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What has the silent nod of writing got to do with this other silent nod? Do I thrust the window down, do I leave the court without a word? How do I take leave of you, for whom the adventure ends not here but entirely else, a poetic impact. Oh for shock and the break with language and mediation. Without adventure but learned by heart, telepathically, instantaneously and without words. The ‘window was instantly thrust down ... they turned and left the court without a word.’ It’s been so fast, so brief, like a poem or a story.

There is a violent change, not psychological. A violent substitution: for the smile, ‘an expression of such abject terror and despair, as froze the very blood ...’ The circulation stops. It is form out of time: traumatized and traumatic.

They don’t thrust anyone out into an outside where he cannot live. They are a place to be at, for greeting and farewell.

The nabokov paper. Exam Question 16. Alliteration: follow the adventures of a letter through any passage that has particularly pleased you.

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'To tell you the truth ...' I tell you, because as we read together you don’t know what I am feeling and because I know what I am feeling because I tell you, as if you were here, or here. Therefore with you I can tell you 'I feel' and 'I feel' and I feel, 'even outside,' that the presence of a friend (which one? Are the two now one?) 'might do him good.' Like friends, the letters near each other make a difference, call it alliteration [as Nabokov does], or assonance, or rhyme or what you will. They are alone: in solitary? A letter might reach you. It might reach you because it is already with you: in you, in the very sense of you.

In the same way the court comes together across iterations of o that round the wall’s enclosure, provide atmosphere. It is a scene with o: ‘cool,’ but with the sky ‘high up overhead’ still bright. O is an absent sun, an ‘active ab

The double-o’s: ‘door,’ ‘look,’ ‘poor,’ ‘good,’ ‘too,’ ‘indoors,’ ‘good,’ ‘good-naturedly,’ ‘blood.’ The oo’s look cut off like this, like cut-outs, like proper names or spectacles. What circulates through them? ‘God?’ Words?

\[The double-o’s: ‘door,’ ‘look,’ ‘poor,’ ‘good,’ ‘too,’ ‘indoors,’ ‘good,’ ‘good-naturedly,’ ‘blood.’\]

Incident at the Window. Form! says Nabokov. [Kate explains his idea: ‘one must teach something to oneself before one may teach it to others.’]

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'Incident at the Window': o and how it winds its way or winds an invisible thread through the rings [o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o]. There is an in there too. But there is nothing in the o. Nabokov asks after the letter, not the vocable. O has a large

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‘Once again’: the letter o once again, the repeated walk. Utterson with Enfield, Enfield with Utterson, In the ‘usual walk’ that passes ‘once again’ through the by-street where the ‘door’ that is the back door to Jekyll’s house is. ‘They came in front of the door. Can be in my door, can go to the other side to the side ...’ The paper prevents this, obviously. It is deep. The doors that interest me step in to the front of the door, both stopped to go on it. ‘The door is locked. The door is locked; a door which looks like the door that the other side. ...’ Which one could be the right one to want to go through, or to know not to go through? Perhaps remembering the door at the incident makes a coincidence where there is none, perhaps it is entirely different door this time?

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Incident at the Window

Together - but the ‘return’ is to a remark that comes straight out of solitude: ‘Did I ever tell you that I once saw him, and shared your feeling of repulsion?’ Did I ever tell you that I saw you, and shared your feeling of repulsion? Did I ever tell you that I saw you and left you just the ‘street is just your own fault’ that I know what I know, that I find out what I find out. My text is your text. [Who is responsible?] Years later last night a dream of yours reading, so cool. Dreams end, dream reading, day’s residues. End at the window, fail the court. O, you, I, convulse, provisions, invocations. No adventures of a letter, no adventure tour court without memory and expectation.

If you could find it out, you did, said Utterson. It cannot be told, what we share here and now. You have to find it out yourself. Then we can step into the court and take in the paper [not the windows], not through the windows.

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