

Friday
7th Oct. 1921

Jacob's Room.

^{Sunlight}
Colour slides strike in full upon shading planes; -
gleaming brass tape, upon upon all the golly trappings of the
day; the bright, impetuous, armoured, resplendent,
glittering, summer day, which has vanquished chaos, -
long since vanquished chaos; which has died up the
medi melancholy medieval mists; which has
drained the swamp, & set from paving pavements -
laid from paving stones, & equipped our frame & bodies
with such an armoury of shield, sword & spear, that
merely to see the citymen rolling down Ludgate
hill in their motor cars is to feel see the the old
flash & semicircular sweep of limbs engaged in the furthest
daddy life is better than the old peasant of armies
drawn out in battle array upon the plain.
Merely to look down Ludgate Hill in the morning.

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"The very height of the season" said Benamy.
And the sun had already blistered the back green
paint on his chair, beneath the plane tree in
Hyde Park. off Benamy's chair, & turned by the earth
of Hyde Park into sand, upon which the the &
white, as he said, "The very height of the season";
the plane tree of the plane tree came off in
rooky scales - & while the motor cars
passed incessantly round the Bridge over the
Serpentine. ^{beneath} the ^{the} the ^{the} the ^{the} the
very green, & already faded faded blisters of paint on their
backs "The very height of the season" said Benamy.
Sarcastically, gloom;

look

Friday
Jan. 15. 1915

Johns Harbor

Left New York at 10:30 AM. The trip was very pleasant. We went to the shore and saw many beautiful views. The water was very clear and the sky was blue. We saw many birds and fish. The trip was very interesting and we had a good time. We went to the shore and saw many beautiful views. The water was very clear and the sky was blue. We saw many birds and fish. The trip was very interesting and we had a good time.

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the plane
trees were
patched with
white;

'The height of the season' said Benamy, xenotically.
The sun had already blistered the green paint on the chairs;
the plane tree was ~~peeling~~ shedding its dry scales peeled
peeled off the plane tree; & the earth, was largely
composed of ~~small~~ ^{little} yellow pebbles.

'Very untame' Jacob replied.

Motor cars were passing incessantly over the bridge of the
Serpentine; Hyde Park was ~~ringed~~ ^{surrounded} by
the turning of wheels; the upper classes walked by the row;
the lower classes lay with their knees up flat on their backs.

~~Now & again~~ ^{partly}
~~Glenn there was~~ Benamy's ~~recluse~~ ^{recluse} was directed against
Clara Durrant, & partly against the mantis-like Jacob,
who had ~~sat~~ ^{was sitting} beside him on another green
chair. For Jacob had come back from Greece a
little brown & lean, with his pockets full of Greek
& notes which he pulled out when the man came
for him.

He has not said a word to show that he is glad to
see me, thought Benamy. ~~His father~~ ^{He thought that}
~~Jacob was~~ is really — 'he righted.

'Very untame' Jacob brought out.

And Benamy was perfectly happy.
Untame in the life of Jacob had, so mysteriously,
all the shapeliness, & aloofness, of a character which
Benamy thought became daily more sublime,
frenzied, devastating, fortuitous. Though he was still
not quite so ~~desec~~ ^{as one could have}
~~with~~ ^{appallingly} obscure. Such superlatives —
such adjectives — how are we to defend them? How

& perhaps wd. be
for ever,

The first of these is the fact that the
 system has been in operation for a
 long time, and has been found to be
 very effective in the treatment of
 the disease.

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swent away from him, hurried about, splintered, all for lack -
or was it that they somehow possessed the thing? were not
out side yet, but in?

look at the
canister -

So after all when he sighed left Jacob, - never said
where he was going, or whether they should meet,
there was some reason for his despondency. The restless way he
pass walked down Piccadilly. The storm his scented
hated the London season, his high, as he sank into his
Chair. In bitterness of a book - ~~for~~ what were
books!

As for the Heron, we know what that is - the hawk. The
heron, the -

The sharpness of knives never cut so deep - To Jacob
Hatched. Thus it always happened. Always Benjamin
was safe, his hands were lost - ~~driven~~ away. Mind.
And as for repending, or taking the least account of this,
Jacob stared straight ahead of him, fixed, monolithic.
Oh very beautiful! - but Henry, like a Rubens Admiral
said Henry in a temper. Jump rising from his seat -
walking off; waiting for some round; none came;
his mind to look back; - Jacob really! -
messy walking quicker, quicker; until he found
himself in Piccadilly jumping into motor cars -
Where was the woman's face? Closer? Eleanor?
Mellor? who was the pretty little creature?

Not Clara.

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Book no. 10
10/10/10

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Feb 14 1900

And the colour came to her cheeks. But she said no more
~~rather pleased with their position + a sense of unusual flight.~~

The colour came to her cheeks, for Jacob had never come before.
But she was silent. To have spoken outright about her
mother - still it was only Mr. Bowley - who would understand
loved her - as everybody must; to have speak was
unnatural to her. ~~Only words were only come only - as now~~
to feel to ~~her~~ it was awful to feel, as she did, that she
desire for some one to hear what to tell someone
how, ~~to tell~~ - to tell someone -

must

"Oh you wait till we cross the road" she said,
to the third car fence - dog (2 her vice broke)

Happily she had recovered this.

"She thinks so much about England" she
said;

[It was true that Mr. Warrant took the fortunes of her
country much to heart.] "She thinks -"

And so Bowley was defrauded, as he was usual,

"Why are you unhappy?" he wanted to ask. "Where
are all these young men?"

"Why don't they settle
matters satisfactorily, eh?" he wanted to ask.

"What's all this about England?" a question poor

Clara could not very well answer, since, as

Mr. Warrant asked Sir Edgar the latest news,

Clara only wondered, why, since the letter was

pointed to Jacob, Jacob had refused to come.

"Now he's after the shop" she said.

- And Clara was simple to a degree, they said - a stupid
she had no life of her own, they went on - That felt, they

The Cabinet
looked only

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Clara went on,

Barnes never let them to grow like that "said Clara. mysteriously

You are neglecting your friends "said Bradley as someone lifted his hat ~~and~~ going the other way lifted his hat. He started, looked,

~~and~~ acknowledged Mr Lionel Parry's bow; with a ~~waited~~ ^{looked} in him what had sprung ⁱⁿ for Jacob.

Jacob, Jacob, the thought.

"But you'll get run over if that you go," she said to the dog.

"I think England with last our time" said Mr. Bradley.

Indeed, the loop of the railing beneath the statue of Achilles had ~~contained~~ ^{was} all that was finest in English society: a net full of gold fish & silver fish; all that was finest in English society: gracefully circled in the net.

This statue was erected by the women of England - Clara read out, with a voluble little laugh. "Then there's Lord Byron - 'Oh! but Bradley Ah!" A riderless horse without a rider galloped past.

Oh ~~but~~ ^{have} stop it - stop it " Clara cried, so white as a sheet, trembling, utterly unconscious.

Tut-tut, said Mr. Bradley half an hour later, Tut-tut. at the ladies' room

It was only to visit a sick old lady who had known her mother & perhaps the Duke of Wellington, for Julia shared the true love of her up for the diseased, the distressed; liked to visit death beds; knew nothing at weddings; received confidences by the dozen; could have brought down her pheasant with the best of them, but was on the side of the ~~philosophers~~ ^{preachers} & preachers, & kept among her treasures a horn mug which a poor old Thatcher had given her, & would tell the story, unobtrusively self-approving, but, after all, how modest!

a comment upon life that was profound enough though then inarticulately expressed, since his valet was in the room handing his shirt & shirt studs.

Miss Julia Eliot had seen the horse run away, but she had seen from her seat to ^{watch} the end of the incident; which, though she came of a sporting family, seemed to her ^{slightly} ~~little~~ ridiculous. To take a ~~look~~ ^{look} in Hyde Park, — well, there were enough, then, till a man came pounding along, with his bridle, dusty, — looked thoroughly annoyed, — was being helped to mount by a policeman, as Julia Eliot then suddenly ~~grey haired~~ ^{stamped} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~set off~~ ^{set off} in her sword & mercy. It was only to visit a sick old lady of the upper class, who had known her mother about the year 1852.

A conspicuous member of the Republic of women, unpaid, untitled, ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~obscure~~ ^{obscure}, Julia shared the ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~sex~~ ^{sex} for the ~~reason~~ ^{reason}, the disease, the distress; liked to visit death beds; received confidences by the dozen; & was read her bible; but added to all this the taste of sporting squires, & ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~bring~~ ^{bring} down her pleasant with the best of them — ~~numerous~~ ^{numerous} ~~melancholy~~ ^{melancholy}. ~~inclined to~~ ^{inclined to} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~side~~ ^{side} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~preacher~~ ^{preacher}. ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~preachers~~ ^{preachers} ~~somehow~~ ^{somehow} ~~preached~~ ^{preached} ~~preachers~~ ^{preachers}. ~~left~~ ^{left} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~strolled~~ ^{strolled} ~~round~~ ^{round} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~cottages~~ ^{cottages} ~~when~~ ^{when} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~men~~ ^{men} ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~fine~~ ^{fine} ~~shooting~~ ^{shooting}, & kept among her treasures a horn mug which a poor old Thatcher had given her — ~~kept it~~ ^{kept it} ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~sentimental~~ ^{sentimental} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~modest~~ ^{modest}. ~~would~~ ^{would} ~~tell~~ ^{tell} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~story~~ ^{story}, ~~innocently~~ ^{innocently} ~~self~~ ^{self} ~~approving~~ ^{approving}, but after all her generous modest. Thus she strode across Hyde Park — marked, with the eye of authority,

accustomed to
the hurry.

perhaps the
wake of Wellington.
himself

glided in to
and y. behind;

[Faint, mostly illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page. The text appears to be a letter or a long note.]

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the first of the year 1871
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And the gilt clock at Verney, was striking five.
Florida looked at it with the dumb expression of an animal.
She looked at the clock; she looked at the door; she looked at
the long glass opposite. Yet ~~she was~~ she was going to have a
baby. ~~That was~~ for the disposed her cloak; ^{she} went
across the table, ~~the way~~ the way she was stunned; sunk; ~~was~~
caught by the heel, as she tripped so lightly, & held
firm.

Her tumbler of pinkish sweet stuff was
delivered by the waiter; & she sucked, through a
straw; her eyes, on the ~~of~~ looking glass; on the door.
When Nick Bramham came in; ~~she looked at him~~
it was ^{plus} ~~clear~~ clear then to the young Swiss waiter, that
there was some barfain between them: ~~but~~ ^{for} ~~the~~

~~Nick apologized for bringing late; he took his~~
clothes together ~~before he sat down~~; ~~she~~ ran his fingers
through his hair; sat down - ~~sat down with a~~
nervously, ~~her~~ ordinal. ~~She~~ And something of her
off laughing - she laughed & laughed & ~~laughed~~ -
The young Swiss waiter ~~laughed too~~ ^{she}
~~door opened, & in~~ standing beside the pulley (laughed)
too. The door opened. In came the war of
Regent Street; the dust was thin grained with
dust, & the war of life; menacing; in ~~unfolding~~
impersonal; unforgiving; The Swiss waiter
must see to the newcomers - ~~something like Jacob~~

Jacob, leaning forward, drew a plan of the
Parthenon on the dust in Hyde Park. And
then with the same view of ~~something~~ ^{of what} remembered
what they have something pleasant he walked
to the leaf end of the serpentine, where the ducks are -
then recollecting something; & walked away to the end
of the serpentine to see the heady ~~assured~~ ^{assured} Oriental Drury

but the fact that at least some thinking has
been done about the subject of the
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Jack's Room.

a network of strokes, at least which may have been the Parthenon or again it may have been a mathematical diagram, ~~or One knows not.~~ - And why was he better so emphatically ground in at the corner? It was not to count his notes, that he took out a wad of paper from his pocket & read a long flowing letter which Sandra had written two days ago at ~~Cambridge~~ ^{hedge} Manor House - having in the dark, with his book before her; & in her mind the memory of - so of something said, or attempted, some moment of ~~affection~~ ^{in the dark} in the dark on the ~~Parthenon~~, which (it such was her creed) ^{mattered} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~forever~~ ^{forever} & fused something, remained.

"Jack", she mused, like that man in Molière - the meant Alceste. The meant that Jack made her feel too great a character for her worn of knickknacks. - The meant that he would destroy that he was severe. The meant that she would easily deceive him. ^{or could, I met} ~~One could take him captive, she~~ ^{Don't whether it would be worth any} ~~thought~~ ^{thought} ~~the thought, putting the poems of Donne back in~~ ^{the 'book case, "And would it be worth} ~~that it would~~ ^{while "} ~~worth it?~~ ^{for, she went on, going to the} ~~window & looking down~~ ^{over the great bed of} ~~the flower beds, down the~~ ^{across the park} ~~red cover, were browsing under the~~ ^{elm trees,} ~~"This is what I like so much in him - his is~~ ^{that he would be} ~~marked~~

The children were being taken for a walk, & she kissed her hand. Jimmy waved his back - "He's a small boy too," she said. And yet Alceste?

A list of names of persons who have been
admitted to the office of the
Recorder of Deeds for the year 1880.
The names are as follows:
1. John A. Smith
2. James B. Jones
3. William C. Brown
4. Charles D. White
5. Edward E. Black
6. George F. Green
7. Henry G. Hall
8. Isaac H. Hill
9. Jacob I. Irons
10. John J. Johnson
11. Lewis K. King
12. Martin L. Lee
13. Nathaniel M. Moore
14. Oliver N. Newell
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~~The women, the~~

"Oh Daisy what a nuisance you are!" I Jack grumbled stretching out first one leg & then the other & feeling in each trouser pocket for his chair ticket. "Perhaps the keepers have taken it," he said - "Why do you keep them?"

~~"What I'm paid for, Sir"~~ said the ticket collector,

"Sorry to disturb you Sir" said the ticket collector, his hand deep in the enormous pouch of his breeches -

"Well I hope they pay you for it" said Jacob -

There you are. No. I dare say you can do without it -
~~You can keep the change. I don't want the change. I~~
~~dare say you can do with it. You can stick to it.~~
~~Spend it as you like. Go & get drunk."~~

He had parted with half a crown; - ~~not a~~
~~very large sum, but the~~ ~~it was a~~ looked as if he
tolerantly. Comparatively, ~~with~~ considerable contempt for
his species -

Even now poor Fanny was ^{dealing} suffering, as she walked along the Strand, ~~near~~ ⁱⁿ her utterly incompetent ~~romantic~~ way, with the ~~very~~ ^{same} careless, indifferent sublime manner ~~as~~ ^{when} he had ~~been~~ ^{been} talking to railway guards; & as porters; or Mr Garfit; ~~who~~ ^{when} he consulted Jacob ~~about~~ ^{about} his little boy ~~was~~ ^{was} beaten by the schoolmaster. ~~who~~ ^{who} wanted to become a ~~was~~ ^{was} beaten by the schoolmaster. He thought him so. He was confident, Fanny thought; always; while she herself was ~~so~~ ^{so} nervous, ~~run~~ ^{run} ~~and~~ ^{and} heartless. ~~How~~ ^{How} ~~strangely~~ ^{strangely} ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~their~~ ^{their} ~~separate~~ ^{separate} ~~united~~ ^{united} thoughts! always up & down.

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp contrast to the warm blanket I had been sitting under. I looked up at the sky, which was a pale, hazy blue. The air smelled like wet pavement and distant rain. I took a deep breath, feeling the coolness fill my lungs. The city around me was a blur of motion, with cars and pedestrians going about their day. I felt a sense of purpose, a need to get things done. I walked briskly towards the office, my mind racing with thoughts of the day ahead. The building was a modern structure with large windows that reflected the morning light. I entered the lobby, where a few people were waiting. I greeted them with a smile and a nod, feeling a sense of familiarity. I then walked down the hallway, the sound of my footsteps echoing off the walls. I reached my door, unlocked it, and stepped inside. The room was dimly lit, with a soft glow from the desk lamp. I sat at the desk, looking at the papers in front of me. I felt a sense of calm, a moment of stillness in the midst of a busy day. I took a deep breath, feeling the coolness fill my lungs. The city around me was a blur of motion, with cars and pedestrians going about their day. I felt a sense of purpose, a need to get things done. I walked briskly towards the office, my mind racing with thoughts of the day ahead. The building was a modern structure with large windows that reflected the morning light. I entered the lobby, where a few people were waiting. I greeted them with a smile and a nod, feeling a sense of familiarity. I then walked down the hallway, the sound of my footsteps echoing off the walls. I reached my door, unlocked it, and stepped inside. The room was dimly lit, with a soft glow from the desk lamp. I sat at the desk, looking at the papers in front of me. I felt a sense of calm, a moment of stillness in the midst of a busy day.

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that Jacob might have been thinking of Rome; of ^{architecture} law; of jurisprudence,
as he sat under the plane tree in Hyde Park.

Fanning's omnibus was stopped outside Charing Cross.
behind it ~~rather~~ ^{many} omnibuses, vans, motor cars, for
a procession ~~of some sort~~ ^{was} with banners ^{was}
being paying down Whitehall; & elderly people of
both sexes were ~~stiffly descending~~ ^{stiffly} ~~stiffing~~ ^{stiffing} from between
the paws of ~~lead~~ ^{the} ~~stiffing~~ lions - whom they had been
testifying to the faith of some sort - ringing lustily -
raising their eyes from their music to look into the
blue sky - ~~linear~~ ^{linear} & still their eyes were on the sky
as they marched behind the gold letters of their
Cross.

The traffic stopped, & the sun which had been tolerable
before became ^{now} almost too hot. But the procession
passed; the banners glittered far away down Whitehall;
the traffic was released, & lurched on; spun into
the ~~smooth~~ ^{smooth} ~~upward~~ ^{upward}; ~~made~~ ^{made} continuous uproar;
wheel twirling round the pavement ~~curve~~ ^{curve} of
Cockspur street; a sweeping past government
offices down Whitehall to the prickly spire, the
~~petted~~ ^{petted} towers, the large white clock of Westminster.
Five o'clock, Big Ben intoned; Nelson received the
salute. The wires of the Admiralty shivered ^{with} at some
far away communication.

The ~~rather~~ ^{rather} small, dark room in which Tuning
Durrant sat with two other clerks was small &
rather dark -

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that I have not been thinking of for some time
is a very simple one. It is the light of the
sun. The sun is the source of all life on
this planet. It is the source of all energy
that we have. It is the source of all
the heat that we feel. It is the source
of all the light that we see. It is the
source of all the life that we have.
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source of all the life that we have.

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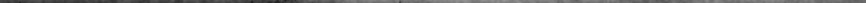
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1944

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[Faint, illegible handwriting]



APPL

Handwritten notes on the right margin, possibly a date or reference.

Handwritten notes at the bottom right corner.

Main body of handwritten text, appearing to be a letter or a journal entry, written in cursive script. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side. A small, dark rectangular mark is visible near the center of the page.

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