

## The Window



Yes, of course, if it's fine tomorrow," said Mrs. Ramsay. "But you'll have to be up with the lark," she added.

To her son these words conveyed an extraordinary joy, as if it were settled, the expedition were bound to take place, and the wonder to which he had looked forward, for years and years it seemed, was, after a night's darkness and a day's sail, within touch. Since he had longed, even at the age of six, to that great clan which cannot keep this feeling separate from that, but must let what is actually at hand, since to such people even in the earliest childhood any turn in the wheel of sensation has the power to crystallise and transfix the moment upon which its gloom or radiance rests, James Ramsay, sitting on the floor cutting out pictures from the illustrated catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores, endowed the picture of a refrigerator, as his mother spoke, with the heavenly bliss. It was fringed with joy. The wheelbarrow, the lawnmower, the sound of poplar trees, leaves whitening before rain, rucks cawing, brooms knocking, dresses rustling—all these were so coloured and dis-

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- this miniature in medias res - the first words an answer to "question we don't hear"
  - ↳ and beginning on Yes, or Yes, if - affirmation + qualification
  - ↳ the novel's travel toward the pure affirmation of Lily's closing triumph <sup>the exhaustion</sup>
- "To that great clan which cannot keep this feeling separate from that" - all of us, if by degrees? The other clan of the unromantically/fully present? If it exists
- From "since he belonged" to "It was fringed with joy": one of the divine one-two (sister) punches in literature, the labyrinthine turn of the first finding their resolution in the great declaration of the next
- "coloured and distinguished" - <sup>always a hint of reality, always</sup> <sup>distinction</sup>
- "his private code, his secret language" - And she has? Her words do convey - joy - to him. Shared
- "Thought he appeared... So that his mother..." this shift from the space of his consciousness to hers, the moment transfixed by her prophetic sense of his adult years that later <sup>uncompromising severity</sup>
- Still innocent/ironic? Both mother and son as silent judges <sup>already</sup> <sup>worldly-wise</sup>
- "Frowning slightly" - <sup>already</sup> <sup>worldly-wise</sup>
- All of this cogitation given space of substance <sup>of substance</sup> <sup>of substance</sup> between the plainest of dialogues - "Yes, of course..." → "But it won't be"