

<PT>1917

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Tuesday. [2 January 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

The Eng: Rev: has I believe changed its address so I must ask you to request A[ustin] H[arrison] to send me proofs of the VI inst^{mt}.

The secretary thinks she has sent them to me some time ago. But I am certain (after a careful search) that they are not in the house. Assure also A. H. that I never meant disrespect to the Review by letting 2 instal^{ts} go in uncorrected. I am very sorry. As to the IVth I went to sea in a hurry. With the Vth the fault lies with my muddle-headedness as after looking for it here I finally allowed myself to be overtaken by time. Very stupid of me.

I am carrying on the Ad[miral]ty art: and the story abreast. I have been however somewhat gouty for a couple of days. However the article will be with you soon. I am anxious also to unload the story but that will take a little longer.

<F>Ever Yours affc^{ly}

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>PS Strange! We haven't heard from Borys for eleven days now. Jessie's holding herself in, but it isn't good for her. As to me I don't know what to think.

<X>To R. B. Cunninghame Graham

<Y>Text MS Dartmouth; J-A, 2, 181; Watts 185

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>3^d Jan '17

<G>TrŠs cher ami

I thought I could run up to say goodbye * but my swollen foot does not improve and I can just crawl across a room and no more. So these lines go to you * avec mon coeur * to wish you a safe journey and the success of the "entreprise" the forestalling of the yanks and fine galloping days in the Sta Marta valley.

Your prot,g, Borys is expected on leave about the 15th. We haven't heard from him for more than 10 days which is unusual * but I don't suppose it means anything. Still Jessie is worried. She sends you her love and best wishes for your journey.

I can't say I've been very much bucked-up by the change of the government. The age of miracles is past * and the Yahudi God (Who rules us) seems to develop Central European affinities. He's played out as a patron. Why not turn over the whole Establishment and the Non-Confst organisations to the Devil and see what'll happen. Nothing short of that will put this pretty business we're engaged on right. Et encore!

<F>Ever affect^{ly} yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Wednesday evg. [3 January 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

As there's nothing from B[orys] and J[essie] is getting awfully jumpy * it occurred to me that you may have a friend amongst the correspondents at the front whom you could ask to look young Conrad up. B has dined twice on Reg's invitation with the correspondents and so is not an utter stranger to them.

By his last letter (12th Dec or thereabouts) he has been shifted for duty at the *III^d corps' Siege Artillery Park*. His last pc is dated the 20th. Dec. Since then he has not acknowledged his Xmas pudding and other parcels or the 3 letters J has written him in the last fortnight.

Is my idea possible? I don't like to wire to him for there may be no answer to that too.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>To C. K. Shorter

<Y>Text MS BL Ashley 2922; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>[early January 1917]

<G>Dear M^r Shorter

Ecco! I only regret the specimen is not of fresher complexion; but I don't know whether I could get a better one if I tried.

A very "young" piece of writing. Very young. I was 37 when I wrote it, about the time of our meeting. But at 37 I *was* young. I have matured more rapidly since then. Still, sobered down as I am by years of effort, I can't dismiss it as [a] piece of mere rhetoric. There was genuine conviction at the back of those lines of which much survives in me to this day.

<F>Yours

<S>J. C.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>[early January 1917]

<G>Dearest Pinker.

This is the Ad[miral]^{ty} paper. Had yesterday wire from Sir Douglas Brownrigg. Please phone him that you have MS. and it is coming along.

I can't write the regulation 3 papers. I send this one and he shall have others as I write them. One at end Febr^y. perhaps. I will write as many as I can. But you know that I must now finish the story. Must. Join a covering letter in which you tell Sir D that he would have [had] this before New Year if I had not been so gouty in the last half of Dec. I am always unloading work on you * but then you see I *am* in your hands.

<F>Your[s] affct^{ly}

<S>JC

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* Telegram, Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Ashford, Kent

<D>12 January 1917

11. 48 a. m.]

<G>Bookishly London

Boy arrived please send me five pound note today probably in town Tuesday

<S>Conrad

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>[15 January 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Borys will call on you to-morrow (Tuesday) about noon. He and Jessie are going up for 24 hours by the 10. 17 to-morrow.

If you are engaged about noon give him an app[oin]t^{ent} as he feels he must see you if only for 5 minutes before going back.

I am staying at home with John & Rob^t to look after these young devils and incidentally to try to get on with the story.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. C.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Tuesday [16 January 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

Please let Jessie have what she wants for her expenses in town. She returns home tomorrow evening. She has to pay for a surgical appliance for her good knee which shows signs of the whole strain it had to bear for more than 10 years now.

The kid discloses himself a good fellow and a really fine officer. It's like a dream to see him and hear him talk.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Tuesday evg. [16 January 1917]

<G>My dear friend.

Please send the proof to Harrison right off * I want the E. R. text to be correct in last ins^l. I presume the book is arranged for. If you want the end to "set up" you can demand a revise from Harr: In any case I should like to see proof of book form.

The story the title of which may be: *R. T. Fragments*. Will come along before many days. Of course while B[orys] is here I am not likely to do much. But I've worked today and shall push on a bit more tomorrow, till the truant Mother returns with the prodigal Son.

The prodigal is not very bad. Before leaving Eng^d he had to make up a cash deficiency in the pay chest caused by an officer (a professional gambler with a decoy-wife in Portsmouth) whom he and Bevan had (very improperly) trusted to pay the C^o. He told them a cock-and-bull story and it ended in Bevan paying 櫻 and B 25. For this and other reasons poor B left his native shore without a penny in his pocket and the gua[rantee]^d overdraft exhausted up to the last pound. Now he has paid it back and has 20 to his credit after spending another 20 between Arras and Capel House. When you consider that he had 3 days in Havre and a day in London * and that he had no break of *any sort* for fully a year this does not seem so *very* outrageous. Please pay him □ from me * good conduct money.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J Conrad.

<X>To R. B. Cunninghame Graham

<Y>Text MS Dartmouth; Watts 186

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>17. Jan '17

<G>Cher Ami

Thanks for Your good letter and enclosure for the officer * of your creation, really.

I am glad and more than glad to hear that he has produced a good impression on you. I've heard he has "the respect of his seniors". His friends amongst his Contemporaries are not a few. There is a sort of quiet enthusiasm about him * et il a naturellement des id,es de gentilhomme, combined with a deep democratic feeling as to values in mankind.

Indeed he might have sat at your feet except for Your divine indignation which is a gift of the gods to You especially * and which in any case is not of his age * and certainly not in his mentality. Car il n'est pas brilliant. *

All good luck go with you trŠs cher ami and whatever happens pray believe in my inalterable* and admiring affection.

<F>Yours

<S>J Conrad.

<X>**To B. Macdonald Hastings**
<Y>*Text* MS Colgate; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]
<D>17 Jan 17

<G>Dear Hastings.
This is great news. Do devote your talents to extracting some leave from the stern military men.
Yours all expectation

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text Telegram, Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Hamstreet, Kent

<D>19 January 1917

2. 53 pm]

<G>Bookishly London

Please cable metropole magazine as follows will you print conrad article sea warfare earliest date 2000 words no payment but admiralty reserving power publish same in english and colonial press any time ends this is my suggestion adopted by Sir Douglas Brownrigg give it your help if you approve

<S>conrad

<X>To F. N. Doubleday

<Y>Text MS Princeton; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>22 Jan 17.

<G>Dear M^r Doubleday.

I regret not having thanked you before for the books you have been good enough to send me. I have been specially interested by the Mount Vernon monograph.

We had our boy here for a ten day's* leave after a year's continuous service in France. He has been all along the front with his battery, which during the Somme advance was well forward all the time. He has been gassed a little (to begin with) he has flown in action, he had a joy-ride in a tank the first day they went over the German lines. He saw Fritz run for dear life. Unluckily the tank in which he was got its hind wheels shot off * so they didn't get very far. He was also knocked down twice by shell concussion * the last time in the distinguished company of general Gough. He celebrated his 19th birthday with us. We found him greatly matured. But what struck me most was a curious serenity of manner and thought as though nothing on earth could startle him now. And though he gave us every minute of his leave he confessed to me that he was anxious to get back to the battery and to his beloved men. He commands the MT section and through deaths and changes is the second senior officer of his battery.

He wishes me to remember him kindly to you, and to tell you that the glasses you have been good enough to send to him are the object of general envy and have done some excellent good work at more than one forward observation post of the artillery of the III^d corps. He says he often thought gratefully of you while using them.

My health has been fair lately. But mentally I am without much grip on my work. We are all feeling the strain more and more, but the national determination to see this thing through hardens as the cruel days go by. It's a pity better use is not made of it. But leaders of genius are rare.

My wife (who has need of all her fortitude) joins me in kindest regards to Mrs Doubleday and yourself and hopes that we will have the great pleasure of seeing You under our roof in better days.

Believe me always very sincerely Yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Tuesday. 7. 15 AM. [23 January 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

I believe you are perfectly right. But I have *given* per agreement this sort of copy to the Ad^{ly}. No question me keeping money. Please tele^{ph} to Brownr[i]^{gg} about 11 o'clock to whom your letter goes by this train.

<S>JC.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Wednesday [24 January 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Thanks for your letter. I am sure you don't mind me having opened the matter with Sir D. B[rownrigg] direct; but I am afraid I have given you trouble for nothing that will be much good. I am curious to hear how you have settled the matter. I suppose there can be no doubt in Sir D B's mind that I am *not* after money in this connection. The copy *belongs* to the Admiralty.

We don't remember receiving the MS of the Shad-Line. But it must be here, somewhere. Jessie's much distressed at the failure of her memory but the boy's visit seems to have driven everything out of her mind for a time.

Search-party will be organised this afternoon. But pray my dear friend try to get balance of proof from E. R. You see the text as given to ER. is so different from the MS. *Brain wave*! If I can find the N^o of the Met. Mag; with the last instal^t I will send it to you. That will be nearer the final text than the MS.

I creep on with the story.

Hastings' adaptation is horribly efficient. You know what I mean. As he says himself "That sort of thing is done for money". I have sent it back to him. The worst is that he can't get leave to come here and talk over a point or two of importance. I want Irving to see the play as soon as possible.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. C.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>[c. 25 January 1917]

<G>Dear Pinker

We have found type-copy of Sh-Line, which will do. Please ask the revered Dent to let me have slip-proofs of the last 20pp at least * if possible. And soon I am thinking of motto and dedication.

<F>Your

<S>J. C.

<PS>Enc^l 3 small bills for household furnitures.

<X>To A. T. Saunders

<Y>Text MS S. Australia; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>26 Jan 17.

<G>Dear Sir

Many thanks for your very interesting letter and the curious Hayes pamphlet.

Yes. M^r Jacques came back with us in the *Torrens*. He was laid up all the passage and I hardly ever saw him. This will partly account for my extraordinary mistake in the Personal Record.* Strange lapse of memory! E. L. Sanderson (also a passenger that time) pointed it out to me a long time ago.

The J. Galsworthy is *the* John of course. Our intimate friendship dates from that passage. He left us in C. Town but sought me out in London afterwards.

I did serve in the *Loch Etive* with Capt Steward (at one time of the famous *Tweed*). I was 3^d off[ic]^{er} and kept my first *Officer's watch* in that ship.** Steward died at sea, but I don't remember the year. Capt Cope lives now in Herne Bay, but I haven't seen him for many years. Of the Angels I know nothing.

If the firm of Messrs: H Simpson & Sons still exists in Adelaide please tell them that J. C will never forget the generosity, the courtesy and indeed the kindness of the head of the firm in '88-'89 when he commanded their barque *Otago*.

Pray believe me, with great regard

<F>Yours faithfully

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<PS>PS I saw L. Becke once in 1895 or six in a publisher's office and I must say I wasn't favourably impressed then. I haven't read many of his books. Reel & Palm was the last I looked at I think.

*Some Reminiscences title has been altered since first Eng edition was published.

* *I mean as a British certificated officer of the Merchant Service.

<X>To John Quinn

<Y>Text MS NYPL; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>[c. 28 January 1917]

<G>My dear Quinn.

My wife wanted to write herself the letter of thanks for the lovely apples; but our boy has just left us after his first leave from France and she does not feel equal to talk about him on paper * and yet she feels that she would have to write of him. So I am deputed to tell you how much we have appreciated your gift and then to tell you something of the boy.

He celebrated his 19th birthday with us. He said to me: "I am a veteran. When we, the first batch of youngsters, were appointed to the heavy batteries as Mechanical Transport Officers it was an altogether new thing. Nobody could teach us then because nobody knew the practical conditions and the way to go about that work. We had to learn all this by ourselves under shell-fire and sometimes under machine-gun fire. And we have all done pretty well."

One could see he was fairly pleased with himself and extremely proud of his men. He had a year of continuous duty all along the line right from Ypres to the Somme. He has been gassed a little in the early days * a sort of welcome from Fritz. He managed to get in as many side-shows as possible * has flown in action, has squatted in observation posts; went sniper-hunting, had a joy ride in a tank the first time they went over the German lines. But what seems to afford him the greatest satisfaction is having been knocked down by the same shell-concussion with General Gough. The boy had just put the last gun of the battery in position, then got his lorry back on the road and was waiting for a bit because the landscape ahead was full of German shells. He saw a general's car come along from the direction of Pozzišres. It pulled up opposite him and the general got out, apparently to speak to him. Just at that moment a H. Z. shell landed on the car's forewheel, blew the whole thing to smithereens and flung the general covered with his driver's blood and shreds of flesh under B's lorry. B had been flung there too; the lorry (an American-Peerless) was half demolished and of the two men with B one was killed and the other had his hand blown off. B and the general crawled from under the wreck together. The Gen: was a horrible sight. He said to B: "For Goodness' sake lets get out of this". And B said: "Certainly Sir" and pointed out to him an enormous shell-crater quite near the road. So they crawled along over there taking the wounded man with them. In that crater there were a good many people some dead and some alive and luckily two stretcher-bearers who bandaged the man's arm. Meantime B wiped the general down with some rags he found lying about, the best way he could; and then they both sat in that hole for an hour and a half shivering and shaking from the shock. Later the Gen. got away down a trench and B went back to his battery where he helped around generally till the evening, when his junior off[ic]er arrived with an ammunition convoy with which B returned to the replenishing station. But before daybreak he was back with the batt^y with another ammunition convoy. And now said B "whenever the Gen: sees me on the roads he waves his hand to me, though I am certain he doesn't know my name".

We found B matured very much. What struck me most was a sort of good-tempered imperturbable serenity in his manner, speech and thoughts * as if nothing in the world could startle or annoy him any more. He looks wonderfully robust and has developed a respectable moustache. He gave us every minute of his leave; wouldn't hear of going to town except for a day and a half with his mother to call on the more intimate of our circle of friends. We got on extremely well together. We talked not only of War but of the other two W's* also. Where the fellow got his taste for wine I can't imagine. As to Women, Cunninghame Graham who went on purpose to meet him in the salon of a very distinguished lady (the world says that she is his last flame. About time. C. G. is sixty-five if a day) wrote to me with great glee that he found the boy "tršs d,gourdi" and that he thought he "will be un homme a femmes like You and I, for he has a way with them". My wife who gave a lunch party has also observed that aptitude and was very much amused. She has indeed snatched a fearful joy during these 10 days. Her fortitude is admirable but I am anxious about her health. She sends you her most friendly regards. What a war-letter I have written!

Believe me always

<F>Yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To J. M. Dent

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>31 Jan^y 17.

<G>Dear Mr Dent

Many thanks.

I hope the book will come out end March.

I am just now held up by gout.

<F>Yours sincerely

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>[late January-early February 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

Will you transmit the three scraps enclosed to Dent. They relate to the Sh-Line. * Title p[age] * Dedication * Motto. Just look at them please as the book is very much your affair. It's you who said: "Let there be a volume". So you ought to control the details.

The enclosed off[ici]^{al} paper belongs to the usual poisonous crop at this time of the year.

Thanks for your letter rec^d this morning. It's all in your hands. I suppose the cable went all the same. Or have you and Sir D B[rownrigg] given it up?

<F>Affct^{ly} yours

<S>J. C.

<X>To J. M. Dent

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House

<D>1st Febr^y 17.

<G>Dear M^r Dent

I return here the sp[ecimen]. pages with my thanks. The only suggestions I venture to offer is that perhaps the heavy-leaded (inner) lines round the author's name might be removed. I can't very well judge how the t[itle]. p[age]. will look without them but the effect now is strangely funereal. I would propose also a slightly smaller type for the words *A Confession*.

This said, I leave it all to you. It's rather absurd of me talking typography and "get up" to Aldine House. The sp. p. of the text seems to me perfect.

I am laid up with a severe attack. This joke has lasted 22 years and I am beginning to be tired of it.

<F>Yours faithfully

<S>J Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>[c. 1 February 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

I forward you Dent's letter and the specimen pages. Also my reply to Dent as to matters of typography.

A sentence in his letter is the cause of my starting to worry you again. Personally I have too felt the shortness of the vol.

Well * once more I suggest Prince Roman and in order to make the combination acceptable I've written a Foreword, the rough draft of which is enclosed. The title page needn't be changed.

After running your eye over the preface you will decide whether to open the matter to Dent or keep it to yourself.

But please send him the pages.

Am laid up with gout in knee. Horrid.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. C.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>[c. 2 February 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

Will you please put that right by paying in about 檼to my credit. This is my acct for local subsc[ription] and I am being struck by VAD hospitals, one in Ashford and the other in Woodchurch.

Can you send also 檼to Jessie's acc^t.

In the matter of *the* loan. I havent the slightest idea how I stand. But there will be the story now in hand worth 500 cert (say end this month, about) and if you could get me a 票to invest in advance of proceeds I would be glad.

<F>Yours

<S>J. C.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>[early February? 1917]

<G>Dear Pinker

Herewith agreement with D'day, and many thanks for this of Your many negotiations*.

Am glad to hear you generally approve of my instr[ucti]^{ons} to the revered Dent.

The official doc^t is what had to be.

Story still crawls.

R. T.

Selected Passages

from<{graph}> Letters

Rotten title. Eh? But I am sick of short ones.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; J-A, 2, 181

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Sunday [4 February 1917]

<G>My Dear Pinker.

I enclose here a cutting. To have my work held up as an example of the E. R's taste for the morbid has upset me very much. Harr[ison]'s proceedings have been exasperating me all along but I said nothing to you. It would have been no good as we couldn't 've done anything. Strangely enough I expected adverse comment (as the story was being noticed) tho' not in that precise shape. He has been doling it out in drops, as if it were poison. No wonder he spoiled its taste altogether.

So you see that a story may get a nasty rap on mere "publication" grounds. I confess I have grown awfully nervous about that piece of work * which is not a story really but exact autobiography. So of course is Prince R. And I suggested P. R. mainly because its incl[usi]^{on} would give me an occasion to say that distinctly in a Preface. If you imagined I was touched by the revered Dent's groan You were never more mistaken in your life. I really felt I would like it very much to be done. And it seemed suitable, as in the *de luxe* edition those two pieces will have to go together * with the preface the draft of which you've seen. So another *de luxe vol* would have been settled by a 1st edition. The most, I think, satisfactory way of arranging a *de luxe* edition.

I am really quite jumpy about this thing, and I think I'll cancel the dedication as I don't want the boy's name to be connected with a work of which some imbecile is likely to say: that it is a "good enough" sort of story in the Conrad manner but not a work to be put out by itself with all that pomp etc, etc and to be charged such a price for.

As two auto^{cal} episodes I would have less fear * the preface explaining why they appear by themselves: as they would be out of place amongst collected tales.

What do you think from *this* point of view?

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Wednesday. [7 February 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

I return the play at once because I am very anxious you should read it at the earliest possible moment.

For myself I simply don't know what to say. I always thought that the novel could *not* be adapted for the stage. And B's performance proves it to my mind. But taking it as it stands I must confess that I am surprised at the feebleness of many passages (as scenic effects) and a curious commonplaceness of the general conception and dialogue. But it may be *good stage work* * for all I know.

I must leave that to your experienced judgment. As you, I imagine, haven't seen the book for many years now you will be able to bring also a more detached mind to the task. B has done what he liked with the novel and I suppose the only question for us is:- Is it worth while? Please answer him in both our names and drop me a line when you have done so. I am not moved but I am interested * I mean interested to know what your decision will be.

I've had a large batch of proofs (all the First Part) of *Sh-Line* from Dent and shall return them to him tonight. Jessie who has seen my last letter to you thinks I am worrying you unduly. *Am* I worrying you? Those things are our common concern in their entirety, not only on their material side; and that being so I can do nothing * not even in such a detail as a dedication * behind your back. And I can't think that my practice * indeed the necessity * of laying my mind open to you strikes you as a nuisance. Am I right?

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J Conrad.

<PS>PS I expect to hear from you by our noon post.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Wednesday Night [7 February 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

You are very good and patient and I feel remorseful at extracting a long letter from you. But to confess the truth I was very glad to get it. Of course all you say is absolutely truth and your good opinion of the piece of work stated so plainly re-assures me. But, you know, to speak openly I feel at times that I am not quite myself. A point of view that in a normal process of considering a given situation would have had its proper place seems now to run away with me. And the annoying thing is that I am half-conscious of it and yet can't pull up when I want to.

There are reasons (not excuses) for this temporary lack of balance. I'll have to get over them.

I hope my letter about Alm: Folly was reasonable. I need hardly tell you that leaving the decision to you I do it without any mental reserves or even doubt. I am beautifully resigned and sane. So you needn't fear I'll treat you to a fit of jumps over *that* business. The writing of that letter my dear Pinker has been the finest piece of self-control I've achieved for years and years.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J Conrad.

<PS>PS I am glad you think it justified to invest the lot. But pray remember that of the amount only ¼ is to go to my credit with you. I mean the Am: proceeds of the story.

PPS I shall [be] busy all tomorrow working a fully elaborated plan of sea-convoys which I am going to send to Sir D Brownrigg. I must out with it to relieve myself.

<X>To W. T. H. Howe

<Y>Text MS Berg; *Listy* 363; Original unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>10 Febr 17

<G>Dear M^r Howe

Many thanks for your charming letter. I am very proud of those early appreciations which it seems I have managed not to forfeit in the course of my literary life. That, you see, is a haunting fear of many writers, I dare say.

A man changes in the course of 20 years. However my ideas were settled and my character formed long before I began to write. On the other hand the road still before me begins to look very short and lies overshadowed by many anxieties. Our eldest boy has just been here on a 10 days' leave after 13 months at the front. A fearful joy. His contemporaries (he celebrated his 19th birthday here) are falling like cornstalks under the scythe.

May you and America be spared such anxieties.

<F>Yours sincerely

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To J. M. Dent

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>11 Febr. 17.

<G>Dear Mr Dent.

I am returning you the corrected slips by rail to save a day. I have kept them a long time.

I dare hope the text will be without blemish of any sort. But one can never tell. After going over it innumerable times I've discovered at the last moment the word *broad* repeated three times in a paragraph of five lines. Enough this to shake one's confidence for ever.

Pray send me a revise (2 sets if possible) which I promise to return in 24 hours.

Have you settled yet how the book is going to be dressed? Generally * I am not so inquisitive but this small thing is very much my own * you know.

<F>In haste

<S>Yours J. Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>[c. 12 February 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

I have your letters. Your point of view on the Brighthouse achievement is exactly mine. The only consideration worthy of regard is: whether the production of that thing (supposing it came off) wouldn't damage the prospects of Victory towards which I feel quite differently. Not only the prospects but its (possibly successful) career * I mean.

I go into it because theatrical prospects begin to interest me. B is negligible for me, Hastings isn't. He is curiously prosaic and tending to the obvious * but as a workman he's all there. And I rather fancy that I can deal with him. I have been reading my Western Eyes while laid up. A dead frost * like Nostromo was * but there's an enormous play in it. Not at all on nihilist lines. The struggle of two "tendencies" for the possession of the girl * Revolt and Reaction * and for the intermediary the man who betrayed her brother. By taking the audience into confidence from the first there will be no end of great effects. And what a crowd of people * grotesque, amusing, tragic, sympathetic: Mme de S* and Peter Ivanovitch * Laspara and his daughters * Sophia * then Natalia and Razumov himself. And no one need die at the end.

I feel a great longing to *collaborate* on that with H. Let him plan the framework acceptable to me * then take my words. In France it would take well, I am certain. And in Russia too eventually where the book did make a sensation. (I don't think it's worth my while to translate Victory into French. But the other *would be* worth while).

This was going to be [a] long letter for you to read at leisure * a whole programme of work:- but this moment I receive this from the very Hastings.

It's damnable in a way. Do you think Irving wants to slip out of it in that way? I[t] doesn't look *that* at first glance * but one doesn't feel confident as to the intention.

Ever Yours in haste.

<S>J. C.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>[c. 12 February 1917]

<G>Dear Pinker

Will You give the permission in my name if Dent agrees?

<F>Your

<S>JC.

<X>To J. M. Dent

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Wednesday [14 February 1917]

<G>Dear Mr Dent

Shadow Line

As to chapters: The Story is now divided into six chap. numbered I to VI. Also in *two parts*.

Pray cancel division into parts, (I omitted to do so on the slips) then insert blank page if you like between each division from I to VI. Only please *don't* use the word Chapter just simply I. II. III. IV. V. VI.

As to portrait: Do let me see it before you decide. I'll return it at once. The Cadbys have some 8 or 10 negatives of me (about 3 years old) and we could perhaps select one of them * unpublished one * of course for some small payment. Yours in haste.

<S>J Conrad

<PS>What about the enclosed portrait?

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Wednesday [14 February 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

Thanks for your letter. I shall write you at length to-morrow.

Will you please send ch: A. A. Farrar for 5. 5 John's tuition and another to Miss N. Lyons. 5.

<F>Yours ever

<S>JC

<PS>Glad you like the Western Eyes notion. Russia will be a matter of interest for some years to come. And the thing would be Russia presented to Western Eyes.

PS Dent wishes [to] publish portrait in one of B'woods old books. I've consented.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]
<D>Thursday. [15 February 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

I expect I'll get a revise of the Sh-Line in a day or two and then *that* will be off my sick mind. For *it*, the mind, isn't exactly right. Dam' flighty, restless, all over the place. Of course thats better than being paralysed **

I sent my convoy scheme to Sir D B[rownrigg] because he's in touch with the Chief of the Staff. He made to it the tactical objection which I expected. But my point was that in that way in sending say 100 grain, meat or cotton ships I would expect 80% to get home at 10 knots. Whereas if strung up singly over the ocean even at 12 or 14 knots it's doubtful (as things are) whether 50% would get there.

If I felt better than I do I should dearly love a turn of patrol duty just now. And I dare say I would be allowed without difficulty.

Continuing my interrupted letter on theatrical matters (which you will read at your leisure) I think that after putting in some practice with Hastings I would launch myself out single-handed. The subject is in that very story I am writing now. Of course I am keeping the story within the limitations of Magazine fiction. And its rather a nuisance to have perceived its dramatic possibilities of which the greater part must be kept out, as much too good for the Met. Mag. And the play won't be easy. To put a femme galante (not exactly in that character but as an ardent Royalist) and her peasant sister very hard headed, very religious, and very mercenary on the stage will not be an easy matter. But it's nothing to what your job will be to persuade an actress to take it up (it will be an actress' play) and to find an experienced actor capable to make up as an ingenuous youth of barely twenty. It will take you all your skill, diplomacy, patience, persuasiveness and also all your faith in me to carry the business through.

Don't think I am doing nothing but dreaming of what I may do. I am telling you those things because I have litterally* not a single soul in the world to whom I could talk like this. I am not neglecting the substance for shadows. I will be done with the story before very long and then I shall take up the Rescue. Of that, however, I will talk to you in my next. I really begin to think that I must have a thorough change. Get into another house. Theres one offering now, situated in a Rich Man's park. The late Laureated Austin used to live there. The R. M wants me to go there. He has asked me to lunch with him. His name is Ashley Dodd. I shall certainly get a lunch out of him if I am well enough to get out on Saturday. Jessie sends her love. She has an awful cough.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>P[S] We had ¹/₂ doz p[ost] cards from B[orys]. Have you heard from Eric lately?

<X>To Sir Sidney Colvin

<Y>Text MS Fitzwilliam; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>21 Febr '17.

<G>My dear Colvin

I promised you that you should see the *complete* text of my little book before everybody else. I could not send it to you before, but here is at last a set of the revise which I can venture to offer to your eyes, tho' I didn't transpose on it the corrections (a good many of them too) on the "marked" set which I had to return at once to Dent.

You may take it that anything which is obviously shocking in wording or punctuation has been put right.

The *stylisation* is pretty well what I wanted it to be. Anyway I can do no more to it.

<F>Yours as ever

<S>J Conrad.

<PS>Our dear love to Lady Colvin and yourself. We expect you to signal your arrival at the first spell of good weather.

<X>To J. M. Dent

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Thursday. [22 February 1917]

<G>Dear Mr Dent

I am laid up again.

I really don't want to raise objections. I am putting to you my point of view. For instance as to the house. It isn't mine. I hope to be soon out of it. It isn't the house in which either *Lord Jim* or *Youth* were written. That sort of thing is good enough for the ill[ustrat]^{ed} press but why give it durability which it does not deserve? At least to my view.

However I am sending you a set of photographs which includes one good one of the house. I also like the photo of myself in the study.

But pray do what you like.

<S>Yours J. C.

<X>To Reginald Herbert Leon

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>22^d Febr'y '17

<G>Dear Sir

The play *One Day More* is the dramatisation done more than 10 years ago of the short story *To-morrow* the last in the volume called *Typhoon* pub^d by M^r Heinemann in 1902 or 3.

One Day More was never published as a play; but the English Review printed the whole text in one of its issues for the year 1912 or 13.

Sorry can't be more precise.

I have heard that a second-hand bookseller H. Danielson 16 Camden St NW. has been offering the pamphlet preface to the *Nigger* last year. There are about 40 copies in existence in Eng^d and the US in all. I regret that I have only two which I must keep for the 1st editions sets for my two boys.

What you say of *Chance* editions in 1913 is very curious. I know nothing of it. Some publishing muddle. Once I have done with the proofs the book's fate is out of my hands. The only edition in which I take interest is the Collected Edition (limited to 1000 sets in Eng^d & in the US) which Doubleday, Page in New York and M^r Heinemann here are going to publish after the war. I've settled the format, the bindings, the fount and the paper. For the text it will be exactly the text of the English 1st editions freed from misprints and with, perhaps, a few (very few) verbal alterations. Of course both the *Nigger* preface and the dramatic form of *To-morrow* will have their places there.

Pardon this scrawl. I am laid up with gout and am writing this in bed.

Believe me yours faithfully

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Thursday. [22 February 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

I am laid up again in more pain than I had for a long time.

Pray settle the enclosed bill and send me a ch for 檯. I represent our parish at the VAD meeting and tho' I wont be able to go, I fear I must send my contribution.

I was done on Monday with Sh-Line proofs, at last.

How are you? And what news of Eric?

<F>Ever Your

<S>J. C.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Saturday [24 February 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

A funny thing has happened. Two men wrote to me on the same day making inquiries about an *Ode on the Titanic* which I am supposed to have published in the XIX Century mag!

As you know I never published an *Ode* anywhere; and I dare say you are convinced that I couldn't write a line of verse to save my life. Anyhow it is a fact. I couldn't. I am totally devoid of a metrical faculty. As one of these men is Clement Shorter and the other Reginald H. Leon (a collector of books) the thing deserves investigation. It is Clement Shorter who definitely names the XIX Century. The other man simply says "published in a magazine".

Both are familiar with E. R. to which they allude in connection with *One day more*. So there doesn't seem to be any confusion in their minds.

I am having a hell of a time *

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. C.

<PS>PS Glad to hear good news of Eric. Thanks for the cheques.

<X>To C. K. Shorter

<Y>*Text* MS BL Ashley 2923; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Saturday [24 February 1917]

<G>Dear Mr Shorter.

I am much flattered at your proposal to print *One Day More* and am delighted by your promise to send me five copies.

What is the *Ode on the Titanic* you mention? I am devoid of all metrical faculty. I couldn't write a line of verse to save my life. Really!

<F>Yours very sincerely

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<PS>PS All I wrote a propos of the loss of the Titanic were two articles for the ER. Pardon this scrawl. Am in bed with gout and having a fiendish time.

<X>To Sir Sidney Colvin

<Y>Text MS Yale; J-A, 2, 182; Keating 261 (in part)

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>27 Febry 1917

<G>My dear Colvin.

We were much concerned to hear of your nasty fall on the stone steps outside your house. I hope You have got over the after effects completely by now.

Very dear of you to write so appreciatively about the little book. But I don't agree that a local-knowledge man would be the right reviewer for it. The locality doesn't matter; and if it is the Gulf of Siam it's simply because the whole thing is exact autobiography. I always meant to do it, and on our return from Austria, when I had to write something, I discovered that this was what I could write in my then moral and intellectual condition; tho' even *that* cost me an effort which I remember with a shudder. To sit down and invent fairy tales was impossible then. It isn't very possible even now. I was writing that thing in Dec 1914 and Jan to March 1915. The very speeches are (I won't say authentic * they are that absolutely) I believe verbally accurate. And all this happened in Mch-April 1887. Giles is a Capt Patterson, a very well known person there. It's the only name I changed. M^r Burns' craziness being the pivot is perhaps a little accentuated. My last scene with Ransome is only indicated. There are things, moments, that are not to be tossed to the public's incomprehension, for journalists to gloat over. No. It was not an experience to be exhibited "in the street". ** I am sorry you have received an impression of horror. I tried to keep the mere horror out. It would have been easy to pile it on. You may believe me. J'ai v, cu tout cela. However I will tell you a little more about all that when we meet. Here I'll only say that experience is transposed into spiritual terms * in art a perfectly legitimate thing to do, as long as one preserves the exact truth enshrined therein. That's why I consented to this piece being pub^d by itself. I did not like the idea of it being associated with fiction in a vol of stories. And this is also the reason I've inscribed it to Borys * and the others.

Our love to your house.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J Conrad.

<PS>PS Re-reading your letter and going over the story I see that the places Ban[g]kok and Singapore are distinctly named * but obviously they are not named in the right way or in proper context since the mind of an "experienced reader" like yourself is left in doubt. And I must confess that the matter seemed to me of such slight importance in comparison with the subject treated that I really did not consider it at all while writing. *Don't* refuse Garvin's request if your heart is at all that way inclined.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Wednesday. [28 February 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Hastings has sent me his altered version of Victory. I've returned it to him at once. It is really an improvement from the scenic point of view, and generally a stronger play * apart from embodying Irving's wishes. I don't think that he can raise further trouble. Heyst is to the front all the time, which is what he wanted done. H is a worker. It must have been an awful grind.

Did you make any inquiry (at the XIXth Century) as to the alleged Conrad Ode?

I am better. Hope you are well.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. C.

<X>To Sir Sidney Colvin

<Y>Text MS Yale; J-A, 2, 184; Keating 265

<Ad>[letterhead Capel House]

<D>1st Mch 17.

<G>My dear Colvin.

I answer your card at once * first to tell you how glad I am to hear you have consented to Garvin's request, next to say that there can be no possible objection to your recognising the autobiographical character of that * piece of writing, let us call it. It is so much so that I shrink from calling it a Tale. If you will notice I call it A Confession on the title page. For, from a certain point of view, it is that * and essentially as sincere as any confession can be. The more perfectly so, perhaps, because its object is not the usual one of self-revelation. My object was to show all the others and the situation through the medium of my own emotions. The most heavily tried (because the most selfconscious) the least "worthy" perhaps, there was no other way in which I could render justice to all these souls "worthy of my undying regard".

Perhaps you won't find it presumptuous if after 22 years of work I may say that I have not been very well understood. I have been called a writer of the sea, of the tropics, a descriptive writer, a romantic writer * and also a realist. But as a matter of fact all my concern has been with the "ideal" values of things, events and people. That and nothing else. The humorous*, the pathetic, the passionate, the sentimental *aspects* came in of themselves * mais en v,rit, c'est les valeurs id,ales des faits et gestes humains qui se sont *impos,s* a mon activit, artistique.

Whatever dramatic and narrative gifts I may have are always, instinctively, used with that object * to get at, to bring forth les valeurs id,ales.

Of course this is a very general statement * but roughly I believe it is true.

Dent proposes to publish in the last week of March; but I shouldn't be surprised if there was some delay. Our most affectionate regards.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Friday [2 March 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

C Graham is in Sth America but his London address is 39 Chester Sq. His Mother would forward your letter.

I had a fairly cheerful letter from Reg. We've heard that Maisie intended to return to Switzerland at once. Is that so? And would that mean a final crisis in their relations?

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. C.

<X>To Sir Sidney Colvin

<Y>Text MS Yale; Listy 365; Original unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Wednesday. [7 or 14 March 1917]

<G>My dear Colvin.

Thanks for your good letter. I feel absolutely safe in your hands and I never meant to say that *You* didn't understand. C'est tout le contraire. You do.

The Indo-China sheet in any usual Atlas will satisfy your Geographical longings. You will find there Ban[g]kok, Cape Liant, and most likely Koh-ring. From the latter the general direction of the ship was towards the tip of the Malay Peninsula where Singapore is.

No. I don't really want that little piece to be recognised *formally* as autobiographical. It's* *tone* is not. But as to the underlying *feeling* I think there can be no mistake. Some reviewers are sure to note that. Others perhaps won't.

I shall try to find the doctor's letter, the agreement, and the Admiralty sheet on which I navigate[d] the ship during those days. I haven't seen these things for years but they must be somewhere in the house. You shall see them, these piŞces de conviction, when you come down.

<F>Yours always

<S>J. C.

<X>To J. M. Dent

<Y>Text: MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>13 Mch 17

<G>Dear Mr Dent.

I shall of course sign photographs and books for you with the greatest pleasure and I own I am flattered by your request. Thanks for the advance copy. The get up pleases me very much. I don't like to distribute my books very much but I am afraid in this case I shall want six extra copies, which pray send me with the stipulated six which will only do for wife and a few intimate friends. France * A. Gide and a couple of friends of the N. R. Française * will claim 3. Here I must send a copy to Northcliffe (a return-civility) and to some seamen friends I made during my visit to the coast last year. But if I want any more I shall buy them in the open market. The copy you have been good enough to send me in advance is going to the Front by to-nights post.

Sidney Colvin will review for the *Observer*. I've sent him the revise sheets yesterday. Are the other books on sale yet? I should like to see them. Believe me

<F>Yours faithfully

<S>Joseph Conrad

<X>To Christopher Sandeman

<Y>Text J-A, 2, 183

<Ad>Capel House.

<D>14 Mch., '17.

<G>My dear Sandeman,

I am scandalized by your unpatriotic choice of disease, but I hope you have repented and got rid of it by this time. You should model yourself on me and (if you must have something) employ the best brand of gout, as patronized from time immemorial by the Nobility and Gentry of this country and its most distinguished statesmen, beginning with the two Pitts, Palmerston, J. Chamberlain and many others in between.

Of course you will say that it is my snobbishness. Anyway I have been indulging in gout for the last six weeks and am ready to pass it on (cheap) to anyone who wants something really distinguished. For I am weary of that luxury * oh! how weary! *

Your suggestion is most welcome and the object of it seems most interesting from your description. A dash of Orientalism on white is very fascinating, at least for me; though I must say that the genuine Eastern had never the power to lead me away from the path of rectitude; to any serious extent * that is. I am afraid you will be shocked by the frivolity of these remarks.

I hope my adaptor (M. Hastings) will be able to come down this Saturday after the final interview with Irving, and I shall then put forward the name and back it up in the terms of your letter. I agree totally with your opinion of Irving. At first, you know, he had Jones in his eye. Then he veered around to Heyst (a mistake, I believe). The consequence was that poor H. had to alter the 1st and 2nd and rewrite completely the 3rd act. A horrid grind, but it improved the play beyond question. Of course it isn't the play as I would have tried to write it, but it's first rate stage-work * or I am much mistaken.

The point of criticism you raise in *Victory* (the novel) is not so apparent in the play. Perhaps you are right. But I still think the psychology quite possible. My fault is that I haven't made Lena's reticence *credible* enough * since a mind like yours (after reflexion) remains unconvinced. I need not tell you that while I wrote, her silence seemed to me truth itself, a rigorous consequence of the character and the situation. It was not invented for the sake of "the story." *Enfin!* What's done is done. And I am unfeignedly glad that you like the book as a whole.

Did I tell you we had our boy here on leave after a year in France? He celebrated his 19th birthday here. He is the M. T. officer of a battery of 6-in. howitzers and from his last letter (received yesterday) I see between the lines that our heavy guns are being trundled forward after Fritz pretty steadily. I was very pleased with him and with what he had to tell me. My poor wife snatched 10 days of fearful joy and paid for them afterwards, but she is her own calm self again now. A great relief to me.

<X>To Hugh R. Dent

<Y>Text MS Berg; J-A, 2, 186

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>19. 3. 17

<G>Dear M^r Dent

Thanks very much for your letter and the copies of the book. I have now eighteen of them of which two will go to the US to two collectors* friends of mine who always get *all* the English editions * but to whom I always send the first signed by myself.

Can't say I am delighted at the Russian revolution. The fate of Russia is of no interest whatever to me; but from the only point of view I am concerned about * the efficiency of the Alliance * I don't think it will be of any advantage to us. Political trustworthiness is not born and matured in three days. And as to striking power, an upheaval of that sort is bound to affect it adversely for a time at least. However we shall see.

<S>Yours J. C.

<X>**To B. Macdonald Hastings**

<Y>*Text* MS Colgate; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>19 Mch 17.

<G>My dear Hastings.

Sorry you couldn't come here. Better luck next time. I have your note of the 18th and am glad to hear of the satisfactory interview with H. B. I[rving] and H. Clark.

The only thing "on my chest" now is the question of the actress. What would you think of Mona Limerick. She has a strange uncommon personality (Irish with something oriental added) but the main point is that she "gets across the footlights". She is not good-looking, she has some mannerisms. I am told she rehearses rather badly * but she has a quality which gets home every time and if she may exasperate her audience I am certain she will never bore it or leave it indifferent.

She had excellent notices in the J Echegarray's play (Cleansing. Stain. * Pioneer Players). There's a suggestion of trouble and sorrow about her which would just do for Lena * and I think she has force. At any rate she has Art.

Do you know her? Or could you manage to get to know her? Just to see. I think it would be worth the trouble.<F>Yours

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>19. 3. 17.

<G>Dear Pinker

This is the birthday of the book you have commanded to *be*. And here it is, heralded by a trumpet-blast from W. L.

Courtney * perhaps you have heard it? (in last Thursday's D[aily]. T[elegraph]).

It's a great stroke of business; but apart from that I think that I am glad now you had that inspiration.

This morning too I've had a note from M. Hastings from which I see that the formal agreement with H. B. I[rrving]. will be the next *act*. I imagine that the great American scene will follow as prepared by you. Another of your "strokes". Of course its material size no man can foresee; but whatever it may be my dear Pinker I want you to participate in the theatrical gamble(?) to the extent of 20% (as for the high priced stories) for indeed all those possibilities came out of your hand every bit as much as out of mine * and even in a sense more from yours **

Please send me a cheque to *Lewis & Hyland* for 蓬 and will you pay as much to the L[ondon] & West^{er} bank into my acc^t?

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. C.

<PS>PS. Do you know anything about an actress called Mona Limerick? Christopher Sandeman wrote to me the other day suggesting her for the part of Lena, as the very thing required. I am awfully afraid of H. B. I. sticking that pretty creature Jessie Winter into the play * which would be awful. If you have any influence with MH turn his mind towards Mona. She had magnificent notice for her acting in J. Echegarray's play *Cleansing Stain* quite lately.

PPS I conclude You had good news from Eric. We had a short letter from B[orys] on Sat: extremely elated tho' of course telling us nothing.

<X>To John Quinn

<Y>Text MS NYPL; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>19. 3. '17

<G>My dear Quinn

This is the day of pub^{on} of the Shadow-Line, my new (small vol) book.

I keep your own inscribed copy here till the submarine hurrah subsides a little, or till happier days altogether: unless you wish me to send it along at once.

We are fairly well (I've got over my Febr^y gout) here. No use writing a lot since one doesn't know if this will reach you at all.

My wife joins me in the feelings of the greatest regard. I am my dear Quinn

<F>Always yours faithfully

<S>J Conrad.

<X>To Christopher Sandeman

<Y>Text J-A, 2, 190

<Ad>Capel House.
<D>[c. 19 March 1917]

<G>My dear Sandeman,

Merci mille fois. I have started a strong agitation for X. My *adaptateur* did not come down but I have dispatched one letter to him and another to my agent. I am very much indebted to you also for the warning against the other woman. I have a secret terror of all actors and (not so much) of actresses since they murdered for me a one-act play I wrote once (off my own bat) and had some illusions about.

I am sending you a short piece of writing of mine * of no particular importance * but Dent insisted on publishing it now; and I had to let him for the sake of peace and quietness. Don't trouble to write, pray, on *that* account.

We are getting good news in so far at least that it breaks up the subtle, deadening effect of stagnation. And I think it is good in itself too.

X *, I understand, is a *diplomate de carriŠre* * which is a great advantage. Perhaps he will be the first *Ministre Polonais ... la Cour de St. James*. What you say of the Poles is true enough. But you must remember that in great affairs they have had no experience for generations. In such circumstances natural aptitude will run into *un peu trop de finesse*. We can't expect certain virtues from people conscious of having been regarded for ages as a political nuisance * an insoluble and embarrassing problem.

Absolute sincerity, I begin to think, is not natural to man; it's acquired by a long training in self-confidence. And poor X * was not even certain of his backing while he had to speak out. *Enfin!* I hope you are quite well now.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Wednesday [21 March 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Thanks for your good letter with enclosure. I was glad to hear you had heard from Eric. I had an idea he would be very busy just now.

The Irving news is satisfactory certainly. I had no hope that he would be so prompt. I thought of Doris too * but she is very busy still with her Romance. Anyway I am pleased there is no question of J. Winter for the part.

Indeed My dear Pinker this is the least I could do. It isn't even bare justice. I am very proud of your belief and of your interest in me.

<F>Ever yours

<S>J. Conrad

<PS>PS That donkey Lynd begins his review with the words *M^r Conrad will be sixty this year*. It gave me quite a shock to see it in print. Having had gout for more than 24 years I never look on it as an *age-disablement* and I am not conscious of any other, because no doubt the gout covers them all up to my consciousness. But I am not calling him a donkey on that account. Imagine he reviews to* Shadow-Line from a Ghost-Story point of view!! Would you believe it? Is it stupidity or perversity, or what?

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Wednesday eve^g [21 or 28 March? 1917]

<G>Dear Pinker.

I send you this correspondence. But perhaps You know all about it already.

I think M. H[astings]. makes a pretty convincing reply, and I presume that C will either accept it as decisive or cry off his contract.

For myself I am with MH entirely. But I have no call to interfere.

Should C back out those people from whom we heard this morning might perhaps be approached. Whether it would be good policy is for you to say.

Anyhow the Victory stunt seems to have gone shaky all over. But I am not upset and hardly even sorry.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. C

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Thursday [22 March 1917]

<G>Dear Pinker

Perhaps you will be interested in the enclosed disquisition on actresses by Christopher Sandeman * the only *really* rich man I know. But he is quite a good fellow and fairly intelligent. If you can put spokes into the Lily Elsie's wheel pray do so.

The D. Mail notice (quite sympathetic) is another leaf in your laurel wreath.

The Copy of the play is for the Yanks when you are ready to give it to them.

<F>Yours ever

<S>JC.

<X>To Sir Sidney Colvin

<Y>Text MS Yale; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>23 Mch '17.

<G>My dear Colvin.

I see the Obs^{er}. every Sunday and I am awaiting the next *N*^o with great impatience.

I am aware that the DT and the T have had their notices out. But I haven't seen them. I don't think I will. The newspaper notice is so generally uninteresting that I imagine I won't miss much by my abstention.

My mistrust of the weather prevented us from pressing you for the visit now very much overdue. But the first shift of wind you must come.

B[orys]'s last letter consists of a very few lines (of most execrable handwriting) in an elated tone, from which I conclude that he's very busy trundling his "lovely" guns forward. As to this retreat c'est une phase comme une autre, from which it is impossible to conclude anything. The Russian affair, from the only point of view which interests me (that is: the Alliance), can hardly be expected to increase the *driving* power. On the other hand I don't think it will diminish the *resisting* power of Russia to any great extent. For the rest, political trustworthiness is not born and matured in 3 days. If the peasantry rises there will be an immense bloodletting. But it may not happen till after the peace.

Our love. In haste to catch post.

<S>Yours J. Conrad

<X>To Sir Sidney Colvin

<Y>Text: MS Rosenbach; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>25. 3. '17.

<G>My dear Colvin

I am *delighted* with your article in the Obs^{er}.

Thanks for your letter rec^d to-day. I shall certainly see the article in the Nation as I expect the cutting will be sent to me in the usual course.

At this moment wet snow is falling heavily * quite like a blizzard, but melting on the ground instantly. Very curious effect.

Our love

<S>Yours J. C.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>26. 3. '17

<G>My dear Pinker.

The pub^{on} of Western Eyes at 1/- now or at some future time is a matter for you to decide.

If they were to re-issue the 2/- edition (or bring it to public notice) now it might perhaps sell on account of the subject.

The notices of the S Line I have seen are in the main very respectful. Land & Water is very good. Colvin in the Obs^{er} is really better than I expected. The Scotsman's $\frac{1}{2}$ col: very satisfactory. I have heard that the Nation's review is worth reading being "real criticism". I haven't had that cutting yet.

Heard from M. Hastings who seems pleased generally. I guess from the tone that you must have established excellent relations with that man who has the name of being difficult to deal with.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>PS. The Times' reviewer is out of his depth a little. *Pray* 'phone Dent to send me six more copies and ask him to send *you* the acc^t for the *whole lot*.

<X>To E. L. Sanderson

<Y>Text MS Yale; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>26. 3. '17

<G>Dearest Ted

Thanks for your good letter * all friendship and charity. I have been seedy for weeks and weeks. Mind as sick as the body. Trials find one out.

It was the greatest comfort to read your good news. Your success in Elstree is a great achievement, a wonderful assertion of a handicapped personality which makes me very proud of the friendship "Torrente inchoata". I suppose I am not such a miserable rag as I feel if You still will touch me * without tongs.

Upon the whole I am glad the dear boy is appointed to *the* flagship. I suppose he is too. As he grows older in the service he will no doubt (like others) grow shy of flagships. But for his d, but it is excellent. Give him my love and my warmest wishes for this the first real step on the road of his choice.

We had a few lines (of execrable handwriting) from B[orys] last Friday. Nothing in them but a tone of elation, whence I conclude he has been trundling his "lovely" howitzers after Fritz.

Jessie's health gives me some anxiety tho she does not complain. But I see. Our dear love to You both and your daughters.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J Conrad.

<X>To Richard Curle

<Y>Text MS Indiana; Curle 38

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>27. 3. '15 [1917]

<G>Dear Richard

This is only to tell you that your copy of The Shadow Line has been put aside here * till better days.

For the rest, I am still like a man in a nightmare. And who can be articulate in a nightmare? Borys had a 10 days' leave from the front. He was impatient to get back to his guns. Enfin!

I simply *can't* write.

<F>Yours toujours

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>Jessie had a note from Cordelia the other day. Apparently all well. We are very lonely here. No one down for months and months.

<X>To J. M. Dent

<Y>Text MS Berg; J-A, 2, 186

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>27. 3. '17.

<G>Dear M^r Dent:

It's very pleasant to hear that the first ed: of 5000 has been sold. The war-shortage of paper is of course regrettable. But one must put up with these things without repining. We will do better with the next book. My writing days are not over. I am not an "old" author. I was 38 when my first book was published * and that was in the year in which I finished writing it. I return here M^r St Clair's letter as requested. Of course, like everybody else, I was a reader of the Singapore Free Press which was *the* paper of the East as between Rangoon and Shanghai. But I didn't know the Editor's name, and indeed I knew very little of and

. I was chief mate of the S. S. *Vidar* and very busy whenever in harbour. And anyway I would not have cared to form social connections even if I had had time and opportunity. Naturally I knew something of most of the people he mentions. I also knew some whom he was not likely to meet at the Club and of whom he could not have had other than merely journalistic knowledge * the most inexact thing in the world. I will drop him a line in a day or two * for the sake of old times. His recollection of Capt Ellis does not seem very exact. (He's a journalist * see?) Capt E was certainly big but not "a raw-boned Irishman". It was a fine, dignified personality, an ex-Naval officer. But journalists can't speak the truth * not even *see* it as other men do. It's a *professional* inability * and that's why I hold journalism for the most demoralising form of human activity, made up of catch phrases of mere daily opportunities, of shifting feelings.

I shall certainly call on you the very first time I come to town. But I am still very lame. Believe me

<F>Yours faithfully

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>PS Yes Colvin was good. I don't think I'll see the other notices. I never look at them (unless by somebody I know) though my wife makes a collection I believe. I've heard that the *Nation's* review was "real criticism". I'll look at it.

<X>**To C. K. Shorter**

<Y>*Text* MS BL Ashley 2923; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>27. 3. 17

<G>Dear Mr Shorter.

Many thanks for the most noble-looking copies. I am truly delighted with the appearance you have given to that trifle which now looks quite imposing.

Pinker is a severe watch-dog but I am sure he doesn't even think of growling in this connection. He identifies himself with my feelings and he knows how pleased I am.

Thanks once more for your friendliness and your generosity in allocating five copies to me.

<F>Always yours cordially

<S>Joseph Conrad

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Wednesday [28 March 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

I had a letter from Dent telling me that upwards of 5, 000 copies of the S-L have been sold (all the 1st Ed:) and that there is no paper to print more.

Would you ask *L & W* if they mean to send me proof of my story which they intend to publish shortly in a special number? I should like to see it.

Jessie was immensely tickled by the portrait business. I suppose that when a paper publishes the photo of One's wife it is Real Fame.

Effect of S-L * which you didn't foresee, I suppose. I've had yesterday a batch of long reviews sent me which I ** but that's not the point. Are *you* pleased?

My part in this business consisted mostly of funking it. All these cuttings should be wreathed round your head * not mine * in the manner of laurel-leaves.

We had the most ridiculous rumours flying about here last Sunday. Thereupon John got very fighty indeed and neglected his Monday's lessons utterly.

<F>Ever yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>PS I hear indirectly that H. B. I[rrving] (so they say in town) intends to produce Hamlet after the *Professor*. Please tell me what you know of it.

<X>**To Elizabeth Dummett**

<Y>*Text J-A, 2, 187*

<Ad>Capel House.

<D>29. 3. '17.

<G>Dear Mrs. Dummett,

Thanks ever so much for your kind and delightful letter. The first time I come to town I shall repeat my thanks in person. This morning we had the great and unexpected pleasure of receiving a letter from dear don Roberto dated 21st Feby. from Cartagena, and written obviously in good health and spirits. It fairly glows (like all he writes) with his inextinguishable youth and his love for the visible world, which he has enriched by his understanding and his creations with the art of a compassionate magician.

The few lines he gives to Cartagena brought to me for a moment the feeling of my vanished youth. I saw the place for the first and last time in 1875. It seems not to have changed a bit.

Jessie sends her dear love.

I am, dear Mrs. Dummett, always your most faithful friend and servant.

<X>To Gladys Langham [?]

<Y>*Text* MS Private collection; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>29. 3. '17

<G>Dear Miss Gladys

I blushed immensely (with pleasure) on reading your letter. This is praise indeed; and the more pleasant because, I'll confess to you, I like the *Nigger* very much myself.

Believe me yours faithfully

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To W. G. St Clair

<Y>Text Malay Mail; CEW 316 (in part)

<Ad>Capel House,
Orlestone,
nr. Ashford.

<D>March 31, 1917.

<G>Dear Mr St Clair,

Dent communicated to me your letter and enclosed your card, for which much thanks.

Yes, I remember Bradbury. It was he who let me off port-dues when I put into Singapore in distress with *all* my crew unfit for duty (1888). It is a very difficult thing to shove everybody into a tale even as autobiographical as *The Shadow-Line* is. My Capt. Giles was a man called Patterson, a dear, thick, dreary creature with an enormous reputation for knowledge of the Sulu Sea. The "Home" Steward's name (in my time) I don't remember. He was a meagre wizened creature, always bemoaning his fate, and did try to do me an unfriendly turn for some reason or other.

I "belonged" to Singapore for about a year, being chief mate of a steamer owned by Syed Mohsin bin Ali (Craig, master) and trading mostly to Borneo and Celebes somewhat out of the usual beats of local steamers owned by Chinamen.

As you may guess we had no social shore connections. You know it isn't very practicable for a seaman. The only man I chummed with was Brooksbanks, then chief officer of the s. s. *Celestial* and later, as I've heard, Manager of the Dock at Tan-Jong Pagar. I've heard of course a lot about the men you mention. Old Lingard was before my time but I knew slightly both his nephews, Jim and Jos, of whom the latter was then officer on board the King of Siam's yacht.

In Bangkok when I took command, I hardly ever left the ship except to go to my charterers (Messrs Jucker, Sigg and Co.) and with the chief mate sick I was really too busy ever to *hear* much about shore people. Mr Gould, Consul-General and then Charg, d'Affaires in the absence of Sir E. Satow, was very kind to me during the troubled times I had in port.

Naturally, like everybody else, I was a diligent reader of the excellent and always interesting *Singapore Free Press* then under your direction. I keep my regard for that paper to this day. It was certainly the newspaper of the East between Rangoon and Hong-Kong. Last time Sir Hugh Clifford (a friend of many years) was here we talked appreciatively of the *S. F. P.* I imagine you must have been generally friendly to him on public matters. I wonder what the attitude of the paper was at the time of the B. F. Borneo Governorship and resignation. He did not mention it and I did not ask him. We passed on to other memories, for he will never cease to regard his Malayan days.

All my literary life (since 1893) I've been living in the country, coming to town but seldom * and now less than ever. I hope you are recovered by now; and perhaps later, if your health will permit, you will come down here for a day. And then indeed I may hear something really worth knowing about Singapore and the straits of which truly I know very little.

Believe me,

<F>Yours Faithfully,

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>31. 3. '17

<G>My dear Pinker

Thanks for your letter.

In reference to the Irving agreement "perf^{ce} before October" means really that *Victory* would be put on in the autumn. Is that so?

Have *you* heard anything of Irving thinking of Hamlet? (suppose for May-June). I should like to know whether there is any talk of it, for a special reason * connected with a girl. This in your character of the General Manager of my existence will give you something to think about.

And in this connection: has there arrived a letter or parcel for me c/o of You "till called for". I don't suppose so but pray just drop a *yes* or *no* into Your next letter.

After this I hope you will feel as if you were driving a skittish horse.

Remember me to E[ric] when you write. B[orys] has been silent. I reckon these young men will have a little breathing-time if rains set in.

The "Russian Scene" is interesting to watch tho' the Liberal enthusiasms leave me cold.

From the alliance point of view I doubt if there will be any advantage. But perhaps it wont be worse. This is the very beginning tho'. One feels anxious.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J Conrad.

<X>To Catherine Willard

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Saturday [31 March 1917]

<G>Dear Cathleen*.

I have had a letter from Pinker which is not definite, in so far that, as he writes me, he has just sent the agreement to H. B. I[rving]. for signature. It has not been returned yet, and as it stipulates performance *before* Sept^{er} 1917, I don't like to write anything that would give H. B. I. the idea that I don't know what is being done in my name. It wouldn't be fair to Pinker who is a very able and devoted agent.

If H. B. I. accepts the condition then I imagine the Hamlet prod^{on} is not likely to take place * unless for a very short run. But in a day or two we shall know what he says; and if there's the slightest chance to forward your wishes you may be certain I'll write to him as warmly as is possible under the circumstances.

What do you think * you who are du theftre? Is it *likely* H. B. I. would put Hamlet on for, say, May-June, in any case? Have you heard anything more of this? For if you can tell me anything *positive* I'll write at once. It seems to me now that Victory can't very well come on before the Autumn. Yet * I don't know. I am utterly ignorant of affaires du theftre. Only don't imagine ChSre Enfant that I am hanging back. If you can tell me:- "oui, marchez" * je marche. Our love to you and Mama Grace. Tell her that I am much concerned at the news. We do hope to see you both here before long.

<F>Your[s] affectionately

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To Helen Sanderson

<Y>Text MS Yale; J-A, 2, 195

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>[late March-early April 1917]

<G>My dear Helen.

Jessie will be writing to you in a day or two, but meantime I want to tell you how much I appreciate the kind things you say about the S-Line. Strangely enough, you know, I never either meant or "felt" the supernatural aspect of the story while writing it. It came out somehow and my readers pointed it out to me. I must tell you that it is a piece of as strict autobiography as the form allowed * I mean the need of slight dramatisation to make the thing actual. Very slight. For the rest not a fact or sensation is "invented". What did worry me in reality was not the "supernatural" character but the *fact* of M^r Burns' craziness. For only think: my first command, a sinister, slowly developing situation from which one couldn't see any issue that one could *try for*; and the only man on board (second in command) to whom I could open my mind, not quite sane * not to be depended on for any sort of moral support. It was very trying. I'll never forget those days.

I hope that dear Ian will be comfortable in his first ship. You are right. The Naval training has a peculiar quality, and forms a very fine type. For one thing it is strictly methodised to a very definite end which is noble in itself and of a very high idealistic nature, while on its technical side it deals with a body of systematised facts which can not be questioned as to their value, which can not be discussed apart from their reality * say on the ground of personal taste, for instance. That steadies the young intelligence and faces it with life not as it is written about but as it actually is. Last year I saw many Naval Officers from Admirals to Sub-lieutenants and I have noticed that the Navy thinks rightly on all questions. I don't say this in the sense of the Navy thinking as I do. But whatever conclusion a naval officer arrives at, even if distasteful to me, I can't help recognising that he arrives at it on sound grounds, making use of his intelligence and not by way of petty prejudices or ignorant assumptions. I was at sea for 10 days and coming on shore I went into a couple of drawing-rooms and one or two newspaper offices; and what I heard there made a painful contrast. Borys is well and absolutely serene. Please tell dear Ted that he is very much what he was when Ted saw him [in] Rye and approved of him. One of the greatest pleasures I had in my life.

Our dear love to you all. Your affc^{te} friend and servant

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To Sir Sidney Colvin

<Y>Text MS Yale; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>2. 4. '17

<G>My dear Colvin

Let it be then next Sat: week (the 14th) as Jessie will be away all day on Thursday.

Could you * would you * take the 11 AM from Ch^g+ and (change in Ashford) come right down to Hamstreet? It will be easier to arrange for transport from that station. If more convenient to you there is a train something after 4 which does get connection in Ash^d and will bring you to H'street about 6. 30.

I am so glad you like my L & W story. It belongs to 1916 and was out 12 months ago in The Metropolitan Mag U. S. A.

I really think myself that for a pot-boiler c'est assez bien. But it isn't really *done*. I can *do* nothing now. I'll show you where

I got the hint for it in Phillippe de S,gur. There's a hint for another in him but I fancy too macabre (and improper) for use.

Our love to dear Lady Colvin and yourself.

<S>Yours J. C.

<X>To B. Macdonald Hastings

<Y>Text MS Colgate; Unpublished

<Ad>Capel House

<D>2. 4. 17.

<G>My dear Hastings.

I have just posted you a pamphlet and a letter. As to their hell * if it weren't for you being so worried I would simply term it comic. A good subject. *The Play. A comedy in 16 acts.* I absolutely don't understand what the man means. I simply wonder what will come next * and then next * and then at every second rehearsal *

This is a matter for your competent decision. I can only re-affirm my confidence in you whatever you do.

<F>Yours cordially

<S>J. Conrad

<X>**To Hugh R. Dent**

<Y>*Text J-A, 2, 187*

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>3. 4. '17.

<G>Dear Mr. Dent,

I return Twentyman's letters. He was one of the score or so of boys that passed through my hands when I was chief officer of various ships. It's pleasant to see that the pains I took to make good seamen of them are not forgotten by those grizzled men. When I last saw him he was 17 and I 27 in Samarang.

<X>Christopher Sandeman

<Y>Text J-A, 2, 188

<Ad>Capel House,

<D>3. 4. '17.

<G>My dear Sandeman,

I am grieved to hear of the neuritis. What a beastly thing to happen to one. I am much disturbed to think that you have inflicted on yourself the pain of writing your most welcome letter.

It's the sort of thing that'll make me shy of writing to you, to my great loss, because (you may have noticed it) I do turn to you to ease my mind on various matters in which I feel I'll be understood by you better than by anyone. *Vous êtes mon correspondant trŹs sp,cial.*

I wonder what form X's activities will take now. The Russian proclamation is very fine but * $\frac{2}{3}$ rds of the Polish territory (on the basis of the 1772 frontier) are in German hands. And peace will have to come soon. From our point of view Russia, I am afraid, will be non-existent for some time, and that, of course, makes one think anxiously of the Western front. Had another elated letter from the boy dated six days ago. I believe the whole army is elated.

<F>Tout ... vous

<X>To Catherine Willard

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Wednesday. [4 or 11 April 1917]

<G>Dear Catherine.

I have written to the Great Man (I am still all of a shake) giving your name and address and asking for an interview for you * daughter of a valued friend; two years with the Benson Co. etc etc. And if there is a suggestion of "personal interest" well, chŠre enfant, it can not compromise you * whatever HBI[rving] may think of *me*. Seriously * I hope we won't be treated badly by the G. M. and that he will say something satisfactory.

He and Holman Clark want Victory revised slightly (for the third time) after which they prophesy success.

I don't believe it. But this strictly *entre-nous*.

Let me know if you hear from him and I shall do the same by you should he write to me. For I don't suppose he will drop the letter into the waste-paper basket? Croyez-vous?

Our dear love to Mama Grace and yourself.

<F>Votre ami

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To Catherine Willard

<Y>Text J-A, 2, 188

<Ad>Capel House.

<D>Easter Monday, [16 April] 1917.

<G>Dear Catherine,

I only wish I could be an useful friend to you. H. B. Irving has dropped me a note, and I daresay you've heard from him already. I am afraid nothing can come of it now, but perhaps in the future **?

I see from a paragraph in the *Observer* that you have a part in "Love for Love". That Congreve is amazing and "L. for L." is certainly the best stage play, though I think that "The Way of the World" is a greater work.

"Angelica" does not come up to "Mrs. Millemant." I am afraid Mama Grace will think it scarcely proper for me to talk to you about Congreve's plays. But you needn't read them yet. The rest is silence.

Our love to you (each in her own way) charming women.

<F>*Bien ... vous*

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>17. 4. 17.

<G>My dear Pinker.

Please put cheque for £. 2. 6. into the enclosed envelope (to J. Foot & Son Ltd) and have it posted with your own letters in the usual way. I am giving Jessie a self propelling chair*a not very cheerful present for the 21st anniv^{ry} of our marriage, but it's clear that walking is more difficult to her every day, and with the machine she may be able to get around the house at least without effort and pain.

<F>Ever yours

<S>J. C.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Wednesday. [18 April 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

Please send to Jessie's credit at Lloyds Bank 檣besides her usual cheque.

Irving was most amiable about the girl * who is simply poor Catherine Willard. I am afraid there are some hard times ahead of her, as Mrs W (for some reason or other) lost her job with the American papers.

H. Clark's letter to Hast^{ss} about the play was very appreciative and the final alterations he suggested very sound and simple to carry out. Mere cutting out of one scene, in effect.

I hope the business will go through notwithstanding the American warlike caper. I don't know whether it was the shock of our great success but I am going to have a gouty knee. I am going to bed presently.

Pray drop me a note about yourself, Eric and such affairs as are going on. I shall have an Ad[miral]^{ty} article this week ready.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J Conrad

<PS>PS. Please ask Halchards* by phone to send me "Behind the Ger^{an} Veil" * J M Beaufort (Hutchinson. 6/-).

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Thursday [19 April 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Thanks for your letter and congratulations. I'd much sooner have given Jessie a trinket of some sort * but the chair is something for her to think about and to look forward to. Rather hard luck to be reduced to that at 43. She sends you her love.

Irving has been very nice to Catherine Willard. I am glad to hear you see the road clear ahead. That there would be turns and corners I never doubted, and it was a comfort to know you were holding the ribbons.

B[orys] wrote me to say he was pleased with the dedication. I've seen the 2^d Ed advertised last week * in the D[aily].

C[hronicle]. I think.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J Conrad

<X>To Catherine Willard

<Y>Text MS Berg; J-A, 2, 189

<Ad>Capel House

<D>19. 4. '17

<G>Dear Catherine.

Thanks for your note.

I am glad the G. M. was gracious. I shall drop him a line so as not to lose touch for the future. I am sorry there is no woman's part beside Lena in *Victory*; I mean something that would be of use for you to attempt. There are two or three Orchestra Girls but those are not "parts" in my sense.

I have taken a most desperate resolve to turn dramatist before long and then perhaps I'll write a part for you. It would have to be something trŕs gentil et trŕs malicieux en mˆme temps. Somehow I fancy you could do that very well * sans avoir l'air d'y toucher, you know.

Our aff^{te} regards to you both

<F>Tout ... Vous

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To W. T. H. Howe

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>Capel House
Orlestone. N^t Ashford
Kent

<D>20. 4. '17

<G>My dear Sir.

Many thanks for your interesting letter. I am sorry you have suffered persecution at the hands of the (frivolous, benighted and altogether-unworthy-to-live) persons who failed to discern at the first glance the Greatness of Conrad. However, I forgive them, and I hope you too will forgive (and forget) their (untimely, scandalous and all-but-criminal) jests at the expence* of the True Believer.

We are then now, Allies! The enthusiasm here is not noisy but very deep. The service at St Pauls was very fine. However you would have seen our papers by the time you get this.

Our boy's batt[er]y is now in position close to S^t Quentin. The army is full of confidence and rather pleased with itself. If you have any of Conrad's characters to pose pray don't forget Alice Jacobus. Freya (in the same vol) is not so picturesque. But indeed my women (with the exception of Nina and A^lssa) are not very picturesque. Linda Viola with her father (after the old man has fired his shot) would make a group. Also the couple in the Planter of Malata alone against the topmost rocky pinnacle of the island. But for that you'll want a young man with a Minerva profile (white drill suit, Panama hat) and a society belle who would have some character in her face (not all of them have, you know) and a rare lot of Titian-red hair. But all this would hardly repay the trouble (tho' the search for Titian-red hair may be amusing) and the fact must be recognised that neither my people nor the situations in my novels lend themselves to pictorial grouping. I only wish it were otherwise for your idea appeals to me very much. All success to you in your charitable enterprises.

I shall be delighted to have a token of my American friends kind appreciation of my work.

I shall try to get for you a first ed: of Almayer. Now and then one happens on the market. But if I succeed I shall keep it here for you till the submarine hurrah is over.

I close to catch the evening's mail in our village, but when this letter will actually leave our shores is hard to say * and whether it will ever reach your hands no one can be sure. Believe me yours cordially.

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To Sir Sidney Colvin

<Y>Text J-A, 2, 189

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Saturday, [21 April 1917]

<G>My dear Colvin,

Many thanks for your letter and the cutting from the *Westminster Gazette*. I am immensely pleased with it and very proud of that unreserved recognition * and also of having my name put down at the Athenaeum with you as proposer.

The only other member of the Athenaeum (barring Hugh C[lifford].) that I know is Graves. He has always been very friendly to my work and I remember him once going out of his way (I mean literally * in the street) to compliment me warmly on the *Secret Agent* when the novel was first published.

No, my dear Colvin, I meant that you should send *me* the revise sheets of the *S. Line* so that I could have them bound in a spare binding I've got by me; and I meant to reproduce the final corrections (as far as possible) before returning them to you. *That* was the understanding. Pray keep to it if it isn't too late.

It's you, *cher ami*, who have been perfectly delightful during your visit here, leaving with us an impression of freshness and vitality, and that fidelity to early enthusiasms which keeps a man ever becoming "aged" in the common sense of that word. If I shocked you by flying out against Gambetta I am sorry. He *was* a great man, especially in regard of the other makers of the 3rd Republic. Freycinet, L, on Say, Challeml-Lacour were most distinguished personalities * but rather *hommes de cabinet*. Of the others (with perhaps the exception of the golden-tongued Jew, Jules Simon) the best that can be said is that they were politicians. They are now decently forgotten. But the greatest figure of the times through which we have lived was The People itself, *la Nation*. For 150 years the French people has been always greater (and better) than its leaders, masters and teachers. And the same can be said of the English * indeed it's manifest in what we see to-day. The two great figures of the West! Only the French, perhaps, were more searchingly tried by the lesser stability of their political life. Yet I don't know. The evils which worked amongst us were more insidious in their methods.

Our heartfelt sympathy with dear Lady Colvin in her grief and anxiety and our best love to you both.

<PS>P. S. I am an honest person, so seeing at a glance that the shirt wouldn't fit me, I decided with but little hesitation that it should be sent to the owner. I hope you've got it by now. Jessie thanks you for your inquiries. I saw her just now creep painfully across the room and could have cried.

<X>To Warrington Dawson

<Y>Text MS Duke; Randall 191

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Sunday. [22 April 1917]

<G>Cher Ami.

"Mortonism" est une belle idée, as you make use of it; but the fact is (I mean a *fact* not a criticism) that your metaphysical connections with the subject-matter of the F. D. are not graspable to *my* mind. If you remember, some years ago, when I read the work in type-script, I tried to convey this to you. Vous n'êtes pas un homme ordinaire * moi je le suis (with a certain quality of tension, of vision, which make[s] me what I am). Therefore almost at every turn I run up against my limitations. What saves me is that I am aware of them. At the present time more than ever. That is why I have consistently refused for the last 2 years to write anything for the newspapers. In fact I can't do it. Even on matters not literary. Of the three papers I undertook for the Admiralty I wrote one. For the rest I am afraid I'll have to break my word. A l'impossible nul n'est tenu. I can't come to terms with any sort of writing. The short book I've sent you was finished in 1914. I have done nothing since practically. 2 short stories * about 18000 in all in two years. Voil... la vérité.

I can assure you that in my shrinking there is no timidity as to saying what I think. And least of all any fear of compromising myself * against which your letter seems to be arguing. I should have thought you knew me well enough not to suspect me of *that* kind of wordliness.

I suffer from it so little that if you ever cared to write yourself a critical exposé, of your philosophy (as contained in your art) and send it to me I would be stimulated (peut-être) to add thereto some paragraphs: de ma façon and sign it and would see it published in every newspaper in the world not only without tremors but with sincere pleasure. This is not a cynical joke. It would be curious. Years ago I thought I would like to do it for myself if the thing had been practicable. Explain my own work in all its "nuances" which no critic however able and sympathetic could be expected to detect. I mean Explain it * not puff it. But you wouldn't suspect me of that sort of thing.

My dear I never doubted of your recognition. It's coming * if it has not come yet quite. The story you sent me (I am glad to have it) I remembered of course very well. It isn't the sort of thing that is ever forgotten.

Nous voilà... donc Alliés! It is a great piece of luck for England and France. That's the sort of feeling one has: a piece of luck. And perhaps it isn't right to feel like that; but the way the thing came about, the contradictions of expressions, the mist of words, the years of reserve so impartial (officially) as to be almost dreadful do leave that impression on one's heart if not on one's mind. En fin! Le sort en est jeté, * and old Europe will have to reckon with a quickened Americanism; that is if Americanism cares to assert itself continuously in the future. But in any case it is a tremendous event.

Yesterday (Sat) at 12. 15 AM Jessie and I sitting up late listened to the gunfire from Dover * a great burst of it which was over in 20 minutes; but we only heard to-day the news of two German destroyers sunk. Poor Jessie is not very well. The strain is telling on her. Last January she snatched the fearful joy of having the boy here for 8 days. He was impatient to get back to his guns and his men. Ever since he went to France in Jan 1916 he has been in command of the MT section of a 6 in howitzer battery. He celebrated his 19th birthday here. He said to me "I am a veteran". And it's true in a way. He was in the very first batch of the youngsters appointed to be MT officers with heavy guns. It was quite a new thing then * so new that in his own words they: "had to learn their work under fire".

I don't know how you will receive this letter. With anger maybe. But perhaps it will not last and so pray remember that in this house there is warm affection and eager welcome for you, always.

There are periods in one's life * public and private * that don't stand being set down on paper even for a friend. I can't talk to you about myself just now; and when better days come then one will want to talk of other things. Still, some day * peut-être ** Meantime I am yours as always

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To Edward Garnett

<Y>Text MS Yale; J-A, 192; G. 268; Listy 366

<Ad>[Capel House]
<D>[c. 28 April 1917]

<G>Dearest Edward

The trouble is that I too don't know Russian; I don't even know the alphabet. The truth of the matter is that it is *you* who have opened my eyes to the value and the quality of Turgeniev. As a boy I remember reading *Smoke* in a Polish translation (a feuilleton of some newspaper) and the *Gentlefolks* in French. I liked those things purely by instinct (a very sound ground but no starting point for criticism) with which the consciousness of literary perfection had absolutely nothing to do. You opened my mind first to the appreciation of the art. For the rest, Turgeniev for me is Constance Garnett and Constance Garnett *is* Turgeniev. She has done that marvellous thing of placing the man's work inside English Literature and it is there that I see it * or rather that I *feel* it. Upon the whole I don't see it. If I did see I could talk about it, perhaps to some purpose. As it is, my dear, I wouldn't know how to begin.

As far as I know You are the only man who had seen T not only in his relation to mankind but in his relation to Russia. And he is great in both. But to be so great and at the same time so fine is fatal to an artist * as to any other man for that matter. It isn't Dostojewski the grimacing terror-haunted creature who is under a curse; it is Turgeniev. Every gift has been heaped on his cradle*. Absolute sanity and the deepest sensibility, the clearest vision and the most exquisite responsiveness, penetrating insight and unflinching generosity of judgment, and unerring instinct for the significant, for the essential in human life and in the visible world, the clearest mind, the warmest heart, the largest sympathy * and all that in perfect measure! There's enough there to ruin any writer. For you know my dear Edward that if you and I were to catch Antinous* and exhibit him in a booth of the world's fair, swearing that his life was as perfect as his form, we wouldn't get one per cent of the crowd struggling next door to catch sight of the double-headed Nightingale or of some weak-kneed giant grinning through a horse-collar.

I am like you my dear fellow: broken up * or broken in two * disconnected. Impossible to start myself going, impossible to concentrate to any good purpose. It is the war * perhaps? Or the end of Conrad simply? I suppose one must end some day, somehow. Mere decency requires it.

But it is very frightful * or frightening. I think the last, rather.

No my dear fellow. I don't think the short book "unworthy". It's dedicated to the boy. I got the notion into my head you were in Italy. Your copy is here and I am sending it to you now. Of course it's nothing of importance. I wonder what is? I mean of what I have done.

I didn't see the Nation's review. I knew it was not written by you, being under the impression that you did cut lo[o]se from literature (for a time) and were not in England.

To be frank, I don't want to appear as qualified to speak on things Russian. It wouldn't be true. I admire Turgen[i]ew but in truth Russia was for him no more than the canvas for the painter. If his people had all lived in the moon he would have been just as great an artist. They are very much like Shakespeare's Italians. One doesn't think of it.

But my dear Edward if you say definitely I've to do it * well I'll try. I don't promise to bring it off tho'! As I've told you, I don't seem to be able to get hold of anything. The *Shadow Line* was finished in Jan. '15. Since then I just wrote two short stories. Say 12000 words. I have destroyed a few pages. Very few.

This is the true state of affairs. And it's getting very serious for me too.

I've been gouty and almost continuously laid up since Febr^y. I've just got up after the last bout.

Perhaps if you would come down and talk a little you could wake me up. Who knows? For indeed my dear to refuse anything of the kind to you seems intolerable.

Give it a trial. Jessie back[s] this suggestion with all the force of her affection for you. I will say nothing of mine. You either believe in it * or you don't. I have sometimes wondered **

<F>Ever Your

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Monday. [30 April 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

I am sorry my note failed to get inside the envelope with the signed agreement (2 copies). I've just discovered it under the blotting paper.

Thank you my dear fellow for all your work and care in the Irving matter. It strikes me as a most satisfactory document. I didn't expect anything like that in the whole of its stipulations and conditions. I hope H[astings] is satisfied too. Do you get on with him?

I am sorry to say I have been again in bed, with a bad hand (left) and some temperature. Of late all my attacks bring on temp^{re} * and that makes one feel so beastly ill and then so weak afterwards. I make desperate efforts to pull myself together but I don't ever seem to get the time for it. A change of abode would be a stimulus (it has often been so in the past) but its not to be thought of during the war.

It's pretty bad upon the whole but you know me well my dear Pinker and you can trust to my *tenacity*. (I lay no claim to energy). It has pulled me through worse periods and out of deeper depressions. It isn't as if I had no ideas. I have. Even too many. But my grip fails me too often. Yet not altogether. Perhaps you would like to know that your idea of publishing the S-Line has in effect helped me through a very beastly time.

Another item in the record of your friendship; the sort of item whose value is to be appreciated fully only by myself * and perhaps by poor Marwood if he were alive now.

Edward Garnett wrote to me last Sat. I asked him to come down and talk Turgueniev over, as soon as he likes. Warrington Dawson wrote to me too, a lamentable letter. We all have our troubles * but you seem to be the only man who doesn't talk about his own.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. Conrad

<PS>PS Would you order for me a book called Psychology of the Unconscious 21/-. It's published by the Broadway House. It's Routledge & Sons I think.

<X>To Catherine Willard

<Y>Text MS Berg; J-A, 2, 191

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>30. 4. '17.

<G>ChŠre Catherine.

I am truly sorry HBI[rving] did not do anything. If my health permits I'll run up and go to the Savoy at your intention.

Perhaps in a talk with HBI I'll be able to slip a word in. I do feel sorry to be so powerless.

The girls in *Victory* do have some lines to speak. One of them more than the others. Y pensez-Vous?

And a propos: I've signed the agreement. It stipulates performance before the end of the year. That means probably October.

B[orys] is an impertinent young cub. But then on the other hand consider that he must have been meditating on the subject in the crashing of shells. That's a sort of compliment. Personally I like your short hair. Always did. But I can't attack him very well; for only think, if it came out that a father and son are quarrelling about your hair * quel scandale! So I had better say nothing. You must squash him yourself. Women know how [to] do that thing almost from babyhood. I remember the squashings I got in my young days. But I must ask you not to be too hard on him. After all the graceless wretch *is* my son. Our love to You both.

<F>Votre ami

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>1 May '17

<G>My dear Pinker

Please pay for me the encl^d batch of bills none of them for any big amount which I ought to have attended to before.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>*PS* A. A. Farrar's cheque for John's tuition (£. 5) is also due. Pray send it to me.

<X>To Edward Garnett

<Y>*Text* G. 271

<Ad>Capel House

Orlestone

Nr Ashford

<D>Wednesday [2 May 1917]

<G>Dearest Edward,

We are very glad to hear you are coming, to stay with us, on Monday. The station is Hamstreet and the train arrives about 1.15. You'll have to change on Ashford Junction.

I expect to have something roughed out for you to see by that time. I think to write it as if to *you personally* would be the easiest for me * and perhaps the most effective.

I am looking up your marvellous prefaces to-day. They are great.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad

<PS>Jessie's love

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Wednesday. [2 May 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

Thanks for your letter. Indeed by insisting on the S-Line being published you have displayed the insight of a doctor who knows his patient thoroughly. I may be an unsatisfactory patient * but I am not an ungrateful one.

Edward announces his coming for Monday next. I shall rough out a preface for him by then. I think of it in the form of a letter taking a wide sweep around the subject. Literarily such a form is easy and safe enough. But what do you think of it from a business point of view? Just tell me. I know you will have trouble enough with that book, and I really want to be helpful. But perhaps the form doesn't matter much. Anyway I mean to give him a good measure (more than the 3-4 pp he asks for) if I only can stick it out. And I think I can. You know E is a sort of tragic figure in letters. I say this seriously. Yes. Poor Dawson. Isn't it awful! And, you know, he isn't a fool exactly, but there's no doubt that he is hopeless in a sort of mysterious, exalted fashion. O! those Americans! They all seem to have something just a little wrong with their brains and it shows in a variety of ways * which are *not* amusing.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>PS I believe you keep my letters. Well please tear-up this one anyhow. I had a letter from Dent with proofs of Lord Jim. But I don't intend to correct for this edition except in one place. Am writing to him.

<X>To Catherine Willard

<Y>Text MS Indiana; L. fr. 137

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Jeudi. [3 May? 1917]

<G>Chère Catherine

Vous croyez? Le rôle de la violiniste? Elle a à peine six répliques.

J'imagine que HBI[rving] ne pense pas encore à Victory. Mais si Vous voulez je veux bien lui écrire tout de suite; car je crains fort de ne pas être en état d'aller ... Londres de sitôt. Réfléchissez un peu et envoyez moi un petit mot. Moi, Vous comprenez ça me fera le plus grand plaisir de Vous voir dans la pièce. Ce qui me fera de la peine c'est de Vous y voir dans un rôle si insignifiant.

En ce moment à ce qu'il paraît HBI, H. Clark et M. Hastings sont en train de "chercher la femme". Pour Lena, vous comprenez.

Affectueusement

<F>Votre vieil Ami

<S>J. Conrad.

<C>Translation

<G>Dear Catherine

Do you think so? The rôle of the violinist? She has scarcely six lines.

I imagine that HBI is not yet thinking about Victory. But if You wish, I can write to him immediately; for I greatly fear that I will not be in a fit state to go to London in the near future. Reflect upon it a little and send me a short note. As for me, You understand that it would give me great pleasure to see You in the piece. What would pain me is to see You there in such an insignificant rôle.

At this moment, so it seems, HBI, H. Clark and M. Hastings are in the process of "chercher la femme". For Lena, you understand.

Affectionately

<F>Your old Friend

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>To B. Macdonald Hastings

<Y>Text MS Colgate; Unpublished

<Ad>Capel House

<D>6. 5. 17

<G>My dear Hastings.

I didn't suggest that particular form for Schomberg's hotel because it's more like the bungalows on the island. This is a private house I imagine. But if you and H. B. I[rving]. like it that sort of thing will do very well.

I suppose you've signed the contract by this time. Are you satisfied with it? I think that looking at the whole of its terms and stipulations it's very fair indeed. The American agreement is the next act; but that I know you regard as satisfactory. Then comes the production!

And then * we shall see. I do hope my dear Hastings you'll not have to regret your time and your labour expended on the work, which is very much yours * and yours alone.

I've been reading through your plays again. You are "trŠs fast" as our French say. Tell me, had E. P. much to do with the Angel? It seems to me to be pure Hastings.

Kindest regards

<F>Yours cordially

<S>Joseph Conrad

<PS>PS What about Lena? This is the only thing that gives one some concern. The last name you mentioned in that connection filled me with dread. But it isn't for me to say anything.

<X>To John Quinn

<Y>Text MS NYPL; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>6 May '17.

<G>My dear Quinn

Thanks for your letter. My wife holds a corrected typed copy of Victory for you till better times. As to the 1st Ed. copy of Sh-Line I'll hold it too for awhile. Nothing's safe for 5 minutes at sea just now. The first Ed: was small and it was followed by a *Reprint* (of the 1st Ed). But that's not what you want for an inscribed copy. The *Second* Ed is being advertised now. I am sorry to say the corr^d typescripts of Sh-Line and of the short story (I am glad you like it) have not been preserved. The coming in of the US is no doubt an enormous piece of luck for the Western Powers. There is a certain unreality in the motives as set forth in the speeches. We here we don't fight for democracy or any other "cracy" or for humanitarian or pacifist ideals. We are fighting for life first, for freedom of thought and development in whatever form, next. For the old, old watchwords of country and liberty * in fact. The army has no doubt about it. It cares nothing for political formulas, and for academic distinctions between nations and governments which it looks upon as mere piffle. I must be excused from joining in the extacies* about the Russian revolution. Apparently a revolution can be made in 24 hours but a nation's nature can't be changed in that time. Russia was an untrustworthy ally before * and it remains so still. The immediate result is to eliminate it as an *active* factor from the war. It counted for little * and now it counts for just nothing. The Germans saw at once that they would be able to reduce their Eastern front by one-third of their effectives at least. I think they have done it already and that most of the reinforcements on the West front come from the East. Though of course some of the new reserves have been used too no doubt. Lwoff Milinkov & C^o so far from being able to repress anybody run a good risk of being hanged themselves before very long. There's no government of any sort whatever there now. There are speeches from balconies. The experts in organisation you intend (so the papers say) to send to Russia will have a startling and curious experience. Something like being thrown overboard in a storm to organise the waves of the sea. We shall see! Jessie sends her kindest regards. Had a letter from the boy yesterday. Too busy to write much. In position about 6000 yards from St Quentin I guess. And so it goes on. Strain, and more strain * and still more * Believe me always yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>[8 May 1917]

<G>Dear Pinker

I am sending you this letter for information * Do you think taking the play and the present circumstances into consideration that it would be worth while for me to undertake the translation?

In any case pray have a copy of the play made for me personally. I imagine you have copy from which it could be done.

Edward just left. Preface finished. I shall send it to him tomorrow typed and corrected. He seems pleased.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. C.

<PS>*PS* Please send Edward copy of Secret Agent to 19. Pond Place Chelsea.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Thursday. [10 May 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Thanks for your letter. You will receive the corr^{ed} copy of the preface from Edward to whom I've sent it yesterday. Pray have 2 copies made * one for me. Perhaps you won't mind glancing at it yourself.

I am writing to H. B. I[rving] on the subject of Lena's part, and shall write to M. H[astings] in the sense of your advice as to the French translation. You are perfectly right in what you say.

A. Gide has sent me typed transl^{on} of Typhoon. It's wonderfully done * in parts. In others utterly wrong. And the worst is that with all my knowledge of the two languages I can't do much either in the way of suggestion. I was not fully aware how thoroughly *English* the Typhoon is. I am immensely proud of this, of course. There are passages that simply cannot be rendered into French * they depend so much for their meaning upon the very genius of the language in which they are written. Don't think I am getting a "swelled head". It's a fact.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Thursday [10 May? 1917]

<G>Dear Pinker

Since I posted my letter, Jessie has struck me for a trip to town. As she has not been away since Jan^y last I must let her have it. So please send me tomorrow ☐ in notes to go up with on Monday.

I shall then see you on Monday about 12. 30

<F>Ever yours

<S>J. C.

<X>To Edward Garnett

<Y>Text MS Texas; G. 272; Listy 368

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Friday. [11 May 1917]

<G>Dear Edward

Thanks for your letter. There is no note of irony in it and I don't believe you wanted to put it in * in this case.

I didn't want my scrawl back. I really thought you told me to send it on. Why didn't you light the domestic fire with it?

P[inker] will have a clear copy made for me too from the corr^{ted} type.

Awfully good of you to send me the portrait of M[arie]. L[']hr]. I think she will be It if she only cares for the part. Am writing to Irving to-day.

Letter to W[alter] de la M[arie] goes this post.

Seriously my dear fellow it was comforting and warming to have you here, all to myself and laugh, and ironise, and squabble with you as in the days when the wine was still red and women more than a mere memory of smouldering furies (of all sorts) and diabolic excentricities*. It's true that we always treated these subjects literarily. The loftiness of your sentiments and the austerity of your demeanour intimidated me. Even now during your visit I wanted once to be impertinent to you and simply couldn't do it. The Prestige! Your undying prestige! It's true that I managed to get furious with you for about 7¹/₂ seconds, but that, really, was a sort of inverted tribute. If you think there are many men for whose words I care enough to get furious with them you are mistaken. There is in fact only one * yourself. For contempt at a certain temperature may resemble fury. But you get the genuine article. The rest of mankind may flatter itself **

The book and the shaving brush left last night. Jessie and John send their love.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<PS>PS J[essie]. cant lay her hands just now on the N^o of L & W containing the story. It will come along presently. But its nothing really. Pot-boiler.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: The Norfolk Hotel,
Surrey Street, Strand,
London W. C. 2.]

<D>Tuesday. [15 May 1917]

<G>Dear Pinker.

We are going to Leigh for the day so I shan't see you till to-morrow.

It did me good to get [in] touch with you. I've also seen Jack and Ada. They were charming. Colvin called too. He was very much alarmed by H[ugh]. W[alpole]. 's letter which I showed him * I'll write W tonight.

I have a good mind (if we're back in time) to see Irving in Hamlet this evening. Do you think I could send him my card and see him for a few minutes after the performance? Or would the sending of the card be incorrect?

Pray send over the watch-chain (if it is in your office) and five □ notes.

We saw Faust last night. A very decent performance.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. C.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS postcard, Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Norfolk Hotel]

<D>[c. 17 May? 1917]

<G>J. B. Pinker Esq^{re}

I am detained but will come for you with Jessie about One o'clock. We are leaving this afternoon. Please pay 25 to my acc^t as I'll have to draw a cheque here.

<S>Your JC.

<X>**To Sir Sidney Colvin**

<Y>*Text* MS Duke; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Friday. [18 May 1917]

<G>My dear Colvin.

It's very good of You to have taken so much trouble for John's sake. He is very grateful and sends his love.

I am going to write to H[ugh]. W[alpole]. this afternoon a t^hte repos,e after all the current correspondence has been expedited.

I won't say more just now. Our dear love to Lady Colvin and yourself

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To Hugh Walpole

<Y>Text MS Texas; J-A, 2, 194

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>18 May '17

<G>Dear M^r Walpole

It is gratifying to know that a few pages of mine * and of the sort too for which there seemed to be little justification * have helped to tide you over the difficult hours that precede the dawn. It appears then that they have not been written in vain. I have heard of your accident. To fall between a ship and her quay is an abominable experience. I understand it was a very close call too and that you are en quelque sorte un "Revenant".

Having come back from so far, I wonder whether you think it was worth while. I shouldn't like to say positively, chiefly for the reason that owing to my "age and infirmities" I am so completely out of it. A very hard fate this, I can assure you. But speaking generally I think that decidedly: * yes, it is always worth while. One gets a sort of moral satisfaction out of it. I suppose you'll smile * and to be quite candid with you I don't know myself very well what I mean by it. But * that it what I feel. And I am not an idealist either. Any hopes are of a strictly limited kind. ** And yet *

I have been (like a sort of dismal male witch) peering (mentally) into the caldron into which la force des choses has plunged you bodily. What will come out of it? A very subtle poison or some very rough-tasted Elixir of Life? Or neither? Just mere Kvass so to speak. It's very curious. I feel startled when I remember that my foster-brother is an Ukrainian peasant. He is probably alive yet. What does he think? I am afraid that what he thinks bodes no good to the boys and girls with whom I used to play and to their children. Are those gracious shades of my memory to turn into blood-stained spectres? C'est possible, Vous savez! And those houses where under a soul-crushing oppression so much noble idealism, chivalrous traditions, the sanity and the amenities of western civilisation were so valiantly preserved * are they to vanish into smoke? Cela, aussi est tr^ss possible! And at any rate moral destruction is unavoidable. Meantime I have been asked to join in the public ecstasies of joy. I begged to be excused. Le monde est b[^]te. It's a positive fact. * Pardon this scrawl and believe me
<F>very sincerely Yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To J. H. Retinger

<Y>Text MS PAN; Najder (1983, 2); Original unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>19 May 17

<G>Mon cher Joseph

Merci pour le Paris-Midi qui vient d'arriver.

Nous imaginions que Vous ,tiez en Suisse. De grace donnez-nous des nouvelles de Tola car Jessie ne fait que s'inquieter. Je ne vous parle pas des affaires. Les ,v,nements recents m'ont deprim,. Ici il y a en une joie tout-a-fait idiote * vu la situation.

Ma sant, a ,t, assez mauvaise depuis Votre d,part. Jessie devient nerveuse a la longue. Les nouvelles de B[oryst] sont bonnes. Il est quelque part en position contre S^t Quentin. Il semble content des toutes choses et de tout le monde. Tant mieux.

Nous attendons un mot de Vous sur le Grand Evenement. Jessie and John send their dear love to you all.

<F>Yours as ever

<S>J. Conrad

<PS>PS Ni vu ni entendu personne depuis votre d,part. Sand[erson]: m',crit une ou deux lettres * sur les actrices en disposabilit,. Contrat pour Victory sign, avec Irving. Comme travail * rien!!! Le spectre de la Ruine r"de autour de Capel House. Il faudra voir a lui fermer la porte au nez * mais je n'ai pas beaucoup de force.

<C>Translation

<G>My dear Joseph

Thank you for the Paris-Midi which has just arrived.

We imagined that You were in Switzerland. For pity's sake send us news of Tola because Jessie does nothing but worry.

I am not going to talk about business. Recent events have depressed me. There is a euphoria here which is absolutely idiotic * in view of the situation.

My health has been rather poor since Your departure. Jessie becomes ever more anxious. The news from B[oryst] is good.

He is somewhere in position near S^t Quentin. He seems content with everything and all the world. So much the better.

We await a word from You about the Grand Event. Jessie and John send dear love to you all.

<F>Yours as ever

<S>J. Conrad

<PS>PS Neither seen nor heard from anyone since your departure. Sand[erson]: writes me one or two letters * about available actresses. Contract for Victory signed with Irving. As for work * nothing!!! The ghost of Ruin prowls around Capel House. The door should be shut in its face * but I haven't enough strength.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>[26 May 1917]

<G>Dear Pinker

I got this after posting my letter to you. It may interest you. I transmitted the request to Irving * nothing more. Do you think she will do?

I pointed out to HBI that what was wanted was a safe actress with a simple, quiet conception of the part. No great genius is needed there.

<F>Ever yours

<S>J. C.

<X>**To the Paymaster General**

<Y>*Text* MS PRO T1/12178/29480/18; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>2 June 17.

<H>The Rt. Hon.

The Paymaster General

<G>Sir

I beg to inform you that I wish to give up my pension at the end of the current year.

As to the income-tax form sent me with the last two pension-warrants I regret not to be able to fill it in just now as I have not received yet my accts from my agent. I expect to have them in the course of this month.

I am Sir

<F>Your obedient servant

<S>Joseph Conrad

<X>To [?]

<Y>Text MS Yale; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>3 Jun '17.

<G>Dear Sir.

As a matter of fact I've nothing to do whatever with the production of the play; I know nothing of theatrical matters; I am not competent. But why should you not drop a line to M^r H. B. Irving or to my excellent adaptor B. Macdonald Hastings? His address is: Corp^{al} M. H. N^o 2 Off^{er} Cadet Wing. R. F. C. Hursley Park, Winchester. I think that he will be on leave in town at the end of the month. My impression is, however, that all the parts are filled with the exception of Lena. But I really don't know.

Your letter interested me very much. But my experiences of that part of the world were over in 1888 * long before your time. As to Heyst himself he dates further back still. I had my visual impression of the man in 1876: a couple of hours in an hotel in S^t Thomas (West Indies). There was some talk of him after he left our party; but all I heard of him might have been written down on a cigarette-paper. Except for these hints he's altogether "invented".

I am afraid I won't be able to meet you at the end of this month. There are all sorts of things in the way of my coming to town then. I am sending your letter to B. Macdonald Hastings rather than to H. B. I. whom I only saw once in my life. MH will certainly be interested and something may come of it. One never knows.

<F>Yours faithfully

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>**To J. M. Dent**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Monday [4 June 1917]

<G>Dear M^r Dent.

I was under the impression the pp have been sent back. Anyway they are approved. I am awfully sorry for the delay.

My wife sent you some time ago a set of photographs. At least I sent them, but they are her property. She is dunning me for them now.

<F>Yours sincerely

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>**To J. M. Dent**

<Y>*Text* MS UNC; Moore

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Tuesday [5 June 1917]

<G>Dear M^r Dent

I'll try what I can do. But in any case it will be something quite short.

You'll hear from me on Friday at latest. I need not tell you that I too am anxious that the edition should be a success for both our sakes. Let me tell you that in our intercourse I feel on your part a friendliness, a desire to make the best of me to which I am very sensible. I am not likely to disregard wilfully any wish of yours.

<F>Yours sincerely

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>To J. M. Dent

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>6 Jun 17.

<G>Dear M^r Dent

I've posted the Author's Note to M^r Pinker asking him to have a typed copy made and to forward it to you.

I think it is what you want, about a thousand words of by no means solemn character.

You'll get the Typescript on Friday I presume. Please send me a (duplicate) proof in due course. I may want to make some verbal alterations.

<F>Yours sincerely

<S>J. Conrad

<PS>PS I reserve to myself the faculty to use that note for the Lord Jim vol of the Ed^{on} de Luxe when that appears.

J. C.

<X>To A. T. Saunders

<Y>Text MS S. Australia; CEW 295

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>14 June 17.

<G>Dear M^r Saunders.

You are a terror for tracking people out! It strikes me that if I had done something involving penal servitude I wouldn't have liked to have you after me. However, as I have done nothing of the sort and am not likely to, now, (too old) I can enjoy without misgivings the evidences of your skill, tenacity and acuteness. Many thanks for your letter with the enclosures giving the history of those lively ladies, the daughters of the late lamented Hayes.

Mostly all the inferences and surmises in your letter are correct. I did go to Minlacowie. The farmers around were very nice to me, and I gave their wives (on a never-to-be-forgotten day) a tea-party on board the dear old "Otago" then lying alongside the God-forsaken jetty there. *The Smile of Fortune* story does belong to the "Otago Cycle" if I may call it so. The *Secret-Sharer* in the same vol: also does in a way * as far as the Gulf of Siam setting goes. The swimmer himself was suggested to me by a young fellow who was 2^d mate (in the '60) of the *Cutty Sark* clipper and had the misfortune to kill a man on deck. But his skipper had the decency to let him swim ashore on the Java coast as the ship was passing through Anjer Straits. The story was well remembered in the Merchant Service even in my time.

To a man of letters and a distinguished publicist so experienced as yourself I need not point out that I had to *make* material from my own life's incidents arranged, combined, coloured for artistic purposes. I don't think there's anything reprehensible in that. After all I *am* a writer of fiction; and it is not what actually happened, but the manner of presenting it that settles the literary and even the moral value of my work. My little vol: of autobiography of course is absolutely genuine. The rest is a more or less close approximation to facts and suggestions. What I claim as true are my mental and emotional reactions to life, to men, to their affairs and their passions as I have seen them. I have in that sense kept always true to myself.

I haven't the time to write more at present but pray believe that I appreciate very highly the kind way you are keeping me in mind. In a few days I'll dispatch to you a copy of the new ed^{on} of Lord Jim which is about to be published by Dent's.

<F>Believe me sincerely yours

<S>Joseph Conrad

<X>To W. T. H. Howe

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>15 June 17

<G>Dear M^r Howe

Your letter was very welcome and I am ashamed of the delay in answering it. I wanted an altogether free half hour but somehow of late a lot of vexing affairs have been turning up.

The effects here of the general's arrival, of his few words and just now of President Wilson's speech have been excellent. The arrival of some of your ships has pleased the People very much and is highly appreciated by our navy and government. Altogether the feeling is that the co-operation has begun well and that you on your side have got hold of the thing with good will and understanding. It is a great piece of luck for Gt Britain this *understanding* (intelligent sympathy) with* seems to us here to grow with every day of the young Alliance, to judge from the reported words and actions across the Atlantic. I can't tell how much complimented I feel by the friendly and earnest spirit with which you are tackling the "Evening with C's People" celebration. Do you realise that you are there engineering a very considerable event in my life? I assure you that I am deeply touched by this sign of friendliness and appreciation coming to me all the way from Cincinnati. It is a considerable event. Too considerable for me to make any suggestions. (You don't really want them) I can only send you a word of gratitude.

The charming photographs of your "residenz" arrived safely. I can't send you anything of the kind in return. Our "palazzo" has not been photographed inside. The other day a charming American girl (her maternal grandparents live actually in Cincinnati) sitting outside with me laughed suddenly. I asked: "Why do you laugh?" and she said: "It's the house. It looks like a property house on the stage". And as a matter of fact it does. An ordinary limousine coming in front of it extinguishes it completely in a most absurd manner.

We heard today from the big boy. He's in this new push apparently. But it's difficult to be certain as those young fellows will never say. All we know is that about six weeks ago he had 48 hours in Paris (on service) and that some "delightful Americans" he met at Hotel Meurice were most friendly to him. Since that time he has been "up to his eyes in hard work", and his letters have been very, very short. Well * I must close. Believe me always

<F>Yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To John Quinn

<Y>Text MS NYPL; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>17 June '17

<G>My dear Quinn.

Thanks for the program-tickets of Follett's lecture. I knew nothing of it. I need not tell you I feel immensely complimented by your taking the chair. I also appreciate the importance of you consenting to do so. You are great in the part of "A Friend".

You no doubt know the names of some of your men prominent in the steel industry, now in France on business. Well it's like this: a month ago the boy was in Paris (48h leave) where he got in tow with some "most charming" Americans (at Meurice's) who "were awfully good" to him. One of them (the important steel man) said to him at parting. "I don't know if you are a hard worker M^r Conrad but if you are and are thinking of engineering, don't forget to call on me after the war. I can help you to enter any great engineering firm you like".

His name is Batchett * or something like that. That boy's handwriting is like the scratching of a paralysed hen, anyhow. Is there in the steel world a man of mark with a name something as above? The boy is impressed but a saying like that may mean something or nothing, according to the personality.

I stop short here because I want this to catch the next mail-boat and for that noon is the latest hour.

My wife sends her friendly regards

<F>Yours

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Tuesday [19 June 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

We had the confounded lot of machines right over our house about 20 minutes or so before they reached Folkestone. Jessie counted them correctly. I only managed to see one; but the roar in the air was most impressive. The whole country-side was vibrating with it.

All Jessies brothers are gone now and as there is a lot of women to look after we must do something. There are two lots * wives and sisters and so please send me two cheques for 格 each, made out to me, as I don't know yet the names of the vicar and the solicitor who will be put in charge of that arrangement, and I have promised to settle it this week. This is the contribution for the next 12 months. *In addition* there is Mrs George (the Mother) now just over 70 and in regard to her please send Jessie on every first of *June* * *Sept* * *Dec* and *March* a special cheque for _made out to Mrs Jane George. I will remind you at the dates but I am telling you now of the whole arrangement, which pray carry out tho' I didn't consult you beforehand.

Had a letter from B[orys] telling us he was given 48 hours' leave to Paris * where he seems to have got amongst a lot of Americans of pretty good standing. Amongst them M^r Batchells (I don't know if I've spelt the name right) a personage of some importance in the steel syndicate who said to him: "I don't know M^r Conrad if you are a hard worker; but if you are and wish to serve an engineering firm I will be happy to use my influence either in US or in the "Old Country" for the son of M^r Joseph Conrad". There was also the representative of the "Peerless Lorries" who fell on his neck and made offers of service to him * because B has a high opinion of the P. L. which are being used with his batt[er]y's guns.

That cub went to Hotel Meurice(!) where he fell in with all that American lot including Jane * "and many other charming ladies" (but Jane beats them all out of sight). I wrote to him cautioning his inexperience against the "hearty" American speeches; saying (what I do believe) that 5 words from an Englishman are worth 5000 from an American, any time. But perhaps it is just as well that the kid should have something cheerful to think about as to his future. As to Jane (who seems to have taken him in tow there) he's hit in the midriff, hard; but after all if he must meet a "Jane" it's better he should meet her at 19 than at twenty-four. Anyway it couldn't be helped, and besides he's back again and "up to his eyes in work". This last remark makes me think that something is preparing down Somme way.

W. T. Howe the agent of the Am Book C^o in Cincinnati writes me they are organising a performance of 21 living pictures from J Conrad's novels. It's going to be a great social affair for a war charity * \$10 tickets. I've sent him some suggestions (as requested); for it's all good for business. And besides he tells me that the Conrad readers in that most enlightened town are sending me a token of regard in the shape of a Rookwood pottery vase specially designed. The second firing of the same came off successfully, and it's going to be sent off shortly in defiance of the submarines. This is some success. I ought to give you half of it, but as that wouldnt work I think I shall leave it in my will to Eric * so that it should stand in the office when we both are no "longer there". I thought of you at first, but I intend us both to live a long time and You would have retired when I go off the hooks and Eric will be carrying the tradition on.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J Conrad.

<X>**To W. G. St Clair**
<Y>*Text Malay Mail*

<Ad>Capel House
<D>22nd June, 1917

Dear Mr. St. Clair,

I hardly dare to apologise for the delay in acknowledging your portrait. It seems a very fine piece of work and worthy of the personality * not to speak of the locality where it perpetuates the memory of your services. Pardon this scrap of paper, the hurry of this short scrawl; but I am determined not to delay further with the thanks I owe to you for your kind letter. I hope with all my heart you will have a good time and return to town in good health.

<F>Believe me, sincerely yours,

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>[c. 22 June 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Thanks for your letter. *Pray* send me word who is Miss Maud Robertson. I can't keep her off, any longer. She's coming next week. And though I know the name I can't for the life of me remember whether she is an Actress or a Poet or * Can't find her in Whos Who, and I have no other reference books. But you have. And moreover you are supposed to know everything and to be able to help me out of *any* hole at 5 minutes notice.

<F>Ever yours

<S>J. C.

<PS>*PS* If *poet* perhaps you could get a vol of hers or so for me, to assuage my distress.

B[orys] in his last letter recognises the justness of your saying about Americans. The steel man was not of Jane's gang but at a lunch party given by Retinger at which there was a secretary of our Embassy and two govern^t Frenchmen of importance. So probably a responsible sort of person.

Mrs. Ret[inger]. delivered safely of a daughter in Switzerland * and immensely delighted. He himself still in Paris * extremely busy.

<X>**To J. H. Retinger**

<Y>*Text MS POSK; Conrad News; Najder (1983, 2)*

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>22 June '17

<G>Tršs cher Ami.

This moment we receive a pc from dear Tola which has relieved our very great anxiety. Our warmest congratulations and most affectionate welcome to Miss Retinger. May her shadow grow bigger and bigger for the proper number of years * and thereafter "never grow less".

You have been very dear and good to our big child in Paris. We had a long letter from him. We are very grateful to You. Jessie is writing to your wife and sends her love to you. We both long to see you both. But when will that be?!

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. C.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>[23 June 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

You are very good. Sorry I worried you. The mystery is solved. She's the wife of the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson author, critic and politician. J. M. R. was one of my earliest prophets in the old days * before Nostromo.

She's bringing a man to make a drawing of my head.

I report progress.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Wednesday 11 AM. [27 June 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

This for your consideration and ultimate decision when the question arises * when we hear what M. T. thinks of the part.

My personal opinion is that M. T. is the right actress for the part * and that it is good policy to give the play every chance.

We don't want less than 100 performances * do we? And the right woman may secure that for us.

M. T. has a position, has her public and at any rate is an actress * not a painted image. At least that's my impression. But you know these things **

I'll just drop a line to M. Hastings saying that Madge is worth thinking over. Nothing more. But I won't write till to-morrow (Thursday) ev^g so that you may stop me by wire if you want to.

Imagine my misfortune. I've broken short off two of my front teeth on a cherry stone. Horrible.

Jessie started typing the story. Progress continues. But the app^t with the dentist for tomorrow won't help me very much with to-days. The breach in my mouth feels big enough to drive a coach and four through.

I have received this morning the enclosed demand note.

Yours as ever (but much distressed)

<S>J. Conrad

<PS>PS Sorry I worried you about M. Robertson. I suppose you had my note posted on Sat: last to say that the mystery was solved.

<X>**To J. M. Dent**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>[3 July 1917]

<G>Dear M^r Dent

I am sorry for the delay. Yes, pray send me the proof of Youth Vol: and I will try to concoct a little "Note" for it.

<F>Yours faithfully

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>[c. 3 July 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

I delayed for a few days paying the rent thinking you might find it possible to run down here in the matter of the new house.

But as I've had a reminder, please send a ch: for 彙to *Edmund W. Oliver Esq*^{re}, New Place, Lingfield. Surrey.

Pray have the 20 pp or so which I send you run through the machine (one copy) for me and returned. I want to see how they look and to start correcting, and Jessie's Blick wants some small repairs.

No particular care is necessary. Its only for correction.

Re. *Western Eyes*.

No. No need for proof. What is this cheap Ed^{on}? A 2/- one has appear^d already. Is it a 1/- horror?

*****_

I am to look over the Youth vol for Dent and shall write about a thou: (or less) words by way of prefatory note.

<F>Ever yours

<S>J Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Monday [9 July 1917]

<G>Dear long suffering Pinker

Pray have this typed 2 cop[ies]. It is the Note to Youth. And *do* please read it through before sending it to Dent. I want your judgement in case there should be anything inopportune, some false note perhaps?

I should like to know. Of course if you pass it you needn't write.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J Conrad

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Saturday [14 July? 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

I've received everything. It's very good of you to write in commendation. Yes. I have a notion that these notes will do for the Ed: de Luxe.

I wouldn't even expand them. Of course I can't rivalise with poor dear H[enry]. J[ames]. and I don't know that it would be wise even to try. Besides I don't feel the need somehow. And then I have formed for myself a conception of my public as the sort of people that would accept graciously a few intimate words but would not care for long disquisitions about art. And, lately, I have no "aims" to explain.

Thanks for attending to the spoiled Mrs Joseph Conrad. That vagabond woman seems to have told you that the ground belonging to the house was 4 acres. It isn't a matter of desperate importance but you may just as well know that it is 24 acres (twenty-four). 3 good fields at the back.

<F>Your[s] ever

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>To Lieutenant H. J. Osborne

<Y>Text Osborne

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>20 July 1917

Infinite thanks for your kind letter which gave me the greatest possible pleasure. After reading it I've given three cheers for my old ship, her Captain and all on board of her. I am glad the luck came in your way * for though you can't speak plainly I imagine the job was done thoroughly since you've been 25 min. at work. I wish I could get alongside of you and hear the whole yarn with all the details. You and all your crowd ought to get some leave after that piece of business. But I suppose that under the present circumstances people of your sort cannot be spared from the "fishing." May the best of luck attend you always and may you all come through safely every time.

No, I didn't think I was forgotten. For myself I can assure you my dear Osborne that I brought away from our short cruise the highest possible regard for you as a man, a sailor and an officer. I only hope that our Service will never lack men of your stamp and that you'll find a place in it worthy of your merits. For I suppose peace will come * someday. But the road seems long and the leading marks are not in sight yet.

Thanks for your kind references to the wife and the boys. We had our big boy on leave here for a few days; his battery has been in the thick of it lately. The small boy has helped me in giving three cheers for the *Freya's* ship's company with right goodwill. I heard from S* not a long time ago and he sent me some photos of the old ship, one of which has a very good likeness of you.

Pray thank Mr. Moodie for his kind remembrance of me, and give him my very best regards.

<F>Yours cordially,

<S>Joseph Conrad

<X>To J. M. Dent

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>21 July. [1917]

<G>Dear M^r Dent.

I am so sorry I can't do what you ask me to do. It's ridiculous and vexing but I am totally unable to grapple with anything but the work I am at now. And even that is constantly slipping from my grasp.

<F>Yours faithfully

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>**To William Rothenstein**

<Y>*Text* MS Harvard; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>2^d Aug 17.

<G>My dear Will.

Thanks for your pamphlet, to which I responded with every feeling and conviction that go to make up my "less perishable" being. And how beautifully all those deeply felt truths are said! Only a few days ago I was telling some people that you were a master of language too. There's no doubt that you are. Master of a very personal, very fine prose.

We had just a few lines from B[orys] this morning. His batt[er]^y is about Lens somewhere.

I begin to be able to write a little, but my health is not good. Jessie too shows signs of the war-strain.

I close in haste to catch our only post. Our love to you all.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To John Quinn

<Y>Text MS NYPL; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>8 Aug '17

<G>My dear Quinn.

No end of thanks for your kindness in taking so much trouble for a thorough answer to my inquiry. I am glad of this sign of your interest in the boy who would be a very lonely and unsupported being in life except for the good-will of men who have honoured me with their friendship for the sake of my work. Of men like you, I mean. You understand how anxious I am to see him in the way of making something out of existence before I "hand in my checks". We had a letter last week from which we learn he has managed to get another 3 day's* leave to Paris, (It will make him altogether 16 day's* leave in a year and a half at the front) which apparently he spent amongst charming women; entre autres Miss Root and also Miss Crocker. It looks as if America were fated to get him. Not a bad fate for the boy.

Pray, when you see Follett, give him a warm greeting from me. His little book is one of these things one does not forget. I saw some time ago a study of Galsworthy by him (and a lady who must be either his wife or his sister) which within the limits of a magazine article was simply admirable for insight and expression.

Fancy you going to preside at that lecture with a big stick and laying about you with such vigour on the most respectable heads! I suppose the admirers of these men will be waiting for me with guns under the hedges. Nevertheless I enjoy the mental picture of John Quinn on the war-path on my account. It surpasses my wildest dreams. I begin to think myself a person of consequence.

Thanks for the E. Pound book. I haven't opened it yet as one must be in the right mood for that sort of reading. And nowadays it's difficult to get any sort of mood to last * except the war-nightmare mood which makes one a little sick of life. That's so. No use concealing it. * Page made a jolly good speech in Plymouth. As ambassador he is a success. Believe me always Yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To Sir Sidney Colvin

<Y>Text MS Haverford; Lucas 305

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>9 Aug^l. 17.

<G>My dear Colvin.

I see that it is to your friendship and to your authority I owe the (lavish? * magnificent? * gorgeous?) tribute from over the sea. You may be sure it is very welcome. Authors, as you cannot but know, can stand a lot of jam on their bread. And apart from that I prize particularly every word said in favour of my reminiscences.

I think I'll drop this enthusiastic young man a line. But not yet as I am in bed with some sort of internal disturbance * and writing in bed even on an invalid table worries and exasperates me beyond reason. I am a ridiculous person.

We are truly glad to have a good report of your holiday. But I am afraid the weather will be changeable all this month.

We had a few lines from B[orers], this morning; quietly cheerful as usual but, also as usual, saying very little. Last month he had 3 days in Paris. That, including his home visit, totals up to 16 days' leave in 18 months' service at the front. Not enough to make of him an officier de salon. We had news of that Paris visit otherwise too. Il me semble que ce garçon aura de la chance avec les femmes. I set this down in the face of all the shells flying over his head. Allah 'hu Akbar! What is written is written. Meantime I prefer to think of him in tow of girls like Miss Root and Edith Cleveland (they seem to have given him a "good time") than battant le pav, idly in Paris. Retinger gave him a lunch with some young diplomats * American. It strikes me I'll have to be mighty civil to a good many Americans after the war. Our love to Lady Colvin and yourself.

<F>Yours ever

<S>Joseph Conrad

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>[9 August 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

Will you deal with this request as you think fit? I've just finished corr^s proof of *The Tale* for the *Strand*.

John is going to school at last * Ashford Grammar School. Very elated at the prospect. We shall have him for weekends here so as to ease Jessie down gently. Afterwards Bedford (modern side) will be the right thing for him, I think.

Heard from B[orys] today. A longish letter about Ret[inger]: and a few other people. I hope you had news lately and that you are keeping well. We had a succession of people lately here. I haven't the strength of mind to keep them off. I'll be writing you in a day or two. I continue working to some effect.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Thursday noon. [9 August 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

Did you get Jessie's letter containing the mis[s]igned cheque? I ask because another letter from us did not reach its destination apparently. But perhaps I'll have something from you by the afternoon's post.

Pray send me ch to A. A. Farrar Esq^{re} □. 5 John's tuition and another TM4 10 to Messrs G. H. Hunter Ltd.

B[orys] was in Paris 10 days ago for 2 days and was entertained by Root's niece, Crocker's daughter (you know "The Boss") and Esther Cleveland. America has got him * but it's a fact that it is a funny team * for you may remember that Senator Root was Crocker's great enemy at the time. What is clear is that I'll have to be civil to a lot of Am^{cans} after the war. Retinger expects to be over in a few days. We had also a letter from B (6 days on the way) from the front but I don't think he's actually in the Flanders push.

I am at work quite steady * tho' afflicted by a mysterious tummy-ache which may be caused by the wet.

I hope you are well.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. C.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Monday [13 August 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

Thanks for the ch[eque]s received on Friday.

I am feeling better.

I've heard from Cincinnati. The living pictures from Conrad's work was a very fashionable affair and highly successful. To be repeated, on a larger scale, soon.

W. Follett is at work at an extended study of J Conrad to be pub[lished] by Doubleday. I hear that from Quinn.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>15th Aug '17

<G>My dear Pinker.

Nothing could have given me greater pleasure than the reception of *L^d Jim* reprint. Almost like a new book. There was over a column in the *Times* * perhaps you've seen? Squire (in L & W) gave me a page, almost, and has been extensively quoted in a popular weekly paper. Generally the press has "taken notice" remarkably. At the same time The *S. Line* has come out on top (with Beresford's book) in a popular competition in Sat: West: Gazette as the subject of a prize essay (by a prisoner of war) on 1917 fiction. And thus your wisdom continues to be justified * and my (much shaken) belief in my own existence receives a welcome support.

The new story * I fear * will be no shorter than the *S. Line*. Such is the truth.

John goes to school on 21st Sep^l. It will cost about 櫻 a year and he will get good value for the money, for that school is very successful in getting scholarships and so on. We went over there yesterday and settled the thing. It's all one cadet-corps and John is going into uniform with W. Kent yeomanly badge.*

Will you pay 檄 to Jessie's acc^t in Ashford and 15 into mine in London.

Quinn sent me information about the American Batchells who made offers to B[orers] for after the war. He is the partner of a million-dollar man called Cromwell(!) in some steel works in Cincinnati (or somewhere thereabouts) and they are both men of the highest standing. Quinn obtained information about them from two directors of the Steel Trust and also from a couple of banks, which he has sent to me neatly typed. I forwarded it to B. Is it possible that this Cromwell is your Cromwell? A steel-man (but I rather think he's "general-business" man) with leaning towards stage-ventures? It would be funny.

<F>Ever yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>* The school detachment as a whole * m. guns, inf^y and signallers won the shield for "general efficiency" from all the public schools in Eng^d at Marlborough camp a week ago. The schoolmaster is simply treading on air!

<X>To W. T. H. Howe

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>16 Aug¹ '17

<G>Dear Sir

Thanks for your friendly and cheering letter.

Yesterday the American troops on the march had a great reception in London. I hope they understood that the London crowd doesn't get into such a state more than once in a century perhaps. I was immensely impressed. Your men looked extremely fine and wonderfully fit. A great day in London history and the people really *felt* that it was great.

Thanks ever so much for the promised tile. I shall frame it for my study (when I get one). For goodness' sake keep the vase back! Keep it back till the first day of the preliminary armistice * no longer. For I confess that I am extremely impatient to behold it.

I don't, really, feel competent to suggest a picture. It's the static quality of a grouping that disconcerts my imagination.

When writing I visualise the successive scenes as always in motion * a flow of closely linked effects; so that when I attempt to arrest them in my mind at any given moment the first thought is always: that's no good! And I get discouraged. I would like however to know that Alice Jacobus may get a chance. Either the introduction scene ("This is Alice") or the last (either "I love nothing" or the kiss on the forehead). But if so pray see to it that the young captain wears the white suit (tunic) of the tropics and nothing with brass buttons on it.

But * that's no good.

The boy (three lines this morning) is well. A month ago he had 3 days' leave in Paris where he was introduced to some American ladies, amongst others to Miss Root. Americans are awfully nice to him. Last night Red Cross trains were passing Ashford every half hour with wounded from Flanders. And so it goes on. Believe me cordially and gratefully yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>**To John Rothenstein**

<Y>*Text* MS Rothenstein; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>28 Augst '17

<G>My dear John.

Thanks for your charming idea to write me about Victory. I am very pleased to hear that you like the book. I have a little weakness for it myself.

Still nicer, if possible, are your friendly references to Borys. I hope the time will come soon when you'll be able to renew your acquaintance and lay the foundation of a friendship which will carry on in the future the warm affection and the great regard I have for your Father. We had news from B. lately. He is on the Ypres section of the front and very busy. We have heard he is going to be promoted lieutenant in a few days, which, no doubt, please[s] him, after 2 years of active service.

Pray give our love to your Mother and Father.

<F>Yours affectio^{ly}

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To E. L. Grant Watson

<Y>Text MS Wright; Unpublished

<Ad>Capel House
Nr Ashford
Kent

<D>29 Aug. '17

<G>Dear Mr Grant Watson.

Pardon the long delay. I only secured lately not so much the leisure as the proper freedom of mind, to read through and get on terms with your novel. Not that the getting on terms was a difficult matter. The book is captivating enough, in all conscience, as a piece of writing and of course as a story too. I thank you heartily both for the pleasure it has given me and for the kind thought of sending me a copy.

Progress * or I should say development * is very visible in these pages. The theme has been treated fairly often lately; but I won't quarrel with you for that since you have given it its own particular colouring in a masterly manner. As to the depth I won't say anything about it just now because it is a ticklish subject at the best of times and especially so at the present time. And the theory that the less deep you go the nearer you remain to "reality" may have some truth in it (amongst other obvious advantages). However the pages have been felt * that's obvious * before they were written, and that is enough to secure for them my respect and sympathy. My best wishes for health and good work and all the happiness that may flow from these things.

<F>Yours

<S>Joseph Conrad

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Thursday [30 August 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

I am sending you this type so as not to have both MS and type in the same house for fear of accidents * as with End of the Tether years ago. The set is not corr^{ed} at all and generally not fit to be seen.

I am working. Don't be vexed with me for the slowness. I am thankful to do even that much. At any rate what I do write remains. It is good enough in every sense.

I have authorised Doubleday to print the new prefaces in his Am. editions of Youth and Jim. He asked me.

Strangely enough a letter from B[orys] tells us of a possible leave in a fortnight. I hope it will come off as he expects; but considering that he is on the Ypres sector I must say I am surprised.

I'll be writing you early next week again.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. C.

<PS>PS Please pay the encl^d small bill for B's tobacco. I remind you also of a sp. cheque to Jessie _* (quarter) for her Mother, as arranged before.

<X>To John Galsworthy

<Y>Text MS Forbes; J-A, 2, 196

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>3^d Sept '17

<G>Dearest Jack

This is a gripping piece of writing. I got as far as p. 47 before it dawned on me that these were marvellous opening pages. The others are not less so. My dearest Jack they are sheer delight to read from line to line in their ampleness and in their detail, and in the quiet sense of mastery (mastery?) that pervades them and is profoundly satisfying to the mind * which never for a moment is left in doubt. And thus there is nothing in the slightest degree to check the feeling which from first to last and all the time is with you * the artist * and therefore with your creation and all its scenes, great and small.

I wonder what the reception will be. This is almost the only one * at any rate the one *big* thing of yours which has no public life. All that is de la vie intime * it may even be called: secret life. And even the only way the outside world acts on her is by the few words overheard at the ball * forcing on, as it were, the enlightening conversation with the Major. But that already is of the "intime" order. It's very curious. It is a profound study of a personality but I imagine that 99% of the critics won't see its wide connections. The girl will dominate them. Strange that one should think of her always as a girl that one has known in the early days and then hears her story with the utmost sympathy, some sadness and a profound conviction that it had to be.

I could write pages about facts and persons that are all without exception worthy of you and most searchingly lighted up by your particular Galsworthy rays. Aren't they good! The Major is absolutely wonderful. However You must trust my word that I haven't missed anything. Trés fort tout ça. I haven't been so delighted for I don't know how long. Our dear love to you both

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>PS I've seen your most charming article on the French in the Fortnightly.

<X>**To Sir Sidney Colvin**

<Y>*Text* Private collection; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>8 Sept 17

<G>My dear Colvin.

We shall be delighted to have you on the 17th. Jessie suffers now from a slight bronchitis, but she is improving already and shall be quite her own self by then.

I suppose I shall have an autographed Keats. The moment approaches and I am looking forward with impatience to a copy "fresh from the oven".

Our love to Lady Colvin and yourself.

<F>Tout ... Vous

<S>J. C.

<PS>*PS* Expecting B[oryst] on leave before many days.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>[13 September 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

The news of Eric's decoration must have warmed your hearts, your wife and yours. And your friends are delighted that an opportunity did come to a young man who (no one who knew him had any doubt) knew how to seize it with honour. All luck to him * and may his head grow peacefully grey above that bit of ribbon and that bit of metal that are so little and mean so much. Please send him a hearty hand-clasp from me.

<F>Ever affct^{ly} yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<PS>PS I only asked about Irving because of the other play's suggestion. I am not surprised. Neither do I worry. It's all safe in your hands.

I had to give an interview to an Am. United Press man. I enclose it and hope I haven't committed an indiscretion in your sight.

This moment wire from B[orys] arriving Ashford 4. 30.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Thursday. [13 September 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Please let my boy telephone from your office to his colonel (that was); and give him five pounds in my name.

I am a bit worried about Jessie's bronchitis which seems to have taken hold.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>To John Galsworthy

<Y>Text MS Forbes; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Friday [14 September 1917]

<G>My dearest Jack.

Thanks for your good letter. I am looking forward to the Five Tales proofs with the greatest possible curiosity.

Yes my dear fellow. Do let us see each other soon. Jessie is still kept indoors with her bronchitis * which was very nasty indeed. B[orys]'s arrival yesterday on 10 days' leave bucked her up no end. But I shudder when I think of his departure.

He's gone up today to dine with his C. O. Col: Lithgow, an invitation which he could not refuse and indeed did not want to, as there seems to be a great affection between those two. They had many close shaves together. But from to-morrow we shall have him to ourselves in this rural solitude.

I am sending this to your town address. I understand my dear Jack the longing for the scenes of your youth.

With our dear love to you both.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>15 Sept. '17.

<G>My dear Pinker.

I thought that was their idea; and as I told you at the time I don't want to do anything of the kind. Moreover your judgment in the matter is absolutely right. Whatever price you would get for it would not make up for the interruption. It's altogether my feeling. I ought to stick to the desk and keep hold of my thoughts for dear life.

I return the Otis Wood letter, as requested.

There was no time to communicate with you about the interview * so I accorded it as a matter of policy. A quite inoffensive young fellow came, and in due course sent me his stuff. I wrote to him most politely praising him up, but pointing out that in this matter shades of expression were very important and hoping he would not be offended if [I] sent him a draft-interview based on his suggestions. So what you have read is J. C. interviewed by J. C. every word of it. The dear child thanked me effusively and confessed artlessly * "it's much better than anything I could have done". So everybody is pleased * and I consider myself now an interviewer of genius.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J Conrad.

<PS>PS. Jessie seems to be getting over the beastly bronch: at last.

<X>To Christopher Sandeman

<Y>Text J-A, 2, 196

<Ad>Capel House

<D>15 Sept., 1917.

<G>My dear Sandeman,

I don't know what you think of me by now. The fact, however, is, for what it is worth, that for weeks on end I could not use my right hand; and my mentality has grown so feeble that the simple idea of asking my wife to drop you a line has never occurred to me. Perhaps you thought I was dead? I am forwarding you this proof to the contrary with mixed feelings. This is as near as I dare to give you a hint of them.

Je me demande what on earth one can write to a friend in these times? A speechless stare would about meet the situation, but one can't send that in a letter. And words somehow die on one's lips. Well, at any rate, I can tell you that I rejoice to know that your health is improving, or at least tending that way. I am no longer elastic; so, though I can use my hand, I remain flattened out as before. I can't even produce a bitter smile at the Russian antics; and as to the phraseology of the Press, that has ceased to amuse me a long time ago. My store of cynicism is exhausted. The democratic bawlings of our statesmen at Mme Germania would be dull enough, if history were a comic libretto. But one somehow can't look at it in that way * tho' I believe, in the Victorian Age, a literary man of liberal conditions wrote a comic History of England. That was in the days of the Manchester School; but the days through which we live would make Stupidity itself pause. Do send me a line of forgiveness with news of your health.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>20 Sept '17

<G>My dear Pinker

John is off to school today. Will you please send ch. for 癸-16-0 to A. S. Lamprey Esqre.

Ashford Grammar School

Ashford Kent

I can hardly yet use my hand.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Saturday [22 September 1917]

<G>Dear Pinker

B[orys] having undertaken to get a lot of things for the A[rillery]. Park's theatrical troupe finds himself short of cash and has asked me to lend him 檣. Please do that for him. He will be passing through town on Monday on the way to front and will call at about 12. 30.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>Youth's reception also good. Times a column. Other papers taking notice too. It's a tonic. Hand better.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>27 Sept 17.

<G>My dear Pinker.

I've just had a set of Nostromo proofs. Personally I've been glad to see them. I suppose you've had your say as to the advisability of publishing so soon after Youth.

I am attending to the proofs, and I rather like it. Jolly good stuff. But I had a bad time writing it. And it was your first big contract for me. I shall never forget how pleased you looked getting out of the hansom on your return from seeing Harvey. It was like laying the first stone. **

Am sorry to say Jessie has to stop in bed and have ice treatment for her knee for a few days. I am much better, as you can see from the handwriting, and am working.

You will let me know if anything is done with Irving. Mere curiosity. I am not worrying about *that*. It isn't my own pidgin.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J Conrad.

<X>**To Roman Dmowski**

<Y>*Text* Giertych

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>1st October, 1917

<G>My dear Sir.

Thank you very much for sending me your contribution towards the solution of the great problem. I would have written before only all the last fortnight I was deprived of the use of my right hand.

Your arguments and your conclusions seem to me absolutely incontrovertible. I trust your words won't fall into deaf ears.

The scrupulous fairness of your Polish Scheme and the force of your reasoning should secure assent in any sphere competent to appreciate a statesmanlike proposition.

Believe me very faithfully yours

<S>Joseph Conrad

<X>To Edith Wharton

<Y>Text MS Yale; Karl

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>1 Oct 17.

<G>Dear Mrs Wharton.

I couldn't write before because I was disabled in my right hand. An accident that occurs often, alas!

Many thanks for thinking of me. You can not guess how your gracious, t, has been comforting to me in these hard times. On the very morning the book arrived our eldest boy went away after the usual 10 days' leave from the front. C'est un très brave garçon who tho' he's only nineteen understands his father in a heart-ensnaring way. Somehow the parting was even harder than the time before. Then on returning from the Rway station I saw the summer-blue book on my table.

The first 60 pages might well have been written with one of these quill-feathers one finds lying on some quiet field on a hot brooding summer day. The others too * du reste. But I am not thinking of anything so gross as a goose-quill. It is Chamfort (I think) who says that Racine wrote "avec une plume de tourterelle". I suppose that is the quill-feather *you* found before beginning to write *Summer*. C'est un oiseau qui a la voix douce et une ame passion, e.

You may imagine with what interest I followed step by step your Charity with her bewildered wilfulness and her innate generosity. You know I once attempted too to deal with an untutored soul and in comparison with your *ma~* trise it seems to me the clumsiest thing in the world * even allowing for the difference of characters. As to old Royall il est immense.

But a piece of writing like *Summer* is not to be talked about in that way. That book, no matter where one opens it presents itself en beaut, * toujours en beaut,. And everything is in that; every "name" one wants to look for in it * is in that.

Pardon me for inflicting on you so much of this unlovely scrawl. But before I end I must tell You that I've always loved your rhythms so very fine, distinct and subtle. On opening the book I let myself be carried away by them and I must tell you in all sincerity that it wasn't difficult even under the circumstances. Truly it was a great delight.

Believe me, dear Mrs Wharton, always your very faithful admirer and servant

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>2^d Oct 17.

<G>My dear Pinker

Please pay in something (say 檯) to my acc^t.

Yesterday Dr. Campbell came in from Salisbury and I had to pay 6 for the petrol he picked up in Ash[ford]: Of course he will pay me back but meantime the che: must be met.

I am much exercised by the *Note* to Nostromo. I assume you wish this book to have one? I myself feel it wouldn't be fair to let it go out without. And yet it's awfully difficult to decide what to say about a work (as N is) of pure imaginative invention.

I am getting worried about Jessie. Everything points to the disease of the bone having set in. I don't know how long she will have to remain in bed. In herself she's well. Without John the house is desolate and he himself doesn't seem to be very happy. We've got to live all that down.

<F>Ever aff^{ly} yours

<S>J Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Thursday [4 October 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

To-morrow (Friday) I'll send you preface to Nostromo * the best that's in me in that way * by the morning train. Please give instructions for it being typed (about 1200 words) and returned to me for correction at once (one copy).

I'll send that back on Monday for clean copies (two) one for Dent and one for Am: if D[oubleday] & P[age] want it.

I enclose here a letter from. What does he mean by moaning about Dent? What has he to do with it? Has he been thinking of getting out still another cheap edition? There are two now permanently. The buckram cover and the "Deep Sea" in leather. I think D[oubleday] wants watching, so that we should get *all* the share that is our due.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Sunday Night [7 October 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Jessie typed the thing in bed * I wrought on it with the pen * and so you may have *two* clean copies made of it straight away. (about 2000 w.).

When done please glance at the thing. I think that I give nothing away in it, and that it will not hurt the interest as a *note*. But *at need* it could be printed as a post-script. Your impression ought to settle the point.

When I think that I owe to you this revival, this second chance for my Poor Nostromo I feel more than ever that what you've done for me cannot be reckoned up fairly either in figures * or in adequate words.

What I said of Doubleday was in regard to his trying to play sudden tricks with new editions without warning. You can't suppose surely that I doubted your vigilance over the whole lot of them.

I felt for you, seeing Eric off. It's rather awful. One lives in hope but with set teeth all the time. Did I tell you that B[orers] got his lieutenancy a week ago?

I should like to see you.

<F>Yours ever aff^{ly}

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To Hugh R. Dent

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Monday. [8 October 1917]

<G>Dear M^r Dent.

Herewith the pages: 353-432.

The beginning of Chap. VIII got into the 1st Ed^{on} without being corr^d and pruned by me at the time. The 1st Ed^{on} was most unsatisfactory. You'll find several passages deleted bodily. Pray have all that carried out even if it costs some trouble. For they are really superfluous and this edition of Nostromo (the Cinderella of all my books) may even be reviewed as a new book.

The *Note* will be over 2000 words long. P[inker] has the MS and will send you a typed copy without loss of time. Send me proof of it early to be thought over a little.

<F>Yours sincerely

<S>Joseph Conrad.

Hugh Dent Esq^{re}.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Tuesday. [9 October 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

I have today finished with the proofs of *N* which are going to Dent by this post.

Will you please pay a little into Jessie's acc^t * say 15, and settle this bill for me?

As to Jessie it is absolutely necessary that she should be seen by somebody. For the knee to get into that state while she was actually in bed with bronchitis is a sign of some serious mischief. As I can not shove her easily to town I have accepted the suggestion of our doctor who is a friend of Wilfrid Trotter * the surgeon * and who proposes to ask him to come and see Jessie the very next time he comes to stay with him in Ashford, which he does fairly often. Perhaps next week.

I am anxious. She just can stand and no more and it doesn't seem to improve in the least. It has never been like this since the operation. After the ice treatment the pain has subsided but that's all. Otherwise her health and spirits are good.

John has settled down after two weeks at school and no doubt will be as much of a monkey there as he was at home. I am working. *N* interrupted me a little of course. The first edition was full of misprints (Dent set up from it) the others came on top of that * so it took some "reading". Besides I went over the text (cutting out here and there and altering passages) because I hope it will be "noticed" almost as a new work * who knows? I have been cheered up and stimulated greatly.

Quite a mental change.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Wednesday. [10 October 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Herewith copy for D[oubleday]. P[age]. and I hope they will make good (business) use of it. I am glad you approve of it as a preface. I feared I had given away too much of the inside, though Jessie thought not.

My dear fellow I'll be most happy to come * perhaps on a Friday so as to get back home in good time for the Sunday. John coming on Fri: evening would relieve me with Jessie. It's awfully dull for her in that low darkish room; and there's nobody here but Lady Millais likely to call on her, as most people we know are gone. Then there is still the surgeon business. I should like to know on what date he may be down in our neighbourhood, before I suggest a day for you to see whether it would be convenient for Mrs Pinker. By that time I'll have also, I hope, my hand out of cotton-wool. I am using it in bandages yet and I don't like to exhibit myself in that state. 'Tisn't pretty.

I am sending you also a letter I had from the Ven[erable]: Dent. Do you know anything of the book whose advent stirs his heavy bosom with fear?

Can't the Esthetic Israelite be induced to do a republication of the Nigger (with the suppr^{ed} preface) and of Typhoon with an Author's note? But perhaps it would not be worthwhile **

B. Macdonald Hastings (who is in Hastings) has applied for leave to lunch here on Saturday. I'll throw into his dead-level brain the grain of a play which I have had in my mind for some time. That is if I observe him in a receptive mood. I suppose it will be safe? He seems "indifferent honest" as Shakespeare says.

Thanks for your good words to us, and for your message to the boy which I'll send on to him at once. He's been promoted under the "Winston Scheme". A whole batch of them, bosom friends from Salisbury Plain days, got their second pip together after 2 years' service.

<F>Ever afftely yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Sunday. [14 October 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

I am giving you no peace but you must forgive me. The present request is whether you would be good enough to telephone from your office for a pair of crutches for Jessie. I ask you instead of writing direct because in this war-time one firm may not be able to take the order and another may. It'll save time.

The first people to try would be Arnold and Sons. But I put all the particulars on a separate piece of paper which you can give to Miss Allen for the actual inquiries.

M. H[astings] spent a whole afternoon here. I hinted casually at the play-subject and he became so keenly interested that we talked of nothing else for 3½ hours on end. We became lost to the world and (pray don't faint) after agreeing on the march of the action and on the character of the personages (10 in all) we settled the first act, which H promised to send me roughly written, together with the complete scenario of the whole, in about a fortnight. He said: I want to go to work at once under a fresh impression. It can't do us any harm to have a play ready. * So far he is right. The idea is that he will write on folded sheets so that I have half the space for modifying the dialogue which must be Conradesque.

He didn't seem to think me impracticable * quite the contrary. My ideas appeared to him new but struck him as good * I mean in details. The whole idea of the play is wholly mine and that he has wholly accepted from the first. So that point is beyond question. Subject: Faked old Master. Scene Italy. People *all* English (including one Jew). Four women. Six men. Stage setting: the big drawing-room and the terrace outside it in an old Italian Palazzo in the hills, near Sienna.

I don't think there's any risk with M. H. really. And anyway it wouldn't be great. It isn't any new discovery in the way of a plot and has no value in itself.

H told me (but perhaps you know it?) that C means to try V. in Atlantic City first, then maybe in a few other places before bringing it to N. Y. H regrets that neither of us can go over to assist with the actual production. He really tried to sound me on the subject, I believe.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Wed. [17 October 1917]

<G>Dear Pinker

I am so sorry to keep on worrying. Allen & Hanbury sent crutches only 38 in long instead of forty-eight * which I am sending back of course.

Since Arnold & Son seem to have a stock would you ask them to send any pair at once, *providing* they are of such make that they can be shortened here to the exact length.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Thursday [18 October 1917]

<G>Dearest Pinker

I have ordered the stock crutches from Arnold.

Pray pay in ☐ to my bank to make sure in* meeting Arnold's cheque.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. C.

<X>To John Galsworthy

<Y>Text MS Forbes; Marrot 479

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>21st Oct '17.

<G>Dearest Jack.

The only thing that can be said of the stories without the slightest qualification is that they are. I mean they are from the first line to the last. Tho' I've read them more than once I should like to keep the vol. till we meet either here or in town. Anyway in work like that there is no choice to make. The first is in studio language trŠs fort. The second is apart from the wonderful characterisation of all these people a most entertaining tale in its, what would be called in a play, intrigue. But perhaps the one of the whole lot which appeals to me most is the story of poor M^r J. Forsythe's last coup-de-coeur. There are things in it that for delicacy and insight and tenderness of treatment can't be matched anywhere * out of your own pages.

I am still half paralysed mentally; but what's worst poor Jessie is laid up with something that's happening in that wretched knee. I fear another operation will be necessary. She's more crippled than ever before and a month's rest has done absolutely nothing. * Do drop me a line as to your movements. Our love to you both

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Wednesday. [24 October 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Brownrigg having asked me to lunch with him I suggested to-morrow (Thursday) and shall be in your office between 12 and one. B-gg will 'phone in the course of the morning.

It strikes me that Jessie having her crutches now, and her sister coming tomorrow for the day, and the weather being good that perhaps you would have me for the night tomorrow? We could go down together and go up on Friday morning (still quarrelling violently).

Anyway I'll bring a bag and leave it at Ch^g + on the chance that you'll find it convenient. But pray don't let me be a nuisance to Mrs Pinker who may not like sudden invasions. It's just a suggestion.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J Conrad.

<X>To Edward Garnett

<Y>Text MS Indiana; G. 273

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>27 Oct '17.

<G>My dearest Edward.

I asked Jessie to drop you a line on receipt of the book which was delayed somehow.

I got back home last night. Dead lame, as usual after an excursion. While away I saw the Outlook article which in its prosy way seemed to me good.

Your opening pages are excellent, excellent! I was much delighted with your masterly thrusts at all that thick-headed crowd. As to the rest of the book you know that I *do* know it well. I re-read your prefaces often. You have fused them together with great skill and judgment and I suppose you had to do that; but for my part I regret every word left out * no doubt wisely, but still **

Do remember us affectionately to your wife. I suppose D[avid] doesn't remember those two figures from the immemorial past when he was five or thereabouts and sailed in an (iron?) tub with me. Those were good times! These Ghosts send a warm greeting to him.

<F>Ever yours

<S>J. Conrad

<PS>Jessie's love. She's laid up with the knee.

PS B[orvis] was here for 10 days about a month ago. He's just got his second star after 18 months at the front. He was recommended for promo[ti]^{on} after the Somme push but these things are slow in coming. He inquired affectionately after you * and so did Hope when he was here last July.

<X>To Mary Pinker

<Y>Text MS Morgan; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>28 Oct 17.

<G>Dear Mrs Pinker.

I hope that the visit to the dentist was not too painful. Hanging about all the morning in the dusty corridors and the grimy dens of the Admiralty I gave you a sympathetic thought more than once.

Lunching with your husband I recovered my spirits, which had sunk very low in that cavern * I mean the Admiralty. He's kindness itself, but next time I shall hire a man to follow me or adopt the practice of the late D^r Hueffer (the father of Ford Madox) who used to go visiting in the country with a tooth-brush and a pair of socks in the pocket of his frock-coat for all luggage. I can't have J. B. P. carrying my bag. And it was no use protesting. He is a masterful personality and indeed when I have to argue with him I prefer to do it by letter, always.

I hope you will get this before the end of the month. I missed the post last night * not by my fault though. My wife thanks you for your kind message and sends her love. She will be radiographed on Monday and the Great Man is coming to see her in the course of next week, and give his verdict.

It was delightful to see you and not the oldest but the most helpful in *every* way, and indeed I may say the most devoted of my friends in your home surroundings. With my warm thanks for the charming friendliness of your reception I am, dear Mrs Pinker, always your very faithful and obedient servant

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>31 Oct 17.

<G>My dear Pinker.

The surgeon is coming down here on Sat next. (Wilfrid Trotter). His fee may be merely nominal and in any case will not be very heavy but please send into my acc^t 橄, so that I may write him a cheque.

I think there can be no doubt of there being an operation in Dec^{er}. Jessie's idea is to shut up the house completely, to sell the piano (she even is offering it for the price we paid) so that we can get a better instrument next spring; for herself she prefers to go to an hospital (Lond. Univ. Hosp) as paying patient than to go to a nurs^s home. As to me I think I had better take a small flat (2½ gns per week. I see several advertised) where Nellie Lyons can do the housekeeping for me and look after me too in case of gout. There I could work too * which I couldn't do in a hotel.

It will be a matter of fully six weeks before we can return down here. But it neednt be six weeks lost to me. On the contrary I'll feel more at ease when something has been done.

Coming to see you has done me good. I've done some good work since my return. I didn't look yet at the Naval reports. I may do so next Sunday.

I wonder where Eric will be sent *now*! B[orys] is still at the old front.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>PS Pray send TM25 to C. Hayward & Son. New Rents Ashford. Kent. There will be no more of such extravagance in the future.

<X>To G. Jean-Aubry

<Y>*Text* MS Yale; *L. fr.* 138

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>3 Nov. '17.

<G>Cher Monsieur.

Je regrette bien vivement de ne pas pouvoir vous prier de venir ici sans plus tarder. Le fait est que ma femme est bien souffrante en ce moment-ci. Il est question d'une operation et nous attendons demain un medecin de Londres qui prononcera.

Peut-être a Votre retour d'Ecosse nous pourrons arranger une entrevue ici ou a Londres. Ce sera un grand plaisir pour moi. Croyez moi bien a Vous

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<C>Translation

<G>Dear Sir.

I regret very acutely not being able to invite you to come here without further delay. The fact is that my wife is quite unwell at present. The matter concerns an operation and we await a doctor from London tomorrow who will give a verdict.

Perhaps on Your return from Scotland we can arrange a meeting here or in London. That would give me great pleasure.

Believe me sincerely Yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Sunday. 1. pm. [4 November 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

The great man has been and gone.

Verdict: very serious; but he wishes to have another exam^{on} under Chloroform * (will have to come to town for that) before deciding whether operation is to be done at once or after 3 months' preliminary treatment to reduce the nervous hyper-aesthesia of the nerves involved.

All this means amputation. But, as he said to me: no surgeon will take a limb off without making certain beyond all doubt that it *must* be done.

Many thanks for Your letter. I'll write again soon.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[Capel House}

<D>Wednesday. [7 November 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Thanks for your lines. Trotter must get in touch with D^r Tebb who has seen the operation in 1904 and will be able to tell him what B. Clark has done or left undone. Tebb is inspecting certain factories for the Gov^t and it may take some time to catch him; so I don't expect to hear from Trotter till next week.

His fee here was ten gs and for the next exam^{on} in London it won't be so much probably. It will be on another footing I guess since he's going to take up the case either for treatment or for operation. That being so I've written to an agent for letting flats as the treatment will have to be in London. Say 3 months.

Bad as it all is (for Jessie really is having an awful time) I know I wanted a change; and now I shall get it (there is no option) and it'll have its effect for all the attendant worry. The mere knowledge that something is to be done for Jessie has enabled me to get hold of my thoughts and concentrate on the story. It is *really* going on.

B[orys] saw R[etinger]. off to Switzerland from Paris * very ill. The Italian business has apparently finished him off. And there is that poor girl with a 6 months' baby in Lausanne. Tragic affair, for as you may imagine peace or no peace the Germans and Austrians won't forgive him in a hurry. A lot of his books (some fine editions) and a piece of furniture or two are stored in London. His old housekeeper has written to us. I shall write once more to him to ask whether he wants us to take them out of warehouse for him or not. I shouldn't like them to be sold for charges without making an effort to save the things.

Jane's leaving Paris (for the Xth time) on Friday for London. Friday is a bad day. But if she really manages to get away it will [be] good for Jessie to whom she is very devoted. It will be a fine opportunity to show the devotion for the next 2-3 months won't be a cheerful time, whatever happens. ** I hate to be always asking *you* for money but there is *Miss N. Lyons* Ch: (□), due now. * I passed revise of Nostr^o preface last Thursday. Are they really going to publish this year?

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>To H. L. Mencken
<Y>Text Blodgett

<Ad>Capel House
Orlestone
Nr. Ashford
<D>11 Nov. 17

<G>Dear Mr. Mencken:

Thanks for your friendly note. The book too has arrived * and I need not tell you that the appreciation of a mind so alert, so penetrating and so unprejudiced is a matter of the greatest possible gratification and interest to me, I can't help feeling that you make perhaps too much of what there is in me. But as on one hand I have the greatest respect for your critical faculty (*respect* as apart from admiration which is there too) and on the other I am conscious of absolute sincerity (as I look back on my work) well then, I suppose it must be so. It remains for me to thank you warmly for the generous terms in which you express your judgment, for the tone of friendliness toward the man * and his effort.

There are a few little matters of fact: as for instance the impression (expressed by dear Clifford) that I ever hesitated between French and English. I could not have done so. If I hadn't had the English to write I would never have written at all. You may take my word for it. I certainly was not writing or even working at *Alm: Folly* for five years. I carted it about with me for that length of time, simply because I have the habit of sticking to things but I had even no opportunities to think about it (still less to toil over it). The MS (which J[ohn]. Q[uiinn]. has got right enough) is the freest from erasures of all my MSS. What did I care * what did I know then? To address my fellowmen at large on any subject or even with a yarn, did not seem to me a serious occupation. I have learned since, by arduous experience that it is * or that it can be. But the experience (very bitter at times) was purely personal, belonging to "ma vie interieure" as the French say. No MS of mine * not a single one * was hawked about. Unwin accepted *Al Folly* and asked for the next. Henley accepted the *Nigger* on the strength of 3 chapters for the "New Review," and Heinemann did the same for book form of that work. The contract for *Typhoon* stories was signed 3 years before the book appeared. I sent Karain to Mr. Blackwood (and marked my own price on it) who accepted it. Everything else that appeared in *Maga* was asked for and *Heart of Darkness* was written by special request for the M number of that venerable periodical. My contracts here with Methuen and now with Dent were business transactions for works unseen * unwritten.

The difficulty was the writing: ill health, blank weeks, nay months, that won't (in the words of Winnie Verloc) bear thinking about. And for the rest I can only say: Nous avons vecu. One boy of 19 at the front since 1915 * another of 11 at school, and the solitude and silence (conditions of life) so loyally shared without a shadow of repining by my wife go on * as before. Two, three more books may yet come of it. Quien sabe.

I was especially pleased by your references to *Nostromo*. A new edition is coming out with a short preface. I shall send you a copy. I enclose here a photograph taken in Poland in 1914. Something that hasn't been knocking about in illustrated papers.

<F>Yours cordially,

<S>Joseph Conrad

<X>To Sir Sidney Colvin

<Y>Text MS Hofstra; J-A, 2, 197

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>12 Nov. Monday 1917.

<G>My dear Colvin

This morning on opening my eyes I saw the noble vol delicately deposited by my side, while I slept, by Jessie's instructions (I live en vieux garçon, in the spare-room now); and now after reading the preface and looking at the illustrations I sit down en robe-de-chambre and pantoufles to thank You for the copy, for the inscription, and for your invariable friendship in letters and in life, and, in association with dear Lady Colvin, extended to my nearest and dearest on earth.

You have been very much in my thoughts of late, for I can feel with you (and for you) in the present posture of Italian affairs. This morning Gibbon's corr^{ce} in the D. C. is very reserved. For me there seems nothing possible but the Brenta-Astico line, the first river-position which is not liable to be outflanked from the north. It's true that Venice would be then on the right of the front but the allied squadrons could cover it efficiently, and in any case the brunt of the enemy's attack could not be delivered along the sea-shore where our heavy naval guns would come into play. I don't know anything about the state of water in both these rivers. It is no doubt torrential and variable; but the mere river-bed is an advantage in front of a solidly occupied position. The Adige line would give up too much all at once it seems to me; and then (one hates to write it) in case of further reverse on the Brenta there would be *that* to fall back on. * I have been fearing this for the last 3 months. I told Borys when he was here in Sept. It seems to me that a blind man could have seen that those people were hanging on by their eyebrows in the north: As to treachery I simply don't believe in it. Poor Cadorna spoke in the bitterness of his heart * unreasonably. It was a purely military defeat. And that can be retrieved. It is moral rottenness that is irretrievable. But I can't believe that an army, who had gone through a most arduous campaign with credit and had just won a notable success, could go suddenly rotten in patches * like this. An army is not a parliament. Italians are not Russians who (nobody would believe me in 1914) who are born rotten. Of course it is a great blow, and I don't think the arrival of the great and mysterious Col. House makes up for it * quite. We shall telephone to you our arrival in town, which may be this week. Our dear love to your house.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: The Norfolk Hotel,
Surrey Street, Strand,
London, W. C. 2.]

<D>[17? November 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

We arrived (by road) yesterday afternoon. I am off flat-hunting, so as to get out of this hotel as soon as possible, and shall turn up at your Office about 12-30.

<F>Ever Your

<S>J. C.

<X>**To Alice Rothenstein**

<Y>*Text* MS postcard, Harvard; Unpublished

<Ad>[4C Hyde Park Mansions]

<D>November 25th. [1917]

Our address after today will be as follows. **

4 Hyde Park Mansions

Flat C.

Marylebone Road

N. W.

Shall be glad to see you anytime. Will let you know when I leave.

<F>Yours.

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Norfolk Hotel]

<D>26th. Nov 1917.

<G>Dearest Pinker

I have signed agreement for flat up to 26 Febr [19]18 on Sat and given them a cheque for the whole term which with the cost of agreement and fee for taking the inventory amounts to 檳-4-6.

The agreement for paying in advance seemed to be in the usual form, and any discussion as to that would have prevented us coming in this morning. And I *do* want to get in and sit down to work.

Jessie will be leaving here about 2 o'clock in a Rolls Royce car(!) lent by a friendly doctor. I'll be off presently to the flat with most of the luggage.

I'll have to draw a cheque for the hotel acct today. The surgeon has not fixed yet the date for exam^{on}. Can hardly be before Friday on account of Sir R. Jones' arrangements. I'll run in and see you about 12. 30 if I can.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. C.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Talbot House,
Arundel Street,
Strand,
London WC2.]

<D>Tuesday. [27 November 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Sorry I missed you. What do you think of our taking Miss Hallows on (half time) to take from dictation and also to type from MS? Somebody will have to do that last anyhow, and I believe the girl will be useful to me in many ways.

Have you a wine merchant in London? And would you mind ordering him to send me a case of Beaune (red) and $\frac{1}{2}$ doz Chablis (white)? I detest buying wine in grocers' shops. You don't mind?

The Hotel bill was 棘odd for $9\frac{1}{2}$ days. 4 people so I havent much left in the bank. We are settled down. I worked last night and this morning.

<F>Yours

<S>J. C.

<X>To B. Macdonald Hastings

<Y>Text MS Colgate; Unpublished

<Ad>4. C Hyde Park Mansions
Marylebone Rd NW.

<D>28 Nov '17

<G>My dear Hastings.

I've just had your letter and I agree with your views completely. I can't say I would feel *very* unhappy if Irving were to drop the play, for to be frank I believe in the play much more than in the actor.

I quite understand that you are too busy with the actualities of your present life to give much (or any) thought to the projected play. The time will come sooner or later, for this (or some other) subject to be taken up by us again. We are at the above address for the next three months. Pray remember should you by some chance be in town during that period that the Edgware Road (Met) Station is within a minute's walk from 4 Hyde Pk Mans^{ons} (Flat C) and the Edg. Road (tube) Sta. only 5 minutes walk. I don't send you the tel No. because I am not on the telephone in this place.

It would be a very great pleasure to see you at any time. My wife will be probably in a nursing home for some six weeks. But as a matter of fact the surgeons have not pronounced yet as to what is to be done with that unlucky knee.

United kind regards

<F>I am always your

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[4C Hyde Park Mansions]

<D>Wednesday. [28 November 1917]

<G>Dear Pinker

I send over Nellie as I want to go on working till six today when I am under promise to go to Brixton to see Catherine Willard in *Ghosts*.

Please give N. five notes for me; and pray when you send Jessie her money let her have it in notes, as cheques are not any use here, in this strange land inhabited by suspicious natives. So sorry to give you all these various kinds of trouble. But it won't be so all the time.

I shall see Miss Hallows to-morrow and arrange with her for giving me part of every day. I am sure she will be very useful.

I dined yesterday with Jack * Sir James (most amiable and quite lively) and Massingham. You are quite right as to him. A man of worth; but he was somewhat dismal. We walked down the Strand together at 11 pm and he was very friendly. John's going back to school on Thursday.

I am to meet W. L. George next Sunday week at lunch. Is he one of your men? Anyway can you tell me which is considered the best of his novels. I want to read something of his. I have heard people enthusing over *The Bed of Roses*. If you happen to have that book please lend it to me. Jessie's love.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad

<PS>Do you feel at all disposed to look us up? Taste the house-lunch or something of the sort. We will send out for the beer. Edgware Road (met) is nearly opposite our door.

<X>To Sir Sidney Colvin

<Y>Text MS Duke; Unpublished

<Ad>4. C. Hyde Pk Mansions
Marylebone Rd
<D>30 Nov. 17.

<G>Dearest Colvin.

You may be sure I would have called this afternoon with a report, only unfortunately I got a touch of gout during the night and only just managed to give Jessie a look-in in her "home" about 9. 30 this morning. I have been nursing the wretched foot ever since, and it's much better.

Sir Robert Jones and M^r Trotter examined Jessie yesterday at six pm. The verdict generally is against the amputation. The details I hope to give viva voce to Lady Colvin and Yourself on Sunday afternoon. I am only 2 stations from Nott^s Hill Gate (on the Met:) and that will be my route to your Castle henceforth.

Jessie took the anaesthetics* very well. As Sir Robert said: she went off smiling and came-to smiling. The night was not very good * but then she's used to bad nights. I found her at 9. 30 sitting up very good knitting a sock. She chased me back to the flat promptly to put my foot up but not so promptly as to forget to send her dear love to Lady Colvin and Yourself.

* in which I humbly join. A bient^{ôt} donec.

<F>Ever yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>PS J. will be in the home till Monday, at least

3. York Place

Baker S^t.

She wanted me to tell you she was very comfortable there and surrounded by kindly attentions.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[4C Hyde Park Mansions]

<D>Friday. [30 November 1917]

<G>Dear Pinker.

Jessie will remain a couple of days in the nursing home 3 York Place. Baker St.

Sir Robert Jones took a nominal fee, only 5 gs. and Wilfrid Trotter declared to me that he was not going to take any more of my money. He will look after Jessie till she can be made to walk either by treatment or otherwise. There will be some splints of a special kind to get and Sir Robert Jones intends to fix it himself when he is again in London in 10 days' time. Apparently also without a fee!

I've been quite upset in a way by those men's kindness. The whole business yesterday has not cost more than seven guineas (including the anaesthetist's* fee). I have given cheques for that amount and there may not be quite enough in the bank to meet them. Jessie has the cheapest room * 1 guinea a day.

The worst is that I've got a bad foot and can't come myself to tell you all about everything. Dr Mackintosh had John for 3 days now, and is coming today to see me. Another generous soul.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. C.

<X>To Arthur Symons

<Y>*Text* MS Virginia; Hunter (1985, 3)

<Ad>[4C Hyde Park Mansions]

<D>Sat: evg. [1 or 8 December 1917?]

<G>My dear Symons

I can't fix a day as Sir R. Jones may turn up from L'pool any day (after Tuesday) to put on the splint himself and that visitation is sure to happen some time in the middle of the day. And I should like to be present, of course.

I would have named Monday but for that day I've an old engagement which it is impossible to throw over, as it's *my* invitation. So sorry!

I'll drop you a line immediately after Jones has been and done it.

I think that short piece very fine indeed. Gets home all right both in idea and in the whole detail of expression.

Our love to you both

<F>Ever Yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To Richard Curle

<Y>Text MS Indiana; Curle 39

<Ad>4. C. Hyde Park Mansions.
Marylebone R^d
N. W.

<D>2^d Dec. '17.

<G>My dear Richard

We are at this address for 3 months so that Jessie should be treated for her unlucky knee joint. Of late she was fairly in the way of becoming a cripple for the rest of her days. Something has to be done.

We had news of the success of the operation; and we send you here our affectionate congratulations on your final escape from the disease which has hung on to you so long.

I had a lot of worry and anxiety of late, about Jessie of course, and also other things. Such days have to be lived through. As to news * Well! All one's interior and private life is knocked into a cocked hat every morning by the public news of which you know as much as I do.

As 13 years ago, when Jessie was going to be operated, Nostromo is coming out. History repeats itself. Only I hope that this time N won't be the black frost he was at his first appearance. I wrote a short preface, "trŠs intime".

But all these things seem to have no importance now. One can't imagine a single human being likely to be the least bit interested in such matters.

Unless perhaps You!

And so I have preserved most carefully *for you* the corrected (first) proof of the new Edition where you will be able to see at a glance all the corrections and the few changes I have felt myself compelled to make. Some of them do bear on the very passages you quote in your book on me.

This you must pardon me. I thought a great deal about you before making them. Of course the changes are merely verbal and affect no more than a dozen words. Moreover I think you'll approve * in the end.

It's late. I am tired and nervous and chilly. So * "au revoir", for the present. Jessie sends her love.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[4C Hyde Park Mansions]

<D>Tuesday. [4 December 1917]

<G>Dear Pinker

The enclosed speaks for itself. I am awfully sorry. What may be said is that of the amount she would have expected the 橄
of the relinquished pension. So it isn't *quite* as bad as it looks.

If I can go on only as I've begun (under adverse circumstances) there will be soon something complete in your hands.

My face is going down under treatment and I may be able to dine with Jack and E. V. Lucas on Thursday as I've been asked to do.

<F>Ever yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>PS I've answered the man saying the matter would be put right in a few days.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[4C Hyde Park Mansions]

<D>Monday. [17 December 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

On Friday I got an attack of gout which came on with great severity while I was dining out.

However, it didn't stop the working, tho' it laid me up. I shan't be able to go out for another 3-4 days yet * if even then.

I am writing to M. H[astings]. today, both as to Miss L McCarthy and the American proposal relative to the Western Eyes dramatisation. Should he be willing to take that up (with me) the arrangement of the best terms with H. Neagle would not take you very long, I suppose. This after all is not an affair which need be pushed on with any haste.

At best we couldn't deliver the play before six months from the signature of the contract.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>**To B. Macdonald Hastings**

<Y>*Text* MS Colgate; Unpublished

<Ad>[4C Hyde Park Mansions]

<D>19 Dec 1917.

<G>My dear Hastings.

These are my sentiments entirely, both as to "Western Eyes" and the diplomatic conduct you recommend me to follow with Lillah.

G. C. certainly is much more promising and I wish you all luck in the negotiations. In regard to "Western Eyes" I have already presented the "gold bag" view to Pinker with all the force of which I was capable. I think we may trust him to do the best from that point of view. I share your opinion as to the play to be got out of W. E. But those people are asking for it themselves and I think we could work at it together in goodwill and harmony.

<F>Yours very sincerely

<S>Joseph Conrad

<PS>PS I am forwarding your letter to P who will know how to proceed.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[4C Hyde Park Mansions]

<D>Wednesday. [19 December 1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

I send you the enclosed for your information. As to what there is to do you know it best. I mean as to the Neagle(?) proposal.

I have been doing well since I began to dictate. No day less than 500 words the first week and an average of 700w per day the second week.

Edward saw a lot of pages and seems to think the stuff good. Miss H[allowes]. leaves town for a week, on Friday. I shall see then how I get on with pen and ink. Pray send me ☐ in notes (when you send Jessie's money) for my Ch^{mas} expenses.

My best wishes to you and all yours.

Will you be at all in the office during the Xmas week? I should like to know.

I am not fit to get out yet. If you do come to the office next week then the day you do so should be the day for lunching here with us.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J Conrad

<X>To Sir Sidney Colvin

<Y>Text MS Duke; Unpublished

<Ad>[4C Hyde Park Mansions]

<D>30 Dec. '17

<G>My dear Colvin.

I just got out for one half-hour the other day to raid Your library and carried off one Maine, two Carlyles (of Froude) and two Goncourts.

I left the other lot of books but made no attempt to replace them on the shelves.

I was grieved to hear of your cold. I hope it is over and that you will begin the year 18th free of all ailments.

I have no such hope for myself. This thing sticks to me but still I've been able to work all through it, and I hope that by Wed^{ay} I will be able to move freely out of doors.

A Naval Officer just gone out. Great regret afloat and ashore at the change of First Sea Lord. Jellicoe accepted the peerage I suppose on account of his wife (a Miss Cayzer * of Cayzer Irvine & C^o. Shipowners) who is rich. And they haven't given up yet the hope of a boy.

Our dear love and best wishes to you both.

<F>Ever yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>**To Edward Garnett**
<Y>*Text* MS Free: G. 274

<Ad>[Capel House]
<D>Sunday [30 December 1917]

<G>Dearest Edward.

Will you come early and spend the first evening of 1918 with us (Tuesday)? No need to answer this unless you can't come. My heart failed me at the last moment when on the point of sending you my MS. But don't flatter yourself. It was the Post Office (in the holiday rush) that I was afraid to trust. If that copy had gone astray it would have been a disaster as there is no other yet.

It's here provisionally corrected waiting for you.

Do try to come. All our loves

<F>Yours ever

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>If we don't hear by Tuesday midday we shall expect you for supper according to precedent.

<X>To Andr, Gide

<Y>Text MS Doucet; L. fr. 138

<Ad>4. c. Hyde Park Mansions
Marylebone Road
London N. W.
<D>Dec 30. '17

<G>TrŠs cher Gide.

Rien que quelques lignes pour Vous envoyer nos souhaits du jour de l'an.

Merci de Votre lettre. I[ll] y a eu dans le "Times" une etude sur vous. L'avez vous vue? C'est intelligent jusqu'... un certain point et c'est respectueux. Mais ĩa manque de profondeur et puis c'est trop court. On ne peut pas dire grand chose sur A. Gide dans deux collonnes* du Supp^{ment} Litt,raire du Times. Du reste il y a la une admiration contenue qui perce sous les phrases assez ternes et qui rend l'article sympathetique en son ensemble.

Je ne travaille pas. J'ai presque cess, de penser au travail. Je pense a mes amis en v,rit, mais je n'ai rien a leur dire. Une fois la plume a la main c'est un recul comme de peur. Enfin.

<F>a vous de coeur

<S>Joseph Conrad

<PS>PS Nous sommes ici pour six semaines pour que ma femme puisse suivre un traitement pour son genou malade qui la tourmente fort.

Ma femme, Jean, vous envoient leur amiti,s bien affectueuses. Le grand garĥon est quelque part prŠs de Cambrai. Ces lettres sont courtes et rageuses. Quelle b^te d'affaire!

<C>Translation

<G>Very dear Gide.

Nothing but a few lines to send You our good wishes for the new year.

Thank you for your letter. There has been a study of you in the "Times". Have you seen it? It is intelligent up to a certain point and respectful. But it lacks depth and then it is too short. One cannot say great things about A. Gide in two columns of the Times Literary Supplement. Otherwise, an evident admiration pierces through the commonplace phrases and renders the article sympathetic as a whole.

I am not working. I have almost ceased to think about work. I think of my friends, in truth, but I have nothing to say to them. Once the pen is in my hand, there is a recoil as of fear.

<F>Yours affectionately

<S>Joseph Conrad

<PS>PS We are here for six weeks, so that my wife can undergo treatment for her injured knee which gives her great pain. My wife and John send you their affectionate regards. The big boy is somewhere near Cambrai. His letters are short and ill-tempered. What a beastly affair!

<X>**To T. Fisher Unwin**

<Y>*Text* MS Colgate; Unpublished

<Ad>4. c. Hyde Pk Mansions
Marylebone R^d
NW.

<D>30 Dec '17

<G>Dear Sir

Thanks very much for the extremely interesting book on the Adelphi. I ought to have thanked You before for the 4 vols of Service's verses. The fact is the books reached me only the day before yesterday as they have been delayed in the country, till the people got our instructions to send everything up.

We are here for a month to get surgeons advice on my wife's knee. I can't say I enjoy being in town. It's simply awful.

Pray accept for Mrs Unwin and yourself our best wishes for the coming year.

Believe me very faithfully yours

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>To Elizabeth Dummett

<Y>Text J-A, 2, 199

<Ad>4c Hyde Park Mansions,
Marylebone Road, N. W.

<D>31 Dec., 1917.

<G>Dear Mrs. Dummett,

Our best wishes for the New Year, * as far as one dares to formulate wishes in those years of never-ending deceptions.

As I have no doubt that don Roberto will appear *chez vous* to-morrow with his felicitations, will you please give him from us his share of these timid but sincere good wishes and the assurance of our great affection?

My *Nostramo* is to re-appear in Jan[uar]y; don't be surprised if you have to wait a little for your copy. I am having it specially bound for you and I apprehend there will be the usual "war-time" delay in that as in other things.

I must thank you for the special pleasure you gave me that day I lunched at your house. I didn't say anything then, being intimidated by W. L. George and W. L. George's wife. But I was delighted to hear that you liked my last story in the *Between the Tides* vol:- I mean the story about Anne. I have been much abused for it, * privately and publicly * and your words were like dew in the desert: for I too have a weakness for that story.

Since, I had no opportunity to speak to you. When you called the other day, I was much grieved at not being presentable. Don Roberto talking of Colombia and other things was perfectly delightful. I hope he got rid of the cough which was tormenting him.

Directly I am fit again to appear amongst my fellowmen I shall come *vous saluer chez vous*, and perhaps may bring the book with me. Till then I remain as always your most faithful and obedient friend and servant.

<X>To Ada and John Galsworthy

<Y>Text MS Forbes; Unpublished

<Ad>[4C Hyde Park Mansions]

<D>31 Dec. '17.

<G>Dearest Ada and Jack.

All good to you in this new year. I am glad to hear you are beginning it "nearly well" in health. In these times that's pretty good. I envy dear Jack his hot fit of work. I am chilly, chilly. Still I do something every day but it all seems without relief and colour and strangely remote * directly I lay it aside. Every morning is a new, painful start and a calling for help to the gods who are deaf * every morning.

I am really no worse than in other years, but in town one feels it more. At Capel I could crawl to the door in my dressing gown (and on two sticks) for a little air and sun. If only for 5 minutes. Here it's like being in jail. John stands London wonderfully well. Never bored. That kid has more than a spoonful of brains in his head. What it will come to of course no one can say.

Mons. B[orys] expects his ticket of leave any day, and in the end may not get it till God knows when. Meantime Jessie expects to see him walk in any moment. She begins to feel the confinement and the suspense; and there is a good deal of pain too.

Our dear love to you both. Ever Yours * not very exhilarated but faithful

<S>J. Conrad

<X>To E. L. and Helen Sanderson

<Y>Text MS Yale; J-A, 2, 198

<Ad>[4C Hyde Park Mansions]

<D>31 Dec 17.

<G>My dear Helen and Ted.

Our warmest New Year wishes to you, to dear Ted and to your children near and far.

Ever since that evening when I was so unfortunately out when you called I've been more or less laid up with gout decorated with bronchial symptoms * a very artistic specimen indeed. And I am thoroughly sick of it. I darent put my nose outside the door; and my fine projects of haunting the Elstree School doorstep seem but mad dreams to my sobered fancy.

And all through it, with groans and imprecations, I have been working every morning. You can imagine what sort of stuff that is. No colour, no relief, no tonality; the thinnest possible squeaky babble. And when I've finished with it I shall go out and sell it in the market place for 20 times the money I had for the Nigger * 30 times the money I had for the Mirror of the Sea **

It is a horrible prospect. And because I have not enough Satanism in my nature I can't enjoy it. I am really a much more decent person than you would think. It's a great disadvantage.

I don't know why I've told you all this; but I feel better for it. Our dear love to you all. Remember me specially to Ian.

A young naval officer has just been to see me with a fine story, a fight with a submarine. They bagged the beast after a 20 minutes' action.

Our dear love to you all. Ever yours in heart and mind

<S>Joseph Conrad.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<D>Saturday. [1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

Many thanks. Herewith the tobacco bill.

<F>Your

<S>J. C.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<D>Sat. [1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

Thanks for my cheque and for the 2 books which reached me to-day.

You are very good to let me worry You thus.

<F>Ever yours

<S>J. C.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Saturday [1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

Ever so sorry to bother you but the Inc: Tax man begs me to fill in the form.

Could you just send a note of inc[ome]: no detailed statement is necessary as the man knows me * and as a matter of fact fills in my form himself. We do it together in his office.

<F>Ever Your

<S>J. C.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Friday. [1917]

<G>My dear Pinker

Thanks for letter and all the cheques. Give my hearty greetings to Eric * and all good luck to him. I shall certainly want to hear when I see you all about his adventures and his views.

No more to-day.

<F>Ever Yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<D>Thursday [1917]

<G>Dear Pinker

Will you please settle this bill for me

<F>Your

<S>J Conrad

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<G>Dear P

Yes. Please pay this

<F>Your

<D>[1917]

<S>J. C.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; Unpublished

<Ad>[letterhead: Capel House]

<D>Friday. [1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Thanks for letter with the startling news of your intention to play another joke on Dent. I will do my best to help.

Johns head, just now, is too big for *any* hat.

G Barker's opinion as to my playwriting chance is interesting. I do think of it. However I don't know * if it were a question of assistance I would just as soon let in Hastings who's more of an average man and a good stage hand. He would "mecanise"* a play for me with neatness and dispatch and probably would be easier to manage

If *Victory* goes at all it will give me a great impulse.

<F>Ever aff^{ly} yours

<S>J. Conrad.

<PS>P. S. Yes. Aren't the misprints in Am. editions exasperating! I didn't like to worry you with it before but since you feel like this will you my dear fellow arrange (if at all possible) that the proofs that go to US (for setting up) are the "revise" English proofs; and that D. Page & C^o send me a set of proofs to look over. The S. Line has some horrible misprints and was obviously set up from first proof.

<X>**To J. B. Pinker**

<Y>*Text* MS Berg; Unpublished

<D>Monday. [1917]

<G>My dear Pinker.

Would you order for me (you can do it by 'phone) the book mentioned in the enclosed cutting.

I am at work again. Slow. Dam' slow, for I am still gouty and * most abominably depressed.

We had a long letter from B[orys]. Very busy and somewhat worried because his recommendation for promotion sent up last Sept^{er} has produced no effect yet. But obviously he hasn't much time to think of such personal matters. He says: "things are very interesting here".

<F>Yours ever

<S>J Conrad.

<X>To J. B. Pinker

<Y>Text MS Berg; J-A, 2, 185

<Ad>[Capel House]

<D>Thursday. [1917]

<G>My Dear Pinker.

Many thanks for the book where indeed the article on J. C. is wonderful in sympathy and insight. I know you have no time for correspondence or I would ask you to tell me who John Freeman is. I know he wrote two vols of verse and I judge he must belong to Mrs Meynell's circle. Anyway I am grateful to him for what he found to say about my work. I would like to see him and perhaps to know him * but just now one has no heart much for anything.

Pray send me a ch. made out to M^r C. Lonkhurst for 8. 2. 6.

There's no end to accts coming in.

I don't know what to do as to Nat. Service. It was no good to send my name while I was in bed. Now I am out of it but can hardly move for lumbago. And what could I do? I could perhaps be employed about the docks or something of the sort; but men between 50 & 60 are doing it now, no doubt. With my uncertain health I feel that it's hardly worth while, for the infinitesimal use I may be, to throw away the chance of doing my own work * such as it is. And I also feel very wretched about it.

<F>Yours ever

<S>J Conrad.