual or psychological armour against it. She carries this fear even when walking through the streets on that fresh morning as her interior monologue shows. She ends reciting:

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

Fear is at the core of Clarissa's every feeling, saying and doing. Lady Bruton's denial of luncheon invitation to her becomes a cause of fear and she tries to fortify herself against it: "'Fear no more', said Clarissa. Fear no more the heat o' the sun..."(34). As if she had a premonition
of Peter's visit to her, fear of the impending meeting grips her: "Fear no more, says the heart, committing its burden to some sea, which sighs collectively for all sorrows, and renews, begins, collects, lets fall. And the body alone listens to the passing bee; the wave breaking; the dog barking, far away barking and barking.

'Heavens, the front-door bell!' exclaimed Clarissa, staying her needle. Roused, she listened....

'Who can — what can — 'asked Mrs. Dalloway... She heard a hand upon the door. She made to hide her dress, like a virgin protecting chastity, respecting privacy...." (45).

Clarissa, here, has been drawn as a Post-Impressionist picture. The rigid symmetry of the pose is relieved by the position of the hands and by the slight turn of the head. For the architectural severity of the composition, the technique owes everything to Cezanne.

Septimus sits in Regent's Park, surrounded by life's chime and beauty and affectionately watched over by his devoted wife. But all this is of no avail. A fear of the world's horror sticks to his inner self: "so he felt himself drawing towards life, the sun growing hotter, cries sounding louder, something tremendous about to happen.

He had only to open his eyes; but a weight was on them; a fear. He strained; he pushed; he looked; he saw Regent's Park before him. Long streamers of sunlight fawned at his feet. The trees waved, brandished. We welcome, the
world seemed to say; we accept; we create. Beauty, the World seemed to say" (77).

The lines from Shakespeare serve as a device linking Clarissa with Septimus: "Outside the trees dragged their leaves like nets through the depths of the air; the sound of water was in the room, and through the waves came the voices of birds singing. Every power poured its treasures on his head, and his hand lay there on the back of the sofa, as he had seen his hand lie when he was bathing, floating, on the top of the waves, while far away on shore he heard dogs barking and barking far away. Fear no more, says the heart in the body; fear no more" (154).

After this, his sense of fear vanishes since he has understood everything and has prepared himself for every eventuality. Meditating on Shakespeare's lines, however, he, tragically enough, is spending the last hours of his life, and this forms an ironic contrast to Dr. Holmes's fulmination - "coward" - against him. Septimus gives the lie to the charge by showing that he has courage instead of cowardice. He could free himself from suffering whenever he liked and in whatever way he liked. He could not tolerate men like Holmes and Bradshaw tearing and trampling upon his soul: "For that made Septimus cry out about human cruelty - how they tear each other to pieces. The fallen, he said, they tear to pieces. 'Holmes is on us', he would say... "(155).

John Hawley Roberts interprets the relationship between Clarissa and Septimus which consists of repetition and
Mrs. Dalloway... asks us to respond to the positive-negative relationship, the polarity, of Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus Smith, who, Mrs. Woolf tells us in the preface to Modern Library edition of the novel, are 'one and the same person'. They are not separate and individualized characters, but opposite phases of an idea of life itself. Their reality consists not of themselves as persons, but of their relationship to each other as forms. It is... a vivid appeal that the Clarissa-Septimus combination makes. Our 'joy' in the novel consists in our recognition of the rightness of this basic design, that is, of the way in which Clarissa and Septimus complement each other, Clarissa's elementary love of life matching Septimus's repudiation of it. The two emotions complete each other to form a whole; one attitude cannot within the limits of the novel, exist without the other. It is in this way that Clarissa and Septimus become 'one and the same person'. Their union, moreover, is created with a subtlety which, as it reveals itself to the reader, gives shading and complexity to their relationship.

By employing the technique of repetition, contrast and balance, Virginia Woolf aspires towards pure form. She sets not only Clarissa and Septimus opposite each other and ultimately links them but also adjusts the old lady going upstairs and the old man coming down in the formal scheme. As is apparent, the old lady opposite Clarissa and the old man opposite Septimus constitute a second and parallel attempt to achieve form through the established pattern. John Hawley Roberts is again very perceptive in his comment:

The reader's response to the whole is very much like that of one who standing before a painting begins to see, as Fry would see, how this mass necessarily balances that, how this line repeats, with a difference, that one, how a light here inevitably answers a shadow there, how, in other words, the meaning of the picture lies in our discovery of the fact that the forms agree.
absorption in life and withdrawal from it which are reconciled at the end. It must, however, be noted that their meeting takes place not on the physical, but experiential level; and the link thus forged between them is highly pleasing to the readers' aesthetic sense. Virginia Woolf, here, also reminds us of Sophocles and other ancient Greek dramatists who avoid violent action on the stage.

Virginia Woolf wrote in her Diary: "I want to give life and death, sanity and insanity; I want to criticise the social system, and to show it at work, at its most intense." The two characters, therefore, stand for the tensions between the material and the metaphysical, the individual and the society, the moment and the eternity and above all between lust for life and love of death. They move in their separate spheres, but their union which is achieved at the end is suggested right from the beginning. They are the two focal points round whom are studied the various other characters. Clarissa Dalloway, who has nourished herself on the stultifying conventions of London life, has loved Peter Walsh, but married Richard Dalloway in whom she sees a chance of social and political fulfilment. Peter is after all only an odd man who must go out. He is the "solitary traveller"(64) who has to walk alone. Clarissa leads one set of people consisting of Richard Dalloway, her daughter, Elizabeth, Sally Seton, Peter Walsh, and Doris Kilman. On the other side is Septimus Warren Smith, a psychic case, who requires all sorts of soothing down.
He suffers from a bitter sense of humiliation at having lost the whole centre and meaning of his life and is trying to patch together his life of scraps and bits. Clustered round him are his wife, Lucrezia, Dr. Holmes, and Sir William Bradshaw.

In a moment of vision Clarissa feels "somehow very like (Septimus)" (206). Septimus had spurned life: "She felt glad that he had done it" (206). Septimus died preserving the sanctity of his soul and in his death, Clarissa recognised that defiance of death was the only way to end the frightful isolation of the individual soul. Death was a total release from any fear of it: "Death was defiance. Death was an attempt to communicate, people feeling the impossibility of reaching the centre which, mystically, evaded them; closeness drew apart; rapture faded; one was alone. There was an embrace in death" (204). She also faces her death in the form of the old lady: "in the room opposite the old lady stared straight at her! She was going to bed.... There! the old lady had put out her light! the whole house was dark now with this going on" (205-206). It is after experiencing death metaphorically that she goes back to her party, and this experience makes her feel the ultimate beauty and fun of life.

A.D. Moody maintains that in the characterisation of Clarissa Dalloway, Virginia Woolf offers "a steady judgement of her deep inadequacy, a grave insistence upon the dissipation and death of her spirit in glittering
triviality. Virginia Woolf herself called her "tinsely." But it would be a mistake to overload these judgements.
Clarissa's identification with Septimus, which is the climax of her life and career, belies Moody and Virginia Woolf. Isabel Gamble is right in saying that in "comprehending Septimus' death... Clarissa herself discovers her own identity and becomes whole." Even Peter who has been critical of Clarissa is moved by her refurbished personality:
what is this ecstasy? he thought to himself. What is it that fills me with extraordinary excitement? It is Clarissa, he said. For there she was (215).

As though to institute a second repetition or to form a leg of another triangle, Septimus Warren Smith is joined to Dr. Holmes and Sir William Bradshaw. Dr. Holmes, "the repulsive brute", with the bloodred nostrils tells Lucrezia "to make her husband (who had nothing whatever seriously the matter with him but was a little out of sorts) take an interest in things outside himself" (25). Sir William Bradshaw, the master of dull grayness who will really never know what Septimus suffers from - we mean he will never know it by experience - counsels him "sense of proportion" (107). He deals out to his patient exhortations and ultimately death instead of sympathy and life. He is a creature full of cynicism and greed inviting Rezia's dislike: "Naked, defenceless, the exhausted, the friendless received the impress of Sir William's will. He swooped; he devoured. He shut people up.... Rezia Warren Smith cried, walking down Harley Street, that she did not like that man" (113).
Richard Dalloway, besides being a member of the Clarissa group, forms another group with Lady Millicent Bruton and Hugh Whitbread. It is a conventional trio; much too limited in its intellectual and moral approach to the issues of life. Richard and Hugh assemble at Lady Bruton's over lunch to draft a letter to the "Times" which is symbolic of their habit of codifying things. Hugh has perhaps learnt this from the Court, Richard from his Committees and Lady Bruton from her martial inheritance. Their partial talents prove that not even three heads are better than one. All the three are creatures of causes, always having one cause or the other at hand to further.

Hugh Whitbread is busy furthering the cause of Royalty. Clarissa encounters him "carrying a dispatch box stamped with the Royal Arms" (7). His method of communication is extremely stilted and the way he addresses is very stiff and formal: "Evelyn was a good deal out of sorts, said Hugh, intimating by a kind of pout or swell of his very well-covered, manly, extremely handsome, perfectly upholstered body (he was almost too well dressed always, but presumably had to be, with his little job at Court) that his wife had some internal ailment, nothing serious, which as an old friend, Clarissa Dalloway would quite understand without requiring him to specify" (8). At Bourton, once, Sally Seton "suddenly lost her temper, flared up, and told Hugh that he represented all that was most detestable in British middle-class life" (81). Peter's opinion of
Hugh is equally poor: "For of all the people he had ever met Hugh was the greatest snob - the most obsequious - no, he didn't cringe exactly. He was too much of a prig for that. A first-rate valet was the obvious comparison..." (82).

Richard Dalloway is always on some committee championing some cause. It made "his blood boil to see little creatures of five or six crossing Piccadilly alone. The police ought to have stopped the traffic at once. He had no illusions about the London Police. Indeed, he was collecting evidence of their malpractices; and those costermongers, not allowed to stand their barrows in the streets; and prostitutes, good lord, the fault wasn't in them, nor in young men either, but in our detestable social system"(128). If Hugh Whitbread is stiff and stilted, Richard Dalloway is shy and awkward: "For of course it was that afternoon... that Dalloway had come over; and Clarissa called him 'Wickham'... Somebody had brought him over; and Clarissa got his name wrong. She introduced him to everybody as Wickham. At last he said 'My name is Dalloway!' That was (the first view of Richard - a fair young man, rather awkward, sitting on a deck-chair, and blurting out 'My name is Dalloway!' Sally got hold of it; always after that she called him 'My name is Dalloway!'"(69). He possesses limited mental capacity and lacks imagination. Peter rates him poorly: "He was a thorough good sort; a bit limited; a bit thick in the head: yes; but a thorough good sort. Whatever he took up he did in the same matter-of-fact
sensible way; without a touch of imagination, without a spark of brilliancy, but with the inexplicable niceness of his type. He ought to have been a country gentleman - he was wasted on politics. He was at his best out of doors, with horses and dogs..." (83).

Everything about Lady Bruton is so orderly that she appears almost mechanical: "Lady Bruton had only to nod, or turn her head a little abruptly, and Milly Brush took the signal" (119). She has fantastic notions about certain subjects and is absurdly attached to them; for instance, the subject of "emigrating young people of both sexes born of respectable parents and setting them up with a fair prospect of doing well in Canada" engages her very deeply (120).

So Richard Dalloway, Hugh Whitbread, and Lady Bruton are joined into a triangle - a wooden triangle, of course - "drafting sentiments in alphabetical order of the highest nobility" (122). It is highly interesting to read what Virginia Woolf wrote to Philip Morrell: "I meant Richard Dalloway to be liked. Hugh Whitbread to be hated. You hate them both I gather." 12 Philip Morrell had called them "the dullest characters." 13

The end of Mrs. Dalloway is carefully planned from the very beginning. The analogy with music is more pertinent. The exposition, expansion and recapitulation of the theme follow the strict musical form. A tripartite arrangement can, indeed, be traced in all the mature novels of Virginia
Woolf. We shall also note that the repetitions, and the variations wrought within repetitions, the contrasts and the poises inserted into them, have been employed with the study and design of a musician and that this pattern extends not only to treatment of character and theme but also to use of symbols, metaphors and images.

An analysis of the images of the nun, the waves and the sea from this angle, reveals the repetitive pattern made by them. Clarissa returns home after her walk through the London streets and finds that: "The hall of the house was cool as a vault. Mrs. Dalloway raised her hand to her eyes, and, as the maid shut the door to, and she heard the swish of Lucy's skirts, she felt like a nun who has left the world and feels fold round her the familiar veils and the response to old devotions... (Bending) her head over the hall table, she bowed beneath the influence, felt blessed and purified, saying to herself... how moments like this are buds on the tree of life" (33). Irene Simon comments that the "image implies the religious feeling, the sense of offering and thankfulness; it implies... serenity... This is a moment of peace at the centre of the whirling world." But immediately after this a discordant note is played, and the mood changes from peace to disquiet; from fullness to emptiness. The aura of serenity is shattered and the exquisite moment is marred by the shock of Lady Bruton asking Richard to lunch without her. Putting the pad on the table, she "began to go slowly upstairs, with her hand on the banisters... feeling herself suddenly shrivelled,
aged, breastless, the grinding, blowing, flowering of the
day, out of doors, out of the window, out of her body and
brain which now failed, since Lady Bruton, whose lunch
parties were said to be extraordinarily amusing, had not
asked her"(35). Desolation sets in. The attempt to preserve
virginity through a coldness of attitude and withdrawl
from the centre of things is renewed. A fresh venture to
explore the tower of the self is also launched: "Like a nun
withdrawing, or a child exploring a tower, she went upstairs,
paused at the window, came to the bathroom.... There was
an emptiness about the heart of life; an attic room.... She
pierced the pincushion and laid her feathered yellow hat
on the bed. The sheets were clean, tight stretched in a
broad white band from side to side. Narrower and narrower
would her bed he. The candle was half burnt down"(35).The
image of the nun is again taken up with another variation.
The mood represented now is neither that of serenity nor
of shock, but of scepticism. She feels nettled by Richard's
and Peter's criticism of her parties: "Since she was lying
on the sofa, cloistered, exempt, the presence of this
thing which she felt to be so obvious became physically
existent; with robes of sound from the street, sunny,
with hot breath, whispering, blowing out the blinds. But
suppose Peter said to her, 'Yes, Yes, but your parties -
what's the sense of your parties?' all she could say was
(and nobody could be expected to understand): They're an
offering; which sounded horribly vague"(134-135). Then
the original image of the nun is implicitly repeated and
rounded when Clarissa regains her confidence and poise. She sees her parties as an act of sacrifice and a symbol of service which only a nun is capable of rendering. Her possession of these gifts covers up all her intellectual and other deficiencies: "But to go deeper, beneath what people said (and these judgements, how superficial, how fragmentary they are!) in her own mind now, what did it mean to her, this thing she called life? Oh, it was very queer. Here was So - and - so in South Kensington; someone up in Bayswater; and somebody else, say, in Mayfair. And she felt... what a waste... what a pity; and she felt if only they could be brought together; so she did it. And it was an offering; to combine, to create..." (135).

The image of the waves and the sea appears in the very opening of the novel: "And then, thought Clarissa Dalloway, what a morning - fresh as if issued to children on a beach" (5). But then, Irene Simon notes a variation. She writes: "The flow of people and of carriage through Westminster brings to Clarissa the same excitement and awe as diving into a strange element, so that the love and fear of the everflowing life around her, the wish to be taken into it and the fear of being swallowed by it, are suggested at this early stage in the novel."¹⁵

The image returns when Clarissa reaches the Park gates and the memory of Peter Walsh knocks against her thoughts. The mood undergoes a change. It is now the sense of loneliness that haunts her: "She had a perpetual
sense, as she watched the taxicabs, of being out, out, far out to sea and alone; she always had the feeling that it was very, very dangerous to live even one day"(ll). The stream of her consciousness starts flowing fast. Incidents, persons and places swim to the surface. The waves and the sea now become an image of the eternal flux and the rhythmic ebb and flow of life. The fear of loneliness and the fear of being lost in the flux totally disappear: "but... 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"(ll-12).

A variation on the image of the waves and the sea is played by Virginia Woolf in another way also. Sometimes, the sea manifests danger, threatening an individual to carry him away with it. Septimus, for instance, is pursued by this love and fear complex. He feels now elated, and then appalled. He is repeatedly presented as a drowned sailor, yet on a rock: "But he himself remained high on his rock, like a drowned sailor on a rock. I leant over the edge of the boat and fell down, he thought. I went under the sea. I have been dead, and yet am now alive, but let me rest still, he begged (he was talking to
himself again...”(77). Immediately after this, he feels the trees in the Park rising and falling like waves. The sun also now fawns and then frowns. The whole nature, indeed, seems to be waving at him, welcoming and accepting him.

In *Mrs. Dalloway*, Virginia Woolf moves from one extremity to the other - from London to Bourton, from land to sea and sky, from prose to poetry, from heat to cold, from Clarissa to Septimus, from life to death, but in between she plays on many variations. Allen McLaurin calls this system of transitions a "keyboard", and quotes from Charles Mauron's 'Introduction' to Roger Fry's translations of Mallarme to establish that such a keyboard is essential for all the arts:

> 'if one thinks at all about the conditions of what Roger Fry calls pure art, one cannot fail to see that the first of these conditions is the establishment of a keyboard. There can be no architecture without fixed points and subtle methods of passing from one to another; without the model system, no Gregorian music; without 'tempered' keyboard, no Bach; without depth and scale of luminous values, no true painting.'

Notwithstanding the fact that Edwin Muir had already detected the existence of such transitions in *Mrs. Dalloway*, McLaurin makes a definite step forward in the appreciation of Virginia Woolf's aesthetics. He finds, in *Mrs. Dalloway*, Virginia Woolf moving "from the complete fusion to the complete separation of the human and the natural." The images range from the subterranean to the aerial and then to the terrestrial; and, McLaurin adds: "Within this overall keyboard, Virginia Woolf constructs various scales."
With *Mrs. Dalloway*, Virginia Woolf's reputation was established, and she could now safely set forth on her further aesthetic venture. In this novel, she succeeded, like Proust, in moulding men and women with all their idiosyncrasies of high ideas, gestures and talk into living characters possessing the complexities of the modern self-conscious human beings; and the distinction of her art lies in her emotional sense of the scene and the way it elicits a reader's reaction to that sense. It is out of an atmosphere rather than some material substance that she built up her characters, for instance, Clarissa Dalloway. The chaos of stream of consciousness method as employed by Dorothy Richardson and James Joyce was eliminated by a careful selection of feelings and thoughts of people and by imposing a formal order on them. The reader, Virginia Woolf wrote in her 'Introduction' to Modern Library edition of *Mrs. Dalloway* "is concerned only with the effect of the book as a whole on his mind."20 This essentially aesthetic stance reflects a painter's viewpoint. Virginia Woolf's dependence on the impressionistic method which became heaviest in *To the Lighthouse* is quite apparent in *Mrs. Dalloway*. She herself saw the whole book as an impression and then created a form to contain that impression. It is not only in the intensity of experience, in the instantaneous vivid evocation of life and in the mutual suffusion of character and event that the novel matches an artistic work, but also in design. By repetitions, contrasts and balances, a rhythmic relationship of parts, from which alone aesthetic
pleasure flows, has been achieved.

REFERENCES

1. *Diary*, p.60.
2. Ibid, p.61.
5. *Diary*, p.58.
13. Ibid. Philip Morrell wrote to Virginia Woolf: "When I read any of your books I always feel myself to be the sort of model of all the dullest characters - a kind of combination of Hugh Whitbread and Richard Dalloway."
15. Ibid, pp. 57-58.


19. Ibid.