

Draft for Jacob's Room

St Pauls . . . p. 104 .

his hair as he did so there remains over something
can never be conveyed to a second person save by Jacob
himself. Moreover part of this is not Jacob but ~~father~~^{father}
Bonary; the room; the market ^{parts}; the hour; the very moment
of history. Then consider the effect of ~~the~~^{the} how between man and
woman it hangs, wavy, tremulous, so that here's a valley,
here's a peak, when in truth all's as flat as my hand. Even
the exact words get the wrong accent on them. And some-
thing is always impelling one to hum, ^{vibrating} like that hawk moth,
~~vibrating~~ at the mouth of the cavern of mystery, endowing
Jacob Flanders with all sorts of qualities he had not at all,
--for though ~~he~~^{he} certainly sat talking to Bonary, half of what he
said was too dull to repeat; much unintelligible (about
~~what some people~~ a square root and Parliament!); what remains is matter of
guess work. And yet over him we hang vibrating.

"Yes, said Captain Barfoot, knocking out his pipe in ~~late~~ Betty
Flanders' hob, a pea button in his coat. "It doubles the
work but I don't mind that."

He was now town councillor. "What ~~business of Jacob?~~
he asked, rising to go. They looked at the night which was
the same as the night of London night, only a good deal
more transparent. Churches ^{bells} down in the town

below were ticking gently eleven o'clock. The wind
was off the sea and all the bedroom windows were
dark, whereas in London at this hour

What about Jacob? said Captain Barfoot.

And Betty replied in the same intonation that
he never would know.

St Pauls

Dim is it, haunted by ghosts of white marble, to whom the organ for ever chaunts. If a boot creaks it's awful; then the order--the discipline. The vergers with his rod has life ironed out beneath him. Sweet and holy are the angelic choristers. And for ever round the marble shoulders, in and out of the folded fingers, go the thin high sounds of voice and organ. For ever requiem--repose.

Tired with scrubbing the steps of the Prudential Societies office, which she did year in year out, Mrs Lidgett took her seat beneath the great Dukes tomb, folded her hands, half closed her eyes. A magnificent place for an old woman to rest in, by the very side of the Great Dukes bones, whose victories mean y nothing to her, whose name she knows not, though she never fails to greet the little angels opposite as she passes out, wishing the like on her own tomb, for the leathern curtain of the heart has flapped wide, and out steal thoughts of rest, sweet melodies... Old Spicer, though, thought nothin of the kind. Strangely enough, he'd been in St Pauls not once these fifty years, though his office windows looked on the Churchyard. 'So that's all? Well a gloomy old place... Where's Nelson's tomb? No time now--come again-- A coin to leave in the box...pain or fine is it? Well, if it would only make up its mind'...Idly the children stray in. the vergers dissuades them. And another and another--man, woman, man, woman, boy--casting their eyes up, trimming their gestures,

the same shadow brushing the same faces; the leathern curtain of the heart flaps wide.

Nothing could appear more certain from the steps of St Pauls that ~~as~~ that each person is miraculously provided with coat, skirt, boots, income, and object. They have no houses. The streets belong to them; the ~~of~~ shops; the churches; theirs the innumerable desks; the pendant lights; the vans are theirs and the railway along high above the street. If you look ~~✓~~ closer you see that three old men at a little distance from each other run spiders along the pavement as if the street were their parlour, and here against the wall ^{stare} a woman ~~stares~~ at no one, boot laces extended, which she does not ask you to ~~buy~~ buy. The posters are theirs too; and the news on them. A town destroyed; a race won. A homeless people, circling beneath the sky whose blue or white is held off by a ceiling cloth of steel filings and horse dung shredded to dust.

There under the green shade with his head bent over white paper, Mr Sibley transferred ~~figures~~ ^{will} to folios, and upon each desk you observe, like provender, a bunch of papers, the days nutriment, slowly consumed by the industrious pen. Innumerable overcoats of the quality prescribed hung empty all day in the corridors, but as the clock struck six each was exactly filled and ~~the~~ ^{little} figures, split apart into trousers or moulded into a single thickness, jerked rapidly with angular forward motion along the pavement, then dropped into darkness.

Beneath the pavement, sunk in the earth, hollow drains lined with light forever conveyed them, and large letters upon enamel plates represented in the underworld the parks, squares, and circuses of the upper. 'Marble Arch' 'Shepherd's Bush'---to the majority the Arch and the Bush are eternally white letters upon a blue ground. Only at one point--it may be Acton, Holloway, Kensal Rise, Galedonian road--does the name mean shops where you buy things, and houses in one of which, down to the right, where the pollard trees grow out of the paving stones there's a square curtained window and a bedroom.

Long past midnight an old blind woman sat on a camp stool with her back to the stone wall of the Union of London and Smith's Bank, clasping a brown mongrel tightly in her arms and singing out loud--not for coppers, no, ~~not~~ from the depths of her gay wild heart, her sinful tanned heart, for the child who fetches her is the fruit of sin, and should have been in bed, curtained, asleep, instead of hearing in the lamp light her mother's wild song, where she sits against the Bank singing not for coppers with her dog against her breast.

Hence they went. The gray church spires received them; the hoary city, old, sinful, and majestic. ~~One~~ behind another, round or pointed, piercing the sky or massing themselves like sailing ships, like granite cliffs, the spires and offices, wharves and factories crowd the bank. Eternally the pilgrims trudge; barges rest in mid stream heavy laden. As I believe the city loves her prostitutes.

But few, alarm are admitted to that degree. Of all the carriages that leave the arch of the opera house not one turns eastward, and when the little thief is caught in the empty market place no one in black white or rose coloured evening dress blocks the way by pausing with a hand upon the carriage door to hope, help, condemn. Though Lady Charles, to do her justice, sighs sadly as she ascends her staircase, takes down her Thomas a'Kempis, and does not sleep till her mind has lost itself tunnelling into the complexity of things. 'Why, why, why?' she asks. ~~But she does not sleep~~
~~at all.~~

King College Chapel.

They say the sky is the same everywhere. Travellers, the shipwrecked, exiles, and the dying draw comfort from the thought, and no doubt if you are of a mystical tendency, consolation and even explanation shower down from the unbroken surface. But above Cambridge-- anyhow above the roof of King's College Chapel ---there is a difference. Out at sea a great city will cast a brightness ~~out~~ up into the night. Is it fanciful to suppose the sky, washed into the crevices of King's College Chapel, lighter, thinner, more sparkling than the sky elsewhere? Does Cambridge burn not only into the night but into the day?

Look, as they pass into service, how airily the gowns blow out, as though nothing ~~of~~ dense and corporeal were ~~in~~ within. What sculptured faces, what certainty, authority controlled by piety, although the great boots march under the gowns. In what orderly procession they advance. Thick wax candles stand upright; young men rise in white gowns; while the subservient eagle bears up for inspection the great white book. An inclined plane of light comes accurately through each window, purple and yellow even in its most diffused dust, while, where it breaks upon stone, that stone is softly chalked red, yellow, and purple. Neither snow nor greenery, winter nor summer, has power over the old glass.As the sides of the lantern protect the flame so that it

burns steady even in the wildest night--burns steady and
gravely illumines the tree trunks, so inside the chapel
all was orderly. Gravely sounded the voices; wisely the
organ replied, as if buttressing human faith with the assent
of the elements. The white robed figures crossed from side to
side; now mounted steps; now descended.If you stand a
lantern under a tree every insect in the forest creeps up
to it--beetles, grass hoppers, lady birds, and spiders--a
curious assembly, since, though they scramble and swing
and knock their heads against the glass, ~~they~~ seem to have no
purpose, no object---something senseless inspires them. One
gets tired of watching them, as they amble round the lantern
and blindly tap as if for admittance, a large toad being the
most besotted and shouldering his way through the rest.
Ah, but what's that? A terrifying volley of pistol shots
rings--cracks, ~~ripples~~ spread --merge--Silence laps smooth
over sound. A tree--a tree has fallen. After that
the wind in the trees ~~is~~ ^{sounds} melancholy.

But this service in Kings Chapel---why allow women to take
part in it? Surely if the mind wanders it is because several
hat shops, and cupboard upon cupboard of coloured dresses
are dropped upon benches, so that though heads and shoulders
may be devout enough, one has a sense of individuals--some
like blue, others brown, some feathers, others pansies and
forgetmenots. No one would think of bringing a dog into church.
For though a dog is all very well on a gravel path and shows
no disrespect to flowers, the way he wanders down an aisle,

looking, lifting a paw, and approaching a pillar with a purpose that makes the blood run cold with horror (should you be one of a congregation--alone, shyness is out of the question) destroys the service completely. So do these women, though separately devout, distinguished, and vouch'd for by the theology, mathematics, Latin and Greek of their husbands--- Heaven knows wht it is.