

# **What a plunge!**

Translating Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*

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Translating Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*

MA Thesis Translation Studies (“Master Vertalen”)

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ABBREVIATIONS:

<i>MD</i>	<i>Mrs. Dalloway</i> <sup>1</sup>
CF	“Character in Fiction”
MF	“Modern Fiction”
FID	Free Indirect Discourse
FDD	Free Direct Discourse
DD	Direct Discourse
ID	Indirect Discourse
FIT	Free Indirect Thought
FDT	Free Direct Thought
DT	Direct Thought
IT	Indirect Thought
FIS	Free Indirect Speech
FDS	Free Direct Speech
DS	Direct Speech
IS	Indirect Speech
NR(A)	Narrator Report (of Action)
POV	Point of View
ST	Source text

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<sup>1</sup> Most sources I used, use the American English spelling for ‘Mrs.’. For the sake of consistency, I have done so too, but only in the spelling of this word. The rest has been written in British English.

## **Thank you...**

As I am starting to write this, I have not actually finished my conclusion yet, but I am afraid I may forget what I want to say if I do not start now. Those who are close to me, are well aware of the time that has been put into this thesis, or project as some of them like to call it, and I dare hardly believe that it is coming to an end.

First of all I need to thank my parents, not just for their constant worrying, pampering, providing me with easy snacks to make sure I kept eating, and for listening to me rambling on about a topic that was not really part of their field of expertise, but also for my shiny new easy-to-carry high-speed laptop. This has allowed me to leave the confinement of my house or the library and actually surround myself with friends every now and then so that I would not go completely crazy while I was writing and doing my research.

Secondly, of course, my friends and family. Thank you all, again for listening to me over and over again when I thought that I would never ever finish. For pretending to understand what I was talking about. For dragging me outside to go for a run. For taking me for a beer when I thought I did not have time. For forcing me to jump into the duck pond, just to make the day a little brighter. For allowing me to cry on the phone. For allowing me to cry to your face. For the chocolate. For your understanding when I could only meet up for a few minutes. For countless coffees and cigarettes on the balcony. For your encouragement. And all of you, for believing I could pull this one off.

Which leaves me with my supervisor Cees Koster. I am well aware that the process has been long and that it has taken me for ever to get the engine going. Every time we had a meeting to talk things over, it was with a heavy heart (mine, that is). He had the faith in me that I lacked for a long time, and that has been a great boost, so thank you. For fear of becoming all mushy and emotional, I will draw this to an end, but I also need to mention my second reader Onno Kusters. Thanks for basically telling me to get it together cause I knew I could do it and for your suggestions along the way. (And this time I will spell your name correctly.)

## INTRODUCTION

Fond as I am of literature and translating, when it came to my master thesis I found myself wanting for a subject. My first thought was to continue on the topic of crossover literature, but as I had already devoted several projects to this subject I thought it wise to broaden my horizon. Sadly, my sense of direction has never been very obliging so I let myself be guided to the subject of modernist literature. Still none the wiser, yet absolutely sure that I would not traverse into the labyrinths of James Joyce, I stepped into an Amsterdam bookshop and picked up the first modernist novel that caught my eye. Maybe I should have kept browsing from that point on, but indecisiveness is one of my major defects so I chose not to look any further and project Dalloway had a lift off.

Indulging in the utter bliss of thinking that the hard part was done, I embarked on the one day journey that is *Mrs. Dalloway*, literally. Little did I know that this single day in the lives of many post Great War Londoners would have an impact on the following year of my life. After the first page, I wanted to toss the book out of the train window and never look back, but curiosity, and determination not to let a writer scare me with a mere first page, got the better of me. Perhaps reading the novel with a stack of post-its at hand would have been more effective on a second reading, but the book immediately proved to be such an amalgamation of characters, points of view and stray streams of consciousness, that I needed some means of keeping track. Despite the growing love-hate relationship with Virginia Woolf and the characters in her novel, I became intrigued. Woolf's writing does not provide an easy read, and the challenge of translating slowly started to take shape in my head.

Even though there has been little attention for the translations of Woolf's work in the Netherlands, all of her novels have been translated into Dutch, despite James Brockway's statement that translating Woolf into Dutch is foolish. Not so much because of a lack of skill on the side of the translators but as a

consequence of the unbridgeable difference between the English and the Dutch language, and in particular between the English and the Dutch mentality. Characteristic of Virginia Woolf's writing is the combination of a highly refined and intelligent way of thinking and a simple and robust way of handling the English language. A highly *woman-like* handling of that language too – whereas Dutch always has a tendency to clumsiness. (quoted in Andringa 214)

I like a challenge, so for this thesis I have translated several excerpts from *Mrs. Dalloway*. After reading the novel twice it became clear, though, that in order to come up with a sound translation I needed to study the various techniques of narration into detail, because the novel's narrative style is a significant feature upon which the rest of the story and writing style have been built. In order to be able to implement the various narrative modes and their effect in a translation, I needed to establish how they present themselves in the novel and to what effect. The first two chapters then comprise detailed study of narrative mode and linguistic style in *Mrs. Dalloway*. The first part of **chapter one** focuses on narrative style, free indirect discourse in particular. In the second part I will discuss how this narrative mode presents itself in *Mrs. Dalloway*. The **second chapter** is a stylistic analysis of the novel in which I will consider the modernist context of Woolf and her writing, and how this has influenced *Mrs. Dalloway*. Next, I will provide a detailed analysis of each passage that will be translated. Based on the first two chapters, I will present a contrastive analysis in **chapter three** which describes the problems that may arise when translating the novel's style and those that may occur due to structural differences in English and Dutch. Apart from describing these problems I will also try to come up with solutions and translations that are in line with Woolf's style of writing. Finally then, the **fourth chapter** contains the three passages that I translated, including an extensive set of notes when I felt that the choice of translation called for an explanation. In the conclusion I will evaluate my research and its outcome.

## 1. NARRATIVE STYLE

One of the narrative techniques that sets *Mrs. Dalloway* apart from most literature that preceded Woolf's generation is her use of Free Indirect Discourse (FID), a discourse mode which has not been invented by her, but which she applied extensively throughout her novels. Jane Austen has often been credited as being the first British author to develop this narrative mode and to use it in her novels (e.g.: Flavin 1989, Gunn 2003, Parsons 2007). Woolf mentions her in some of her essays and points out that "although [she] might have ignored the 'shades and subtleties' of individual perception [...] that preoccupied the contemporary novel, [Austen] used tools appropriate to [her] perspective on the world" (Parsons 69). Of all women writers that Woolf mentions, she praises Austen for her ability to "ignore both the idealisation and the criticism of her sex, as well as through a perspective of ironic detachment to write without her artistic integrity warped by the weight of shame or resentment at her status as a woman" (Parsons 91). This detached perspective can be achieved through use of FID as this mode creates a distance between the reader and the character by means of narrator interference with a subtlety that Indirect Discourse (ID) lacks. At the same time however, FID also takes on many features that are associated with Direct Discourse (DD), which in turn decreases this distance. It has to be noted, though, that in FID the narrator is never far away and in any case, he is *always* interfering.<sup>2</sup>

Numerous studies have been dedicated to the phenomenon of FID. In its simplest possible explanation FID is "a technique for presenting a character's thoughts or speech without obvious mediation by an external narrator" (Genette in Parsons 29). Its use of past tense and third-person pronoun "while moving inside the character's consciousness to take on the style and tone of their own immediate speaking voice" (Parsons 29) allows the mode to move away from both Direct Speech (DS) and "indirect report" (*ibid*). However, this explanation does not so much focus on discourse, which involves both speech and thought, as it does on speech. This contradicts Parsons's mentioning of the "character's consciousness", which would involve only the representation of thought or internal speech. She does not elaborate any further on either speech or consciousness with reference to FID and therefore

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<sup>2</sup> In order to keep the explanation succinct and to put the emphasis on the difference between (fictional) character and narrator, I am not going to distinguish between 'author', 'implied author' and 'narrator', but only use the term 'narrator' when discussing narrative style. Also, I have chosen to use 'narrator' singular in order to remain succinct. This does mean that I will be referring to the narrator with male pronouns. Even though this goes against Woolf's 'transcending gender', a female pronoun could imply that I am referring to Woolf when I am in fact discussing the narrator. Woolf and the narrator will at some point be very closely linked in the discussion and a male and female pronoun can then be helpful in making a distinction between the two.



this basic description, even though it might simplify the analysis of narrative in *MD*, will not suffice. Since various studies have mentioned the importance of narrative Point of View (POV) when trying to point out FID, I will first elaborate briefly on this topic.

### **Point of View**

Stefan Oltean, Reiko Ikeo and Charlotte Bosseaux all agree that Point of View is essential when determining FID. Ikeo describes how subtle the difference can be between a character's POV and the narrator's account of the character's POV, which can almost imperceptibly shift the discourse from being a character's to being a narrator's, even in FID. He draws a distinction between FID and N-FID<sup>3</sup> and explains that in N-FID it is hard to distinguish between the discourse of the character and that of the narrator; they are "cases ambiguous with narration" (Ikeo 367). Oltean and Bosseaux also mention this ambiguity, but refrain from adding this discursal sub-mode and in order to prevent confusion I will do the same. Still, Oltean points out that the narrator's POV is always evident in the discourse of the character in the way that it evokes a certain emotion in the reader. It cannot be the character's intention to evoke this emotion, because the reader is not a part of the narrative, so even though the reader is presented with the character's discourse, its effect on the reader has to be ascribed to the narrator. Bosseaux also mentions this "dual-voiced" element "as a fusion of narratorial and fictional voices" (16). The possibility for these two perspectives to fuse will be discussed in the section on FID.

The difference between narrator and character POV can be defined as follows: the character's POV is always voiced through a narrator, even though the extent of his presence can vary greatly, whereas a narrator can be either a participating or observing character, or a speaker who holds a position outside of the story. Only in consistent first-person POV narration, or in what Genette calls "*homodiegetic* narration" (in Bosseaux 39), are the character and the narrator one and the same. This does not mean, however, that this narrator-character automatically becomes the story's protagonist. For instance, in Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* the first-person narrator remains anonymous and only in the first chapter is he visibly (or audibly) present. From the second chapter onwards, the story becomes a retelling of the adventures of the character of Marlow, the actual protagonist, and the reader almost forgets who the narrator actually is. More striking however, is the fact that the retelling from Marlow's perspective is from a first-person POV as well. These two first-person

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<sup>3</sup> 'N' refers to 'narrator'.

narrators function differently though. The anonymous, coordinating as it were, first-person narrator is neutral; he does not provide judgement or comment on the narrative. 'I'-narrator Marlow on the other hand offers emotive speech and thought and so decreases the distance between him and the reader.

A first-person narrator cannot be omniscient since it goes against nature for a character to have access to another character's mind. Of course there are exceptions to this convention as well, but these actually *do* go against nature. In Markus Zusak's crossover novel *The Book Thief* for example, the first-person narrator is in fact omniscient, but him being 'Death' allows for this narrator's prerogative and a 'realistic' character would not have this ability.

Apart from the fact that the first-person narrator has no access to the thoughts of other characters, their speech is reported in the form in which the narrator perceives it. This one-sided recounting of speech and events means that the narrator may be as truthful as he pleases or has the ability to be, because there is no possibility for the reader to perceive the speech through any other character or an external narrator. A way of circumventing this limited first-person perspective would be with a multiplicity of first-person narrators. This is what William Faulkner did in, among others, *The Sound and the Fury*. Here, the story is told by four narrators: three of them brothers narrating from the first-person POV and the fourth is an omniscient narrator (Spies 22).

An omniscient third-person narrator does have the possibility to enter the mind of various characters. He has a choice of providing the reader with direct or indirect discourse, but no matter which mode he chooses, he will always be an interfering factor. Bosseaux uses Simpson's distinction between the Narratorial Mode and the Reflector Mode (42). The former, as its name implies, involves a narrative told "from a 'position outside the consciousness of any of the characters'" (Simpson in Bosseaux 42) while the latter involves "narratives related 'through the consciousness of a particular character', i.e. a reflector" (*ibid*). She involves Fowler's model as well. Both his and Simpson's approaches focus on "**who** is presented as the observer of the events of a narrative, whether the narrator or a participating character; and **the various kinds of discourse** associated with different relationships between narrator and character" (Bosseaux 39 [her emphasis]). Even though it is the narrator who decides which character observes, as soon as the reader witnesses the story through the eyes and/or consciousness of a character, that is through "*focalisation*" (Genette in Bosseaux 15), the narrator is pushed into the background and the perspective becomes that of the character. In thought presentation, as soon as the narrator represents the thoughts of a character regardless of the form of presentation, "we are invited to see things from that character's POINT OF VIEW:

he becomes the REFLECTOR of the fiction” (Leech & Short 273), but the question remains how these perspectives are displayed. The limited third-person narrator can also provide character perspective, but he restricts himself to the thought presentation of only one character.

The most basic difference between first- and third-person POV is the use of pronouns. These immediately indicate whether the narrator’s perspective is internal or external and from there on the distinction between the different possibilities within these POVs can be made. Yet, these are merely linguistic features. The voice that makes the reader experience the events is basically the point of view at that moment. When, in third-person narration, that voice is external, it is the narrator’s POV. Likewise, the internal voice present the character’s POV.

### **Free Indirect Discourse**

In FID, the narrative POV is provided through the focalisation of a character. Even though the narrator is always present, it is very hard to maintain FID consistently throughout an entire novel, and the narrator’s voice is bound to emerge at some point, for instance through straightforward report of speech or action. This discourse mode, however, is not always easy to identify and in order to be able to do this, it is important to establish what features may determine the ‘free’ aspect. Oltean has assessed the relevance of “syntactic, semantic and pragmatic accounts” (691) in FID. With reference to the syntactic accounts, Oltean explains that FID has a rather unusual structure in which it preserves the “original syntax of direct discourse” (692), which allows for the ‘free’ element of this mode, but it is bound to the “tense and person agreement [as in] indirect discourse” (692), namely third-person pronoun and past tense. Short & Leech agree with Oltean and add that as a result of the possibility to omit the reporting clause, the reported clause can in turn “take on some of the syntactic possibilities of the main clause” (Short and Leech 261). The omission of a reporting clause and of the (implicit) subordinate conjunction *in*, for instance, a Free Indirect Speech (FIS) clause, allow for adoption of syntactic features that would normally be reserved for DS. This means that a sentence in the FID mode is no longer subordinate, as it would be in DD, but a main clause: FID does not “reduce the most important part of the communication – namely, what the [character] said – to the status of a secondary clause (introduced by “that”), a lifeless subordinating conjunction” (Hernadi 36) [my parenthesis]. However, further on I will show that this mode can occur in subordinate clauses as well.

A very clear unambiguous example of FIS is its first instance in *MD*:

[1] They had just come up – unfortunately – to see doctors. (*MD* 6)

In this case, the third-person pronoun refers to the speaker, Hugh Whitbread (and to his wife). There is no reporting clause, but the syntactic structure is that of DS, while the tense and pronoun use are that of ID. Also, the instances of DS that introduce this passage indicate that Hugh is in this case the focalising character, as does the reply to his statement, “[w]as Evelyn ill again?” (6), by his interlocutor, Clarissa Dalloway. Whether or not Hugh’s speech is FIS, can also be checked by changing the pronouns to first-person and the tense to present. If the sentence is able to function in its direct form, it very probably is an instance of free indirect report. This would result in the following sentence when applied to the former example:

[2] We have just come up – unfortunately – to see doctors.

The syntactic structure of the sentence remains untouched, but due to the changes in tense and pronoun, the sentence has shifted into the direct mode. In fact, the lack of a reporting clause and inverted commas make it Free Direct Speech (FDS). The presumably verbatim speech can easily be retraced due to the omission of a reporting clause and a subordinating conjunction that can signal Indirect Speech (IS). Had the sentence been:

[3] He said that they had just come up – unfortunately – to see doctors,

it would have been much closer to IS. Yet, as I will demonstrate over the next paragraphs, this is still some sort of middle road because the adverb and time deictic are that of DS. In order to render the sentence completely indirect, it needs to lose these direct features as well and be turned into something like:

[4] He said that they had come up to see doctors.

It is impossible to retrace the verbatim utterance from this sentence and this creates a greater distance between reader and character which renders it indirect.

If third-person pronoun in combination with past tense is a requirement of FID, it has to be noted though, that names can also be part of this. In my research I did not come across the mentioning of proper nouns as third-person pronouns and they would appear to create a greater distance between the character and the reader and therefore the discourse in which they appear should be attributed to the narrator. Yet, they behave exactly the same as third-person pronouns and at the same time their effect can reveal more about the character. For instance, when one of the physicians in *MD* is supplied with FID and his own name appears in

the speech report, this makes him sound very pompous on the one hand and very condescending towards his patient on the other. For instance:

[5] Was there anything else they wished to ask him? **Sir William** would make all arrangements (he murmured to Rezia) and he would let her know between five and six that evening. (*MD* 108 [my emphasis])

Of course he would not have used “Sir William” in DS, but its effect in this FIS sentence is in fact condescending and it supplies him with a higher status. This effect would be far less if the pronoun had just been ‘he’. In short, when a proper name appears, the freeness of the discourse seems to fade, because the distance between the character and the reader appears to increase. Yet, the context in which it appears shall determine whether or not it is FID.

As just became evident, FID is not merely composed of the syntactic features of tense and pronoun selection and in fragmented sentences especially, these features may not even be present. Both Oltean and Short & Leech refer to the use of deictics of place or time, which are those associated with DD or a first-person POV and nearer to the character than would be the case in ID. Bosseaux also focuses extensively on these “temporal” and “locative” deictics, or “Spatio-Temporal Point of View” (Bosseaux 28) as she prefers calling them in order to treat them as one language feature. She argues that “deixis deals essentially with relations in space and time and is always seen from an individual’s perspective” (*ibid*), and explains that every language utterance is set in a certain place and at a certain time. Deixis then refers to how a character’s utterances can indicate time and location and to what effect. For instance the use of *now*, *here* and *this* instead of *then*, *there* and *that* while adopting third-person pronoun and past tense are clear markers of FID. These ‘near’ deictics indicate the speaker’s involvement with the subject-matter and can therefore only be ascribed to a character, but the distance between character and reader that is created with FID is maintained due to tense and pronoun. This does not entail that more distant references like *there* and *then* would automatically undo the FID mode, because this mode, like any other, also allows for reference to more distant or future events. It rather means that “terms which might be used to show a position relative to a point *independent* of both the speaker and the hearer/listener, are not deictic” (30) and, as a result, have to be narrator’s report. Yet the combination of tense, pronoun, and deictics, or the mere presence of ‘near’ deictics can be evident markers of FID. For instance, the time-adverb ‘just’ in example [1] is very near to the speaker and clearly indicates the extent of his personal involvement in his statement.

Another important element pointed out by Peter Verdonk is the use of modal auxiliaries. Apart from being in the past tense, *would* and *could* are usually “[markers] of character consciousness in FID because [they express] a personal attitude towards a particular situation or event, which an objective third-person narrator is normally not supposed to adopt” (Verdonk 49). They are signs of emotive language which can only be attributed to an omniscient narrator if his intention were to strike a chord in the reader. However, in discourse situations these verbs are markers of uncertainty and subjectivity which belong to a character because an omniscient narrator would not be hindered by these vices. Bosseaux completes this list of verbs with *doubt*, *must*, *might* and *should* (66) and explains that these are ultimately suitable for FID, because they are “verbs of inner argument and persuasion” (66). What is striking about these verbs is that they, apart from ‘doubt’, are ‘tenseless’ as it were, because their meaning changes as soon as they appear in their present tense form. ‘Must’ for that matter does not even have tense since its past form would be something like ‘had to’, which does not quite cover the load of word. However, I will elaborate on this topic in the section on contrastive analysis.

The presence of “idiosyncratic lexical elements” (Oltean 693) such as colloquialism, dialect or slang, or idiomatic phrases, contracted forms, and exclamations in what seems to be ID at first glance, are indications of FID. Oltean elaborates greatly on semantic and pragmatic indications of FID, but fails to come up with a definite explanation. Bosseaux quotes McHale who describes semantic signs as “the ‘content’ of utterances, the ‘thoughts’ or ‘intended meanings’ of a character as distinguished from those of the narrator” (in Bosseaux, 56), and Leech & Short describe these as lexical and graphological features of discourse. These semantic markers then, have nothing to do with the syntactic structure of a sentence and as Leech & Short point out, these may even be the only indications of FID. The presence of the adverb ‘unfortunately’ in example [1] adds to the directness of the utterance and tells the reader about Hugh Whitbread’s feelings, without the narrator actually describing these. Consider the following sentence:

[6] She said that the weather was bloody awful.

This appears to be IS at first sight, due to the subordinate state of the reported clause. Yet, the presence of the strong language, through the intensifier *bloody*, adds elements of DS to the sentence and supplies it with its free mode. Thus, adjectives and adverbs that do not refer to the manner in which discourse takes place, but are rather emotive markers within the discourse, tell the reader something about the state of mind of the character. However,

because this mindset is described through discourse, it cannot be attributed to the narrator and this renders the discourse more free than ID.

Leech & Short consider “the absence of a reporting verb [...] criterial for the presence of FIS” (264), yet as has just been shown in example [6], this is not the case. Moreover, inversion of the reporting and reported clause seems to clear the path for FID. When the reporting clause is moved to the end of the sentence or appears somewhere in the middle of a stretch of discourse, it becomes either integrated in the reported clause, but more often it will be set off from the reported clause through punctuation. Because there is no need for the (implicit) subordinating conjunction ‘that’, as would be the case in ID, the uttered clause is no longer subjunctive. Leech & Short’s statement focuses mainly on an introductory reporting clause and they go on and reject the statement by showing that FIS can even be present in subordinate sentences. These may start off as indirect, but the presence of, for instance, “colloquial lexical forms [...] indicate that in the subordinate clause itself we are getting not just an indirect report of the statement which the [character] uttered, but also some indication of the form of the words which he used” (265). They refer to this as the “degree of faithfulness to the ‘original’” (*ibid*) which can be found in FIS. Still, Leech & Short are not convinced that the inversion allows for FID. They say that even though the reported clause may appear free indirect, this mode is undone by the reporting clause. I disagree and prefer saying that in this case the reported and the reporting clause should be viewed separately, which they often are already due to punctuation. The reported sentence would then be viewed as FID, and the reporting clause as narrator interjection, especially when the reported clause can easily be traced to its verbatim utterance.

Another marker, which may not appear to be one at first sight, is punctuation. Question or exclamation marks especially are clear indications of FID which, again, are the same as in DD. Both are indications of the state of mind of a character, so when they appear in a text, it is reasonable to assume that they belong to the discourse of a character. For example:

[7] She said that the weather was awful!

has Indirect Speech (IS) written all over it, except for the appearance of the exclamation mark, which is a feature of DS. The combination of these features make the case for FIS very plausible. An exclamation mark, just like in this example, adds emotional value to the utterance without external narrator report on the manner in which this was uttered. At the same time, however, punctuation can be a cause for ambiguity. The appearance of parentheses

or dashes in speech or thought presentation, even when they are clearly in the free indirect mode, are obvious examples of narrator interference and instantly create a dual POV, because in natural speech, let alone in thought, there is very little conscious reflection on what is being uttered.

Finally, the context plays an important role in determining FID. By context I do not just mean the text that immediately surrounds the FID passage, but also facts and information that the reader picked up earlier in the story and have provided him with knowledge which might confirm, disprove, or otherwise affect speech or thought presentation and prove it as a free indirect report of the discourse. When in *MD* Hugh Whitbread, for instance, says “and of course he was coming to her party tonight, Evelyn absolutely insisted” (6), this is clearly an answer to a question, even if this has not been uttered in the reported conversation, but the reader knows that Clarissa Dalloway will be hosting a party that night. This knowledge provides the chance to fill in the blanks and assume that the question has actually been asked somewhere during the conversation. Even though all of the aforementioned markers of FID can be explored into more detail, I will not elaborate any further for the sake of the size of this thesis.

Leech & Short draw attention to the fact that FIS often “evolve[s] out of IS” (262), which means that speech may very well start off as indirect, but as the discourse progresses, the mode shifts into free indirect and the same can be said for thought presentation. FIS is not merely restricted to literature, but the mode is often used in, for instance, news articles as well in order to avoid repetition of either the reporting clause or the subordinating conjunction:

It wouldn't work, she said, because there was no history of a successful currency union without a political union, and she certainly didn't want Britain to be swallowed up in a United States of Europe. "No, no, no," she famously said to Parliament a few days later – in a display of ideological obstinacy that infuriated the Europhiles and led shortly to her defenestration at the hands of Heseltine and Howe.  
(Johnson)

This example from *The Daily Telegraph* does have a reporting clause, in inverted form though, but the reported speech in the first sentence is unmistakably indirect: past tense, third-person pronoun, use of modal auxiliary verb, and the idiosyncratic elements as they come



forward in the contracted form and the adverb ‘certainly’ - which underlines the force of the entire utterance – combined in the syntactic structure of DS are all indications of FID.

Once a mode has been established as free indirect, it is not always clear whether the presented discourse is thought or speech. According to Hernadi, in FIT the narrator “substitutes his own words for the [character’s] mental operations without explicitly telling the reader that he will do so” (34). Yet, there is not always an indication of this substitution and because thought presentation, unlike speech, can never be presented verbatim, the actual “utterance” of thoughts can never be retrieved. Even though thought and speech presentation may formally share many similarities, mainly the combination of direct and indirect discourse features, on all levels that have just been discussed, Leech & Short rightfully say that “even in an extremely indirect form [presentation of thought] is ultimately an artifice” (270), because it is impossible to look into someone’s mind or to put thoughts – which are basically made up from words, impressions, images, feeling, emotions, etc. – into mere words. The words can only be a reflection of thoughts and from that perspective thoughts are always indirect. That is why, contrary to speech, thought presentation appears more natural in an indirect form, because direct report can come across as a monologue or take on the appearance of stage soliloquy.

According to Leech & Short, modes such as FIT and Stream of Consciousness writing are “attempts not just to report what the character thinks, but also to render the character’s immediate experience or consciousness of those thoughts” (270).<sup>4</sup> I already discussed FIT as part of FID, but the former explanation of Indirect Thought (IT) as the more natural form, needs some elaboration. Unlike FIS, FIT is a form of presentation that “signifies a movement towards the exact representation of a character’s thought” (Leech & Short 275), and “[t]he choice of FIT [...] makes us feel that we are getting a more vivid and immediate representation of the character’s thoughts as they happen” (276). Whereas FIS is a moving away from the directness of the DS norm, i.e. a move towards the narrator, FIT is a moving towards directness, because IT is the prevailing norm in thought presentation. FIT does place the reader directly inside the character’s consciousness while FIS distances the reader from direct perception. This can be demonstrated with Leech & Short’s model for speech and thought presentation, which determines the positions of the different modes:

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<sup>4</sup> In my discussion of FID in *Mrs. Dalloway* I will elaborate more extensively on Stream of Consciousness writing.

<i>Speech presentation:</i> <sup>5</sup>	NRSA	IS	FIS	<b><u>DS</u></b>	FDS
<i>Thought presentation:</i>	NRTA <sup>6</sup>	<b><u>IT</u></b>	FIT	DT	FDT

In this model, the narrator is on the far left side and the character on the right and the discourse modes in bold are the norm. So, while FIS is a movement away from the character towards narrator intervention, FIT moves towards the character and even though their level of ‘freeness’ is the same, their moving away from their norm in opposite directions functions differently. The free direct form of speech and thought, function very differently as well. FDS is even closer to the character than DS and contains minimal narrator intervention. The greatest form of interfering can be found in the fact that words have been written down and that it is ultimately the narrator who decides how much, or which part, of the speech is reported. FDT goes by the same rules, but even though this mode can be adopted “to show the more reflective side of a character’s nature” (Leech & Short 278-279), it still gives off a sense of soliloquy which may feel awkward or unnatural.

As FIT moves the reader inside a character’s mind, this mode is likely to evoke sympathy for, or understanding of a character, whereas it is harder to evoke these emotions when a character’s thoughts are shown from a more distant perspective, or not at all. This is an effect that does not occur in FIS.

Returning to the ‘dual POV’, Leech & Short point out that the mere observation of formal linguistic criteria such as grammar or syntax cannot finalise “whether one is reading the thoughts of the character or the views of the narrator” (271). In DD (or FDD) the reader may assume that he is reading the words exactly as spoken or the thoughts exactly as they occur, in as far this is possible for reasons mentioned earlier. The narrator’s voice is limited to either a reporting clause or to the fact that reporting takes place. In FID however, these voices are mingled.

In FIS presentation the fact that the reader is distanced from the character’s words allows “for the introduction of two points of view” (270). One of its effects can be irony; the reader hears the character speak, but is aware of the narrator’s perspective and therefore able to form his own opinion on what is said. Similarly, a combination of different speech modes, for instance DS – which allows a character “to speak for [himself]” (269) – and FIS in a conversation, can be an indication of the characters’ different attitudes or their closeness

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<sup>5</sup> Adaptation of Leech & Short’s discourse presentation model on page 276.

<sup>6</sup> NRSA and NRTA are respectively Narrative Report of a Speech/Thought Act.

towards the subject matter. Leech & Short call this the “highlighting and backgrounding of speech” (269) and explain that the different modes can be used by the narrator to control the reader’s sympathies towards the different characters.

Also, the difficulty of pinpointing the mode in use allows for the “manipulation of point of view” (272), and gives the narrator the chance “to slip from narrative statement to interior portrayal without the reader noticing what has occurred, and as the reader has little choice but to take on trust the views of the narrator, when character and narrator are merged in this way he tends to take over the view of the character too” (*ibid*). The narrator may choose to mix his words with that of the character, which results in this dual perspective and creates a constant possibility for ambiguity about who the speaker is. This in turn affects the readers’ perspective without them realising that the POV has shifted. Since FID is wedged in between different discourse modes which present themselves more clearly in a text, and because FID is sometimes hardly discernable from these modes or narrator’s report, free indirect report can be hard to determine, if possible to determine at all. Verdonk argues that FID “brings into convergence the perspectives which would conventionally be kept distinct: that of the narrator looking on and that of the inner experience of the character” (48). In short: the dual POV that FID provides is presented in the fact that “on the one hand we can sense the presence of an intruding narrator who mediates between character and reader, whereas on the other hand we can also detect vestiges of the character’s original speech or thought” (48).

To summarise, FID is a narrative mode which most often appears in third-person omniscient narration and in which the narrator is present through subtle interference. The latter can be recognised most easily in the use of third-person pronoun and past tense while the reader is presented with discourse that is syntactically direct. The DD features can also be seen in, for instance, the use of temporal or locative deictics which are near or present, that is: unambiguous about *what*, *where*, *who* and *when*. Basically, all elements – idiosyncrasy, punctuation and ‘tenseless’ modal auxiliary verbs – that would normally be reserved for DD, but the discourse clearly is not direct, are indications of FID. Even though the most common situation for FID would be third-person narration, the free indirect mode can also present itself in first-person POV when the discourse diverts from ‘normal’, most visibly through use of pronoun that does not fit the perspective.

When there seems to be no definite answer as to whether or not the discourse is free indirect, the context can then prove to be useful, yet not always finalising. As narrative modes have proven to be very fickle and when the context cannot determine the mode, the status of

the discourse mode will remain ambiguous. Bosseaux explains that FID essentially is a “mixed form of discourse” (67) and the ambiguity that this mode causes allows for a dual POV, that of the narrator and that of the character. For this reason FID needs careful studying before starting a translation, as movement towards more direct or more indirect forms of discourse may change the POV in the narration or diminish this duality.

### **Narrative Style and FID in *Mrs. Dalloway*<sup>7</sup>**

The difficulty with recognising FID in *MD*, is that this mode is often alternated with other forms of discourse. Woolf does not necessarily abide by the more easily identifiable FID feature of omitting the reporting clause and, as a consequence, determining the discourse mode largely depends on the context. Moreover, even though the text is written from an omniscient third-person narrative POV, there are so many characters involved, whether marginal or main characters, that the POV can be hard to establish. This constant shifting between characters unmistakably leads to a dual POV. A very clear example of mixing discourse modes appears in the second passage I translated:

[1] (1) ‘But what are you going to do?’ she asked him. (2) Oh the lawyers and solicitors, Messrs. Hooper and Grateley of Lincoln’s Inn, they were going to do it, he said. (3) And he actually pared his nails with his pocket-knife. (*MD* 50)

(1) is an obvious case of DS due to the use of quotation marks and the reporting clause. As a result, the verbatim utterance can easily be retraced. Sentence (2) even though containing a reporting clause is undoubtedly FIS: the past tense, but more importantly the idiomatic ‘Oh’ and the syntactic structure, which are features of DS, grant it its free indirect status. The final sentence (3) appears to be narrator’s report of action, providing extra information on what is taking place during the conversation. However, the presence of the idiomatic ‘actually’ which, in this case, expresses disbelief, can only be attributed to Clarissa Dalloway and the lack of a reporting clause and the use of past tense render it FIT. The alternating between various speech modes for the different characters in this paragraph does have an effect on their position in the story. Leech & Short point out that Peter’s casual, almost dismissive, attitude towards the situation is reflected in the more distancing speech mode. Clarissa’s surprise over

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<sup>7</sup> In order to find out how FID works in *MD*, I will focus mainly on the sections which I also chose to translate as I feel that they can be representative for the entire novel.

Peter's announcement, however, is reflected in the directness of her speech. In this case "the contrast between the modes of speech presentation puts one, so to speak, in the shadow of the other, and so allows us to infer different characters' attitudes towards the information presented" (Leech & Short 269). Not only do the modes reflect the characters' attitude, but they also serve as a foil for each other.

The fact that the former passage covers an entire paragraph forces the reader to use the surrounding paragraphs as context. The previous one ends with Clarissa's FIT and the next continues in a form of Free Direct Discourse (FDD) that is a mix between speech and thought, because Clarissa is talking to herself here. A case could be made to say that the following sentence,

[2] For Heaven's sake, leave your knife alone! she cried to herself in irrepressible irritation (*MD* 50),

is not at all free due to the reporting clause, but the inversion, lack of quotation marks, and the exclamation mark allow for the free indirect status of the discourse, despite its elaborative reporting clause.

The previous examples show that Woolf does employ the narrative and stylistic tools that have been discussed in the previous chapter, but her writing is so ingenious, that the mode is often hard to determine. This means that the dual POV may come forward more clearly in her text, than it would have in a less subtle writing style, and that the narrative voice is difficult to uncover. This voice also depends on which characters are involved in the discourse. For instance, in the first section I translated, which involves the first four pages of the novel, the distinction between the various characters' discourse is very clear. The main character, Clarissa Dalloway, is the only character in these four pages who has been endowed with DS and all four modes of indirect discourse. Additionally, the narrator reports on her actions. All these angles from which to view the events ensure a very vivid style. Clarissa constantly moves towards and away from the reader, allowing for a very rounded image of her character.

The second character to appear in this extract is Scrope Purvis. The reader is only presented with his thoughts in free (in)direct form, but thrown off guard by ambiguous narrator interference:

[3] She stiffened a little on the kerb, waiting for Durtnall's van to pass.  
A charming woman, Scrope Purvis thought her (knowing her as one

does know people who live next door to one in Westminster); a touch of the bird about her, of the jay, blue-green, light, vivacious, though she was over fifty, and grown very white since her illness. There she perched, never seeing him, waiting to cross, very upright. (MD 4)

There is no clear purpose for the use of brackets in the novel as they occur both in narrator text and in character discourse, but in general the bracketed text offers information that might be slightly off topic from the main discourse or text, or it provides extra information on these which is not essential to understand the story. However, in this case it is unclear whether the bracketed text belongs to Purvis or to the narrator. The sentence is preceded and followed by Purvis's thought presentation, but it appears to express some universal truth due to the indefinite pronoun 'one'. Also, the use of present tense would render the mode direct for sure. If the POV here is determined by the context, there is reason to assume that the clause is FDT as it started off free indirect, but the narrator is clearly intruding.

Finally, the character of Hugh Whitbread enters the scene. At this point a conversation is set in action which starts off in DS from both sides, but soon slips into FIS laced with Clarissa's FIT:

[4] "Good-morning to you, Clarissa!" said Hugh, rather extravagantly, for they had known each other as children. "Where are you off to?"

"I love walking in London," said Mrs. Dalloway. "Really it's better than walking in the country."

They had just come up--unfortunately--to see doctors. Other people came to see pictures; go to the opera; take their daughters out; the Whitbreads came "to see doctors." Times without number Clarissa had visited Evelyn Whitbread in a nursing home. Was Evelyn ill again? 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. (6)

The scene continues with Clarissa's and Hugh's FIS, alternated with Clarissa's FIT. Because Clarissa is the only one here whose thoughts are presented and because they are in the free indirect mode, her character is moving towards the reader, decreasing the distance between them. At the same time, Hugh is moving away from the reader as his character went from direct to free indirect speech. Here too the different modes serve as a foil for each other.

The extensive use of FID in the novel can puzzle the reader, even when more straightforward discourse modes are being employed. The first sentence of *MD*:

[5] Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself (3),

is clearly IS, but the next sentence (and paragraph) immediately shifts into FIT, only to keep this up for the following two paragraphs. This might trick a reader into thinking that the first sentence is in the free indirect mode as well, especially since the next sentence starts with the subordinating conjunction 'for', but there simply is no reason to assume that this would be anything other than IS. Lack of 'near' deictics, indexical elements or the presence of emotive markers etc., and its (implicit) subjunctive state are all indications that this sentence simply is IS.

### **Effect of FID in *Mrs. Dalloway***

At the start of this section, I mentioned how the use of various modes can affect or underline the characters' attitude towards what is being said and that they can serve as a foil. On a more linguistic level the aspect feature in *MD*'s discourse modes can be a cause for (narrative) complexity. FID most typically presents itself in use of past tense and third-person pronoun, while following the syntactic structure of DD. Tense does not necessarily include aspect, while aspect in turn *always* includes tense. Woolf has made extensive use of the progressive aspect, but she does not necessarily add tense on every occasion. Once the presentation of thought has started and the mode is free indirect, it may slip into using progressive without tense. Consider the following extract:

[6] (1) Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself.

(2) For Lucy had her work cut out for her. The doors would be taken off their hinges; Rumpelmayer's men were coming. (3) And then, thought Clarissa Dalloway, what a morning – fresh as if issued to children on a beach.

(4) What a lark! What a plunge! (5) For so it had always seemed to her, when, with a little squeak of the hinges, which she could hear now, she had burst open the French windows and plunged at Bourton into the open air. (6) How fresh, how calm, stiller than this of course, the air was in the early morning; like the flap of a wave; the kiss of a wave; chill and sharp and yet (for a girl of eighteen as she then was) solemn, feeling as she did, standing there at the open window, that something awful was about to happen; (7) looking at the flowers, at the trees with the smoke winding off them and the rooks rising, falling; standing and looking until Peter Walsh said, “Musing among the vegetables?” – was that it? – “I prefer men to cauliflowers” – was that it? (*MD* 3)

Sentence (4) is clearly in the free mode, yet the only reason to assume that it is indirect thought is the fact that the context is indirect as well. Still, the exclamation marks, which add to the exhilaration of the moment and to the directness of the exclamation, and the lack of tense and pronoun would just as well allow for FDT. The following sentence (5) however, is a much more straightforward example of FIT. The coordinating conjunction that introduces it is an overt direct feature and links the sentence to the preceding one, which is helpful in clarifying that sentence’s directness. The tense and pronoun selection immediately render it FIT. The relevance of the use of both simple past and past perfect tense in this sentence is negligible, because the phrase involves a past within a past as it were, due to the flashbacks, and is nothing if not grammatically correct. There is a shift of tense in (6) though. This sentence starts off as pretty straightforward FIT. Even though there is clear narrator interference in the presence of brackets, the phrase these contain remains in the same mode. Yet, the progressive aspect of the present participles “feeling” and “standing” moves the thoughts into an immediate (past) present. This is further enhanced when (7) is followed by six progressive verb forms, yet lacks auxiliaries to provide tense. One of its effects is that, even though the aspect is progressive, narrative time seems to stand still in itself and, as a result, gives the text a feel of being in the present. The reader is drawn into Clarissa’s present consciousness, even though the better part of this paragraph relives a long lost past. According to the Italian translator of the novel, this dominating imperfect tense (or rather: aspect) “above all conveys the non-closure of the energy of the novel’s action” (Fusini, quoted in Parks 108)



Especially in the final translated section (just before Septimus's suicide) the different free indirect modes, i.e. the distinction between speech and thought, need to be determined through the context, but this proves to be rather complex. For instance:

[7] "But I must look so queer!" she cried, running over to the glass and looking first this side then that. Then she snatched it off again, for there was a tap at the door. Could it be Sir William Bradshaw? Had he sent already?

No! it was only the small girl with the evening paper. (*MD* 158)

The tense and pronoun use in the final three sentences of this passage are indications of FID, but there is no way of telling whether these are representations of thought or speech. The only indication for the character who is speaking or thinking is the fact that throughout this entire passage, Woolf has been pretty steady in dedicating each paragraph to only one character's speech or thought, or combination of the two. It can therefore be assumed that the same goes for these paragraphs and that it is Rezia's discourse. The register serves as an indication as well. Septimus tends to call the doctors by their last name or something slightly more abusive while Rezia uses their name and title. Yet, the final sentence can be both Rezia's or Septimus's discourse. I am inclined to go with the former as the tone is reassuring and Septimus has long passed the stage of being able to reassure himself, or anyone else for that matter.

The next example shows clearer markers to determine whether the FID involves speech or thought:

[8] (1) So he was in their power! Holmes and Bradshaw were on him! The brute with the red nostrils was snuffing into every secret place! "Must" it could say! (2) Where were his paper? the things he had written?

(3) She brought him his papers, the things he had written, things she had written for him. (*MD* 161)

The first part (1) of this passage might be FIT, as there is no indication that this is a reply to what Rezia says prior to this paragraph. The presence of the coordinating conjunction 'so' is an indication of discourse, but need not necessarily be a marker of speech, nor need the exclamation marks, because Woolf frequently uses these in presentation of thought. However,

(3) shows that Septimus must have been speaking in (2) as, by bringing him what he asked for, Rezia responds to the question that is posed here. These examples illustrate the need for context in determining the discourse mode. Strangely enough though, the uncertainty about which character's discourse is presented, is no cause for confusion here, because the structure of these passages is very coherent. More coherent even than some FID passages which show a clearer division between speech and thought.

### **The role of the narrator**

The omniscient narrator in *MD* is in control of the POV and decides who is speaking. He is external to the extent that he is not a participant in the story, but the puppet player as it were, in control of all speakers and all discourse, both internal and external. Not so much the establishment of a narrator, but the sheer volume of speakers in the novel, can seriously puzzle the reader. Showalter briefly touches upon POV in *MD* and argues that “in trying to show us her characters from a variety of embedded viewpoints rather than from the fixed perspective of the omniscient narrator, Woolf ‘breaks up the narrative plane’” (xxi). Instead of the traditional two-dimensional way of portraying a character, in what Proust called “plane psychology” (in Showalter xx) Woolf tried to insert a third dimension which places the psychology “in a space and time” (*ibid* xxi), thus acknowledging that people are a result of both their past and their present, other characters' perception of them and “the sum of multiple perspectives upon them” (Showalter xxi).

There are well over thirty characters in the novel – not counting the passage in which a crowd are watching smoke words in the air – whose thoughts are presented in a variety of modes. This fact is enough to establish the third-person omniscient narrator. Almost forty characters have been supplied with speech, also in various modes, and additionally there is speech within thought presentation as well (i.e. in flashbacks and memories). At the same time, not all characters whose thoughts are reported are also endowed with speech and vice versa. As pointed out earlier, one of the effects of thought presentation, in whichever mode, is the ability to gain the reader's sympathy. So those characters who are merely fitted with speech, are further away from the reader than those whose thought are their only means of discourse. As a result of these multiple voices “[e]very bit of the book is active; everything is manifestly a moving part in a moving whole. And however we wish to describe Woolf's view of reality, *Mrs. Dalloway* is an organism, not a case being made; you can almost feel it breathe as you read” (Eisenberg 180).

A clear example of this organism-like state of the novel is the passage in the park. Three of the main characters – Peter, Septimus and Rezia – are present here and their thoughts display a response to their surroundings, as the characters around them respond to them, all wondrously intertwined, yet as if watching a panorama shot in a film (this might be the influence of cinema, which was a developing and popular medium at the time of writing [Showalter xxi]). All characters respond to each other without actual interaction. The various actions of characters, or even their mere presence, trigger trains of thought of those who are near them and because the reader is presented with some of these, the novel indeed seems to be a “breathing” organism: everything is alive and seems to serve some purpose, however marginal, which contributes to depicting a conscious reality, created through the eyes of its onlookers.

The narrator in *MD* appears most visibly through indirect representation of speech or thought, or in clear incidences of telling rather than showing, but there is one passage in the novel in which he comes forward very distinctly. From page 109 up to 112 the narrator openly criticises the character of Sir William and his concept of ‘Proportion’ and he compares this to ‘Conversion’: his means of gaining power, in Sir William’s case over his patients so that they adapt themselves to social norms. This passage cannot be attributed to any of the characters so the narrator’s is the only voice that is left. At this point the readers are confronted with an external voice that effectively influences their opinion on Sir William and what he stands for.

The discourse mode in this passage is very direct. Just before the narrator begins to speak, there seems to be a paragraph that presents Sir William’s thoughts:

[9] To his patients he gave three-quarters of an hour; and if in this exacting science which has to do with what, after all, we know nothing about – the nervous system, the human brain – a doctor loses his sense of proportion, as a doctor he fails. Health we must have; and health is proportion; so that when a man comes into your room and says he is Christ (a common delusion), and has a message, as they mostly have, and threatens, as they often do, to kill himself, you invoke proportion; order rest in bed; rest in solitude; silence and rest; rest without friends, without books, without messages; six months’ rest; until a man who went in weighing seven stone six comes out weighing twelve. (*MD* 108)

However, the narrative already seems to slip into an external voice. The change of tense to present and POV to first-person plural are indicative of a narrator's voice, because the reader is now involved in the narrative. Still, the views that are expressed in this passage are mainly Sir William's. It is not until the next paragraph that the tone changes and becomes more criticising of him and his methods. The change to present tense could therefore also be a slipping into FDT and the shift to first-person POV might function as a characteristic of Sir William who believes that he is serving a greater purpose which will benefit everyone. He places himself on a pedestal by referring to himself in the plural form, a form that would normally be reserved for a king or queen and that seems to justify his working methods. The use of FDT here, does distance him from the reader and paves the way for the narrator to criticise him.

### **Free Indirect Thought and Stream of Consciousness**

The opinions on whether or not FIT and SOC-writing can be separated are divided, but I am convinced that FIT in *MD* is occasionally related SOC. The term 'stream of consciousness' has been coined in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century by William James, psychologist and brother of the writer Henry James. With this he meant to "characterize the continuous flow of thought and sensation in the human mind" (Lodge 42). Verdonk describes SOC as a technique of thought presentation "through which the narrator designs a style which creates the illusion that, without his or her interference, readers have direct access to the mental processes of the characters" (50). Consequently, "the reader sees the fictional world through the 'mental window' of the observing consciousnesses of the characters" (50). He points out that narrator guidance is minimal and that the readers are not directed in any way; they will "have to form [their] own judgements not only of how the characters experience their fictional universe but also of the value systems [they] use for assessing it" (50).

One of the distinguishing elements of SOC is the apparent complete randomness of thoughts or associations and that it "differs from all other psychological fiction precisely in that it is concerned with those levels that are more inchoate than rational verbalization – those levels on the margin of attention" (Humphrey 2-3). It is a given that (incoming) thoughts cannot be controlled as they are partly the outcome of surrounding, associations or past events. More noteworthy though is the fact that it is basically impossible to write thoughts down because they do not present themselves in text. Still in order to do so, they have to be converted into words. So even though the narrator may appear to be completely absent in SOC-writing, the very fact that the thoughts have been converted into words indicates his

presence. Also, even if it seems as if the thoughts are random and natural, it is the narrator who chooses which thoughts to present and in what way.

Returning to the relation between FIT and SOC, Humphrey argues that consciousness works on various levels. The highest level then is “verbal (or other formal) communication. “Low” and “high” simply indicate degrees of the rationally ordered” (3). This could support the claim that FIT is a form of SOC in which the narrator constructs order, but in which the character may leave the beaten track and become the one responsible for the element of randomness. FIT allows for a form of “indirect interior monologue” and is most notably different from its direct counterpart in its third person narrative style which is by no means a “‘disguise’ for the first person” (29). Humphrey points out that the techniques for direct and indirect “are far different, both in the way they are manipulated and in their possible effects” (29). With the use of the indirect form the reader is constantly aware of the narrator’s presence “whereas direct monologue either completely or greatly excludes it” (29). This narrator presence does allow for “the wider use of descriptive and expository methods to present the monologue; and the possibility of greater coherence and of greater surface unity through selection of materials [while] the fluidity and sense of realism in the depiction of the states of consciousness can be maintained” (29), and this is exactly what can be seen in the use of FIT. This means that a technique is not either FIT or interior monologue/SOC, but the latter can come forward in the use of FIT. The third passage I translated includes a few very clear examples of this:

[10] So she sewed. When she sewed, he thought, she made a sound like a kettle on the hob; bubbling, murmuring, always busy, her strong little pointed fingers pinching and poking; her needle flashing straight. The sun might go in and out, on the tassels, on the wall-paper, but he would wait, he thought, stretching out his feet, looking at his ringed sock at the end of the sofa; he would wait in this warm place, this pocket of still air, which one comes on at the edge of a wood sometimes in the evening, when, because of a fall in the ground, or some arrangement of the trees (one must be scientific above all, scientific), warmth lingers, and the air buffets the cheek like the wing of a bird. (*MD* 157-158)

In this passage Septimus’s thoughts are almost entirely presented in the FIT mode. Its structure is very coherent, even if its contents displays a randomness that indicates a lower

level of consciousness. The narrator's presence comes forward in the attributive clauses, but also in the descriptiveness of the thoughts. The sentence "stretching out his feet, looking at his ringed sock at the end of the sofa" might be narrative report of action in between passages of FIT, but it is in fact presented through Septimus's mental window and therefore part of his consciousness. Also, after "he would wait in this warm place" the narrative takes on present tense and as a result loses its indirectness, but the POV remains Septimus's and the mode becomes a form of FDT. His mind is starting to wander off and it is the narrator who maintains the unity while the stream of connotative and imaginative thoughts keeps flowing.

But the narrative plane stretches even further. In the second and third passage that I translated, character consciousness or thoughts are interwoven with sensation; experiencing of emotions and feelings which need imagery to describe them to the full. For instance, the mental battle between Clarissa Dalloway and Peter Walsh is described metaphorically. Even though it clearly represents the emotions they are experiencing at that time, they could never be represented as consciously as they are without narrator interference. The use of flashbacks, memories, associations, senses and emotions create an amalgamation of thought presentation and narrative report of character sensation or consciousness.

Verdonk also uses a part of passage [6] to demonstrate the stream-of-consciousness technique that Woolf employs. He explains that this cannot be interior monologue due to past tense and third-person pronouns, but many studies into SOC use these terms interchangeably. Verdonk argues that the FID mode creates a distancing perspective. However, he is rather narrow in his notion of FID and argues that sentence (3) is a case of IT due to the reporting clause. Yet the idiomatic utterance "what a morning" has a level of directness that renders it free indirect. With respect to SOC, Verdonk points out Clarissa's "mental checklist" and "contextual factors such as the non-introduced names of 'Lucy' and 'Rumpelmayer' clearly belong to Mrs. Dalloway's world and therefore suggest that we are in her consciousness" (52-53). Additionally, in the "progressive aspect" passage following (7) the stream-of-consciousness technique "allows the FID narrator to shape a particular version of the character's consciousness in terms of images or metaphors which need not be the actual words or thoughts as the character expressed them" (53). In other words: FIT can be the narrator's presentation of the character's SOC, a monitored form of stream of consciousness as it were. At the same time, in passage (2) of this extract the presentation of thoughts "strongly foregrounds the symbolic gesture of the removal of the doors, while the lack of precise information helps to give the impression of a mind (Mrs. Dalloway's) at work on its own, rather than a narrator attentive to the reader's need for information" (Parks, 112-113).

## 2. STYLISTIC ANALYSIS

### **Virginia Woolf and *Mrs. Dalloway***

It is almost impossible to read Woolf's work and not take into account the era in which it was written. It was a time characterised by social unrests and changes caused by World War I which had their repercussions on society. As a result, the established way of life began to show cracks. Not just political views started to shift, but relationship as well since social rank started to become less important. The shifts also brought about a change in arts, which is now described as the modernist movement. This, of course, became visible in literature as well and Woolf is generally considered one of the great modernist writers.

### **Literary movement**

This introduction into modernism does not aim to describe the movement into detail, but to create a framework in which to place Woolf's writing (and that of her contemporaries). Especially since Peter Gay very aptly notes that it is virtually impossible to describe or define modernism, because "[i]ts exemplars cover so vast and varied a terrain [...] that shared ancestry or common ground must seem implausible" (Gay 1). He adds that the change in artistic expression had already been set in motion in the second half of the nineteenth century. The modernists were united by the thought that the "untried is markedly superior to the familiar, the rare to the ordinary, the experimental to the routine" (2). As a result, modernism produced "a fresh way of seeing society and the artist's role in it" (3) and its artists displayed an extensive amount of self-scrutiny. No longer was their view aimed at the outside world, but this had been replaced by "an exploration of the self" (3). There is, however, at least one common ground which may not have started this shift in artistic movement, but did greatly influence the way in which artists, writers in particular, expressed themselves. At the start of the twentieth century, Europe was in a turmoil. Established views and social securities crumbled and collapsed with World War I. In England maybe even more so as this war later became known as the Great War. When the war was over, many artists and writers felt that the old way of practising their profession no longer sufficed.

Dorothy Goldman also argues that modernism had already been set into motion before the war, but that it was "during the war that writers embraced modernism as the form in which they could make concrete their experience of disjunction and fragmentation" (Goldman 79). This concretising included a change in vocabulary and idiom (existing descriptions of war and heroism were considered nowhere near suitable to describe the horror of this modern

warfare), syntax and grammatical conventions, and this is merely linguistically. “Modernist writing suggests a cultural crisis: language awry, cultural cohesion lost, perception fragmented and multiplied” (78); a loss of faith in convention, both of life (or society) and of writing. Goldman points out two main elements of modernist novels: “[A] sense of nihilistic disorder behind the ordered surface of life and reality” and, as many other researchers have done as well, “the representation of inward states of consciousness” (79).

### **Woolf on Writing**

The loss of faith clearly comes forward in Woolf’s work as she felt that the established ways of writing no longer sufficed to express what she wanted to say. She was also well aware of a social shift in human relations that was taking place: “those between masters and servants, husbands and wives, parents and children” (“Character in Fiction”)<sup>8</sup> and predicted that this change would at the same time bring about “a change in religion, conduct, politics and literature” (CF).

Parsons also draws attention to “the degree of [modernists’] self-reflexivity, and in particular its theorising about its own ‘newness’” (12) and points out that Woolf especially was renowned for that, not only as a writer of novels, but as a literary critic as well. Apart from writing novels and literary criticisms, Woolf was an ardent essayist and highly productive at that. In her essay “Modern Fiction”<sup>9</sup> she criticises contemporary writers such as H.G. Wells, Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy by calling them materialists and saying that “[i]t is because they are concerned not with the spirit but with the body that they have disappointed us” (158). Woolf does praise their great skills in writing, but accuses them of writing about things that do not matter instead of writing about life, or, putting it more bluntly: in their writing “[l]ife escapes” (159). Even though she felt that the conventions these writers employed, fitted the age in which they wrote their novels, she believed that “the tools of one generation are useless for the next” (CF) and that the novels of these writers left the reader with “a feeling of incompleteness and dissatisfaction” (CF).

Apart from the need to write about life laid bare and exposed in its purest form, Woolf also tried to create a language that transcended gender. Not in the least because many acclaimed writers who preceded her were men or women who had to use a male pseudonym in order to get published. “Woolf’s aesthetic theories came to incorporate gender as well as genre, feminism as well as modernism; and [...] the problems of the woman novelist having

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<sup>8</sup> From here on this will be referred to with CF.

<sup>9</sup> From here on this will be referred to with MF.



to revise the language, syntax, sentence structure, literary conventions, and value system of the novel created by men” (Showalter xviii). Her contemporary Dorothy Richardson likewise attempted to “evolve a form of literature appropriate to the expression of a ‘female’ voice, [but] she ultimately diverges from Woolf, who imagined the possibility of moving beyond gender categories, advocating an androgynous literary aesthetic” (Parsons 82). Woolf attempted to produce texts and prose that did not display a specifically “masculine [or] specifically feminine point of view” (*ibid*). She considered the feminine style of writing as “psychological in focus, innovative in technique” (96) as opposed to the materialist “dominant ‘masculine’ ideology” (*ibid*) which was set in its ways, and against which she argued “that modern times require and influence a new focus and form of writing on the part of the modern writer” (83). Still, she does not stop there. In her devotion to create a new way of writing “Woolf does not develop a static or achieved sense of the whole or of selfhood, but instead she continuously deploys techniques aimed at bringing a fuller and more adequate sense of life into writing” (Kime Scott 4). So whichever way you turn, ‘life’ as it really is, is the core of Woolf’s new writing for “perhaps without life nothing else is worth while” (MF 159).

Parsons explores the modernist influences and its manifestations in the works Joyce, Richardson and Woolf and in doing so she compares several of their novels, articles and essays. One of the recurring themes she offers, is stream-of-consciousness writing. She points out that “[a] fundamental aspect of their new realism was a shift of focus in the representation of character and consciousness, in the light of the pervasive influence of psychological thought at the turn of the century, and how it repositioned the individual in relation to the world around him” (55). In *MD* this repositioning can be seen in the way in which the characters of Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus Warren Smith have been represented, as they question the post-war society and feel the constant need to make sense of the world around them and to give meaning to (their) life. For Clarissa this lies for a great part in resigning herself to the decisions she made in the past and how these have influenced her life. Also, she constantly reflects on aging and death and tries to overcome these with life-affirming activities such as giving parties. In Septimus’s case the relation with the outside world has been messed up so badly by his experiences in the Great War trenches that he has retreated into his own mind. In this internal world he sees and hears things that are not real and he talks to his friend Evans who died in the war. To Septimus the real world is a threat and he is unable to make sense of it or the people in it. Just before he commits suicide, he has one of his rare moments of lucidity and realises that he does not want to die, but that there are others in

this world who want to take charge of his life, or rather decide for him how he should live and behave according to the rules of society. He knows he cannot adjust to this sense of “Proportion” and, to him, the only way to give sense or meaning to life is by dying.

The consciousnesses of these two major characters in the novel are the undercurrent upon which the story has been built. According to Humphrey “novels that are said to use the stream-of-consciousness *technique* to a considerable degree prove upon analysis, to be novels which have as their essential subject matter the consciousness of one or more characters” (2). This certainly is the case in *MD* in which the narration takes place from the point of view and in the minds of many characters, however marginal or seemingly insignificant their role may be. Woolf wonders about this consciousness and whether “it [is] not the task of the novelist to convey this varying, this unknown and uncircumscribed spirit, whatever aberration or complexity it may display” (MF 160). She resents the “accepted style” in which writers are forced to create plot, drama or tragedy and argues that life is not like this. Instead she points out that the mind (or consciousness<sup>10</sup>) “receives a myriad impressions – trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel [...], an incessant shower of innumerable atoms; and as they fall, as they shape themselves into the life of Monday or Tuesday, the accent falls differently from of old; the moment of importance came not here but there” (*ibid*). This implies that the mind is indeed the “subject matter” from which the story should unfold. Woolf urges modern writers to free themselves from the accepted style and presses them “to have the courage to say that what interests him is no longer “this” but “that”: out of “that” alone must he construct his work. For the moderns “that”, the point of interest, lies very likely in the dark places of psychology” (162).

The preceding examples and explanations illustrate the unmistakable emphasis on consciousness in *MD*. One of the novel’s two storylines does, however, display great tragedy with Septimus’s suicide. Still, the plot itself is uneventful: it basically works towards a party at the end of the day on which the novel begins and culminates with the actual party. Septimus’s character becomes marginal: he kills himself when the novel still has a quarter of its pages left, and from then on he is no longer present in name, merely as a spirit or echo in the background. Clarissa cannot even feel sorry for him when she hears of his death; rather, his suicide seems to be a life-affirming event for her when she “felt glad he had done it; thrown it away while they went on living” (*MD* 204). His suicide affects the reader in the same way; as the story continues, Septimus disappears into the reader’s subconscious, only

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<sup>10</sup> According to Humphrey consciousness and mind can be used interchangeably.

briefly touched upon when Clarissa wonders about his death. Clarissa's storyline does not develop towards a plot, but simply comes to an end with the party for which preparations have been going on all day. The accepted style is present, but in a 'new' form, namely in the characters' minds. There are conflicts such as, for instance, Clarissa's wondering about her choices in life, or Peter Walsh's infatuation for Clarissa which has never subsided. These are followed by crises when Clarissa feels she is all alone; Peter's breakdown in front of Clarissa. And there is a form of resolution in both Clarissa's and Peter's reconciliation, for the latter when he realises that it is Clarissa he still wants. These are just a few examples, yet all of them (apart from Peter's actual crying) take place in the characters' minds. The story is set in the memories, thoughts and uncontrollable emotions of the characters. According to Woolf, characters never cease to be interesting for a novelist. "When all the practical business of life has been discharged, there is something about people which continues to seem to them of overwhelming importance [...]. The study of character becomes to them an absorbing pursuit; to impart character an obsession" (CF).

### *Mrs. Dalloway*

I just said that the plot of the novel is uneventful, but there most certainly is a story in *MD*. In the span of a day, some thirty odd years have been covered and the reader has been taken from London to India to the war trenches and back. Still, as most of the story takes place in the characters' minds, writing a summary proves to be an arduous task. There are four main characters in the story – Clarissa Dalloway and Peter Walsh, and Septimus and Rezia Warren Smith – but their storylines run parallel to each other. Clarissa and Peter are linked by their past and now that Peter has returned from India, by their present; Septimus and Rezia by their marriage. Even though they all move in each other's proximity (in Bond Street), even see each other (in Regent's Park) and ponder upon each other (also in Regent's Park and later when Clarissa learns about Septimus's suicide), they are not part of each other's lives.

Tim Parks aptly argues that "Woolf plunges us *in medias res*" (111). The reader is not provided with an introduction into the character or the setting, but is immediately confronted with the preparations for a party. The novel starts with the main (and title) character Clarissa Dalloway, an upper-class wife of a politician, who sets out to buy flowers for the party she will host that night. The story guides the reader through her day, alternated with Peter's and the Warren Smiths' whereabouts. There are many more characters who compile the story, but mostly as a window through which the events of the outside world or the main characters can be observed. The focus in the novel is on these four characters (be it to a lesser degree on

Rezia's as her story suddenly comes to an end with Septimus's suicide) as it is in their minds that the plots develop and come to some sort of resolution.

The novel ends as it started: *in medias res*. The lives of the characters have not altered significantly: Clarissa has come to some sort of peace with the choices she made in her life and appears to have let go of her fear of death to some extent; Peter realises that Clarissa will always be the one he wants, the one who occupies the most significant role in his life; Septimus's story is the only one with closure. Rezia's life *has* altered significantly during the time that the novel covers, but her story ends with Septimus's death and it is up to the reader to fill in the blanks. Yet, as she disappears from the novel along with Septimus, she likewise disappears from the reader's consciousness.

A large part of Clarissa's and Peter's story takes place in their individual memories of their days at Bourton, Clarissa's family country house. These story lines do not become part of the present until Sally Seton (now Lady Rosseter), who constantly emerges in these memories and flashbacks, physically enters the scene. She is present throughout the entire novel, but her matured self proves to be somewhat of a disappointment as she has lost her loveliness and acquired a mother's egotism. On the other hand, her very down to earth appearance and the reality of her existence make the past tangible. Her sudden presence somehow closes the circle as everyone who was at Bourton in those days is now present at the party as well, including ancient aunt Helena, and as a result the past moves into the present.

There are a few more characters worth mentioning. First of all, Doris Kilman. Her presence in the novel is short-lived, but even during the party she manages to enter Clarissa's mind and fill her with fear and hatred. Septimus is often described as Clarissa's double and from that perspective, Kilman would be her opposite as she embodies everything that Clarissa abhors.

Clarissa's husband, Richard, is a steady factor in the novel. He is not as fickle or adventurous as Peter, but his love for Clarissa is sincere. However, unlike Peter, he is incapable of showing or speaking his true emotions, even at the times when the reader is allowed to peek inside his mind. Nevertheless, he is a very honest man and truly believes that what he does is for the good of the people, or that of his family. In a way he could be Rezia's double as he too will do anything to make his wife happy. Like Rezia, he is very protective, but unable to understand his wife completely. Still, for both Richard and Kilman goes that the reader is provided with sufficient information to form an opinion on who they are.

## Literary and Narrative Devices

J. Hillis Miller points out that on some level all characters in the novel are unified: together they make up a whole and they need each other to exist. The themes, motifs and use of imagery in the novel are the threads that weave the characters together. This comes forward most clearly in “the same images of unity, of reconciliation, of communion [that] well up spontaneously from the deep levels of the minds of all the major characters” (Miller 181). He mentions “personified” tree imagery as “most pervasive of these images” (*ibid*) as this keeps recurring, in characters’ past, present and dreams or hallucinations. To cut down trees is a horrible crime according to Septimus and he is convinced that trees are alive, but a falling tree was responsible for the death of Clarissa’s sister. So apart from tree imagery, they are very concretely present as representatives of life and death as well, but these two ends of the chord will be discussed further on.

Imagery with Nature or natural elements do play an important role. Woolf points out that the Brönte sisters invoke “the help of Nature” in their writing, because “[t]hey both feel the need of some more powerful symbol of the vast and slumbering passions in human nature than words or actions can convey” (“Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights” 168), but she herself ultimately does the same. Apart from the symbolic and imaginary trees, sea and water imagery are present in abundance, waves especially, even if there is no water involved. Sounds splash over people like waves; time rolls in like waves; and the early morning air touches the body like “the flap of a wave; the kiss of a wave” (*MD* 3). Woolf too seeks the help of Nature to describe sensations when words alone do not suffice.

There are more elements that connect the characters or specific features that unite just two characters. Additionally, some characters may be the link between other characters. I mentioned earlier that Clarissa and Septimus are often considered each other’s doubles; Woolf herself described them as the world seen through the sane and the insane mind (Showalter xxvii). Yet they never meet. Clarissa never even learns his name as Septimus remains the “young man [that] killed himself” (*MD* 201). Still they are linked in ways they could never imagine, starting simply with appearance: both resemble birds (of prey): Clarissa has “a touch of the bird about her, of the jay” (4) while Rezia compares Septimus to a “young hawk” (160). Ultimately, Sir William and Lady Bradshaw are the connection between Clarissa and Septimus, but Peter was the one who saw Septimus as a person, rather than as a patient, and even addressed him when he asked him the time. Peter, the one person who is closest to Clarissa. He even ponders on what Clarissa would say to the Smith couple if she had seen them squabbling in the park: “(Very likely she would have talked to those lovers, if

she had thought them unhappy)” (86). This leaves a question hanging in the air: if Clarissa had encountered Septimus and Rezia, would that have presented a different outcome? Woolf herself called this underlying connection between her characters her “tunnelling process” and describes this as a method in which “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” (in Miller 182). And connect they do, on many different planes, but mostly within the characters’ minds.

The novel presents life versus death; rise versus fall; love versus hate; “lark” versus “plunge”. It is built upon the extremities that make up life. The characters themselves “live according to an abrupt, discontinuous, nervous rhythm, rising one moment heights of ecstasy only to be dropped again in sudden terror or despondency” (Miller 184). This starts on the very first page with “[w]hat a lark! What a plunge!” (*MD* 3). Even though ‘plunge’ does not necessarily need to have a negative connotation here (for it might just as well be an expression of exhilaration) the impending doom of “feeling as she did [...] that something awful was about to happen” (3) could be a foreshadowing of Septimus’s ‘plunging’ from a boarding house window. Clarissa’s thoughts on this first page are also echoed by Peter on the very last when he thinks: “What is this terror? what is this ecstasy?” (213). Even though Peter experiences this in the confinement of his own mind, whereas Clarissa’s feelings involve the world around her, this is one of the tunnelling devices in which the characters are inextricably linked and the characters echo each other throughout the entire novel.

As such an extensive part of the novel is set in the minds of the characters, chronology is of the essence, also as a counterbalance for the thwarted syntax and intricate discourse structure. The novel does obey a strict chronology for which the constant presence of clocks, Big Ben in particular, is responsible and as a result, time has become an important motif. The phrase “the leaden circles dissolved in the air,” which refers to Big Ben’s chiming, emerges in the discourse of various characters, even if this is a very explicit description of the sensation. At the same time, the description once again unifies characters or set them apart for that matter: Clarissa, Peter and Rezia (or the narrator) experience the dissolving of leaden circles (4, 52, 103) while Richard’s perception of its chiming is limited to recording it. In this he may be using the same description as Clarissa did: “first the warning, musical; then the hour, irrevocable” (4, 128), but he does not include its aftermath. To him Big Ben is a tool, functional, very helpful in his approach to life. The others seem to be more aware of its significance: the actual disappearing of time, i.e. of life. This comes forward even more clearly when the narrator describes how the clocks of Harley Street are “[s]hredding and

slicing, dividing and subdividing” and “[nibbling] at the June day” (112), eating time away as it were. At the same time these clocks represent the stranglehold that English society has on its people and is experienced deeply by Clarissa and Septimus. The clocks “counselled submission, upheld authority, and pointed out in chorus the supreme advantages of a sense of proportion” (112), which proves to be quite a convenience for characters such as Hugh Whitbread, who does not “go deeply,” but “brush[es] surfaces” (112) instead.

The novel is steeped in motifs, symbols and imagery, but as this thesis is not aiming for a close reading of the entire book, those that have not yet been mentioned will be discussed in the annotated translation when they occur. However, there is one that does need some attention as it surfaces on various occasions and in various forms. Shakespeare, is a recurring element, not just in the lines from *Cymbeline*: “Fear no more the heat o’ the sun/nor the furious winter’s rages,” which are repeated by Clarissa and Septimus, often when they reflect upon life and death. So is the theme of *Othello*. The lines “[i]f it were now to die, ’twere now to be most happy,” (37-38, 202) only appear in Clarissa’s mind, but seem to be just as applicable to Septimus. Also, the way characters feel about Shakespeare or literature in general, tells the reader something about that character. Clarissa and Septimus (before he went to war) are admirers of his work and literature is important to them. Peter and Clarissa used to discuss poetry when they were young. Septimus taught his Italian wife, Rezia, English by making her read Shakespeare instead of children’s stories. Richard however, feels that reading Shakespeare is like “listening at keyholes” (*MD* 82) and this makes it impossible for Clarissa to share this part of her life with him.

The choices that are made in case of translating the literary devices Woolf employed are essential. A divergence from an earlier translation might cause an echoing or symbol to get lost in translation and with that some of the layers of the novel. However, overruling every choice of translation is the discourse mode as this is defining for narrative and character alike. Still, this should not get in the way of narrative devices as they are part of the discourse mode.

### **Stylistic Analysis of *Mrs. Dalloway***

As I just explained, it is hard to summarise a novel of which the plot is set in the minds of the characters, rather than in the events they undergo. In order to analyse the translated passages to the full, I intended to expand my research and add the immediate context which may have affected these passages, but the passages proved involve plenty of stylistic features. Therefore I mostly restricted myself to the actual translated pages.

### **Section one: start of the novel and introduction to Clarissa Dalloway**

In this section the reader is introduced to the novel's title character, Mrs. Dalloway. She goes out to buy flowers for her party that night and up to page 15, most of the story is set in Clarissa's mind, apart from a few cases of DS and her conversation with Hugh Whitbread.

Like Parks said, Woolf plunges the reader *in medias res*. The opening sentence is pretty straightforward IS, yet the very paragraph ends there. As the next paragraph immediately shifts into the free indirect mode, the readers are drawn into Clarissa's consciousness without any warning and before they realise what happened, they are warped by the confusion caused by the name dropping that implies that the readers are already familiar with these characters.

Clarissa's FIT is an amalgamation of present sensations or emotions and past memories and flashbacks from when she was eighteen, but the discourse mode is pretty steady FIT. Memories are triggered by sensations in the present. For instance, the smells and sounds when Clarissa steps out the front door, evoke the same sensation as they did 34 years earlier at Bourton, and the two become intertwined until the past takes over. Yet a past memory of Peter Walsh moves her consciousness back into the present with "[h]e would be back from India one of these days" (3). This moving back and forth between memories of the past and thoughts in the present can cause some confusion about which is which and the reader needs the context to determine this.

The first page alone is packed with phrases that are either a possible foreshadowing of later events: "What a plunge!", "feeling as she did [...] that something awful was about to happen" (3), or phrases that will be echoed by other characters further on in the novel: "the trees with the smoke winding off them" (3) resonates, for instance, in Rezia's "like the smoke from a cottage chimney, winding up clean beach trees" (91), or Peter's "[b]ut no; he did not like cabbages; he preferred human beings" (211) which echoes Clarissa's memory of her conversation with Peter in the garden. Peter's repetition of this phrase provides the details that had got lost in Clarissa's memory as she was unsure about whether he spoke of cauliflowers or cabbages. This is an indication of Clarissa's attitude towards the significance of Peter's utterances.

The punctuation in "[w]hat a lark! What a plunge!" (3) adds an extra layer to the FIT as here "we apparently hear the character's inner voice" (Verdonk 53) that is crying out in exhilaration. The narrator appears to be absent in the second and third paragraph, but he is visibly present in punctuation. Not so much in the previous exclamation marks, but in sentences set off in brackets and in the use of dashes. This is an indication of conscious



structuring or ordering of thoughts while it becomes apparent from the text that these thoughts have been triggered rather than rationally ordered, so this has to be narrator interference. He is more clearly visible in the first sentence of the fourth paragraph when, in the span of one sentence, he describes Clarissa's external appearance, but he is soon replaced by Scrope Purvis's consciousness (whose only presence in the novel is in this paragraph).

Even though most characters in *MD* display pretty similar and even lexis. The marginal characters are the ones who provide some variation. In the scene in which Purvis appears, he is most probably driving past in his van and sees Clarissa in a flash. Unlike Clarissa's perceptions so far, his are very concrete and down to earth. Even though his thoughts are also in the free indirect mode, the unpretentious language provide them with a sense of spoken discourse. To him, Clarissa resembles a bird, "a jay", and he uses bird imagery to describe her appearance and her composure, for instance in "there she perched" (4). In this, Purvis does create a very vivid image of Clarissa and he functions as one of those windows through which the reader gets to observe the main characters. (Another character who may add a little colour to the use of language is Lucy. Even though she has very few lines in the novel, her use of "ma'am", for instance, when she addresses Clarissa, is an indication for her place in society.)

Straight after, the reader is sucked back into Clarissa's consciousness, yet hers is linked to Purvis's when she ponders "[f]or having lived in Westminster – how many years now?" (4) which seems to be a response to Purvis's (or maybe the narrator's as this could also be the expressing of a universal truth) earlier "(knowing her as one does know people who live next door to one in Westminster)" (4). This is the first instance of Woolf's tunnelling process, unless foreshadowing counts as tunnelling as well.

From then on until the end of the section I translated, the narrative time remains in the present. Woolf has employed various tools, mostly linguistic, to create an immediate present. The extensive use of the progressive aspect is an important feature to this effect. As is the repetitive use of the preposition 'in' which really draws the reader into the scene. Similarly, the mode shifts into (F)DT when the tense changes to present. The change of tense is followed by four present participles in the same sentence: "making it up", "building it round one", "tumbling it" and "creating it" (4). The next sentences presents four cases of 'in' before changing back to past tense. However, Clarissa's direct experiencing of the world around her maintains the feeling of immediate present. She observes everything and everyone around here, sounds, people, movements, etc. Time even seems to come to a standstill when she

enters the park. The description of the silence and slower movements around her, slow down the preceding high paced narrative, even if only until she encounters Hugh Whitbread.

Clarissa's meeting with Hugh is the first conversation in the novel. For a moment the reader steps outside of Clarissa's consciousness when the mode shifts to DS, but as soon as FIS takes over, so does Clarissa's consciousness. Even when Hugh is speaking, the POV remains Clarissa's. This may be due to the fact that FIS in Hugh's case has an ironic effect. His utterances seem rather pompous, also due to Clarissa's thought of his behaviour as being "rather extravagant" and about "his little job at court" (6). This makes it hard for the reader to take him completely serious. Additionally, only Clarissa's thoughts interrupt the conversation; Hugh's are never presented.

Parks argues that "[f]ollowing standard style" 'for' at the start of the novel's second paragraph "does not require a new paragraph, and perhaps not even a new sentence" (112). This creates a "strong sense of fragmentation" (112), because "it splits off something that could have remained in the previous paragraph" (121). In the section I translated (p. 3-6) 'for' appears eight times as a coordinating conjunction, three of which start a new paragraph. This feature appears to be a stylistic that has been reserved for Clarissa's language. However, later on Parks contradicts the feeling of fragmentation by pointing out that "this use of an explanatory conjunction to open a paragraph creates a very strong connection with the previous paragraph" (121). The use of 'for' thus presents two ends of the scale: a sense of fragmentation "at the syntactic level" (123) as there is no need to start a new paragraph, but "a wilful rejection of fragmentation and even normal distinction at the semantic level" (123) since 'for' is used as an introduction to an apparent explanation. Moreover, this stylistic element creates "a sense of disjunction between the two levels (of syntax and semantics)" (123). In the conversation between Clarissa and Peter, the latter also uses 'for' at the start of a new sentence, but Clarissa seems to be the only one in whose discourse 'for' can start a new paragraph.

In reference to translating Parks says that "[i]t is normal practice in translation to look for the way something 'would be said' in one's own language" (112), but Woolf herself has diverted from the way it would be said in her own language. The translator has to be aware of that, rather than trying to embellish the writing style into perfectly normal language.

The modernistic elements in this section come forward most clearly in the presentation of character consciousness, even that of a character like Scrope Purvis who has only been presented with one sentence in the entire novel. The difficulty with consciousness is that the

narrator does emerge from time to time, very sneakily, mostly in attribution or punctuation, but also just before the shift of consciousness between Clarissa and Purvis.

Another element is the thwarted syntax. Clarissa's thoughts constantly move between past and present, even within sentences. Additionally the sentences can go on forever, and although the punctuation provides grammatical correctness through Woolf's innumerable commas and semi-colons, cross references can be hard to figure out. For instance, when Clarissa's conversation with Hugh comes to an end:

For Hugh always made her feel, as he bustled on, raising his hat rather extravagantly and assuring her that she might be a girl of eighteen, and of course he was coming to her party to-night, Evelyn absolutely insisted, only a little late he might be after the party at the Palace to which he had to take one of Jim's boys, – she always felt a little skimpy beside Hugh; schoolgirlish; but attached to him, partly from having known him always, but she did think him a good sort in his own way, though Richard was nearly driven mad by him, and as for Peter Walsh, he had never to this day forgiven her for liking him. (*MD* 6)

This is a mixture of speech and thought of two different characters in the free indirect mode, all crammed into one sentence. Clarissa's train of thought starting with "[f]or Hugh always made her feel," is split from its reference by a description of Hugh from her POV, followed by his FIS. The reference does not appear until the conversation has ended, and "she always felt a little skimpy beside Hugh; schoolgirlish," may seem rather out of the blue. The reader has to work hard to link this to the start of the sentence and the translator has to be aware of these connections.

Also, the use of adjectives and adverbs is very sparse. Woolf prefers the use of imagery or abstract descriptions that describe senses and emotions instead of telling right out. When they do appear, adjectives often function to express movement, i.e. life. A noticeable fact here is that when Clarissa refers to words or speech, her description is very direct. I said earlier that her inability to recall Peter's words exactly was an indication of her attitude towards them. She thinks that "his letters were awfully dull," adding that "it was his sayings one remembered" (3), yet fact is that she does not remember his sayings. Twice she wonders what it was he said back then. Her description of "awfully dull" add to the notion of "when

millions of things had utterly vanished” (3). She does not realise, but his sayings have faded from her memory.

In the third paragraph already, the imagery and wayward descriptions emerge: “What a lark! What a plunge!” (3) What does she mean!? Clarissa refers to the sensation of the early morning air and is immediately drawn into the memory of a morning years and years ago. Still, this does not explain the meaning of ‘lark’ and ‘plunge’ even if it is clear that they describe a highly invigorating sensation. This is in contrast, however, to the rest of the description of the morning as “fresh”, “calm”, “stiller”, “chill”, “sharp” and “solemn” (3). Exhilaration is juxtaposed with solemnity: the extremities that make up life.

A few more adjectives and adverbs can be found in the fifth paragraph, but they are awfully sparse. The ones that have been used, all have to do with mindset and none of them are concrete descriptions: “particular hush”, “irrevocable”, “leaden circles”, “creating it every moment afresh”, “the veriest frumps”, “the most dejected of miseries” (4). So imagery prevails over telling in this section.

A final (or rather, additional) modernist element can be found in Woolf’s flouting of stylistic conventions. Her use of ‘for’ was a clear example, but often she does not feel the need to start a new sentence with an upper case. Even though this is a remarkable feature, it should not pose any problems in translations, as long as the need to embellish is suppressed.

## **Section two: Clarissa Dalloway and Peter Walsh**

In this passage the reader is introduced to Peter Walsh as an actual present character for the first time; up till now he only appeared in Clarissa’s thoughts and memories. He has been in India for the past five years and this is the first time since then that he and Clarissa speak to each other. The conversation emanates a sense of awkwardness which is mainly due to the fact that most speech, whether direct or indirect, remains unreported. Narrated time has been sped up in this section as it becomes clear from the text that Peter arrives at eleven: “‘Who can- what can,’ asked Mrs. Dalloway (thinking it was outrageous to be interrupted at eleven o’clock on the morning of the day she was giving a party)” (43); and leaves half an hour later: “[t]he sound of Big Ben striking the half-hour struck out between them” (52).

The most striking feature of this passage is the constant and tangible presence of the narrator, which throughout the novel is not often that obvious, while maintaining the characters’ POV. This passage contains a relatively extensive amount of DS, which is always a clear indication of a narrator, but he comes forward most clearly in the imagery. Even though this often presented in the consciousness, or rather subconsciousness, of the

characters, the imagery in this passage is so grotesque that the narrator can only be responsible for that. Additionally, some of the imagery can be applied to Clarissa and Peter at the same time.

From just before the moment Peter enters Clarissa's room there is a very strong sense of Clarissa needing to find some form of footing, needing to collect herself. Very consciously she records the turning of the doorknob and the opening of the door: "Now the brass knob slipped. Now the door opened" (*MD* 43). Two pages on, she once again tries to establish the moment with "[n]ow of course, thought Clarissa, he's enchanting! Perfectly enchanting! Now I remember how impossible it was every to make up my mind" (45) and in "Herbert has it now [...] I never go there now" (46). This is contradicted by Peter's "then" at the start of my translation. Yet strangely enough, this contradiction pulls the reader into the present, or the *now*, whereas the six instances in which Clarissa mentions 'now' fail to do so, even if Peter's POV is laced with the narrator's due to the distant feeling to the train of thought. As a result, the context is needed to determine that "[t]hen, just as happens on a terrace in the moonlight [...] but says nothing" (46) is actually a representation of Peter's thoughts. It almost seems to be a hypothetical scene and, because the description lacks any indication that these are in fact Peter's thoughts, the paragraph before last is needed to clarify this. Additionally, the phrase "—so Peter Walsh did now" (46) is clear narrator interference.

Interestingly, Peter's subsequent FIT (which almost fools the reader into thinking this is FDT due to the shift to present tense, but the third-person pronoun gives it away) starts off with a linking 'for'. Yet in this case it is not so much followed by an explanation, but by a set of accusatory questions in his mind. 'For' occurs twice more in Peter's discourse in this passage, yet only in the last instance "(for in some ways no one understood, felt with him, as Clarissa did)" (50) does it serve as an introduction to an explanation.

The difficulty is in the end of that first paragraph with Peter's rhetorical use of 'why' which he repeats four times. The construction works really well in English and underlines Peter's despondency. In Dutch however, the combination of the adverb at the start of the sentence and the lack of a subject due to FIT's use of third-person pronouns, may cause a problem in maintaining the rhetoric. For instance, the sentence "[w]hy make him suffer" (46), is awkward when using the same pronoun in Dutch: "Waarom hem laten lijden/Hem waarom laten lijden." As a result, in order to maintain the rhetoric 'whys', the adding of a subject (which refers to Clarissa) is necessary to make the use of the transitive verb grammatically correct and stylistically digestible. This would, however, result in: "Want waarom op deze manier teruggaan naar het verleden? dacht hij. Waarom moest ze hem hieraan herinneren?"

Waarom moest ze hem laten lijden, na de helse marteling die ze hem had laten doorstaan? Waarom?" A translation that provides more explanation or specification than the source text is willing to do, but that maintains the style and rhetoric.

The entire passage contains a fair amount of cases of DS in which the narrator clearly presents himself. His presence is alternated with elaborate character comment on a number of attributions, for instance in: "'In love,' he repeated, now speaking rather dryly to Clarissa Dalloway" (48) or "'[s]he has,' he continued, very reasonably" (49). The first can be attributed to either of the characters or the narrator. The use of Clarissa's full name creates a distance which would fit a narrator, but could, under the circumstances of the conversation which is not going very smoothly, just as well belong to Peter himself. Additionally, I explained earlier that, even though this may create a greater distance between reader and character, the use of a full name instead of third-person pronoun in FIT is not uncommon. As for "very reasonably": the reader may be observing the conversation from the narrator's perspective, but this could just as well be Peter reflecting upon his own bearing, or Clarissa for that matter. Yet, some of the attributions can only be ascribed to the narrator. When Clarissa, for instance, says: "Do you remember the lake?" (46), this is followed by a three line descriptive reporting clause: "she said, in an abrupt voice, under the pressure of an emotion which caught her heart, made the muscles of her throat stiff, and contracted her lips in a spasm as she said 'lake'" (46). The description of uncontrollable physical reactions caused by her emotional state of mind, is too conscious and reflective to be Clarissa's, more so even because this is happening while she is speaking. In line with Woolf's style of writing, if this description had been Clarissa's POV it would have been interrupting her discourse (as it did in the report of her dialogue with Hugh), rather than a hindsight description of what was going on. Similarly there are a lot of descriptions of Clarissa's and Peter's outward appearance, some of them through the characters' mental window, but there also are a few that are simply narrator text.

This presence of the narrator has resulted in a constant going back and forth between the direct and the (free) indirect mode, even if the latter prevails. One of the effects of this shifting is that it emphasises the mental battle that Clarissa and Peter are fighting on a different plane of consciousness. This battle is characterised by extensive use of metaphors and unusual imagery. For instance when Clarissa is "taking up her needle, summoned like a Queen whose guards have fallen asleep and left her unprotected [...] so that any one can stroll in and have a look at her where she lies with the brambles curving over her, summoned to her help the things she did" (48). This also has a ring of the fairy tale of *Sleeping Beauty* to it,

which is further emphasised with the description of an actual memory: “She had gone up into the tower alone and left them blackberrying in the sun. the door had shut, and there among the dust of fallen plaster and the litter of birds’ nests how distant the view had looked and the sounds came thin and chill” (51). The latter may not specifically refer to *Sleeping Beauty*, but the ‘princess in tower’ theme is unmistakable.

Another, yet strange, underlining feature of this battle is the fact that both Peter and Clarissa appear to be armed. Peter with his inevitable pocketknife, while Clarissa is wielding her scissors and needle. So even though the battle may take place subconsciously, for which the narrator provides most information, it displays itself on the physical plane as well. All these minor details paint a very clear picture of the scene. The battle imagery, though, is used for both, so the narrator must be at work here. Apart from imagery, he uses verbs that can be linked to battle, even in situations where this might be less appropriate, but these instances indicate that this subconscious war between them is all but over. Examples of these verbs are: “summoned to her help”, “so Peter Walsh and Clarissa [...] challenged each other”, “[h]e assembled from different quarters”, “urged by the assembly of powers which were now charging this way and that” (48), “this indomitable egotism charged her cheek with colour” (49).

However, the most noticeable feature in this passage is the constant shift in narrative mode, whether this is from direct to (free) indirect or from past to present tense, and vice versa. Tense is the strongest indication of present or memory in parts of this passage. For instance:

Clarissa had leant forward, taken his hand, drawn him to her, kissed him, – actually had felt his face on hers before she could down the brandishing of silver flashing – plumes like pampas grass in a tropic gale in her breast, which, subsiding, left her holding his hand, patting his knee and, feeling as she sat back extraordinarily at her ease with him and light-hearted, all in a clap it came over her, If I had married him, this gaiety would have been mine all day! (50-51)

This passage appears to be a response to Peter’s bursting into tears, but the past perfect tense indicates that this is in fact a memory of a kiss in the past. It is not until “left her holding his hand” that the narrative shifts into the present and the reader realises that there is no indication of Clarissa actually comforting Peter when he starts crying. Similarly, the paragraph that has been used as an example in the discussion of FID, “[but] what are you

going to do?' [...] pared his nails with his pocket knife" (50), illustrates how these different modes can be used to foreground each other

Also, the narrator's use of the characters' mental window needs to be taken into consideration. For instance in a phrase like "[a]nd with a curious ironical sweetness he smiled as he placed her in this ridiculous way before Clarissa" (49). There lies a judgment in the use of 'ridiculous', even though the narrator is impartial at this point in the novel. Therefore, this sentence belongs to Clarissa, yet the phrasing is such that it seems to be narrator report. This does underline the emotional distance between Peter and Clarissa at this moment.

This section contains many different attributive verbs. The first sections was restricted to the use of forms of 'to think' or 'to say', but this one displays a far wider range, adding: "exclaimed" (48), "felt" (49), "cried" (50), and "remembered" (51), which provide more external information about the emotional state of the characters. Additionally, the characters' lexis or vocabulary is dependent on whether their discourse is speech or thought and on narrator interference. All instances of speech, no matter in which mode, are rather short and frankly, quite simple. Clarissa's vocabulary in train of thought can be rather condescending when she is reflecting on Peter, as if he is no more than a child, unable of making rational decisions. This clearly comes forward in descriptions such as: "That he at his age should be sucked under in his little bow-tie by that monster! And there's no flesh on his neck; his hands are red; and he's six months older than I am!" (49), or "[s]he flattered him; she fooled him, thought Clarissa [...] What a waste! What a folly! All his life long Peter had been fooled like that" (50). It looks as if the discourse in this section is more straightforward than in the first section. Similarly, Peter's thoughts, in turn, are rather defensive, yet at the same time defiant: "I know all that, Peter thought; I know what I'm up against, he thought [...] Clarissa and Dalloway and all the rest of them; buy I'll show Clarissa" (50). The fact that they are fighting out some apparent argument as well, adds another layer to the subconscious plane. However, because this argument is not out in the open, the words in these instances belong to the narrator and only the feelings they evoke belong to the characters.

The modernistic elements in this section are pretty much the same as in section one. The focus on consciousness may be even more clear in this passage, due to the constant shifts between narrator and character. Syntactically the narrator provides some clarification as well, because in the instances of Narrative Report (NR), the sentence structure appears to be a little more conventional, but the intricate punctuation remains unchanged. Semantically, however, there are a few puzzles to be solved, or which have proved to be unsolvable. For instance, "I am in



love,' he said, not to her however, but to some one raised up in the dark so that you could not touch her but must lay your garland down on the grass in the dark" (48). It is unclear to whom the second 'her' refers. Presumably to Clarissa, but it might just as well refer to the imaginary figure "raised in the dark." Later descriptions seem to be a follow up of this dark image, but the references are so unspecific that the reader is left stumbling in that dark place that Peter (or the narrator) invented. This does not have to be a problem in translating since pronouns can be translated pretty straightforward, but these unclear references do need careful studying.

The rather pretentious imagery which is from the POV of the characters, but whose description should be attributed to the narrator, is an indication of what the characters are feeling or experiencing, rather than what they are thinking. The entire passage is boiling over with past and present emotions, too overwhelming to put into words, so they need to be described with images in order for the reader to be able to experience what the characters are experiencing. This is not so much the modernistic "representation of inward states of consciousness" (Goldman 79), but simply representation of inward state.

Overall, the choice of verbs, nouns and adjectives or adverbs in this section is more concrete than in section one. This may be due to narrator interference, but also: Clarissa and Peter seem to be rediscovering each other and need concrete descriptions for that. At this point the ambiguity is clearly in the imagery.

### **Section three: Septimus's suicide**

In this final section, Clarissa 'insane double', Septimus, and his wife Rezia come forward. Septimus experiences one of his rare moments of lucidity, which causes Rezia to be very happy and hopeful, and even more determined to fight for their marriage. This makes his choice to commit suicide all the more painful.

My translation starts when the scene has been focusing on Septimus and Rezia for a while already. In the preceding paragraphs Septimus clearly echoes Clarissa when he says "[f]ear no more," or "[a]t every moment Nature signified by some laughing hint [...] her determination to show, by brandishing her plumes" (153). The former has already been discussed in the general analysis, but the 'brandishing of plumes' also occurred in section two (50-51). In Clarissa's case the image is used to describe a physical sensation she experienced when she and Peter kissed. Septimus imagines – probably more consciously than Clarissa, because this imagery is not related to feelings or emotions, but rather to perception – Nature trying to make something clear, "her meaning" (153), yet what this may be remains unclear. Nature is a significant factor for Septimus, though, because it somehow gives him the chance

to express himself. He is very sensitive to natural phenomena and trees are particularly important to him.

In the preceding paragraphs Rezia's train of thought provides the reader with insight in the development of Septimus's illness and how this displays itself in his behaviour. Rezia's unambiguous and chronological stream of thoughts is remarkable, especially because English is not her first language. The tone is rather matter of fact, sometimes laced with feelings of despair, but devoid of all imagery and, as a result, completely unambiguous. Again, the latter may be due to her not being English. Even though her discourse mode is FIT, the narrator appears to be hovering close by due to the straightforward descriptions and simple language. His presence is enhanced by the fact that her train of thought starts and ends with NR and because the text contains very few FIT features apart from past tense and third-person pronoun in a DD syntactic structure. Yet the following can only be ascribed to Rezia: "Or he was hearing music. Really it was only a barrel organ or some man crying in the street. But 'Lovely!' he used to cry, and the tears would run down his cheeks, which was to her the most dreadful thing of all, to see a man like Septimus, who had fought, who was brave, crying" (154). This passage clearly shows Rezia's view and as its style is very similar to the rest of the passage, this should be considered Rezia's POV as well.

When experiencing his 'normal' state of mind, Septimus responds, unlike in the rest of the novel, almost lovingly to Rezia, even if he focuses mostly on her outward appearance. Just before he commits suicide, he observes Rezia, compares her to a tree and thinks how "through her branches looked out the face of a lawgiver, who had reached a sanctuary where she feared no one; not Holmes; not Bradshaw; a miracle, a triumph, the last and greatest [...] Over them she triumphed" (162). He may not be expressing a love for her, but at least there is admiration, and it appears to be a 'sane' emotion.

The narrator has been fairly even in dedicating most paragraphs to just one character in this section. Those paragraphs/sentences that remain ambiguous can sometimes be attributed to either character. Lexis may prove to be conclusive here, for instance in Septimus's and Rezia's different forms of addressing the doctors. Septimus will only use their last name or something slightly more abusive, while Rezia uses their full title, even in thought. Like I said, Rezia's thoughts appear to be neither random, nor ambiguous, but rather chronologically ordered, as if a narrator were talking. Apart from the possibility that this might have something to do with her knowledge of English, it serves as a counterpart for Septimus's insane and disordered state of mind as well. Since their future looks so bleak, Rezia appears to be living in the past, reliving and restructuring memories and events. This

seems to influence the orderliness of her state of mind, not just in this section, but throughout the novel.

The difficulty in this section is in the fact that the narrator is clearly present, yet not at the moments when he is needed most, to provide some clarification on the discourse situation. There are many cases of FID in which it is unclear whether the discourse is speech or thought (unless there is imagery involved, which is an indication of Septimus's thoughts), and often FIT shifts into FIS. For instance, " '[m]ust,' 'must,' why 'must'? what power had Bradshaw over him? 'What right has Bradshaw to say "must" to me?' he demanded" (161). The final sentence is straightforward DS, but the preceding sentences can be either speech or thought. Presumably the latter, but with Woolf's unconventional distribution of punctuation marks and the lack of narrator interference with a reporting clause, it is impossible to be certain. Additionally, the instances of FIS are often seen through the mental window of the other character: "But that was even more ridiculous, Septimus said. Now the poor woman looked like a pig at a fair (Nobody ever made her laugh as Septimus did.)" (157). The first two sentences are Septimus's FIS, but due to Rezia's immediate reflection on his words and the situation, the readers perceives his speech through her consciousness. This works the other way around as well: "Some letter had come. Everybody's plans were changed. Mrs. Filmer would not be able to go to Brighton after all. There was no time to let Mrs. Williams know, and really Rezia thought it very, very annoying, when she caught sight of the hat and thought ... perhaps ... she ... might just make a little ... Her voice died out in contented melody" (159-160). The reported speech is unmistakably Rezia's, but towards the end it becomes more and more clear that the reader is perceiving this through Septimus's mental window, especially when the speech becomes fragmented because he is not really listening anymore.

Imagery in this passage has been reserved for Septimus. Especially at the start, when he is still dwelling in his insane state, but also in his very conscious descriptions of Rezia. For instance: "and as she sat there, waiting, looking down, he could feel her mind, like a bird, falling from branch to branch, and always alighting, quite rightly; he could follow her mind, as she sat there in one of those loose lax poses that came to her naturally, and, if he should say anything, at once she smiled, like a bird alighting with all its claws firm upon the bough" (161). This description is far more lucid than earlier imagery and contains clear references. His shift into complete sanity occurs when he wakes and finds himself alone. He no longer sees things or people that are not there, but

[h]e was alone with the sideboard and the bananas. He was alone, exposed on this bleak eminence, stretched out – but not on a hill-top; not on a crag; on Mrs. Filmer’s sitting-room sofa. As for the visions, the faces, the voices of the dead, where were they? There was a screen in front of him, with black bulrushes and blue swallows. Where he had once seen mountains, where he had seen faces, where he had seen beauty, there was a screen. (159)

Septimus appears to be fully aware of the fact that he used to see other things, but he is not all that happy to be lucid as he now no longer sees ‘beauty’.

The narrator is most visible in the description of physical action of the characters or when the discourse mode shifts from FIT into an omniscient POV. These interferences are not very long, but long enough to provide the reader with a very clear image of the setting and the movements of the characters. The narrator is in the room with the characters and therefore the reader as well. At this point in the novel he appears to be coming to the aid of the reader.

The most striking part of this section is the final paragraph. Septimus is completely lucid then and very rationally trying to figure out the best way to commit suicide. By letting him die, the reader is left yearning for more of the ‘real’ Septimus, yet with his suicide, Septimus’s story really comes to an end.

There seem to be less modernistic elements in this section, but this could also be due to habituation. The POV constantly shifts between Septimus and Rezia and their speech may, as a result, be perceived from the POV of the listening character. Earlier in the novel, Septimus’s sensations were triggered by insane observations which made little sense to a sane mind. However, with Septimus’s shift into sanity, the narrative structure appears to become more ordered and coherent, and even though there still is emphasis on character consciousness, the effect is less confusing. Septimus’s madness is thus linked to disintegration of language.

The underlying currents can mainly be found in echoing images or phrases. Yet, the case of ‘brandishing of plumes’ does not really link Clarissa and Septimus on some subconscious level. The tunnelling process here may be the fact that this phrase occurs so close to the mentioning of Shakespeare’s “fear no more”. This is a linking element between Clarissa and Septimus, and they both have a way with words which is underlined by the same use of imagery, even if to describe completely different sensations.

The use of adjectives and adverbs is in line with the lucidity of the section. When Septimus arranges the hat for Mrs. Peters, this results in him feeling “proud,” and he regards the object as “real” and “substantial” (158). In relation to feelings, both Rezia and Septimus use “happy” multiple times and Septimus thinks Rezia’s voice to be a “contented melody” (160). These make the contradiction with Septimus feeling of aloneness all the greater. In four successive sentences he thinks about how he is alone and the phrase “to be alone for ever” (159) is a verbatim echo of Clarissa when she feels that Richard has left her.

Again, the utter ends of the scales come forward in this section. In the final paragraph, that of the suicide, Septimus uses three rather poignant adjectives: “the tiresome, the troublesome, and rather melodramatic business of opening the window and throwing himself out” (164). At this point Septimus appears to be fully sane, but instead of very reasonable feelings/emotions of fear or anxiousness, his perception is very matter of fact and rather distant as he contemplates the best way to commit suicide. So, even in sanity Septimus lacks certain emotions.

### **Repetition and echoing**

This phenomenon needs some additional covering before I move on to the contrastive analysis. Repetition, or echoing, sort of speaks for itself, but difficulty in this, however, is recognising it. Of course, literal repetitions like the dirge from Shakespeare’s *Cymbeline* or Septimus who keeps telling himself to be scientific, are easy to spot and, as a result, easier to echo in the translation. However, the more stylistic, or thematic repetitions may be harder to recognise and get lost in translation. For instance, the “[w]hat a lark! What a plunge” of the first page is echoed on the last with “[w]hat is this terror? what is this ecstasy?” Yet, the same syntactic and stylistic structure also appears in the conversation between Clarissa and Peter when she thinks “[w]hat a waste! What a folly!” (*MD* 50). The straightforward translation of the first part would be “wat zonde!”, because both in English and in Dutch these are set expressions that are semantically the same. However, to maintain the syntactic structure the translation would have to be something like “wat een verspilling,” which is semantically correct, but less of a set expression.

The repetitions of character discourse are also part of Woolf’s tunnelling process and may have very different effects. For instance, when Peter wakes up from his nap on a park bench and thinks “[s]till, the sun was hot. Still one got over things. Still, life had a way of adding day to day” (71) this appears to be a very life-affirming stream of thoughts. When Septimus thinks “[h]e did not want to die. Life was good. The sun hot” (164), he seems to

repeat Peter in a sort of reversed order, but even though Septimus sounds life-affirming, he kills himself straight after. The echoing then has a very ironic effect here.

The previous example shows that many of these repetitions can be found at micro-level. The question may rise whether the non-repetition would then influence the text as a whole. It would take extensive research to answer that, but an attentive reader is bound to notice these details when they do appear.

### 3. CONTRASTIVE ANALYSIS

As Spies pointed out in his study of translating *The Sound and the Fury* into Dutch, there is no methodology available yet for contrastive analysis of English and Dutch when it comes to translating. In order to deal with every aspect of translation, such a study would ideally involve “contrastive lexicon, a contrastive grammar and a contrastive pragmatics” (Spies 12), but he rightfully says that “not all contrasts are relevant to translation” (*ibid*). In my study of *Mrs. Dalloway* it has become clear that narrative mode, FID in particular, is one of the most important aspects of the novel, and the elements that make up this form of discourse need careful studying. Here, too, goes that not every feature poses a problem, at least not of equal size. The translation of, for instance, temporal-locative deictics will be less problematic than that of modal auxiliaries or the progressive aspect. Near deictics like *here* and *this* only have a small range of possible translations – resp. *hier* and *dit/deze*. When their function within the discourse situation has been determined and taken into consideration it becomes clear that more ‘distant’ translations may very likely alter the narrative mode. However, modal auxiliaries and the progressive aspect have a much wider range of possible translations, or lack a Dutch equivalent form, and need to be studied by their effect on the style of the text. This goes for stylistic features as well. Because the size of this thesis does not allow for scrutinising every aspect, I have chosen to focus on those aspects of grammar and style (in as far as these can be separated) that display significant characteristics and have less obvious or multiple possible translations, and are therefore dependent on context and interpretation of their effect on the text or its style.

#### **Grammar**

It can be hard to make a distinction between clear grammatical or stylistic features, because they are often intertwined. As a result, some of these features may overlap. Woolf’s punctuation, for instance, is just as much grammatical, in that it ensures that the sentences are essentially correctly phrased, as it is stylistic: it allows for never-ending sentences and for multiple voices or POVs in one sentence. Similarly, the use of imperfect tense or progressive aspect is both a grammatical and a stylistic feature, because the translation needs a stylistic solution to a grammatical problem, and its translation is greatly influenced by context and interpretation. However, incompatibility occurs when the source text presents structures or constructions that cause grammatical impossibility in the translation.

### **Syntactic structure and punctuation**

Parks points out, quite rightly, that the syntax in the novel evokes a feeling of fragmentation. Considering that most of the novel is set in the characters' minds, this is not surprising, because thoughts tend to be fragmented, interrupted, and to merge into other thoughts. However, Woolf also blends thought and speech, even though speech is much more structured and monitored than thought. Some cases of FIS have been presented with the same syntax structure as FIT, which results in a fragmented reading, but also causes difficulty in determining whether it is thought or speech presentation when the narrator is not there to provide an answer with a reporting clause. However, despite their convoluted syntax the sentences are hardly ever, if at all, ungrammatical, but similar syntactic structures in Dutch may be a cause for ungrammaticality. In the analysis of section three on page 48, I pointed out that Rezia's sentences may be slightly shorter than those of other characters, but this could be put down to English not being her mother tongue. Yet, her syntax is the least convoluted of all characters. Still, there is no real distinction between the various characters' syntax, which may be due to the fact that various characters' discourse is often intertwined.

The unusual syntax may occur within a short phrase, or over a longer stretch of text. A clear example of the former can be found in

- "(he was almost too well dressed always, but presumably had to be, with his little job at Court)" (6).

The second and third part of the sentence are perfectly straightforward, but a more conventional rendering of the first part would move 'always' to the front of the phrase: "he always was almost too well dressed." Its position at the end draws the readers' attention to this word in particular and makes them linger there for a moment. If this was Woolf's intention, because Clarissa may be lingering in her train of thought as well, she has succeeded. Yet the translation proves to be a bit more awkward. Obeying conventional syntax the phrase would become: "hij was altijd bijna te goed gekleed." Following Woolf, however, would result in "hij was bijna te goed gekleed altijd," which gives off a sense of awkwardness, but is not ungrammatical. On the other hand, this syntactic order in the translation also makes the reader linger at this point in the sentence, so the structure can be adhered in the translation to achieve the same effect. However, the awkwardness could be undone by inserting a comma between 'gekleed' and 'altijd'. This would then normalise the syntactic structure and style of writing, but since Woolf clearly set out to create a new style of writing I chose to settle for awkwardness.

Another clear example of Woolf's flouting of syntactic conventions can be found in



- “[y]es, he remembered Regent’s Park; the long straight walk; the little house where one bought air-ball to the left.” (61)

The relative clause “where one bought air-balls” would conventionally occur after the expression of place (or, locative deictic) of “to the left.” Placing the locative at the end of the phrase temporarily halts the reader, but as this is a description of Peter’s childhood memories slowly coming back to him, it is also an indication that he first remembers the building and then its location. The syntax may be unusual, but it is in line with the stream of thoughts. To maintain this stream, the syntax of the translation would have to abide by that of the source text, which would result in something like: “het huisje waar je ballonnen kon kopen, links.” In this case a comma *is* needed to prevent ambiguity over whether the house is on the left or the balloons can be bought on the left side of the house.

It is striking that the syntactic structure in *MD* always obeys a chronological order of events. The fragmentation may occasionally leave the reader with a few loose ends, because when thoughts start to stray, the character may not return to a former train of thought and ‘finish’ the line he or she started. Punctuation attributes to this fragmentation as well. Woolf’s endless sentences have been cut up into short phrases that manoeuvre into every direction, except where they would make most sense. For this she uses commas, semicolons, parentheses, and dashes. For instance:

The aeroplane turned and raced and swooped exactly where it liked,  
swiftly, freely, like a skater –  
‘That’s an E,’ said Mrs. Bletchley –  
or a dancer –  
‘It’s toffee,’ murmured Mr. Bowley –  
(and the car went in at the gates and nobody looked at it), and shutting  
off the smoke, away and away it rushed and the smoke faded and  
assembled itself round the broad white shapes of the clouds. (22)

This extract displays the DS of two characters within narrator text. The indication for the latter can be found in the use of ‘nobody’, which implies an omniscient POV, but also in the layout: basically, this is one paragraph due to the fact that the first sentence starts a new paragraph, but is interrupted by character speech. The absence of an upper case for ‘or’ and the lack of indentation are an indication that the narrator’s sentence continues, only to be once more interrupted by another character. When the final part of the sentence continues once again without inserting an upper case for ‘and’ or an indentation, this indicates that the

sentence is still going on. The dashes serve to indicate the interruption of narrator text and the breaking off of the characters' speech. Even though Woolf's punctuation may appear to be rather laborious, it serves its purpose. The fragmentation of the text is underlined by its punctuation, but the continuing narrator text is very clear.

The use of semicolons goes against conventions, but is still in line with the stream of thoughts of a character. The basic rules for the use of semicolons are: "between independent clauses not linked by a conjunction" or "between items in a series when the items contain commas" (Gibaldi 85). Woolf, of course, ignores these rules and replaces colons and commas with semicolons whenever it suits her. Consider the following extract:

How fresh, how calm, stiller than this of course, the air was in the early morning(1); like the flap of a wave(2); the kiss of a wave(3); chill and sharp and yet (for a girl of eighteen as she then was) solemn, feeling as she did, standing there at the open window, that something awful was about to happen(4); looking at the flowers, at the trees with the smoke winding off them and the rooks rising, falling(5); standing and looking until Peter Walsh said, "Musing among the vegetables?" – was that it? – "I prefer men to cauliflowers" – was that it? (*MD* 3)

Technically speaking, the first semicolon should be a colon, because it is followed by an elaboration on "the air of the early morning." This means that the second semicolon could simply have been a comma as it is still an elaboration on the same subject. The third instance is an ambiguous case, because the phrase that follows is flatly opposed to the preceding one. However, it could also be considered another elaboration, this time on the "wave" and that would again call for a colon. The following semicolon (4) appears to be 'correct' as the sentence cannot be split up here, because "looking at the flowers" is linked to "standing there at the open window." Yet the final instance (5) would have sufficed with a mere full stop, also because a new subject is introduced. The semicolons dictate the speed of the memories and thoughts. Woolf is unwilling to link the phrases too closely, but at the same time she refuses to separate them, because that would break up the stream of thoughts. The effect of the semicolons is that the thoughts are filled with pauses. Her "musing" in the past can be applied to her present state of mind. The rules for and effects of semicolons in Dutch are roughly the same. Additionally "the semicolon anticipates a statement that is closely connected [to the previous sentence]" (Renkema 361/363[my translation]). So abiding by Woolf's use of semicolons in the translation will in many cases be to the same effect, namely that of creating

moments of musing. On the other hand, their frequent appearance will have a slightly estranging effect on a Dutch reader, simply because the semicolon appears less often in Dutch writing.

### **Transitivity and Reflexivity**

Even though the punctuation may seem hard to maintain, this will most likely cause problems or need adaptation when the translation of verb forms requires specification or interpretation. Reflexive and non-reflexive, and transitive and intransitive verbs operate differently in English and Dutch which will inevitably change the syntax structure.

In English, like in Dutch, there are many verbs that can take both a transitive and an intransitive form, yet English does not always require specification whereas in Dutch they need to be determined as either one of these by the presence or absence of a direct object (*E-ANS* 2-2-3). Parks points out that Italian requires the same specification. He uses the following abstract from *MD* to underline his statement: “she, too, was going that very night to kindle and illuminate; to give her party” (Parks 133). Both ‘kindle’ and ‘illuminate’ can be either transitive or intransitive, yet the context gives no indication of which it could be. Due to the lack of an object the verbs may “formally, be considered intransitive. Yet when immediately followed by ‘to give her party’ one cannot help feeling it far more likely that they have a transitive sense” (*ibid*). This statement can be refuted by pointing out that “to give her party” appears after a semi-colon. Yet, Clarissa, who feels it to be her offering to others to make sure that they have a good time, “is going to generate energy for those who come to her party. She is going to kindle and illuminate others” (*ibid*). The Italian translator has chosen to consider the verbs intransitive and as a result they have become reflexive in her translation, which translates back to “she too that evening was going to set herself alight, to shine – for her party” (*ibid*). The problem in this is not so much the interpretation as the fact that in the translation’s reflexivity “[t]he notion of giving is completely lost” (*ibid*) and the party is now centring on Clarissa, rather than being an offering. In a Dutch translation, the intransitive choice would be something like:

- ook zij zou diezelfde avond stralen en sprankelen; zou haar feest geven,

while a transitive option could be:

- ook zij zou diezelfde avond doen schitteren en sprankelen; zou haar feest geven.

The first option has the same effect as the Italian translation: the text focuses on Clarissa instead of on what she is offering. The second option, however, uses the causal auxiliary “doen” which, much more clearly than the source text, puts emphasis on the offering and, as a result, Clarissa appears to be tooting her own horn in this translation as well. A way to work around this would be to alter the sentence structure completely and move the party forward. With a translation like:

- ook zij zou, diezelfde avond, haar feest geven; doen schitteren en sprankelen,

there is equal emphasis on Clarissa and her role that evening, and on what that evening will have to offer.

Reflexivity poses similar problems. Some English reflexive verbs do not require a reflexive pronoun when their translation into Dutch does. For instance, the linking verb ‘feel’ in,

- “[a]h yes, she did of course; what a nuisance; and felt very sisterly and oddly conscious at the same time of her hat” (*MD* 6),

is complemented by the adverb ‘sisterly’ and has a transitive function for the adjective ‘conscious’. This means that the verb has to be repeated in the translation because Dutch asks for specification of these features. In both cases the verb becomes reflexive and, as a result, requires the repetition of the reflexive pronoun as well (*E-ANS* 2-2-4):

- Ach ja, natuurlijk kon ze dat; wat vervelend; en voelde **zich** erg zusterlijk en was **zich** tegelijkertijd zeer bewust van haar hoed.

The effect of the pronouns is that the narrator becomes more visible. Reflexive verbs are often verbs of perception or awareness, which in transitive form say something about a character, rather than being actual character discourse. In English, the previous example is a mix of FIT and narrator report, yet the translation becomes slightly less personal than the original; ‘zich’ makes it harder to imagine the characters’ DD and, as a result, the text moves away from the characters and increases the distance between them and the reader. The translation has moved from a dual POV to a narrator’s POV for this part of the sentence. However, this is only the case when the discourse involves the speakers themselves. When Clarissa in FIT refers to Hugh with “as he bustled on” (6) and this is translated with “terwijl hij zich voorthaastte,” the reflexive pronoun does not affect the distance between the reader and Hugh or Clarissa.

### **Progressive aspect and other *ing*-forms:**

One feature which not just in *MD*, but in every translation from English into Dutch, poses a problem on almost every occasion, is the use of the present participle or imperfect tense. This conjugation does exist in Dutch, but its use can be rather outdated. It appears most often in set expressions like “al doende leert men” (*E-ANS* 2-3-2-6) and may have an alienating effect on the reader when it is used in a different context. In order to maintain the continuity in the characters’ stream of thoughts, Woolf has made extensive use of this verb form. In general the progressive is used to express: duration (limited, in progress, or incomplete), temporary habits, irritation, iteration, or some cases of future reference. Dutch offers several possibilities to translate this form without significantly changing the progressive aspect:

- The ‘aan het + infinitive’ construction, which often needs a form of ‘to be’ in the translation:
  - o He was watching – Hij was aan het kijken;
- The ‘te + infinitive’ construction, which often requires an interpretation of the meaning of the auxiliary ‘to be’:
  - o He was watching – Hij stond te kijken;

However, to avoid endless repetition of the previous constructions, and because they cannot always be applied, this form often requires interpretation:

- The ‘terwijl + a change to simple present or past’ construction:
  - o “feeling as she did, standing there at the open window” (*MD* 3) – “..., terwijl ze daar bij het open raam stond;
- Various conjugations, depending on the context. This may lead to simple past/present, an infinitive verb form, perfect tense, or an interpretation of the meaning through nouns, adjectives or description. Consider the following extract again, and its translation:

How fresh, how calm, stiller than this of course, the air was in the early morning; like the flap of a wave; the kiss of a wave; chill and sharp and yet (for a girl of eighteen as she then was) solemn, **feeling** as she did, **standing** there at the open window, that something awful was about to happen; **looking** at the flowers, at the trees with the smoke **winding** off them and the rooks **rising, falling; standing** and **looking** until Peter Walsh said, “**Musing** among the vegetables?” –

was that it? – “I prefer men to cauliflowers” – was that it? (*MD* 3 [my emphasis]).

Hoe fris, hoe kalm, stiller dan hier natuurlijk, de lucht in de vroege morgen was; als de aanraking van een golf, de kus van een golf; kil en scherp maar toch (voor een meisje van achttien, wat ze toen was) plechtig, **had** ze **het gevoel**, **terwijl** ze daar bij het open raam **stond**, dat er iets afschuwelijks stond te gebeuren; **kijkend** naar de bloemen, naar de bomen waar de rook **vanaf kronkelde** en de roeken, **omhoogcirkelend, dalend; staan** en **kijken** totdat Peter Walsh zei, ‘**Aan het peinzen** tussen de groenten?’ – was dat het? – ‘Ik heb liever mannen dan bloemkolen’ – was dat het?

- “feeling as she did” needed to be translated with an interpretation to make sure that the various phrases of the sentence remain linked, because this phrase links the past and the present as it introduces the possible foreshadowing. “[H]ad ze het gevoel” then completely lets go of the progressive aspect and replaces it with an auxiliary and its complement;
- “standing” has just been discussed in the “terwijl ...” construction;
- “looking” has been translated with a present participle and, as a result, maintains the progressive aspect. As time seems to be frozen in this phrase, the present participle will not strike the reader as completely off. Still, “te kijken” would have made a good translation, but “kijkend” solution also emphasises the inactivity of “looking”;
- “winding off” has been translated with a simple past. This maintains the activity of the process, but does lose some of the progressive element of something happening in the past present;
- “rising, falling” proves to be a slightly ambiguous case. Due to the lack of tense they could also be considered adjectives of “rooks”. If that is the case, they should precede the noun, but this non-conformism would be in line with the syntactic structure of Woolf’s writing. The translation with present participles maintains the ambiguity of whether these are in fact present participles or adjectives, yet they fit the process of a line of thought;
- “standing and looking” have been translated with their infinite counterparts, which maintains the feeling of past present, but does render the text slightly more inactive (even if these verbs do not express activity);

- The translation of “musing” has been done according to the “aan het + infinitive” construction, which basically produces the same effect as the progressive does in the source text.

These examples served to show the effect of the possible translations of the progressive aspect. They will be applied interchangeably in the translated sections, but the context and style of the text, or effect of the passage, will always be taken into consideration. Unless an unusual translation occurs, I will not elaborate on these forms in the annotation.

The ‘-ing’ form can also appear as a gerund or, as became evident in the previous example, an adjective. These, however, prove to be less of a problem in translating than the progressive, because a gerund basically is a noun and often serves as the subject or object of a sentence. When it functions as an adjective it is no different from any other adjective. It is important to note here, though, that it is not always clear whether the ‘-ing’ form is an adjective or a present participle. This already became clear with “rising, falling,” but Woolf does this more often:

“But how strange, on entering the Park, the silence; the mist; the hum;  
the slow-swimming happy ducks; the pouched birds waddling.” (*MD*  
5)

First of all, “entering” is a nice example of a gerund and translates into “het binnengaan”. However, “slow-swimming” and “waddling” are questionable cases. Due to its position in the sentence, “slow-swimming” can be considered an adjective, but “waddling” has been placed after the noun and makes sense both as an adjective and as a present participle. In this case the translation has to be explicit and if I choose to translate this as an adjective, it will have to be moved in front of the noun.

Earlier I mentioned that Woolf often uses the progressive aspect without a verb to add tense. One of its effects is that it gives the text a sense of being set in the immediate present, even if it concerns a memory of the past. Yet when many progressive forms follow one another, it is very hard to maintain that effect as the repetition of the additional “aan het...” or “te...” would have a counter effect and most possibly annoy the reader. In these cases, the loss of the sense of immediate present seems unavoidable.

## Modal auxiliaries

Both Verdonk and Bosseaux have pointed out the importance of modal auxiliary verbs<sup>11</sup> in the FID mode, because these express a doubt or hesitation that could never be attributed to a narrator. Additionally, the number of modals in a section is an indication for the extent narrator presence. The second section of the translation contains relatively few modals and I established earlier that the narrator is very present in this passage, which proves Verdonk's and Bosseaux's case. Due to FID's tendency to use past tense, I will focus mainly on the past tense modals – *should*, *might*, *could* and *would* – and the 'tenseless' *must*.

In English the past or present tense of the same modal can have a different sense of modality. For instance, *shall* expresses “strong obligation,” “volition”, and “prediction” (Coates 5). *Should*, on the other hand, expresses “weak obligation,” tentative inference,” “hypothesis”, and “quasi-subjunctive” (5), but in Dutch, except for *zullen*, their semantics do not change when tense changes. This is also due to the fact that the “possibility” or “hypothesis” factor of Dutch modals often asks for an additional form of *zullen*. For instance, a sentence like

- That might be the case,

which only includes one modal, may be translated as:

- Dat zou kunnen.

The use of double modals (or even triple, e.g.: “dat zou moeten kunnen”) is only possible with two forms of *zullen*, namely *zal* and *zou*, and in most cases the following modal verb is non-finite. There are a few possibilities in Dutch in which the singular present tense *moet* can be used, but this mostly concerns set expressions, e.g. “Dat moet kunnen.” This is a characteristic of Dutch modals that is not possible in English, because modal auxiliaries do not appear in non-finite forms or co-occurrence (Coates 4). Additionally, English modals are open to interpretation. A sentence like:

- We could go in,

has the following possible translations:

- We konden naar binnen gaan (ability: we were able to enter);

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<sup>11</sup> I used Jennifer Coates's research on the semantics of MUST, SHOULD, OUGHT, MAY, MIGHT, CAN, COULD, WOULD, WILL and SHALL. She points out that their semantics range from strong/weak OBLIGATION, confident/tentative INFERENCE, root/epistemic POSSIBILITY, ABILITY, PERMISSION, VOLITION, PREDICTION, HYPOTHESIS and QUASI-SUBJUNCTIVE: strong obligation being *must* and *shall*, quasi-subjunctive being *may* and *should* (Coates 5).



- We mochten naar binnen (permission or root<sup>12</sup> possibility: we were allowed to go in);
- We zouden naar binnen kunnen gaan (hypothesis or epistemic possibility: we are standing outside and may or may not go in).

This implies that, like most features I have discussed so far, the choice of modal in the translation may depend on context and interpretation. However, this need not always be the case. For instance in

- “when with a little squeak of the hinges, which she could hear now” (*MD* 3),

*could* is very straightforward and can semantically only be the ability to hear. The most unambiguous modal to express ability is *kunnen*, so the translation becomes

- wanneer ze met een licht gepiep van de scharnieren, dat ze nu kon horen.

Similarly, in

- “He would be back from India one of these days” (3),

*would* can only be interpreted with its function of prediction and translates into

- Hij zou een dezer dagen terugkomen uit India.

However, the following example does need interpretation:

- “raising his hat rather extravagantly and assuring her that she **might** be a girl of eighteen [...] only a little late he **might** be after the party at the Palace” (6 [my emphasis]).

*Might* can express both root and epistemic possibility, permission, and hypothesis. Neither case expresses permission or root possibility, but the first instance could be either epistemic possibility or hypothesis. Clearly, Hugh is paying Clarissa a compliment, but it need not necessarily be true which would rule out epistemic possibility. Yet, hypothesis would be too strong here. Therefore, I do tend to go with the epistemic possibility as this is the most neutral meaning. The second *might* could not be considered a hypothesis, but clearly is epistemic possibility, but on a different level than the first instance, because it also expresses probability, whereas the first *might* can only express possibility. This then results in:

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<sup>12</sup> Coates uses ‘root’ instead of ‘deontic’ to oppose ‘epistemic’, because she feels that the latter is restricted to obligation and permission while these modals “cover a range of meaning” (21) which exceeds these two possibilities.

- zijn hoed nogal overdreven optilde en haar verzekerde dat ze zo een meisje van achttien **had kunnen zijn**, [...] maar **hij kwam mogelijk wat later** na het feest in het paleis.

The translation puts emphasis on the fact that this is FIS and, therefore, I have remained close to DS. The first case of *might* is part of a set expression, which in Dutch DD would be something like: “je zou zo een meisje van achttien kunnen zijn.” Yet, *zou* in combination with the reporting verb *verzekerde* is awkward. The modality is maintained, though, with *kunnen*. For the second translation of *might*, I stayed close to the expression of possibility and the modality is not in the verb, but in the adverb *mogelijk*.

Finally, a brief look at the tenseless modal *must* which expresses either “a Root meaning (Obligation/Necessity) and an Epistemic meaning (logical Necessity/confident Inference)” (Coates 31). Yet, the difficulty is not so much in its meaning as in the fact that, due to its tenselessness, this modal also gives off a sense of directness or immediacy. For both the root and the epistemic meaning a form of the modal *moeten* would be the obvious translation as this also expresses these meanings. The sense of directness, however, could get lost if a past tense of *moeten* were to be used in the translation. Consider the following:

- “He must have said it at breakfast one morning” (*MD* 3):
  - Hij **moet** het op een morgen tijdens het ontbijt hebben gezegd;
  - Hij **moest** het op een morgen tijdens het ontbijt hebben gezegd.

The second translation loses not only the sense of immediacy, but both the root and the epistemic meanings appear to become weaker with the use of past tense, even if this could only express logical inference. However:

- “(one must be scientific above all, scientific)” (158):
  - (een mens dient wetenschappelijk te zijn, in de eerste plaats wetenschappelijk);
  - (een mens diende wetenschappelijk te zijn, in de eerste plaats wetenschappelijk).

I have chosen to use a form of *dienen* instead of *moeten* so that the statement can also be interpreted as a universal truth, even if it is Septimus’s truth. *Must* in this case clearly expresses (insane) necessity, even if it borders on a command (which would render it obligation). Yet, the context pushes towards a translation with the past tense translation. Throughout the novel, this sentence (or an almost identical one) appears three times in Septimus’s discourse. It functions as a reminder for himself on how to view the world and with that it creates an “ah, right” moment: he is reminded of something that he has imposed upon himself a few years earlier, when he could no longer make sense of the world. This past

event allows for a translation in the past tense. Another option for the translation of *must* would be a form of *(be)horen* (*E-ANS* 18-5-4-6), which would also have been suitable in the previous example.

The choice for *moet* or *moest* can also depend on whether the FIT is stream of consciousness or memory. For instance in

- “(but one must economise, not buy things rashly for Elizabeth)”  
(5),

there is no sense of immediacy as it is expressed in an almost pondering way. The translation with

- (maar ze moest zuinig zijn, niet zomaar spullen voor Elizabeth kopen),

almost slows the thoughts down, which only adds to Clarissa’s pensive state. Still, every instance has to be considered separately and there does not appear to be a set of rules which can be applied to every case of *must*. Present tense *moet* does preserve the sense of immediacy and directness, but the context should provide the basis for past or present tense.

## Style

From the analysis of the grammatical features it has become clear that grammar and style are closely connected. The explicit use of reflexive pronouns, for instance, would be a grammatical choice with some significant stylistic consequences. Similarly, many stylistic devices will prove to ask for a translation which is more explicit than the source text.

### Use of ‘one’

In the discussion on FID I said that this discourse mode creates a certain distance between character and reader. Woolf’s frequent use of *one* has been very helpful in maintaining that distance, in English that is. As an impersonal or generic pronoun *one* can refer to the whole of mankind, but in *MD*, half the time it simply refers to the current speaker and replaces the more direct and unambiguous *I*, *we* or *you*. The use of *one* in character discourse has been reserved for Clarissa, Septimus, and Peter (and Elizabeth on a few occasions). This would be in line with Katie Wales who describes *one* as a “sociolinguistically marked” (82) indicator of (British) middle- or upper-class. Additionally, all three of them are, or at least used to be, lovers of literature, poetry and Shakespeare. None of the marginal characters use this pronoun in discourse and a character from a lower-class like Doris Kilman, who has been endowed with quite a long stretch of discourse, certainly does not use it. However, it would be too

strong a statement to apply this to the entire novel. For instance, the sentence “(knowing her as one does know people who live next door to one in Westminster)” (*MD* 4), still cannot be ascribed to either the narrator or Scrope Purvis, because the narrator, generally, throughout the novel does not use *one* in his own discourse. In this sentence *one* creates a clear dual POV.

In ordinary or everyday English discourse the use of *one* can be regarded as impersonal and in writing even, as an attempt to depersonalise without shifting into the passive voice. However, Wales argues that “although *one* is ‘indefinite’ in origin, it has come over the centuries [...] to be more and more ‘personal’, even ‘first person’ in its reference” (167). Still, it is not all that widely used and may therefore, even in English, have an alienating effect or, in certain situations, even satirical. In *MD* *one* is often used instead of a third-person FID pronoun, which would render the discourse too specific or too personal. *One* does serve as an indefinite pronoun in many cases. Septimus, for instance, sometimes employs the pronoun to express some universal statement – “one must be scientific, above all scientific” (*MD*, 24, [almost exact repetition: 74, 158]) – but Clarissa may use it to refer to people, definitely including herself: “For Heaven only knows why one loves it so, how one sees it so, making it up, building it round one” (4). The latter example is anything but impersonal and this may cause a problem in translating.

The most straightforward translation of *one* would be the impersonal and, in most cases formal, *men*. This indefinite pronoun is not uncommon in Dutch, but its use in discourse is rather restricted; *men* is generally used to express statements that focus not so much on the subject of a sentence, which is the grammatical function of *men* and the only function this pronoun can have in Dutch (*E-ANS* 5-2-9-2), but on the action. *Men* then refers to people in general who are needed to perform the action, yet who they are is not important and a semantically identical sentence can often be created using the passive voice, but avoiding *men*. For instance:

- “Men zegt dat ik zelf mijn navelstreng doorbeet en de wijde wereld in wandelde” (*Loesje*),

becomes

- Er wordt gezegd dat ik zelf mijn navelstreng doorbeet en de wijde wereld in wandelde,

when turned into passive. In this case the speaker is not important, but rather what has been said. The more accusatory

- “[m]en moet mij niet telkens met Van de Sar vergelijken,”  
(*Voetbalzone.nl*),

however, does focus on *men* as the subject. It is the broad sense of *men* here that underlines the statement and the speaker (Maarten Stekelenburg, goalkeeper of the Dutch national football team) actually refers to everyone, and no one in particular. Still, neither examples are cases of formal language and if these sentences were translated into English, the translations would probably not involve *one*, but the more commonplace *they*.

Wales argues that *one* may fill the position of *I*, *we*, *you* or *they* or “simply ‘people in general’” (45), but the Dutch *men* cannot function as an equivalent for all these pronouns. For instance, it is highly unusual for *men* to refer to *ik* (*I*), and contrary to English, *men* cannot be seen as “a stylistic, indeed even a free, variant of *you*” (Wales 80). Wales points out that *one* “is actually a variant of *I* in utterances that are barely generalisations” and therefore “*one* can now be seen as a new personal pronoun, a variant of *you* and *I*, and showing the same apparently inexorable drift towards egocentricity of reference as *you* [...], but in a much more dramatic way, and in a way that is potentially less confusing” (80). However, in Dutch, when *men* includes the speaker, his goal is to distance himself from what is being said. For instance, a statement like:

- Men heeft besloten om de samenwerking te beëindigen,

probably includes the speaker as one of the people involved in the decision, but this phrasing facilitates him or her not having to take the blame.

Sadly, the potentially diminishing confusion Wales mentions, is flourishing when trying to find suitable translations. The first instance of *one* in *MD* can be found in “it was his sayings one remembered” (3). Here *one* could be a ‘variant’ of people in general, of *you*, which would be the DD phrasing, or of Clarissa referring to herself as she is the speaker at this point and has up till now only used the third-person pronoun “she”. The generic translations of *een mens* or *iemand* (or the rather outdated *een ieder*) seems to be too random for a memory that Clarissa is trying to recall in detail. Yet, a translation with the variant *je* seems too direct; it changes the POV to first-person with a slight ambiguity as *je* might also be a direct addressing of the reader. This also rules out *we* or *ik* which would render the discourse mode direct. *Zij* or *ze* would imply that it is not a statement that goes for everyone, but only for Clarissa, and *men* is too formal and archaic for so small a detail and would increase the distance between character and reader in this case. A final option would be to change the voice to passive, but that would completely alter the flow of thoughts, memories, and realisations. However, these are the options that are at hand, and whichever one is used

for the translation, it will change the style of the text or make it more explicit. The use of *je* would be the best option here as this might only involve Clarissa or be a statement that includes people in general. This does slightly affect the discourse mode, but as long as *je* is used sparsely as a translation for *one*, its influence will be minor. Also, on several occasions in the novel the characters use *you* in their ID when they express a more general statement.

However, the following case of *one* does allow for the use of the generic *men* due to the overt dual POV and the possible interpretation of the sentence as being a universal truth:

- “(**knowing** her as **one** does know people who live next door to **one** in Westminster)” (4 [my emphasis]).

This sentence has to tackle the problem of the progressive aspect in combination with two cases of *one*. The translation

- (die haar **kende** zoals **men** zijn burens in Westminster kent),

weakens the dual POV with the inserting of the relative pronoun *die* and, as a result, the discourse shifts to narrator report, but this does allow for a generic statement. The second *one*, however, does not function as a subject, which is the only grammatical function of *men*. A translation with a plural possessive pronoun, which would maintain the generic state, is ungrammatical because *men* is singular. In this case the translation of “people who live next door to one” with “zijn burens” is based on interpretation and loses part of the description. However, this solution partially reinstates the dual POV, because *zijn* could refer to Purvis.

The previous examples show that the translation depends on context and semantics. Septimus’s use of *one* in the example on page 65 is also a form of universal truth, but as this expresses his ‘insane’ truth, *one* cannot refer to the whole of mankind. Moreover, he clearly refers to himself with *one*, because he can only make sense of the world when he shuts out feelings or emotions and with the constant repetition of this phrase he reminds himself of this. Still, a translation with “*een mens* diende wetenschappelijk te zijn, in de eerste plaats wetenschappelijk,” seems most appropriate here, because Septimus views himself from the outside, so there is no need for the more personal *je*.

A final example of the possible semantics of *one* can be found in Clarissa’s FIT and has already briefly been touched upon at the start of this section:

- “For Heaven only knows why one loves it so, how one sees it so, making it up, building it round one [...]” (4).

Like I said, the use of *one* in this case is very personal. Clarissa refers to herself, but to everyone she is observing as well, so in this case *one* is a variant of *we*. It has to be taken into

account that her discourse has shifted into the direct mode at this point. This allows for an interpretation with the Dutch *we*:

- Want de hemel mag weten waarom een mens er zo van houdt, waarom een mens er zo tegenaan kijkt, het verzint, het om ons heen bouwen.

This interpretation comes forward in the final translation of *one* with the pronoun *ons* and the shift into plural. The “building” here also takes place in the interpretation of *one* which shifts from generic to personal. However, these examples have pointed out that every instance of *one* needs to be considered within its context.

### **Pragmatic particles**

I have participated in many discussions on translations from English into Dutch, in which the subject of pragmatic particles (PrPs) came up. Or rather the translator’s lack of using them, while they are everywhere in Dutch, especially in the spoken word (including conversations that have been written down) where they can be an indication of impromptu speech. In translating, however, the use of modal particles “betrays a translator’s specific interpretation” (Spies 14) of a text as their meaning is “pragmatic rather than semantic” (*ibid*).<sup>13</sup> However, PrPs serve another purpose in translating *MD*: they can serve to mark the distinction between indirect and free indirect discourse. PrPs are generally features of DD and could also be considered idiosyncratic lexical elements. Consider the opening sentence of the novel, which is an unambiguous case of FIS:

- “Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself” (3).

If FID had not been such a stylistic marker of the novel, I would probably have translated this as follows:

- Mrs. Dalloway zei dat ze de bloemen zelf **wel** zou kopen.

The use of *wel* immediately sets the tone of the speech as it implies that Clarissa perhaps asked Lucy to do this, but she had been unavoidably detained and now Clarissa is forced to do it herself (even though she might not feel like it). Additionally, the insertion of a pragmatic article renders the speech more direct and gives a clearer indication of the verbatim utterance. This would blur the already thin line between this sentence’s indirect mode and the free indirect mode of the next. Simply translating this with

- Mrs. Dalloway zei dat ze zelf de bloemen zou kopen,

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<sup>13</sup> The characteristics of PrPs are quite similar to those of modal auxiliaries, but they can also express emotion.

maintains the distinction between the two modes.

On the other hand, the non-use of PrPs may cause a character's speech to appear emotionless (Spies 15), which could be very useful in translating certain sections of Septimus's discourse. His emphasis on the need to be scientific, would rule out the intrusion of emotions and there are very few instances which call for the insertion of a pragmatic particle in section three. This does not mean that his discourse lacks modality, but rather that this is provided by his word choice. The phrase

- "as she sat there in one of those loose lax poses that came to her naturally" (*MD* 161),

did call for the insertion of *zo*:

- zoals ze daar zat in een van die losse nonchalante houdingen die haar zo gemakkelijk afgingen.

Neglecting to insert *zo* would create a very stiffly phrased sentences that would juxtapose the stream of thoughts. However, the rest of the section does not call for PrPs in Septimus's discourse until his final paragraph which calls for the insertion of *wel* twice:

- "Razors he might have got" (163),

translates into:

- Misschien had hij **wel** scheermesjes.

Similarly,

- "Holmes and Bradshaw liked that sort of thing" (164),

translates into:

- Holmes en Bradshaw hielden **wel** van dat soort toestanden.

In the first sentence *wel* is part of the set expression "misschien wel", but the second phrase needs the pragmatic particle to indicate the contrasting attitudes of Holmes and Bradshaw, and Septimus and Rezia. Additionally, *wel* in this case makes the discourse sound more natural and the contrast inserts an element of sarcasm as well. However, as the translation will show, Clarissa's and Peter's FID allows much more variety in the use of PrPs.



#### 4. ANNOTATED TRANSLATIONS

This chapter involves the three translated sections from *Mrs. Dalloway*, including annotation when problems arose or when I felt that my choice of translating needs explanation.

The translation of these passages required extensive research of how various narrative techniques have been employed in order to establish their effect and to determine which techniques should be applied to the translation. In this I have tried to maintain the style of the source text, which is closely connected to the narrative mode. Here, the syntactic structure often provides the basis for a form of stream of consciousness and in many cases the modality of the texts adds to the dual POV. It is very important to be aware of these elements, and of the other features that have been discussed in the contrastive analysis, in order to create a translation that has a similar effect on the reader and to try and recreate the style of the text in the other language. Additionally, Woolf's own view on writing, and her idea of how she needed to revise the 'conventional' style of writing, made me think twice whenever I was tempted to normalise the text in order to make the translating process easier. Her style forces the translator to come up with new ways of saying things as well.

## Section one

Mrs. Dalloway zei dat ze zelf de bloemen zou kopen.<sup>14</sup>

Want Lucy had al genoeg te doen. De deuren zouden uit hun scharnieren worden gelicht; Rumpelmayers werklui zouden komen. En dan, bedacht Clarissa Dalloway zich, wat een ochtend – fris alsof uitgedeeld aan kinderen op een strand.<sup>15</sup>

Wat een genot!<sup>16</sup> Wat een duik! Want daar had het voor haar altijd op geleken wanneer ze met een licht gepiep van de scharnieren, dat ze nu kon horen, de terrasdeuren open had gegooid en op Bourton de buitenlucht in was gedoken.<sup>17 18</sup> Hoe fris, hoe kalm, stiller dan hier natuurlijk,<sup>19</sup> de lucht in de vroege morgen was; als de aanraking van een golf,<sup>20</sup> de kus van

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<sup>14</sup> ST: “Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself.” The insertion of the subordinating conjunction ‘dat’ in the translation is inevitable even if English allows for its absence. A solution in which the conjunction could have been left out, would have been inversion in some form of “Ze zou de bloemen zelf wel kopen, zei Mrs. Dalloway.” Yet, a novel titled *Mrs. Dalloway*, starting the first page with “Mrs. Dalloway...” seems to speak for itself. The readers are immediately introduced to the main character, an effect that will be undone by inversion. Also, the final sentence of the novel echoes the opening line with “[f]or there she was” (213), which refers to Mrs. Dalloway, and completes the novel’s circle. Also, inversion will blur the line between IS and FIS.

<sup>15</sup> How can a morning be ‘issued’? May be the first question that pops to mind. Especially as ‘issued’ is linked to ‘fresh’ while these really do not connect in any way. The description does have a ring of memories from the past to it. As a child you may not realise the beauty of such a morning, but an adult may understand the privilege of spending time on the beach. This privilege echoes in a translation with ‘uitgedeeld’.

<sup>16</sup> The ‘lark’ and the ‘plunge’ of the ST seem to contradict each other, the first going up and the latter going down. Yet both are utterances of Clarissa’s exhilaration over the beauty of a spring morning so they need not necessarily be contradicting terms. There is more weight on the translation of ‘plunge’, which is a recurrent theme throughout the novel, and would therefore require consistent translation. Parks comments on the Italian translation of these phrases where ‘plunge’ has been translated with ‘Che terrore!’, meaning ‘What terror!’. He points out that the translator has interpreted the text rather radically while taking the exhilarated atmosphere in the previous paragraph into consideration, “one is bound to appreciate that with the fresh morning and the attractive image of children on a beach, the expression ‘What a lark! What a plunge!’ necessarily comes over as *wholly positive* in English” (113). He goes on saying that “[b]y going directly for the possible emotions underlying the English words [...] the translation rather jumps the gun here and does not allow the reader to savour the slow accumulation of positive and negative connotations around ‘plunge’” (114). Parks proposes a less interpretative solution that is more in line with both Clarissa’s mood and that of the playing children.

<sup>17</sup> It may seem odd to translate ‘plunged’ in this context with ‘gedoken’, but the plunge is mentioned in the previous sentence where it has been translated with ‘duik’ so to make a reference to this feeling/emotion seems only appropriate. And, like I said, ‘plunge’ is a recurring theme in the novel.

<sup>18</sup> Parks points out that the sentence structure here is slightly unconventional and “makes us aware of how much more dramatic and teasing Woolf’s version is in having us wait that moment longer to find what exactly was plunged into and where” (115). However, the difference in syntactic structure between English and Dutch does not allow for this unconventional word order with “into the open air” at the end and as a result the translation is more conventional than the ST.

<sup>19</sup> ‘this’ in “stillier than this of course” could have been translated with ‘dit’ and that was in fact my first choice. However, ‘dit’ is such a vague demonstrative pronoun, which somehow seems not quite so imprecise in English, that I chose to specify it slightly and this also seems to add to the speed of the sentence.

<sup>20</sup> My possible solutions for the translation of ‘flap of a wave’ were: ‘de aanraking/de slag/het geklots/de deining van een golf’. Falling back on what I said earlier; the tone at the beginning is still very light hearted. ‘flap’ refers back to the morning air which is rather lovely and fresh. The loveliness rules out ‘slag’ as there is no possible

een golf; kil en scherp maar toch (voor een meisje van achttien, wat ze toen was) plechtig, had ze het gevoel, terwijl ze daar bij het open raam stond, dat er iets afschuwelijks stond te gebeuren; kijkend naar de bloemen, naar de bomen waar de rook vanaf kronkelde<sup>21</sup> en de roeken,<sup>22</sup> omhoogcirkelend<sup>23</sup>, dalend; staan en kijken totdat Peter Walsh zei, ‘Aan het peinzen tussen de groenten?’ – was dat het? – ‘Ik heb liever mannen dan bloemkolen’ – was dat het? Hij moet het op een morgen tijdens het ontbijt hebben gezegd toen ze naar buiten was gegaan en het terras op was gelopen<sup>24</sup> – Peter Walsh. Hij zou een dezer dagen terugkomen uit India, juni of juli, ze was vergeten wanneer, want zijn brieven waren vreselijk saai; je herinnerde je zijn uitspraken; zijn ogen, zijn zakmes, zijn glimlach, zijn knorrigheid en, wanneer talloze dingen allang vergeten waren – hoe opmerkelijk! – een paar uitspraken als deze over kool.

Ze verstijfde een beetje op de stoep, en wachtte<sup>25</sup> totdat Durtnalls bestelwagen gepasseerd was. Een charmante vrouw, vond Scrope Purvis (die haar kende zoals men zijn burens in Westminster kent); had iets van een vogel over zich, van een gaai,<sup>26</sup> blauwgroen,

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way to reconcile these two, as ‘slag’ has a violent ring to it. ‘geklots’ and ‘deining’ would preserve the sea imagery which appears throughout the novel, but in this case both seem rather stiff attempts merely to preserve the imagery. The final translation with ‘aanraking’ creates a different image, but does preserve the beauty of the morning, which in this sentence seem the more important feature. Also, none of the aforementioned options create the onomatopoeia that is created by ‘flap’ without distorting the tranquil image.

<sup>21</sup> This phrase “the trees with the smoke winding off them” reminded me of the opening paragraphs of Joseph Conrad’s *Heart of Darkness*. He too employs some unusual imagery for mist which is then setting on the trees: “the very mist on the Essex marshes was like a gauzy and radiant fabric, hung from the wooded rises inland...” (Conrad, 1958). He created a very ominous atmosphere with his description and so does Woolf with her use of ‘smoke’. This produces a picture of trees on fire instead of clearing mist. Still, ‘smoke’ can be translated with ‘damp’, but this does not make any sense in the context.

<sup>22</sup> The ST lacks this comma, but for the translation to be fluent, this needed to be inserted. Yet, the extra comma does not violate stream of thoughts.

<sup>23</sup> “omhoogcirkelend” loses some of the contrast of “rising” and “falling”, but the image of a bird that is “stijgt” is awkward in Dutch and would not be used in this context. So despite of the loss of the imagery of two ends of the extreme here, I had to go with this solution.

<sup>24</sup> This perfectly normal sentence in English “when she had gone out on to the terrace” creates a strange problem in the translation. ‘to go out’ means ‘naar buiten gaan’, which is not a problem at all, but when this is followed by ‘het terras op’ the sentence becomes slightly ungrammatical and confusing. To prevent this I added another verb and a coordinating conjunction. The effect seemed a little wordy at first, but that may also be due to the conciseness of the ST.

<sup>25</sup> Clearly narrator report which allows for the translation of progressive aspect into simple past. This does not alter any flow that may be going on.

<sup>26</sup> BT: “A touch of the bird about her” refers to Clarissa’s birdlike appearance, not to the fact that she is still recovering from a severe illness: a ‘jay’ is a ‘vlaamse gaai/kauw/kraai’. The first option is the most accurate translation, yet, contrary to a blue jay, a ‘vlaamse gaai’ is not blue-green, but more likely to be greyish with a brownish streak as well; only its wings are blue. Both ‘kraai’ and ‘kauw’ are more black with a bluish gleam. Yet, colour, green especially, is a recurring theme in the novel. Also, these birds are not a very flattering description while Purvis is describing Clarissa’s charm. The choice for ‘gaai’ allows for interpretation by the

licht, levendig, zelfs al was ze de vijftig al gepasseerd, en haar haar was erg wit geworden sinds haar ziekte.<sup>27</sup> Neergestreken stond ze daar, had hem niet eens in de gaten, te wachten om over te steken, kaarsrecht.

Want als je in Westminster woonde – hoeveel jaar nu? meer dan twintig, – voelde een mens zelfs midden in het verkeer, of wanneer je<sup>28</sup> 's nachts wakker ligt, Clarissa was er zeker van, een bepaalde stilheid, of verhevenheid; een onbeschrijflijk moment van rust; een spanning (maar dat zou haar hart kunnen zijn, aangetast, zo was haar verteld, door griep) voordat de Big Ben slaat.<sup>29</sup> Daar! Het dreunde eruit.<sup>30</sup> Eerst een waarschuwing, muzikaal; dan het uur, onomkeerbaar. De loden cirkels losten op in de lucht.<sup>31</sup> Wat zijn we toch dwaas, dacht ze, terwijl ze Victoria Street overstak. Want de hemel mag weten waarom een mens er zo van houdt, waarom een mens er zo tegenaan kijkt,<sup>32</sup> het verzint,<sup>33</sup> het om ons heen bouwen,<sup>34</sup> het laat instorten, het ieder moment weer opnieuw creëert; maar zelfs de ergste

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reader, who will most likely link this to a 'vlaamse gaai', but may imagine that a different species of 'jay' is being referred to due to the description of colour.

<sup>27</sup> The ST does not specify that white refers to her hair, but this can be inferred from 'grow'. Yet, if this is not explicated in the translation it may cause confusion as to whether white refers to her hair or to her complexion (due to the earlier mentioning of her illness).

<sup>28</sup> The present participle 'waking' needed an additional subject in the translation which is in line with the 'one' of the preceding phrase. In this case the translation with 'je' can function both generic or as a reference just to Clarissa. Because Clarissa's name appears in the next phrase the directness of 'je' is undone.

<sup>29</sup> I was considering not inserting a determiner here, which would be grammatically incorrect, but thought the better of it. Still, Clarissa talks of "leaden circles dissolving in the air" when referring to the striking of the clock and seems to personify this inanimate, yet animate, object and part of that personification is lost through inserting a determiner, but the awkwardness that neglecting to do so would cause, would be a greater loss.

<sup>30</sup> Maintaining the word order of this very short sentence so that the stress would be on 'out' would not have a similar effect in Dutch. When placing 'eruit' at the start of a sentence, the sentence mood changes to imperative rather than being a simple exclamation in a neutral mood.

<sup>31</sup> On page 140 of the novel, the striking of Big Ben is described as "that solemn stroke which lay flat like a bar of gold on the sea". This comparison to a metal finalised the choice for 'loden' as the translation for 'leaden'. Other options included: 'loodgrijs', the chiming sometimes has an ominous ring to it; 'loodzwaar', the clock is, of course, enormous and one of London's landmarks; and finally 'traag' as the sound is old and not exactly upbeat. All these translations have elements that are appealing and all create a different, yet no less fitting, image. So I relied on the later comparison to 'gold' for my choice of 'loden'.

<sup>32</sup> The ST lacks a repeating of 'waarom', but uses 'why' and 'how' instead. However, 'hoe een mens er zo tegenaan kijkt' is awkward and as the entire sentences is filled with enumerations, the rhythm that the repetition causes adds to the flow of the train of thought.

<sup>33</sup> This is a valid translation for 'it' as 'het' refers to the later mentioning of 'het leven'.

<sup>34</sup> In this description, Clarissa's discourse has shifted into the direct mode. With the earlier 'een mens' she also means herself so the temporary shift into plural first-person POV brings the discourse very close to the character and, as a result, the readers will for a moment imagine themselves to be part of this idea as well. Yet, later on the mode shifts into free indirect again which is why I return to the more distant POV after this phrase.

slonzen, de meest somber gestemde stumpers die op de stoep hangen (hun ondergang verdrinken) doen hetzelfde; voor hen kan geen oplossing gevonden worden,<sup>35</sup> daar was ze zeker van, met wetgeving, om diezelfde reden:<sup>36</sup> zij houden van het leven. In de ogen van mensen, in het gezwaai, gestamp en gesukkel; in het gebulder en het tumult; de rijtuigen, automobielen,<sup>37</sup> bussen, bestelwagens, schuifelende en schommelende sandwichmannen; fanfares; pijporgels; in de triomf en het geklingel en in het wonderlijke schelle gezang van een vliegtuig dat overgevlogen kwam, lag waar zij van hield; het leven; Londen; dit moment in juni.

Want het was hartje juni. De oorlog was voorbij, behalve dan voor iemand als Mrs. Foxcroft die gisteravond in het Embassy<sup>38</sup> weg zat te kwijnen omdat die lieve jongen was omgekomen en nu zou een neef het oude Manor House krijgen;<sup>39</sup> of Lady Bexborough die een bazaar had geopend, zeiden ze, met het telegram in haar hand, John, haar favoriet, omgekomen; maar hij was voorbij;<sup>40</sup> de hemel zij dank – voorbij. Het was juni. De koning en koningin verbleven in het paleis.<sup>41</sup> En overal, zo vroeg als het was, bruiste het, het aansporen van galopperende renpaarden, het tikken van cricketbats; Lords, Ascot, Ranelagh<sup>42</sup> en al die

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<sup>35</sup> ‘hen’ needed to be added to the phrase because of the preposition which would otherwise make no sense in the translation.

<sup>36</sup> A slightly more fluent translation for this sentence would have been “om diezelfde reden kan voor hen, daar was ze zeker van, met wetgeving, geen oplossing gevonden worden”, but ‘om diezelfde reden’ needs to be at the end of the sentence, because the following phrase contains the explanation for that reason.

<sup>37</sup> Even though ‘auto’ would be a perfectly valid translation for ‘motor car’, ‘automobiel’ places the text in its historic context.

<sup>38</sup> The Embassy is currently a restaurant in Mayfair, London, but whether this was already the case when the novel was written is unclear. I have contacted the restaurant about this, but to no avail. It can reasonably be assumed, though, that a restaurant of some sort is meant here and not an actual embassy which would not require the use of an upper case.

<sup>39</sup> Cousin can mean both ‘nicht’ or ‘neef’ in Dutch. From the rest of the book it becomes clear that both men and women (Lady Bruton for example) can inherit so the rules of inheritance do not automatically determine the sex of the cousin. However, when a rather distant family member inherits a manor it can be reasonably assumed that it concerns a man and the choice for a man will not influence the rest of the story greatly, if at all. It will merely underline Clarissa’s looking upon herself, later on in the novel, as ‘the wife of’; so it stresses the position of women in society and hints at some of Woolf’s feminist ideas.

<sup>40</sup> The use of the pronoun ‘hij’ appears incorrect as ‘it’ seems to refer to rather general circumstances of misery caused by war and would require a translation with ‘het’. Yet, the phrase echoes the first phrase of the sentence, which clearly mentions the War. It is therefore reasonable to assume that ‘it’ refers to the war and that would require the pronoun ‘hij’ rather than ‘het’.

<sup>41</sup> The King and Queen have, of course, more than one residency, but a few pages along in the novel it becomes clear that they currently reside in London where Buckingham Palace is their official residency. Such a well known London landmark does not require the additional information of Buckingham.

andere; gehuld in het zachte web van de grijsblauwe ochtendlucht,<sup>43</sup> dat, naarmate de dag vorderde, van hen af zou wikkelen,<sup>44</sup> en op hun gazons en grasvelden zou plaatsnemen en de paarden laat bokken, zodat hun voorbenen net de grond raakten en op sprongen ze weer, de jonge mannen die in de rondte snelden,<sup>45</sup> en lachende jonge vrouwen<sup>46</sup> in hun doorschijnende zomerkleding die,<sup>47</sup> zelfs nu, na de hele nacht al te hebben gedanst, met hun abnormaal<sup>48</sup> harige honden aan het wandelen waren; en zelfs nu al, op dit uur, haastten statige weduwes op leeftijd<sup>49</sup> zich naar hun automobielen op weg naar een mysterieuze bestemming;<sup>50</sup> en de

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*Lords, Ascot, Ranelagh*: Lords is the cricket ground at St John's Wood, home to the Marylebone Cricket Club. A week of horse-racing at Ascot in June culminates in Cup day; Woolf described it as a marking 'the highest tide of the finest societies greatest season – all superlatives that mean little to me' (*Diary*, II, 17 June 1920, p. 48). Ranelagh, like little Hurlingham (see p. 18), was a London polo club. On Bank Holiday Monday, 24 May 1920, Leonard and Virginia went to watch polo at Hurlingham Park and her account of it is distantly echoed in the passage that follows (*Diary*, II, pp 41-2). (*Mrs. Dalloway Notes* 215)

I chose not to add any explanation here as it would be awkward to explicate in stream of consciousness. 'Ascot' will ring a bell for most readers so that may serve as an indication of what the other two may be and hopefully the following adjective 'andere' instead of the noun 'anderen' will make clear that these names do not refer to people, but to events/institutions.

<sup>43</sup> The 'mesh' from the ST refers to the haziness of the morning air which could have been translated with 'de heilige ochtendlucht', but the image of 'web' makes it more tangible and actually able to settle on things and people.

<sup>44</sup> "would unwind them" echoes the smoke "winding off" the trees of the first page. The latter has been translated with "waar de rook vanaf kronkelde" and is not applicable here, but 'afwikkelen' does faintly echo the first translation.

<sup>45</sup> 'whirling' is an adjective, but the word can be explained in many ways. It is unclear whether it concerns the young men playing polo, or the young men on the street. Yet, as Clarissa is observing them in combination with the girls who pass by, I assume that the men on the street are whirling. In that case it might be that they are trying to impress the girls, either by some form of sports, as 'whirl' has an element of speed in it, or any possible way to get their attention, which seems to be working, because the girls are laughing. 'rondsnelen' preserves the element of speed.

<sup>46</sup> The addition of 'jonge' may seem uncalled for, but the English 'girls' can be used in a much broader sense than any of its possible translations with 'meisjes', 'meiden' or 'vrouwen'. All of these are more or less restricted to a certain age range (unless they are used in a social environment); a restriction which is less stringent for 'girls'.

<sup>47</sup> 'Muslin' can mean both the fabric and the clothing made from this fabric. Dutch 'mousseline' lacks the second meaning and as 'transparent' already indicates the type of fabric, 'zomerkleding' can suffice as a translation for muslin.

<sup>48</sup> 'Absurd' appears to be an adjective rather than an adverb in the ST. However, I chose to change it into the latter in the translation as I can only assume that Clarissa is referring to the dogs' coats, not to the dogs themselves. A few lines further on the word is used again, yet in this instance it can without doubt be translated as an adjective.

<sup>49</sup> I tried to put the 'dowager' element of nobility into the adjective 'statig' instead of a full description or a translation with 'douairière', which term will puzzle many contemporary readers.

winkeliers waren in hun etalages met hun diamanten en imitaties daarvan aan het friemelen, met hun prachtige oude zeegroene broches in achttiende-eeuwse vattingen om Amerikanen in de verleiding te brengen (maar ze moest zuinig zijn, niet zomaar spullen voor Elizabeth kopen), en zij ook, hield ervan met een absurde en toegewijde passie, maakte er deel van uit, aangezien haar mensen ooit nog hovelingen waren geweest onder de Georges, ook zij zou, diezelfde avond, haar feest geven; doen schitteren en sprankelen. Maar hoe ongewoon, bij het binnengaan van het park, de stilte; de mist; het gezoem; de tevreden, traag zwemmende eenden; de waggelende watervogels;<sup>51</sup> en wie kwam daar aanlopen met zijn rug naar de regeringsgebouwen,<sup>52</sup> hoe toepasselijk, met in zijn hand een aktetas met daarop het koninklijk wapenzegel,<sup>53</sup> wie anders dan Hugh Whitbread; haar trouwe<sup>54</sup> vriend Hugh – de bewonderenswaardige Hugh!

‘Eén goede morgen, Clarissa!’ zei Hugh, nogal overdreven, aangezien ze elkaar al kenden sinds hun kindertijd.

‘En waar gaan wij naar toe?’<sup>55</sup>

‘Ik vind het heerlijk om door Londen te wandelen,’ zei Mrs. Dalloway. ‘Neem maar van mij aan dat een wandeling door de natuur dit niet kan overtreffen.’

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<sup>50</sup> Translating ‘errand’ with ‘boodschap’ or something similar here seems rather out of place as we are talking of dignified elderly women who, when they possess a car, can probably send out servants for minor errands. Therefore I interpreted ‘errands’ as a journey with a goal with the accent on the latter.

<sup>51</sup> It can be safely assumed that by ‘pouched birds’ a certain type of water bird is meant. A translation which goes something like ‘vogels met een krop/gekropte vogels’ is either superfluous or, in case of the latter, highly unusual. The use of a different hyponym of the hyperonym ‘vogel’ seems just as fitting as ‘watervogels’ are the type of birds that waddle.

<sup>52</sup> An example of the incidental strange use of prepositions. You would expect ‘his back to ...’ or ‘Government buildings behind him’ yet Woolf has chosen against, while it can only mean that Hugh is coming towards Clarissa, walking away from the Government buildings. So the most important element of this sentence seems to be the image it creates.

<sup>53</sup> The ‘despatch box’ is an official government paraphernalia and often an actual box for carrying important documents. There is no such thing in the Netherlands, so I had to choose between alienating, with or without adding explanation, or a more general term which basically conveys the message. It does not matter whether Hugh carries a briefcase or a box; both emphasise the fact that he holds a rather minor position within the Government, a fact that is stressed both by Richard and by Peter, and even Clarissa.

<sup>54</sup> Clarissa consistently refers to Hugh Whitbread as her ‘old friend’, by which she is not referring to his age, but to the fact that she has known him since they were children. A translation with ‘oud’, however, would create an image of an old man. Similarly, when translating this with ‘vroegere’ it implies that they are no longer friends. The solution of ‘trouwe’ does not quite cover the meaning, as I do not get the impression that he is one of those friends who will always have your back, but it is the closest meaning that captures the essence of ‘old’.

<sup>55</sup> This seems to be a very free translation of “Where are you off to?”, but something like ‘Waar ga jij naartoe/heen’ was just too direct and too plain a use of language for the rather pompous character of Hugh. This solution may be a little over the top, but just now Clarissa herself said that he was rather extravagant.

Ze waren net overgekomen – helaas – om artsen te bezoeken. Andere mensen kwamen om een film te zien; naar de opera te gaan; hun dochters mee uit te nemen; de Whitbreads kwamen ‘om artsen te bezoeken’. Zo vaak al had Clarissa Evelyn Whitbread in verpleeghuizen bezocht. Was Evelyn weer ziek? Evelyn voelde zich helemaal niet goed, zei Hugh, en liet door middel van een soort vooruitsteken of uitzetten van zijn zeer omvangrijke, mannelijke, extreem knappe, perfect geklede lichaam (hij was bijna te goed gekleed altijd, maar dat was waarschijnlijk een vereiste, met zijn baantje bij de regering) doorschemeren dat zijn vrouw een zekere inwendige kwaal had, niets ernstigs, die, als een oude vriendin,<sup>56</sup> Clarissa Dalloway ook wel zou kunnen afleiden zonder dat hij specifiek diende te zijn. Ach ja, natuurlijk kon ze dat; wat vervelend; en voelde zich erg zusterlijk en was zich tegelijkertijd zeer bewust van haar hoed. Niet de juiste hoed voor zo vroeg in de morgen, was dat het soms? Want Hugh zorgde er altijd voor dat ze zich voelde alsof, terwijl hij zich voorthaastte, zijn hoed nogal overdreven optilde en haar verzekerde dat ze zo een meisje van achttien had kunnen zijn, en natuurlijk, kwam hij naar haar feest vanavond, Evelyn stond erop, maar hij kwam mogelijk wat later<sup>57</sup> na het feest in het Paleis<sup>58</sup> waar hij een van de jongens van Jim mee naartoe moest nemen, – ze voelde zich altijd een beetje eenvoudig naast Hugh; schoolmeisjesachtig; maar was aan hem gehecht, deels omdat ze hem al zo lang kende, maar ze vond dat hij op zijn manier goede kwaliteiten had, ook al dreef hij Richard bijna tot waanzin, en wat Peter Walsh betrof, hij had haar tot op de dag van vandaag nog niet vergeven dat ze hem aardig vond.

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<sup>56</sup> As this is an instance of FIS, ‘old’ can be translated with ‘oude’; Hugh is actually saying it in a ‘we know each other’s ways’ sort of way, so there is no ambiguity about ‘oud’ meaning ‘lang bekend’ here.

<sup>57</sup> This sentence is rather laboriously constructed in the translation as the ST reads: “only a little late he might be ...”. Yet, long-windedness is a character trait that Clarissa actually points out on the readers’ first encounter with Hugh and the translation fits both this and it keeps the sentence going.

<sup>58</sup> Earlier, I did not use an upper case for ‘Palace’, but I felt that in this case it would put emphasis on Hugh’s way of speaking and trying to establish the importance of his position at Court.



## Section two

En<sup>59</sup> toen, net zoals dat gaat in het maanlicht<sup>60</sup> op een terras, wanneer een van de twee zich schaamt dat hij zich al verveelt, en toch terwijl de ander daar zwijgend zit<sup>61</sup>, heel stil, met een treurige blik op de maan, niets wil zeggen, met zijn voeten schuift, zijn keel schraapt, een of ander ijzeren versiersel aan een tafelpoot opmerkt, een blaadje beroert, maar niets zegt – zo gedroeg Peter Walsh zich nu. Want waarom op deze manier teruggaan naar het verleden? dacht hij. Waarom moest ze hem hieraan herinneren? Waarom moest ze hem laten lijden, na de helse marteling die ze hem had laten doorstaan? Waarom?<sup>62</sup>

‘Herinner jij je het meer?’ zei ze, met abrupte stem, verstikt door<sup>63</sup> een emotie die haar hart liet haperen,<sup>64</sup> de spieren in haar keel deed verkrampen, en maakte dat haar lippen krampachtig samentrokken<sup>65</sup> terwijl ze ‘meer’ zei. Want ze was een kind, dat brood naar de eenden gooide, tussen haar ouders in, en tegelijkertijd een volwassen vrouw die op haar ouders, die bij het meer stonden, af liep, die haar leven in haar armen hield dat, terwijl ze hen naderde, steeds groter groeide in haar armen, totdat zich een volledig leven had ontwikkeld,<sup>66</sup> een compleet leven, dat ze aan hun voeten legde en zei, ‘Dit is wat ik ervan heb gemaakt!’

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<sup>59</sup> I felt the need to add a coordinating conjunction, because this paragraph is a continuation of the second to last and when these are linked, the discourse mode and the speaker are less ambiguous.

<sup>60</sup> One of those sentences in which the syntax seems to be reverted. In Dutch it would be more probable to move ‘in the moonlight’ further to the front of the sentence. However, both ‘on a terrace’ and ‘in the moonlight’ are determiners of place so basically in this case it is the flow of the sentence that is important and this is better in Dutch when moonlight moves to the front.

<sup>61</sup> The best translation for ‘silent’ in this case seemed to be ‘stil’, yet that was also the best, if not the only, translation for ‘quiet’. I considered the repetition of ‘stil’, but its deeper meaning might then get lost and be restricted either merely to the Dutch ‘stil’ as in without sound, or without movement while the ST implies both. The use of ‘zwijgzaam’ might elucidate that ‘stil’ also means ‘motionless’ or ‘peaceful’.

<sup>62</sup> The rhetorical ‘whys’ have been discussed in the analysis of section two on page 43-44.

<sup>63</sup> “under the pressure of” could be translated with something like “onder de druk/het gewicht van,” but that does not really express Clarissa’s purely physical reaction to the emotions that are raging.

<sup>64</sup> A more common phrase in Dutch would be ‘die haar hart deed stokken’. However, Woolf’s description of ‘which caught her heart’ is rather unconventional and even though ‘haperen’ seems more appropriate when referring to a faltering voice, the choice for this translation adds to Woolf’s style in imagery.

<sup>65</sup> Woolf is uses very vivid description of the physical manifestations of Clarissa’s emotions. Part of its vividness in the use of verbs. In contrast to the ST, Dutch requires an auxiliary verb on every occasion, but in order to maintain the ST’s lively description I chose to use three different causal auxiliary verbs

<sup>66</sup> “until it became a whole life” needed to be interpreted to maintain the poetic style of this sentence. A more straightforward translation violated this style and the almost dreamlike state Clarissa is in.

Dit!’ En wat had ze ervan gemaakt? Inderdaad. Wat?<sup>67</sup> terwijl ze daar zat, te naaien, deze ochtend, met Peter.

Ze keek naar Peter Walsh; haar blik, die zich een weg baande door al die jaren, door de emotie, bereikte hem aarzelend; vestigde zich vol tranen op hem; en maakte zich los en fladderde weg, zoals een vogel een tak aanraakt zich losmaakt en weg fladdert. Ze veegde simpelweg haar tranen af.

‘Ja,’ zei Peter. ‘Ja, ja, ja,’ zei hij, alsof ze iets naar de oppervlakte haalde dat hem beslist zou kwetsen terwijl het naar boven kwam. Stop! Stop! wilde hij roepen. Want hij was niet oud; zijn leven was niet voorbij; absoluut nog niet voorbij. Hij was de vijftig nog maar net gepasseerd. Zal ik het haar vertellen, dacht hij, of niet? Hij wilde eigenlijk alles aan haar opbiechten. Maar ze is te onverschillig, dacht hij; aan het naaien, met haar schaar; Daisy zou er maar gewoontjes uitzien naast Clarissa. En ze zou me een mislukkeling vinden,<sup>68</sup> wat ik in hun ogen ook ben, dacht hij; in de ogen van de Dalloways. O ja, daar twijfelde hij niet aan; hij was een mislukkeling, vergeleken met dit allemaal – de ingelegde tafel, de bewerkte briefopener, de dolfijn en de kaarsenstandaards, de beklede stoelen en de oude waardevolle Engelse pasteltekeningen – hij was een mislukkeling! Ik walg van de zelfingenomenheid van de hele handel,<sup>69</sup> dacht hij; de schuld van Richard, niet van Clarissa; behalve dan dat ze met hem getrouwd was. (Op dit punt kwam Lucy de kamer binnen, met zilverwerk in haar handen, nog meer zilverwerk, maar bekoorlijk, tenger, elegant zag ze eruit, dacht hij, terwijl ze zich bukte om het neer te zetten.) En dit is al die tijd op deze manier gegaan! dacht hij; week na week; Clarissa’s leven; terwijl ik – dacht hij; en op slag leek alles van hem af te stralen; gemaakte reizen;<sup>70</sup> tochtjes; ruzies; avonturen; bridgeavondjes; liefdes van vroeger;<sup>71</sup> werk;

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<sup>67</sup> This particular phrase in the ST required a different punctuation in the translation in order to keep the stress on ‘wat’, yet when you place ‘inderdaad’ at the end of the same phrase instead of at the beginning, both words partly lose their stress. The two separate phrases stress both words equally, which is required in order to convey the pivotal question Clarissa asks herself at this point.

<sup>68</sup> The choice between translating with “en ze zou denken dat ik gefaald heb/en ze zou me een mislukkeling vinden” was quite hard as this construction resurfaces throughout the entire paragraph. I decided to go with the ‘mislukkeling’ construction because the character of Peter Walsh is quite hard on himself, not shy to scrutinise his own mistakes and judge himself over them. Additionally, his use of language, be it in thought or speech is more accessible than, for instance, Clarissa’s. His calling himself a ‘mislukkeling’ would not shock the reader, but make him all the more loveable.

<sup>69</sup> At this point Peter only refers to objects, not to Clarissa’s (and her husband’s) lifestyle so when I had to choose between ‘handel’ and ‘bedoening’ the first would cover, both the vagueness of the word and the inanimacy of what is being referred to.

<sup>70</sup> The insertion of ‘gemaakte’ in the translation was necessary because ‘reizen’ can, unlike the ST’s ‘journeys’, be both a verb and a noun and in this case the noun could only be clarified by the addition of an adjective.

werk, werk! en hij haalde ongegeneerd zijn mes tevoorschijn – zijn mes van vroeger met hoornen heft waarvan Clarissa zou zweren dat hij het al dertig jaar had en klemde zijn vingers eromheen.

Wat een opmerkelijke gewoonte was dat toch, dacht Clarissa; altijd met een mes aan het spelen. Altijd haar het gevoel geven ook, frivool te zijn; onnozel; niets dan een leeghoofdige klets-kous, zoals hij deed. Maar ik ook, dacht ze, en, terwijl ze haar naald weer oppakte, ontbood, als een koningin van wie de garde in slaap is gevallen en haar zonder bescherming heeft achtergelaten (ze was behoorlijk ontdaan door zijn bezoek – het had haar van haar stuk gebracht) zodat iedereen zomaar naar binnen kan wandelen en een blik op haar kan werpen, zoals ze daar lag met de braamstruiken die over haar heen bogen, ontbood om haar terzijde te staan de dingen die ze deed, de dingen waar ze van hield; haar echtgenoot; Elizabeth; oftewel, haar wezen, dat Peter tegenwoordig nauwelijks kende, hen allemaal, om zich om haar heen te verzamelen en de vijand af te weren.<sup>72</sup>

‘Zo, en wat heb jij zoal meegemaakt?’ zei ze. En net als voor de aanvang van een strijd, als de paarden op de grond stampen, hun hoofden schudden; het licht op hun flanken schijnt; hun halzen buigen. Net zo daagden Peter Walsh en Clarissa, naast elkaar gezeten op de blauwe sofa,<sup>73</sup> elkaar uit. Zijn krachten schuurden en woelden binnenin hem. Hij verzamelde van verschillende plekken allerlei gegevens;<sup>74</sup> lof; zijn carrière aan Oxford; zijn huwelijk, waar ze helemaal niets vanaf wist; hoe heerlijk hij zijn werk had gevonden; en er goed in was geweest.<sup>75</sup>

‘Ontelbare<sup>76</sup> dingen!’ riep hij, en, aangespoord door de krachten die zich verzameld hadden en nu alle kanten op stormden en hem het gevoel gaven tegelijkertijd beangstigend en

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<sup>71</sup> ‘Liefdesgeschiedenissen’ would be an accurate translation in this case, but lacks the pensive mood that is dominant between the dashes. The addition of ‘vroeger’ clarifies that these affaires are now in fact over.

<sup>72</sup> This entire sentence is made up of imagery it seems. For its translation I have interpreted its essence, which has led to some deviations from the more literal meaning, but preserved the imagery.

<sup>73</sup> Even though ‘sofa’ is used less often in Dutch than in English (‘bank’ being the common word for this object) this choice of words seems to fit into Clarissa’s world. At the same time, a ‘bank’ would give the impression of comfort and the situation is anything but comfortable; the Dutch ‘sofa’ creates a more uncomfortable picture.

<sup>74</sup> This is not the first instance in which Woolf uses ‘things’. Translating this with ‘dingen’ feels even more vague than its original so I chose to be slightly more specific.

<sup>75</sup> “how he had loved; and altogether done his job” is a very ambiguous construction. The first part appears to mean “hoe hij had liefgehad,” yet the linking conjunction rules out this interpretation and implies that Peter loved his job. This did mean that in the translation, the object had to be moved to the first part of the sentence.

<sup>76</sup> ‘Ontelbaar’ is more customary in Dutch than the expression of ‘miljoenen’ and the word fits Peter’s diction.

buitengewoon zinderend door de lucht gejaagd te worden op de schouders van mensen die hij niet langer kon zien, bracht hij zijn handen naar zijn voorhoofd.

Clarissa zat heel rechtop; haalde diep adem.

‘Ik ben verliefd,’ zei hij, echter niet tegen haar, maar tegen een persoon die in het donker was opgestaan zodat je haar niet aan kon raken, maar je je bloemenkrans op het gras moest leggen in het donker.

‘Verliefd,’ herhaalde hij, nu op nogal droge toon tegen Clarissa Dalloway; ‘verliefd op een meisje in India.’ Hij had zijn bloemenkrans neergelegd. Clarissa kon ermee doen wat ze wilde.

‘Verliefd!’ zei ze. Dat hij met zijn vlinderdasje<sup>77</sup> op zijn leeftijd nog omlaag gezogen zou worden door dat secreet! Met die kippenek van hem;<sup>78</sup> zijn handen zijn rood; en hij is zes maanden ouder dan ik ben! haar aandacht<sup>79</sup> flitste terug naar zichzelf; maar in haar hart voelde ze, desondanks, hij is verliefd. Dat heeft hij, voelde ze; hij is verliefd.

Maar het onbedwingbare egotisme dat de strijdkrachten die zich ertegen verzetten steeds weer vertrappelt, de rivier die steeds maar door, door, door zegt; ook al, hij geeft het toe, is er misschien helemaal geen doel, toch nog door, door; dit onbedwingbare egotisme bestookte haar wangen met kleur; liet haar er heel jong uitzien; heel roze; heel aandachtig<sup>80</sup> zoals ze daar zat met de jurk in haar schoot, en haar naald tegen het uiteinde van de groene zijde gehouden, licht bevend. Hij was verliefd! Niet op haar. Op een jongere vrouw, natuurlijk.

‘En wie is ze?’ vroeg ze.

Nou moest deze sculptuur<sup>81</sup> van haar hoogte omlaag gebracht en tussen hen in gezet worden.

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<sup>77</sup> The relocation of this phrase in the sentence was necessary to prevent some very confusing ambiguity concerning Clarissa’s mind running wild and imagining Peter’s wife to be pulling him under by his bow tie.

<sup>78</sup> I asked several friends from different English speaking countries if they had any idea what the expression “there’s no flesh on his neck” meant, but none of them had ever heard of it so I assumed Clarissa literally means that Peter has a very skinny neck. The translation is very colloquial, but this fits Clarissa’s sudden anger.

<sup>79</sup> “her eye flashed back to her” is not a set expression, so I interpreted ‘eye’ as ‘attention’.

<sup>80</sup> “bright-eyed” can be interpreted many ways, ranging from ‘youthful’ to ‘alert’. Clarissa is trying to appear calm and collected on the outside, even if her emotions are raging. Still, she is listening attentively which led to the translation with ‘aandachtig’.

<sup>81</sup> The statue of course refers to the woman Peter is in love with. English lacks the clear distinction between masculine and feminine nouns to which the Dutch language still adheres. In order not to refer to a neuter noun, which would mean having to use the masculine determiner ‘zijn’, statue has been translated with the feminine ‘sculptuur’.

‘Een getrouwde vrouw, helaas,’ zei hij; ‘de vrouw van een majoor in het Indiase leger.’

En hij glimlachte met een merkwaardige ironische lieflijkheid terwijl hij haar op deze absurde manier aan Clarissa voorlegde.

(Het maakt niet uit, hij is verliefd, dacht Clarissa.)

‘Ze heeft,’ vervolgde hij, heel redelijk, ‘twee kleine kinderen; een jongen en een meisje; en ik ben hiernaartoe gekomen om mijn advocaten te spreken over de scheiding.’

Daar zijn ze dan! dacht hij. Doe met hen wat je wilt, Clarissa! Daar zijn ze!<sup>82</sup> En naarmate de secondes verstreken leek het alsof de vrouw van de majoor in het Indiase leger (zijn Daisy) en haar twee kleine kinderen steeds lieflijker werden terwijl Clarissa hen in zich opnam; alsof hij een grijze pellet<sup>83</sup> op een bord had ontstoken en daarop een prachtige boom was verzeen in de frisse zeegezouten lucht van hun intimiteit (want in sommige opzichten begreep niemand hem, voelde niemand met hem mee, zoals Clarissa deed) – hun diepgewortelde intimiteit.

Ze vleide hem; ze hield hem voor de gek, dacht Clarissa, vormde de vrouw, de vrouw van de majoor in het Indiase leger, met drie halen van een mes. Wat een verspilling! Wat een dwaasheid! Zijn hele leven lang al was Peter op die manier voor de gek gehouden; eerst werd hij van Oxford gestuurd; vervolgens trouwde hij met het meisje dat met dezelfde boot naar India ging;<sup>84</sup> nu weer de vrouw van een majoor – de hemel zij dank dat ze had geweigerd om met hem te trouwen! En toch, hij was verliefd; haar goede vriend, haar dierbare Peter, hij was verliefd.

‘Maar wat ga je nu doen?’ vroeg ze hem. Och de advocaten en rechtsadviseurs, de firma Hooper en Grateley<sup>85</sup> van Lincoln’s Inn, zij zouden het gaan doen, zei hij. En hij was zowaar zijn nagels aan het bijknippen met zijn zakmes.

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<sup>82</sup> Even though I inserted a pragmatic particle in the first instance of “there they are,” this would completely alter the tone of the statement (even if in stream of thoughts). To maintain the defiant tone of the second time, the modifying ‘dan’ had to be taken out.

<sup>83</sup> A ‘pellet’ is basically the shape of the material it is made of, while the material can vary from wood to plastic. This imagery is probably aiming at some sort of flammable material, but the reader will be able to infer that from the rest of the imagery without an elaborate explanation. Again, the shape is what matters since its shape resembles a seed and a tree can grow from a seed.

<sup>84</sup> The single preposition of ‘on’ covers the message of ‘a girl he met on the boat’. A translation with ‘op’ would result in the fact that Peter actually married the girl on the boat, in other words, while they were on the boat. Therefore the translation required more explicitness.

<sup>85</sup> This legal firm also appears in Woolf’s *Night and Day*. It is not an existing firm, but apparently a motif in her novels.

In hemelsnaam, laat dat mes met rust! riep ze tegen zichzelf in een niet te onderdrukken irritatie; het was zijn dwaze onorthodoxheid, zijn zwakheid; zijn totale gebrek aan besef van de gevoelens van een ander waar ze zich aan ergerde, waar ze zich altijd aan had geërgerd; en nu op zijn leeftijd, zo naïef!

Dat besef ik me heus wel, dacht Peter; ik weet wat me te wachten staat, dacht hij, terwijl hij zijn vinger langs het lemmet van zijn mes liet gaan, Clarissa en Dalloway en al die anderen; maar ik zal Clarissa wat laten zien – en toen zonder enige waarschuwing,<sup>86</sup> plotseling van zijn stuk gebracht door die oncontroleerbare krachten, overweldigd, barstte hij in tranen uit; hilde; hilde zonder ook maar enige schaamte, terwijl hij daar op de sofa zat, en de tranen over zijn wangen stroomden.

En Clarissa was naar voren geleund, had zijn hand gepakt, hem naar zich toe getrokken, hem gekust, – daadwerkelijk zijn gezicht tegen dat van haar gevoeld voordat ze het wuiven van de pluimen<sup>87</sup> met hun zilveren schittering kon onderdrukken – pluimen als pampagras in een tropische storm in haar borst, die, naarmate hij afnam, haar achterliet met zijn hand in die van haar, terwijl ze zijn knie streefde, ze zich, terwijl ze achterover ging zitten, buitengewoon op haar gemak voelde bij hem en zorgeloos, met een klap realiseerde ze zich, Als ik met hem getrouwd was, zou ik elke dag zoveel plezier gehad hebben!

Voor haar was het<sup>88</sup> allemaal voorbij. Het laken was strak over het smalle bed getrokken.<sup>89</sup> Ze was haar toren ingeklommen, alleen, en had hen achtergelaten om in de zon bramen te plukken. De deur was dichtgegaan, en hoe ver weg daar tussen het stof van afgebrokkeld pleisterwerk en de restanten van vogelnestjes, het uitzicht had geleken, en de geluiden klonken ijl en kil (die keer op Leith Hill, herinnerde ze zich), en Richard, Richard! riep ze, net als iemand die 's nachts wakker schrikt en in het donker een hand uitstrekt op

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<sup>86</sup> This phrase is quite different from its ST, but any translation with 'verbazing' or 'overrompeld' or some other word to that effect seemed non-concordant with 'en toen'. The meaning of the phrase, however, is exactly as the ST, be it that the translation has been depersonalised.

<sup>87</sup> 'brandishing' also carries some of that battle imagery that appears to prevail in this section, as you might brandish a sword. However, I explained that part of this phrase is later on in the novel echoed by Septimus. At that point the battle imagery would be completely out of place, so in order to preserve the repetition, I chose a slightly more neutral translation.

<sup>88</sup> I am very aware of the pitfall of 'it', but in this case it refers to so many general events, life itself, and feelings that the use of 'het' can be considered legitimate.

<sup>89</sup> This sentence has the sound of a saying or proverb in the ST. It underlines Clarissa's sense of being all alone, in her love as well. The image of an empty single bed is what Woolf is trying to convey and what I tried to copy in a slightly different construction.

zoek naar hulp.<sup>90</sup> Aan het lunchen met Lady Bruton, ze wist het weer. Hij heeft me verlaten; ik ben voor altijd alleen, dacht ze, en legde haar handen gevouwen op haar schoot.

Peter Walsh was opgestaan en de kamer overgestoken richting het raam, stond met zijn rug naar haar toe, en draaide een zakdoek om zijn vingers.<sup>91</sup> Meesterlijk en droog<sup>92</sup> en terneergeslagen zag hij eruit, met zijn dunne schouderbladen die zijn jasje iets optilden; terwijl hij luidruchtig zijn neus snoot. Neem me met je mee, dacht Clarissa impulsief, alsof hij op het punt stond aan een grote reis te beginnen; en toen, het<sup>93</sup> volgende moment, was het alsof de vijf aktes van een toneelstuk dat heel spannend en ontroerend was geweest nu voorbij waren en zij daarin een heel leven had geleefd en was weggerend, met Peter had geleefd, en nu was het voorbij.

Nu was het tijd om in beweging te komen, en, zoals een vrouw haar spullen bij elkaar zoekt, haar mantel, haar handschoenen, haar operakijker, en opstaat om het theater te verlaten en naar buiten te gaan, stond ze op van de sofa en liep ze naar Peter toe.

En hoe ontzettend vreemd was het, dacht hij, dat ze nog steeds het vermogen had, terwijl ze zich tinkelend, ritselend bewoog, nog steeds de macht had terwijl ze de kamer overstak, om de maan, waar hij een hekel aan had, te laten opkomen op Bourton aan de zomerhemel over het terras.<sup>94</sup>

‘Zeg het me,’<sup>95</sup> zei hij, en greep haar schouders vast. ‘Ben je gelukkig, Clarissa? Maakt Richard – ’

De deur ging open.

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<sup>90</sup> The translation of the final part of the sentence is rather free and interpretative, which, I feel, is allowed as the ST is clearly about creating a vivid image (images are very important in this section).

<sup>91</sup> The sentence seems only to simple, both in construction and in word choice in the ST. Yet, the next sentence shows that Peter is rather composed as he is standing there, sad, but not in tatters or creating a scene. In order not to create an image of him waving the bandanna like a madman, attracting the attention of every passer by on the street, I added the fact that the handkerchief is sort of hanging from his hands, thereby creating an image of composure.

<sup>92</sup> How can anyone look dry? This could mean that he is unmoved, but that does not follow with the rest of the sentence. Dry, however, can also refer to the fact that he is no longer crying. In fact, this seems to be the most likely explanation. Now the issue remains whether this needs clarification in the translation. Due to the fact that the reader of the ST is presented with the same issue, I chose not to add any explanation.

<sup>93</sup> The omission of the article as in the ST would create a telegram style in the translation: an effect that it does not have on the ST. Therefore I chose to add the article.

<sup>94</sup> This sentence structure bears much resemblance to the first sentence with Bourton in it I translated. Like in that one and like the first sentence of this section, the syntactic structure needs to be altered, which results in a more conventional structure, but it will maintain the style and flow of stream of thoughts..

<sup>95</sup> This translation may come across as slightly stiff, but it does express the urgency Peter feels at that moment that a translation with something like “vertel eens” would lack.

‘En hier is mijn Elizabeth,’ zei Clarissa, aangedaan, geveinsd, misschien.

‘Hoe maakt u het?’ zei Elizabeth en kwam dichterbij.

Het geluid van de Big Ben die het halve uur sloeg, sloeg met buitengewone kracht tussen hen in, als of een jonge man, sterk, onverschillig, achteloos, met halters heen en weer aan het zwaaien was.

‘Dag, Elizabeth!’ riep Peter, terwijl hij zijn zakdoek in zijn zak propte, snel naar haar toe liep, ‘Tot ziens, Clarissa’ zei zonder haar aan te kijken, snel de kamer verliet, en de trap af rende en de deur<sup>96</sup> opende.

‘Peter! Peter!’ riep Clarissa, en volgde hem naar de overloop. ‘Mijn feest vanavond! Denk aan mijn feest vanavond!’ riep ze, en moest haar stem verheffen om boven het geraas dat van buiten kwam uit te komen, en, gesmoord door het verkeer en het geluid van alle klokken die sloegen, klonk haar stem, die ‘Denk aan mijn feest vanavond!’ riep, heel broos en ijl en ver weg terwijl Peter Walsh de deur dicht sloeg.<sup>97</sup>

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<sup>96</sup> I chose not to add ‘hall’ to the translation of ‘door’ as this might imply a door at the bottom of the stairs leading into the entrance hall, rather than the front door.

<sup>97</sup> ‘Dichtdoen’ implies a degree of self-control which Peter at this very moment lacks. The more violent ‘dichtslaan’ creates the image of an uncontrolled movement.



### Section three

‘Hij is te klein voor Mrs. Peters,’ zei Septimus.

Voor het eerst voor<sup>98</sup> dagen sprak hij weer zoals hij vroeger deed! Ja, natuurlijk – belachelijk klein, zei ze. Maar Mrs. Peters had hem uitgekozen.

Hij pakte hem uit haar handen. Hij zei dat het de hoed van de aap van een orgelman was.

Hoe het haar gelukkig maakte dit!<sup>99</sup> Zo hadden ze in geen weken gelachen samen, anderen stiekem belachelijk maken zoals getrouwde mensen dat doen. Wat ze bedoelde was dat als Mrs. Filmer binnen was gekomen, of Mrs. Peters of wie dan ook, zij niet begrepen zouden hebben waar zij en Septimus om moesten lachen.

‘Ziezo,’ zei ze, en speldde een roos aan een kant van de hoed. Nog nooit was ze zo gelukkig geweest. Nog nooit in haar leven!

Maar dat zag er nog belachelijker uit, zei Septimus. Nu zag die arme vrouw eruit als een varken op een jaarmarkt. (Niemand kon haar zo aan het lachen maken als Septimus.)

Wat zat er allemaal in haar naaidoos? Ze had linten en kralen, kwastjes, nepbloemen. Ze spreidde het over de tafel. Hij begon ongebruikelijke kleuren bij elkaar te zoeken – want al had hij niet de vingers, kon zelfs geen pakketjes dichtmaken, hij had er een heel goed oog voor, en vaak zag het resultaat er mooi uit, soms belachelijk natuurlijk, maar soms verbluffend mooi.

‘Ze zal een prachtige hoed krijgen!’ mompelde hij, en probeerde verschillende combinaties,<sup>100</sup> met Rezia die geknield naast hem zat, over zijn schouder meekeek. Nu was het af – tenminste het ontwerp; zij moest het aan elkaar naaien. Maar ze moest heel, heel voorzichtig zijn, zei hij, zodat het precies zo zou blijven als hij het gemaakt had.

Dus naaide ze. Als ze naaide, vond hij, maakte ze het geluid van een ketel op het vuur; borrelend, murmelend, altijd bezig, haar sterke kleine puntige vingers die plooiden en prikten; haar naald die steeds weer strak tevoorschijn kwam. De zon kon naar binnen schijnen en weer gaan, op de kwastjes, op het behang, maar hij zou wachten, bedacht hij, en strekte zijn voeten

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<sup>98</sup> I was in doubt whether or not to correct the grammar in “for the first time for days,” which would normally call for the preposition ‘in’. I have discussed Rezia’s language as being very accessible, possibly due to the fact that English is not her native tongue. However, little slip ups like these might be indications of her not having mastered the language completely. A similar example appears in her next stretch of discourse and if these are indications of her use of language, which I assume they are, then they should not be corrected.

<sup>99</sup> The double use of pronouns in this sentence in the ST, both ‘it’ and the demonstrative ‘that’, overemphasise/overstress Rezia’s happiness over Septimus’s response and may once again be an indication of Rezia’s knowledge of English. Even though the outcome is very strange, the double pronoun should be maintained.

<sup>100</sup> This phrase has been completely altered in the translation and now contains a more explicit description of Septimus’s activities instead of a very laborious description of ‘this’ and ‘that’.

uit, keek naar de ringen op zijn sokken aan het uiteinde van de sofa;<sup>101</sup> hij zou wachten in deze warme omgeving, dit omhulsel van stilstaande lucht, dat een mens soms aantreft aan de rand van het bos in de avond, wanneer, vanwege een stuk lager gelegen grond, of een bepaalde schikking van bomen, (een mens diende wetenschappelijk te zijn, in de eerste plaats wetenschappelijk), de warmte blijft hangen, en de lucht de wangen beroert<sup>102</sup> zoals de vleugel van een vogel.

‘Klaar,’ zei Rezia, en liet de hoed van Mrs. Peters op haar vingertoppen draaien. ‘Dat is voor nu wel even goed. Straks . . .’ haar zin druppelde weg drup, drup, drup, als een tevreden kraan die niet goed is dichtgedraaid.<sup>103</sup>

Hij was prachtig. Nog nooit had hij iets gedaan waar hij zo trots op was geweest. Hij was zo echt, hij was zo tastbaar, de hoed van Mrs. Peters.

‘Moet je hem nou zien,’ zei hij.

Ja, elke keer dat ze die hoed zag zou ze zich gelukkig voelen. Op dat moment was hij zichzelf geworden, op dat moment had hij gelachen. Ze waren samen alleen geweest. Altijd zou ze zich die hoed blijven herinneren.<sup>104</sup>

Hij zei haar dat ze hem moest passen.

‘Maar dat ziet er niet uit!’ riep ze en rende naar de spiegel om eerst de ene dan de andere kant te bekijken. Toen rukte ze hem weer af, want er werd op de deur gekopt. Kon het Sir William Bradshaw zijn. Had hij nu al gestuurd?<sup>105</sup>

Nee! het was het meisje met de avondkrant maar.

Wat er altijd gebeurde, gebeurde toen – wat er iedere avond van hun leven gebeurde.<sup>106</sup> Het meisje stond in de deuropening op haar duim te zuigen. Rezia hurkte zich

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<sup>101</sup> A more straightforward translation would have been “de ringen op zijn sokken op de leuning van de bank” but this implies that the socks are not on his feet. Septimus’s view of himself is very detached here, but the effect of detachment with this translation would be too great.

<sup>102</sup> “Buffet” implies some serious pounding, but the comparison is made with the ‘wing of a bird’ which I imagine, unless the bird in question is a bird of prey or, to be a gentle touch.

<sup>103</sup> A tap can be left running in many different degrees. As Septimus refers to the sound of Rezia’s speech as drips, I assume that the metaphorical tap in question has been turned off, except not properly. I have added this explanation in the translation to keep the flow of the sentence going, without the reader having to wonder about taps and imminent flooding.

<sup>104</sup> To translate ‘like’ with ‘leuk vinden’ or ‘houden van’ does not quite cover the meaning. A slightly less literal translation with ‘herinneren’ (remember) does convey the importance of that particular hat and the effect of the moment on Rezia.

<sup>105</sup> ST “Had he sent already?” needs the preposition ‘for’ in order for the expression to be correct. This would come down to inserting ‘iemand’ in the translation. However, here too I have chosen not to correct Rezia’s language, especially as later on she mentions how she and Septimus used to joke about her swearing.

voor haar neer; Rezia kirde en knuffelde; Rezia pakte een zak snoepjes uit de tafellade. Want zo gebeurde het altijd. Eerst het een, dan het ander. Op die manier bouwde ze het op, eerst het een, dan het ander. Dansend, huppelend zwierden ze door de kamer. Hij pakte de krant. Surrey had haar best gedaan,<sup>107</sup> las hij. Er was een hittegolf. Rezia herhaalde: Surrey had haar best gedaan. Er was een hittegolf, maakte het onderdeel van het spelletje dat ze aan het spelen was met het kleinkind van Mrs. Filmer, allebei moesten ze lachen, door elkaar heen kwebbelend, om hun spelletje. Hij was heel moe. Hij was heel gelukkig. Hij zou slapen. Hij sloot zijn ogen. Maar onmiddellijk zag hij niets de geluiden<sup>108</sup> van het spelletje werden zwakker en vreemder en klonken als de kreten van mensen die aan het zoeken waren en niet terugvonden, en zich steeds verder verwijderden. Ze waren hem kwijtgeraakt!

In paniek schrok hij wakker. Wat zag hij? De schaal met bananen op het dressoir. Er was niemand (Rezia was het kind naar haar moeder gaan brengen. Het was bedtijd). Dat was het dan: om voor altijd alleen te zijn. Dat was het noodlot dat in Milaan over hem was uitgesproken toen hij de kamer binnenkwam en zag hoe zij met hun scharen vormen uit buckram knipten; om voor altijd alleen te zijn.

Hij was alleen met het dressoir en de bananen. Hij was alleen, overgeleverd op deze sombere hoogte, uitgestrekt – maar niet op de top van een heuvel; niet op een steile rots; op de sofa van Mrs. Filmers woonkamer. En de visioenen, de gezichten, de stemmen van de doden, waar waren zij? Er stond een kamerscherm voor hem, met zwarte biezen en blauwe zwaluwen. Waar hij vroeger bergen had gezien, waar hij gezichten had gezien, waar hij schoonheid had gezien, stond een scherm.

‘Evans!’ riep hij. Er kwam geen antwoord. Een muis had gepiept, of een gordijn bewogen. Dat waren de stemmen van de doden. Hem restte het scherm, de kolenkit, het dressoir. Sta dan toe dat hij naar het scherm keek, de kolenkit en het dressoir . . . maar Rezia kwam kwebbelend de kamer binnen gevlogen.

Er was een brief bezorgd. Iedereen had nieuwe plannen gemaakt. Mrs. Filmer zou toch niet naar Brighton kunnen vertrekken. Er was geen tijd meer om Mrs. Williams in te lichten,

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<sup>106</sup> The English ‘happen’ covers a lot of ground, much more than the Dutch ‘gebeuren’. In this case it refers to Rezia’s daily ritual with the paper girl. The fact that it refers to a ritual would make a case for a translation with ‘voltrekken’, yet its archaic tone does not fit the discourse. Similarly, ‘zich afspelen’ seems to laborious as well so I had to settle for ‘gebeuren’, especially because it is repeated three times.

<sup>107</sup> “Surrey was all out” refers to a cricket game, yet what the outcome is remains unclear. Further on in the novel Peter reads about this as well, but that does not shed any light on the outcome either. I interpreted this without stating an outcome of the game, but being much more explicit than the ST.

<sup>108</sup> The lack of a punctuation mark between ‘niets’ and ‘de’ is very awkward. However, no more awkward than its omission in the ST so I decided to maintain this structure, because it appears like this in all three STs I used.

en echt hoor Rezia vond het heel, heel vervelend, toen ze de hoed in het oog kreeg en bedacht dat. . . misschien . . . ze . . . zou misschien net een kleine . . . Haar stem stierf weg in een tevreden melodie.

‘Hè, verdorie!’ riep ze (het was een van hun onderlinge<sup>109</sup> grapjes, haar gescheld<sup>110</sup>), de naald was gebroken. Hoed, kind, Brighton, naald. Ze bouwde het op; eerst het een, dan het ander, ze bouwde het op, terwijl ze naaide.

Ze wilde dat hij zou zeggen of ze door de roos te verplaatsen de hoed had verbeterd. Ze ging op het uiteinde van de sofa zitten.

Ze waren nu volmaakt gelukkig, zei ze plotseling, en legde de hoed neer. Want ze kon nu alles tegen hem zeggen. Ze kon alles wat in haar opkwam uitspreken. Dat was bijna het eerste gevoel dat hij haar had gegeven, die avond in het café toen hij was binnengekomen met zijn Engelse vrienden. Hij was binnengekomen, nogal verlegen, om zich heen kijkend, en zijn hoed was gevallen toen hij die ophing. Dát kon ze zich herinneren. Ze wist dat hij Engels was, maar niet een van die lange Engelsen waar haar zus zo’n bewondering voor had, want hij was altijd mager; maar hij had een prachtige frisse teint; en met zijn grote neus, zijn heldere ogen, zijn manier van enigszins ineengedoken zitten, deed hij haar denken, had ze hem vaak verteld, aan een jonge havik, die eerste avond dat ze hem zag, toen ze een spelletje domino zaten te spelen, en hij binnen was gekomen – aan een jonge havik; maar hij was altijd heel voorzichtig met haar omgegaan. Ze had hem nooit buiten zinnen of dronken gezien, alleen soms zien lijden onder deze verschrikkelijke oorlog, maar desondanks, als zij binnenkwam, deed hij of dat niet bestond. Wat het ook maar mocht zijn, alles op de hele wereld, elk probleempje met haar werk, wat er ook in haar opkwam om te vertellen, kon ze aan hem zeggen, en hij begreep het meteen. Zelfs haar eigen familie was niet zo. Doordat hij ouder was dan zij en zo intelligent – hij was zo serieus, wilde dat ze Shakespeare las voordat ze zelfs maar een verhaaltje voor kinderen in het Engels kon lezen! – doordat hij zoveel meer ervaring had, kon hij haar helpen. En zij kon hem ook helpen.

Maar nu eerst deze hoed. En dan (het werd al laat) Sir William Bradshaw.

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<sup>109</sup> It becomes clear from the ST that this is a joke between two of them. This is largely due to the position of ‘theirs’ at the end of the sentence, which is stylistically unpleasant in Dutch, yet without explanation it seems that it does not concern an inside joke that is solely related to Rezia’s swearing, but the context might be explained more generally, as if others might be in on the joke as well, which clearly is not the case.

<sup>110</sup> I do not think that Woolf means that Rezia uses obscene or filthy language, but rather that when she tries to swear or curse, this comes out rather strangely, or maybe sweeter than she intended, because English is not her native tongue. After all, swearing is at its funniest when it is uttered incorrectly. So instead of ‘vloeken’ I chose the slighter toned down ‘schelden’.

Ze hield haar handen naast haar hoofd, wachtte tot hij zou zeggen dat hij de hoed mooi vond of niet, en terwijl ze daar zat, te wachten, met neergeslagen ogen, kon hij haar geest voelen, als een vogel, die van tak naar tak valt, en altijd weer neerstrijkt, zoals het hoorde; hij kon haar geest volgen, zoals ze daar zat in een van die losse nonchalante houdingen die haar zo gemakkelijk afgingen, en, als hij iets zou zeggen, glimlachte ze ogenblikkelijk, zoals een vogel die met haar pootjes stevig neerstrijkt op de tak.

Maar hij was het niet vergeten. Bradshaw zei: ‘De mensen waar we het meest van houden, zijn niet goed voor ons als we ziek zijn.’ Bradshaw had gezegd dat hij moest leren tot rust te komen. Bradshaw zei dat ze van elkaar gescheiden moesten worden.

‘Moeten,’ ‘moeten,’ waarom ‘moeten’? Wat voor macht had Bradshaw over hem? ‘Met welk recht kan Bradshaw “moeten” tegen mij zeggen?’ wilde hij weten.

‘Dat komt doordat je het over zelfmoord hebt gehad,’ zei Rezia. (Gelukkig kon ze nu alles tegen Septimus zeggen.)

Dus zij hadden hem in hun macht! Holmes en Bradshaw zaten achter hem aan! Die onverlaat met de rode neusvleugels zat in ieder geheim plekje te neuzen! ‘Moeten’ kon hij zeggen! Waar waren zijn papieren? De dingen die hij geschreven had?

Ze bracht hem zijn papieren, dat wat hij geschreven had, dat wat zij voor hem had opgeschreven. Ze spreidde<sup>111</sup> ze uit op de sofa. Samen keken ze ernaar. Diagrammen, ontwerpen, mannetjes en vrouwtjes die met stokjes zwaaiden in plaats van armen, met vleugels – waren het vleugels?<sup>112</sup> – op hun rug; cirkels die gemaakt waren door omtrekken te maken van muntstukjes – de zonnen en sterren; zigzaggende steile rotswanden met klimmers die aan elkaar gebonden omhoog klommen, precies als messen en vorken; plaatjes van de zee met gezichtjes die lachend tevoorschijn kwamen uit wat misschien wel golven waren: de wereldkaart. Verbrand ze! riep hij. Wat betreft dat wat hij geschreven had; hoe de doden zingen achter rododendronstruiken; odes aan de Tijd; gesprekken met Shakespeare; Evans, Evans, Evans – zijn berichten vanuit de dood;<sup>113</sup> kap geen bomen; vertel het de minister-president.<sup>114</sup> Universele liefde: de betekenis van de wereld. Verbrand ze! riep hij.

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<sup>111</sup> Earlier in this fragment a form of ‘to tumble out’ occurs. The verb has a very sweet ring to it and the object that in fact tumble are not being thrown or falling down forcefully. So I had to look for a translation that conveys the image rather than the meaning of the word.

<sup>112</sup> This construction makes it difficult to use a demonstrative pronoun so I explicitly repeated ‘wings’.

<sup>113</sup> ‘Messages from the dead’ can be interpreted in several ways: message from Evans even though he is dead; messages from the dead (other dead people) which Evans communicates to Septimus; or, quite similar to the first interpretation, messages from the afterlife. This was in fact the final decision I made for the translation and in the end I could only choose one interpretation. As the phrase is preceded with the three time mentioning of Evans, I chose to interpret this as the messages Septimus thinks he received from Evans.

Maar Rezia legde haar handen er overheen. Sommigen waren prachtig, vond ze. Ze zou ze samenbinden (want ze had geen envelop) met een zijden lint.

Zelfs als ze hem meenamen, zei ze, zou ze met hem meegaan. Ze konden hen niet tegen hun wil van elkaar scheiden, zei ze.

Terwijl ze hier en daar een randje omvouwde, bundelde ze de papieren, en knoopte het pakketje samen bijna zonder te kijken, dichtbij hem op de sofa,<sup>115</sup> naast hem op de sofa, bedacht hij zich, alsof ze precies wist waar ze mee bezig was. Ze was een boom vol bloesems; en door haar takken heen keek het gezicht van een wetgever, die een vrijplaats had bereikt waar ze voor niemand bang was; niet voor Holmes; niet voor Bradshaw; een wonder, een overwinning, de laatste en belangrijkste. Wankelend<sup>116</sup> zag hij haar de afschrikwekkende trap beklimmen, gebukt onder Holmes en Bradshaw, mannen die nooit minder dan vijfenzeventig<sup>117</sup> kilo wogen, die hun echtgenotes naar het hof stuurden, mannen die tienduizend per jaar verdienden en het over de juiste verhouding<sup>118</sup> hadden; die in hun oordeel verschilden (want Holmes zei het een, Bradshaw het ander), en toch velden zij het oordeel over hem; die het visioen en het dressoir lieten samensmelten; niets helder zagen, en toch beslissingen namen, en hem toch dwongen.<sup>119</sup> Over hen triomfeerde zij.

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<sup>114</sup> Even though most Dutch readers will be familiar with the concept of ‘Prime Minister’ I translated it to its closest Dutch equivalent. A translation with ‘premier’ would have made no difference in meaning, but ‘minister-president’ has a more forceful ring to it.

<sup>115</sup> In this particular case the progressive aspect of “sitting close, sitting beside him, he thought, as if all her petals were about here” does pose a problem. A translation with a simple past/present is impossible due to the following ‘as if’ construction. This could be solved with the one time use of an imperfect tense in Dutch, but ‘gezeten’ has such an archaic ring to it that that one can be ruled out as well. The circumvention of ‘sitting’ seemed to be the solution, because the following ‘as if’ phrase does connect in this construction.

<sup>116</sup> ‘Wankelend’ at the beginning of the sentence is slightly ambiguous as it might refer to either Septimus or Rezia; Septimus staggering as he is overpowered by what is going on or Rezia staggering as she has to climb the stairs with an immense weight on her shoulders. Yet, the same goes for the ST so I did not feel the need to specify the reference in the translation.

<sup>117</sup> Technically eleven stone six is 73.66 kilograms, but the exact number does not bear any relevance to the story as long as the number amounts to a reasonable weight for a healthy young man.

<sup>118</sup> ‘Proportion’ is an important theme in the novel and connected to ‘conversion’. Bradshaw feels that all that Septimus needs is a sense of proportion, his sense of proportion, which basically means that Septimus should take on Bradshaw’s sense of how to lead your life and what is socially accepted.

<sup>119</sup> The ST for my translation is the Penguin Pocket edition from 2000. However, in two different versions of the novel, namely: *The Mrs. Dalloway Reader*, 2003, and an online version from <http://gutenberg.net.au/ebooks02/0200991h.html>, 2002, the text has been edited and the sentence “ ‘Must’ they said” appears here. The Penguin edition has used the text from the very first issue of *MD* so I will adhere to this text.

‘Kijk eens aan!’ zei ze. De papieren waren samengebonden. Niemand zou ze te pakken kunnen krijgen. Zij zou ze opbergen.

En, zei ze, niets zou hen van elkaar kunnen scheiden. Ze ging naast hem zitten en noemde hem bij de naam van die havik of kraai die kwaadaardig als hij was en een machtig verwoester van gewassen precies op hem leek. Niemand kon hen van elkaar scheiden, zei ze.

Toen stond ze op om de slaapkamer in te gaan om hun spullen in te pakken, maar omdat ze beneden stemmen hoorde en dacht dat Dr. Holmes misschien voor de deur stond, rende ze naar beneden om te voorkomen dat hij boven kwam.

Septimus hoorde haar op de trap tegen Dr. Holmes praten.

‘Mevrouw toch, ik ben hier als vriend,’ zei Holmes.

‘Nee. Ik zal niet toestaan dat u mijn echtgenoot bezoekt,’ zei ze.

Hij zag haar voor zich, als een kleine moederkloek, met gespreide vleugels om de doorgang te versperren. Maar Holmes hield vol.

‘Maar mevrouw dan toch, staat u mij toe dat . . .’ zei Holmes, en trok zich niks van haar aan (Holmes was een man met een machtig postuur).

Holmes kwam naar boven toe. Holmes zou de deur opengooien. Holmes zou zeggen ‘Dus u durft het niet aan?’ Holmes zou hem te pakken krijgen. Maar nee; Holmes niet; Bradshaw niet. Hij hees zichzelf nogal onvast overeind, hopte zowaar van de ene op de andere voet, en overwoog het mooie schone broodmes van Mrs. Filmer waar ‘Brood’ in het handvat was gekerfd. Maar nee, dat behoorde hij<sup>120</sup> niet bederven. De gashaard? Maar daar was het nu te laat voor. Holmes was onderweg. Misschien had hij wel scheermesjes, maar Rezia, die altijd voor dat soort dingen zorgde, had ze ingepakt. Dan bleef het raam als enige over, het grote raam van het logement in Bloomsbury; de vermoeiende, de hinderlijke, en nogal melodramatische kwestie van het raam openen en zichzelf omlaag storten. Dat was hun idee van een tragedie, niet dat van hem of van Rezia (want zij stond aan zijn kant). Holmes en Bradshaw hielden wel van dat soort toestanden. (Hij ging op de vensterbank zitten.) Maar hij zou wachten tot het allerlaatste moment. Hij wilde niet dood. Het leven was mooi. De zon warm. Alleen maar mensen?<sup>121</sup> Een oude man die de trap aan de overkant afkwam, bleef stil

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<sup>120</sup> Even though this instance of ‘one’ is in fact very personal as Septimus is considering the best way to kill himself, the detachedness of the situation comes forward in his very rational consideration of methods. This detachedness is maintained by translating ‘must’ with ‘behoorde’. This creates a new distance which was undone by the translation of ‘one’ with ‘hij’.

<sup>121</sup> Again a difference in STs appears. This is the *Penguin* version, but the aforementioned others have extended the text with “--what did *they* want”. As I said, I adhere by the *Penguin* version, but I do like the extra phrase in this case as it makes the beginning of the sentence “Only human beings?” less random.

staan en staarde hem aan. Holmes stond voor de deur. ‘Dan zul je het krijgen ook!’<sup>122</sup> riep hij, en wierp zichzelf krachtig, vernietigend omlaag op Mrs. Filmers sierhek.

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<sup>122</sup> Septimus’s cry refers to the “the sort of thing Holmes and Bradshaw like” (Parks 134).



## CONCLUSION

Little over a year after my first read of *Mrs. Dalloway*, the pages of the novel are becoming undone and I am constantly taping them back together. The book itself is adorned with post-its, highlights in at least three different colours, and illegible scribbling in the margin. If I ever had to audition again for a play, I would probably recite the first page of the novel as I just realised I now know this by heart. I guess you could call it a book well read.

The aim of this thesis has been to come up with a translation of *Mrs. Dalloway* that would prove that the difference between the English and Dutch language most certainly *are* bridgeable. More importantly, though, the translation had to be faithful to the style of the novel with which Woolf has tried to create a new way of writing. Additionally, I have tried to convey the effect of this style in the translation. An effect that is hard to describe, because it partly depends on interpretation.

In order to determine the style of the novel, I studied the phenomenon of free indirect discourse extensively, because this is the first layer on which the novel has been built. A second layer is made up from the consciousness of the main characters as this is where the plots develop. Character consciousness has proved to be closely connected to the narrative style and the different discourse modes that have been employed. In translating I had to be aware of the constant shifting between point of view, not just between characters, but also between character and narrator. In my research of FID, I have tried to establish which features have been used to make up this mode and may be markers for the translation. The stylistic analysis provided insight in the levels on which the different characters connect and showed which techniques Woolf employed to create this connection. Imagery plays a very important role in the novel and this often serves as a link between characters as well. Woolf herself described the linking as her “tunnelling device” and this tunnelling appears both on syntactic and semantic level.

Once the various narrative modes had been established it turned out that grammar and stylistic features could not be viewed separately. In the contrastive analysis, I studied those features that might pose significant problems in the translation process. The ‘-ing’ form or progressive aspect, for instance, is almost on every occasion dependent on the context for its translation. Even if there are set solutions like the ‘aan het + infinitive’ or ‘te + infinitive’ construction that would translate their grammatical function, these forms often do not fit the style or simply cannot be applied due to Woolf abundant use of the progressive aspect. As it turned out, each instance requires interpretation, not just semantic, but also of its stylistic effect. Similarly, modal auxiliaries can have various semantic functions and, as a result, need

to be interpreted on the basis of the context. At the same time, they are an important feature of FID, of stream-of-consciousness writing even, so there are restrictions in translating. Often, their semantic function of expressing a degree of uncertainty is an indication of the POV at that point in the text. In order to translate modal auxiliaries, the POV needs to have been established.

One of the main stylistic problems has been Woolf's use of the generic pronoun *one*. Generic turned out to be a limited specification, because in this novel *one* can be a variant of pretty much any personal pronoun, while its Dutch translation, *men*, really is generic and serves a different semantic purpose. This meant that the interpretation of *one* could require a more explicit translation with, for instance, *je* or *zij*. The need to be more explicit is a recurring feature in translating (e.g., the need for reflexive pronouns in Dutch), and the overall effect of this is that narrator interference may be more visible in the translation. This visibility may increase the distance between character and reader. However, I have tried to limit the explicating to occasions when there was an absolute grammatical (such as the element of reflexivity) or semantic need for this and I believe that the effect has been minimal. Additionally, there are techniques in Dutch that can undo this distancing effect, for instance, the inserting of pragmatic particles.

Woolf's tunnelling process has proved to be very subtle and mainly operates on a micro-level. Yet, this process is what eventually connects all characters and events in the novel; it even connects syntax and semantics. Even though the elements that make up this connection may appear to be minor details, to neglect, ignore, or simply overlook them, will eventually have an impact on the macro-level of the translation, which will influence the novel's style and be at the expense of Woolf's 'new' way of writing. A close reading of the novel should bring these elements to the surface, yet even as I was finishing off the third chapter I came across features that I had not noticed before.

The first, and only, translation of *Mrs. Dalloway* was published in 1948, but a new translation is in the making. The size of this thesis did not allow for a comparative study of Nini Brunt's translation, but I look forward to finding out whether hers and the expected translation show some of Woolf's new writing.

For there she was.

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## APPENDIX

### SOURCE TEXT

#### Section one (3-6):

Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself.

For Lucy had her work cut out for her. The doors would be taken off their hinges; Rumpelmayer's men were coming. And then, thought Clarissa Dalloway, what a morning--fresh as if issued to children on a beach.

What a lark! What a plunge! For so it had always seemed to her, when, with a little squeak of the hinges, which she could hear now, she had burst open the French windows and plunged at Bourton into the open air. How fresh, how calm, stiller than this of course, the air was in the early morning; like the flap of a wave; the kiss of a wave; chill and sharp and yet (for a girl of eighteen as she then was) solemn, feeling as she did, standing there at the open window, that something awful was about to happen; looking at the flowers, at the trees with the smoke winding off them and the rooks rising, falling; standing and looking until Peter Walsh said, "Musing among the vegetables?"--was that it?--"I prefer men to cauliflowers"--was that it? He must have said it at breakfast one morning when she had gone out on to the terrace--Peter Walsh. He would be back from India one of these days, June or July, she forgot which, for his letters were awfully dull; it was his sayings one remembered; his eyes, his pocket-knife, his smile, his grumpiness and, when millions of things had utterly vanished--how strange it was!--a few sayings like this about cabbages.

She stiffened a little on the kerb, waiting for Durtnall's van to pass. A charming woman, Scrope Purvis thought her (knowing her as one does know people who live next door to one in Westminster); a touch of the bird about her, of the jay, blue-green, light, vivacious, though she was over fifty, and grown very white since her illness. There she perched, never seeing him, waiting to cross, very upright.

For having lived in Westminster--how many years now? over twenty,--one feels even in the midst of the traffic, or waking 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. There! Out it boomed. First a warning, musical; then the hour, irrevocable. The leaden circles dissolved in the air. Such fools we are, she thought, crossing Victoria Street. For Heaven only knows why one loves it so, how one sees it so, making it up, building it round one, tumbling it, creating it every moment afresh; but the veriest frumps, the most dejected of miseries sitting on doorsteps (drink their downfall) do the same; can't be dealt with, she felt positive, by Acts of Parliament for that very reason: they love life. In people's eyes, in the swing, tramp, and trudge; in the bellow and the uproar; the carriages, motor cars, omnibuses, vans, sandwich men shuffling and swinging; brass bands; barrel organs; in the triumph and the jingle and the strange high singing of some aeroplane overhead was what she loved; life; London; this moment of June.

For it was the middle of June. 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; or Lady Bexborough who opened a bazaar, they said, with the telegram in her hand, John, her favourite, killed; but it was over; thank Heaven--over. It was June. The King and Queen were at the Palace. And everywhere, though it was still so early, there was a beating, a stirring of galloping ponies, tapping of cricket bats; Lords, Ascot, Ranelagh and all the rest of it; wrapped in the soft mesh of the grey-blue morning air, which, as the day wore on, would unwind them, and set down on their lawns and pitches the bouncing ponies, whose forefeet just struck the ground and up they sprung, the whirling young men, and laughing girls in their transparent muslins who, even now, after

dancing all night, were taking their absurd woolly dogs for a run; and even now, at this hour, discreet old dowagers were shooting out in their motor cars on errands of mystery; and the shopkeepers were fidgeting in their windows with their paste and diamonds, their lovely old sea-green brooches in eighteenth-century settings to tempt Americans (but one must economise, not buy things rashly for Elizabeth), and she, too, loving it as she did with an absurd and faithful passion, being part of it, since her people were courtiers once in the time of the Georges, she, too, was going that very night to kindle and illuminate; to give her party. But how strange, on entering the Park, the silence; the mist; the hum; the slow-swimming happy ducks; the pouched birds waddling; and who should be coming along with his back against the Government buildings, most appropriately, carrying a despatch box stamped with the Royal Arms, who but Hugh Whitbread; her old friend Hugh--the admirable Hugh!

"Good-morning to you, Clarissa!" said Hugh, rather extravagantly, for they had known each other as children. "Where are you off to?"

"I love walking in London," said Mrs. Dalloway. "Really it's better than walking in the country."

They had just come up--unfortunately--to see doctors. Other people came to see pictures; go to the opera; take their daughters out; the Whitbreads came "to see doctors." Times without number Clarissa had visited Evelyn Whitbread in a nursing home. Was Evelyn ill again? 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. Ah yes, she did of course; what a nuisance; and felt very sisterly and oddly conscious at the same time of her hat. Not the right hat for the early morning, was that it? For Hugh always made her feel, as he bustled on, raising his hat rather extravagantly and assuring her that she might be a girl of eighteen, and of course he was coming to her party to-night, Evelyn absolutely insisted, only a little late he might be after the party at the Palace to which he had to take one of Jim's boys--she always felt a little skimpy beside Hugh; schoolgirlish; but attached to him, partly from having known him always, but she did think him a good sort in his own way, though Richard was nearly driven mad by him, and as for Peter Walsh, he had never to this day forgiven her for liking him.

## Section two (46-52):

Then, just as happens on a terrace in the moonlight, when one person begins to feel ashamed that he is already bored, and yet as the other sits silent, very quiet, sadly looking at the moon, does not like to speak, moves his foot, clears his throat, notices some iron scroll on a table leg, stirs a leaf, but says nothing--so Peter Walsh did now. For why go back like this to the past? he thought. Why make him think of it again? Why make him suffer, when she had tortured him so infernally? Why?

"Do you remember the lake?" she said, in an abrupt voice, under the pressure of an emotion which caught her heart, made the muscles of her throat stiff, and contracted her lips in a spasm as she said "lake." For she was a child, throwing bread to the ducks, between her parents, and at the same time a grown woman coming to her parents who stood by the lake, holding her life in her arms which, as she neared them, grew larger and larger in her arms, until it became a whole life, a complete life, which she put down by them and said, "This is what I have made of it! This!" And what had she made of it? What, indeed? sitting there sewing this morning with Peter.

She looked at Peter Walsh; her look, passing through all that time and that emotion, reached him doubtfully; settled on him tearfully; and rose and fluttered away, as a bird touches a branch and rises and flutters away. Quite simply she wiped her eyes.

"Yes," said Peter. "Yes, yes, yes," he said, as if she drew up to the surface something which positively hurt him as it rose. Stop! Stop! he wanted to cry. For he was not old; his life was not over; not by any means. He was only just past fifty. Shall I tell her, he thought, or not? He would like to make a clean breast of it all. But she is too cold, he thought; sewing, with her scissors; Daisy would look ordinary beside Clarissa. And she would think me a failure, which I am in their sense, he thought; in the Dalloways' sense. Oh yes, he had no doubt about that; he was a failure, compared with all this--the inlaid table, the mounted paper-knife, the dolphin and the candlesticks, the chair-covers and the old valuable English tinted prints--he was a failure! I detest the smugness of the whole affair, he thought; Richard's doing, not Clarissa's; save that she married him. (Here Lucy came into the room, carrying silver, more silver, but charming, slender, graceful she looked, he thought, as she stooped to put it down.) And this has been going on all the time! he thought; week after week; Clarissa's life; while I--he thought; and at once everything seemed to radiate from him; journeys; rides; quarrels; adventures; bridge parties; love affairs; work; work, work! and he took out his knife quite openly--his old horn-handled knife which Clarissa could swear he had had these thirty years--and clenched his fist upon it.

What an extraordinary habit that was, Clarissa thought; always playing with a knife. Always making one feel, too, frivolous; empty-minded; a mere silly chatterbox, as he used. But I too, she thought, and, taking up her needle, summoned, like a Queen whose guards have fallen asleep and left her unprotected (she had been quite taken aback by this visit--it had upset her) so that any one can stroll in and have a look at her where she lies with the brambles curving over her, summoned to her help the things she did; the things she liked; her husband; Elizabeth; her self, in short, which Peter hardly knew now, all to come about her and beat off the enemy.

"Well, and what's happened to you?" she said. So before a battle begins, the horses paw the ground; toss their heads; the light shines on their flanks; their necks curve. So Peter Walsh and Clarissa, sitting side by side on the blue sofa, challenged each other. His powers chafed and tossed in him. He assembled from different quarters all sorts of things; praise; his career at Oxford; his marriage, which she knew nothing whatever about; how he had loved; and altogether done his job.

"Millions of things!" he exclaimed, and, urged by the assembly of powers which were now charging this way and that and giving him the feeling at once frightening and extremely



exhilarating of being rushed through the air on the shoulders of people he could no longer see, he raised his hands to his forehead.

Clarissa sat very upright; drew in her breath.

"I am in love," he said, not to her however, but to some one raised up in the dark so that you could not touch her but must lay your garland down on the grass in the dark.

"In love," he repeated, now speaking rather dryly to Clarissa Dalloway; "in love with a girl in India." He had deposited his garland. Clarissa could make what she would of it.

"In love!" she said. That he at his age should be sucked under in his little bow-tie by that monster! And there's no flesh on his neck; his hands are red; and he's six months older than I am! her eye flashed back to her; but in her heart she felt, all the same, he is in love. He has that, she felt; he is in love.

But the indomitable egotism which for ever rides down the hosts opposed to it, the river which says on, on, on; even though, it admits, there may be no goal for us whatever, still on, on; this indomitable egotism charged her cheeks with colour; made her look very young; very pink; very bright-eyed as she sat with her dress upon her knee, and her needle held to the end of green silk, trembling a little. He was in love! Not with her. With some younger woman, of course.

"And who is she?" she asked.

Now this statue must be brought from its height and set down between them.

"A married woman, unfortunately," he said; "the wife of a Major in the Indian Army."

And with a curious ironical sweetness he smiled as he placed her in this ridiculous way before Clarissa.

(All the same, he is in love, thought Clarissa.)

"She has," he continued, very reasonably, "two small children; a boy and a girl; and I have come over to see my lawyers about the divorce."

There they are! he thought. Do what you like with them, Clarissa! There they are! And second by second it seemed to him that the wife of the Major in the Indian Army (his Daisy) and her two small children became more and more lovely as Clarissa looked at them; as if he had set light to a grey pellet on a plate and there had risen up a lovely tree in the brisk sea-salted air of their intimacy (for in some ways no one understood him, felt with him, as Clarissa did)--their exquisite intimacy.

She flattered him; she fooled him, thought Clarissa; shaping the woman, the wife of the Major in the Indian Army, with three strokes of a knife. What a waste! What a folly! All his life long Peter had been fooled like that; first getting sent down from Oxford; next marrying the girl on the boat going out to India; now the wife of a Major in the Indian Army--thank Heaven she had refused to marry him! Still, he was in love; her old friend, her dear Peter, he was in love.

"But what are you going to do?" she asked him. Oh the lawyers and solicitors, Messrs. Hooper and Grateley of Lincoln's Inn, they were going to do it, he said. And he actually pared his nails with his pocket-knife.

For Heaven's sake, leave your knife alone! she cried to herself in irrepressible irritation; it was his silly unconventionality, his weakness; his lack of the ghost of a notion what any one else was feeling that annoyed her, had always annoyed her; and now at his age, how silly!

I know all that, Peter thought; I know what I'm up against, he thought, running his finger along the blade of his knife, Clarissa and Dalloway and all the rest of them; but I'll show Clarissa--and then to his utter surprise, suddenly thrown by those uncontrollable forces thrown through the air, he burst into tears; wept; wept without the least shame, sitting on the sofa, the tears running down his cheeks.

And Clarissa had leant forward, taken his hand, drawn him to her, kissed him,--actually had felt his face on hers before she could down the brandishing of silver flashing--plumes like pampas grass in a tropic gale in her breast, which,

subsiding, left her holding his hand, patting his knee and, feeling as she sat back extraordinarily at her ease with him and light-hearted, all in a clap it came over her, If I had married him, this gaiety would have been mine all day!

It was all over for her. The sheet was stretched and the bed narrow. She had gone up into the tower alone and left them blackberrying in the sun. The door had shut, and there among the dust of fallen plaster and the litter of birds' nests how distant the view had looked, and the sounds came thin and chill (once on Leith Hill, she remembered), and Richard, Richard! she cried, as a sleeper in the night starts and stretches a hand in the dark for help. Lurching with Lady Bruton, it came back to her. He has left me; I am alone for ever, she thought, folding her hands upon her knee.

Peter Walsh had got up and crossed to the window and stood with his back to her, flicking a bandanna handkerchief from side to side. Masterly and dry and desolate he looked, his thin shoulder-blades lifting his coat slightly; blowing his nose violently. Take me with you, Clarissa thought impulsively, as if he were starting directly upon some great voyage; and then, next moment, it was as if the five acts of a play that had been very exciting and moving were now over and she had lived a lifetime in them and had run away, had lived with Peter, and it was now over.

Now it was time to move, and, as a woman gathers her things together, her cloak, her gloves, her opera-glasses, and gets up to go out of the theatre into the street, she rose from the sofa and went to Peter.

And it was awfully strange, he thought, how she still had the power, as she came tinkling, rustling, still had the power as she came across the room, to make the moon, which he detested, rise at Bourton on the terrace in the summer sky.

"Tell me," he said, seizing her by the shoulders. "Are you happy, Clarissa? Does Richard--"

The door opened.

"Here is my Elizabeth," said Clarissa, emotionally, histrionically, perhaps.

"How d'y do?" said Elizabeth coming forward.

The sound of Big Ben striking the half-hour struck out between them with extraordinary vigour, as if a young man, strong, indifferent, inconsiderate, were swinging dumb-bells this way and that.

"Hullo, Elizabeth!" cried Peter, stuffing his handkerchief into his pocket, going quickly to her, saying "Good-bye, Clarissa" without looking at her, leaving the room quickly, and running downstairs and opening the hall door.

"Peter! Peter!" cried Clarissa, following him out on to the landing. "My party to-night! Remember my party to-night!" she cried, having to raise her voice against the roar of the open air, and, overwhelmed by the traffic and the sound of all the clocks striking, her voice crying "Remember my party to-night!" sounded frail and thin and very far away as Peter Walsh shut the door.

### Section three (152-164):

"It's too small for Mrs. Peters," said Septimus.

For the first time for days he was speaking as he used to do! Of course it was--absurdly small, she said. But Mrs. Peters had chosen it.

He took it out of her hands. He said it was an organ grinder's monkey's hat.

How it rejoiced her that! Not for weeks had they laughed like this together, poking fun privately like married people. What she meant was that if Mrs. Filmer had come in, or Mrs. Peters or anybody they would not have understood what she and Septimus were laughing at.

"There," she said, pinning a rose to one side of the hat. Never had she felt so happy! Never in her life!

But that was still more ridiculous, Septimus said. Now the poor woman looked like a pig at a fair. (Nobody ever made her laugh as Septimus did.)

What had she got in her work-box? She had ribbons and beads, tassels, artificial flowers. She tumbled them out on the table. He began putting odd colours together--for though he had no fingers, could not even do up a parcel, he had a wonderful eye, and often he was right, sometimes absurd, of course, but sometimes wonderfully right.

"She shall have a beautiful hat!" he murmured, taking up this and that, Rezia kneeling by his side, looking over his shoulder. Now it was finished--that is to say the design; she must stitch it together. But she must be very, very careful, he said, to keep it just as he had made it.

So she sewed. When she sewed, he thought, she made a sound like a kettle on the hob; bubbling, murmuring, always busy, her strong little pointed fingers pinching and poking; her needle flashing straight. The sun might go in and out, on the tassels, on the wall-paper, but he would wait, he thought, stretching out his feet, looking at his ringed sock at the end of the sofa; he would wait in this warm place, this pocket of still air, which one comes on at the edge of a wood sometimes in the evening, when, because of a fall in the ground, or some arrangement of the trees (one must be scientific above all, scientific), warmth lingers, and the air buffets the cheek like the wing of a bird.

"There it is," said Rezia, twirling Mrs. Peters' hat on the tips of her fingers. "That'll do for the moment. Later . . ." her sentence bubbled away drip, drip, drip, like a contented tap left running.

It was wonderful. Never had he done anything which made him feel so proud. It was so real, it was so substantial, Mrs. Peters' hat.

"Just look at it," he said.

Yes, it would always make her happy to see that hat. He had become himself then, he had laughed then. They had been alone together. Always she would like that hat.

He told her to try it on.

"But I must look so queer!" she cried, running over to the glass and looking first this side then that. Then she snatched it off again, for there was a tap at the door. Could it be Sir William Bradshaw? Had he sent already?

No! it was only the small girl with the evening paper.

What always happened, then happened--what happened every night of their lives. The small girl sucked her thumb at the door; Rezia went down on her knees; Rezia cooed and kissed; Rezia got a bag of sweets out of the table drawer. For so it always happened. First one thing, then another. So she built it up, first one thing and then another. Dancing, skipping, round and round the room they went. He took the paper. Surrey was all out, he read. There was a heat wave. Rezia repeated: Surrey was all out. There was a heat wave, making it part of the game she was playing with Mrs. Filmer's grandchild, both of them laughing, chattering at the same time, at their game. He was very tired. He was very happy. He would sleep. He shut his eyes. But directly he saw nothing the sounds of the game became fainter and stranger and

sounded like the cries of people seeking and not finding, and passing further and further away. They had lost him!

He started up in terror. What did he see? The plate of bananas on the sideboard. Nobody was there (Rezia had taken the child to its mother. It was bedtime). That was it: to be alone forever. That was the doom pronounced in Milan when he came into the room and saw them cutting out buckram shapes with their scissors; to be alone forever.

He was alone with the sideboard and the bananas. He was alone, exposed on this bleak eminence, stretched out--but not on a hill-top; not on a crag; on Mrs. Filmer's sitting-room sofa. As for the visions, the faces, the voices of the dead, where were they? There was a screen in front of him, with black bulrushes and blue swallows. Where he had once seen mountains, where he had seen faces, where he had seen beauty, there was a screen.

"Evans!" he cried. There was no answer. A mouse had squeaked, or a curtain rustled. Those were the voices of the dead. The screen, the coalscuttle, the sideboard remained to him. Let him then face the screen, the coal-scuttle and the sideboard . . . but Rezia burst into the room chattering.

Some letter had come. Everybody's plans were changed. Mrs. Filmer would not be able to go to Brighton after all. There was no time to let Mrs. Williams know, and really Rezia thought it very, very annoying, when she caught sight of the hat and thought . . . perhaps . . . she . . . might just make a little. . . Her voice died out in contented melody.

"Ah, damn!" she cried (it was a joke of theirs, her swearing), the needle had broken. Hat, child, Brighton, needle. She built it up; first one thing, then another, she built it up, sewing.

She wanted him to say whether by moving the rose she had improved the hat. She sat on the end of the sofa.

They were perfectly happy now, she said, suddenly, putting the hat down. For she could say anything to him now. She could say whatever came into her head. That was almost the first thing she had felt about him, that night in the café when he had come in with his English friends. He had come in, rather shyly, looking round him, and his hat had fallen when he hung it up. That she could remember. She knew he was English, though not one of the large Englishmen her sister admired, for he was always thin; but he had a beautiful fresh colour; and with his big nose, his bright eyes, his way of sitting a little hunched made her think, she had often told him, of a young hawk, that first evening she saw him, when they were playing dominoes, and he had come in--of a young hawk; but with her he was always very gentle. She had never seen him wild or drunk, only suffering sometimes through this terrible war, but even so, when she came in, he would put it all away. Anything, anything in the whole world, any little bother with her work, anything that struck her to say she would tell him, and he understood at once. Her own family even were not the same. Being older than she was and being so clever--how serious he was, wanting her to read Shakespeare before she could even read a child's story in English!--being so much more experienced, he could help her. And she too could help him.

But this hat now. And then (it was getting late) Sir William Bradshaw.

She held her hands to her head, waiting for him to say did he like the hat or not, and as she sat there, waiting, looking down, he could feel her mind, like a bird, falling from branch to branch, and always alighting, quite rightly; he could follow her mind, as she sat there in one of those loose lax poses that came to her naturally and, if he should say anything, at once she smiled, like a bird alighting with all its claws firm upon the bough.

But he remembered Bradshaw said, "The people we are most fond of are not good for us when we are ill." Bradshaw said, he must be taught to rest. Bradshaw said they must be separated.

"Must," "must," why "must"? What power had Bradshaw over him? "What right has Bradshaw to say 'must' to me?" he demanded.

"It is because you talked of killing yourself," said Rezia. (Mercifully, she could now say anything to Septimus.)

So he was in their power! Holmes and Bradshaw were on him! The brute with the red nostrils was snuffing into every secret place! "Must" it could say! Where were his papers? the things he had written?

She brought him his papers, the things he had written, things she had written for him. She tumbled them out on to the sofa. They looked at them together. Diagrams, designs, little men and women brandishing sticks for arms, with wings--were they?--on their backs; circles traced round shillings and sixpences--the suns and stars; zigzagging precipices with mountaineers ascending roped together, exactly like knives and forks; sea pieces with little faces laughing out of what might perhaps be waves: the map of the world. Burn them! he cried. Now for his writings; how the dead sing behind rhododendron bushes; odes to Time; conversations with Shakespeare; Evans, Evans, Evans--his messages from the dead; do not cut down trees; tell the Prime Minister. Universal love: the meaning of the world. Burn them! he cried.

But Rezia laid her hands on them. Some were very beautiful, she thought. She would tie them up (for she had no envelope) with a piece of silk.

Even if they took him, she said, she would go with him. They could not separate them against their wills, she said.

Shuffling the edges straight, she did up the papers, and tied the parcel almost without looking, sitting beside him, he thought, as if all her petals were about her. She was a flowering tree; and through her branches looked out the face of a lawgiver, who had reached a sanctuary where she feared no one; not Holmes; not Bradshaw; a miracle, a triumph, the last and greatest. Staggering he saw her mount the appalling staircase, laden with Holmes and Bradshaw, men who never weighed less than eleven stone six, who sent their wives to Court, men who made ten thousand a year and talked of proportion; who different in their verdicts (for Holmes said one thing, Bradshaw another), yet judges they were; who mixed the vision and the sideboard; saw nothing clear, yet ruled, yet inflicted. Over them she triumphed.

"There!" she said. The papers were tied up. No one should get at them. She would put them away.

And, she said, nothing should separate them. She sat down beside him and called him by the name of that hawk or crow which being malicious and a great destroyer of crops was precisely like him. No one could separate them, she said.

Then she got up to go into the bedroom to pack their things, but hearing voices downstairs and thinking that Dr. Holmes had perhaps called, ran down to prevent him coming up.

Septimus could hear her talking to Holmes on the staircase.

"My dear lady, I have come as a friend," Holmes was saying.

"No. I will not allow you to see my husband," she said.

He could see her, like a little hen, with her wings spread barring his passage. But Holmes persevered.

"My dear lady, allow me . . ." Holmes said, putting her aside (Holmes was a powerfully built man).

Holmes was coming upstairs. Holmes would burst open the door. Holmes would say "In a funk, eh?" Holmes would get him. But no; not Holmes; not Bradshaw. Getting up rather unsteadily, hopping indeed from foot to foot, he considered Mrs. Filmer's nice clean bread knife with "Bread" carved on the handle. Ah, but one mustn't spoil that. The gas fire? But it was too late now. Holmes was coming. Razors he might have got, but Rezia, who always did

that sort of thing, had packed them. There remained only the window, the large Bloomsbury-lodging house window, the tiresome, the troublesome, and rather melodramatic business of opening the window and throwing himself out. It was their idea of tragedy, not his or Rezia's (for she was with him). Holmes and Bradshaw like that sort of thing. (He sat on the sill.) But he would wait till the very last moment. He did not want to die. Life was good. The sun hot. Only human beings? Coming down the staircase opposite an old man stopped and stared at him. Holmes was at the door. "I'll give it you!" he cried, and flung himself vigorously, violently down on to Mrs. Filmer's area railings.