



1.5 The New Dress

ICE BREAKERS

- (i) Write in Column 'B' the description of the clothes you would choose to wear for the occasions given in Column 'A'.

A	B
A birthday party	
A prize distribution ceremony at school	
A picnic	
An entertainment show	

- (ii) Discuss the criterion of the choice of your clothes with the help of the following points:

- (a) Occasion
- (b) Society (people you may meet at the venue)
- (c) Availability
- (d) Fashion
- (e) Your wish/whim
- (f) A suggestion or advice by someone (mother, sister, friend etc.).
- (g) Any other than the above mentioned reasons

- (i) Divide the class into groups. Discuss the role of costumes in enhancing your personality.

- (ii) State whether you agree or disagree with the following statements and discuss the reasons.

- (a) A simple dress makes one's personality look dull.
- (b) We should not judge ourselves from the comments we receive from others.
- (c) A fashionable and costly dress makes you look rich, intelligent and beautiful.
- (d) We should choose a dress according to the fashion rather than our choice.

Virginia Woolf (1882 to 1941, London) was an English novelist and essayist. She is considered a modernist writer of the 20th century and pioneer of the 'stream of consciousness' as a narrative device. The glimpses of early modern feminism can easily be traced in her writing. 'The Voyage Out', 'To the Lighthouse', 'Orlando' and 'Mrs. Dalloway' are her remarkable novels. 'A Haunted House' is her famous short story collection from which the present story 'The New Dress' is adapted.



The present story is about a Mabel Waring, who is constantly thinking about her new yellow dress in negative terms. She herself has chosen the design, colour and pattern of the dress which she has decided to wear for a party at Mrs Dalloway. However, at that party she keeps thinking that the dress is old fashioned and everyone in the party is mocking at her dress. She thinks that she is a fly at the edge of the saucer, drowning deep and deep, as she comes seriously under the spell of her own negative mind and in a depression leaves the party. To show Mabel's suppressed desires, unfulfilled ambitions and meagre financial conditions of her childhood, Virginia Woolf has employed the stream of consciousness technique very effectively.

The New Dress

Mabel had her first serious suspicion that something was wrong as she took her cloak off and Mrs. Barnet, while handing her the mirror and touching the brushes and thus drawing her attention, perhaps rather markedly, to all the appliances for tidying and improving hair, complexion, clothes, which existed on the dressing table, confirmed the suspicion – that it was not right, not quite right, which growing stronger as she went upstairs and springing at her, with conviction as she greeted Clarissa Dalloway, she went straight to the far end of the room, to a shaded corner where a looking-glass hung and looked. No! It was not RIGHT. And at once the **misery** which she always tried to hide, the **profound** dissatisfaction – the sense she had had, ever since she was a child, of being inferior to other people – set upon her, **relentlessly**, remorselessly, with an intensity which she could not beat off, as she would when she woke at night at home, by reading Borrow or Scott; for oh these men, oh these women, all were thinking- "What's Mabel wearing? What a fright she looks! What a hideous new dress!" – their eyelids flickering as they came up and then their lids shutting rather tight. It was her own **appalling** inadequacy; her cowardice; her mean, water-sprinkled blood that depressed her. And at once the

RIGHT signifies

misery : great physical and mental distress or discomfort

profound : deep or intense

relentlessly: oppressively constant

appalling : very bad or displeasing

whole of the room where, for ever so many hours, she had planned with the little dressmaker how it was to go, seemed **sordid**, **repulsive**; and her own drawing-room so shabby, and herself, going out, puffed up with **vanity** as she touched the letters on the hall table and said: “How dull!” to show off – all this now seemed unutterably silly, paltry, and provincial. All this had been absolutely destroyed, shown up, exploded, the moment she came into Mrs. Dalloway’s drawing-room.

What she had thought that evening when, sitting over the teacups, Mrs. Dalloway’s invitation came, was that, of course, she could not be fashionable. It was absurd to pretend it even – fashion meant cut, meant style, meant thirty guineas at least – but why not be original? Why not be herself, anyhow? And, getting up, she had taken that old fashion book of her mother’s, a Paris fashion book of the time of the Empire, and had thought how much prettier, more dignified, and more womanly they were then, and so set herself – oh, it was foolish – trying to be like them, pluming herself in fact, upon being modest and old-fashioned, and very charming, giving herself up, no doubt about it, to an orgy of self-love, which deserved to be chastised, and so rigged herself out like this.

But she dared not look in the glass. She could not face the whole horror – the pale yellow, idiotically old-fashioned silk dress with its long skirt and its high sleeves and its waist and all the things that looked so charming in the fashion book, but not on her, not among all these ordinary people. She felt like a dressmaker’s dummy standing there, for young people to stick pins into.

“But, my dear, it’s perfectly charming!” Rose Shaw said, looking her up and down with that little **satirical pucker** of the lips which she expected – Rose herself being dressed in the height of the fashion, precisely like everybody else, always.

We are all like flies trying to crawl over the edge of the saucer, Mabel thought, and repeated the phrase as if she were crossing herself, as if she were trying to find some spell to **annul** this pain, to make this agony endurable. Tags of Shakespeare, lines from books she had read ages ago, suddenly came to her when she was in agony, and she repeated them over and over again. “Flies trying to crawl,”

sordid : unpleasant(in this context)
repulsive : arousing intense distaste or disgust
vanity : excessive pride in or admiration of one’s own appearance or achievements

According to Mabel, fashion means
.....

She was afraid of looking in mirror / glass because
.....

satirical: sarcastic, humorously critical
pucker: a small fold

annul: reduce to nothing

What was Mabel's imagination about flies?

dowdy : (especially of a woman) unfashionable and dull in appearance

decrepit : elderly and infirm

dingy : gloomy and drab

Miss Milan's workroom was

Guess the meaning :

- suffused
- wrinkles

scrolloping : characterized by or possessing heavy, floral ornament (a word coined by Virginia Woolf)

she repeated. If she could say that over often enough and make herself see the flies, she would become numb, chill, frozen, dumb. Now she could see flies crawling slowly out of a saucer of milk with their wings stuck together; and she strained and strained (standing in front of the looking-glass, listening to Rose Shaw) to make herself see Rose Shaw and all the other people there as flies, trying to hoist themselves out of something, or into something, meagre, insignificant, toiling flies. But she could not see them like that, not other people. She saw herself like that – she was a fly, but the others were dragonflies, butterflies, beautiful insects, dancing, fluttering, skimming, while she alone dragged herself up out of the saucer. (Envy and spite, the most detestable of the vices, were her chief faults.)

“I feel like some **dowdy**, **decrepit**, horribly **dingy** old fly,” she said, making Robert Haydon stop just to hear her say that, just to reassure herself by furbishing up a poor weak-kneed phrase and so showing how detached she was, how witty, that she did not feel in the least out of anything. And, of course, Robert Haydon answered something, quite polite, quite insincere, which she saw through instantly, and said to herself, directly he went (again from some book), “Lies, lies, lies!” For a party makes things either much more real, or much less real, she thought; she saw in a flash to the bottom of Robert Haydon’s heart; she saw through everything. She saw the truth. This was true, this drawing-room, this self, and the other false. Miss Milan’s little workroom was really terribly hot, stuffy, sordid. It smelt of clothes and cabbage cooking; and yet, when Miss Milan put the glass in her hand, and she looked at herself with the dress on, finished, an extraordinary bliss shot through her heart. **Suffused** with light, she sprang into existence. Rid of cares and **wrinkles**, what she had dreamed of herself was there—a beautiful woman. Just for a second (she had not dared look longer, Miss Milan wanted to know about the length of the skirt), there looked at her, framed in the **scrolloping** mahogany, a grey-white, mysteriously smiling, charming girl, the core of herself, the soul of herself; and it was not vanity only, not only self-love that made her think it good, tender, and true. Miss Milan said that the skirt could not well be longer; if anything the skirt, said Miss Milan, puckering her forehead, considering with all her wits about her, must be shorter; and she felt, suddenly, honestly, full

of love for Miss Milan, much, much fonder of Miss Milan than of any one in the whole world, and could have cried for pity that she should be crawling on the floor with her mouth full of pins, and her face red and her eyes bulging—that one human being should be doing this for another, and she saw them all as human beings merely, and herself going off to her party, and Miss Milan pulling the cover over the canary’s cage, or letting him pick a hemp-seed from between her lips, and the thought of it, of this side of human nature and its patience and its endurance and its being content with such miserable, scanty, sordid, little pleasures filled her eyes with tears.

And now the whole thing had vanished. The dress, the room, the love, the pity, the scrolloping looking-glass, and the canary’s cage—all had vanished, and here she was in a corner of Mrs. Dalloway’s drawing-room, suffering tortures, woken wide awake to reality.

But it was all so paltry, weak-blooded, and petty-minded to care so much at her age with two children, to be still so utterly dependent on people’s opinions and not have principles or convictions, not to be able to say as other people did, “There’s Shakespeare! There’s death! We’re all **weevils** in a captain’s biscuit” — or whatever it was that people did say.

She faced herself straight in the glass; she pecked at her left shoulder; she issued out into the room, as if spears were thrown at her yellow dress from all sides. But instead of looking fierce or tragic, as Rose Shaw would have done—Rose would have looked like **Boadicea**—she looked foolish and self-conscious, and **simpered** like a schoolgirl and **slouched** across the room, positively **slinking**, as if she were a beaten mongrel, and looked at a picture, an engraving. As if one went to a party to look at a picture! Everybody knew why she did it — it was from shame, from humiliation.

“Now the fly’s in the saucer,” she said to herself, “right in the middle, and can’t get out, and the milk,” she thought, rigidly staring at the picture, “is sticking its wings together.”

“It’s so old-fashioned,” she said to Charles Burt, making him stop (which by itself he hated) on his way to talk to some one else.

Mabel’s eyes were filled with tears because

Discuss different pessimistic thoughts in Mabel’s mind.

weevils : small beetles / insects with an elongated snout

Boadicea : a queen of the British Celtic Iceni tribe who led an uprising against the occupying forces of the Roman empire in AD 60 or 61

simpered: smiled in an affectedly coy or ingratiating manner

slouched : stood, moved or sat in a lazy, drooping way

slinking : moving quietly with gliding steps

Guess the meaning :

- shoved
- veneer
- ruffled

odious: extremely unpleasant

vacillating: wavering between different opinions or actions

Guess the meaning :

- scarlet fever
- self-loathing

She meant, or she tried to make herself think that she meant, that it was the picture and not her dress, that was old-fashioned. And one word of praise, one word of affection from Charles would have made all the difference to her at the moment. If he had only said, “Mabel, you’re looking charming tonight!” it would have changed her life. But then she ought to have been truthful and direct. Charles said nothing of the kind, of course. He was malice itself. He always saw through one, especially if one were feeling particularly mean, paltry, or feeble-minded.

“Mabel’s got a new dress!” he said, and the poor fly was absolutely **shoved** into the middle of the saucer. Really, he would like her to drown, she believed. He had no heart, no fundamental kindness, only a **veneer** of friendliness. Miss Milan was much more real, much kinder. If only one could feel that and stick to it, always. “Why,” she asked herself—replying to Charles much too pertly, letting him see that she was out of temper, or “**ruffled**” as he called it (“Rather ruffled?” he said and went on to laugh at her with some woman over there)—“Why,” she asked herself, “can’t I feel one thing always, feel quite sure that Miss Milan is right, and Charles wrong and stick to it, feel sure about the canary and pity and love and not be whipped all round in a second by coming into a room full of people?” It was her **odious**, weak, **vacillating** character again, always giving at the critical moment and not being seriously interested in conchology, etymology, botany, archeology, cutting up potatoes and watching them fructify like Mary Dennis, like Violet Searle.

Then Mrs. Holman, seeing her standing there, bore down upon her. Of course a thing like a dress was beneath Mrs. Holman’s notice, with her family always tumbling downstairs or having the **scarlet fever**. Could Mabel tell her if Elmthorpe was ever let for August and September? Oh, it was a conversation that bored her unutterably!—it made her furious to be treated like a house agent or a messenger boy, to be made use of. Not to have value, that was it, she thought, trying to grasp something hard, something real, while she tried to answer sensibly about the bathroom and the south aspect and the hot water to the top of the house; and all the time she could see little bits of her yellow dress in the round looking-glass which made them all the size of boot-buttons or tadpoles; and it was amazing to think how much humiliation and agony and

self-loathing and effort and passionate ups and downs of feeling were contained in a thing the size of a threepenny bit. And what was still odder, this thing, this Mabel Waring, was separate, quite disconnected; and though Mrs. Holman (the black button) was leaning forward and telling her how her eldest boy had strained his heart running, she could see her, too, quite **detached** in the looking-glass, and it was impossible that the black dot, leaning forward, **gesticulating**, should make the yellow dot, sitting solitary, self-centred, feel what the black dot was feeling, yet they pretended.

“So impossible to keep boys quiet”—that was the kind of thing one said.

And Mrs. Holman, who could never get enough sympathy and snatched what little there was greedily, as if it were her right (but she deserved much more for there was her little girl who had come down this morning with a swollen knee-joint), took this miserable offering and looked at it suspiciously, **grudgingly**, as if it were a halfpenny when it ought to have been a pound and put it away in her purse, must put up with it, mean and miserly though it was, times being hard, so very hard; and on she went, **creaking**, injured Mrs. Holman, about the girl with the swollen-joints. Ah, it was tragic, this greed, this clamour of human beings, like a row of **cormorants**, barking and flapping their wings for sympathy—it was tragic, could one have felt it and not merely pretended to feel it!

But in her yellow dress to-night she could not wring out one drop more; she wanted it all, all for herself. She knew (she kept on looking into the glass, dipping into that dreadfully showing-up blue pool) that she was condemned, **despised**, left like this in a backwater, because of her being like this a feeble, vacillating creature; and it seemed to her that the yellow dress was a penance which she had deserved, and if she had been dressed like Rose Shaw, in lovely, clinging green with a ruffle of swansdown, she would have deserved that; and she thought that there was no escape for her—none what so ever. But it was not her fault altogether, after all. It was being one of a family of ten; never having money enough, always **skimping** and paring; and her mother carrying great cans, and the linoleum worn on the stair edges, and one sordid little

detached : aloof, having no interest or involvement

gesticulating : using gestures, movement of parts of body, especially hand or head

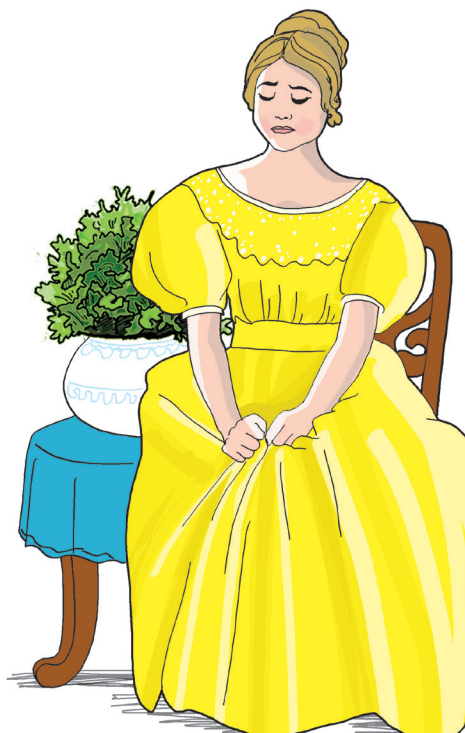
grudgingly : in a reluctant or resentful manner

creaking : making a harsh, high-pitched sound

cormorants: large diving seabirds

despised : scorned, hated

skimping: expending very little or less than necessary



catastrophic: involving or causing sudden great damage or suffering

petered out: diminished or came to an end gradually

Sir Henry Lawrence:

Brigadier-General Sir Henry Lawrence was a British military officer, surveyor, administrator and statesman in British India.

magpies : a very long tailed black and white bird

domestic tragedy after another—nothing **catastrophic**, the sheep farm failing, but not utterly; her eldest brother marrying beneath him but not very much – there was no romance, nothing extreme about them all. They **petered out** respectably in seaside resorts; every watering-place had one of her aunts even now asleep in some lodging with the front windows not quite facing the sea. That was so like them—they had to squint at things always. And she had done the same—she was just like her aunts. For all her dreams of living in India, married to some hero like **Sir Henry Lawrence**, some empire builder (still the sight of a native in a turban filled her with romance), she had failed utterly. She had married Hubert, with his safe, permanent underling's job in the Law Courts, and they managed tolerably in a smallish house, without proper maids, and hash when she was alone or just bread and butter, but now and then Mrs Holman was off, thinking her the most dried-up, unsympathetic twig she had ever met, absurdly dressed, too, and would tell every one about Mabel's fantastic appearance – now and then, thought Mabel Waring, left alone on the blue sofa, punching the cushion in order to look occupied, for she would not join Charles Burt and Rose Shaw, chattering like **magpies** and perhaps laughing at her by the fireplace – now and then, there did come to her delicious moments, reading

the other night in bed, for instance, or down by the sea on the sand in the sun, at **Easter** – let her recall it – a great tuft of pale sand-grass standing all twisted like a shock of spears against the sky, which was blue like a smooth china egg, so firm, so hard, and then the melody of the waves – “Hush, hush,” they said, and the children’s shouts paddling – yes, it was a divine moment, and there she lay, she felt, in the hand of the Goddess who was the world; rather a hard-hearted, but very beautiful Goddess, a little lamb laid on the altar (one did think these silly things, and it didn’t matter so long as one never said them). And also with Hubert sometimes she had quite unexpectedly – carving the mutton for Sunday lunch, for no reason, opening a letter, coming into a room – divine moments, when she said to herself (for she would never say this to anybody else), “This is it. This has happened. This is it!” And the other way about it was equally surprising – that is, when everything was arranged – music, weather, holidays, every reason for happiness was there – then nothing happened at all. One wasn’t happy. It was flat, just flat, that was all.

Her wretched self again, no doubt! She had always been a fretful, weak, unsatisfactory mother, a wobbly wife, lolling about in a kind of twilight existence with nothing very clear or very bold, or more one thing than another, like all her brothers and sisters, except perhaps Herbert – they were all the same poor water-veined creatures who did nothing. Then in the midst of this creeping, crawling life, suddenly she was on the **crest of a wave**. That wretched fly – where had she read the story that kept coming into her mind about the fly and the saucer? – struggled out. Yes, she had those moments. But now that she was forty, they might come more and more seldom. **By degrees** she would cease to struggle any more. But that was deplorable! That was not to be endured! That made her feel ashamed of herself!

She would go to the **London Library** tomorrow. She would find some wonderful, helpful, astonishing book, quite by chance, a book by a clergyman, by an American no one had ever heard of; or she would walk down the **Strand** and drop, accidentally, into a hall where a miner was telling about the life in the pit, and suddenly she would become a new person. She would be absolutely



Easter : the most important festival of the Christian Church celebrating the resurrection of Jesus Christ

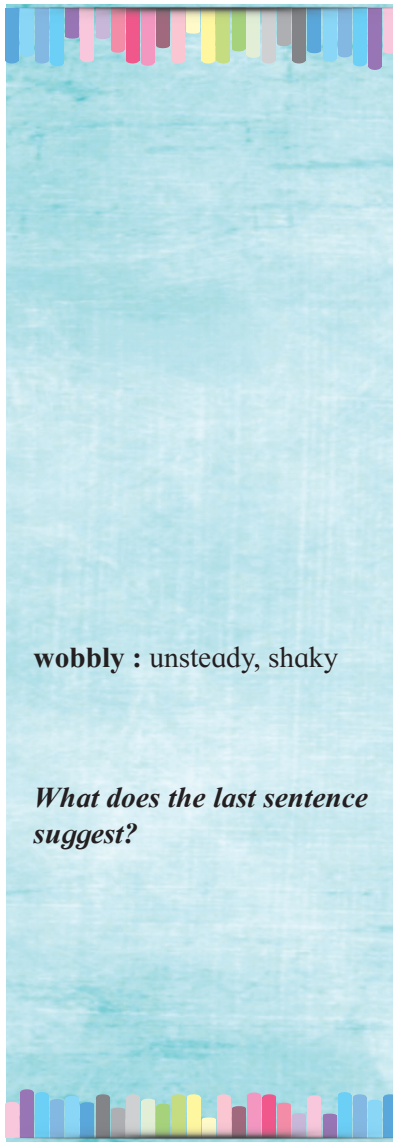
Find the meaning :

- crest of a wave
- by degrees

London Library : an independent lending library in London established in 1841 by Thomas Carlyle.

Strand : narrow street at the edge of the sea, lake or large river





wobbly : unsteady, shaky

What does the last sentence suggest?

transformed. She would wear a uniform; she would be called Sister Somebody; she would never give a thought to clothes again. And for ever after she would be perfectly clear about Charles Burt and Miss Milan and this room and that room; and it would be always, day after day, as if she were lying in the sun or carving the mutton. It would be it!

So she got up from the blue sofa, and the yellow button in the looking-glass got up too, and she waved her hand to Charles and Rose to show them she did not depend on them one scrap, and the yellow button moved out of the looking-glass, and all the spears were gathered into her breast as she walked towards Mrs. Dalloway and said “Good night.”

“But it’s too early to go,” said Mrs. Dalloway, who was always so charming.

“I’m afraid I must,” said Mabel Waring. “But,” she added in her weak, **wobbly** voice which only sounded ridiculous when she tried to strengthen it, “I have enjoyed myself enormously.”

“I have enjoyed myself,” she said to Mr. Dalloway, whom she met on the stairs.

“Lies, lies, lies!” she said to herself, going downstairs, and “Right in the saucer!” she said to herself as she thanked Mrs. Barnet for helping her and wrapped herself, round and round and round, in the Chinese cloak she had worn these twenty years.

- Virginia Woolf

BRAINSTORMING

- (A1) (i) Narrate in your words the picture imagined by Mabel as she thinks of herself in the party as a fly at the edge of the saucer.
- (ii) There are a few other characters mentioned in the story. Discuss the way their reactions help us to understand the inferiority complex of Mabel.
- (A2) (i) Pick out the sentences from the story which describe the ambience of the party at Mrs. Dalloway’s place.
- (ii) Mabel is thinking too much of her dress.

Propose five sentences supporting the above statement.

- (iii) Critically analyze Mabel’s weak economic conditions in the past as one of the reasons that led her to choose the old-fashioned dress.

(iv) The cause of Miss Mabel's disappointment is not only her poor background in the past but her excessive bookishness also. Substantiate.

(v) Do you appreciate Mabel's tendency of deciding her own value from the comments given by others? Explain your views.

(A3) (i) Write the synonyms for the word 'dress' by filling appropriate letters in the blanks. One is done for you.

(a) a t t i r e

(b) _ _ r _ _

(c) _ _ _ t _ _ e

(d) _ _ r _ _ _ t

(e) _ _ t _ _ t

(f) _ _ _ a _ _ l

(ii) Conchology means the scientific study or collection of mollusc shells.

Refer to the dictionary and find out the meanings of –

• Etymology

• Archaeology

(A4) (i) Use the correct tense form of the verbs given in the brackets and rewrite the sentences.

(a) She (take/takes/took/had taken) that old fashion book of her mother a few months back.

(b) She (pecking/ pecks/ pecked) at her left shoulder for quite some time.

(c) One human should (done /doing/be doing) this for another always.

(d) All this (will be/ is / have been) destroyed in a few years.

(e) She (feels/felt/will be feeling) like a dressmaker's dummy standing there.

(ii) Do as directed.

(a) Lata will sing tonight. (Make it less certain.)

(b) You should wear your uniform. (Show ability.)

(c) Sandeep may study to clear the examination. (Make it obligatory/ compulsory.)

(d) I can do it. (Make a sentence seeking permission.)

(iii) (a) Frame three rules for the students of your college.

(b) Frame three sentences giving advice to your younger brother.

(iv) Fill in the blanks with appropriate modal auxiliaries according to the situation given in the following sentences.

(a) Take an umbrella. It rain later.

(b) People walk on the grass.

- (c) I ask you a question?
- (d) The signal has turned red. You wait.
- (e) I am going to the library. I find my friend there.

(A5) (i) Read the sentence ‘we are all like flies....’. The paragraph describes the dejected thoughts that Miss Mabel carries in her mind. All the earlier paragraphs are in a continuity of a story line. The next paragraph begins with, ‘I feel like....’ again resumes to a story. The author has moved in the mind of the character and out of it very smoothly without any intimation or change in the language or tense. Similarly, she has moved in the past years of Miss Mabel’s life. This is called ‘stream of consciousness’ technique.

(ii) Read the sentence from the text - What a hideous new dress!

This is an exclamation. It can be written as a simple sentence ‘The new dress is very hideous’.

Find out few more exclamatory sentences from the story and transform them into assertive sentences.

(iii) Virginia Woolf has created many characters other than Miss Mabel with great skill. Write a character sketch of any one of them.

(iv) ‘Clothes mean nothing until someone lives in them.’ Expand the idea in your own words.

(A6) Go to library and read the following books:

- (a) ‘A Haunted House’ by Virginia Woolf
- (b) ‘Mrs. Dalloway’ by Virginia Woolf

(A7) Find out information about career opportunities in the following fields:

- (a) Fashion designing
- (b) Dress designing
- (c) Textile industry
- (d) Garment industry
- (e) Image consultancy
- (f) Psychology and Psychiatry

