Mrs Dalloway

Virginia Woolf

Page 24

Page 24, Highlight:

> There was an emptiness about the heart of life; an attic room. Women must put o their rich apparel. At midday they must disrobe . . . Narrower and narrower would her bed be.'

Page 29

Page 29, Highlight:

> hears the birds singing messages to him in Greek, and sees the dead watching him from behind the railings.

Page 42

Page 42, Text:

It's the summer sensation that reminds her of youth, and Peter Walsh. This tells us that he was basically the one that got away.

We're not a unified unit; we have different facetes that we show to different people. So Clarissa as a young woman is completely different from Mrs. Dalloway.

Woolf allows us to see different versions of Clarissa. No version is the ultimate version of her.

A response to something that was said to her. We can assume that Lucy is a kindof servant. We later find out that a party is happening.

Page 42, Highlight:

> Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the owers herself. For Lucy had her work cut out for her. The doors would be taken o their hinges; Rumpelmayer's men were coming. And then, thought Clarissa Dalloway, what a morning – fresh as if issued to children on a beach. What a lark! What a plunge! For so it had always seemed to her when, with a little squeak of the hinges, which she could hear now, she had burst open the

> French windows and plunged at Bourton1 into the open air. How fresh, how calm, stiller than this of course, the air was in the early morning; like the ap of a wave; the kiss of a wave; chill and sharp and yet (for a girl of eighteen as she then was) solemn, feeling as she did, standing there at the open window, that something awful was about to happen; looking at the owers, at the trees with the smoke winding o them and the rooks rising, falling; standing and looking until Peter Walsh said, 'Musing among the vegetables?' – was that it? – 'I prefer men to cauliowers' – was that it? He must have said it at breakfast one morning when she had gone out on to the terrace – Peter Walsh. He would be back from India one of these days, June or July, she forgot which, for his letters were awfully dull; it was his sayings one remembered; his eyes, his pocket-knife, his smile, his grumpiness and, when millions of things had utterly vanished – how strange it was! – a few sayings like this about cabbages.

Page 42, Text:

He doesn't submit to the rules of society. He should be more reserved and dignified.

—> "I prefer men to cauliflowers": his sarcastic tone is shown. He actually means it; to him establishing an intimate connection is more important than wasting that potential on nature.

This offhand remark is the reason she rejected him.

For her, such an intimate connection is very self- consuming. She wanted to protect herself and that's why she decided to go for the passionless life. This is similar to Septimus.

Woolf is precisely letting Clarissa out of the house to allow us to see her perceived from different people.

Page 43

Page 43, Highlight:

> She stiened a little on the kerb, waiting for Durtnall's van to pass. A charming woman, Scrope Purvis thought her (knowing her as one does know people who live next door to one in Westminster); a touch of the bird about her, of the jay, blue-green, light, vivacious, though she was over fty, and grown very white since her illness.2 There she perched, never seeing him, waiting to cross, very upright

Page 43, Text:

Vivacious: She loves life. But she still goes by the rules of society.

A shift in perspective happened here.

She took the decision that was aligned with her fears not her character which is why she's not over him.

Why does she appreciate her surroundings more? —> her illness/ her heart was affected which means that for a while, she must've been limited in her home. This is a good excuse for her to return to life/ take a plunge back to life/ returning back to humanity.

Page 43, Highlight:

> For having lived in Westminster – how many years now? over twenty, – one feels even in the midst of the trac, or waking at night, Clarissa was positive, a particular hush, or solemnity; an indescribable pause; a suspense (but that might be her heart, aected, they said, by inuenza) before Big Ben strikes. There! Out it boomed. First a warning, musical; then the hour, irrevocable. The leaden circles dissolved in the air. Such fools we are, she thought, crossing Victoria Street. For Heaven only knows why one loves it so, how one sees it so, making it up, building it round one, tumbling it, creating it every moment afresh; but the veriest frumps, the most dejected of miseries sitting on doorsteps (drink their downfall) do the same; can't be dealt with, she felt positive, by Acts of Parliament for that very reason: they love life. In people's eyes, in the swing, tramp, and trudge; in the bellow and the uproar; the carriages, motor cars, omnibuses, vans, sandwich men shuing 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.

Page 43, Text:

Bright context but death is the undertone. This is punctuated by big ben's clock.

Facets of industrialized, modern life or urban settings.

Note of death reiterated. So it's not just on the personal level, but on the general life. Alot of them are still mourning losses. The losses are compounded.

Life and death intermingle on the personal and public level.

Page 43, Highlight:

> For it was the middle of June. The War was over, except for some one like Mrs. Foxcroft at the Embassy last night eating her heart out because that nice boy was killed and now the old Manor House must go to a cousin; or Lady Bexborough who opened a bazaar, they said, with the telegram in her hand, John, her favourite, killed; but it was over; thank Heaven – over. It was June.

Page 43, Text:

Note of death reiterated, showing death as it intermingles on both the public and personal level.

We see the presence of death not only on a personal level but also on a broader political and public level. Although people are celebrating, many are also grieving. Loss is shown as something sudden and overwhelming: overnight, a person can become destitute when property passes to a distant cousin instead of a son, or a woman may be forced to begin a new business while the news of a death is still fresh, holding the telegram in her hand. Life and death are therefore deeply intertwined, both privately and publicly.

Clarissa Dalloway continues to appreciate the world around her, yet we are soon introduced to another character who is ill, dull, and sickly, reinforcing the atmosphere of fragility. This contrast becomes especially clear in the flower shop scene and the episode of the car backfiring. The moment is fascinating because different people interpret it in different ways. Mrs. Dalloway and the woman in the flower shop are initially frightened, but then realize that the noise is only a car backfiring. However, speculation quickly follows: some believe the car belongs to the Prime Minister, others to the Queen or a prince. No single explanation is confirmed, and Woolf deliberately leaves the moment open to multiple interpretations.

Through this scene, we see how ordinary people try to attach glamour and importance to an otherwise ordinary day. This response is closely linked to the post-war context, where meaning and excitement are sought in public events. On this same street, we are also introduced to a new character, Septimus Smith, whom we will examine more closely later.

Page 45

Page 45, Highlight:

> But Peter – however 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

Page 45, Text:

Unlike Clarissa, Peter isn't infatuated by the world's appearance or its baseness. Instead, he views the state of the world deeply and what truly captures his attention is people's depth and soul.

Page 46

Page 46, Highlight:

> interested him; Wagner, Pope's poetry,5 people's characters eternally, and the defects of her own soul. How he scolded her! How they argued! She would marry a Prime Minister and stand at the top of a staircase; the perfect hostess he called her (she had cried over it in her bedroom), she had the makings of the perfect hostess, he said

Page 46, Highlight:

> So she would still nd herself arguing in St. James's Park, still making out that she had been right – and she had too – not to marry him. For in marriage a little licence, a little independence there must be between people living together day in day out in the same house; which Richard gave her, and she him. (Where was he this morning, for instance? Some committee, she never asked what.) But with Peter everything had to be shared; everything gone into. And it was intolerable, and when it came to that scene in the little garden by the fountain, she had to break with him or they would have been destroyed, both of them ruined, she was convinced; though she had borne about with her for years like an arrow sticking in her heart the grief, the anguish; and then the horror of the moment when some one told her at a concert that he had married a woman met on the boat going to India! Never should she forget all that! Cold, heartless, a prude, he called her. Never could she understand how he cared. But those Indian women did presumably – silly, pretty, imsy nincompoops. And she wasted her pity. For he was quite happy, he assured her – perfectly happy, though he had never done a thing that they talked of; his whole life had been a failure. It made her angry still. She had reached the Park gates. She stood for a moment, looking at the omnibuses in Piccadilly.

Page 46, Text:

She chose security over passion, which is ridiculous because she is someone who is deeply passionate.

She's looking at it from a social perspective; Peter only goes where his passion takes him whereas Richard is a member from the parliament and he's successful in the eyes of society.

In the eyes of society, Peter is seen as a failure.

She's still having her doubts and regrets.

It could be that he's trying to evoke any sense of emotion from her.

Objectively—> he wasn't just being mean, he doesn't understand why she's not going after her passions. He feels that she's damaging her own life. He views her marriage to Richard as a life in death.

Page 46, Highlight:

> She would not say of any one in the world now that they were this or were that. She felt very young; at the same time unspeakably aged. She sliced like a knife through everything; at the same time was outside, looking on. She had a perpetual sense, as she watched the taxi cabs, of being out, out, far out to sea and alone; she always had the feeling that it was very, very dangerous to live even one day. Not that she thought herself clever, or much out of the ordinary. How she had got through life on the few twigs of

Page 46, Text:

She doesn't like to put labels on things.

—> reminiscent of The Picture of Dorian Gray's quote: "to define is to limit"

—> modernist were dealing with this uncertainty, so the idea of defining someone as one certain aspect is not only limiting but it's not realistic.

All of the different versions of her are contradictory but they're still her.

She didn't get any education which is also reflective of society back then.

No judgement on her as a person.

Page 47, Highlight:

> knowledge Fräulein Daniels gave them she could not think. She knew nothing; no language, no history; she scarcely read a book now, except memoirs in bed; and yet to her it was absolutely absorbing; all this; the cabs passing; and she would not say of Peter, she would not say of herself, I am this, I am that.

Page 47, Highlight:

> Her only gift was knowing people almost by instinct, she thought, walking on. If you put her in a room with some one, up went her back like a cat's; or she purred. Devonshire House, Bath House,6 the house with the china cockatoo, she had seen them all lit up once; and remembered Sylvia, Fred, Sally Seton – such hosts of people; and dancing all night; and the waggons plodding past to market; and driving home across the Park. She remembered once throwing a shilling into the Serpentine.7 But every one remembered; what she loved was this, here, now, in front of her; the fat lady in the cab. Did it matter then, she asked herself, walking towards Bond Street, did it matter that she must inevitably cease completely; all this must go on without her; did she resent it; or did it not become consoling to believe that death ended absolutely? but that somehow in the streets of London, on the ebb and ow 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 all 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, herself. But what was she dreaming as she looked into Hatchards' shop window?8 What was she trying to recover? What image of white dawn in the country, as she read in the book spread open:

Page 47, Underline:

> Fear no more the heat o' the sun Nor the furious winter's rages.

Page 47, Text:

The novel explores several key themes, including the urban setting, time, mortality and death, and alienation. One important idea is that there are no isolated or standalone moments; every moment is connected to the past. Time is fluid rather than fixed, and this fluidity is a central element of the novel. Another major theme is health and illness, particularly insanity, which is closely connected to Woolf's own life and experiences and will be

discussed in more detail later. The themes of science and technology are also present throughout the text.

We also encounter strong ideas of duality, contrast, and doubling, with characters and situations reflecting or mirroring one another. These doubles appear in several passages that are worth close attention. In addition, the novel presents an uncharacteristic protagonist. Instead of a young woman whose story ends in marriage, we follow a fifty-two-year-old woman who is already married and has raised a child. According to traditional social and gender norms, there is seemingly "nothing more" for her to do, which makes her an unconventional central character.

Structurally, the novel has no clear divisions or rigid organization. It unfolds as a continuous flow of thoughts through the stream-of-consciousness technique, with no definite beginning or end. The story feels as though it is already in motion when it starts. For example, we are introduced to Lucy without knowing who she is or why she is busy. We gradually understand the narrative step by step.

This understanding is shaped by Woolf's repeated use of the past. Through brief memories and flashbacks, the reader "digs" into the characters' inner lives to understand their motivations, their consistency, and how they change over time. These constant recreations of the past allow us to trace character development and psychological depth throughout the novel.

Page 47, Text:

- [ ] Vivacious
- [ ] The entire country is still recovering from the great war and everyone was contemplating death & life. Mrs. Dalloway in particular dwelled on that. So we have the public vs the private theme.
- [ ] A dark morbid undertone even in the midst of all the happiness, but her conclusion isn't a dark one; life is interconnected and her legacy will continue on.
- [ ] Interconnections, an organic network. It's a comfort to know that even after she dies, life wont end. The continuation/legacy of life. The description of life is in terms of a body of water; a very beautiful imagery.

Page 47, Text:

- [ ] "Fear no more..." —> Shakespeare's song. These are lines of comfort that the person who died doesn't have to worry about anything. Those lines reflect her line of thoughts; a sense of rebirth, consolation after

death, Clarissa is scared of submitting to those passions, which were mentioned in “furious”. She’s going to relate this to the public at the end.

Page 48

Page 48, Highlight:

> How much she wanted it – that people should look pleased as she came in, Clarissa thought and turned and walked back towards Bond Street, annoyed, because it was silly to have other reasons for doing things. Much rather would she have been one of those people like Richard who did things for themselves, whereas, she thought, waiting to cross, half the time she did things not simply, not for themselves; but to make people think this or that; perfect idiocy she knew (and now the policeman held up his hand) for no one was ever for a second taken in. Oh if she could have had her life over again! she thought, stepping on to the pavement, could have looked even dierently! She would have been, in the rst place, dark like Lady Bexborough, with a skin of crumpled leather and beautiful eyes. She would have been, like Lady Bexborough, slow and stately; rather large; interested in politics like a man; with a country house; very dignied, very sincere. Instead of which she had a narrow pea-stick gure; a ridiculous little face, beaked like a bird’s. That she held herself well was true; and had nice hands and feet; and dressed well, considering that she spent little. But often now this body she wore (she stopped to look at a Dutch picture), this body, with all its capacities, seemed nothing – nothing at all. She had the oddest sense of being herself invisible; unseen; unknown; there being no more marrying, no more having of children now, but only this astonishing and rather solemn progress with the rest of them, up Bond Street, this being Mrs. Dalloway; not even Clarissa any more; this being Mrs. Richard Dalloway.

Page 48, Text:

- [ ] She regrets a lot of things. The image of her as Mrs. Dalloway is related to her looking old, contrasting with her description of Clarissa
- [ ] She is dissatisfied even tho she meets the expectations of societal norms. She married Richard only because it was the rational & respectable thing to do. She hid behind gender norms.
- [ ] Lady Bexborough is not traditional in any sense; she defies gender norms, expresses her political beliefs unapologetically, and appears in an unconventional way, but Clarissa deems her as a model to emulate.
- [ ] This passage highlights the inner conflict: Clarissa’s character vs how she presents herself (appearance vs reality). She’s not following

her natural impulses.

Page 48, Text:

—-> it's all about the inner worlds of the characters. How they came to be.

Page 49

Page 49, Highlight:

> Not a straw, she thought, going on up Bond Street to a shop where they kept owers for her when she gave a party. Elizabeth really cared for her dog most of all. The whole house this morning smelt of tar. Still, better poor Grizzle10 than Miss Kilman; better distemper and tar and all the rest of it than sitting mewed in a stuy bedroom with a prayer book! Better anything, she was inclined to say. But it might be only a phase, as Richard said, such as all girls go through. It might be falling in love. But why with Miss Kilman? who had been badly treated of course; one must make allowances for that, and Richard said she was very able, had a really historical mind. Anyhow they were inseparable, and Elizabeth, her own daughter, went to Communion; and how she dressed, how she treated people who came to lunch she did not care a bit, it being her experience that the religious ecstasy made people callous (so did causes); dulled their feelings, for Miss Kilman would do anything for the Russians, starved herself for the Austrians, but in private inicted positive torture, so insensitive was she, dressed in a green mackintosh coat. Year in year out she wore that coat; she perspired; she was never in the room ve minutes without making you feel her superiority, your inferiority; how poor she was; how rich you were; how she lived in a slum without a cushion or a bed or a rug or whatever it might be, all her soul rusted with that grievance sticking in it, her dismissal from school during the War – poor embittered unfortunate creature! For it was not her one hated but the idea of her, which undoubtedly had gathered in to itself a great deal that

Page 49, Text:

- [ ] She starts to think about her daughter and how she doesn't like what recently influenced her.
- [ ] Conflicting class, ideology & a religious context: Ms. Kilman is a religious figure who's a history teacher & Clarissa's problem is ms. Kilman's sense of superiority and judgmental character. She is similar to Dante. She passes judgement on everyone & that's why Clarissa feels that her hold on her daughter is slipping.

- [ ] There is a parallel between them; both deem themselves superior, they protect themselves with a certain societal norm as a shield from society.

Page 50

Page 50, Highlight:

> was not Miss Kilman; had become one of those spectres with which one battles in the night; one of those spectres who stand astride us and suck up half our life-blood, dominators and tyrants; for no doubt with another throw of the dice, had the black been uppermost and not the white, she would have loved Miss Kilman! But not in this world. No.

Page 51

Page 51, Highlight:

> Yet rumours were at once in circulation from the middle of Bond Street to Oxford Street on one side, to Atkinson's scent shop on the other, passing invisibly, inaudibly, like a cloud, swift, veil-like upon hills, falling indeed with something of a cloud's sudden sobriety and stillness upon faces which a second before had been utterly disorderly. But now mystery had brushed them with her wing; they had heard the voice of authority; the spirit of religion was abroad with her eyes bandaged tight and her lips gaping wide. But nobody knew whose face had been seen. Was it the Prince of Wales's, the Queen's, the Prime Minister's?12 Whose face was it? Nobody knew

Page 52

Page 52, Highlight:

> Septimus Warren Smith, aged about thirty, pale-faced, beak- nosed, wearing brown shoes and a shabby overcoat, with hazel eyes which had that look of apprehension in them which makes complete strangers apprehensive too. The world has raised its whip; where will it descend? Everything had come to a standstill. The throb of the motor engines sounded like a pulse irregularly drumming through an entire body. The sun became extraordinarily hot because the motor car had stopped outside Mulberry's shop window; old ladies on the tops of omnibuses spread their black parasols; here a green, here a red parasol opened with a little pop. Mrs. Dalloway, coming to the window with her arms full of sweet peas, looked out with her little pink face pursed in enquiry. Every

> one looked at the motor car. Septimus looked. Boys on bicycles sprang o. Trac accumulated. And there the motor car stood, with drawn blinds, and upon them a curious pattern like a tree, Septimus thought, and this gradual drawing together of everything to one centre before his eyes, as if some horror had come almost to the surface and was about to burst into ames, terried him. The world wavered and quivered and threatened to burst into ames. It is I who am blocking the way, he thought. Was he not being looked at and pointed at; was he not weighted there, rooted to the pavement, for a purpose? But for what purpose? 'Let us go on, Septimus,' said his wife, a little woman, with large eyes in a sallow pointed face; an Italian girl. But Lucrezia herself could not help looking at the motor car and the tree pattern on the blinds. Was it the Queen in there – the Queen going shopping? The chaueur, who had been opening something, turning something, shutting something, got on to the box. 'Come on,' said Lucrezia.

Page 53

Page 53, Highlight:

> The motor car with its blinds drawn and an air of inscrutable reserve proceeded towards Piccadilly, still gazed at, still ruing the faces on both sides of the street with the same dark breath of veneration whether for Queen, Prince, or Prime Minister nobody knew. The face itself had been seen only once by three people for a few seconds. Even the sex was now in dispute. But there could be no doubt that greatness was seated within; greatness was passing, hidden, down Bond Street, removed only by a hand's-breadth from ordinary people who might now, for the rst and last time, be within speaking distance of the majesty of England, of the enduring symbol of the state which will be known to curious antiquaries, sifting the ruins of time, when London is a grass-grown path and all those hurrying along the pavement this Wednesday morning are but bones with a few wedding rings mixed up in their dust and the gold stoppings of innumerable decayed teeth. The face in the motor car will then be known.

Page 54

Page 54, Underline:

> t is probably the Queen, thought Mrs. Dalloway,

Page 54, Highlight:

> Clarissa guessed

Page 54, Underline:

> Clarissa guessed;

Page 55

Page 55, Text:

Episode of an airplane

- [ ] Vagueness: Everyone will have an interpretation of the plane's writing. It will end up to be a toffee ad.
- [ ] How industries & civilization changes society.
- [ ] An intro to Septimus' character: he's described as bird like, similar to Clarissa. We know that he's shell shocked. And we have a parallel between the sane & the insane; his thoughts echo Clarissa's views on life.
- [ ] Like Clarissa, Septimus is actually appreciating life around him.
- [ ] He feels overwhelmed by the beauty of life; his appreciation is, however, unfiltered. He was of a sensitive and passionate nature. This appreciation of beauty isn't limited to nature but it's also the human sounds that create a sense of harmony within him.
- [ ] We're not self-contained but we're part & parcel of everything around us.
- [ ] Septimus says it in a way that makes us question if those are the ravings of an insane man or if there is a seed of truth within them.
- [ ] "scientific" the terminology used is very industrial and modern. —> the city from different eyes.

Page 55, Highlight:

> Gliding across Piccadilly, the car turned down St. James's Street. Tall men, men of robust physique, well-dressed men with their tail- coats and their white slips and their hair raked back who, for reasons dicult to discriminate, were standing in the bow window of White's16 with their hands behind the tails of their coats, looking out, perceived instinctively that greatness was passing, and the pale light of the immortal presence fell upon them as it had fallen upon Clarissa Dalloway. At once they stood even straighter, and removed their hands, and seemed ready to attend their Sovereign, if need be, to the cannon's mouth, as their ancestors had done before them. The white busts and the little tables in the background covered with copies of the Tatler17 and syphons of soda water seemed to approve; seemed to indicate the owing corn and the manor houses of

> England; and to return the frail hum of the motor wheels as the walls of a whispering gallery return a single voice expanded and made sonorous by the might of a whole cathedral. Shawled Moll Pratt with her owers on the pavement wished the dear boy well (it was the Prince of Wales for certain) and would have tossed the price of a pot of beer – a bunch of roses – into St. James's Street out of sheer light-heartedness and contempt of poverty had she not seen the constable's eye upon her, discouraging an old Irishwoman's loyalty. The sentries at St. James's saluted; Queen Alexandra's policeman approved.~~18~~

Page 57

Page 57, Highlight:

> K, an E, a Y perhaps?

Page 57, Highlight:

> It had gone; it was behind the clouds. There was no sound. The clouds to which the letters E, G, or L had attached themselves moved freely, as if destined to cross from West to East on a mission of the greatest importance which would never be revealed, and yet

Page 58

Page 58, Highlight:

> It was toee; they were advertising toee, a nursemaid told Rezia. Together they began to spell t . . . o . . . f . . . 'K . . . R . . .' said the nursemaid, and Septimus heard her say 'Kay Arr' close to his ear, deeply, softly, like a mellow organ, but with a roughness in her voice like a grasshopper's, which rasped his spine deliciously and sent running up into his brain waves of sound which, concussing, broke. A marvellous discovery indeed – that the human voice in certain atmospheric conditions (for one must be scientic, above all scientic) can quicken trees into life! Happily Rezia put her hand with a tremendous weight on his knee so that he was weighted down, transxed, or the excitement of the elm trees rising and falling, rising and falling with all their leaves alight and the colour thinning and thickening from blue to the green of a

Page 58, Text:

Key ideas: Different interests & perceptions. The idea of imposing meaning

to a mundane moment. The pervasiveness of technology and the usage of industrial diction.

Page 59

Page 59, Highlight:

> hollow wave, like plumes on horses' heads, feathers on ladies', so proudly they rose and fell, so superbly, would have sent him mad. But he would not go mad. He would shut his eyes; he would see no more.

Page 60

Page 60, Underline:

> Men must not cut down trees.

Page 64

Page 64, Text:

Clarissa's home is described as a vault; it's a life in death way of living. It's also where she retreats and "sheds" her facade of performance.

Page 64, Highlight:

> The hall of the house was cool as a vault. Mrs. Dalloway raised her hand to her eyes, and, as the maid shut the door to, and she heard the swish of Lucy's skirts, she felt like a nun who has left the world and feels fold round her the familiar veils and the response to old devotions.

Page 74

Page 74, Text:

Peter is very aware of his failures.

Page 74, Text:

Why does she hide her dress? —> she's not expecting someone to barge in her private space. It's an intimate moment of vulnerability, so she's flustered by this lack of decorum & this goes against everything she projects & the social norms. She then regains her composure & Peter actually gets to see

the facade of her composure.

She's fulfilling the prophecy of Peter; preparing for the party & being married to a prime minister.

Page 74, Text:

- [ ] Spontaneous visiting, which is very fitting for Peter. This isn't part of the social norm and Clarissa thinks this is outrageous. Peter is actually anglo-Indian, which is why he went to India as he had a family there.
- [ ] Tunneling: 2 aspects of Clarissa. How they meet & act like teenagers again.

Page 74, Text:

There isn't any facade to Peter unlike Mrs. Dalloway who performs most of her time.

Page 74, Highlight:

> Heavens, the front-door bell!' exclaimed Clarissa, staying her needle. Roused, she listened. 'Mrs. Dalloway will see me,' said the elderly man in the hall. 'Oh yes, she will see me,' he repeated, putting Lucy aside very benevolently, and running upstairs ever so quickly. 'Yes, yes, yes,' he muttered as he ran upstairs. 'She will see me. After ve years in India, Clarissa will see me.' 'Who can – what can,' asked Mrs. Dalloway (thinking it was outrageous to be interrupted at eleven o'clock on the morning of the day she was giving a party), hearing a step on the stairs. She heard a hand upon the door. She made to hide her dress, like a virgin protecting chastity, respecting privacy. Now the brass knob slipped. Now the door opened, and in came – for a single second she could not remember what he was called! so surprised she was to see him, so glad, so shy, so utterly taken aback to have Peter Walsh come to her unexpectedly in the morning! (She had not read his letter.) 'And how are you?' said Peter Walsh, positively trembling; taking both her hands; kissing both her hands. She's grown older, he thought, sitting down. I shan't tell her anything about it, he thought, for she's grown older. She's looking at me, he thought, a sudden embarrassment coming over him, though he had kissed her hands. Putting his hand into his pocket, he took out a large pocket-knife and half opened the blade. Exactly the same, thought Clarissa; the same queer look; the same check suit; a little out of the straight his face is, a little thinner, dryer, perhaps, but he looks awfully well, and just the same. 'How heavenly it is to see you again!' she exclaimed. He had his knife out. That's so like him, she thought. He had

> only reached town last night, he said; would have to go down into the country at once; and how was everything, how was everybody – Richard? Elizabeth?

Page 75

Page 75, Highlight:

> And what's all this?' he said, tilting his pen-knife towards her green dress. He's very well dressed, thought Clarissa; yet he always criticises me. Here she is mending her dress; mending her dress as usual, he thought; here she's been sitting all the time I've been in India; mending her dress; playing about; going to parties; running to the House and back and all that, he thought, growing more and more irritated, more and more agitated, for there's nothing in the world so bad for some women as marriage, he thought; and politics; and having a Conservative husband, like the admirable Richard. So it is, so it is, he thought, shutting his knife with a snap.

Page 75, Text:

He champions experiencing new things & he feels like Clarissa is missing out. He is agitated by her wasted potential. He's calling for women to have a sense of self that is independent from their husbands.

Page 75, Underline:

> so bad for some women as marri

Page 76

Page 76, Text:

Lady Bradshaw wasn't as lucky as Clarissa. Peter's influence on Clarissa was more dangerous for her. It can turn into conversion, which can kill her. Clarissa escaped that trap through her logical reasoning; protecting her soul by marrying Richard.

—> attic room: she needed rest. It was a space that was considered a temporary strategic retreat. (A scene where she shedding her clothes highlights how she's shedding the social facade at that time).

Interesting trajectory of mrs. Dalloway, room 19, the hours.

The brutal interview scene between Septimus etc.

Page 76, Text:

The moment of danger -) he has to remind his wife that he loves her & bring her flowers since Peter arrived.

Page 76, Text:

Lady bruton is trying to hold on to anything that would provide meaning to her life. The thing that she wanted to write the letter about was immigration, she also mentioned that it could be literally anything.

Luncheon: She asked Richard for help in writing the letter.

Page 81

Page 81, Highlight:

> Tell me,' he said, seizing her by the shoulders.

Page 81, Highlight:

> Are you happy, Clarissa? Does Richard——'

Page 81, Text:

This is like an attack; this daring of the soul done by Peter & she can't really stand that, which is why she hides behind the facade of claiming Elizabeth in a dramatic manner.

She has a conflict within her because she doesn't follow her desires; she decided to rationally protect her soul.

Page 81, Highlight:

> The door opened. 'Here is my Elizabeth,' said Clarissa, emotionally, histrionically, perhaps. 'How d'y do?' said Elizabeth coming forward. The sound of Big Ben striking the half-hour struck out between them with extraordinary vigour, as if a young man, strong, indierent, inconsiderate, were swinging dumb-bells this way and that. 'Hullo, Elizabeth!' cried Peter, stung his handkerchief into his pocket, going quickly to her, saying 'Good-bye Clarissa' without looking at her, leaving the room quickly, and

> running downstairs and opening the hall door. ‘Peter! Peter!’ cried Clarissa, following him out on to the landing. ‘My party to-night! Remember my party to-night!’ she cried, having to raise her voice against the roar of the open air, and, overwhelmed by the trac and the sound of all the clocks striking, her voice crying ‘Remember my party to-night!’ sounded frail and thin and very far away as Peter Walsh shut the door.

Page 81, Text:

The element of time; it passes by even if she wants it to stretch.

Page 81, Text:

(A reverse) At the end, it’s very interesting that she’s the one who’s calling out to him.

Page 101

Page 101, Highlight:

> Those ve years – 1918 to 1923 – had been, he suspected, somehow very important. People looked dierent. Newspapers seemed dierent. Now, for instance, there was a man writing quite openly in one of the respectable weeklies about water-closets. That you couldn’t have done ten years ago – written quite openly about

Page 101, Text:

The modernist changes. People are talking more openly about their bodily functions. People are getting away from all the decorous ideals. It’s a different reaction to London than the one we see by Clarissa & Septimus; the fragmentation of not getting a singular image of any setting.

Page 101, Underline:

> water-closets

Page 102

Page 102, Text:

By traditional standards, women are deemed spinsters if they’re not married by their 20s. Now, it’s completely different.

Page 102, Highlight:

> water-closets in a respectable weekly. And then this taking out a stick of rouge, or a powder-pu, and making up in public. On board ship coming home there were lots of young men and girls – Betty and Bertie he remembered in particular – carrying on quite openly; the old mother sitting and watching them with her knitting, cool as a cucumber. The girl would stand still and powder her nose in front of every one. And they weren't engaged; just having a good time; no feelings hurt on either side. As hard as nails she was – Betty Whatshername – but a thorough good sort. She would make a very good wife at thirty – she would marry when it suited her to marry; marry some rich man and live in a large house near Manchester.

Page 102, Underline:

> suited her to marry

Page 106

Page 106, Text:

This is about Clarissa

Page 106, Highlight:

> Oddly enough, she was one of the most thorough-going sceptics he had ever met, and possibly (this was a theory he used to make up to account for her, so transparent in some ways, so inscrutable in

Page 106, Underline:

> sceptics

Page 107

Page 107, Text:

Her vision of religion was that God always had a negative influence; her sister dying, hardships. She thinks that it's a point of resistance, so despite all of this suffering, she'll do good to spite the higher powers.

—> from an agnostic to an atheist. —-> life in death; life will continue on this

earth. —> Tyndall: greenhouse effect. His influence was in the field of radiation & he gave lectures to regular people as he aimed to make science more accessible. He thought that religion & science should be separated. He also believed in social darwinism. —-> her own readings reflect her beliefs; she appears to be very traditional on the outside, but the more we hear about her, the more we understand the layers beneath the facets of her personality. —->Huxley: a scientist who created the field of biology. He too believes that religion & science should be separated.

Page 107, Highlight:

> others), possibly she said to herself, As we are a doomed race, chained to a sinking ship (her favourite reading as a girl was Huxley and Tyndall,43 and they were fond of these nautical metaphors), as the whole thing is a bad joke, let us, at any rate, do our part; mitigate the suerings of our fellow-prisoners (Huxley again); decorate the dungeon with owers and air-cushions; be as decent as we possibly can. Those ruans, the Gods, shan't have it all their own way – her notion being that the Gods, who never lost a chance of hurting, thwarting and spoiling human lives, were seriously put out if, all the same, you behaved like a lady. That phase came directly after Sylvia's death – that horrible aair. To see your own sister killed by a falling tree (all Justin Parry's fault – all his carelessness) before your very eyes, a girl too on the verge of life, the most gifted of them, Clarissa always said, was enough to turn one bitter. Later she wasn't so positive, perhaps; she thought there were no Gods; no one was to blame; and so she evolved this atheist's religion of doing good for the sake of goodness

Page 107, Highlight:

> And of course she enjoyed life immensely. It was her nature to enjoy (though, goodness only knows, she had her reserves; it was a mere sketch, he often felt, that even he, after all these years, could make of Clarissa). Anyhow there was no bitterness in her; none of that sense of moral virtue which is so repulsive in good women. She enjoyed practically everything. If you walked with her in Hyde Park now it was a bed of tulips, now a child in a perambulator, now some absurd little drama she made up on the spur of the moment. (Very likely she would have talked to those lovers, if she had thought them unhappy.) She had a sense of comedy that was really exquisite, but she needed people, always people, to bring it out, with the inevitable result that she frittered her time away, lunching, dining, giving these incessant parties of hers, talking nonsense, saying things she didn't mean, blunting the edge of her mind, losing her discrimination. There she would sit at the head of the table taking innite

> pains with some old buer who might be useful to Dalloway – they knew the most appalling bores in Europe – or in came Elizabeth and every thing must give way to her. She was at a

Page 108

Page 108, Highlight:

> High School, at the inarticulate stage last time he was over, a round-eyed, pale-faced girl, with nothing of her mother in her, a silent stolid creature, who took it all as a matter of course, let her mother make a fuss of her, and then said 'May I go now?' like a child of four; going o, Clarissa explained, with that mixture of amusement and pride which Dalloway himself seemed to rouse in her, to play hockey. And now Elizabeth was 'out', presumably; thought him an old fogy, laughed at her mother's friends. Ah well, so be it. The compensation of growing old, Peter Walsh thought, coming out of Regent's Park, and holding his hat in hand, was simply this; that the passions remain as strong as ever, but one has gained – at last! – the power which adds the supreme avour to existence – the power of taking hold of experience, of turning it round, slowly, in the light.

Page 112

Page 112, Highlight:

> As for the other experiences, the solitary ones, which people go through alone, in their bedrooms, in their oces, walking the elds and the streets of London, he had them; had left home, a mere boy, because of his mother; she lied; because he came down to tea for the ftieth time with his hands unwashed; because he could see no future for a poet in Stroud; and so, making a condant of his little sister, had gone to London leaving an absurd note behind him, such as great men have written, and the world has read later when the story of their struggles has become famous.

Page 112, Highlight:

> London has swallowed up many millions of young men called Smith; thought nothing of fantastic Christian names like Septimus with which their parents have thought to distinguish them. Lodging o the Euston Road, there were experiences, again experiences, such as change a face in two years from a pink innocent oval to a face lean, contracted, hostile. But of all this what could the most

Page 113

Page 113, Highlight:

> observant of friends have said except what a gardener says when he opens the conservatory door in the morning and nds a new blossom on his plant: – It has owered; owered from vanity, ambition, idealism, passion, loneliness, courage, laziness, the usual seeds, which all muddled up (in a room o the Euston Road), made him shy, and stammering, made him anxious to improve himself, made him fall in love with Miss Isabel Pole, lecturing in the Waterloo Road46 upon Shakespeare. Was he not like Keats? she asked; and reected how she might give him a taste of Antony and Cleopatra and the rest; lent him books; wrote him scraps of letters; and lit in him such a re as burns only once in a lifetime, without heat, ickering a red gold ame innitely ethereal and insubstantial over Miss Pole; Antony and Cleopatra; and the Waterloo Road. He thought her beautiful, believed her impeccably wise; dreamed of her, wrote poems to her, which, ignoring the subject, she corrected in red ink; he saw her, one summer evening, walking in a green dress in a square. 'It has owered,' the gardener might have said, had he opened the door; had he come in, that is to say, any night about this time, and found him writing; found him tearing up his writing; found him nishing a masterpiece at three o'clock in the morning and running out to pace the streets, and visiting churches, and fasting one day, drinking another, devouring Shakespeare, Darwin, The History of Civilisation, and Bernard Shaw.47 Something was up, Mr. Brewer knew; Mr. Brewer, managing clerk at Sibleys and Arrowsmiths, auctioneers, valuers, land and estate agents; something was up, he thought, and, being paternal with his young men, and thinking very highly of Smith's abilities, and prophesying that he would, in ten or fteen years, succeed to the leather arm-chair in the inner room under the skylight with the deed-boxes round him, 'if he keeps his health,' said Mr. Brewer, and that was the danger – he looked weakly; advised football, invited him to supper and was seeing his way to consider recommending a rise of salary, when something happened which threw out many of Mr. Brewer's calculations, took away his ablest young fellows, and

Page 114

Page 114, Highlight:

> eventually, so prying and insidious were the ngers of the European War, smashed a plaster cast of Ceres, ploughed a hole in the geranium beds, and utterly ruined the cook's nerves at Mr. Brewer's establishment at Muswell Hill. Septimus was one of the rst to volunteer. He went to France

> to save an England which consisted almost entirely of Shakespeare's plays and Miss Isabel Pole in a green dress walking in a square. There in the trenches the change which Mr. Brewer desired when he advised football was produced instantly; he developed manliness; he was promoted; he drew the attention, indeed the aection of his ocer, Evans by name. It was a case of two dogs playing on a hearth-rug; one worrying a paper screw, snarling, snapping, giving a pinch, now and then, at the old dog's ear; the other lying somnolent, blinking at the re, raising a paw, turning and growling good- temperedly. They had to be together, share with each other, ght with each other, quarrel with each other. But when Evans (Rezia, who had only seen him once, called him 'a quiet man', a sturdy red- haired man, undemonstrative in the company of women), when Evans was killed, just before the Armistice, in Italy, Septimus, far from showing any emotion or recognising that here was the end of a friendship, congratulated himself upon feeling very little and very reasonably. The War had taught him. It was sublime. He had gone through the whole show, friendship, European War, death, had won promotion, was still under thirty and was bound to survive. He was right there. The last shells missed him. He watched them explode with indierence. When peace came he was in Milan, billeted in the house of an innkeeper with a courtyard, owers in tubs, little tables in the open, daughters making hats, and to Lucrezia, the younger daughter, he became engaged one evening when the panic was on him – that he could not feel. For now that it was all over, truce signed, and the dead buried, he had, especially in the evening, these sudden thunder-claps of fear. He could not feel. As he opened the door of the room where the Italian girls sat making hats, he could see them; could hear them; they were rubbing wires among coloured beads in saucers;

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Page 115, Highlight:

> they were turning buckram shapes this way and that; the table was all strewn with feathers, spangles, silks, ribbons; scissors were rapping on the table; but something failed him; he could not feel. Still, scissors rapping, girls laughing, hats being made protected him; he was assured of safety; he had a refuge. But he could not sit there all night. There were moments of waking in the early morning. The bed was falling; he was falling. Oh for the scissors and the lamplight and the buckram shapes! He asked Lucrezia to marry him, the younger of the two, the gay, the frivolous, with those little artist's ngers that she would hold up and say 'It is all in them.' Silk, feathers, what not were alive to them. 'It is the hat that matters most,' she would say, when they walked out together. Every hat

> that passed, she would examine; and the cloak and the dress and the way the woman held herself. Ill- dressing, over-dressing she stigmatised, not savagely, rather with impatient movements of the hands, like those of a painter who puts from him some obvious well-meant glaring imposture; and then, generously, but always critically, she would welcome a shop-girl who had turned her little bit of stu gallantly, or praise, wholly, with enthusiastic and professional understanding, a French lady descending from her carriage, in chinchilla, robes, pearls. 'Beautiful!' she would murmur, nudging Septimus, that he might see. But beauty was behind a pane of glass. Even taste (Rezia liked ices, chocolates, sweet things) had no relish to him. He put down his cup on the little marble table. He looked at people outside; happy they seemed, collecting in the middle of the street, shouting, laughing, squabbling over nothing. But he could not taste, he could not feel. In the tea-shop among the tables and the chattering waiters the appalling fear came over him – he could not feel. He could reason; he could read, Dante for example, quite easily ('Septimus, do put down your book,' said Rezia, gently shutting the Inferno), he could add up his bill; his brain was perfect; it must be the fault of the world then – that he could not feel. 'The English are so silent,' Rezia said. She liked it, she said. She respected these Englishmen, and wanted to see London, and the

Page 116

Page 116, Highlight:

> English horses, and the tailor-made suits, and could remember hearing how wonderful the shops were, from an aunt who had married and lived in Soho. It might be possible, Septimus thought, looking at England from the train window, as they left Newhaven; it might be possible that the world itself is without meaning. At the oce they advanced him to a post of considerable responsibility. They were proud of him; he had won crosses. 'You have done your duty; it is up to us——' began Mr. Brewer; and could not nish, so pleasurable was his emotion. They took admirable lodgings o the Tottenham Court Road. Here he opened Shakespeare once more. That boy's business of the intoxication of language – Antony and Cleopatra – had shrivelled utterly. How Shakespeare loathed humanity – the putting on of clothes, the getting of children, the sordidity of the mouth and the belly! This was now revealed to Septimus; the message hidden in the beauty of words. The secret signal which one generation passes, under disguise, to the next is loathing, hatred, despair. Dante the same. Aeschylus (translated) the same. There Rezia sat at the table trimming hats. She trimmed hats for Mrs. Filmer's friends; she trimmed hats by the hour. She looked pale, mysterious, like a lily, drowned, under

> water, he thought.

Page 116, Text:

I. Septimus's Social Position and Early Character

Septimus Warren Smith is introduced as a borderline figure, socially and intellectually. Outwardly, he appears respectable: he wore brown boots; his hands were educated" yet he is never fully secure within society. He is described as a "border case, neither one thing nor the other," suggesting that he exists between classes, between success and failure, between belonging and exclusion.

Although he might look like a clerk "of the better sort," his life remains uncertain. He may end up with "a house at Purley and a motor car," or he may spend his life "renting apartments in back streets." This uncertainty defines him from the start.

Self-Education and Nonconformity

Septimus is self-educated, learning from books borrowed from public libraries rather than from formal institutions. This places him outside traditional educational structures and marks him as intellectually ambitious but socially marginal. This kind of education distinguishes him from figures like Clarissa, who belong naturally to elite culture.

His rejection of social conventions is evident early on. He leaves home because of small but telling conflicts, coming to tea with unwashed hands, refusing domestic discipline, and seeing "no future for a poet in Stroud." These details establish him as: • nontraditional • resistant to authority • uninterested in social respectability

His departure to London is framed as an artistic escape, reinforced by the "absurd note" he leaves behind; the kind of note later associated with great men whose struggles become meaningful only in retrospect.

———

II. London and the Formation of the Artist

London "swallows up many millions of young men called Smith," erasing individuality even as it promises opportunity. Septimus's unusual first name, meant to distinguish him, ultimately means nothing to the city. This emphasizes how London both creates and consumes identities.

Life in London changes him rapidly. Within two years, his face shifts "from a

pink innocent oval to a face lean, contracted, hostile." This links his transformation to experience itself, emotional, intellectual, and solitary experiences lived in private rooms and city streets.

The Flower Metaphor: Growth and Maturity

Septimus's development is repeatedly described through organic imagery, especially the metaphor of flowering. Like a gardener opening a conservatory door and finding a new blossom, one could say simply: "It has flowered."

This flowering grows from mixed "seeds": • vanity • ambition • idealism • passion • loneliness • courage • laziness

These traits together shape Septimus into a sensitive, shy, stammering young man who desperately wants to improve himself.

———

III. Isabel Pole and Literary Awakening

Septimus's emotional and intellectual flowering culminates in his attachment to Miss Isabel Pole, who lectures on Shakespeare. She introduces him to high culture and treats him as a promising mind, asking whether he resembles Keats.

She: • lends him books • corrects his poems in red ink • encourages his literary ambition

Her influence ignites in him a fire that "burns only once in a lifetime" intense but insubstantial. Septimus idealizes her completely, believing her "impeccably wise," dreaming of her, and writing poems inspired by her.

At this stage, Septimus lives intensely: • writing and tearing up manuscripts • pacing the streets at night • visiting churches • fasting one day and drinking another • devouring Shakespeare, Darwin, The History of Civilisation, and Bernard Shaw

These authors matter because they challenge convention, morality, religion, and society — mirroring Septimus's own position.

———

IV. Mr. Brewer's Perspective: Society Watching Septimus

The narrative briefly shifts to Mr. Brewer, Septimus's employer. From his perspective, Septimus is talented but physically weak. Brewer imagines a future for him; a promotion, authority, a leather armchair but only "if he keeps

his health."

Brewer's concern reveals social expectations: • masculinity • strength • discipline

He advises football, supper, and physical hardening. Septimus's thinness and sensitivity are seen as dangers. This perspective reinforces how Septimus fails to meet conventional ideals of manhood.

———

V. The War as Rupture

The European War arrives violently, described as: • smashing a plaster cast of Ceres • ploughing holes in geranium beds • destroying domestic stability

The war uproots people from their lives just as it destroys cultivated nature. Septimus volunteers early, driven not by brutality but by idealism. He goes to save an England made up almost entirely of: • Shakespeare's plays • Isabel Pole walking in a green dress

This reveals that he fights for a romantic, cultural England, not a political one.

Page 116, Text:

VI. Septimus and Evans: Friendship and Loss

At war, Septimus undergoes the transformation Brewer desired. He becomes "manly," earns promotion, and forms a close bond with his officer, Evans. Their relationship is intimate, described through animal imagery; two dogs playing, quarrelling, sharing everything.

This closeness makes Evans's death devastating. Yet when Evans is killed, Septimus feels nothing.

Instead of grief, he congratulates himself: • for feeling "very little" • for being "reasonable" • for having learned from the war

He calls the experience "sublime." He believes emotional numbness proves strength and survival.

———

VII. Emotional Numbness and Panic

After the war ends, Septimus discovers the true cost of this numbness. He repeatedly realizes:

“He could not feel.”

Although his mind works perfectly as he can read Dante, calculate bills, reason logically, emotion is absent. Beauty, taste, pleasure, and connection are sealed behind glass.

This creates overwhelming panic, especially when he is alone. • fear arrives suddenly • panic is physical and uncontrollable • numbness becomes terrifying

———

VIII. Lucrezia: Refuge and Contrast

Septimus becomes engaged to Lucrezia, an Italian hat-maker, during one of these panic moments. She represents everything he is not: • lively • tactile • expressive • immersed in colour, texture, and beauty

Among scissors, ribbons, feathers, and lamplight, Septimus feels temporarily safe. These surroundings protect him from terror, but they do not heal him.

Despite Lucrezia’s vitality, beauty remains unreachable: • “beauty was behind a pane of glass” • taste has “no relish” • people appear happy, but he cannot join them

His inability to feel becomes the central horror of his existence.

———

IX. Meaninglessness and Literary Disillusionment

Returning to England, Septimus looks out from the train and thinks:

“It might be possible that the world itself is without meaning.”

This marks a decisive shift. The Shakespeare he once loved now seems hollow. The “intoxication of language” has “shrivelled utterly.” Instead, he perceives literature as carrying a hidden message passed from generation to generation: • loathing • hatred • despair

Dante, Aeschylus, and Shakespeare all appear to confirm this bleak truth.

Page 118, Highlight:

> So there was no excuse; nothing whatever the matter, except the sin for

> which human nature had condemned him to death; that he did not feel. He had not cared when Evans was killed; that was worst; but all the other crimes raised their heads and shook their ngers and jeered and sneered over the rail of the bed in the early hours of the morning at the prostrate body which lay realising its degradation; how he had married his wife without loving her; had lied to her; seduced her; outraged Miss Isabel Pole, and was so pocked and marked with vice that women shuddered when they saw him in the street. The verdict of human nature on such a wretch was death.

Page 118, Text:

Crime, Guilt, and Self-Condemnation

Septimus begins to see himself as criminal. His crime is not violence but emotional failure: • he did not grieve Evans • he married Lucrezia without love • he betrayed Isabel Pole

Human nature, he believes, condemns him to death for this failure to feel. In his mind, numbness becomes a moral sin rather than a psychological wound.

Page 122

Page 122, Highlight:

> How long had Dr. Holmes been attending him? Six weeks. Prescribed a little bromide? Said there was nothing the matter? Ah yes (those general practitioners! thought Sir William. It took half his time to undo their blunders. Some were irreparable). 'You served with great distinction in the War?' The patient repeated the word 'war' interrogatively. He was attaching meanings to words of a symbolical kind. A serious symptom to be noted on the card. 'The War?' the patient asked. The European War – that little shindy of schoolboys with gunpowder? Had he served with distinction? He really forgot. In the War itself he had failed. 'Yes, he served with the greatest distinction,' Rezia assured the doctor; 'he was promoted.' 'And they have the very highest opinion of you at your oce?' Sir William murmured, glancing at Mr. Brewer's very generously

Page 123

Page 123, Highlight:

> worded letter. 'So that you have nothing to worry you, no nancial anxiety, nothing?' He had committed an appalling crime and been condemned to

> death by human nature. ‘I have – I have,’ he began, ‘committed a crime ——’ ‘He has done nothing wrong whatever,’ Rezia assured the doctor. If Mr. Smith would wait, said Sir William, he would speak to Mrs. Smith in the next room. Her husband was very seriously ill, Sir William said. Did he threaten to kill himself? Oh, he did, she cried. But he did not mean it, she said. Of course not. It was merely a question of rest, said Sir William; of rest, rest, rest; a long rest in bed. There was a delightful home down in the country where her husband would be perfectly looked after. Away from her? she asked. Unfortunately, yes; the people we care for most are not good for us when we are ill. But he was not mad, was he? Sir William said he never spoke of ‘madness’; he called it not having a sense of proportion. But her husband did not like doctors. He would refuse to go there. Shortly and kindly Sir William explained to her the state of the case. He had threatened to kill himself. There was no alternative. It was a question of law. He would lie in bed in a beautiful house in the country. The nurses were admirable. Sir William would visit him once a week. If Mrs. Warren Smith was quite sure she had no more questions to ask – he never hurried his patients – they would return to her husband. She had nothing more to ask – not of Sir William. So they returned to the most exalted of mankind; the criminal who faced his judges; the victim exposed on the heights; the fugitive; the drowned sailor; the poet of the immortal ode; the Lord who had gone from life to death; to Septimus Warren Smith, who sat in the arm-chair under the skylight staring at a photograph of Lady Bradshaw in Court dress, muttering messages about beauty. ‘We have had our little talk,’ said Sir William. ‘He says you are very, very ill,’ Rezia cried.

Page 124

Page 124, Highlight:

> We have been arranging that you should go into a home,’ said Sir William. ‘One of Holmes’s homes?’ sneered Septimus. The fellow made a distasteful impression. For there was in Sir William, whose father had been a tradesman, a natural respect for breeding and clothing, which shabbiness nettled; again, more profoundly, there was in Sir William, who had never had time for reading, a grudge, deeply buried, against cultivated people who came into his room and intimated that doctors, whose profession is a constant strain upon all the highest faculties, are not educated men. ‘One of my homes, Mr. Warren Smith,’ he said, ‘where we will teach you to rest.’ And there was just one thing more. He was quite certain that when Mr. Warren Smith was well he was the last man in the world to frighten his wife. But he had talked of killing himself. ‘We all have our moments of depression,’ said Sir William. Once you fall,

> Septimus repeated to himself, human nature is on you. Holmes and Bradshaw are on you. They scour the desert. They y screaming into the wilderness. The rack and the thumbscrew are applied. Human nature is remorseless. ‘Impulses came upon him sometimes?’ Sir William asked, with his pencil on a pink card. That was his own aair, said Septimus. ‘Nobody lives for himself alone,’ said Sir William, glancing at the photograph of his wife in Court dress. ‘And you have a brilliant career before you,’ said Sir William. There was Mr. Brewer’s letter on the table. ‘An exceptionally brilliant career.’ But if he confessed? If he communicated? Would they let him o then, Holmes and Bradshaw? ‘I – I ——’ he stammered.

Page 125

Page 125, Highlight:

> But what was his crime? He could not remember it. ‘Yes?’ Sir William encouraged him. (But it was growing late.)

Page 126

Page 126, Highlight:

> Love, trees, there is no crime – what was his message? He could not remember it. ‘I – I——’ Septimus stammered. ‘Try to think as little about yourself as possible,’ said Sir William kindly. Really, he was not t to be about. Was there anything else they wished to ask him? Sir William would make all arrangements (he murmured to Rezia) and he would let her know between ve and six that evening. ‘Trust everything to me,’ he said, and dismissed them. Never, never had Rezia felt such agony in her life! She had asked for help and been deserted! He had failed them! Sir William Bradshaw was not a nice man. The upkeep of that motor car alone must cost him quite a lot, said Septimus, when they got out into the street. She clung to his arm. They had been deserted. But what more did she want? To his patients he gave three-quarters of an hour; and if in this exacting science which has to do with what, after all, we know nothing about – the nervous system, the human brain – a doctor loses his sense of proportion, as a doctor he fails. Health we must have; and health is proportion; so that when a man comes into your room and says he is Christ (a common delusion), and has a message, as they mostly have, and threatens, as they often do, to kill himself, you invoke proportion; order rest in bed; rest in solitude; silence and rest; rest without friends, without books, without messages; six months’ rest; until a man who went in weighing seven stone six comes out weighing twelve. Proportion,

> divine proportion, Sir William's goddess, was acquired by Sir William walking hospitals, catching salmon, begetting one son in Harley Street by Lady Bradshaw, who caught salmon herself and took photographs scarcely to be distinguished from the work of professionals. Worshipping proportion, Sir William not only prospered himself but made England prosper, secluded her lunatics, forbade childbirth, penalised despair, made it impossible

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Page 127, Highlight:

> for the unt to propagate their views until they, too, shared his sense of proportion – his, if they were men, Lady Bradshaw's if they were women (she embroidered, knitted, spent four nights out of seven at home with her son), so that not only did his colleagues respect him, his subordinates fear him, but the friends and relations of his patients felt for him the keenest gratitude for insisting that these prophetic Christs and Christesses, who prophesied the end of the world, or the advent of God, should drink milk in bed, as Sir William ordered; Sir William with his thirty years' experience of these kinds of cases, and his infallible instinct, this is madness, this sense; in fact his sense of proportion. But Proportion has a sister, less smiling, more formidable, a Goddess even now engaged – in the heat and sands of India, the mud and swamp of Africa, the purlieus of London, wherever in short the climate or the devil tempts men to fall from the true belief which is her own – even now engaged in dashing down shrines, smashing idols, and setting up in their place her own stern countenance. Conversion is her name and she feasts on the wills of the weakly, loving to impress, to impose, adoring her own features stamped on the face of the populace. At Hyde Park Corner on a tub she stands preaching; shrouds herself in white and walks penitentially disguised as brotherly love through factories and parliaments; oers help, but desires power; smites out of her way roughly the dissentient, or dissatised; bestows her blessing on those who, looking upward, catch submissively from her eyes the light of their own. This lady too (Rezia Warren Smith divined it) had her dwelling in Sir William's heart, though concealed, as she mostly is, under some plausible disguise; some venerable name; love, duty, self-sacrice. How he would work – how toil to raise funds, propagate reforms, initiate institutions! But Conversion, fastidious Goddess, loves blood better than brick, and feasts most subtly on the human will. For example, Lady Bradshaw. Fifteen years ago she had gone under. It was nothing you could put your nger on; there had been no scene, no snap; only the slow sinking, water-logged, of her will into his. Sweet was her smile, swift her

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Page 128, Highlight:

> submission; dinner in Harley Street, numbering eight or nine courses, feeding ten or fteen guests of the professional classes, was smooth and urbane. Only as the evening wore on a very slight dulness, or uneasiness perhaps, a nervous twitch, fumble, stumble and confusion indicated, what it was really painful to believe – that the poor lady lied. Once, long ago, she had caught salmon freely: now, quick to minister to the craving which lit her husband's eye so oilily for dominion, for power, she cramped, squeezed, pared, pruned, drew back, peeped through; so that without knowing precisely what made the evening disagreeable, and caused this pressure on the top of the head (which might well be imputed to the professional conversation, or the fatigue of a great doctor whose life, Lady Bradshaw said, 'is not his own but his patients'), disagreeable it was: so that guests, when the clock struck ten, breathed in the air of Harley Street even with rapture; which relief, however, was denied to his patients. There in the grey room, with the pictures on the wall, and the valuable furniture, under the ground glass skylight, they learnt the extent of their transgressions; huddled up in arm-chairs, they watched him go through, for their benet, a curious exercise with the arms, which he shot out, brought sharply back to his hip, to prove (if the patient was obstinate) that Sir William was master of his own actions, which the patient was not. There some weakly broke down; sobbed, submitted; others, inspired by Heaven knows what intemperate madness, called Sir William to his face a damnable humbug; questioned, even more impiously, life itself. Why live? they demanded. Sir William replied that life was good. Certainly Lady Bradshaw in ostrich feathers hung over the mantelpiece, and as for his income it was quite twelve thousand a year. But to us, they protested, life has given no such bounty. He acquiesced. They lacked a sense of proportion. And perhaps, after all, there is no God? He shrugged his shoulders. In short, this living or not living is an aair of our own? But there they were mistaken. Sir William had a friend in Surrey where they taught, what Sir William frankly admitted was a dicult art – a sense of proportion.

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Page 129, Highlight:

> There were, moreover, family aection; honour; courage; and a brilliant career. All of these had in Sir William a resolute champion. If they failed, he had to support him police and the good of society, which, he remarked

> very quietly, would take care, down in Surrey, that these unsocial impulses, bred more than anything by the lack of good blood, were held in control. And then stole out from her hiding-place and mounted her throne that Goddess whose lust is to override opposition, to stamp indelibly in the sanctuaries of others the image of herself. Naked, defenceless, the exhausted, the friendless received the impress of Sir William's will. He swooped; he devoured. He shut people up. It was this combination of decision and humanity that endeared Sir William so greatly to the relations of his victims.

Page 129, Text:

Septimus's Condition After the War

After returning to England, Septimus functions outwardly but is inwardly destroyed. • his reason is intact • his intellect works perfectly • his emotions are absent

He can read Dante, calculate bills, and hold conversations, yet he repeatedly realizes:

"He could not feel."

This inability produces terror, not calm. Panic attacks come suddenly, especially in social spaces like cafés and tea-shops. The noise of life — scissors, voices, laughter — briefly protects him, but once alone, fear overwhelms him.

Septimus concludes that if his mind is working, then the fault must lie in the world itself, not in him.

———

II. Septimus's View of Humanity

As his condition deepens, Septimus develops a bleak vision of human nature. He believes: • people lack kindness, faith, and charity • they act only to increase momentary pleasure • they hunt "in packs" • they abandon the fallen

The novel links this directly to his war experience and postwar disillusionment. Society appears brutal, obscene, and hypocritical. Everyday figures like clerks, women serving tea, well-dressed men, become grotesque in his perception.

Public life reinforces this despair: • brutality on placards • disasters reported

casually • crowds laughing at suffering

Septimus begins to ask whether he himself is going mad.

———

III. Guilt and the Idea of "Crime"

Septimus increasingly believes he has committed an unforgivable crime. The crime is emotional failure: • he did not feel grief when Evans died • he married Lucrezia without love • he betrayed Isabel Pole

Human nature, in his mind, condemns such a failure to death. His sense of guilt becomes absolute. He lies awake in the early hours imagining judgment and degradation.

This self-condemnation prepares the ground for medical intervention.

———

IV. Dr. Holmes: Dismissal and Minimization

Holmes's Attitude

Dr. Holmes repeatedly visits Septimus and dismisses his condition entirely. He reduces Septimus's suffering to: • "headaches" • "nervous symptoms" • ordinary depression

Holmes insists there is "nothing whatever the matter."

Prescribed Cure

His advice is simplistic: • throw yourself into outside interests • take up a hobby • stop reading Shakespeare

He boasts of his own health, claiming he stays well by switching off from patients and focusing on furniture and small pleasures.

Significance

The novel presents Holmes as: • complacent • patronizing • incapable of understanding psychological trauma All of which serve as a critique of the medical institution and its dismissal of traumatic disorders.

His refusal to acknowledge Septimus's condition leaves both Septimus and Lucrezia isolated and unprotected.

———

V. Sir William Bradshaw: Authority and “Proportion”

The Consultation

When Septimus and Lucrezia consult Sir William Bradshaw, the tone changes completely. Bradshaw positions himself as the supreme authority. He gathers information, interrupts, and evaluates Septimus clinically.

When Septimus attaches symbolic meanings to words like “war,” Bradshaw identifies this as a “serious symptom.”

“Proportion”

Bradshaw never speaks of “madness.” Instead, he frames illness as a lack of “sense of proportion.” According to him: • health is proportion • deviation from norms is illness • rest and isolation are the cure

His solution is absolute: • long rest in bed • solitude • silence • removal from family • no books • no messages

———

VI. Power, Law, and Coercion

When Lucrezia asks whether her husband is mad, Bradshaw refuses the term. Instead, he invokes law and necessity. Because Septimus has spoken of suicide, there is “no alternative.”

Despite his polite tone, the decision is already made: • Septimus will be confined • Lucrezia will be excluded • resistance is irrelevant

There is an emphasis on how Bradshaw’s kindness masks coercion. His authority depends on obedience.

———

VII. Septimus’s Reaction: Human Nature as Predator

Septimus understands immediately what Bradshaw represents. He thinks:

“Once you fall, human nature is on you.”

Holmes and Bradshaw become agents of pursuit. They: • scour the desert • hunt the weak • apply psychological torture

To Septimus, society is no longer merely indifferent — it is actively violent.

Page 129, Text:

Proportion’s Sister: Conversion

Conversion is essentially the darker counterpart to Proportion.

Conversion: • demands conformity • destroys dissent • imposes beliefs under disguises like duty, love, and self-sacrifice • desires power, not healing

Conversion operates everywhere: • in medicine • in religion • in empire • in social institutions

Bradshaw embodies both Proportion and Conversion.

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IX. Lady Bradshaw: The Cost of Submission

Lady Bradshaw illustrates Conversion’s effects. Once active and independent, she has slowly “gone under.” Her will has been submerged into her husband’s.

The imagery used: • drowning • sinking • pruning • squeezing

She exists to support Bradshaw’s authority. Her silence and submission mirror the fate awaiting his patients.

———

X. Medicine as Domination

It shows Bradshaw’s patients as: • isolated • silenced • stripped of agency

In his office, he demonstrates physical control, proving his mastery over his own body while denying it to others. Some patients submit and break down. Others resist and question life itself.

Bradshaw dismisses all dissent as lack of proportion.

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XI. Septimus’s Final Realization

By the end of this section, Septimus understands: • confession will not save him • communication will not protect him • society will take his body and erase his will

Isolation, silence, and enforced rest threaten not recovery but annihilation.

This realization directly leads toward his final act.

Page 140

Page 140, Highlight:

> But he wanted to come in holding something. Flowers? Yes, owers, since he did not trust his taste in gold; any number of owers, roses, orchids, to celebrate what was, reckoning things as you will, an event; this feeling about her when they spoke of Peter Walsh at luncheon; and they never spoke of it; not for years had they spoken of it; which, he thought, grasping his red and white roses together (a vast bunch in tissue paper), is the greatest mistake in the world. The time comes when it can't be said; one's too shy to say it, he thought, pocketing his sixpence or two of change, setting o with his great bunch held against his body to Westminster to say straight out in so many words (whatever she might think of him), holding out his owers, 'I love you.' Why not? Really it was a miracle thinking of the war, and thousands of poor chaps, with all their lives before them, shovelled together, already half forgotten; it was a miracle. Here he was walking across London to say to Clarissa in so many words that he loved her. Which one never does say, he thought. Partly one's lazy; partly one's shy. And Clarissa – it was dicult to think of her; except in starts, as at luncheon, when he saw her quite distinctly; their whole life. He stopped at the crossing; and repeated – being simple by nature, and un-debauched, because he had tramped, and shot; being pertinacious and dogged, having championed the downtrodden and followed his instincts in the House of Commons; being preserved in his simplicity yet at the

Page 140, Text:

It's not a common event for him to confess his love for Clarissa. It's like a miracle for him that he even married her. He knows and is aware of the passionate dynamic between her and Peter Walsh.

Page 140, Text:

He felt threatened. He was considering getting her jewelry, but he didn't trust his own choice. He bought her a bracelet but it she never wore it.

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Page 141, Highlight:

> same time grown rather speechless, rather sti – he repeated that it was a miracle, that he should have married Clarissa; a miracle – his life had been a miracle, he thought; hesitating to cross. But it did make his blood boil to see little creatures of ve or six crossing Piccadilly alone. The police ought to have stopped the trac at once. He had no illusions about the London police. Indeed, he was collecting evidence of their malpractices; and those costermongers, not allowed to stand their barrows in the streets; and prostitutes, good Lord, the fault wasn't in them, nor in young men either, but in our detestable social system and so forth; all of which he considered, could be seen considering, grey, dogged, dapper, clean, as he walked across the Park to tell his wife that he loved her.

Page 141, Text:

In comparison to Clarissa, he's not actually a snob. He doesn't criticize prostitutes and the young men who frequent in those places, but rather the system. He's championing the people and is blaming those in charge. He is genuine & quite sincere. He's not like Hugh, who's the embodiment of aristocracy. Richard is more affable and down to earth.

The way he experiences London is from a politician's perspective, which is unlike Clarissa. He is actually working in parliament on the improvement of the Albanians issue.

Clarissa being with him blunts her senses.

Page 141, Text:

He ends up not saying to her "i love you" but he does say it in a roundabout way when he tells her to take care of herself.

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Page 147, Highlight:

> Yes, Miss Kilman stood on the landing, and wore a mackintosh; but had her reasons. First, it was cheap; second, she was over forty; and did not, after all, dress to please. She was poor, moreover; degradingly poor. Otherwise she would not be taking jobs from people like the Dalloways; from rich people, who liked to be kind. Mr. Dalloway, to do him justice, had been kind. But Mrs. Dalloway had not. She had been merely condescending. She came from the most worthless of all classes – the rich, with a smattering of culture. They had expensive things everywhere; pictures, carpets, lots of servants. She considered that she had a perfect

> right to anything that the Dalloways did for her. She had been cheated. Yes, the word was no exaggeration, for surely a girl has a right to some kind of happiness? And she had never been happy, what with being so clumsy and so poor. And then, just as she might have had a chance at Miss Dolby's school, the war came; and she had never been able to tell lies. Miss Dolby thought she would be happier with people who shared her views

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Page 148, Highlight:

> about the Germans. She had had to go. It was true that the family was of German origin; spelt the name Kiehlman in the eighteenth century; but her brother had been killed. They turned her out because she would not pretend that the Germans were all villains – when she had German friends, when the only happy days of her life had been spent in Germany! And after all, she could read history. She had had to take whatever she could get. Mr. Dalloway had come across her working for the Friends. He had allowed her (and that was really generous of him) to teach his daughter history. Also she did a little Extension lecturing and so on. Then Our Lord had come to her (and here she always bowed her head). She had seen the light two years and three months ago. Now she did not envy women like Clarissa Dalloway; she pitied them. She pitied and despised them from the bottom of her heart, as she stood on the soft carpet, looking at the old engraving of a little girl with a mu. With all this luxury going on, what hope was there for a better state of things? Instead of lying on a sofa – 'My mother is resting,' Elizabeth had said – she should have been in a factory; behind a counter; Mrs. Dalloway and all the other ne ladies! Bitter and burning, Miss Kilman had turned into a church two years three months ago. She had heard the Rev. Edward Whittaker preach; the boys sing; had seen the solemn lights descend, and whether it was the music, or the voices (she herself when alone in the evening found comfort in a violin; but the sound was excruciating; she had no ear), the hot and turbulent feelings which boiled and surged in her had been assuaged as she sat there, and she had wept copiously, and gone to call on Mr. Whittaker at his private house in Kensington. It was the hand of God, he said. The Lord had shown her the way. So now, whenever the hot and painful feelings boiled within her, this hatred of Mrs. Dalloway, this grudge against the world, she thought of God. She thought of Mr. Whittaker. Rage was succeeded by calm. A sweet savour lled her veins, her lips parted, and, standing formidable upon the landing in her mackintosh, she looked with steady and sinister serenity at Mrs. Dalloway, who came out with her daughter.

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Page 149, Highlight:

> Elizabeth said she had forgotten her gloves. That was because Miss Kilman and her mother hated each other. She could not bear to see them together. She ran upstairs to nd her gloves. But Miss Kilman did not hate Mrs. Dalloway. Turning her large gooseberry-coloured eyes upon Clarissa, observing her small pink face, her delicate body, her air of freshness and fashion, Miss Kilman felt, Fool! Simpleton! You who have known neither sorrow nor pleasure; who have tried your life away! And there rose in her an overmastering desire to overcome her; to unmask her. If she could have felled her it would have eased her. But it was not the body; it was the soul and its mockery that she wished to subdue; make feel her mastery. If only she could make her weep; could ruin her; humiliate her; bring her to her knees crying, You are right! But this was God's will, not Miss Kilman's. It was to be a religious victory. So she glared; so she glowered. Clarissa was really shocked. This a Christian – this woman! This woman had taken her daughter from her! She in touch with invisible presences! Heavy, ugly, commonplace, without kindness or grace, she know the meaning of life! 'You are taking Elizabeth to the Stores?'54 Mrs. Dalloway said. Miss Kilman said she was. They stood there. Miss Kilman was not going to make herself agreeable. She had always earned her living. Her knowledge of modern history was thorough in the extreme. She did out of her meagre income set aside so much for causes she believed in; whereas this woman did nothing, believed nothing; brought up her daughter – but here was Elizabeth, rather out of breath, the beautiful girl. So they were going to the Stores. Odd it was, as Miss Kilman stood there (and stand she did, with the power and taciturnity of some prehistoric monster armoured for primeval warfare), how, second by second, the idea of her diminished, how hatred (which was for ideas, not people) crumbled, how she lost her malignity, her size, became second by second merely Miss Kilman, in a mackintosh, whom Heaven knows Clarissa would have liked to help.

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Page 150, Highlight:

> At this dwindling of the monster, Clarissa laughed. Saying good- bye, she laughed. O they went together, Miss Kilman and Elizabeth, downstairs. With a sudden impulse, with a violent anguish, for this woman was taking her daughter from her, Clarissa leant over the banisters and cried out, 'Remember the party! Remember our party to-night!' But Elizabeth had

> already opened the front door; there was a van passing; she did not answer. Love and religion! thought Clarissa, going back into the drawing-room, tingling all over. How detestable, how detestable they are! For now that the body of Miss Kilman was not before her, it overwhelmed her – the idea. The cruellest things in the world, she thought, seeing them clumsy, hot, domineering, hypocritical, eavesdropping, jealous, innitely cruel and unscrupulous dressed in a mackintosh coat, on the landing; love and religion. Had she ever tried to convert any one herself? Did she not wish everybody merely to be themselves? And she watched out of the window the old lady opposite climbing upstairs.55 Let her climb upstairs if she wanted to; let her stop; then let her, as Clarissa had often seen her, gain her bedroom, part her curtains, and disappear again into the background. Somehow one respected that – that old woman looking out of the window, quite unconscious that she was being watched. There was something solemn in it – but love and religion would destroy that, whatever it was, the privacy of the soul. The odious Kilman would destroy it. Yet it was a sight that made her want to cry. Love destroyed too. Everything that was ne, everything that was true went. Take Peter Walsh now. There was a man, charming, clever, with ideas about everything. If you wanted to know about Pope, say, or Addison, or just to talk nonsense, what people were like, what things meant, Peter knew better than any one. It was Peter who had helped her; Peter who had lent her books. But look at the women he loved – vulgar, trivial, commonplace. Think of Peter in love – he came to see her after all these years, and what did he talk about? Himself. Horrible passion! she thought. Degrading

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Page 151, Highlight:

> passion! she thought, thinking of Kilman and her Elizabeth walking to the Army and Navy Stores. Big Ben struck the half-hour.

Page 151, Text:

Love and Religion as Forces of Domination

Love

Clarissa's view of romantic love as possessive and destructive as it seeks ownership.

Clarissa rejects: • Peter's consuming passion • relationships that demand surrender

She sees love as something that: • overwhelms • humiliates • erases individuality

Religion

Religion, particularly in the figure of Miss Kilman, functions like Bradshaw's Conversion: • it demands submission • it seeks mastery over the soul • it disguises power as righteousness

Clarissa identifies love and religion together as the most dangerous forces:

"Love and religion would destroy the privacy of the soul."

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V. Miss Kilman and Conversion

Miss Kilman embodies Conversion outside medicine. Like Bradshaw, she: • desires domination • seeks to impose belief • resents culture and refinement

Her religious certainty replaces rage with calm, but this calm aspect can be seen as sinister. She wishes not to persuade Clarissa, but to humiliate and conquer her spiritually.

Her relationship with Elizabeth reveals this danger clearly. Clarissa senses that Kilman seeks possession, not guidance.

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VI. Clarissa's Defense of Individuality

Clarissa believes that: • no one should be converted • no one should be forced into belief • everyone should be allowed to remain themselves

Her parties serve a moral function: • they bring people together • without demanding conformity • without domination

Connection, for Clarissa, must never cost individuality.

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Page 170, Highlight:

> Septimus could hear her talking to Holmes on the staircase. 'My dear lady, I have come as a friend,' Holmes was saying. 'No. I will not allow you to see my husband,' she said. He could see her, like a little hen, with her wings spread barring his passage. But Holmes persevered. 'My dear lady,

> allow me . . .' Holmes said, putting her aside (Holmes was a powerfully built man). Holmes was coming upstairs. Holmes would burst open the door. Holmes would say, 'In a funk, eh?' Holmes would get him. But no; not Holmes; not Bradshaw. Getting up rather unsteadily, hopping indeed from foot to foot, he considered Mrs. Filmer's nice clean bread-knife with 'Bread' carved on the handle. Ah, but one mustn't spoil that. The gas re? But it was too late now. Holmes was coming. Razors he might have got, but Rezia, who always did that sort of thing, had packed them. There remained only the window, the large Bloomsbury lodging-house window; the tiresome, the troublesome, and rather melodramatic business of opening the window and throwing himself out. It was their idea of tragedy, not his or Rezia's (for she was with him). Holmes and Bradshaw liked that sort of thing. (He sat on the sill.) But he would wait till the very last moment. He did not want to die. Life was good. The sun hot. Only human beings? Coming down the staircase opposite an old man stopped and stared at him. Holmes was at the door. 'I'll give it you!' he cried, and ung himself vigorously, violently down on to Mrs. Filmer's area railings. 'The coward!' cried Dr. Holmes, bursting the door open. Rezia ran to the window, she saw; she understood. Dr. Holmes and Mrs. Filmer collided with each other. Mrs. Filmer apped her apron and made her hide her eyes in the bedroom. There was a great deal of running up and down stairs. Dr. Holmes came in – white as a sheet, shaking all over, with a glass in his hand. She must be brave and

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Page 171, Highlight:

> drink something, he said (What was it? Something sweet), for her husband was horribly mangled, would not recover consciousness, she must not see him, must be spared as much as possible, would have the inquest to go through, poor young woman. Who could have foretold it? A sudden impulse, no one was in the least to blame (he told Mrs. Filmer). And why the devil he did it, Dr. Holmes could not conceive.

Page 171, Text:

Septimus's Final Act: Meaning of the Suicide

Septimus's suicide is not presented as madness, weakness, or escape. But rather an act of resistance.

By this point, Septimus understands that: • Holmes and Bradshaw will take control of his body • isolation will strip him of language, thought, and identity

• conversion will destroy his inner life

His final act protects the privacy of the soul. Society may seize the body, but it cannot claim the inner self. • they may take the body • but they cannot take the heart or the message

Death becomes the only remaining space of freedom.

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II. Society's Reaction to Septimus's Death

Septimus's death is quiet, almost unnoticed. There is no public mourning, no disruption of social order. This silence reinforces the novel's critique of society: • suffering is absorbed without reflection • individuals are expendable • order continues uninterrupted

This subdued reaction contrasts sharply with the intensity of Septimus's inner life.

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Page 199, Highlight:

> She must go up to Lady Bradshaw (in grey and silver, balancing like a sea-lion at the edge of its tank, barking for invitations, Duchesses, the typical successful man's wife), she must go up to Lady Bradshaw and say . . . But Lady Bradshaw anticipated her. 'We are shockingly late, dear Mrs. Dalloway; we hardly dared to come in,' she said. And Sir William, who looked very distinguished, with his grey hair and blue eyes, said yes; they had not been able to resist the temptation. He was talking to Richard about that Bill probably, which they wanted to get through the Commons. Why did the sight of him, talking to Richard, curl her up? He looked what he was, a great doctor. A man absolutely at the head of his profession, very powerful, rather worn. For think what cases came before him – people in the uttermost depths of misery; people on the verge of insanity; husbands and wives. He had to decide questions of appalling diculty. Yet – what she felt was, one wouldn't like Sir William to see one unhappy. No; not that man. 'How is your son at Eton?' she asked Lady Bradshaw. He had just missed his eleven, said Lady Bradshaw, because of the mumps. His father minded even more than he did, she thought, 'being,' she said, 'nothing but a great boy himself.' Clarissa looked at Sir William, talking to Richard. He did not look like a boy – not in the least like a boy. She had

> once gone with some one to ask his advice. He had been perfectly right; extremely sensible. But Heavens – what a relief to get out to the street again! There was some poor wretch sobbing, she remembered, in the waiting-room. But she did not know what it was about Sir William; what exactly she disliked. Only Richard

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Page 200, Highlight:

> agreed with her, 'didn't like his taste, didn't like his smell.' But he was extraordinarily able. They were talking about this Bill. Some case Sir William was mentioning, lowering his voice. It had its bearing upon what he was saying about the deferred eects of shell shock. There must be some provision in the Bill. Sinking her voice, drawing Mrs. Dalloway into the shelter of a common femininity, a common pride in the illustrious qualities of husbands and their sad tendency to overwork, Lady Bradshaw (poor goose – one didn't dislike her) murmured how, 'just as we were starting, my husband was called up on the telephone, a very sad case. A young man (that is what Sir William is telling Mr. Dalloway) had killed himself. He had been in the army.' Oh! thought Clarissa, in the middle of my party, here's death, she thought. She went on, into the little room where the Prime Minister had gone with Lady Bruton. Perhaps there was somebody there. But there was nobody. The chairs still kept the impress of the Prime Minister and Lady Bruton, she turned deferentially, he sitting four- square, authoritatively. They had been talking about India. There was nobody. The party's splendour fell to the oor, so strange it was to come in alone in her nery. What business had the Bradshaws to talk of death at her party? A young man had killed himself. And they talked of it at her party – the Bradshaws talked of death. He had killed himself – but how? Always her body went through it rst, when she was told, suddenly, of an accident; her dress amed, her body burnt. He had thrown himself from a window. Up had ashed the ground; through him, blundering, bruising, went the rusty spikes. There he lay with a thud, thud, thud in his brain, and then a suocation of blackness. So she saw it. But why had he done it? And the Bradshaws talked of it at her party! She had once thrown a shilling into the Serpentine, never anything more. But he had ung it away. They went on living (she would have to go back; the rooms were still crowded; people kept on coming). They (all day she had been thinking of Bourton, of Peter, of Sally), they would grow old. A thing there was that

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Page 201, Highlight:

> mattered; a thing, wreathed about with chatter, defaced, obscured in her own life, let drop every day in corruption, lies, chatter. This he had preserved. Death was deance. Death was an attempt to communicate, people feeling the impossibility of reaching the centre which, mystically, evaded them; closeness drew apart; rapture faded; one was alone. There was an embrace in death. But this young man who had killed himself – had he plunged holding his treasure? 'If it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy,' she had said to herself once, coming down, in white. Or there were the poets and thinkers. Suppose he had had that passion, and had gone to Sir William Bradshaw, a great doctor, yet to her obscurely evil, without sex or lust, extremely polite to women, but capable of some indescribable outrage – forcing your soul, that was it – if this young man had gone to him, and Sir William had impressed him, like that, with his power, might he not then have said (indeed she felt it now), Life is made intolerable; they make life intolerable, men like that? Then (she had felt it only this morning) there was the terror; the overwhelming incapacity, one's parents giving it into one's hands, this life, to be lived to the end, to be walked with serenely; there was in the depths of her heart an awful fear. Even now, quite often if Richard had not been there reading the Times, so that she could crouch like a bird and gradually revive, send roaring up that immeasurable delight, rubbing stick to stick, one thing with another, she must have perished. She had escaped. But that young man had killed himself. Somehow it was her disaster – her disgrace. It was her punishment to see sink and disappear here a man, there a woman, in this profound darkness, and she forced to stand here in her evening dress. She had schemed; she had pilfered. She was never wholly admirable. She had wanted success, – Lady Bexborough and the rest of it. And once she had walked on the terrace at Bourton. Odd, incredible; she had never been so happy. Nothing could be slow enough; nothing last too long. No pleasure could equal, she thought, straightening the chairs, pushing in one book on the shelf

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Page 202, Highlight:

> this having done with the triumphs of youth, lost herself in the process of living, to nd it, with a shock of delight, as the sun rose, as the day sank. Many a time had she gone, at Bourton when they were all talking, to look at the sky; or seen it between people's shoulders at dinner; seen it in London when she could not sleep. She walked to the window. It held, foolish as the idea was, something of her own in it, this country sky, this

> sky above Westminster. She parted the curtains; she looked. Oh, but how surprising! – in the room opposite the old lady stared straight at her! She was going to bed. And the sky. It will be a solemn sky, she had thought, it will be a dusky sky, turning away its cheek in beauty. But there it was – ashen pale, raced over quickly by tapering vast clouds. It was new to her. The wind must have risen. She was going to bed, in the room opposite. It was fascinating to watch her, moving about, that old lady, crossing the room, coming to the window. Could she see her? It was fascinating, with people still laughing and shouting in the drawing-room, to watch that old woman, quite quietly, going to bed alone. She pulled the blind now. The clock began striking. The young man had killed himself; but she did not pity him; with the clock striking the hour, one, two, three, she did not pity him, with all this going on. There! the old lady had put out her light! the whole house was dark now with this going on, she repeated, and the words came to her, Fear no more the heat of the sun. She must go back to them. But what an extraordinary night! She felt somehow very like him – the young man who had killed himself. She felt glad that he had done it; thrown it away while they went on living. The clock was striking. The leaden circles dissolved in the air. But she must go back. She must assemble. She must nd Sally and Peter. And she came in from the little room.

Page 202, Text:

Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus: Parallel Figures

Although Clarissa never meets Septimus, the PDF presents them as spiritual doubles.

Both: • value inner life • fear domination • resist conversion • defend individuality

Septimus dies to preserve the soul's privacy. Clarissa survives by defending it.

When Clarissa hears of the suicide during her party, she understands it intuitively. She recognizes the act as: • a refusal • a message • a protest against control

She identifies with Septimus's choice, even though she chooses life.

The Final Image: Life, Death, and Continuation

At the novel's end, Clarissa chooses life fully aware of death. Septimus's act deepens her understanding rather than negating it.

Life remains fragile, painful, and imperfect — but worth preserving only when the soul remains free.

Septimus dies so that his inner truth is not erased. Clarissa lives so that inner life continues.

Page 210

Page 210, Highlight:

> It is Clarissa, he said. For there she was.