### VIRGINIA WOOLF AND THE MADNESS OF LANGUAGE

Daniel Ferrer

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### Volume 3

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### DANIEL FERRER

# Translated by GEOFFREY BENNINGTON AND RACHEL BOWLBY



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# To Hélène Cixous



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# ABBREVIATIONS AND NOTE ON TEXTS

References to texts by Virginia Woolf are included within the main text, using abbreviations and editions as in the following list. The date given is that of the first publication.

- VO *The Voyage Out* (New York: Harcourt Brace & World 1915)
- ND Night and Day (London: Duckworth 1919)
- JR Jacob's Room (St Alban's: Panther 1922)
- MD Mrs Dalloway (Harmondsworth: Penguin 1925)
- TL To the Lighthouse (New York: Modern Library 1927)
- W The Waves (Harmondsworth: Penguin 1931)
- Y The Years (London: Granada 1937)
- BA Between the Acts (Harmondsworth: Penguin 1941)
- WD A Writer's Diary (London: Hogarth Press 1947)
- CE Collected Essays, 1-4 (London: Chatto & Windus 1967)
- MB Moments of Being: Unpublished Autobiographical Writings (London: Hogarth Press 1976)
- L Letters, 1-6 (London: Chatto & Windus 1980)
- D The Diary of Virginia Woolf, 1–5 (London: Hogarth Press 1984)

The Collected Essays were edited by Leonard Woolf; Moments of Being by Jeanne Schulkind; the Letters by Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Trautmann; the Diaries by Anne Olivier Bell, assisted for three of the volumes by Andrew McNeillie.

Unless otherwise indicated, all italics and ellipses in quotations have been added.



### 1

# **INTRODUCTION**

I met a traveller from an antique land Who said: two vast and trunkless legs of stone Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand, Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown, And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, Tell that its sculptor well those passions read Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things, The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed: And on the pedestal these words appear: 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'

If Shelley, the anonymous first-person narrator, and the traveller are all to be believed (but this is already begging the question), the features of the broken sculpture 'tell' us something about the sculptor before they tell us anything about the model. What we read on the stone sends us back to a previous reading ('tell that its sculptor well those passions read'); and though we know nothing of the original 'text' (the face of the living Ozymandias), the quality of this reading can be taken as proof that the sculptor was perceptive, skilful, and sincere (not a flatterer: 'mocked' is more than a synonym of 'imitated'). This in turn proves that the sculpture is a reliable representation of the model.

The semiotic artefact (be it a stone colossus or a simple verbal statement) refers in two opposite directions: upstream, towards the producer, and downstream, towards its ostensible object. Some aspects of this process are fairly well controlled: dramatists have always known that they can portray their

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characters very effectively just by making them speak. Here, Ozymandias's proclamation tells us more about him as its author than as its object; and Ozymandias himself obviously thought that his 'works', whatever they might have been, would convey a clear message about their creator.

The upstream reference is necessarily an indirect one, for it implies a series of inferences. In that respect, it is similar to the reference to the model's character (Ozymandias's imperious coldness is inferred from the sneer on his face):2 we read it in the same way as we recognize an imprint or a symptom.<sup>3</sup> But it is not possible to oppose this indirect process to the apparent simplicity of the straightforward downstream reference, for there is an inevitable contamination of each by the other: the status of the referential message ultimately depends on the credibility of its enunciator, and that credibility is affected by the perception of the message itself and its referential value. This relation of mutual implication is the source of numerous interferences and unavoidable ambiguities which only the context enables us to disentangle. 4 But context is an unreliable resource. In Shelley's poem, the final lines emphatically deny all context:

> Nothing beside remains. Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare The lone and level sands stretch far away.

And even when there is one, the solutions it can provide are only provisional: ambiguity will reappear at a higher level.<sup>5</sup>

Since the beginning of modernity and the crisis of representation<sup>6</sup> – since *Tristram Shandy*, say, in the history of the novel – it has become increasingly difficult to ignore these ambiguities or pretend they are just accidental. But different attitudes can be taken to them. Historically one of the most significant is that of the Jamesian school of subjective narration, which tries to control the interference by folding back the two referential processes on to each other, and including the subject within the representation. This is perfectly expressed in a book which Virginia Woolf read with great care (she reviewed it and considered it a landmark in criticism), Percy Lubbock's *The Craft of Fiction*:

When the point of view is definitely included in the book, when it can be recognised and verified there, then every

### INTRODUCTION

side of the book is equally wrought and fashioned. Otherwise it may seem like a thing meant to stand against a wall, with one side left in the rough; and there is no wall for a novel to stand against.<sup>7</sup>

Although we can understand this need for definiteness and verification, this desire to complete representation on all its 'sides' by attempting to heal the open wound of the subject, it now seems naive to hope that this might be achieved through control of the narrative point of view. We know that whether or not a point of view is included in the representation (sculpture is a form that can hardly achieve this), the work of art points towards another position, a logical construction which, to follow Wayne Booth, may be called the 'implied author', <sup>8</sup> and beyond this towards the actual author. . . .

As a writer of 'stream-of-consciousness fiction', often understood as the most effective method for breaking down the distinction between subject and object, Virginia Woolf might easily be supposed to sympathize with Lubbock's dictum. Although she never directly stated her opinion on the subject, carefully avoiding the issue in her review, it is significant that her own creative experience (the writing of Mrs Dalloway) led her to express total disapproval of Lubbock's theories. In her diary, she says that 'the fact that I've been so long finding [what I call my tunnelling process] proves, I think, how false Percy Lubbock's doctrine is – that you can do this sort of thing consciously' (WD: 61). The displacement of the contradiction is remarkable: Virginia Woolf is not saving anything about Lubbock's prescription of an integrated point of view, only challenging the idea that the selection of the point of view and the narrative method can be made consciously. Where Lubbock's pat formalism establishes a purely abstract perspective, Virginia Woolf reintroduces the writer and thereby the unconscious which the whole system was set up to deny. What appeared to be an impregnable position of control is gently circumvented; beyond the suture, the wound is reopened on the exquisitely 'wrought and fashioned' side of the statue.

The very choice of image (a 'tunnelling process') shows that Virginia Woolf is not engaged in a work of consolidation but, on the contrary, one of undermining the basis of representation. In the last analysis, as we shall see, it is a matter of an aesthetic choice. To continue to speak in terms of sculpture,

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Virginia Woolf's work is closer to the radical incompleteness of Percy Shelley's 'colossal wreck', standing against no wall but lying against a background of hyperbolic absence, than to the perfection of Lubbock's statue, complete unto itself.<sup>9</sup>

In her own essay, 'Craftsmanship', Virginia Woolf takes up the problem where *The Craft of Fiction* left off. She insists on the

strange . . . diabolical power which words possess . . . to suggest the writer. . . . Why words do this, how they do it . . . nobody knows. They do it without the writer's will; often against his will. . . . Even words that are hundreds of years old have this power; when they are new they have it so strongly that they deafen us to the writer's meaning. . . . That is one reason why our judgements of living writers are so wildly erratic. Only after the writer is dead do his words to some extent become disinfected, purified of the accidents of the living body.

(CE, 2:248)

These remarks, and especially the suggestion that it is only retrospectively, after the writer's death, that his or her words can become free of the limitations imposed by the very fact of existing, take on a particular intensity, a strange power indeed, when we think of the extreme practical consequences which their author seems to have drawn from them. To suggest that there might be a link between what looks like a purely theoretical speculation on the subjectivity of language, and the reality of Virginia Woolf's suicide might seem to be a joke in poor taste. Of course, no one would seriously contend that she committed suicide for literary reasons or that the mental crisis which directly led to her death was anything that could be called a literary madness. But the words we have quoted insist that there is a link between printed words and their writer's life and death, even if the nature of the link is left unspecified; and, as we have just seen, we do sense such a connection when we read these words.

Virginia Woolf<sup>10</sup> is addressing two different problems at the same time. She speaks of the relation between enunciation and its subject, of the way any sentence points towards a subjective position from which it is uttered; she also speaks of the articulation between a writer and 'his' work. Both questions are