

Trauma and Literature
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Lecture – 14
Woolf’s Mrs. Dalloway – Part 6

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only seen once for a moment in the shop. He had seemed a nice quiet man; a great friend of Septimus’s, and he had been killed in the War. But such things happen to every one. Every one has friends who were killed in the War. Every one gives up something when they marry. She had given up her home. She had come to live here, in this awful city. But Septimus let himself think about horrible things, as she could too, if she tried. He had grown stranger and stranger. He said people were talking behind the bedroom walls. Mrs. Filmer thought it odd. He saw things too — he had seen an old woman’s head in the middle of a fern. Yet he could be happy when he chose. They went to Hampton Court on top of a bus, and they were perfectly happy. All the little red and yellow flowers were out on the grass, like floating lamps he said, and talked and chattered and laughed, making up stories. Suddenly he said, “Now we will kill ourselves,” when they were standing by the river, and he looked at it with a look which she had seen in his eyes when a train went by, or an omnibus — a look as if something fascinated him; and she felt he was going from her and she caught him by the arm. But going home he was perfectly quiet — perfectly reasonable. He would argue with her about killing themselves; and explain how wicked people were; how he could see them making up lies as they passed in the street. He knew all their thoughts, he said; he knew everything. He knew the meaning of the world, he said.

This is an NPTEL course entitled “Trauma and Literature” on Virginia Woolf’s novel “Mrs. Dalloway”. This is to focus on some selected passages from the novel. We have had extended discussions on the cognitive conditions of Septimus. For instance, we had a series of sessions in a skywriting aeroplane.

It is how that manifests itself in different cognitive registers in Septimus’ mind, suffering from trauma. It is seen how Septimus suffers, and reflects. He is reflective of certain symptoms that are classic PTSD symptoms such as survivor’s guilt, hallucination, obviously lack of sleep but then we will see how there are certain figures as we mentioned initially as well.

Certain spectral figures who keep reappearing in “Mrs. Dalloway”. They are quite significant characters as well despite the spectrality because the relationship between materiality and spectrality in this novel is quite contingent. It is unknown which bit is real and for a long part in the novel the entire narrative is focalized on the receptiveness of the traumatized mind.

London is shown along with the civilian spaces around true Septimus's imagination, in a way that we also become sharers of his trauma, of his traumatic condition. It is to become like the traumatized perspectives as well because the entire novel unfolds itself in major parts on the receptiveness of his mind. There are other characters as well. There is Clarissa Dalloway, the protagonist of novel.

There is Peter who comes back from India and is trying to find it difficult to integrate himself back into the London space. All these characters are classified. The way Peter Walsh, Septimus, they all have different kinds of perspectives. There are certain points where these characters meet and crisscross each other without acknowledging each other.

They do not know each other, but there is a hyperlinked quality in this novel that makes it up Modernist as well as quite post-Modernist in certain senses.

There is Rezia's perspective as stated on page-53. Rezia is an Italian woman Septimus has married. She offers another perspective on the entire cognitive condition of Septimus Smith in this war and post-war London because she is an outsider at various levels. She is a cultural outsider, a political outsider and also to a large extent a linguistic outsider. This is a section where Evans the person with whom Septimus has had a very close and intimate relationship. He appears in Rezia's imagination, Rezia's memory.

Evans keeps appearing in the novel in various spectral forms. The spectrality of Evans is interesting because that is reflective of the survivor's guilt and hallucination Septimus suffers from. Rezia is thinking in her mind in terms of how the whole events after the war have unfolded and where she is at this present point.

The dead man Evans whom she had only seen once for a moment in the shop. He had seemed a nice quiet man, a great friend of Septimus's and he had been killed in the war. But such things happen to everyone. Everyone has friends who are killed in the war. Everyone gives up something when they marry. She had given up her home. She has come to live here in this awful city.

But Septimus let himself think about horrible things as she could too if she tried. We find Rezia's perspective and she is the sufferer at so many levels and she also finds herself put upon in a certain sense because she had tried very hard to move away from a comfort zone, she thinks that Septimus should try harder and he is not trying enough.

The inability of Septimus of letting the whole system down and the doctors keep telling her nothing is wrong with him. He just needs to "man up." He just needs to think outside himself. He is just expecting and that is not helping his course and she is subscribing to that system, subscribing to that medical belief and she has this moment of bitterness, of resentment against Septimus where she is almost complaining in a very grudging way that he is not trying hard enough.

Rezia has given up so much, has given up her Italian setting, Italian neighborhood, and Italian culture to come to this awful city. London seems to be an unfamiliar and hostile city and the hostility of London is something which is making up existentially an outsider as well. He had grown stranger and stranger. He said people were talking behind the bedroom walls.

"Mrs. Filmer thought it odd. He saw things too - he had seen an old woman's head in the middle of a fern." These are the classic hallucination instances of Septimus's PTSD. He just imagines things, he just sees horrible things. This is called is flashbulb memory in memory studies, certain flashes come back in his mind out of nowhere, out of no context.

In a perfectly peaceful setting, he can certainly have a flashbulb moment where a cut head can repair in his mind and he would behave and he would respond accordingly and that is embarrassing, and uncertain for Rezia and that makes Septimus a difficult person to live with, increasingly difficult person to live with. So, in this very complex novel we have not just the principal traumatized character.

But what that does to the people around him that is reflected and represented in very complex ways because Rezia's perspective helps us understand what it must be like to live with a traumatized person, what it must be like to live with a PTSD veteran, a sufferer from

post-traumatic stress disorder that too can induce trauma at other levels okay. So, he could be happy when he chose.

“They went to Hampton Court on top of a bus, and they were perfectly happy. All the little red and yellow flowers were out on the grass, like floating lamps he said, and talked and chattered and laughed making up stories. Suddenly he said, “Now we will kill ourselves,” when they were standing by the river and looked at it with a look which she had seen in his eyes when a train went by or an omnibus - a look as if something fascinated him as if she felt he was going from here and he caught him by the arm. But going home he was perfectly quiet - perfectly reasonable.”

In the first instances of Septimus's suicidal symptoms where we get to know out of Rezia that they have gone for a walk somewhere and they were standing in front of a lake reflection and then suddenly he said now we can kill ourselves. There is a look of fascination where in that Rezia sees Septimus when an omnibus passes by when a train passes by; the obvious implication is he is pulled towards death.

He is pulled to a self-annihilation and this becomes an extreme extension of his melancholia. Melancholia is used in a Freudian sense which means some lack of self-esteem that he loses all self-esteem. He does not quite have in his self-worth left and that almost empties his personality, empties his inability to feel right, the inability to connect to other people around him.

In a nutshell, in a complex conceptual way is that he suffers from a crisis and embodiment. He is struggling into integrate himself to his environment with crisis and embodiment. He is struggling to connect his environment and he has his constant pull to annihilate himself, to destroy, to shut down himself; shut himself down.

It becomes one of the earlier indicators in a novel about his suicidal symptoms. He would argue with her about killing themselves. It is almost like a suicide pact he would sometimes talk about killing themselves together as a pair and explain how wicked people were, how he

could see them making up lies as they passed in the street. He knew all their thoughts, he said he knew everything.

“He knew the meaning of the world”, he said. This is a very interesting glimpse into what it must be like to live with a traumatized patient, with a PTSD veteran. The other views or another perspective as well what it must be like to live with the sufferer or trauma that itself can be trauma-inducing because there is this constant difficulty to connect to the world around him.

Hence, what appears normal to Rezia appears sinister to Septimus, appears hostile to Septimus. He sees things that Rezia does not notice. He hallucinates things that Rezia does not understand. There is constant disintegration Septimus suffers that induces a similar kind of disintegration in Rezia’s mind. It becomes difficult for her as well to live with a person like this.

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fascinated him; and she felt he was going from her and she caught him by the arm. But going home he was perfectly quiet — perfectly reasonable. He would argue with her about killing themselves; and explain how wicked people were; how he could see them making up lies as they passed in the street. He knew all their thoughts, he said; he knew everything. He knew the meaning of the world, he said.

Then when they got back he could hardly walk. He lay on the sofa and made her hold his hand to prevent him from falling down, down, he cried, into the flames! and saw faces laughing at him, calling him horrible disgusting names, from the walls, and hands pointing round the screen. Yet they were quite alone. But he began to talk aloud, answering people, arguing, laughing, crying, getting very excited and making her write things down. Perfect nonsense it was; about death; about Miss Isabel Pole. She could stand it no longer. She would go back.

She was close to him now, could see him staring at the sky, muttering, clasping his hands. Yet Dr. Holmes said there was nothing the matter with him. What then had happened — why had he gone, then, why, when she sat

“Then when they got back who could hardly walk. He lay on the sofa and made her hold his hand to prevent him from falling down, down, he cried, into the flames and he saw faces laughing at him, calling him horrible disgusting names from the walls, the hands pointing round the screen. Yet they were quite alone. But he began to talk aloud, answering people, arguing, laughing, crying, getting very excited and making her write things down. Perfect nonsense it was; about death; about Miss. Isabel Pole. She could stand it no more.”

She would go back. This is focalized to Rezia's imagination, to Rezia's sense of defamiliarization because we get to know Septimus behaves erratically. There is no predictability. There is no predictable pattern in his behavior. It is not consistent in terms of his mood, in terms of his emotional state, in terms of his cognitive state.

He sometimes talks in his mind, he talks aloud, and he seems to have a conversation with people around him. Rezia does not notice as there is no one around him. Then he makes and writes down things which do not make any sense at all. And then he cries. There is no stability in the cognitive pattern the Septimus has. This is a perfect case in point for a trauma victim because one of the first indicators of trauma is interrupted embodiment.

Interrupted embodiment means one's normal seamless consumption of reality is interrupted and this interruption has a neural pattern. It not only has a neural embedded implication but also an extended enacted implication in the sense that one enacted, embodiment gets one enacted, cognition becomes interrupted in terms of how one enacts one's personality.

It is in terms of how one enacts oneself and connecting to the world around that gets interrupted perhaps permanently. This permanent interruption creates in a sense what is called in Critical Studies or Critical Theory as aporia. This break, this gap and meaning-making systems where one cannot understand what is going on. The gap between one meaning landscape and another meeting landscape is the fault line as it were.

Septimus is inhabiting this fault line, permanent fault line, it is permanent aporia where he cannot integrate to the conditions around him, to the material, physical or cognitive conditions around him. Rezia seems to be suffering from that sense of alienation Septimus has. She says it is not fair on me. She could stand it no more. She would go back to Italy as she is a political outsider, a linguistic outsider, and a cultural outsider in London.

London is not home for her unlike Septimus. Septimus is alienated from what he once knew as a home but Rezia's alienation is more immediate, more physical, more cultural, more linguistic, and more pragmatic at some levels. She was close to him now, could see him

staring at the sky, muttering, clasping his hands. His body movements, his motor movements, his language games that he is playing make no sense to her at all and that further alienates them from an already alienating city.

Yet Dr. Holmes said there was nothing the matter with him. Dr. Holmes and Bradshaw being the two people who were treating Septimus and they seem to be completely convinced conclusively that Septimus has no problem at all in terms with him. “What then had happened - why he had gone, then why, when she sat”.

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by him, did he start, frown at her, move away, and point at her hand, take her hand, look at it terrified?

Was it that she had taken off her wedding ring? “My hand has grown so thin,” she said. “I have put it in my purse,” she told him.

He dropped her hand. Their marriage was over, he thought, with agony, with relief. The rope was cut; he mounted; he was free, as it was decreed that he, Septimus, the lord of men, should be free; alone (since his wife had thrown away her wedding ring; since she had left him), he, Septimus, was alone, called forth in advance of the mass of men to hear the truth, to learn the meaning, which now at last, after all the toils of civilisation — Greeks, Romans, Shakespeare, Darwin, and now himself — was to be given whole to. . . . “To whom?” he asked aloud. “To the Prime Minister,” the voices which rustled above his head replied. The supreme secret must be told to the Cabinet; first that trees are alive; next there is no crime; next love, universal love, he muttered, gasping, trembling, painfully drawing out these profound truths which needed, so deep were they, so difficult, an immense effort to speak out, but the world was entirely changed by them for ever.

No crime; love; he repeated, fumbling for his card and pencil, when a Skye terrier snuffed his trousers and he started in an agony of fear. It was turning

“When she sat by him, did he start, frown at her, move away and point at her hand, take her hand, look at it terrified?” This is page 54. This constant terrified look, this constant stupa the Septimus has that begins to unnerve her as well. “Was it that she had taken off a wedding ring? “My hand has grown so thin”, she said. “I have put in my purse”, she told him.

This is a very symbolic section where she has taken off her wedding ring from her finger, in a way that indicates the marriage is coming to an end, the marriage is in a crisis; perhaps a permanent crisis and then she gives the rationale for that hand become thin. It is slipping off from her fingers, as she put it in her purse.

“He dropped her hand. Their marriage was over he thought with agony, with relief. The rope was cut, he mounted, he was free as it was decreed that he Septimus, the lord of men, should

be free alone since his wife had thrown away the wedding ring since she had left him. He Septimus was alone, called forth in advance for the mass of men to hear the truth, to learn the meaning which now at last after all the toils of civilization, Greeks, Romans, Shakespeare, Darwin and now himself was to be given whole to, "To whom", he asked aloud. "To the Prime Minister" the voices which rustled above his head replied. The supreme secret must be told to the cabinet, first that trees are alive, next there is no crime, next love, universal love, he muttered, gasping, trembling, painfully drawing out these profound truths which needed. So deep were they, so difficult, an immense effort to speak out, but the world was entirely changed by them forever."

He seems to have this prophet syndrome at a certain level Septimus. He feels liberated that the marriage is over. He has got no ties to anything now. He thinks upon himself as a prophet as someone who has this inside this access to a universal insight which he must communicate to the world. Now notice how this mystical and the political sort of conflated together in this particular section.

This epiphany of his knowledge of truth seems to be almost prophetic in quality, almost seer-like in quality in terms of how one can see, how kind of access to universal truth and then how that is mapped onto the Cabinet, the political system in London and England. He is asking himself that who must he tell this to, who must he communicate this to and he says well to the Cabinet, to the Prime Minister.

We also notice how civilization as Septimus knows it is marked by certain metaphors; the Greeks, Romans, Shakespeare, Darwin and now himself which is the same that civilization as he knows it is a very white western civilization. It starts with Greeks and ends with Darwin and now he situates himself as a successor in the line as part of the legacy of prophets. The prophet scientist, he carriers of civilization as well.

He must tell the people, he must to everyone what he knows, what he learns. There seems to be some kind of a prophet syndrome CS syndrome and Septimus at this point of time he seems saying that he has some extraordinary knowledge which he must communicate to the world around him, but then he does not quite know how to go about it.

He seems to be imploding inside because he cannot communicate what is going on in his mind, he cannot communicate the trauma, he cannot communicate the knowledge, he cannot communicate what he is experiencing at different levels emotive, embodied levels and his constant compulsion to communicate and a failure to do so it accentuates trauma, it accentuates the claustrophobic condition that he has in terms of being a trauma veteran.

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effort to speak out, but the world was entirely changed by them for ever.

No crime; love; he repeated, fumbling for his card and pencil, when a Skye terrier snuffed his trousers and he started in an agony of fear. It was turning into a man! He could not watch it happen! It was horrible, terrible to see a dog become a man! At once the dog trotted away.

Heaven was divinely merciful, infinitely benignant. It spared him, pardoned his weakness. But what was the scientific explanation (for one must be scientific above all things)? Why could he see through bodies, see into the future, when dogs will become men? It was the heat wave presumably, operating upon a brain made sensitive by eons of evolution. Scientifically speaking, the flesh was melted off the world. His body was macerated until only the nerve fibres were left. It was spread like a veil upon a rock.

He lay back in his chair, exhausted but upheld. He lay resting, waiting, before he again interpreted, with effort, with agony, to mankind. He lay very high, on the back of the world. The earth thrilled beneath him. Red flowers grew through his flesh; their stiff leaves rustled by his head. Music began clanging against the rocks up here. It is a motor horn down in the street, he

“No crime, love; he repeated, fumbling for his card and pencil when a Skye terrier snuffed his trousers and he started with an agony of fear.” The little dog Skye terrier just came along and snuffed his trousers and he almost has started, he started with an agony of fear. We can see how fragile he is. He is claiming to be a prophet, he is claiming to have a universal glimpse into a special knowledge system.

He is almost pitching himself to present it to the Cabinet in his mind and certainly he gets to start because a small dog comes and sniffs his trousers and that gets him started. He becomes jumpy. It was turning into a man. He could not watch it happen. It was horrible, terrible to see a dog become a man. At once the dog trotted away. This is a very clear indication of the hallucination that goes on in his mind.

The cognitive dissonance in a certain sense when he sees a dog and snuffing at him and suddenly it turns into a man in his imagination and that gives him a start that that unnerves

him cognitively speaking. “Heaven was divinely merciful, infinitely benignant. It spared him, pardoned his weakness. But what was that scientific explanation (for one must be scientific about all things). Why could he see through bodies, see into the future, when dogs would become men?”

It was the heatwave presumably, operating upon a brain made sensitive by eons of evolution. Scientifically speaking the flesh was melted off the world. His body was macerated until only the nerve fibers were left. It was spread like a veil upon a rock. This image is very important. The nerves of the body just becomes stretched and the skin is taken off and it just all nerves and all nerve fibers and that is spread like a veil upon a rock.

It is almost become a rack metaphor and by rack. It means the medieval metaphor of torture; when some will be placed on a rack and will be tied, all the limbs will be tied and stretched and then the person will be tortured. It is a medieval metaphor that occurs in Prufrock as well occurs here on Septimus thinks himself as just a bundle of nerves and then he is trying very hard to have a scientific glimpse upon himself.

And looking at himself from a scientific imagination, from a scientific perspective that is to say there is also parody to certain extent of the scientific understanding or lack of understanding of the human condition. He laid back in his chair, exhausted but upheld. He lay resting waiting, before he again interpreted with effort, with agony to mankind. He lay very high on the back of the world.

The earth thrilled beneath him. Red flowers grew to his flesh, their stiff leaves rustled by his head. Music began clanging against the rocks of there. It is a mortar horn down in the street.

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muttered; but up here it cannoned from rock to rock, divided, met in shocks of sound which rose in smooth columns (that music should be visible was a discovery) and became an anthem, an anthem twined round now by a shepherd boy's piping (That's an old man playing a penny whistle by the public-house, he muttered) which, as the boy stood still came bubbling from his pipe, and then, as he climbed higher, made its exquisite plaint while the traffic passed beneath. This boy's elegy is played among the traffic, thought Septimus. Now he withdraws up into the snows, and roses hang about him — the thick red roses which grow on my bedroom wall, he reminded himself. The music stopped. He has his penny, he reasoned it out, and has gone on to the next public-house.

But he himself remained high on his rock, like a drowned sailor on a rock. I leant over the edge of the boat and fell down, he thought. I went under the sea. I have been dead, and yet am now alive, but let me rest still; he begged (he was talking to himself again — it was awful, awful!); and as, before waking, the voices of birds and the sound of wheels chime and chatter in a queer harmony, grow louder and louder and the sleeper feels himself drawing to the shores of life, so he felt himself drawing towards life, the sun growing hotter, cries sounding louder, something tremendous about to happen.

He muttered, but up here it cannoned from rock to rock, divided, met in shocks of sounds which rose in smooth columns that music should be visible was a discovery and became an anthem, an anthem twined round now by a shepherd boy's piping that is an old man playing a penny whistle by the public house he muttered. So, we can see how everything becomes amplified in his mind.

There's a car horn outside and he is having these epiphanies in his mind where he thinks as a seer, as a prophet and he has his glimpse upon himself and this insight into himself where he becomes just a bundle of nerves and suddenly we have this car horn which appears in his mind as like a bomb. It is an explosion and as we have seen before how it keeps carrying the residual markers of trauma.

The residual markers of violence on the war front where an innocent advertising aeroplane can appear to him as a bombing aeroplane because that is how he is conditioned now having suffered the war so many times, having internalized the trauma and violence of the war. Similarly, it is a car horn outside and that appears to him infinitely amplified and that gives him a start again like the dog.

When for instance just early section where he was having this epiphany and a dog came and sniffed his trousers and suddenly become a man it just appeared to be a man, maybe an enemy soldier, we do not quite know. Similarly, a car horn which is a very banal metropolitan

thing, it is a metropolitan machine, it certainly amplifies and intensifies in its mind and just becomes some kind of mystic music which then has a series of other metaphors.

It keeps connecting across metaphors away. It becomes an anthem, an anthem twined around by a shepherd boy's piping. We can see how the different sounds are connected and then he can see music in some sense. Music should be visible was a discovery and because his cognitive sensors are all bundled up together there is no differentiation with the different cognitive parameters, as one can see something that one can hear as well.

He is sinusitic, in a sense all the sensors are mixing together. It is a good thing but also there is a cognitive confusion, a cognitive unsettling at work over here where there not distinction neatly speaking in terms of different sound and visual systems. It will merge in together in his mind which is to say that he is probably suffering from some type of **(O) (21:43)** in his brain which does not quite differentiate anymore between the different sense perceptions okay.

“The boy's elegy is played among the traffic, thought Septimus. Now he withdraws into the snows and the roses hang about him, the thick red roses which grow on my bedroom wall, he reminded himself. The music stopped. He has his penny, he reasoned it out and has gone on to the next public house.” We have this almost as allegorical; this archetypal musician, the flute player a young boy which has biblical connotations, different kinds of messianic connotations.

It is to be noticed how that Biblical messianic figure is mapped onto the very metropolitan machinic landscape where car horns are blaring and the different cars are passing by. This Biblical boy playing a flute that is transplanted some extent, towards an extent onto this very metropolitan hustle and bustle and that constant conflation between different kinds of cognitive registers, the mythical messianic register and the metropolitan mundane register is what reflects Septimus's cognitive dissonance to a certain extent.

“But he himself remained high on his rock, like a drowned sailor on a rock. I leant over the edge of the boat and fell down he thought. I went under the sea, I may have been dead and yet now I am alive; but let me rest still he begged. He was talking to himself again. It was awful,

awful and as before waking the voices of birds and the sound of the wheels chime and chatter and a queer harmony, grew louder and louder and the sleeper feels himself drawing to the shores of life.”

He felt himself drawing towards life, the sun growing hotter, cries sounding louder, something tremendous about to happen. There is this constant anticipation of explosion in Septimus's mind. He is just waiting for an accident to happen, he is just waiting for an explosion to take place and this constant wait, this constant anticipation or this constant expectation of an explosion is exactly what he carries from the war and that is a classic marker of a PTSD veteran.

He is just waiting for an accident to happen, he is waiting for a bomb to fall and now that takes back to the conditions of the First World War especially what we call today as trench trauma. This being in a trench just waiting for a bomb to fall and you cannot move inside a trench, you have to lay still and wait for something to happen and this constant waiting for an accident.

This constant waiting for an explosion it begins to affect your nerves, it begins to affect your nervous system. Even in a civilian space in a normalcy around him is just waiting for an abnormal scene to take place, just waiting for an abnormal event to take place, just waiting for an abnormal accident to take place which can be potentially violent in quality.

Septimus betrays over here what we call today as trench trauma. Sitting in the trench claustrophobic, one still emotionless because you are not supposed to move inside a trench, but then you cannot put a pattern to it but at some point there will be a bomb, there will be an accident, there will be an explosion and you probably die or you see someone die in front of you that was how the war was fought at that point of time.

It was a very human organic in a battle where bodies going to mesh with mud and clay and it was just a horrendous affair. It is a very different grammar of combat from what we know today, right. So, something tremendous was about to happen, an explosion is about to take place.

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sea. I have been dead, and yet am now alive, but let me rest still; he begged (he was talking to himself again — it was awful, awful!); and as, before waking, the voices of birds and the sound of wheels chime and chatter in a queer harmony, grow louder and louder and the sleeper feels himself drawing to the shores of life, so he felt himself drawing towards life, the sun growing hotter, cries sounding louder, something tremendous about to happen.

He had only to open his eyes; but a weight was on them; a fear. He strained; he pushed; he looked; he saw Regent's Park before him. Long streamers of sunlight fawned at his feet. The trees waved, brandished. We welcome, the world seemed to say; we accept; we create. Beauty, the world seemed to say. And as if to prove it (scientifically) wherever he looked at the houses, at the railings, at the antelopes stretching over the palings, beauty sprang instantly. To watch a leaf quivering in the rush of air was an exquisite joy. Up in the sky swallows swooping, swerving, flinging themselves in and out, round and round, yet always with perfect control as if elastics held them; and the flies rising and falling; and the sun spotting now this leaf, now that, in mockery, dazzling it with soft gold in pure good temper; and now and again some chime (it might be a motor horn) tinkling divinely on the grass stalks — all of this, calm and reasonable as it was, made out of ordinary

“He had only to open his eyes, but a weight was on them, a fear. He strained, he pushed, he looked. He saw Regent's Park before him. Long streamers of sunlight fawned at his feet. So he cannot even open his eyes because he is fearing something terrible might happen to him, something terrible might explode on the senses, right. The trees waved, brandished. We welcome the world seemed to say, we accept, we create. Beauty the world seemed to say. And as if to prove (scientifically) wherever he looked at the houses, at the railings, at the antelopes stretching over the palings, beauty sprang instantly. To watch a leaf quivering in the rush of air was an exquisite joy.”

It can be seen how this a very interesting mingling of a phobic condition and a loving condition. Philia and phobia they are connected and very they are entangled in very asymmetric way in Septimus's mind. One do not quite know where the fear ends and the love begins, right. On one hand, he is fearing a bomb, he is fearing an explosion, he is fearing some terrible thing is about to happen on the other hand he has this exquisite joy and beauty and loves springing from his senses.

As talked previously about metaplasticity, how the body, the organic and inorganic systems all mingle together in a very complex ecosystem which is a post-war London, now what we see here is how Septimus has this subject inside the ecosystem is unable to calibrate the conditions around him.

He is unable to calibrate the cognitive conditions around him. He swings from extreme joy to extreme fear, he swings from the organic to the inorganic. He has got no differentiation of sense parameters, he can see, he can hear at the same time. Different sense perceptions are blended together. In other words, he reflects an imploded system of cognition and that obviously becomes part of his interrupted embodiment.

He cannot connect with environment. He cannot enact his personality. There is no stable self that he has and we also see how it begins to affect the person around him. Rezia who also begins to become almost like a trauma victim at a certain level. Thank you for your attention.