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## “For There She Was”: A Reading of "The Origin of the Work of Art" with Mrs. Dalloway as Case Study

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Heidegger's notion of unconcealment is an intriguing one. Rendering Van Gogh's painting of the peasant shoes and the Greek temple as examples, Heidegger shows how a "work sets up a world" (170). The artwork becomes the arbiter of truth and brings the world out of concealment. Yet there are significant questions raised by Heidegger's essay. The first is, does Heidegger posit a method for approaching individual artworks? If not, can we derive a method? Second, is his theory valid in the case of the literary arts, prose and the novel in particular? Finally, a third question comes into play: what happens when the subject of the artwork is a person? Although Heidegger deliberately moves to the temple because it is non-representational, what about the tradition of art that takes individual people as its subject? Does Heidegger allow for the problematic of the subject/object relationship?

I will use Virginia Woolf's novel *Mrs. Dalloway* as a case study by which to examine these problems. My argument is that *Mrs. Dalloway* exposes the problems of Heidegger: that he has no real method of criticism, that he ignores the case of the novel, and that he inadvertently objectifies the human being when the human is the subject of the artwork. The

very fact that a person's name ~ in short, her personhood ~ is also the title of the artwork, in the case of *Mrs. Dalloway*, raises one important issue: is it possible for a person to serve in the same place as the shoes or the temple? Is it fair? If we take the character as the artwork, then we can examine how and who Clarissa Dalloway is through Peter's perspectives of her, who might be said to treat her as his own work of art. Certainly Peter Walsh's concluding thought "For there she was" seems to sum up his conflicted fascination and love of this woman. Does she stand in the same kind of deliberate contrast to her world as the painting of shoes?

Heidegger begins "The Origin of the Work of Art" by announcing that, as long as we classify the work of art as belonging to the class of things, we must first define what a thing is. First, he writes, "if we consider the works in their untouched actuality and do not deceive ourselves, the result is that the works are as naturally present as are things" (145). Fair enough. He explains, "the picture hangs on the wall like a rifle or hat" (145). Certainly, the materiality of artwork is important to remember given the commodified world in which we live; as Heidegger points out, pictures are shipped and stored and handled by laborers just as any other type of good. Yet I find his pairing of art with the hat and rifle a curious one. After all, hats and rifles do not typically hang on walls; when they do, it is because they have been put away for the time being. The brackets and hooks that allow them to hang make them easily accessible, and contribute to their equipmentality overall. It is true that rifles are sometimes

displayed as historical artifacts to be admired and respected, signs of glory or defeat in battle, so perhaps this is what Heidegger is thinking of when he compares a painting to a rifle. Even the example of a hat is justifiable, I suppose. Hats are utilitarian, especially before the 1960s, but they serve an aesthetic role as well, like art. We have seen a parallel obsession over women's high-heeled shoes in recent times; one can buy shoe-themed figurines and note cards in museum gift shops. Nevertheless, this is not the direction that Heidegger seems to want to go with his analogy. He means us to start from the painting and look back to the rifle and hat, in order to lead us to our common sense that the artwork obviously differs from the equipmental object. Even though there is a great deal of overlap between artworks and utilitarian things, the way in which each is "naturally present" is different. Indeed, Heidegger explains that "the artwork is...something other than the mere thing itself...[it]make public something other than itself; it manifests something other; it is an allegory" (145). Already, Heidegger has put the artwork in two realms, that of the thing and that of the symbol.

Therefore, one direction that this essay might take is Marxist and materialist. I could argue that Heidegger is foolishly metaphysical with all his talk of Dasein and aletheia; we cannot separate ourselves or our creative works from the economic hegemony in which we live. However, I am not going to do so, and I am certainly not at the point where I can throw my baby idea of Heidegger out with the bathwater. In all fairness, Heidegger has a much more sophisticated idea

about thingliness. In the end, "only one element is needful: to keep at a distance all the preconceptions and assaults" regarding the artwork as a thing, and "to leave the thing to rest in its own self, for instance, in its thing-being" (157). We come now to Heidegger's famous explication of Van Gogh's painting of the work boots. He argues that it is not the shoes themselves, but our coming before the painting of the shoes, that allows the truth of shoes to be revealed. This is the closest he comes to a method. As he puts it:

The equipmental quality of equipment was discovered. But how? Not by a description and explanation of a pair of shoes actually present; not by a report about the process of making shoes; and also not by the observation of the actual use of shoes occurring here and there; but only by bringing ourselves before Van Gogh's painting. The painting spoke. In the nearness of the work we were suddenly somewhere else than we usually tend to be. (161)

The painting of the shoes is separated from any other intellectualization of the shoes; it is neither a "description" nor an "explanation," nor is it a "report" or an "observation" of the shoes themselves. In fact, our experience with the shoes is dependent on us as thinking persons, doing the kind of rational cognition characteristic of classical and Enlightenment philosophy, but our experience with the painting is dependent on the painting<sup>1</sup>. The painting actu-

<sup>1</sup> I will not make a case out of the difference between the work and the

ally takes on the function of the person, because it "speaks," implying that it has also thought about what it will speak. In that sense, Heidegger has certainly distanced himself completely from the artwork as a thing; if any metaphor fits, it would be that the artwork is a person. I can see that my case study is going to be more difficult than I thought.

As we saw in the last passage, Heidegger is arguing that the artwork speaks for itself; by implication, intellectualizing on our part misses the mark and would tend towards objectifying the work of art. However, it would be impossible, I should think, to communicate what exactly the painting reveals without some kind of linguistic effort; that is, we are compelled to "observe" and "report" despite our desire to let the work speak for itself. Any such linguistic effort would also necessitate the naming of a subject and an object. Of course Heidegger does the same.

From the dark opening of the worn insides of the shoes the toilsome tread of the worker stares forth. In the stiffly rugged heaviness of the shoes there is the accumulated tenacity of her slow trudge through the far-spreading and ever-uniform furrows of the field swept by a raw wind. On the leather lie the dampness and richness of the soil. Under the soles stretches the loneliness of the field-path as evening

audience; suffice it to say that for our purposes here I will lump them together as Heidegger has. However, I find it significant that Heidegger inserts the audience into his syntax. Even if "the painting spoke," we are still here to listen.

falls. In the shoes vibrate the silent call of the earth, its quiet gift of the ripening grain and the unexplained self-refusal in the fallow desolation of the wintry field. (159).

One wonders if it really is the painting that matters here. The shoes themselves are the object of his thinking, and it is they that are objectified in order to make something of the viewer's experience. In fact, the explication is almost a work of art in itself. All the signs of poetry are here: the shoes come alive as they are imbued with increasing weight of allegory, first as the "tread of the worker stares forth" with anthropomorphic alacrity and then as the imagery of the raw, outdoor peasant life emerges. Out spill all the romantic associations of the humble country life, from the *Lyrical Ballads* to the agrarian parables of the Gospels. We get the whole cultural archetype of the seasons out of Heidegger's writing about the painting. So what does all this mean? Perhaps simply that non-linguistic art forms cannot be communicated by linguistic means, so we should not be trying to explain what the work is doing. It is interesting, then, that Heidegger did not choose to use a work of music as an example; instrumental music is practically impossible to talk about without the music being heard, although we can easily imagine what a painting of shoes looks like even when we have not seen it. Essentially, the modicum of "method" that I identified earlier is made impossible.

I should consider Heidegger's treatment of the Greek temple, though, before I go any further with this train of

thought. He chooses the temple for an example because it is not representational, asking "the question of truth with a view to the work" (167). Heidegger treats the temple in much the same way as the painting, first doing the opposite of what he proposes art does: speak for itself. He speaks for it instead, and as I suggested before, makes his own kind of ekphrastic art. He invokes a romantic view of nature here, too:

It is the temple-work that first fits together and at the same time gathers around itself the unity of those paths and relations in which birth and death, disaster and blessing, victory and disgrace, endurance and decline acquire the shape of destiny for human being. (167)

He soon turns towards nature:

The steadfastness of the work contrasts with the surge of the surf, and its own repose brings out the raging of the sea. Tree and grass, eagle and bull, snake and cricket first enter into their distinctive shapes and thus come to appear as what they are. The Greeks early called this emerging and rising in itself and in all things physis. It illuminates also that on which and in which man bases his dwelling. (168)

Before long, he takes us back towards the same meditation on earth as he did with the Van Gogh. Here he seems to find it necessary to do the kind of explication a literary critic does, and his waxing poetic becomes more like poetic commentary.

We call this ground the *earth*. What this word says is

not to be associated with the idea of a mass of matter deposited somewhere, or with the merely astronomical idea of a planet. Earth is that whence the arising brings back and shelters everything that arises as such. In the things that arise, earth occurs essentially as the sheltering agent. (168)

Julian Young, in *Heidegger's Philosophy of Art*, has a reaction similar to mine, in seeing these passages more as poetry than philosophy. He goes on to say that he believes the misunderstanding of Heidegger's essay comes from taking this passage too literally (22). I don't believe I am guilty of this; my point is simply that it is impossible to communicate a sense of learning, of truth, without some form of linguistic communication. In speaking about it, we are naming and delimiting it. The thing that Heidegger seems to want to argue about art then becomes impossible to say. He seems to have forgotten the communicative aspect of art. He has tried so hard to avoid the objectification of it, and the aesthetic ruination of it, that he has forgotten communication.

So we have arrived at the issue of language in the work of art. It is time, then, to shift our gaze outside "The Origin of the Work of Art" and towards another work of art, *Mrs. Dalloway*. The first problem to confront us is that if this novel can be unpacked in the same way that the painting or the temple can, then the subject of the work falls into the slot that Heidegger gives to things. We should be wary of any theory that might lead towards the objectifying of the human being, and this is one of those theories. I will consider first

the closing passage of the novel, the one that first led me to put these two texts in dialogue. The party that has come at the end of the day is now ending as well. The Dalloway house is emptying out. Peter Walsh, though, has made no move to leave. All through this day, he has faced his return to his native England, with so many images of his past. He is urged to bid goodbye, but he remains.

"I will come," said Peter, but he sat on for a moment.

What is this terror? what is this ecstasy? he thought to himself. What is it that fills me with extraordinary excitement?

It is Clarissa, he said.

For there she was. (194)

We can read this passage as almost parallel to the first Heidegger passage that I examined, on method. Somehow, Clarissa has awakened a world in Peter; it is her presence that makes his experience more alive, more charged. The other, perhaps "rational" or at least judgmental kinds of thoughts that he has had about her -that she has sold out, essentially, to a way of life based on class; that she has chosen the boring and stable over the passionate; that she is self-absorbed -dissipate as he experiences Clarissa anew. If we wish, we can take this contradiction as a flaw on Peter's part, meant to condemn the patriarchal tendency to view people as things. *A Room of One's Own* certainly demonstrates Woolf's acuity of vision in this regard. She is also, as we can easily see from this novel, aware how the Great War has seemed to make

machines of people, making them dispensable and rootless. As representative of the misogynist, imperialist Empire, Peter seems to lack the maturity that Clarissa and Sally have reached; after all, he has no sympathy for the subtleties and nuances of the long marriage. He takes Clarissa's aging as a flaw rather than an accomplishment. Even from a Kantian perspective, he has not become particularly thoughtful or reasoned. On the other hand, all seems to be forgiven in this final passage. Reason, in the Enlightenment tradition, seems to be set aside in favor of this simple resting and seeing. The final line does not even have a transitive verb. "For there she was". It is like the Greek temple, not representing anything but being itself in the clearing. For linguists, "there" is called a "pro-adverb" and has a deictic function, to point out things that are present. It also performs an alternative, "non-referential" function that serves as the sentence subject (Celce-Murcia, 447). For example, "There is rain in Spain" is a fact, not a thing that we can point to. For Peter, the "there" that is Clarissa fills both roles. He watches her literally standing before him, serving as hostess, but he also takes Clarissa's existence as crucial to his own world. "There" is also of course part and parcel of Dasein in its literal translation, the quality of "being there". In this sense, then, Peter seems to experience Clarissa as a work of art. He is doing to this woman what Heidegger does to the temple, which suggests that he is in fact treating her with respect, not as a thing exactly but as a thing-being with a life of its own. Perhaps it is even an more honest representation of love, then the idea

that the mind of the beloved can be penetrated and unified with the lover's. Peter no more understands Clarissa than he ever has. But now he has seen her in the clearing. That the book ends here and does not continue to explicate Peter's thinking suggests that there is no real way to verbalize the experience of art. When it does not represent anything, it cannot be spoken about as if it did.

However, we have seen only one instance of Peter's thinking; we should examine his development in general. The first real analysis of him that we see comes through Clarissa, as she walks in the park in the morning in the beginning of the story.

But Peter ~ how beautiful the day might be, and the trees and the grass, and the little girl in pink ~ Peter never saw a thing of all that . He would put on his spectacles, if she told him to; he would look. It was the state of the world that interested him; Wagner, Pope's poetry, people's characters eternally, and the defects of her own soul. (7)

I sometimes feel as if Woolf has read my mind, and this passage is one of those times. Certainly Wagner smells strongly of the Nazis, a concern at the back of my mind as I have been reading Heidegger. Also, as I puzzle over Heidegger I can't help but think of the famous Alexander Pope couplet, in 1711's "Essay on Criticism": "True wit is nature to advantage dressed, /What oft was thought, but ne'r so well expressed". Pope, of course, takes a cynical view of mankind, and it seems that Heidegger is in many ways doing the same with

his vacuous interpretations. His own method is to explain what we supposedly all have always felt, but never knew we felt it until we came under the gracious teaching of Heidegger. Nothing has actually been discovered.

In contrast, Clarissa's "defects" make her appreciative of difference and sensitive to her surroundings. Perhaps Clarissa is the real aesthete, not least because her thinking is private. She seems to be able to come into the clearing all the time. In the first two pages, she has already made more the kind of poetic foray in her mind regarding the London scenery than Heidegger does after careful scrutiny of one piece of art.

In people's eyes, in the swing, tramp, and trudge; in the bellow and the uproar; the carriages, motor cars, omnibuses, vans, sandwich men shuffling and swinging; brass bands; barrel organs; in the triumph and the jingle and the strange high singing of some aeroplane overhead was what she loved; life; London; this moment of June. (4)

Clarissa even bears a little of Heidegger's interest in art's evocation of a people and their past, though with Woolfian irony. Part of Clarissa's thrill of the city is "loving it as she did with an absurd and faithful passion, being part of it, since her people were courtiers once in the time of the Georges; she, too, was going that very night kindle and illuminate; to give her party" (5). She knows that she is bound up in the class system that is being deconstructed by the twentieth century, but she knows that is "absurd"; still, it

remains a "passion". Although Peter criticizes her for this apparent triviality, she seems better able to make art out of life in general than he, and to do it in such a way that it teaches her how to live. As she walks in the park, we learn, "suddenly it would come over her, If he were here with me now what would he say? -some days, some sights bringing him back to her calmly, without the old bitterness; which perhaps was the reward of having cared for people" (7). Here is the maturity that we do not find with Peter. Perhaps I can now suggest another flaw of Heidegger: his absence of wit, or an appreciation of wit.

We still have not seen Peter through his own thinking, though. He emerges in real form, not just in Clarissa's memory, at eleven o'clock in the morning, when he visits the Dalloway house to see her. He is the caricature of the dull, jealous man at first, who has never recovered from Clarissa's having chosen his rival. "[T]here's nothing in the world so bad for some women as marriage," he thinks (41). Yet when she alludes, subtly, to the fact that they had almost married, we see that Peter is not as one-dimensional as he could be. He remembers how he was crushed, and we learn he

was overcome with his own grief, which rose like a moon looked at from a terrace, ghastly beautiful with life from the sunken day. I was more unhappy than I've ever been since, he thought. And as if in truth he were sitting there on the terrace he edged a little toward Clarissa; put his hand out; raised it; let it fall. There above them it hung, that moon. She too

seemed to be sitting with him on the terrace, in the moonlight. (42)

The feeling is fleeting, but at least it is a feeling; for a moment, he is invested with the same sense of the world as infused with meaning, as Clarissa feels it. Yet he soon grows restless with this illusion that they are young again. He tells Clarissa of the life he has led in India, and finally announces that he is planning to marry a woman there. Perhaps this is the kind of behavior that Heidegger would say is overly concerned with thingliness, even though he thinks he is the reverse; he thinks, "he was a failure, compared with all this - the inlaid table, the mounted paper-knife, the dolphin and the candlesticks, the chair-covers and the old valuable English tinted prints - he was a failure! I detest the smugness of the whole affair, he thought" (43). He does not understand that these things that surround Clarissa are not the sum of her life at all. To the extent that she does live her life as a form of materiality, it is as a unity with the world in general; she does not rely these domestic items for identity at all. Her sense of materiality takes in the whole world as cohesive with her life, just as the temple does for Heidegger. If the world is the art, though, then Clarissa's view is much wider than Heidegger's.

Somehow in the streets of London, on the ebb and flow of things, here, there, she survived, Peter survived, lived in each other, she being part, she was positive, of the trees at home; of the house there, ugly, rambling to bits and pieces as it was; part of people

she had never met; being laid out like a mist between the people she knew best, who lifted her on their branches as she had seen the trees lift the mist, but it spread ever so far, her life, her self. (9)

It is Peter who can't tell the difference between petty materiality and a life-infused world of materials. Clarissa grows cross with him when she is reminded how he never notices anyone else's feelings. And then he seems to turn back into the Peter she really loved all along. "[T]o his utter surprise, suddenly thrown by those uncontrollable forces thrown through the air, he burst into tears; wept; wept without the least shame, sitting on the sofa, the tears running down his cheeks" (47). He thinks, "it was awfully strange ... how she still had the power as she came across the room, to make the moon, which he detested, rise at Bourton on the terrace in the summer sky" (47). Peter does seem to be treating Clarissa as artwork, in the Heideggerian sense, as a thing certainly, but at least as a thing with power. Of course she cannot literally make the moon rise, which would also necessitate time travel. His experience, though, is that he would remain himself in his quotidian blindness were it not for the effect that Clarissa has on him; it is Clarissa who unconceals his world for him.

As evidence that it is Clarissa alone who makes possible this transformation in Peter, think of Peter's behavior when he leaves the Dalloway home and begins to walk through London. He starts to follow a young woman, imagining that he will ask her to share an ice cream with him. "He pursued;

she changed. There was colour in her cheeks; mockery in her eyes; he was an adventurer, reckless, he though, swift, daring, indeed (landed as he was last night from India) a romantic buccaneer, careless of all these damned proprieties" (53). This woman, like Clarissa, seems to have a quality that evokes a reaction in Peter; she seems to set his imagination going. But there is no world evoked here. Her presence only turns Peter's ego back towards itself, and rather than gaining insight into her being (she is a stranger, after all), or some heightened sensuous relationship with the world as Clarissa might, he uses her to congratulate himself for his life's accomplishments. He is an aging man, who still wants to believe himself the unconventional and promising youth. Therefore, I hold my position that Clarissa's role to Peter is that of the artwork, precisely because of this unique position in his life. He does not objectify in the sense that a man can objectify an unknown and attractive young woman. Clarissa remains a kind of mystery, then, as much as Peter's world is brought into the clearing. This paradox speaks to what is both brilliant and disturbing about Heidegger. It steps outside the narrow bounds of rationality, and is sensitive and subtle. Even the Buddhist leanings of his later writings can be felt. Yet something is not quite right; we are made too dependent on an artwork to serve some utility. Woolf does not appear to have read Heidegger, but she has essentially made a brilliant, ironic commentary (like so many of her brilliant, ironic commentaries) on the essay, by mimicking Heidegger's method. She is interested in how people get

used. It is Woolf's Clarissa who thinks, "she would not say of anyone in the world now that they were this or that" (8). She knows that people cannot be delimited as having certain functions and characteristics, and since we have examined the people in this novel as a stand-in for the artwork, Clarissa knows better than Heidegger how to get along in the world with a sense of beauty and integrity intact. She thinks to herself at one point that her one gift is for knowing who people are; she has never read philosophy, or been to university. She makes art of her world, while Peter, like Heidegger, depends on the artwork for proof of his world.

All this having been said, it is of course the case that we are examining fictional characters as if they were real people. Mrs. Dalloway is not a memoir or biography, but is itself a work of art, and a highly controlled one at that, in which Heidegger's distaste for the form and content debate would have to be set aside. As in *Hamlet*, we are forced to examine ourselves as complicit in this artwork as object, in our use of people as things. Once again, Woolf is one step ahead of us. As Peter experiences this emotional work, Clarissa also goes through a crisis of her own, as she feels herself growing old and dying alone. She grasps for something and finds Peter.

Take me with you, Clarissa thought impulsively, as if he were starting directly upon some great voyage; and then, next moment, it was as if the five acts of a play that had been very exciting and moving were now over and she had lived a lifetime in them and had run away, had lived with Peter, and it was now over. (47)

In terms of dramatic irony, this passage is hard to beat. It points to us as the playgoers; it is we who live through Clarissa, letting real time become the imagined time ~ not of five acts, as with Shakespeare, but of a series of hours. Thus another aspect of the artwork that Heidegger seems to ignore is dramatic structure. I suppose he would subsume this issue under his dismissal of the form and content debate, but in the "Origin" essay he does not consider any artwork that unfolds across time. Clarissa looks both forward and backward in her imaginary life with Peter; she can see the narrative coming and going. She knows her life is a narrative, and a narrative is how she explains her life to herself. Even living one day is dangerous, she thinks early on; the most ordinary experience is as dramatic and heart-wrenching as any high tragedy. Finally, as readers, or playgoers as we might say, we know the joke is on us as it is in *Hamlet*. Woolf does the same thing. In the end, the joke is on us. If we try to make a utility out of the work as Peter does, we are guilty of objectification; if we take the work as an escape, as having no real utility in the world, then we are the object of the joke of fiction. Woolf seems to privilege the latter. As we observed earlier about wit, Heidegger doesn't seem to get irony ~ which are, after all, very similar to one another.

Young points out that Heidegger recognized his flaws in "The Origin of the Work of Art" and strove to correct them in later work. However, as Young explains, the thrust of his thought throughout is that aesthetics, or the philosophy of art, has ruined art (9). Thus it is understandable why he

would turn to a representation of a humble human instrument, the shoes, and to a work of revered classical origin, the temple. By making the aesthetic experience separate from the ethical, we have condemned art to be little more than a stress reliever in the chaotic modern world (11). Heidegger turns away from Kant's emphasis on the aesthetic as being an experience of disinterestedness, because it engenders disrootedness in the world. The fact that art is pleasurable is because we find it to be peaceful release, which is not really a good thing. Ultimately art should offer us a way to be in the world. It should teach us how to live. It is this traditional thinking of Heidegger's, of course, that caused such disillusionment for modern artists. The old means by which we were taught to live did not prevent the atrocities of the twentieth century. From a political perspective, I start to become quite wary of the thinking that preceded Heidegger's Nazism. Modern art teaches us (if we can use such a term) to be wary of utility, of equipmentality. Yet Heidegger is forced to the conclusion that the entirety of modern art is decadent triviality, calling it at one point "a matter for pastry cooks" (65). In all fairness, Heidegger is critical of the specialized nature of the art world, and the art industry. He seems interested in an egalitarian notion of art is for everyone, but the "everyone" is a people, a nation; his distaste for modernist art comes from its inaccessibility. Again, though, I must defer from this perspective. I would like to think that *Mrs. Dalloway* is both a novel of tremendous artistic innovation, a true representative of the modernist movement, and a narra-

tive accessible to anyone many individual readers. After all, what is obscure at one time often becomes familiar within a generation or two. Despite the changes that Woolf made in the conception of narrative, condensing her story into one day without remarkable climax or plot twist, the heritage of the novel abides. The characters ponder one another's personalities, puzzle over their life choices, and exist in the materiality of life. They choose dresses, eat lunch, and write letters. In this sense Edith Wharton and George Eliot are obvious progenitors, just as Shakespeare seems to be in the dramatic irony of the work. None of this heritage ever seems to cross Heidegger's mind.

The implications of Heidegger's involvement with literature are enormous, and I do not want to suggest that Heidegger is completely ignorant of them. Even in "Origin," he cites the poet Hölderlin, and in subsequent works he examines many other artists in the literary tradition. Inwood explains that for Heidegger, "all art is in essence *Dichtung*, in the wide sense," meaning an invention or creative project. *Dichtung* comes from the Latin *dictare*, to write but also to invent or, presumably, create. In fact, language in general is *Dichtung* (168). As Heidegger explains, "Language, by naming beings for the first time, first brings beings to word and to appearance" (198). It is this naming that I identify as dangerous and delimiting, a returning to the thingness of the thing rather than a turning away from it. Yet he finds of Hölderlin that "poetry is play with language, inventing a realm of images to inhabit, with no decisions that incur guilt"

(Inwood 170). Young sees the passages on the temple as exhibiting Heidegger's conflict over being and acting, or as he puts, ontology and ethics. He calls this the "'being' and 'the ought', the necessity for the grounding of the latter in the former" (24). Heidegger is conflicted about the ethics he supposes is a function of art, and Young adds that such distinctions lead to Heidegger's conflicted status as a Nazi as well. I see that guilt seems to be confused with ethics as well; it is as though he takes a struggle to make good in the world as a method that can be devised, in the Cartesian tradition of the Enlightenment. Yet he stands near enough on the brink of postmodernity to recognize that such systems may be naïve.

In the end, the fact remains that neither Heidegger nor his commentators approach the issue of the modern novel, of the dramatic narrative paired with psychological insight, and the innovation of form. Rather than seeking to reveal a world, rather than attempting to articulate the beautiful, the novel makes new while making ironic the world out of which it emerges. It has the capacity for maturity that no philosophy can quite attain. It is Clarissa herself who is, and who knows, or at least knows what she cannot know. In maturity she remembers that "in those days ~they had heaps of theories, always theories, as young people have. It was to explain the feeling they had of dissatisfaction; not knowing people; not being known. For how could they know each other?" (152). It is Clarissa, not Heidegger, whose world is there for her as her art, and whose ethical learning emerges in her unfolding narrative, not the generation of aesthetic commentary.

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