

Virginia Woolf and Kamiya Miyeko: Narrative, Illusion, and Identity

"We can only dream ourselves free, not make ourselves so." FRIEDERICH NIETZSCHE

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Summary

In this essay, I discuss the dual phenomena of illusion and identity, and how they were embodied in similar narrative stances held by both Virginia Woolf and Kamiya Miyeko.

Key words

NARRATIVITY, VIRGINIA WOOLF, KAMIYA MIYEKO.

In her recent article entitled "How then does light return to the world after the eclipse of the sun? Miraculously, frailly': A Psychoanalytic Interpretation of Woolf's Mysticism,"¹ Makiko Minow-Pinkney explores the relationship between Virginia Woolf's mystical visions, her bipolar extremes of despair and rapture, and the act of writing. Pinkney asserts what I have claimed in earlier articles, that long before people like Thomas Carmagno diagnosed Woolf as suffering from a bipolar disorder, Kamiya Miyeko made the same diagnosis, but claimed that an affective psychosis permeated the manic-depression. This may or may not be true. Surely one must take into account Hermione Lee's question: was the so-called illness a result of the treatment Woolf received or did it precede that illness?² However, in this essay, I want to talk about the dual phenomena of illusion and identity, and how they were embodied in certain similar narrative stances held by both women. Never an essentialist, Woolf seemed to know that what matters isn't the discrete sign, but its position within specific cultural and rhetorical systems of discourse. Therefore, if I investigate Woolf's narratives or her mysticism, I will have to contextualize them.

Makiko Pinkney talks about Woolf's mysticism in ways which are new to me . . . ways which I don't completely accept. For example, she looks at the

section in *The Waves*, where the narrator depicts the character, Rhoda, as being unable to cross a puddle. Pinkney describes that as a mystical scene. In *The Short Season Between Two Silences*,³ I also discussed that scene, but I understood it to mean that Rhoda was paralyzed before the opacity of nature. It was as if Rhoda were being absorbed into that puddle and could find no words to alleviate her despair. When I made this interpretation, I did not speculate on Woolf's state of mind while writing *The Waves*, or at least I didn't dwell on her writing process. Later, in my article, "Virginia Woolf and The Good Brother,"⁴ I did explore Woolf's feelings, especially her mourning the death of Lytton Strachey, as she was completing the novel. Pinkney has stirred my memory of Julia Kristeva's disturbing *Black Sun*, in which she distinguishes depression from melancholia, but describes their common features of "object loss" and the "modification of signifying bonds" (Kristeva, 10).

Kristeva believes that the depressed individual feels radically deprived of the supreme good, and that no words can signify a return to the sun, and there is no erotic object to replace the lost object and no hope that either words or lovers will ever again be a reality.

In Woolf's *Moments of Being*, she said of her mourning for her mother, "I suppose that I did for myself what psychoanalysts do for their patients. I expressed some very long felt and deeply felt emotion. And in expressing it I explained it and then laid it to rest" (MOB, 81). But Woolf wonders "what is the meaning of 'explained it'?" In my book,⁵ I argue that in explaining it, Woolf lost the icon of her mother's face, because her "mother" had never been anything but a force when she was growing up. Or, in other words, after the writing of *To the Lighthouse*, Woolf ceased to be the author of her mother's memory.

Pinkney produces another explanation which is useful to my analysis of Woolf's creations of identity in her texts. Pinkney says that the meaning to which Woolf alludes lies in what Freud calls the primary identification with the father in the individual's "own personal prehistory" (Freud 11, 370). She goes on to say that she interprets Mr. Ramsay's behavior in the final boat scene of *To the Lighthouse* as that which identifies him with the Freudian "father in individual prehistory." One might say that is true for James, but certainly not for Cam. Since personhood for Freud is synonymous with masculinity, it's not surprising that we can't apply the idea to Cam. However, Kristeva's transformation of the term to a more gender-transcendent reality results in the designation, the "imaginary father." What this term derives from Freud is the fact that the ideal father is both mother and father. For Kristeva, this "imaginary father" surpasses the punitive Oedipal father, because he is all-loving, and so facilitates or guarantees "primary identification." The "imaginary father" negotiates the key role in enabling the self to overcome the sadness of separation. As Kristeva puts it in *Black Sun*,⁶ the self no longer identifies with the lost object,

but with a third party—father or form—a requirement for a manic position, which then transforms the loss through language. Kristeva finally insists on the two-sidedness of the Freudian father who is capable of giving a “primary identification to the female.” Perhaps this is what Woolf fictionalized in *To the Lighthouse*. We can see this on many levels: Lily Briscoe’s relationships with Mr. Bankes and Mr. Carmichael are two examples. Certainly Woolf, who like Kamiya preferred her father, was able to take up a manic position, because “her imaginary father” allowed her a reconciliation with her lost mother.

In her *Diary*, Woolf speculated as she was completing *To the Lighthouse*, “how it was not oneself but something in the universe that one’s left with. It is this that is frightening and exciting in the midst of my profound gloom, depression, boredom One sees a fin passing far out . . . : Life . . . has in it the essence of reality” (D3, 113). What then was this essence of reality? Is this the Thing which the depressed person mourns—the real which does not lend itself to signification? In *The Waves*, Woolf attempted to capture that archaic unnameable thing. If the “imaginary father” produces the original template of unity for the evolving personality, his absence reinstates the chaos of separation. Yet, it is necessary for there to be a separation between subject and object. In fact, for Woolf, narrative is the result of this separation between subject and object. For both Woolf and Kamiya, identity was the the conscious result of maintaining a multiple perspective in their writings and their lives. Also, Woolf’s conception of reality “finds its model in the way language changes. For language is in a continuous evolution, transforming its conventional forms to express new emotions, while simultaneously pointing back to the older forms” (*Short Season*, 104). Certainly in the parodic and pastiche-like discourses Woolf produced in both *To the Lighthouse* and *Orlando*, she wrote in a dialogic and intertextual manner. By and large, at least, *To the Lighthouse* was built of conventional materials, occupying shifting ground and bordered by fluid demarcating lines. But the discourses of both *Orlando* and Lily Briscoe have about them that relational quality which perpetuates process for its own sake, and results in a stable identity for both heroines. In the first section of *To the Lighthouse*, for example, Lily hears a voice saying “women can’t paint, women can’t write,” and the reader has already remembered the name, Charles Tansley, before Lily dips into her mind and remembers that the sexist, Tansley, has actually already said this. What’s more, the reader along with Lily, mentally argues with Tansley, and the perpetual war which did and does dominate relations between male and female artists is brought to the eternal present, i.e., a present which never changes. On the other hand, Woolf’s hope that there is absolute unity in humanity’s joining with nature is handled both ecstatically and ironically, but revealed finally to be a dangerous illusion. For example, Mrs. Ramsay’s long epiphany in the first section of *To the Lighthouse* can be

heard as lyrical but illusory. Unlike Lily Briscoe, Mrs. Ramsay wants to flee personality: "Losing personality, one lost the fret, the hurry, the stir; and there rose to her lips always some exclamation of triumph over life when things came together in this peace, this rest, this eternity; . . . Often she found herself sitting and looking, sitting and looking, with her work in her hands until she became the thing she looked at—that light for example" (TL, 100). Then in one of those magnificent transitions which Woolf's narrator produces, Mrs. Ramsay simultaneously begins to knit again, once again speaks aloud, and re-enters the social world. She says "Children never forget, we are in the hands of the Lord." Then, completely emerging from her reverie, she knits and says, "How could any Lord have made this world" (TL, 102). The illusion is revealed and broken. Only in the chorus-like voices who chant Charles Elton's *Lurianna Lurilee* does the narrator achieve a synthesis between the illusory and the real. "Come out and climb the garden path, Lurianna Lurilee / The China rose is all abloom and buzzing with the yellow bee. And all the lives we ever lived and all the lives to be / Are full of trees and changing leaves." Mrs. Ramsay doesn't know what the words mean, "but, like music, the words seemed to be spoken by her own voice, outside herself, saying quite easily and naturally what had been in her mind the whole evening while she said other things" (TL, 171). Whereas the narrator ironically undercuts the individualistic vision Mrs. Ramsay had in her "union" with the third stroke of the lighthouse, this collective speaking, this chanting in the communal and the entirely given service of the sharing of changing lives lives on as ecstasy. Here we observe that Woolf's storehouse of fictional materials helps constitute our cultural lives. And these fictional materials are a prerequisite to social change.

But, as Pinkney says, "to write from the nonplace where the subject at once founders and emerges" is what Woolf was attempting in *The Waves*. To do this, she succumbed to mysticism, which means she stayed in that place of thingness wherein she tried to express in narrative what it was like to have no signification. The terror of digging oneself in there, and just living with it, was what Woolf experienced as she wrote *The Waves*. Was her mysticism preverbal or was it transverbal? I think in *The Waves*, it was the former. And I believe that the cultural cost of this mystical state was what we and Woolf call illness. I conjecture that Kamiya also understood and experienced this preverbal mysticism when, at 21, she was sick with TB and isolated in Karuizawa, where the servants would not touch her. However, she apparently transcended it. Both isolated and despairing writers tried to signify "identity" by distancing and displacement, perhaps the accepted stance for the modern autobiographer. Woolf's distancing came through the fragmented but wisely speaking voice of Bernard, the male narrator in *The Waves*. She wrote as if she and Bernard were dual narrators, and then she became a speaker of sorts. But despite the

fact that there was no mediating presence in *The Waves*, Woolf dealt with the same aesthetic issues of individuation, contextuality, and collectivity which she explored in *To the Lighthouse*. For example the character, Neville feels Bernard's disapproval of his playing the great poet and relinquishes the pose. "How curiously one is changed by the addition of a friend. How useful an office one's friends perform when they recall us. Yet how painful to be recalled, to be mitigated, to have one's self adulterated, mixed up, become part of another. As he approaches, I become not myself but Neville mixed with somebody—with whom?—with Bernard?" (W, 60). We know that the 30s was a very sad decade for Woolf, mainly because of the death of Lytton Strachey, who coincidentally often played the role of the good "imaginary father" for her. Consequently the joining of personality which occurred naturally among the characters in *To the Lighthouse*, was often associated with violence and force in *The Waves*.

Though Kristeva's reclamation of a mythical father who is capable of giving words to his abandoned daughter effects a beneficial deconstruction of Freud's deterministic Oedipal resolutions, its staying power is questionable when applied to the problem of a woman writing in a patriarchal culture. This is especially true for Virginia Woolf and Kamiya Miyeko. We remember, of course, Woolf's unambiguous *Diary* entry, where she admits of her father that she would never have become a writer had he lived. She also told her physician, Octavia Wilberforce, that he had made too great emotional demands on her, and because of him, she could never remember any enjoyment of her body. But how did his spiritual presence affect her writing? In Harold Bloom's 1973 publication of his provocative *The Anxiety of Influence* he centers on the process in which a lesser poet, like Keats, for example, is overshadowed by a superpoet like Milton. An interesting question one might ask is whether the model of the father-son relationship translates into the experience of the female writer? And another compelling question is how does the critic represent the anxiety of the female writer?

First, I want to say that I think all discourse is chameleon-like, so all writers experience, to a certain extent, an anxiety of influence. Moreover, Woolf led an unconventional life, so that one of the comforts composition gave her was the assurance of entering a public discourse. Over and over again, Woolf reminds us that genius and creativity are never solitary miracles, but are the hard-won fruits of a collective voice, out of which the innovator may soar, only if she refers back to the earlier, and perhaps more conventional discourse. But the important word here is *refer*. Not surprisingly then, Woolf is never so happy as when she is writing parody. *Orlando*, of course, with its literary history, is a novel about writing and self-reflexivity. In that externalization, Woolf found protection in the company of writers like Shakespeare and Sir Thomas Browne. And she welcomed the

opposition from writers like D. H. Lawrence, whose aggressive individuality she loathed. For her, he was an example of an author who had not paid his dues, and so, would forever be satirized for his blatant egotism.

In *Anti-Oedipus*, Deleuze and Guattari argue that psychoanalysis is proof that most people have internalized fascism and perpetuate the desire to be led, to have someone else legislate life. They also argue that the Oedipus complex is political, not personal, and that it perpetuates repression, and thus paralyzes the will of a people who acknowledge it. As always, I am struck with the wisdom of Foucault, who argues in the book's preface that we must combat political ascetics who would preserve the "the pure order of politics and political discourse."⁷ More to the point, Foucault writes that we must avoid "The poor technicians of desire—psychoanalysts and semiologists of every sign and symptom—who would subjugate the multiplicity of desire to the two-fold law of structure and lack."⁸ Actually, when Woolf writes of the barbarous exclusiveness of heterosexual love in *To the Lighthouse*, she provides as proof Paul's cruel profile and Minta's simpering adoration of his "masculine" cruelty. Here we perceive her harsh satire of marriage. When she dramatizes Lily's complicity with the institution by presenting her jealousy, we realize that Woolf believes that neither the sycophant nor the rebel can escape the lair of the negative, or the old categories of law, limit, lack and castration. And even today, theorists and analysts like Julia Kristeva, still adhere to Freudian concepts like castration. For example, in her chapter entitled *Illustrations of Feminine Depression*, Kristeva claims the loss of the erotic object for women is synonymous with castration. She claims, "Even though a woman has no penis to lose, it is her entire—body and especially soul—that she feels is threatened by castration. As if her phallus were her psyche, the loss of the erotic object breaks up and threatens to empty her whole psychic life."⁹ Thus the psychic void which results is followed by an inevitable depression. And it is worth noting, at this point, too, that many female writers who continue their analyses of Freud's Dora do not challenge the Oedipal roadblock, which he set up when he analyzed her.

For example in Ellie Ragland-Sullivan's "Dora and the Name-of-the-Father: The Structure of Hysteria," she uses Lacan to support her own apparent prejudice against bisexuality. She says, "Lacan considers Dora's refusal of a man's offer to accompany her into the woods as representative of a hysteric's vacillation between identifying her sexual desire with a woman or a man."¹⁰ Falling into the trap she wants to avoid, Sullivan embraces Freud's dictum that identity is always determined by sexuality. So she adds, "In this context bisexual identification would represent the ego's scanning of its own unconscious desire for answers. Who am I? Who should I be? Where can I go? What (whom) do I want? Such scanning seeks resolution on the side of peace, although such peace may never be found."¹¹ In fact Woolf herself was influenced by Freud. As Hermione

Lee claims, "Increasingly in the 1930s, she would use terms borrowed from psychoanalysis—repression, complex, suppression, ambivalence. She knew these terms well from conversation and journalism, even though, in spite of her close connections to the British psycho-analytical movement, she did not read the primary texts until the late 1930s. But though she finds the psychoanalytical terminology more useful than her repudiations of Freud might lead one to expect, she tends to use it more for political purposes (as when mocking the complexes of the angry patriarchs in *Three Guineas*) than for talking about her illness."¹² However, I would like to qualify Lee's assertions. Though it may be true that Woolf didn't read Freud's primary texts until the late 30s, she was among intellectuals who, in the 20s, were discussing his ideas (I'm thinking especially of Lytton Strachey, whose brother, James, was Freud's authorized translator). For certainly Woolf's long and extended descriptions of Rachel's dead mother in *The Voyage Out* dramatize the mourning of the orphaned daughter for a mother who "had wished of course to breed sons, whom she figured as bold defenders and besiegers, rough stalwart men, who were to express for her through their excessive vigour and scorn her own spite against the restrictions of her sex."¹³ And in *To the Lighthouse*, the emotional sub-text of anguish in the daughter's Oedipal exclusion by the mother's unqualified preference for her son, is played out in the necklace scene, where Cam selects her mother's necklace, but James takes her arm. Moreover, in Mrs. Ramsay's adopted daughter, Lily Briscoe, Woolf re-enacts her own grief over a mother who never acknowledges her uniqueness, and dies without giving her her rightful respect. Most critics now accept the fact that Julia Stephen's preference for her sons, and her preoccupation with her husband's demands was detrimental to Virginia.

But the analyst/writer in Woolf, as Hermione Lee so convincingly argues, "was to create an original language of her own, in fiction and in autobiographical writing, which could explain her illness to her and give it value, as in this 1910 letter to her sister, Vanessa: "I feel my brain like a pear to see if it is ripe; it will be exquisite by September."¹⁴ And later, Woolf would say, "Once or twice I have felt the odd whirr of wings in the head when I am ill so often . . . I believe these illnesses are in my case—how shall I express it?—partly mystical. Something happens in my mind. It refuses to go on registering impressions. It shuts itself up. It becomes chrysalis. I lie quite torpid, often with acute pain . . . Then suddenly something springs . . . ideas rush in me; often though this is before I can control my mind or pen" (D3, 287). Here Woolf both honors her illness, and competes with the deterministic discourses of psychoanalysis, which were insulting to her. I am reminded of Kamiya Miyeko's statement in her article, *Virginia Woolf: An Outline of a Study on her Personality, Illness and Work* published by *Confinia Psychiatrica* 8, 1965. There she says of Woolf "To be constantly integrating and creating a world of her own in her writings. That was her only possible mode of

being as a human personality and her tragedy” (202). Perhaps her actual tragedy was that in 1941, she felt she could no longer create a world of her own in writing. She said in her *Diary* as she was completing *Between the Acts*:

No echo comes back. I have no surroundings. I have so little sense of a public that I forgot about Roger coming or not coming out. Those familiar circumlocutions—those standards—which have for so many years given halls an echo and thickened my identity are all wide and wild as the desert now. (D5, 299)

Though Kamiya was probably mistaken in calling Woolf’s compulsion to write a kind of tragedy, she did see in Woolf’s personality what she had always known, that one’s mental illness helped form one’s very character, one’s patterns of survival as well as one’s tragedy. Writing 14 years after Kamiya’s death Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari have advocated a more extreme embrace of the so-called mentally ill. These two thinkers have, along with Nietzsche, proclaimed that behind the closed doors of the analyst’s office there’s a foul smell and that what is needed is “a relationship with the outside world.” Specifically, they have coined the term schizoanalysis in opposition to psychoanalysis. If psychoanalysis measures everything against neurosis and castration, schizoanalysis begins with the schizo and his or her breakdowns and breakthroughs. Deleuze and Guattari assert that “a schizophrenic out for a walk is a better model than a neurotic lying on the analyst’s couch.” They are fascinated with the move from breakdowns to breakthroughs, from paranoia to schizophrenia, and from fascism to revolution. They are opposed to such oedipalized territories as the Church, the School, the Family, the Nation and the Party. Ultimately what schizoanalysis attempts to cure is the “cure” itself. And in its place they would have us examine the life flows which have not been reduced to Oedipal codes. Ultimately they advocate a kind of participation in a “subject group” whose erotic investments are themselves revolutionary, a group which causes its desire to penetrate into the social field. Deleuze and Guattari call for actions and passions of a collective nature, which learn from madness, but move beyond it. For them, like Woolf, and to a certain degree Kamiya, process is everything. They have written, “Revolutionaries, artists, and seers are content to be objective, merely objective: they know that desire clasps life in its powerfully productive embrace, and reproduces it in a way all the more intense because it has few needs.” Undoubtedly they would approve Woolf’s exploration of her heightened states of consciousness and the languages of creativity which emerge from those states. Nowhere were these languages more apparent than in her brilliant novel, *Mrs Dalloway*. There, Septimus Warren Smith, like Woolf, must deal with doctors whose attitudes to-

ward health center on their need to thoroughly infantilize the “patient.” Like the American psychologist Silas Weir Mitchell, Woolf’s doctors, especially Dr. Savage, advocated that she be completely separated from family and friends when ill, that she refrain from all reading and writing, and that she eat enormous amounts of food and drink mulled wine every evening. Like Dr. Holmes’s advice to Septimus, who is shell-shocked, Woolf’s doctors advocated balance and moderation. In reaction to those patriarchal discourses of psychoanalysis, Woolf reacted with outrage and determination. In Woolf’s preliminary notes to *Mrs. Dalloway*, she said of Septimus, “He must some how see through human nature—see its hypocrisy, and insincerity, its power to recover from every wound, incapable of taking any final impression. His sense that it is not worth having” (Ms Notebook dated 9 Nov.1922–2 Aug 1923, 12, Berg). Woolf savagely attacked both doctors and psychiatrists in *Mrs Dalloway*. “Exasperation should be the dominant theme at the Drs.,” she told herself in her notes for Septimus (*Mrs. Dalloway*, notebook, 2 Aug, 1923, Berg). Septimus, perhaps more than any other character, embodies Woolf’s belief that often the perspectives of the radically alienated, in Septimus’ case, one who suffers from post-traumatic stress, carry with them a kind of wisdom earned by those who are no longer afraid of conventional consequences. The careful reader might say that while Rezia is neurotic, Septimus approaches the ecstatic, yet torturous insights of the schizophrenic. Septimus’ ideas are dangerous and revolutionary, precisely because he never hides his loathing for the doctors who always misunderstand him, and who cover their ignorance with inane platitudes. I believe that Woolf’s own fears and hatreds were somewhat dispelled in her compelling characterization of Septimus. For example, in one scene, Septimus muses that “human beings have neither kindness, nor faith, nor charity beyond what serves to increase the pleasure of the moment. They hunt in packs. Their packs scour the desert and vanish screaming into the wilderness” (MD, 99). If you consider the atrocities which Septimus endured in WWI this description of war is close to the truth. To such despairing cynicism, Dr. Holmes recommends that Septimus throw himself into “outside interests; take up some hobby” (MD, 101). And Septimus’ delusional visions of Evans, the man he loved who was blown up before his eyes during the War, recur throughout the novel. In one such scene, Septimus chants “Communication is health; communication is happiness. Communication, he muttered” (MD, 104). This example illustrates Woolf’s understanding that cultural and verbal constructs change the tenor of their meanings contextually. But if Septimus’ extreme and insane wisdom carries with it the opening up of possibility, it also demands a heavy price. For Septimus repeats over and over again that he has committed a crime. And it may be true that all men who fight in wars are criminals. But Septimus hallucinates as a result of England’s social atrocities. Where

others can simply rest on the grounds of Regent's Park, Septimus feels the red roses growing through his back whenever he rests there. And though Leonard Woolf always rescued his wife from the rest homes to which he committed her, Rezia hasn't the social power to save Septimus. So that when Sir William Bradshaw speaks, the consequences imply Septimus' suicide. Bradshaw pontificates: "Health we must have; and health is proportion; so that when a man comes to your room and says he is Christ (a common delusion), and has a message, as they mostly have, and threatens, as they often do, to kill himself, you invoke proportion; order rest in bed; rest in solitude; silence and rest; rest without friends, without books, without messages; six months rest; so that a man who went in weighing seven stone six comes out weighing twelve" (MD, 110). This exact weight gain followed Woolf's incarceration in a rest home just prior to the composition of *Mrs. Dalloway*. As I said in *The Short Season Between Two Silences*, Woolf was anorexic, and she was always suicidal when she left these imprisoning rest homes. I think it safe to say that Woolf's treatment at the hands of English psychiatrists was as much the source of her politics as was her sexual abuse by her half brothers. For the treatment of clients is intimately bound up with questions of human rights.

But illusion was escape for Woolf, whose narrator in *Orlando* proclaims "Illusions are to the soul what the atmosphere is to the earth. Roll up that tender air and the plant dies, the color fades" (*Orlando*, 203). And she evoked illusion by entering the minds of those whose suffering cut them loose from traditional limits. But she did it in other ways as well. She was obsessed by the concept of the anonymous "languages" of pre-history. Sometimes she imagined these languages as sounding like the keening of people who speak in voices. For example, the battered old woman in *Mrs. Dalloway* chants "ee um fah um so, foo swee too eem oo, the voice of no age or sex, the voice of an ancient spring spouting from the earth; which issued, just opposite Regent's Park Tube Station, from a tall quivering shape, like a funnel, like a rusty pump, like a wind beaten tree forever barren of leaves which lets the wind run up and down its branches singing ee um fah um so, foo swee too eem oo, and rocks and moans in the eternal breeze" (MD, 90). In 1938, when Hitler unleashed his million armed men upon the world, Woolf really believed that "the complete ruin not only of civilization in Europe was imminent, but that it was also her last lap" (AWD, 289). She relinquished any sense of community during this time, calling what might appear to be solidarity, the "herd impulse." In her *Diary* she wrote:

And as we're all equally in the dark
we cant cluster and gossip; we are beginning to feel
the herd impulse. (D5, 166)

Her inability to build a literary bridge into the present persisted to the end of her life. But in her clearest political essay, "The Leaning Tower," she does conjecture a literature of the future:

The novel of a classless and towerless world should be a better novel than the old novel. The novelist will have more interesting people to describe—people who have had a chance to develop their humour, their gifts, their tastes; real people, not people cramped and squashed into featureless masses by hedges.¹⁵

She wanted to write something like this when she was composing her last novel, *Between the Acts*. But the time was not right for such a vision. Instead, she returned to her deeply appealing illusion of the beginnings of story-telling. After inscribing "Nov. 22, 1940" on the last page of the typescript of *Between the Acts*, Woolf said in her *Diary*, "Having this moment finished the Pageant—Poyntz Hall? . . . my thoughts turn well up, to write the first chapter of the next book (nameless) Anon, it will be called." Certainly the novel and the essay should be read as companion pieces, since, in both, Woolf is looking for a link between past and future which will transcend the emptiness of the present moment. In *Between the Acts*, she fails to find the link, but in *Anon*, she retreats into one of her favorite fantasies, into an illusion of classlessness and gender neutrality, to a time when the word was sung only for emotional expression, and the audience was as much the creator as was the singer.

The voice that broke the silence of the forests was the voice of Anon. Someone heard the song and remembered it for it was later written down, beautifully on parchment. Thus the singer had his audience, but the audience was so little interested in his name that he never thought to give it. The audience was itself the singer: "Terly, terlow" they sang and "By, by lullay"; filling in the pauses, helping with a chorus. Everybody shared in the creation of Anon's song, and supplies the story. Anon sang because spring has come; or winter is gone; because he loves; because he is hungry or lustful; or merry or because he adores some god. Anon is sometimes man; sometimes woman. He is the common voice singing out of doors.¹⁶

In *Anon*, the act of creativity is synonymous with a harmonious and well-balanced culture. *Anon* and *Between the Acts* are as different as night and day. One celebrates the dawn of civilization; the other, its demise. Finally, Woolf's escape into a pre-printing press, agricultural society is not unlike the refuge of Romantic poetry, where transcendence through nature creates an illusory victory over the burgeoning capitalism of late 19th century England. So to recapitulate: for both Woolf and Kamiya, identity was the conscious result of maintaining multiple per-

spectives in their writings and in their lives. And, in fact, Woolf's conception of reality "finds its model in the way language changes. For language is in a continuous evolution, transforming its conventional forms to express new emotions, while simultaneously pointing back to the older forms" (Short Season, 104).

Usually, Woolf learned from her illnesses, and moved beyond them. But the dark threats of WWII violence and fear, plus the fact that she felt she would no longer be able to write, plunged her into a blinding darkness. I believe that Woolf felt that her fictions were her children. When she had no more children to give Leonard, she felt she had failed. In the end, Woolf did not destroy the capitalist truism that she who no longer produces, no longer exists. So far as I'm concerned, this feeling of uselessness and the reality of her silence is what killed Woolf, whose day-self lived in cities where her adaptability flourished. As she said in different ways all through her diary: "I will go on adventuring, changing, opening my eyes, refusing to be stamped and stereotyped" (D4, 187). This refusal to stand still, to be caught in some smug stance is apparent in her playfully defiant *Orlando*, where she employs the multiplicities of language to describe the ambivalence of fluid sexual identities. But her night self, her isolated self, was caught in unrequited longing and desire. Perhaps that is the writer's dilemma: in order to write one must acknowledge that usually absence produces the need to create narrative. Perhaps Freud was correct when he understood this, and developed his concept of sublimation. At any rate, when Woolf couldn't write anymore or found writing very difficult, she escaped into mysticism, into a renunciation of her body. For instance, in 1936, after three years work and eight revisions of *The Years*, Woolf received the proofs of that novel, and notes her response to that tormenting process:

It was cold and dry and very grey and I went
out and walked through the graveyard
with Cromwell's daughter's tomb through Gray's
Inn along Holborn and so back. Now I was no
longer Virginia, the genius, but only a perfectly
magnificent yet content, shall I call it spirit? (AWD, 261)

For Woolf and perhaps for the Western sensibility in general, mysticism implies renunciation and wordlessness. I don't think that holds true for the ways many Asian people experience mysticism. For example, as noted, when Kamiya was 21, she contracted TB, and since there was no cure in 1935, she was banished to Karuizawa, where she lived only with the servants in her family's country home for a year. These servants refused to touch her when they served her meals. Moreover, the man who was probably her fiancée before she met Kamiya Noburo, died within that same year. Miyeko told her daughter-in-

law that she had her first mystical experience during this period of suffering. However, unlike Woolf, Kamiya's mystical experience was a prelude to wordfulness, not renunciation and silence. Because while Kamiya was alone, she began to read and write English and Greek. In other words, she taught herself two foreign languages in the midst of this mystical ambience. She read Sophocles' *Antigone* in 1935, and that Greek heroine became an icon of bravery to her, as she was also for Woolf. In 1936, when Kamiya had a second attack of TB, she again went to Karuizawa, where she read Marcus Aurelius for the first time, and began to correspond with the philosopher, Mitani Takamasa. Despite the fact that Kamiya went with her family to Switzerland when she was nine, and studied French at the Jean-Jacques Rousseau Elementary School, she retained a certain Buddhist cultural orientation all her life. Like Woolf, she knew wide mood swings both as a child and an adult. She was often quite depressed over the cost of her successes. She frequently called herself a "monster" because she left her young sons in Takarazuka in 1957 when she travelled by boat to the Nagashima Aiseien Leper Colony for three days during the week to care for the lepers. It seems that the cost of success for the high fliers, those women who identify with their fathers but surpass their achievements, is daunting for both English and Japanese women. But there was something unshakable about the fact that Kamiya was the eldest daughter in an upper middle class Japanese family. Though both Woolf and Kamiya grew up in troubled families, Kamiya was always the enabler for her siblings. Not surprisingly, she became a doctor. While Woolf, the youngest daughter, always acted the part of the devilish clown, on the one hand, and the moody child, on the other. She exerted her leadership as a storyteller, and later she had no choice but to become a novelist. Though Kamiya, like Woolf, wrote about her determination to live out all the many selves she developed: the shy teen-ager, the obsessive student of psychology, and the tender but determined doctor for the lepers, the very Japanese concept of duty and responsibility acted to stabilize her throughout her life.

Like Woolf, she chose to soften the blow of egotism in her narrative strategies. She often wrote in the voices of her own patients, for example. In many ways, Woolf was like a literary mother. And in rewriting Woolf's life, she revealed her own. For example, in her *Pathographies*, she wrote about Woolf's novels and political essays.

When she interpreted Woolf's concept of androgyny in *A Room of One's Own* to infer bisexuality, she was reading what she wanted to hear. For Kamiya, Woolf had undeniably fictionalized a bisexual body in *A Room of One's Own*. And that excited her in her upper middle class marriage. Certainly, I am not implying that Miyeko's and Noburo's marriage was unhappy. It was both arranged and happy. But bisexuality was of increasing interest to someone like Kamiya

who had Platonic relationships with people like her best friend, Akashi Miyo, who is still a practicing internist in Japan today. And with another woman, whom I can only call Miss X, the desire for intimacy was even more complex. In fact, Kamiya's daughter-in-law, Kamiya Nagako, believes the emotional genesis of Kamiya's care for Woolf emerges from the guilt she felt for the loss of a certain Miss X, whom she knew as a close friend between 1936 and 1949. In 1936 when Kamiya was 22, just graduated from Tsuda College, and just recovering from a serious bout with tuberculosis, she was approached by Miss X's brother who introduced her to his younger sister. He told her that Miss X was lively, but that she wrote very poorly. Kamiya agreed to teach Miss X, who, at 17, had just entered Tokyo Women's Christian College. Though Miss X resisted the instruction initially, when Miyeko gave her challenging exercises in creative writing, she changed her mind.

Once she wrote about "pygmies flying through the sky and beckoning to me," and Miyeko asked her if she were using a metaphor, or if she really heard voices. She answered "no" she wasn't using metaphors, and she did hear voices. Kamiya was disturbed by these patterns of speech, but knew that other writers like Nerval and Woolf used psychotic images, as well. She wondered if they, like Miss X, paid for their creativity with illnesses. One should remember that Woolf committed suicide in 1941, and that she was 54 in 1936. Kamiya Nagako believes that the image of Miss X and Woolf began to merge in Kamiya's mind in 1936. Of course Miss X was falling in love with Miyeko in the midst of all this.

Although her teaching was effective, Miyeko's problems with Miss X became quite intense. For three months, Miss X failed to appear for her tutoring sessions. Then suddenly she showed up one day, inviting Kamiya to join her at a Bach concert in the evening. Miyeko complied, and was surprised to see Miss X sitting beside a handsome man named Dr. Shimazaki, who later turned out to be the psychiatrist who treated Miss X for schizophrenia during the three months she was hospitalized and missed her lessons. Years after this, Kamiya began to study what was then called "Mental Medicine" with Dr. Shimazaki at Tokyo University. Kamiya told her daughter-in-law that she was irresponsible twice with Miss X: first she told her without warning that she had married Kamiya Noburo in 1946. But the second mistake turned out to be fatal for Miss X. In 1949, Miyeko and Kamiya Noburo were planning a trip to America, and during one of Miss X's visits, Miyeko told her about these plans. Miss X turned pale. That night, she went home, took an overdose of sleeping pills, and never recovered. Seventeen years after Miss X's death, Kamiya was in Rodmell, talking to Leonard Woolf. She said, "I'm sure there's a moment we can never avoid, however much we try. Mental disease is such that we can not prevent suicide. If I had to bear the consciousness of guilt for the suicide of all my patients, I could never live." Nonetheless, she did live for another 19 years. For

much of that time, she celebrated Woolf's life in her writing. But like Woolf, she died unexpectedly before her time, leaving her work in mid-sentence . . . leaving it, perhaps, for us to interpret.

Notes

1. Makiko Minow-Pinkney, "How then does light return to the world after the eclipse of the sun? Miraculously, frailly?: A Psychoanalytic Interpretation of Woolf's Mysticism." In *Virginia Woolf and the Arts*, pp. 90–98.
2. As Hermione Lee said in her *Virginia Woolf* (1998), "The neuropsychiatric effects of the drugs she was given need to be considered. We know that during the course of her life she was prescribed veronal, adalin, chloral hydrate, potassium bromide, and digitalis. Chloral, veronal, and paraldehyde are sedatives. Like alcohol and the modern benzodiazepines (such as valium and Mogadon), they are sleep-inducing "hypnotics" if taken under quiet conditions (though in 1904 we find her complaining that Savage's "sleeping draught" has given her "a headache and nothing else"). But taken in large doses in conditions of arousal, they can cause excitement, impaired judgement, euphoria, talkativeness, violent rage, and eventually full-blown delirium. That is, they can produce all the symptoms of mania. In September 1913, during her "mania," Vanessa writes to Leonard hoping that the violence is "mainly due to sleeping draught." Is this entirely unlikely? In her breakdown in May 1904, Virginia Stephen experienced auditory hallucinations. If from the the start of her breakdown, she was being given large doses of veronal and chloral hydrate, and if the delusions took place some weeks into her breakdown, perhaps at this point, when the dosage of the drugs was being reduced, then hallucinations could have resulted." pp. 180–81.
3. Madeline Moore, *The Short Season Between Two Silences*, p. 119.
4. Madeline Moore, "Virginia Woolf and the Good Brother," in *Virginia Woolf: Texts and Contexts*, p. 172.
5. Madeline Moore, *The Short Season Between Two Silences*, p. 60.
6. Julia Kristeva, *Black Sun*, p. 23.
7. Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *Anti Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, p. xii.
8. *Ibid*, pp. xii–xiii.
9. Julia Kristeva, *Black Sun*, p. 82.
10. Ellie Ragland-Sullivan, "Dora and the Name of the Father: The Structure of Hysteria" in *Discontented Discourses: Feminism, Textual Intervention, Psychoanalysis*, p. 234.
11. *Loc. cit.*
12. Hermione Lee, p. 187.
13. Madeline Moore, *The Short Season Between Two Silences*, p. 38.
14. Hermione Lee, p. 187.
15. "The Leaning Tower," *Collected Essays*, II, p. 179.

16. *Anon.* Typescript fragment with the author's ms. corrections, unsigned and undated, pp. 1–2. Berg.

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要 約

ヴァージニア・ウルフと神谷美恵子： 物語（ナレティブ）、幻想
とアイデンティティー

マデリン・モアー

このエッセイで私は、物語（ナレティブ）、幻想とアイデンティティーの二重現象が、ウルフと神谷に見られる共通の物語構成の上でどのように具体化されているかを論じます。