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Time Passes: Virginia Woolf, Post-Impressionism, and Cambridge Time

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Abstract Virginia Woolf's experiments begin with Impressionism. But knowing Roger Fry's criticism of Impressionism as analyzing commonsense appearances but destroying design, she adopted Fry's dualist aesthetic. Paul Cézanne's "Post-Impressionism" constructed a geometry in Impressionism's sensible world, combining "vision" and "design." Literature's counterpart to the geometry of spatial relations were the temporal relations of Cambridge time philosophy. Contrary to a common assumption, Woolf adopted not Henri Bergson's philosophy but G. E. Moore and Bertrand Russell's realism. Time passes not as *durée* but as a series of still moments. Temporal relations connect moments as spatial ones unify Impressionism's atomized color, with the mathematical theory of continuity playing a crucial role. Woolf's literary impressionism developed through short story experiments, each a moment, an Impressionist canvas. Katherine Mansfield was the decisive influence yet exemplified Impressionism's limits. "The mere expression of things adequately and sensitively, is not enough," Woolf quotes Mansfield. As the painter transformed vision into design, Woolf turned story into novel via continuity of moments through "the interlude." According to this hypothesis, "The Window" and "The Lighthouse" in *To the Lighthouse* are short stories uncannily reminiscent of Mansfield's "Prelude" and "At the Bay." The interlude "Time Passes" transforms story into novel by relating past to future in a time-series, creating a post-impressionist "modern fiction."

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> Here he came then, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year. He saw the beech trees turn golden and the young ferns unfurl; she saw the moon sickle and then circular; he saw—but probably the reader can imagine the passage which should follow and how every plant and tree in the neighborhood is described first green, then golden; how moons rise and suns set; how spring follows winter and autumn summer; how night succeeds day and day night; how there is first a storm and then fine weather; how things remain much as they are for two or three hundred years or so, except for a little dust and a few cobwebs which one old woman can sweep up in half an hour; a conclusion which, one cannot help feeling, might have been reached more quickly by the simple statement that "Time Passed" (here the exact amount could be indicated in brackets) and nothing whatever happened.
> Virginia Woolf, *Orlando*

Virginia Woolf began her writing experiments with a form arguably the modernist genre par excellence: the short story. It was, moreover, the one the modernist novelists preferred for their apprenticeship—a kind of "life drawing" for the writer. James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence began with short stories. The word *short* importantly marked this new form out from earlier stories, but the modernist short story was often even more minimal. Woolf would have described the short story as "impressionist."[1] "One of her first pieces, Kew Gardens, prompted Arnold Bennett to question 'the possibility that some writers might do in words what the Neo-Impressionists have done in paint,'" Marianna Torgovnick (1985: 63–64) writes. "Woolf replied in a way that suggests that she did, indeed, conceive of her work in this way." There is a connection between "short" and "impressionist." The short story captured what the painter Jacques Raverat called in a letter to Woolf "splashes"—"splashes in the outer air in every direction" (cited in Q. Bell 1972, 2:106). Painting's atemporal quality, which Quentin Bell (ibid.) qualifies as "that simultaneity which the painter enjoys by reason of the nature of his art," Woolf (1966–67, 2:108–9) finds in a Tchekov story so "vague and inconclusive" that she wonders if it "should be called a short story at all." In this passage the word *vague* can be read as "impressionist" and the word *inconclusive* to mean "minimally narrative." In Woolf's (1975–80, 3:135) answer to Raverat, she acknowledges "the problems of the writer's too, who are trying to catch and consolidate and consummate . . . those splashes of yours" and the need to remake "the formal railway line of sentence." Yet Woolf knew too well Fry's criticism of Impressionism to be

1. Brander Matthews (1901) hyphenated the two words, indicating that it had become a single term. The French naturalist short story, a major influence, makes the connection to Impressionism.

content with a form that stopped with impressions. Impressionist "vision" required Post-Impressionist "design," Paul Cézanne's geometry. Story must be turned into novel.

Raverat (Q. Bell 1972, 2:106) identified the writer's design as "essentially linear," as opposed to "radial" (ibid.: 107). Fry (1920: 32–33) too saw literature's linear or sequential design as a counterpart to the canvas's spatial geometry:

> We are so accustomed to consider only the unity which results from the balance of a number of attractions presented to the eye simultaneously in a framed picture that we forget the possibility of other pictorial forms.
>
> In certain Chinese paintings the length is so great that we cannot take in the whole picture at once . . . we can only look at it in successive segments. . . .
>
> Such a successive unity is of course familiar to us in literature and music, and it plays its part in the graphic arts. It depends upon the forms being presented to us in such a sequence that each successive element is felt to have a fundamental and harmonious relation with that which preceded it.

As Joyce had discovered in passing from *Dubliners* to *Ulysses*, the novel's sequential design mirrored a temporal order. Whether time is really a sequence of successive elements Woolf would have recognized was a philosophical problem, what Arthur Prior (1993: 35) would later call "the old one, does time really flow or pass?" As part of a more general awareness of time in the early twentieth century generated by various factors—technological changes, scientific theories, new conditions of work and daily life, the increasing shift of populations to cities—that shaped what Stephen Kern (1983) refers to as "the culture of time and space" of the decades from 1880 to 1918, the particular question of the reality of temporal change preoccupied Cambridge philosophy between 1903 and 1927. That time is at the center of Woolf's oeuvre was early recognized; it was a mark of its modernism. Moreover, Woolf thought out the question of time within a philosophical framework. The philosophical cast of her work was also early recognized; invariably the philosopher named as its source of inspiration was Henri Bergson.[2] What Woolf knew of Bergson's work, I have argued else-

2. Wyndham Lewis, for instance, "ironically . . . attacked Virginia Woolf because he thought her work expressed Bergson's *durée* rather than Moore's dualistic conception of time, which is what her fiction actually assumes," while he "attacked Moore as something of an ally in *Time and Western Man* and again in *Men without Art*" (Rosenbaum 1987: 237). Paul Ricoeur's (1984: 190 n. 23) assertion that "it would be a serious mistake" to take the overall experience of time in *Mrs. Dalloway* "as the illustration of a philosophy constituted outside the novel, even if it be that of Bergson," acknowledges the common connection of Woolf to Bergson in contesting it. Our exposition will challenge Ricoeur's (ibid.) claim that "the monumental time that both Septimus and Clarissa confront has nothing to do with Bergson's spatialized time," without presenting "monumental time" as what Ricoeur calls "a confusion of space and duration."

where,[3] would, however, have come through Cambridge, as part of what she herself acknowledged as "the influence on me of the Cambridge Apostles" (Woolf 1985 [1976]: 80). To this philosophical discussion group her uncle Sir Fitzjames Stephen but not her philosopher father Leslie Stephen had belonged, as, in a later generation, did many male members of Bloomsbury,[4] including Roger Fry, Leonard Woolf, Lytton Strachey, E. M. Forster, and John Maynard Keynes. It also included the leading Cambridge philosophers—A. N. Whitehead, G. E. Moore, Bertrand Russell, and, briefly, Ludwig Wittgenstein. However Woolf arrived at her thinking on time, the novels, we will see, argue that it was profoundly anti-Bergsonian and in this minimal sense "Apostolic." But I will argue that it was more than minimally marked by the exchange with Cambridge philosophy on the question of time. This Russell (1992a: 342–43) may have recognized when he denied to Sverre Lyngstad in 1957 that the Bergsonian H. Wildon Carr influenced Woolf.[5] (Already in 1921, in a conversation with the considerably younger Woolf, Russell could refer to "your writing" with apparent respect [Woolf 1977–84, 2:147].) Clive Bell (1929: 60) no doubt speaks for Bloomsbury when he says in his *Proust*: "for all his Bergsonism, or because of it, Proust was no philosopher." What we will retain from this remark is not so much the justice of the dismissal of Proust as philosophical novelist, for that is not our subject, but the Bloomsbury perspective on Bergson as philosophical influence for the novelist. Moreover, Bell (1928: 18) clearly thought novelists could write what he calls "philosophic fiction," which he places on a par with "modern poetry and philosophy," in the book dedicated to Woolf and published the year after *To the Lighthouse*.

The Cambridge time philosophy Woolf was exposed to developed not primarily against Bergson, however. For Moore and Russell, the Cambridge philosophers who were the major intellectual influence on Bloomsbury, the question of time was part of the project Moore called in 1903 "The Refutation of Idealism." For Idealism maintained the unreality of Time. In "Is Time Real?", part of a series of 1910–11 lectures contemporary with Fry's

3. For a general discussion of Woolf's relation to Cambridge philosophy, see Banfield 2000b. Chapter 1, in particular, considers the evidence of Woolf's familiarity with that philosophy. For her relation to Cambridge philosophy of time as it impinges on "the problem of the future" in particular, see Banfield 2000a.

4. In early 1894, Bertrand Russell had raised the question in an Apostles' paper "Should we like to elect women?" Of the nine Apostles present, eight voted affirmatively, including G. E. Moore and Russell. Russell expected that it was "merely a question of time" before the Apostles as a whole took that position (Levy 1981: 129). But it was not till 1970, nearly a century later, that the Apostles admitted a woman.

5. Woolf (1975–80, 5:92) wrote to Harmon H. Goldstone in 1932 that "I may say that I have never read Bergson."

First Post-Impressionist Exhibition, Moore's (1953: 207) aim is "understanding what certain philosophers mean when they say 'Time is unreal.'" The philosophers Moore had in mind are the British Hegelians, notably F. H. Bradley in *Appearance and Reality* (1969 [1893]), and the Apostle J. McT. E. McTaggart. McTaggart's "well-known view that Time is unreal,"[6] Moore (1942; cited in Warnock 1969: 14) said, "I did my best to argue against."[7] A "mark of almost all mystical metaphysics is the denial of the reality of Time," Russell (1957 [1917]: 9–10) asserts of the Hegelianism he labels "mysticism." Yet Idealism would leave its mark on Russell's theory of time, as Peter Hylton (1990) and Nicholas Griffin (1991) have recently argued it did on all of his philosophy. Its influence extends to Woolf. Revising *To the Lighthouse* and with "no idea" of the next work, Woolf (1977–84, 3:118) records in late 1926, "I am now and then haunted by some semi-mystic very profound life of a woman, which shall be told on one occasion; and time shall be utterly obliterated; future shall somehow blossom out of the past. . . . My theory being that the actual event practically does not exist—nor time either." Clearly abreast of the controversy about the reality of time, her position will be McTaggart's[8] only to the extent, however, that Russell's would be. "It is always possible for you or me in daily life to deny that time exists. . . . But it is never possible for a novelist to deny time inside the fabric of his novel: he must cling however lightly to the thread of his story," Forster (1954 [1927]: 29) had written in his *Aspects of the Novel*. The proposition of the title of *To the Lighthouse*'s central section "Time Passes" likewise affirms the realist position.

Claiming to be "trying not to be philosophic about time, for it is (experts assure us) a most dangerous hobby for an outsider, far more fatal than place," Forster (ibid.: 29) nonetheless recognizes its philosophical ramifications: "as I lecture now I hear that clock ticking or do not hear it ticking, I retain or lose the time sense; whereas in a novel there is always a clock." In *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925), there is not only one clock ticking, but two, as a sign that it is a postrelativity world. In it, one Mr. Bentley allows the name "'Einstein' to cross his mind" (Woolf [1925] 1953: 41). Woolf *is* philosophic about time, and her source is Cambridge. The result will be not only the themes of *Jacob's Room* (1922), *Mrs. Dalloway* (provisionally titled "The Hours"), *To the Lighthouse* (1927), *Orlando* (1928), *The Waves* (1931), *The Years* (1937), and *Between the Acts* (1941). Cambridge time-thinking also provided

6. The argument was presented in "The Unreality of Time" (McTaggart 1908) and repeated in *The Nature of Existence* (McTaggart 1988 [1927]).

7. See Leonard Woolf (1960: 132) on McTaggart. Nicholas Griffin (1991: 44) quotes Russell's statement "that McTaggart had killed time 'in this month's *Mind*.'"

8. Avrom Fleishman (1978: 178) argues McTaggart's influence in "Woolf and McTaggart."

important aesthetic principles of "modern fiction" for which Woolf found the traditional narrative methods Forster valued inadequate. For Forster (1954 [1927]: 26), that "the novel tells a story" is "the fundamental aspect" of the genre. "How tired I am of stories," the writer Bernard exclaims in *The Waves* (Woolf [1931] 1959: 238). For Woolf (1977–84, 2:209–10), there is none of the postmodernist celebration of "story" and its fictions; she finds the "appalling narrative business of the [literary] realist . . . false, unreal, merely conventional." The terms are clear. Conventional narrative—"stories of childhood, stories of school, love, marriage, death, and so on"—are "none of them . . . true" (Woolf [1931] 1959: 238). They fail to convey the real, including the reality of time's passing.

The formal contours of "modern fiction" were those of the novel. But the short story, which was not a conventional story, was the framework, the small format, in which Woolf, having taken apart the traditional narrative form of the novel, found the germ for a new seemingly formless experiment. But that experiment did not suffice to create a novel. If the conventional narrative could be dispensed with, it was not to be confused with Fry's "successive unity," one that we will see Woolf constructs via "exceptional moments" (Woolf 1985 [1976]: 71) which are, at the same time, random. Instead of returning to the familiar narrative structure, Woolf's solution was to build up a novel by putting together short stories. This solution suggested itself to her because Woolf's aesthetic was dualist. The model came from the visual arts, though it also has a source in British science. One version of science's dualism is what Alexandre Koyré (1966: 47) has in mind when he observes of the Galilean revolution that it changed the idea of the real world as given to the senses; after Galileo, there is a rupture between the sensible world and the real world, that is, the world of science.[9] Both Leslie Stephen (1927 [1876]: 25–26) and Russell (1954 [1927]: 6) said as much, Russell insisting that since "the time of Galileo," "the world of physics" had become "so different from the world of perception that it is difficult to see how one can afford evidence for the other." This dualism gives rise to a dualism of method. "Side by side with the mathematical method we have the method of experiment," was the formulation of Woolf's father's friend, the Victorian physicist John Tyndall (1870: 53). The "mathematical method" utilized for the construction of a novel out of short stories, I will argue, is the mathematical theory of continuity. The "method of experi-

9. The passage reads: "Avant l'avènement de la science galiléenne, nous acceptions avec plus ou moins d'accomodation et interprétation, sans doute, le monde donné à nos sens comme le monde réel. Avec Galilée, et après Galilée, nous avons une rupture entre le monde donné aux sens et le monde réel, celui de la science. Ce monde réel, c'est de la géométrie faite corps, de la géométrie réalisée."

ment" we will see as that of Impressionism. (It is perhaps no accident that the English landscapist John Constable was also an incipient meteorologist.[10]) In the transfer to literature, the short story provided the Impressionist canvas. While writing *Night and Day*, her "exercise in the conventional style," Woolf (1975–80, 4:231) began the short story experiments which would lead to the later novels:

> I shall never forget the day I wrote "The Mark on the Wall"—all in a flash, as if flying, after being kept stone breaking for months. The Unwritten Novel was the great discovery, however. That—again in one second—showed me how I could embody all my deposit of experience in a shape that fitted it. . . . I saw, branching out of the tunnel I made, when I discovered that method of approach, *Jacob's Room*, *Mrs. Dalloway*, etc.—How I trembled with excitement—and then . . . wrote I suppose another page of that interminable *Night and Day*.

The impressionist short story was not to undergo a "transformation" into a Post-Impressionist novel by the writing of an "interminable" conventional novel. Forster's "thread" of the "story," the method of narrative, could not adequately capture time's passing; the solution must be more elegant than mere expansion in length.

The term *transformation* is deliberately chosen to recall Fry's (1926: v) word for "all those various transmutations which forms undergo in becoming parts of esthetic constructions." The one in question here is "the transformation from Impressionism" into Post-Impressionism (Fry 1996: 73). Fry, unlike Arnold Bennett, did not reject Impressionism but made it a necessary but not sufficient experiment. Impressionism conducted "the analysis . . . of visual sensations," as Fry (ibid.: 13) wrote in an early unpublished paper, "The Philosophy of Impressionism"; it placed painting on "the solid basis of appearances" (ibid.: 14), which was an "outrage to common sense" (ibid.: 15). Fry's account has a temporal dimension too: Impressionism seemed "to demonstrate Heraclitean theory of the flux of phenomena" (ibid.: 13). Fry interprets the formula he repeats approvingly from a critic of Impressionism: Impressionism paints not "a separate and self-contained object" (ibid: 15) such as a human figure, but "a momentary group of sensations in the perpetual flux" (16), "the immediate sensations of the moment" (ibid.: 18). The adjective *Heraclitean* suggests that Fry thought Impressionism presented appearances as continuous, a version of the Bergsonian interpenetrating *durée*. But Fry's later critique of the Impressionists qualifies that conclusion. "Their fundamental idea was that the painter should express his visual experiences by means of touches of colour juxtaposed on a flat surface. . . . What we really see is likewise a flat mosaic of coloured blobs. . . . The object

10. See Peter Galison (1997: 76) and Jacques Roubaud (1997).

was reduced to its constituent sensations" (ibid.: 384). Continuity here is not a flux but a series of discrete elements, the atoms of visual experience analyzed, for which Post-Impressionism must contribute the design. It is not the elements of sensation but the "separate forms" of objects—for example, of chairs, tables, human faces and bodies—which "are lost in the whole continuum of sensation" (ibid.: 72). Fry corrects his early concept of Impressionism. Impressionism's analyses revealed the discrete atoms out of which continuity is constructed while dissolving, in the process, the object of common sense as "a separate entity" (ibid.: 15); Post-Impressionism brought out its "necessary relations to its surroundings" as "an inseparable part of them" (ibid.: 16). The distinction between the two stages will have its counterpart in the theory of time.

Woolf ([1922] 1950: 8) had criticized Impressionism in *Jacob's Room* through Charles Steele, worrying his landscape is "too pale—greys flowing into lavenders," and in *To the Lighthouse* through Paunceforte's pictures, "green and grey, with lemon-coloured sailing-boats, and pink women on the beach" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 23).[11] With Fry's criticism of the limits of Impressionism in mind, she sought to fashion the short story into a form more complete while yet retaining Impressionism's breakthroughs. Her literary aesthetic needed only to convert Fry's spatial categories into temporal versions of his dualism of "vision and design." Its first requirement was a dualist theory of time.

The Dualism of Experienced Discontinuity and Abstract Continuity

> A cinematograph in which there are an infinite number of pictures, and in which there is never a *next* picture because an infinite number come between any two, will perfectly represent a continuous motion.
> Bertrand Russell, *History of Western Philosophy*[12]

The answer to the question "Is time real?" depends on the notion of time. For more than one thing is meant by *time* in Idealism and in Bergson as well as in Moore's and Russell's answer to them; "when Bradley supposes that time may be real 'in one character' and unreal in another, he does not mean by 'time' the same thing in both cases." And his real time "is not what we mean by 'time' at all, but something else," Moore says (1953: 209). All the relevant philosophical treatments—Bergson's, British Ideal-

11. Woolf here presents Impressionist color as "pale," an equivalent of Impressionism's lack of form. But Impressionism often employed intense colors, as Fry (1996: 17) points out.
12. See also Russell 1957 [1917]: 123.

ism's, Russell's—distinguish two conceptions of time, one experienced, the other physical. Bergson, writes John Passmore (1966: 106), "contrasts time as we think about it and time as we experience it." The dualities represent for Bergson "two realities" but not two temporal realities. Only experienced time—*la durée*—is real time. McTaggart's duality is his "A series" and "B series." In the first, the "positions in time" are "either Past, Present, or Future" (McTaggart 1988 [1927]: 10). In the B series, "each position is Earlier than some of the other positions" (ibid.: 9) and later than some of the others. McTaggart thinks that only the A series can represent real time, like Bergson locating time in movement. But he thinks the A series involves a fatal logical contradiction; hence his conclusion that time is not real. Is the nature of time essentially contained in its direction, in the moving "now" of past, present, and future—McTaggart's position? Is continuity "destroyed" when space and time "are resolved into points and instants" by mathematicians (Russell 1914a: 135)—Bergson's position? Russell answers "no." He holds, like Bergson, that each side of the dualism, "Physical and Perceptual Space-Time" (Russell 1954 [1927]: 333) or "public" and "private" time (Russell 1959 [1912]: 32), has its own "kind of reality" (Russell 1914a: 217),[13] but, unlike Bergson, he considers each temporal. The source of Woolf's oft-cited contrast of "time on the clock" and "time in the mind" (Woolf [1928] 1956: 98) or "mind time" and "actual time" (Woolf [1941] 1969: 9) is thus not necessarily, as frequently claimed,[14] Bergson's contrast of subjective duration with "the fact of the hour" (Woolf [1922] 1950: 99). There were other versions of the dualities to choose from. What is significant is that only Russell treats physical time as real time. Time really passes, but abstractly and objectively. It is Russell's acceptance of both sides of the dualism as real which permits Woolf to incorporate a literary impressionism into a form which does not stop with impressionism. It is the conception of real time as physical time, I will argue, that provides her with a temporal counterpart to Fry's Post-Impressionist spatial design.

It is in the conception of nonphysical time that the three most differ.

13. Russell is here speaking of "the kind of reality that belongs to objects of sense," but he would also maintain that experienced time is likewise as real in its own way as physical time.

14. The general claim of Woolf's Bergsonism has a long history, starting in 1932 with Floris Delattre (1967 [1932]). See, among others, Shiv K. Kumar (1963), James Hafley (1963), and Ricoeur (1984—see note 2 above). Kumar (1963: 68), unlike Delattre, does not argue direct influence but a parallel development, as does James Naremore (1973: 21). More recently, Jane Goldman (1998: 4) accepts possible "similarities" but concludes that "Bergsonian readings of Woolf . . . risk discounting" elements in her work that involve "the spatial, the historical and 'the real world'" and cites Walter Benjamin to the effect that "Bergson's durée denies 'genuine historical experience.'" I will return to Goldman's counterposing of "historical and materialist" approaches with those stressing Bergsonian duration.

Bergson's duration, his preeminent temporal reality, puts the emphasis on the nondiscreteness of the flow, the "interpenetration" of past, present, and future. Separate moments are not real; they are imposed by the mind. "Conceptually considered, he [Bergson] says, time is assimilated to space, depicted as a straight line with 'moments' as its points, whereas experienced time is *duration*, not a succession of moments—it flows in an indivisible continuity" (Passmore 1966: 106). Real time is "real duration, the heterogeneous moments of which permeate one another" (Bergson 1960: 110).[15] Russell (1914a: 135) does not deny an experience of continuity but thinks it "easier to feel than to define." Duration is the illusion; experience is also discontinuous. Russell (ibid.: 154) denies that there is "any sufficient reason to believe the world of sense continuous," thinking the view that in "immediate experience, the sensible flux is devoid of divisions" is "essentially incapable of being proved by immediate experience" (ibid.: 150). Like Fry, then, Russell thought that an analysis of sensation was necessary to reveal its true nature and that the analysis revealed a temporal version of Impressionism's atomized appearances. Moore's (1953: 189) claim that it is "uncertain whether you do directly apprehend any time or not" likewise denies the givenness of duration. The experience of time for both Russell and Moore, then, consists of a succession of distinct, noninterpenetrating units, directly apprehended only one at a time, just as, in Quentin Bell's (1972, 2: 106) paraphrase of Raverat on writing's linearity, "one can only write (or read) one thing at a time." We can think of these temporal units as "moments." The sensible world presents a broken surface; continuity must be sought elsewhere.

For McTaggart (1988 [1927]: 22), only past-present-future shows the movement or change essential to temporality. The problem is that "the reality of the A series . . . leads to a contradiction." For an event in the A series—McTaggart's example is the death of Queen Anne—is, by turns, future, present, and past. But an event cannot be past, present, and future without contradiction, since such properties are incompatible. "Every event must be one or the other, but no event can be more than one. If I say that any event is past, that implies that it is neither present nor future" (ibid.: 20). Even countering that an event "is present, will be past, and has been future" does not remove the contradiction, because it means that an event "is present at a moment of present time, past at some moment of future time, and future at some moment of past time. But every moment, like every event, is both past, present, and future. And so a similar difficulty arises"

15. Here Bergson does speak, perhaps inconsistently, of "heterogeneous moments," but the whole thrust of his arguments is to dismiss them as illusory; in reality, they flow indistinguishably one into the other.

(21). Russell (1988: 261) explains the fact that, in the A series, "events are not eternally past or eternally present or eternally future, but change in these respects," by finding this A series characteristic lies in something extraneous to time: "past, present and future arise from time-relations of subject and object, while earlier and later arise from time-relations of object and object" (Russell 1915: 212; cf. McTaggart 1988 [1927]: 13–14).

Real time for Russell thus might be said to be what is common to the A series and the B series. Both Bergson and Idealism insist on the chasm between nonphysical and physical time. Russell, by contrast, argues the two can be "correlated." The idea perhaps comes from using Hume's observations in the service of realism. In his *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (1927 [1876]), Leslie Stephen had summarized Hume's position in the terms Russell adopts. "The mind is conscious of a series of sensations," Stephen (1927 [1876]: 47) writes. "Some of these recur frequently in the same relative positions, though interrupted by other terms of the series." The mind "identif[ies] the recurrent terms, and then suppose[s] them to exist behind the interrupting terms." Russell (1954 [1927]: 333) makes "the transition from perception to physics" by correlating the series of experienced moments with a series of mathematical instants constructed from the units of experience (Russell 1914a: 101, 121) via a shared set of logical relations. "Since time has to do with change, there must be a succession of states . . . something different at one time from what there is at some other. Change, therefore, must involve relations and complexity, and must demand analysis" (ibid.: 158). These temporal relations which analysis discovers nonetheless form "part of the crude data" of immediate experience: "it is not the case that only the events are given, and their time-order is added by our subjective activity" (ibid.: 121). It is the fact that experience shows the same logical relations which also characterize physical time that makes the correlation possible—this echoes the idea of recurrence in the same relative positions Stephen refers to. Russell (ibid.) identifies "two time-relations among events: they may be simultaneous, or one may be earlier and the other later."[16] We recognize the relations of the B series. McTaggart had insisted on the essential differences of these relations from those of the

16. Jean Nicod (1962 [1923]: 59) reduces temporal relations to the single one of precedence, defining "later than" in terms of it; "une telle réduction s'impose . . . au géomètre du temps." In Leibniz, Russell (1937 [1900]: 127) had also found a "relational" theory of time in which "we have only *before* and *after*." Leibniz, Russell goes on, "unconsciously, had two theories of time, the one subjective, giving merely relations among the perceptions of each monad, the other objective, giving to the relations among perceptions that counterpart, in the *objects* of perception, which is one and the same for all monads and even for all possible worlds" (ibid.: 129). Leibniz thus provides a precedent for the correlation of the two series, one with a subjective and the other an objective reality.

A series. "Dr. McTaggart distinguishes between before-and-after on the one hand and past-present-future on the other," Russell (1988: 261) comments. Nonetheless, he observes, the relative order is the same for both (Russell 1959 [1912]: 32). A future event may become present and then past, but that same event will continue to maintain the relation of later to a present event that becomes past.

The physical notion of time, the B series, or as Bergson (1960: 107) conceives it, the "time which the astronomer introduces into his formulae, the time which our clocks divide into equal portions," then, both McTaggart and Bergson think is not real time. It is, Bergson (ibid.: 110) claims, not time but "real space, without duration." Time, according to this position, has no spatial equivalent; "time, not space, passes," as Robin Le Poidevin and Murray MacBeath (1993: 3) put it; "we cannot make movement out of immobilities, nor time out of space," Bergson (1960: 115) writes. Insofar as Russell constructs instants on the analogy with points for space and treats time-relations between events like spatial relations (Russell 1966: 157), where "the relative positions of physical objects in physical space more or less correspond to the relative positions of sense-data in our private spaces" (Russell 1959 [1912]: 31), he accepts time as "spatialized" (see Christensen 1993).

Physical space for Russell is a "logical construction" out of what he calls "perspectives" or "private worlds."[17] In *Our Knowledge*, he introduces these notions in the following fashion:

> Each mind sees at each moment an immensely complex three-dimensional world; but there is nothing which is seen by two minds simultaneously. . . . The three-dimensional world seen by one mind therefore contains no place in common with that seen by another. . . . Hence we may suppose, in spite of the differences between different worlds, that each exists entire exactly as it is perceived, and might be exactly as it is if it were not perceived. We may further suppose that there are an infinite number of such worlds which are in fact unperceived. If two men are sitting in a room, two somewhat similar worlds are perceived by them; if a third man enters and sits between them, a third world, intermediate between the two previous worlds, begins to be perceived. (Russell 1914a: 94)

There is in addition to "the private spaces belonging to the private worlds of different percipients . . . another space, in which one whole private world counts as a point" and which "might be described as the space of points of

17. Russell defines his notion of a perspective as minimally a viewpoint in time and space. "In defining a perspective," he writes, the "principle derived neither from psychology nor from space" needed is obtained "from the consideration of *time*" (Russell 1957 [1917]: 135). For a discussion of private worlds and perspectives, see Banfield 2000b: 72ff.; for one of the logical construction, see ibid.: 96ff.

view, since each private world may be regarded as the appearance which the universe presents from a certain point of view." However, Russell (1957 [1917]: 154) prefers to refer to it as "the space of *perspectives*," to allow him "to speak of a private world without assuming a percipient." The different sense-data in the different perspectives can then be "correlated" in such a way that a physical object such as a penny (ibid.: 155ff.) can be constructed. It is by means of "the correlation between perspective space and the various private spaces contained within the various perspectives severally . . . that the one three-dimensional space of physics is constructed" (ibid.: 156). Russell (ibid.: 161) would then go on, analogically, to claim "that the one all-embracing time is a construction, like the one all-embracing space."[18]

Russell's construction of physical space is given a "first rough sketch" in *Our Knowledge of the External World* (1914a: 99) and in "The Relation of Sense-Data to Physics" (1957 [1917]: 140–73). Russell's account perhaps finds its fullest elaboration in his student Jean Nicod, to whom Russell adds a reference in the 1922 edition of *Our Knowledge*, speaking of Nicod's "very interesting attempt to show the kinds of geometry that can be constructed out of the actual materials supplied in sensation."[19] Nicod's "geometry" crucially includes a treatment of time (1962 [1923]: Chapter II, "Les relations temporelles"). "Mechanics is a kind of geometry of events," C. D. Broad (1923: 56–57) wrote; earlier he used the word *chronometry*. Or "geometry is the kind of mechanics which results when we confine ourselves to a single moment, and omit the temporal characteristics of events." In Bergson's claim that "intellect is connected with space" and "instinct or intuition . . . with time," Russell (1914b: 326) finds "one of the noteworthy features of Bergson's philosophy": "that, unlike most writers, he regards time and space as profoundly dissimilar."[20]

It is precisely this analogy between time and space which will allow Woolf to find a literary equivalent for not only Impressionism but also Post-Impressionism. For, as Raverat and Fry had pointed out, any equivalence

18. One could see a similarity to Cubism. Of Fry's First Post-Impressionist Exhibition in 1910, Benedict Nicolson (1951: 13) had called Cubism "the most serious omission" (cited in Goldman 1998: 124). Certainly by 1912, when Russell began to work on theory of knowledge, out of which his perspectivism came, Picasso's cubism had been presented to the British public. The notion of the logical construction came, however, out of Russell's earlier work on *Principia Mathematica*. (The term *Cubism* had been introduced à propos of Georges Braque's work in 1908.)

19. Nicod (1962 [1923]) cites Russell's text on p. 26, n. 1, of his own, along with Alfred North Whitehead's *Principles of Natural Knowledge* and *The Concept of Nature*.

20. Russell's position can be compared to that of Whitehead (1948 [1925]: 52), who "agree[s] with Bergson in his protest" against "what he calls a distortion of nature due to the intellectual 'spatialisation' of things" but does "not agree that it is a vice necessary to the intellectual apprehension of nature."

between the visual and the language arts depended on the translatability of visual art's spatial and literature's temporal relations. Cézanne's transformation of Impressionism into Post-Impressionism, in Fry's (1996: 83) view, required "pass[ing] from the complexity of the appearance of things" revealed by Impressionism's analyses of the "whole continuum of sensation" (ibid.: 72) "to the geometrical simplicity which design demands" (ibid.: 83). Russell's account of the logical construction of both space and time out of sensed perspectives could be seen to supply the philosophical underpinning of Fry's formulation. (We recall that Russell, like Fry, placed complexity on the side of experience.) Russell could be added to those "philosophers" Stephen (1927 [1876]: 47) had invoked who "hit upon the expedient of attributing interruption to our perceptions and independent continuity to 'objects.'" Russell explains this abstract, objective continuity in terms of the mathematical theory of continuity. This was a notion of continuity which Bergson would dismiss as discontinuous. For Russell (1914a: 135), the objection that physics' spatialized time fails to capture time's movement shows a misunderstanding of the theory of continuity. Continuity does not belong to experienced but to physical time—hence the illusion of duration. Continuity is a property of "*series* of terms," that is, "terms arranged in an order, so that . . . of any two . . . one comes *before* the other" (ibid.: 137). The continuity relevant to time is "compactness": "A series is called 'compact' when no two terms are consecutive, but between any two there are others" (ibid.: 138). The transition moves "through an infinite number of intermediaries" (ibid.: 142), as in "a colored surface whose color changes gradually" (ibid.: 155).[21] For "the continuity of the motion is shown in the fact that, however near together we take the two positions and the two instants, there are an infinite number of positions still nearer together" (ibid.: 142).

The view of time that was based on the mathematical theory of continuity Bergson dubbed the cinematographic view of time. Russell, unlike Bergson, embraces the cinematographic model. Precisely that model explained why one might be led, as Bergson was, to think sense experience continuous. "If, for example, a colored surface which we see consists of a finite number of very small surfaces, and if a motion which we see consists, like a cinematograph, of a large finite number of successive positions, there will be nothing empirically discoverable to show that objects of sense are not continuous" (ibid.: 154–55).[22] Once more, Russell distinguishes the appearance

21. In *Scientific Thought*, C. D. Broad (1923: 59) uses a similar example of a searchlight traversing a row of houses.

22. In a letter to Ottoline Morrell in 1912, Russell (1992b: 434–35) recounts his first viewing of "a cinematograph to see if it bore out Bergson's philosophy, which it did." Irma Rantavaara (1953: 100–101) calls *Jacob's Room* "an experimental attempt . . . to create character by

of experienced continuity from the reality of abstract continuity. "The continuity which we experience in the world of sense" (ibid.: 136), he suggests, is an illusion; just as the appearances of visual sensation must be analyzed by the painter to reveal that experienced continuity is illusory. Again, we are led to conclude that, although Russell's concept of experience is of a direct and thus unanalyzed knowledge, there is, paradoxically, no access to it without analysis—we cannot experience directly until we have rid ourselves of the prejudices of common sense. This is like the discontinuity discoverable under the flux of Fry's Impressionist vision—Fry (1926: 196) speaks of "appearance as revealed by Impressionist researches." Discontinuity is "the raw material" out of which continuity is built, to paraphrase Fry on Georges Seurat. In this sense, Russell implies, mathematical continuity is not visualizable. When Bergson speaks of "pictur[ing]" number and says "every clear idea of number implies a visual image in space," Russell (1914b: 334) comments, "These two sentences suffice to show . . . that Bergson does not know what number is." To grasp this abstract continuity, Russell (1957 [1917]: 76–77; see also 1914a: 245) says, requires "logical imagination," akin perhaps to "the imagination" required, according to Stephen (1927 [1876]: 47), "to regard the series of similar but intermittent sensations as continuous and identical." When "an idea . . . familiar as an unanalyzed whole" is analyzed, there is "almost always a feeling of unfamiliarity produced by the analysis" (Russell 1914a: 209). After mathematical continuity is "apprehended logically," "a long and serious labor" is required for one not "to *feel* it" as "an inadequate explanation of the continuity which we experience in the world of sense" (ibid.: 136). But "when once" the doctrine "is imaginatively realized, the difficulty is seen to disappear" (ibid.: 180).

Change occurs within the framework of the fixed temporal relations. In this sense, the Idealists are right: there is something timeless (see Russell 1957 [1917]: 200) about time's passing. This is the permanence of the logical relations of the B series: "If M is earlier than N, it is always earlier" (McTaggart 1988 [1927]: 10). "The difference" between Russell and McTaggart, as the latter acknowledges, is that Russell thinks that time nonetheless does pass in this seemingly timeless fashion, whereas McTaggart, having, like Russell, rejected the A series as an inadequate representation of time, "maintain[s] that its rejection involves the rejection of change, and, consequently, of time, and of the *B* series" (ibid.: 16). Time passes invisibly, but it passes nonetheless. The characters in *To the Lighthouse* must close their eyes in sleep for time to pass. Moreover, its continuity is counterintuitive. Knowl-

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the cinematographic flash-back technique which has since become so popular" and connects it to "Russell's theory."

edge of time's passing is an example of the knowledge Woolf ([1927] 1955: 55) calls "eyeless,"[23] which operates not "together in one flash" but serially, as Mr. Ramsay's progress from A to Z does. So also Impressionism's visible patches of color must be related by an invisible abstract continuity.

The Moment and the Short Story

> We cared only for the now which is the same thing as the eternal.
> Virginia Woolf, *Roger Fry: A Biography*

> If by eternity is understood not endless temporal duration but timelessness, then he lives eternally who lives in the present.
> Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*

If we assume that Woolf derives from Cambridge time-thinking the rejection of duration for an abstract continuity that operates on the data of time's analyzed experiential discontinuity, we can explain the importance she accords the idea of "separate moments" (Woolf 1985 [1976]: 70), which have the quality of the noninterpenetrating temporal units that Bergson rejects. It is through "the moment" that she works out her literary impressionism. A unit of experienced time rooted in the present of the world of existence, the present moment is conceived as an Impressionist canvas which close inspection reveals as atomized. To represent the moment required that "sensitiveness to real things" (ibid.: 97) Woolf had noted in her sister Stella. It required viewing the world from the child's position: "a child" sees "with extreme distinctness" (ibid.: 78), Woolf writes. The moment possesses Whitehead's (1927: 44) "presentational immediacy," which "halts at the present" and derives enjoyment from "the immediacy of the show of things." It has not entered into a relation with any other moment, is not part of a series, has not been subjected to the habits of common sense.

The short story supplied Woolf with her Impressionist moment. In that they start from Impressionism, Woolf's novels are made up of short stories in a sense in which Arnold Bennett's novels are not. Happily for the testing of this hypothesis, Woolf's literary biography provides a crucial case history in her encounter with the work of Katherine Mansfield, in particular the story "Prelude" and its sequel "At the Bay." Having met Mansfield in 1916 or 1917 (Q. Bell 1972, 2: 36–37), by January 1918 Woolf (1975–80, 2: 209) was writing to Violet Dickinson about "printing a long story [Prelude] by a woman called Katherine Mansfield. . . . It's very good I think"; she later called it "much the best thing she's yet done" (ibid.: 248). To Clive

23. See my discussion of Woolf's term *eyeless* in Banfield 2000b: 12–14, 21–22, 209–12, and 247–58.

Bell, Woolf wrote that "K. M.'s story has a certain quality as a work of art besides the obvious cleverness, which made it worth printing, and a good deal better than most stories anyhow" (ibid.: 262). Her admiration was not unmixed. She claimed to Vanessa to be "a little disturbed by a story of hers in the English Review [Bliss]" (ibid.: 266). But later she would confess to Vanessa that "I can't help finding her very interesting,"—"she cares about writing, which as I'm coming to think, is about the rarest and most desirable of gifts" (ibid.: 293). Woolf gives a name to these mixed feelings in defending Mansfield against Fry's apparent reservations. "Have you at all come round to her stories? I suppose I'm too jealous to wish you to, yet I'm sure they have merit all the same" (ibid.: 438; see Fry 1972: 486 for his reply).

Woolf's (1977–84, 2:227) admission of jealousy—Mansfield's is "the only writing I have ever been jealous of"—argues the "anxiety of influence." Our first clue as to its nature and effects comes from "A Terribly Sensitive Mind," Woolf's review (1966–67, 1:356–58) of Mansfield's diary, published in 1927, after Mansfield's death in 1923, when Woolf's feelings of rivalry were perhaps attenuated—"a rival the less?" she asks elsewhere (Woolf 1977–84, 2:226). Again, later, she observes: "Go on writing of course: but into emptiness. There's no competitor" (ibid.: 228). So she can take from Mansfield what she in fact admires but also believes is a sign of Mansfield's limitations. These comments show nothing of the earlier dismissal of "Bliss."[24] "The most distinguished writers of short stories in England are agreed, says Mr. Murry, that as a writer of short stories Katherine Mansfield was *hors concours*," Woolf states (1966–67, 1:356). When, in a 1920 conversation that Woolf (1977–84, 2:44) records, Mansfield asks her "to write stories for the A[thenaeum]," Woolf responds, "'But I don't know that I can write stories' I said, honestly enough, thinking that in her view, after her review of me, anyhow, those were her secret sentiments." The review she means is Mansfield's of *Night and Day*. Mansfield's response, as recorded by Woolf, implicitly counterposes Woolf's experimental stories to that novel: "Whereupon she turned on me, & said, no one else could write stories except me—Kew [Gardens] the right 'gesture'; a turning point." The contrast, we saw in her letter to Ethel Smyth, Woolf later herself thought was a crucial turning point for her art, as if she had internalized Mansfield's assessment of her work. Certainly, Mansfield's criticism comes to Woolf's mind when she

24. Woolf (1975–80, 2:514–15) would write to Janet Case that she hadn't read "The Garden-Party" and didn't mean to. "I read Bliss; and it was so brilliant,—so hard, and so shallow, and so sentimental that I had to rush to the bookcase for something to drink. Shakespeare, Conrad, even Virginia Woolf. But she takes in all the reviewers, and I daresay I'm wrong (don't be taken in by that display of modesty)." But Woolf had written earlier to Mansfield: "I wish you were here to enjoy your triumph—still more that we might talk about your book [*Bliss*]," saying "how glad and indeed proud I am" (ibid.: 449).

hears the stories praised. "Well but *Night & Day*?" she answers, "though I hadn't meant to speak of it."

The gifts Woolf attributes to Mansfield make her a short story writer par excellence but condemn her to only that. They are summarized by the review's title: Mansfield is "terribly sensitive, registering one after another such diverse impressions" (Woolf 1966–67, 1:356). "Her senses are amazingly acute," Woolf (1977–84, 2:62) comments after seeing Mansfield. In Mansfield's diary, we have "the spectacle of a mind—a terribly sensitive mind—receiving one after another the haphazard impressions of eight years of life"; "nothing could be more fragmentary; nothing more private" (Woolf 1966–67, 1:356). The language is familiar. It is that of Woolf's essay "Modern Fiction." The novelist must first "record the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall" (ibid., 2:107), much as Fry's painter starts with the analysis of impressions. She must begin as a short story writer, that is, as an Impressionist. Indeed, Mansfield saw her own work in this way. In his "Introduction" to *The Aloe*, the long text from which "Prelude" was "quarried," Vincent O'Sullivan (1985: v) writes that "Mansfield's early enthusiasm for [Walter] Pater had taken her directly to the beginnings of European Impressionism" (ibid.: xii).[25] Writing of a Dorothy Brett painting, she notes "the sudden arrest, poise, *moment*, captured in the figure in the flowing shade and sunlit world" and "recalls the first Post-Impressionist Exhibition in London ten years before, where twenty-two Van Goghs were shown for the first time in England," O'Sullivan writes (ibid.: xv–xvi). Literary impressionism consists in atmospheric coloring, in descriptive detail. "Mansfield once wrote to her Russian friend Koteliansky of her 'infinite delight in *detail*, not for the sake of detail but for the life in the life of it,'" O'Sullivan (ibid.) writes. (The word *life* was also used by Fry and Woolf to characterize Impressionism.[26]) What is described by this detail are the appearances of things, the effect of light, of movement, of mood, on them. Mansfield's language of "sudden arrest" in the "moment" is also Woolf's (1966–67, 1:356–57) vocabulary in talking of her: "the moment itself suddenly puts on significance, and she traces the outline as if to preserve it . . . we seem to be in the midst of unfinished stories." O'Sullivan (1985: xi) too connects Mansfield's impressionism to the moment; her stories "play a beam over life," they "catch at fragments of personality and the glancing revelations of a moment rather in the manner of Impressionist

25. Vincent O'Sullivan (1985: v) writes of this text: "That longer story was *The Aloe* . . . her one successful attempt at something that she believed was more or less of novel length."
26. For the connections between "life" and Impressionism, see Banfield 2000b: 260–61. This "impressionist" focus on detail can make us think of Roland Barthes's notion of "l'effet du réel" and suggest the relations between realism and Impressionism.

painting." She aims at "illuminating and singular moments," at "pattern rather than continuity."

Analogies between the two writers' works confirm the "sincerity" of Woolf's praise, particularly between the related stories "Prelude" and "At the Bay" and parts one and three of *To the Lighthouse*. There is, as Woolf (1977–84, 2:61) recorded of a conversation with Mansfield, "the queerest sense of echo coming back to me from her mind."[27] My hypothesis is that in isolation "The Window" and "The Lighthouse" are short stories resembling Mansfield's. Mansfield's two stories, one of which, at least, we know Woolf was closely familiar with, consist of moments, the first of several summer days and the second of one day in the life of the same family, the two stories separated by an undefined lapse of time. At the center of both is the family house—or in "Prelude," two houses, for the day is moving day, which leaves an "empty house" (Mansfield 1956: 56) and its garden. The house is "at the bay," "the sound of the sea was a vague murmur" (ibid.: 137). The stories' world is that of childhood; the house contains a nursery. Presented through frequent shifts in points of view, the points of view include those of children, giving the child's vision that Fry links with Impressionism. The house is also the world of women where the father, Stanley Burnell, is felt as an intruder; when he leaves for work, the rest are "glad to be rid of him": "Oh, the relief, the difference it made to have the man out of the house" (ibid.: 106). Linda Burnell walks "about the garden" on Stanley's arm (ibid.: 76). In "At the Bay," a brooch is lost "on or near" the "beach" (ibid.: 122).

Woolf herself does not represent the child's world until *Jacob's Room* (1922), which she was working on while seeing Mansfield. We might guess that Mansfield's bare framework later suggested to Woolf a way to capture her childhood. The house on Crescent Bay becomes in *To the Lighthouse* the house at St. Ives with its nursery,[28] where the Stephen family spent summers, transposed to the Hebrides. It eventually becomes an empty house too. Mr. Ramsay intrudes and interrupts women and children, "demanding sympathy" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 58), like Burnell wondering, "Would nobody sympathize with him?" (Mansfield 1956: 106). Minta Doyle loses her grandmother's brooch on the beach (Woolf [1927] 1955: 116–17). Mrs. Ramsay takes Mr. Ramsay's arm to walk in the garden. "There was something comforting" in Mrs. Fairfield, mother to Linda and Beryl and grandmother to the children, "that Linda felt she could never do without" (Mansfield 1956: 72), as there is in Mrs. Ramsay for Lily Briscoe. Details of Woolf's

27. Patricia Moran (1996) also argues that there are "affinities" between Mansfield and Woolf. See particularly the chapter entitled "'The queerest sense of echo': 'Bliss' and *Mrs. Dalloway*."
28. Woolf recalls the nursery at St. Ives in Woolf 1985 [1976]: 65. In *To the Lighthouse* ([1927] 1955: 206), Mrs. McNab cleans the nursery.

novel echo those of Mansfield's stories. "Long pencil rays of sunlight shone through [the Venetian blind] and the wavy shadow of a bush outside danced on the gold lines" in "Prelude" (ibid.: 55). In *To the Lighthouse*, "the sun so striped and barred the rooms and filled them with yellow haze that Mrs. McNab . . . looked like a tropical fish oaring its way through sun-laced waters" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 200). "Bright stars speckled the sky and the moon hung over the harbour dabbling the waves with gold" in "Prelude." "They could see the lighthouse shining on Quarantine Island, and the green lights on the old coal hulks" (Mansfield 1956: 57). In *To the Lighthouse*, "there was the Lighthouse again" and "the town. The lights were rippling and running as if they were drops of silver water. . . . The lights of the town and of the harbor and of the boats seemed like a phantom net" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 104).

Mansfield's descriptions, then, supply Woolf with a model for a literary Impressionism. But because she approached Impressionism via Fry's critique of its limits, Woolf sought to erect Impressionism's discoveries into a literary Post-Impressionism, her "modern fiction." Precision of detail like [Rudyard] Kipling's is but "raw material" and can present "obstruction" (Woolf 1977: 64). Mansfield herself had, according to Woolf (1977–84, 2:44), pronounced "'Prelude' a colored post card," the word *color*, whether Mansfield's or Woolf's, clearly falling on the side of sense impressions. The solution was to place the moment within a theory of time. The first step was the "crystallization of the moment," a process akin to the construction of mathematical instants from experienced moments. The second was the placement of the moment-instant in the time series; each moment is correlated with an instant of the B series.

The Crystallization of the Moment

> Lloyd, taking a crystal of arragonite, and following with the most scrupulous exactness the indications of theory, cutting the crystal where theory said it ought to be cut, observing it where theory said it ought to be observed, found the luminous envelope which had previously been a mere idea in the mind of the mathematician.
> John Tyndall, *Lectures on Light*

> She rammed a little hole in the sand and covered it up, by way of burying in it the perfection of the moment. It was a drop of silver in which one dipped and illumined the darkness of the past.
> Virginia Woolf, *To the Lighthouse*

Given the discontinuity of experience, one must get a distance from it, just as one must step back from the Impressionist canvas to grasp its formal

continuity, to recognize that "the moment of importance came not here but there" (Woolf 1966–67, 1:107). "Distance had an extraordinary power; they had been swallowed up in it, she felt, they were gone for ever, they had become part of the nature of things" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 279). The aesthetic becomes dualist. The moment is contained and given a form in order to be placed in the series of immobilized moments. From this threshold position the moment "of being" is created out of a present. For the impressions that make up the moment and the random configuration they assume can only be seized with the clarity required from a position outside experienced time. It requires what Woolf calls "dissociating herself from the moment" (ibid.: 157), the arrested contemplation of Fry's (1926: 191) "single ecstatic moment." After having been recorded as on a blank plate, a kind of Proustian involuntary memory, the moment can then return as a remembered moment to make "those moments of being" (Woolf 1985 [1976]: 78). The "extreme distinctness" of childhood vision guarantees its retention, its engraved permanence: "I still see the air-balls, blue and purple" (ibid.). So does the fact that "something happened so violently that I have remembered it all my life" (ibid.: 71).

The receptive organ's pristine nature is, however, only a precondition for the sharp engraving of momentary impressions. Something given in the event is also required to transform the ordinary moment. Its extraordinariness is thus discovered, not created. The discovery is a sudden exposure to the real, an eruption of the contingent, the feeling "that I have had a blow" (ibid.: 72), as when color floods the visible world—"something happened so violently" (ibid.: 71). The future explodes into the present: "suddenly one hears a clock tick. We who had been immersed in this world became aware of another. It is painful" (Woolf [1931] 1959: 273). An event cracks open the "oyster of perceptiveness" (Woolf 1966–67, 4:156), for the sense organs are "sealed vessels afloat on what it is convenient to call reality; and at some moments, the sealing matter cracks; in floods reality;[29] that is, these scenes" (Woolf 1985 [1976]: 142). The moment of being becomes "more real than the present moment" (ibid.: 66–67). We can recognize here as well a theory of history, one which conceives of significant historical breaks occurring at various points, a revolutionary view of history.

But the things seized in the moment, "which, did we deserve them, should be ours always," may be so broken and confused "that it seems impossible . . . that we should ever compose from their fragments a perfect whole" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 193). Some moments—"the pain of dis-

29. D. H. Lawrence (1922: 365) ends "The Blind Man," one of whose central characters, Bertie Reid, is generally thought modeled on Russell, with a similar metaphor: Bertie, "touched by the blind man, . . . was like a mollusk whose shell is broken."

covering that people hurt each other; that a man I had seen had killed himself"—yield nothing: "The sense of horror held me powerless" (Woolf 1985 [1976]: 72). So Miss La Trobe's attempt "to expose" her audience, "as it were, to douche them, with present-time reality," fails: "something was going wrong with the experiment. 'Reality too strong,' she muttered" (Woolf [1941] 1969: 179). But other "exceptional moments" meet a more active response; complete absorption in the present gives way to dissociation from the moment; the revolution is completed. The distance from the actual moment achieved, what is disclosed is an immutable form in the shapeless "cotton wool"; the child's "enemy" becomes the adult's perception of a pattern (Woolf 1985 [1976]: 72). By an intellectual process—"through reason"—something real the moment contains is discovered in it, is "realized," to use one of Fry's (1927a: 38) words, not made. This real thing is connected to its timeless form. What is "made" is its right representation, which unlike Bergson's "mode of symbolical representation only," is not a faint substitute for the real. For Woolf, not only "I make it whole" (1985 [1976]: 72), but in so doing I reach a truth because the reality is ultimately formal, like Tyndall's (1873: 76) crystals, which are "put together according to law."

The way in which the moment "partook . . . of eternity" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 158), the way "one stable moment vanquishes chaos," which "I said in *The Lighthouse*" (Woolf 1977–84, 3:141), is via a process Woolf calls "crystallization," using a term which Leslie Stephen (1927 [1876]: 5) had invoked for the history of ideas, speaking of "a crystallisation round a new framework of theory." Crystallization's unity is a fusion that Russell (1931: 29) counterposes to the notion of the logical construction: "The atom, the molecule, and the crystal will all have properties . . . not deducible from the properties of their constituents." Fry's analogy is explicitly with the chemistry of the crystal, perhaps suggested by Fry's friend, the aesthetician and former chemist Charles Mauron,[30] who had translated a draft of "Time Passes"

30. Charles Mauron "made his mark," Fry (1927b: 6) writes in his "Introduction" to Mauron 1927, by "being the first to control the passage of matter from a crystalloid to a colloid state." "Mauron's first publications in England," Linda Hutcheon (1984: 138–39) writes, "were full of references to chemistry and hypotheses." Mauron (1968 [1950]: 213) wrote, "je n'ai cherché qu'à faire oeuvre de chimiste, isolant autant que possible les éléments d'une combinaison." Perry Meisel (1980: 77, 103) argues that Woolf's use of the crystal shows "the telltale theft of master tropes" from Walter Pater. But the crystal is used by Fry, Russell (e.g., Russell 1925: 39), and Wittgenstein ("Thought is surrounded by a halo. . . . It must . . . be of the purest crystal" [Wittgenstein 1963: 44e, §97]). This suggests that it is part of the wider Cambridge vocabulary. Leon Edel (1979: 191) gives this example of its use:

> Lady Ottoline describes in her journals how she came out one day into Bedford Square with Bertrand Russell, Nijinsky, and Leon Bakst; they saw Duncan Grant and other lithe young men playing tennis in the Square. "Quel décor!" murmurs Bakst, who had created the décor for the Russians. Nijinksy echoes him. And [William] Plomer wrote in his poem: That moment under the plane trees (*quel décor!*) . . . a crystal moment."

(Woolf 1926). Fry (1927a: 64) compares "the synthesis Cézanne sought to the phenomenon of crystallization in a saturated solution." Against the trace of Idealism in "synthesis," Fry underscores its technical sense. Importantly, the crystal has a geometrical form. "Everywhere in Nature we observe this tendency to run into definite forms," Tyndall (1873: 77) writes. "Nitre-molecules, for instance, coming within the range of their polar forces . . . arrange themselves in obedience to these forces, a minute crystal of nitre being at first produced."

Synthesis shrinks to the confines of the moment; its multifaceted, geometrical structure shows the trace of Russell's logical construction but achieves a union beyond it. Nothing more clearly encapsulates Woolf's anti-Bergsonism than the crystallized moment wherein all Bergson's terms of opprobrium become positive values.[31] Bergson used crystallization to illustrate how the experience of time as duration through interpenetrating "psychic states" is replaced by physics' intellectualized time. "Our psychic states," he writes, "separating then from each other,[32] will get solidified; between our ideas, thus crystallized, and our external movements we shall witness permanent associations being formed" (Bergson 1960: 237). By contrast, Fry (1920: 51, 52) urges a "detached and impassioned vision" in which "the (aesthetically) chaotic and accidental conjunction of forms and colours begins to crystallise into a harmony" by a "rhythm which obsesses the artist and crystallises his vision" (ibid.: 52). The process was the Post-Impressionist transformation of the data of sensation supplied by Impressionism, specifically "the 'crystallization' of the forms" (Fry 1927a: 76). Cézanne "resigned himself to accepting the thing seen as the nucleus of crystallization" (ibid.: 10).

Woolf adopts the metaphor of crystallization for the process by which something enduring is made out of the moment's impressions. After an initial exposure to sensations may come a revelation of order, a crystallization, as with the "second instance" of a childhood moment Woolf (1985 [1976]: 71) gives: "looking at the flower bed; . . . it seemed suddenly plain that the flower itself was a part of the earth; that a ring enclosed what was the flower; and that was the real flower." This second stage is never, however, erected into a direct experience of the whole of reality. It remains "of the moment."

31. Stevenson (1998: 133–36) points to ways in which Woolf's view of time does not accord with Bergson's, even if he does maintain that "Bergson's philosophy bears comparison with aspects of modernist fiction" (ibid.: 103).

32. In this same passage, Bergson (1960: 237) speaks of "simple psychic states" being "added to and taken from one another just like the letters of the alphabet," his metaphor recalling the caricatural description of Mr. Ramsay's thought—"like the alphabet . . . ranged" (Woolf 1955 [1927]: 53). S. P. Rosenbaum (1971: 337) comments that Woolf's "static" moment is what "Bergson said it should not be."

We are afforded only a brief, albeit direct, "glimpse" of form in the chaos. The process is one of "coming to a head," the bodily equivalent of crystallization. The release of knowledge assumes a sexual figure:

> It was a sudden revelation, a tinge like a blush which one tried to check and then, as it spread, one yielded to its expansion, and rushed to the farthest verge and there quivered and felt the world come closer, swollen with some astonishing significance, some pressure of rapture, which split its thin skin and gushed and poured with an extraordinary alleviation over the cracks and sores! Then, for that moment, she had seen an illumination; a match burning in a crocus; an inner meaning almost expressed. But the close withdrew; the hard softened. It was over—the moment. (Woolf [1925] 1953: 47)

Hence crystallization, like the "power"—here of "the mind"—"of concentrating at any point at any moment," presupposes its not being all-inclusive, for the result of concentration "seems to have no single state of being" (Woolf [1929] 1957: 101) but many "moments of being." "The great revelation had never come. . . . Instead there were little daily miracles, illuminations, matches struck unexpectedly in the dark" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 240). The Bradleyan Absolute, where nothing less than the totality of Reality creates "the harmonious union of content with existence" and this union "always escapes thought" (the formulation is Hylton's [1990: 71]), leaves its mark on Woolf's language, but it is shrunk to "some absolute good, some crystal of intensity," something "single, hard, bright" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 199). Within limits only is fusion possible. Crystallization contracts rather than expands; its instantaneous unity, modeled on perception, is not a mystic oneness. It draws together, fuses, and welds, creating something small and not diffuse; it does not contain everything. Only the composite contains everything. The result is a unique, rock-hard gem, "some little nugget of pure gold" (Woolf 1977–84, 3:141), "one diamond" (Woolf [1925] 1953: 55), "a diamond in the sand" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 199), "a ruby" (ibid.: 158), precious, irreplaceable, rare in that not every moment is one of being. The process is also that of stabilization, the conjoined aim "to crystallize and transfix the moment" (ibid.: 9). It reveals "a coherence in things, a stability; something, she meant, is immune from change, and shines out . . . in the face of the flowing, the fleeting, . . . like a ruby" (ibid.: 158). Mrs. Ramsay's gathering together the disparate company around the table stills, solidifies: "Mrs. Ramsay saying, 'Life stand still here'; Mrs. Ramsay making of the moment something permanent (as in another sphere Lily herself tried to make of the moment something permanent)—this was of the nature of a revelation. In the midst of chaos there was shape; this eternal passing and flowing . . . was struck into stability" (ibid.: 240–41). The sense-

data become a solid object. "Of such moments . . . the thing is made that endures" (ibid.: 158).

The aesthetic's dual stages, from absorption in the present to dissociation or crystallization, follow the Russellian division between the "fleeting" world "of existence" and the "unchanging" world "of being," "where 'being' is opposed to 'existence' as being timeless." Bergson's dualism of time is the prologue to the rejection of one side. The specificity of Russell's position is that neither the world of being nor of existence is rejected: "both are real." Russell (1959 [1912]: 100) "distinguished the two worlds" in order "to consider their relations."[33] He (1914a: 171) suggested another image of their relation, perhaps retained from his "Idealist apprenticeship": "A truer image of the world, I think, is obtained by picturing things as entering into the stream of time from an eternal world outside." That eternal world is presented in Woolf ([1927] 1955: 241) as a surrounding fluidity, "this eternal passing and flowing" of the sea which surrounds all. Its "eternity" guarantees that it is not the Heraclitean river of durée. Instead, still, enduring forms enter time from a timeless sea of universals, thereby transforming the present into a "moment of being." The quasi-permanence attributed to the moments of being—"for why do they survive undamaged year after year unless they are made of something comparatively permanent?" (Woolf 1976: 122)[34]—is derived from the containing fluid. The stream does not dissolve the eternal forms which enter it, making them interpenetrate; in the continuous series, each moment is fed by the containing element, like the tide pools of "Time Passes," which enclose an ocean in miniature.

The same injunction to relate the immediacy of existence to the permanence of being underlies Fry's theory of Post-Impressionism, meant not to replace but to complete Impressionism. The mathematical perfection Russell attributes to being is Fry's geometry of Post-Impressionism. Its image is the crystal. Bergson celebrates the "*élan vital*" over the mechanistic; Fry too compares "a mechanistic view of things," one "amenable to mathematical statement," to "the vital element which eludes mathematical statement." He finds "in the inorganic world of the crystal a perfect mathematical arrangement." Its order is "of absolute uniformity," whereas "the distinguishing characteristic of living things is precisely that each one

33. Ricardo Quinones (1985: 223–24) also sees modernism in general as acknowledging the importance of both worlds in writing that the "recognition of historical reality" was long "part of the basic Modernist make-up. . . . Modernists rejected subjective idealism and affirmed the coordinate realities of the external world and the separate self."

34. The Harcourt edition of *Moments of Being* has here a different wording: "for they would not survive entire so many ruinous years unless they were made of something permanent; that is a proof of their 'reality'" (Woolf 1985 [1976]: 142).

is unique" (Fry 1939: 28). But Fry sees as Post-Impressionism's achievement the giving of such formal design to life without destroying it. It joins the ephemeralness of sense-data to the timelessness of universals; it gives in retrospect a necessity to the contingent moment. Hence, the importance in Cézanne and the Bloomsbury painters of the "still life." Itself an oxymoron, it unites two contraries, like Fry's "vision and design." In a similar fashion, Woolf's ([1927] 1955: 161) "scene making" presents *tableaux vivants*, a still capturing of life in arrested movement, like "the moment" in which Mrs. Ramsay "hung suspended." The momentary, once fixed in the atemporal world of being, "partook, she felt, carefully helping Mr. Bankes to a specially tender piece, of eternity" (ibid.: 158), as this passage intertwines in its very syntax the ephemeral Boeuf en Daube, consumed in the moment, with the timelessness of logical form.

Crystallization is thus the chemistry of a formalist aesthetic, one that, like science, aims to make apparent the underlying "pattern," the "logic," the "geometry," of its objects. (Woolf favored the first term—see, for instance, Woolf 1985 [1976]: 72—while Fry frequently used the second and third.) Fry suggests that Post-Impressionist formalism aims to make apparent "the geometry in the sensible world," in Nicod's (1962 [1923]) formulation. Its purifying style is logical economy applied to Impressionism's analyses. The aim is "to saturate every atom," Woolf writes, "to eliminate all waste, deadness, superfluity." Saturation is the Impressionist inclusion of the random; the aim is "to give the moment whole; whatever it includes. Say that the moment is a combination of thought; sensation; the voice of the sea" (Woolf 1977–84, 3:209). These are the elements of "Prelude" and "At the Bay" which Woolf takes over for *To the Lighthouse*. For Mansfield's stories demonstrate this aesthetic of Impressionist nonselection. The stories are also moments "arranged," "transfixed," crystallized. "These scenes," Woolf (1985 [1976]: 142) says of her own autobiographical "moments of being," "are not altogether a literary device—a means of summing up and making innumerable details visible in one concrete picture. . . . I find that scene making is my natural way of marking the past. A scene always comes to the top; arranged; representative." Rejecting the realist's method as "unreal" (ibid.: 122), because of "the inclusion of things that don't belong to the moment" (Woolf 1977–84, 3:209), the method of concentration, of "scene making" (Woolf 1985 [1976]: 142), distills the past in haphazard collections of sense-data. The scene "marking the past" is thus "representative, enduring" (ibid.: 122), creating "an art which, in its constant references to our age-long pictorial tradition, can afford endless reservations and ellipses," as Fry (1935: 21) says of Henri Matisse.

Within the moment, all is still, suspended. Change and motion lie be-

tween the unchanging moments, invisible, imperceptible; between them, time passes. Bergson's duration, for him a primitive of experience, is an illusion.[35] When each present is crystallized, compressed, the clear glass, "backed," becomes a mirror. Time consists of layer on layer of such moments, "successive deposits of the human imagination," creating "works of art as crystallized history" (Fry 1920: 1)—*Mrs. Dalloway*, on the model of *Ulysses*, reduces many moments to a single June day.[36] Modern fiction gives only such "moments of being." In *To the Lighthouse*, "The Window" and "The Lighthouse" each operate as such representative mirror-beacons, encapsulating the novel's history "like a lighthouse marking some past stage on this adventurous, long, long voyage" (Woolf [1925] 1953: 247), like the "lighthouses posted along the track of historic time" that Fry (1926: 82) invokes via Charles Baudelaire.

Time Passes: Story into Novel

> He lived in the moment intensely; but he was bigger than the moment, and saw at once beyond it, how it fitted into the exciting pattern of life, and what part of the past it would hereafter become.
> F. L. Lucas, "Preface" in *Adriatica*

The crystallized moment is only a step toward the temporal form of the new novel. The past, present, and future moments must be *correlated* with the series based on before and after. The moment of being must be, so to speak, dated, as in Woolf's (1966–67, 1:320) famous claim that "in or about December 1910 human character changed." Both Fry's and Woolf's language make the crystallization of forms occur via a "turn" in "the kaleidoscope of nature" or "the wheel of sensation." The model for the changing series of instants that Russell finds in Bergson's cinematograph Fry and Woolf thus find in the kaleidoscope's shifting yet arrested views. The metaphor may have come to Fry from Baudelaire's "The Painter of Modern Life," an essay Clive Bell probably knew.[37] It is thus not surprising that Bergson also uses the kaleidoscope in developing the idea of "la méthode ciné-

35. Nicod (1962: 56) concludes against Bergson that there are neither "durées de mes termes sensibles, ni, par suite, de relation de ces termes à leurs durées." Sensible duration is *rien*; it is a class of simultaneous data (57).

36. Other places where Joyce's novel has influenced *Mrs. Dalloway* are the motor car carrying the unidentified important personage, like the viceregal carriage, and perhaps even the "sirens" in the Solitary Traveller section.

37. See the reference in C. Bell 1932: 185 to Constantin Guy, the artist Charles Baudelaire's essay discusses. Bell's language for Guy—"that essentially modern reaction to contemporary life, that passionate but impartial preoccupation with the actual and evanescent"—is reminiscent of Baudelaire's. See Baudelaire 1972: 400.

matographe." A perception of movement from outside sees "un arrangement comparable à celui des morceaux de verre qui composent une figure kaléïdoscopïque" (Bergson 1959: 754). Woolf picks out the same metaphor of the kaleidoscope in Captain Marryat's description of his mind: "The Captain's mind . . . 'is like a kaleidoscope.'" Only the kaleidoscopic mind's shifts are even more random: "But no, he added . . . it was not like a kaleidoscope; 'for the patterns of kaleidoscopes are regular, and there is very little regularity in my brain'" (Woolf 1966–67, 1:179).[38]

In Woolf's essay "Modern Fiction," the "incessant shower of innumerable atoms" ultimately, "as they fall, . . . shape themselves into the life of Monday or Tuesday" (ibid., 2:106), as the kaleidoscope's frames of randomly arranged colored patches succeed one another with each turn. The random moments are ordered by the time series, by the fact "that Monday is followed by Tuesday, or death by decay," which Forster (1954 [1927]: 29) says "certain mystics" deny but which the novelist cannot ignore. Forster's (ibid.: 27) definition of the story is "a narrative of events arranged in their time sequence—dinner coming after breakfast, Tuesday after Monday, decay after death." The theme that "after Monday comes Tuesday, and Wednesday follows Tuesday" becomes Woolf's shorthand for the time sequence as well; it is reiterated in *The Waves*.[39] "Something always has to be done next. Tuesday follows Monday; Wednesday Tuesday. Each spreads the same ripple" (Woolf [1931] 1959: 262). When the passage is repeated (ibid.: 283), it adds: "The being grows rings, like a tree. Like a tree, leaves fall."

The short story writer stops with the single frame. The novelist, by contrast, must relate frame to frame, moments of being alternating with moments of nonbeing. But how much of the series is required to demonstrate time's passing? "The real novelist can somehow convey both sorts of being. . . . I have never been able to do both. I tried—in *Night and Day*; and in *The Years*" (Woolf 1985 [1976]: 70). The method of presenting a full account of the sequence of "years" represents the failure to reach the solution of "modern fiction" that Mansfield had noted in her review of *Night and Day*: in "an age of experiment" for the novel, Mansfield thought Woolf had written a novel in the tradition of Jane Austen (Mansfield 1919). But Mansfield's experiments only give the moment: "the mere expression of things adequately and sensitively, is not enough," Woolf (1966–67, 1:357) echoes Mansfield herself in Woolf's review of her. Writing must be "founded on something unexpressed," which "must be solid and entire" (ibid.) and which

38. Victor Fournel (1858: 263, 261), a contemporary of Baudelaire's, writes of the "badaud" that he was a "daguerréotype mobile" capturing "le mouvement de la cité, la physionomie multiple de l'esprit public."

39. "Monday or Tuesday" is also the title of a Woolf short story.

Woolf hints Mansfield found too late, "when most of us are loitering easily among . . . appearances and impressions, which none had loved better than she" (ibid.: 358). Woolf's terms are those of Fry's Post-Impressionist aesthetic. "Sensitive" means "Impressionist"; the unexpressed foundation is Post-Impressionist.

It is easy to see that the painting's solidity is supplied by Fry's drawing or "design," by Cézanne's geometry or logic of spatial relations which gives "plasticity" to Impressionist color. But what supplies the novelist's design? Something more than the moment, but something less than the full time-series of the traditional novel. In her transformation of short story into novel, Woolf sought a counterpart of Matisse's "stark, structural architecture" and "bare economy" (Fry 1935: 24–25), a minimalist antinarrative continuity reduced to the skeleton of logical relations, what Woolf ([1931] 1959: 251) calls "a plain and logical story." It is the pattern arrived at after the preliminary encounter with the random data of the moment which overcomes the impasse of Impressionism. A Post-Impressionist work is "achieved," as Fry (1927a: 77) says, "not by way of a willed and *a priori* invention, but through the acceptance and final assimilation of appearance." Such a literary work arranges sense experience into a logical sequence of events to achieve Fry's "successive unity" via temporal relations.

Woolf worked out the time relations of *To the Lighthouse* via the notion of the "lapse of time." "We can be certain, in the case of Time, of the existence of something, namely a lapse of Time," Moore (1953: 189) asserts, even if, as we saw in our discussion of the non-givenness of duration, we cannot directly apprehend it. That is, in the interval dividing moment from moment, we can be sure something is happening, even if we cannot observe the passage of time itself. Moore's example of a lapse—"the Time . . . which has elapsed between now and the battle of Waterloo" (ibid.: 190)—with its preposition "between" also illustrates a temporal relation. (Russell 1959 [1912]: 94 had stated that "prepositions and verbs tend to express relations between two or more things.") Even the "pauses" and "strokes" of Lily's painting formed a "rhythmical movement": "all were related" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 236). The formal equivalent of the interval required to convert "The Window" and "The Lighthouse" from two unrelated moments, two separate Impressionist stories like "Prelude" and "At the Bay," into the series of "representative" moments of a novel, is what Woolf (1977–84, 3:285), speaking of the chapter openings of *The Waves*, called "the interludes" between the "series of dramatic soliloquies" (ibid.: 312). They occur, so to speak, "between the acts."

True, Mansfield's stories, by the fact that they consist of series of impressions, already constitute an implicit temporal order. This order is raised

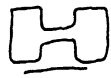

Figure 1 Woolf's diagram of the structural role of "Time Passes" in notes accompanying the manuscript *To the Lighthouse*.

to structural preeminence by the numbered divisions that Mansfield uses and that Woolf applies to the three parts in *To the Lighthouse*. In writing of "Prelude" that "its fifteen thousand words, in twelve discrete sections, placed its author among the most innovative of English short story writers," O'Sullivan (1985: v) suggests the newness of this method of division. But the practice remains consistent with an Impressionism of style. Some of the shifts from one numbered section to another represent shifts from one point in space to another. That they also establish a temporal relation of simultaneity between two moments does not alter their essential Impressionism, since they merely expand the moment. But not all the sections represent spatial shifts. Time passes between sections four and five of "Prelude." Yet the shift from night to morning is not foregrounded, not expanded and given a structural role by its placement in the text. Time passes between "Prelude" and "At the Bay"; in the interval Linda and Stanley's son is born, but because the two stories are not combined and explicitly related, that passage of time does not exist as a structural element—it is never referred to in either story. The interlude in *To the Lighthouse*, in which "time passes" between "The Window" and "The Lighthouse," has, by contrast, a multiple formal role. "The interludes are . . . I think essential; so as to bridge" (Woolf 1977–84, 3:285). Russell's (1988: 263) "logical bridge" from "[sense] data to the abstract and imperceptible objects of our mathematical formulae," from experienced time, discontinuous and full of jumps, to mathematicized time and motion, can be spanned by a logical relation. The time interval's placement is in-between. "Two blocks joined by a corridor" is how Woolf (1982: 11) describes "Time Passes" in the manuscript notes to the novel, diagramming its form there spatially (see Figure 1). The interlude functions like blank spaces between sentences, paragraphs, or chapters, like those "*blancs*" in Gustave Flaubert's *Sentimental Education* which for Proust (1971: 595) gave "l'impression du Temps" "sans l'ombre d'une transition."[40] "Time Passes" is at the center of *To the Lighthouse*. "That passage (I conceive the book in 3 parts: 1. at the drawing room window; 2. seven years passed; 3. the voyage)" for Woolf (1977–84, 3:36) raised "a new problem" which "breaks fresh ground in ones [*sic*] mind; prevents the regular ruts." It is "the flight of time,

40. It is highly probable that Woolf knew this essay, since it is referred to in C. Bell 1929: 32.

& the consequent break of unity in my design" (ibid.). The space in the text in which "time passes" between "The Window," summarized by Woolf as "father & mother & child in the garden" (ibid.), and "The Lighthouse" is both "break" and "bridge": Woolf's two words indicate that her theory of time presents not a Bergsonian duration but a continuity dependent on logical relations between discrete units.

The flattening of time into the B series, emptied of subjectivity and, with it, the direct apprehension of sensible reality, becomes apparent in part three. From Lily's dissociated perspective, no longer apprehending Mrs. Ramsay directly through the window, but her ghostly appearance reflected in the glass, the present recounted in "The Window," like the dinner party after Mrs. Ramsay's departure from the dining room, "changed, it shaped itself differently . . . it had become, she knew, giving one last look at it over her shoulder, already the past" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 168). The language is again reminiscent of "Modern Fiction" and of the phrase, quoted above, about the atoms "shap[ing] themselves into the life of Monday or Tuesday." In *The Waves* and *The Years*, the interludes are the chapter openings. They have counterparts in the other novels—for instance, the Solitary Traveller episode in *Mrs. Dalloway*, the novel whose projected title was "The Hours" (Woolf 1975–80, 4:249).[41]

The Interlude thus provides the essential connective to relate those "moments" Woolf praised in Mansfield but also pronounced "private" and "fragmentary," constructing out of them a form public and ordered. The two parts of *To the Lighthouse*, the tableaux of "The Window" and "The Lighthouse," are each still, each a moment. But divided by "Time Passes," they take their places in a series. When Avrom Fleishman (1978: 172) denies that "the three parts represent a past-present-future sequence (McTaggart's A series)," claiming the A series represents abstractions "not germane to the pattern of characterization in the novel" (ibid.), he fails to grasp the nature of Woolf's "modern fiction." The fact that "the characters do not develop in a linear sequence from one section to the other," as Fleishman rightly points out, does not demonstrate the irrelevance of McTaggart's abstractions. Modeling her formal solutions on the Post-Impressionism that, according to Fry, gives an abstract form to Impressionism's recording of haphazard sense-data—Cézanne harmonized "an intellect" that Fry (1927a: 70) char-

41. The anti-Bergsonian discontinuity of moments may find experiential support in Woolf's (1985 [1976]: 37) alternation of periods of madness and lucidity, like the "depressions and elevations" of her father's "high philosophy." Nancy Topping Bazin's (1973: 6) insistence that Woolf "related her periods of mania to her mother and . . . of depression primarily . . . to her father" suggests that two moments, whatever their content, are experienced as absolutely distinct.

acterizes as "abstract" with "a sensibility of extreme delicacy"—and looking to give Mansfield's sensibility a more enduring form, Woolf makes use of the temporal abstractions of Cambridge time-thinking. *To the Lighthouse*'s three parts can represent past, present, and future, but only from the point of view of the characters, those who peer into the night of "Time Passes" and "must wait for the future to show" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 189). Analyzed according to McTaggart's schema, part one is alternatively present and past, part three, future and present. "Past, present, and future are characteristics which we ascribe to events, and also to moments of time, if these are taken as separate realities" (McTaggart 1988 [1927]: 19). But "Time Passes" shows that events do succeed one another "in linear time," whether or not the characters are aware of it. If the characters do not develop linearly, we are not warranted in concluding, as Fleishman does, that "neither time nor events in time (such as Mrs. Ramsay's death) demonstrably affect them—although they live and die in a deducible history." Woolf chooses, we saw, representative scenes to stand for instants of the linear series in which characters are subjected to time, but a continuity nonetheless links the representative moments. "Night, however, succeeds to night" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 192). We may not see the immediate emotional effects on the characters, but it is "demonstrated" that the sequence of events spares no one. Mr. Ramsay's arms remain empty, desire remains unfulfilled, as a result of Mrs. Ramsay's death, and he later demands sympathy because of it. "The airs, the disembodied selves of part two, stand between the group of human selves presented in parts I and III—before and after, when the novel is read in sequence," Fleishman (1978: 172) comments. "It is not, however, accurate to say that the Ramsays and their friends come together earlier and later than the airs (as in McTaggart's B series), for the airs take no part in their lives (although Lily intuits them) and cannot be located in time." But the airs are not "disembodied selves"; they are personifications of the physical forces of nature, indeed, of time itself: let in through "the rusty hinges and swollen sea-moistened woodwork," they raise the question of the "hanging wall-paper," the flowers, the books, "How long would they endure?" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 190–91). It is the airs that in part one lead Mrs. Ramsay to lament that "things must spoil" because "every door was left open" (ibid.: 44). In part two, "those stray airs, advance guards of great armies, blustered in, brushed bare boards, nibbled and fanned, met nothing in bedroom or drawing-room that wholly resisted them" (ibid.: 194) until Mrs. McNab arrives. It is the night air that leads Mrs. Ramsay to take her shawl—for "it might be cold" (ibid.: 123)—as it is the airs which loosen the shawl to reveal the skull beneath (ibid.: 196, 200), which itself had "gone moldy too" (ibid.:

206), as they had "furred, tarnished, cracked" the other objects in the house (ibid.: 194).

The characters remain ignorant of time's passing—that is the point. They are within the moment, where all is still; time's movement is imperceptible. "Time Passes," emptying the house of its subjects, all, save for Mrs. McNab, either asleep or dead, which shows that nonetheless something has changed. Time does really pass, and "Time Passes" marks a break between two moments, two periods, after which "All changed, changed utterly," to quote Yeats's lines about another, simultaneous historical moment in "Easter, 1916." But the change is registered not in McTaggart's A series but in the B series, emptied of the former's subjective terms, with which it is correlated, as in Russell's solution to McTaggart's problem. So also Lily Briscoe's "problem about a foreground of a picture" (ibid.: 220)—"how to connect this mass on the right hand with that on the left" (ibid.: 82–83)—is resolved in the language of logical relations Fry borrows from Russell. Since Lily's art is painting, the relevant relation will be spatial, one like the example of a logical relation Russell (1957 [1917]: 142) discusses: "this patch of red is to the left of that patch of blue." Lily, looking at her canvas, thinks of "the relations of those lines cutting across, slicing down, and in the mass of the hedge with its green cave of blues and browns" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 234), relations she had worked out abstractly at the dinner party through the salt cellar's position with respect to a leaf pattern in the tablecloth (ibid.: 128, 140, 154). Lily's "solution," putting the tree in the middle (ibid.: 154), like Woolf's placement of "Time Passes" at the novel's center, transforms Impressionism into Post-Impressionism by an interval both temporal and spatial. "Time Passes" links an earlier moment with a later; it is thus that "time passes." "The effective structure of the novel" is, indeed, as Fleishman (1978: 172) finds it, "a static symbolic pattern of three moments—akin to the three strokes of the lighthouse's beam" but precisely because Woolf accepts the realist answer to McTaggart's idealism. Time does pass, even if through seemingly static moments.

The interludes of *The Waves* and *The Years* make the transformation to Post-Impressionism on yet another model, that of Impressionism itself. Torgovnick (1985: 131) finds that "in Woolf's literary equivalent [to Impressionism], the prologues to *The Waves*, light also plays a transforming role, but light more specifically as a function of time." She makes a similar point about "the descriptive prologues" of *The Years*, claiming that "descriptions for years *after* 1910 show Impressionist and Post-Impressionist models absent in the generally realistic descriptions that introduce earlier years" (ibid.: 15); the cycle from daybreak to dusk is repeated by one that follows a year's sea-

sons. In the novel's temporal structure, the series of impressions is already Post-Impressionist. Each of the succeeding novels adopts a formal structure which is based on some version of clock time and in which the sequence is represented by successive representative moments: the leaps of centuries of English history and literary history that structure *Orlando* and, later, the pageant play of "island history" in *Between the Acts*, the dated years (1880, 1891, 1907, 1908, 1910, 1911, 1913, 1914, 1917, 1918, leading up to "the present day") of *The Years*. But the "break of unity in my design" (Woolf 1977–84, 3:36) of *To the Lighthouse*'s middle section does something more: it marks the place of one particular moment in the series.

The Novel As Monument to the War Dead

> The just and inexorable nature of time itself was reflected in his face. He might have been composing a hymn to the unhasting and unresting march of that divinity. He seemed to greet the lapse of minute after minute with stern acquiescence in the inevitable order.
> Virginia Woolf, *Night and Day*

> The clock ticks. The two hands are convoys marching through a desert. The black bars on the clock face are green oases. The long hand has marched ahead to find water. The other painfully stumbles among hot stones in the desert. It will die in the desert.
> Virginia Woolf, *The Waves*

In passages of "Prelude" and "At the Bay," Woolf, sensitive reader of Mansfield, arguably saw also the interlude's potential thematic equivalent, "that sense of isolation at its centre" that, according to O'Sullivan (1985: xii), had attracted Mansfield to Impressionism. For Woolf (1977–84, 3:36), "Time Passes" was also "this impersonal thing," an unexperienced physical time extending in both directions beyond human history, working undetected by human consciousness. She reads this theme in details of Mansfield's stories—sights and sounds at the edges of the different fictional consciousnesses. There are the noises of passing insects: "Zoom! Zoom! a bluebottle knocked against the ceiling" in "Prelude" (Mansfield 1956: 56). In *Jacob's Room*, "some insect dashed at her, boomed in her ear, and was gone" (Woolf [1922] 1950: 19). In *The Waves*, "Suddenly a bee booms in my ear. . . . It is here; it is past" (Woolf [1931] 1959: 11). "Far away a dog barked" in "Prelude" (Mansfield 1956: 79). For "dogs will bark," Woolf says in *A Room of One's Own* ([1929] 1957: 53). These "odd irrelevant noises" (Woolf 1977–84, 3:236) on the edge of consciousness, "the falling cry of birds, ships hooting, the drone and hum of the fields, a dog's bark, a man's shout" (Woolf

[1927] 1955: 195), Woolf makes the signs of the sensible world.[42] It is nonetheless an external world, and Mansfield had shown this intuitively by its distance from "the sensitive mind." This distancing is conveyed in part four of "Prelude," when the characters are put to sleep, Kezia among them:

> She rolled herself up into a round but she did not go to sleep. From all over the house came the sound of steps. The house itself creaked and popped. Loud whispering voices came from downstairs. Once she heard Aunt Beryl's rush of high laughter, and once she heard a loud trumpeting from Burnell blowing his nose. (Mansfield 1956: 62)

The passage recalls ones in "Time Passes," in the house where the characters at once sleep and—in time—are absent: "Sometimes a hand was raised as if to clutch at something or ward off something, or somebody groaned, or somebody laughed aloud as if sharing a joke with nothingness" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 190). "Once only a board sprang on the landing; once in the middle of the night with a roar, with a rupture, as after centuries of quiescence, a rock rends itself from the mountain and hurtles crashing into the valley, one fold of the shawl loosened and swung to and fro" (ibid.: 195–96). The reverse procedure is followed in "At the Bay": the sounds and sights at dawn, whose description opens the story, ultimately penetrate the characters' sleep: "'Baa! Baaa!' The sheep spread out into a fan. . . . before the first sleeper turned over and lifted a drowsy head; their cry sounded in the dreams of little children . . . who lifted their arms to drag down, to cuddle the darling little wooly lambs of sleep. Then the first inhabitant appeared; it was the Burnell's cat Florrie" (Mansfield 1956: 101). So also, the sleepers in the night of "Time Passes," Mrs. Beckwith, Mr. Carmichael, and Lily Briscoe, who "lay with several folds of blackness on their eyes," are awakened:

> The sigh of all the seas breaking in measure round the isles soothed them; the night wrapped them; nothing broke their sleep, until, the birds beginning and the dawn weaving their thin voices in to its whiteness, a cart grinding, a dog somewhere barking, the sun lifted the curtains, broke the veil on their eyes, and Lily Briscoe stirring in her sleep. She clutched at her blankets as a faller clutches at the turf at the edge of a cliff. Her eyes opened wide. Here she was again, she thought, sitting bolt upright in bed. Awake. (Woolf [1927] 1955: 214)

Ultimately these scarcely seen or heard sounds and sights are linked to others the two stories describe, which are of sights and sounds not seen or heard by any character but of things that remain unobserved. In "Prelude,"

42. See the section "On the Edges of the Private World: Distant Sights and the Unobserved" in Banfield 2000b: 128ff., where I discuss the philosophical implications of this phenomenon in Woolf.

dawn comes with the return of sensation to the sleepers, but, until, in the third paragraph, Linda says "'How loud the birds are,' . . . in her dream" (Mansfield 1956: 65), they are merely sense-data which strike no ears:

> Dawn came sharp and chill with red clouds on a faint green sky and drops of water on every leaf and blade. A breeze blew over the garden, dropping dew and dropping petals, shivered over the drenched paddocks, and was lost in the sombre bush. In the sky some tiny stars floated for a moment and then they were gone—they were dissolved like bubbles. And plain to be heard in the early quiet was the sound of the creek in the paddock running over the brown stones, running in and out of the sandy hollows, hiding under clumps of dark berry bushes, spilling into a swamp of yellow water flowers and cresses.
>
> And then at the first beam of sun the birds began. Big cheeky birds, starlings and mynahs, whistled on the lawns, the little birds, the goldfinches and linnets and fan-tails flicked from bough to bough. A lovely kingfisher perched on the paddock fence preening his rich beauty, and a *tui* sang his three notes and laughed and sang them again." (Ibid.)

The birds will reappear in the interludes of *The Waves*. A similar collection of random sights and sounds is given at the beginning and the end of "At the Bay" in a description of "early morning." Woolf (1977–84, 4:11) had aimed in *To the Lighthouse* "to have kept the sound of the sea & the birds, dawn & garden subconsciously present," perhaps having found the particular combination in Mansfield. Mansfield's (1956: 100) sentence "The sun was not yet risen" is echoed in *The Waves*'s opening sentence "The sun had not yet risen."[43] What follows—"and the whole of Crescent Bay was hidden under a white sea-mist"—is echoed in *The Waves*'s "The sea was indistinguishable from the sky" (Woolf [1931] 1959: 7). The mist that "smothered" the hills so that "you could not see where they ended and the paddocks and bungalows began" and in which "it looked as though the sea had beaten up softly in the darkness" (Mansfield 1956: 99) suggests the "downpouring of immense darkness" of "Time Passes," in which "the sharp edges" of furniture are swallowed up (Woolf [1927] 1955: 189–90) or the ending of *The Waves*, with its "waves of darkness" (Woolf [1931] 1959: 237). The passage below recalls the little airs of "Time Passes," the continual small movements of water and air that, like the dropping of grains of sand, mark the passage of time and erode the face of the world:

> Ah-Aah! sounded the sleepy sea. And from the bush there came the sound of little streams flowing, quickly, lightly, slipping between the smooth stones, gushing into ferny basins and out again; and there was the splashing of big drops on large leaves, and something else—what was it?—a faint stirring and shaking, the

43. Patricia Moran (1996: 9) compares these two lines.

> snapping of a twig and then such silence that it seemed some one was listening. (Mansfield 1956: 99–100)

But Woolf's formal aesthetic draws out of Mansfield's innovations a philosophical import at once structural and thematic. "There are no ideas in *The Aloe*," O'Sullivan (1985: xvii) observes of Mansfield's "Impressionism." But in descriptions like those below from Mansfield of the empty house and deserted beach, Woolf finds the germ of "Time Passes," whose philosophical basis in the unobserved appearances Russell calls "sensibilia" I have elsewhere treated (Banfield 2000b: 67ff.).[44]

> The sea sounded. Through the wide-open window streamed the sun on to the yellow varnished walls and bare floor. Everything on the table flashed and glittered. In the middle there was an old salad bowl filled with yellow and red nasturtiums. (Mansfield 1956: 105)

Here the description recalls those of seashore and house with its table and flower on which the sun would shine through the open window in the interludes of *The Waves*; the following could suggest passages of "Time Passes" or of the interludes of *The Waves*:

> The tide was out; the beach was deserted; lazily flopped the warm sea. The sun beat down, beat down hot and fiery on the fine sand, baking the grey and blue and black and white-veined pebbles. It sucked up the little drop of water that lay in the hollow of the curved shells; it bleached the pink convolvulus that threaded through and through the sand-hills. Nothing seemed to move but the small sand-hoppers. Pit-pit-pit! They were never still.
>
> Over there on the weed-hung rocks that looked at low tide like shaggy beasts come down to the water to drink, the sunlight seemed to spin like a silver coin dropped into each of the small rock pools. They danced, they quivered, and minute ripples laved the porous shores. Looking down, bending over, each pool was like a lake with pink and blue houses clustered on the shores; and oh! the vast mountainous country behind those houses—the ravines, the passes, the dangerous creeks and fearful tracks that led to the water's edge. Underneath waved the sea-forest—pink thread-like trees, velvet anemones, and orange berry-spotted weeds. Now a stone on the bottom moved, rocked, and there was a glimpse of a black feeler; now a thread-like creature wavered by and was lost. Something was happening to the pink, waving trees; they were changing to a cold moonlight blue. And now there sounded the faintest "plop." Who made that sound? What was going on down there? And how strong, how damp the seaweed smelt in the hot sun . . . [Mansfield's ellipses]

44. Gillian Beer (1988: 88) writes, "Virginia Woolf faces the problem of how we describe a house when it exists 'independently of our perception of it.' The answer in 'Time Passes' is to see the object through time, and to use a discourse which points to human absence."

> The green blinds were drawn in the bungalows of the summer colony. Over the verandahs, prone on the paddock, flung over the fences, there were exhausted-looking bathing-dresses and rough striped towels. (Mansfield 1956: 117–18)

Mansfield's unobserved objects, her landscapes empty of the human presence, reappear in Woolf confined largely to separate sections of the novels—namely, the interludes—apart from the "stories." The philosophical dimension of what Woolf ([1931] 1959: 287) called "the world seen without a self" is there foregrounded.[45] Mansfield's line "such silence that it seemed some one was listening" cited above becomes Woolf's ([1927] 1955: 202) "Listening (had there been any one to listen) from the upper rooms of the empty house only gigantic chaos streaked with lightning could have been heard," where the former's hypothetical observer becomes the latter's absence of one. In "Time Passes," the novel's consciousnesses sleep, absent themselves, even die. The "old, wet, squashed-looking boot" (Mansfield 1956: 109) Pip finds on the beach becomes in *The Waves* "the boot without laces stuck, black as iron, in the sand" (Woolf [1931] 1959: 148); the "beads and a long needle" left in the empty house after moving day in "Prelude" (Mansfield 1956: 56) and the brooch lost in "At the Bay" become in *Jacob's Room* the darning needles and the "garnet brooch" Betty Flanders dropped into the grass of the Scarborough moor, which mingle with the shards of an ancient Roman encampment over which "the church clock," presiding over a graveyard, "divided time into quarters" (Woolf [1922] 1950: 133), and in *To the Lighthouse* Minta Doyle's brooch lost on the beach (Woolf [1927] 1955: 116) and the "boots and shoes; and a brush and comb left on the dressing-table, for all the world as if she [Mrs. Ramsay] expected to come back tomorrow" (ibid.: 204), that is, the possessions of a dead woman.

The unpeopled places are clearly unpeopled times—"*when* you're not there" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 38, my emphasis). The lost objects in them belong to an unchanging past, "Mrs. Flanders' two-penny-halfpenny brooch forever part of the rich accumulation," along with "the bones," "the rusty swords" (Woolf [1922] 1950: 132) and "the Roman skeletons," there "at midday" and again "at midnight when no one speaks or gallops" (ibid.: 134). Woolf's lost objects have entered a world emptied of subjects; they identify what disturbs in those "things" which Linda feels watching her in "Prelude":

> Things had a habit of coming alive like that. Not only large substantial things like furniture, but curtains and the patterns of stuffs and fringes of quilts and cush-

45. Monika Fludernik's (1996: 198–201) discussion of the descriptive passages from "At the Bay" as, "like the vignettes from *The Waves*," characterizable "much on the lines of Banfield's empty center," provides independent confirmation of the analogies here suggested.

> ions. . . . They listened, they seemed to swell out with some mysterious important content, and when they were full she felt that they smiled. But it was not for her, only, their sly secret smile; they were members of a secret society and they smiled among themselves. Sometimes, when she had fallen asleep in the daytime, she woke and could not lift a finger, could not even turn her eyes to left or right because THEY were there; sometimes when she went out of a room and left it empty, she knew as she clicked the door to that THEY were filling it. (Mansfield 1956: 68)

So also, for Kezia, on a starry night "outside the window hundreds of black cats with yellow eyes sat in the sky watching her" (ibid.: 62). Woolf makes explicit that the look of things is one empty of consciousness, just as the hushed feeling that someone is listening is in reality the fear that no one is. The unobserved landscape of "Time Passes," with its "fields wide-eyed and watchful," yet "entirely careless of what was done or thought by the beholders" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 198), its "flowers standing there, looking before them, looking up, yet beholding nothing, eyeless, and so terrible" (ibid.: 203), bears witness to "insensitive nature," reminder of a past and future from which consciousness is absent.

Relentlessly, ceaselessly, the hours, the waves, the years accumulate, "its winter aspect, spring, summer and autumn" (Woolf 1950 [1922]: 17), those stretches of space and time the mind is capable of imagining if the body cannot live them. In the unobserved universe, time simply passes, laying down layer upon layer of moments, some once occupied, others not, but all finally emptied of consciousness, since, as a function of their compactness, "between any two there are others" (Russell 1914a: 138). The ceaseless ticking of the minutes and striking of the hours renders the briefness of life[46] terrifying and calls into tragic relief the biography's arbitrarily truncated nature. Hence, the interlude "Time Passes" also includes "the death" that Woolf (1977–84, 3:36) records—Mrs. Ramsay's but also Prue and Andrew Ramsay's, deliberately placed in this central section so as to establish a relation between death and the interval's formal function. The word "corridor," with which Woolf describes "Time Passes" in her manuscript notes (see above), underscores this relation, for in part three Lily Briscoe, thinking of "the dead," pictures Mrs. Ramsay at "the end of the corridor of years" (Woolf [1927] 1955: 260).

46. The measure of briefness peculiar to Woolf's personal history is fifty-some years, its source no doubt her mother's age at death. Mrs. Ramsay's "little strip of time" is "fifty years," Clarissa's is fifty-two, and Peter Walsh's is some fifty years, like the "solitary traveller" in *Mrs. Dalloway*, who "is elderly, past fifty now" (Woolf 1953 [1925]: 86). Fifty is always less than a full life, as if fullness is represented by a century. Thus for Clarissa, "The candle was half burnt down" (ibid.: 46).

Death had its place in Mansfield's stories as well. Death appears explicitly in "Prelude" in the killing of the white duck; it appears in "At the Bay" in the conversation between Kezia and her grandmother about the death of Kezia's Uncle William in the mines: "a little man fallen over like a tin soldier by the side of a big black hole" (Mansfield 1956: 119). "The Garden-Party" (1922) has death intrude in the midst of a party, as will *Mrs. Dalloway*. Death is, in fact, central to Mansfield's conception of "Prelude" and "At the Bay." *The Aloe* was written as "just that kind of 'long elegy' Mansfield had promised her brother [killed in the war] she would write," O'Sullivan (1985: xviii) comments, "—'something that happened . . . when we were alive.'" Mansfield's impressionism aimed to "memorialize" that lost world in "that moment" Mansfield (1984: 302, 320, 331) told Dorothy Brett she "tried to catch." "To write that 'elegy' for her brother she would record as much as invent," O'Sullivan (1985: xii) writes. In the *Journal of Katherine Mansfield* Woolf reviewed, Mansfield (1927: 44) writes that she wanted "for one moment to make our undiscovered country leap into the eyes of the Old World" as "an afterglow, because you, my little sun of it, are set."

Here again the evidence is that Mansfield's aims helped Woolf clarify her "modern fiction." *The Voyage Out* ends in a death, the heroine's. The entire series of deaths in the family that punctuated Woolf's early years are transferred in that initial novel to the one figure modeled on the survivor of her history, herself; it is she who suffers them. Although she had admired *The Voyage Out*, "Katherine Mansfield hated *Night and Day*," Quentin Bell (1972, 2:69) reports of the second, deathless, novel. In her review of it,[47] she wrote that a novel, "if it lives . . . must accept the fact of a new world," but *Night and Day*'s "real world" is "so far away, so shut and sealed from us to-day"; it is "unaware of what has been happening" (Mansfield 1919). The reason Mansfield gave Middleton Murry for the novel's remoteness from the present was its avoidance of the central event for her generation: the War. "'The war never has been; that is what its message is,'" whereas Mansfield felt "'in the *profoundest* sense that nothing can ever be the same—that, as artists, we are traitors if we feel otherwise: we have to take it into account and find new expressions, new moulds for our thoughts and feelings'" (Q. Bell 1972, 2:69). Some event had irrevocably altered the course of history. As a consequence, art must find a new form to register that change.

We do not know if Woolf was aware of this one of Mansfield's objections. But with *Jacob's Room* in 1922, Woolf first introduces her own private dead by placing Jacob at the novel's end among the War dead. (The death of

47. Woolf (1977–84, 1:257) had written in her diary, "Katherine will do 4 novels every week—pray God she don't do mine," but what she dreaded happened.

Woolf's mother had been evoked at the end of the experimental story "A Haunted House."[48]) Woolf's brother's death, unlike Mansfield's brother's, was not in the war, but Jacob's is, as is Andrew Ramsay's. The moment and the literary form which aimed to capture and arrest it, the modernist short story, was not large enough for the literary project that Mansfield had conceived as a memorial for her brother. Woolf's espousal of Fry's aesthetic aspired to a grander architecture than that enclosed by the house of "Prelude" and "At the Bay," one containing both window and lighthouse, with the vast and vaulted spaces of "Time Passes" in between, an architecture based, like the Parthenon, on "a network of strokes" or "a mathematical diagram" (Woolf [1922] 1950: 169) and with the Parthenon's ability to outlast the human: "They had vanished. There was the Acropolis; but had they reached it? The columns and the Temple remain; the emotion of the living breaks fresh on them year after year; and of that what remains?" (ibid.: 160–61). But if Woolf did not think the evocation of the "moment" sufficient, she thought it the starting point. The moment is the "life"—we recall the word was a synonym of Impressionism for Woolf and Fry—that Post-Impressionism must arrest. In exchange for the brief passing of the moment, time gives a compensatory vision of something which persists in the random absence of some observer. In the unreality imparted to one moment from the distanced perspective of another arises the haunting beauty of each. Art discloses this beauty in conferring a timeless form on time's passing. In the process, it also records the briefness of human life. Woolf's fashioning of a novel out of Mansfield's two stories—complete as moments but parts of an unfinished novel Mansfield herself projected (*The Aloe*), becomes not only the elegy to Mansfield's brother his sister never lived to complete, but perhaps also Woolf's monument to her rival in a world emptied of rivals. Impressionist color and light are transformed into the colorless physical time-series. The image of the lighthouse's stroke punctuating the darkness, "a light passing over the surface and vanishing, as in time she would vanish" (Woolf [1915] 1948: 125), joins Russell's (1914a: 139) metaphor of the "tiny speck of light moving along a scale" in his account of motion. Each moment's fragility appears in the increasing twilight that engulfs it; it may be "trivial, fantastic and evanescent," with the quality of impressions, "or engraved with the sharpness of steel" (Woolf 1966–67, 1:107).[49]

48. Hermione Lee (1999: 370) claims that "A Haunted House" was written in 1918 or 1919.
49. Quinones (1985: 223) associates this latter phrase from "Modern Fiction" with "the sense of historical reality."

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