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{lh}**To David Meldrum**

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 37

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

2 Jan 1899

{lsa}Dear Mr Meldrum.

{lb}I enclose here a letter from M<sup>r</sup> Blackwood and a note (at the back of my reply).

This will make it clear to You how matters are. I am very pleased Mr B'wood thought of me; but his letter coming just now makes it difficult for me to do what I intended doing<sup>1</sup> -- or at least I fancy so.

I began the story for Maga 10 days ago. It would have been finished Yesterday had it not been our boy fell ill (he is better now) and thus knocked on the head my peace of mind and, say, inspiration. At any rate there is a delay. Now my intention was to ask Mr Blackwood to let me have £{bp}40 before the 10th Jan. on the general account of my short stories (ser & book). The story would have covered the sum or more; but now the story is not quite ready and my necessity remains all the same. Still I would have asked for the cheque had it not been for this extremely pleasant letter. I don't want M<sup>r</sup> B'wood to think I am taking advantage of his *ouverture*\*. In this difficulty real or fancied may I ask you whether you could arrange the matter for me with Mr B'wood. The story shall be in your hands shortly it will be about 20000 words (at the agreed rate for serial it would be about £{bp}50). My necessity is not a matter of life or death but of the very greatest inconvenience of which I would fain be relieved by your good offices.<sup>2</sup> If you think I could ask Mr B'wood without gross indecency please mediate. I've just written to him and don't want to fire off another letter. And you can put a better look on the thing.

If you want to refer to the story its title so far is The Heart of Darkness. A Central Afr: narrative in the manner of Youth -- told by the same man. It would stand dividing into two instalments.

I would like you particularly to read the story and the type shall go to London. As I write this one in pencil my wife must type, herself or I would send you the MS of what is ready. A mere shadow of love interest

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just in the last pages -- but I hope it will have the effect I intend. With our kindest regards to Mrs Meldrum and yourself

{lc}I am most faithfully yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lps}Mrs Crane still without news.<sup>1</sup> I don't know what to think

{lh}**To Ford Madox Ford**

Text MS Yale; Unpublished

{lra}[Pent Farm]

Tuesday. [3 January 1899]<sup>2</sup>

{lsa}My dear Hueffer.

{lb}Just a word of thanks. The story I told you of holds me. It grows like the genii out of the bottle in the Tale. Won't be done till Sat. Till then I am distracted.

With kindest regards to You both from us two.

{lc}Ever Yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lh}**To H. G. Wells**

Text MS Illinois; Unpublished

{lra}Pent Farm

Tuesday. [3 January 1899]<sup>3</sup>

{lsa}My dear Wells.

{lb}Thanks ever so much. The trans: of the T. M. is really very first rate.<sup>4</sup>

What an admirably good thing it is, this T. M. How true, clever, ingenious, full of thought and beauty. I read on in the trans: neglecting my work. I haven't looked into the W[heels] of C[hance] yet. I can't till I am done with my infernal tale. It grows like the genii from the bottle in the Arabian Tale. Seventy pages -- pencil pencil -- since I saw you. Also the boy has been ill. My wife's kind regards to Mrs Wells and you. She wants to know how you got home. Anyway let me know how you are. I fancy I shall turn up at Granville St[?] before long.

{lc}Your

{ls}Conrad.

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{lh}**To William Blackwood**

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 39

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

6<sup>th</sup> Jan 1899

{lsa}Dear Mr Blackwood.

{lb}Thanks very much for the cheque for £{bp}40 (on account of short stories) which I received to-day.

I am, dear Sir always faithfully

yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lps}P.S. I assure you I appreciate your prompt readiness. I am -- alas! not so prompt. Still to morrow I shall send off about 12.000 of H.of D to Mr Meldrum. I shall also request him to have a copy typewritten on my ac<sup>t</sup> to hand to McClure.<sup>1</sup>

Lots more of the story is written -- not typed, and in a few days shall be despatched. I am afraid it will be too long for one n<sup>o</sup>

It has grown upon me a bit -- and anyhow the value is in the detail.

{ls}J. C.

{lh}**To the Baroness Janina de Brunnow**

Text L.fr. 36; Najder 230

{lra}Pent Farm.

Stanford. near Hythe.

Kent

6th Jan. 1899[?]<sup>2</sup>

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Translation

{lsa}Dear Madame,

{lb}Only a word at once to tell you how saddened I am to learn of the frightful misfortune which has happened to you. But above all to tell you am indeed happy to know you are good enough to keep me a place in your memory. Only a word in all haste, for I am extremely busy: in the middle of a piece of work waiting and impatiently waited for because it should have been finished in November and is still there -- on my table.

My best wishes to you and all yours. This comes, by no means eloquently, from the heart. The more a feeling is true, the less one is in a position to express it.

So I finish -- for the time being -- with a thousand thanks and the

assurance of my deep and genuine friendship.

{lc}Always your very faithful servant,

{ls}Conrad Korzeniowski

{lps}I shall soon give myself the pleasure of directing a long letter to you.

My compliments and a thousand good wishes to your husband.

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{lh}**To W. H. Chesson**

Text MS Rosenbach; Listy 156; Original unpublished

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

7<sup>th</sup> Jan 1899.

{lsa}My dear Mr Chesson.

{lb}I am a brute. Your letter so unexpected so charming, so appreciative ought to have been answered at once to the neglect of everything -- though indeed to let you understand the pleasure it gave me would have been well nigh impossible.

Well You must forgive me and in that Christian spirit accept my belated wishes for the New Year -- and my assurance as to the value I attach to every word of Your favourable appreciation.

The above heading is the address of my burial place and if you are not afraid of Ghosts (nothing Ibsenish) you must come and spend a Sunday in the sepulchre. Trains to this mausoleum are good. On Sat: 2.40 to come by and there is a good one on Mond: to return by to the {op"}busy haunts of men".<sup>1</sup>

Drop advice early as the visitors to the shrine may have to walk two miles if they neglect that precaution. Cho[o]se a promising day.

Sunshine would rob the experience of half its horrors. Bring a firm mind and an ascetic disposition and you shall survive the trial. Most faithfully

Yours

{ls}Jph Conrad.

{lps}How's Garnett. I haven't heard of him for ages.

{lh}**To David Meldrum**

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 40

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Monday. [9 January 1899]<sup>2</sup>

{lsa}Dear Mr Meldrum.

{lb}I send you pp. 1. to 35 typed of The Heart of Darkness and from 35 (typed) it goes on to p. 58 of Manuscript.

pp 58 to 90

which is all written up to yesterday. I am awfully sorry to send the pencil MS but my wife is not well enough to go on and I want you to have the first half of the story at once. May I ask you to have the whole typed out on .p150

my acc/t in at least 2 copies. One for Mr McClure and one for Maga. The type from the MS should be corrected by me before going to printers so You perhaps will let me have that portion for that purpose as soon as ready.

I had a friendly letter and cheque £{bp}40 from Mr Blackwood. I am in doubt as to the 1000<sup>th</sup> N°. There will be no time for US. Copyright. And I can't forego a penny. Are you angry with me for the bother I am giving? I am working under difficulties and that's the truth. Thanks.

{lc}Apologies. Cordially Yours

{ls}Joseph Conrad.

{lps}PS Where MS. illegible let them leave blank spaces I can fill up when correcting.

Stephen left for Europe I hear.

{lh}**To the Hon. A. E. Bontine**

Text J-A, 1, 265

{lr}Pent Farm.

12th Jan. 1899.

{lsa}Dear Mrs. Bontine,

{lb}My humble apology for not thanking you before for the volume of verses. I share your opinion of Maupassant.<sup>1</sup> The man is a great artist, who sees the essential in everything. He is not a great poet, {--}perhaps no poet at all, yet I like his verses. I like them immensely.

To-day, from your kindness, I received the Chronicle with Robert's letter.<sup>2</sup> C'est bi en c{cd}a, -- c'est bien lui!

Is he in London now? I have it on my conscience that I did not reply yet to his last letter. I couldn't. A fit of silence. I had too much to say perhaps, -- and perhaps nothing. Je deviens be{cr}te et sauvage.

Pardon this hurried scrawl. I am finishing in a frightful hurry a story for B'wood and it's an immense effort.

With many things I am, dear Mrs. Bontine, always your most faithful and obedient servant.

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{lh}**To Stephen Crane**

Text MS Columbia; Stallman 205

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

13<sup>th</sup> Jan 99.

{lsa}My dear Stephen.

{lb}I am more glad than I can say to hear of you being here at last. You haven't lost time in looking up the old Academy.<sup>1</sup> I only heard of it to-day. Thanks very much for your second wire. All this would be damnable bosh but for the 50gs which just save me from battering my head against the walls.

I long to hear your news. And let me tell you at once that the Harness<sup>2</sup> is the best bit of work you've done (for its size) since the Red Badge. There is a mellowness in the vigour of that story that simply delighted me. Several fellows wrote to me about it as soon as it came out. Lucas, Hueffer, Graham and others you don't know. More power to your pen. I feel a new man since this morning's wire. It was good of you to think of me at once. I intended to wire myself to-day inquiring. Well that's all over now. I know where to locate you when I think of you -- which is often -- very. I've been nearly dead and several times quite mad since you left. This is no joke it is the sober truth. I haven't been able to write and felt like cutting my throat. Not a ghost of a notion in my head, not a sentence under the pen. Well. Never mind. It's a little better now. -- What have you got in Your head? You must be full of stuff. I suppose the {op'}Dead Man' story<sup>3</sup> will have to wait till you unload your new experience. I know whatever it is it will be good. It will be great! You think I might have given a whole sheet of paper for your welcome, but may I be shot if I can find another piece. I am coming to see you directly I finish a rotten thing I am writing for B'wood. It is rotten -- and I can't help it. All I write is rotten now. I am pretty well decayed myself. I ought to be taken out and flung into a dusthole -- along with the dead cats -- by heavens! Well. Enough. I don't want to bore you into a faint in your first week in Merry England.

{lc}Ever yours

{ls}Conrad

{lh}**To David Meldrum**

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 42

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

13 Jan 99.

{lsa}My dear Mr Meldrum.

{lb}Very, very many thanks for your wire. That was a real pleasure. As for the thing itself{--}it is convenient truly and amazing enough. But I am so little conscious of any kind of merit that I ask myself whether the affair is serious. It looks like a piece of luck. Now, luck is all very well.

{--} I suppose you'll think I am a poor, discontented creature. It isn't that at all. I can take a blessing in no matter what disguise. I can't get rid of a suspicion of injustice. I don't see anything very solid in my prose. However I shall keep all this to myself. I couldn't help let[t]ing You see a little of what's inside my thoughts.

I shall come up as soon as H of D is finished. I've sent the balance of type to Ed: I am infinitely grateful to you for your patience with me.

Believe me most sincerely yours

{ls}Jph Conrad.

{lh}**To Edward Garnett**

Text MS Colgate; G. 147

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

13 Jan 99.

{lsa}My dear Garnett

{lb}Have you seen it! It! The Academy. When I opened the letter I thought it was a mistake. But it was too true, alas. I've lost the last ounce of respect for my art. I am lost -- gone -- done for -- for the consideration of 50 g[uinea]s.

I suppose Lucas<sup>1</sup> worked like a horse to get this awful, awful job through. I suppose you worked too -- or no -- I won't suppose. Where do you chaps expect to go to when You die?

Ah if I could only write! If I could write, write, write! But I can not.

No 50 gs. will help me to that. However I am turning out some rotten stuff for B.wood's 1000<sup>th</sup> N<sup>o</sup>. Been asked to! Honours will never cease.

{op'}House' wrote autograph!<sup>2</sup> Ah will you -- says I. Thereupon I cram them with rubbish. As soon as I turn out the last line I shall come to town for a .p153

couple of days. Must see you. Also others. Let me know where You perch. Where You hop too.

{lc}Ever Yours

{ls}Jph C.

{lps}What news of your wife and boy

{lh}**To E. L. Sanderson**

Text MS Yale; Unpublished

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Monday [16? January 1899]<sup>1</sup>

{lsa}Dearest Ted

{lb}I am delighted and overjoyed, and with all my heart with you both.

My wife shares my jubilation and the joyful and excellent news. Keep us informed (by the shortest word) of the state of affairs.

What a relief to your mind! And to your heart too. We here have been speculating dimly but anxiously tho we did not think the event was so

near.

I must catch the post. Congratulations in words as affectionate as You can imagine.

{lc}Ever Yours

{ls}Jph Conrad.

{lh}**To David Meldrum**

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 43

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Monday [16 January 1899]<sup>2</sup>

{lsa}Dear Mr Meldrum.

{lb}Pardon my brutally bad behaviour. Of course I would be delighted and it is very good of you to ask me. As soon as I am done with the H of D I shall write you and the day after call on you in Paternoster Row.<sup>3</sup> It will be before end of this month for certain.

The thing has grown on me. I don't think it will be bad.

With very kind regards

{lc}Most sincerely Yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

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{lh}**To Ford Madox Ford**

Text MS Yale; Unpublished

{lra}[London]<sup>1</sup>

Monday [30 January 1899]<sup>2</sup>

{lsa}Dear Hueffer

{lb}Saw Meldrum today. He had been in Holland. Your proposal of Cinque Ports book<sup>3</sup> gone to Edinburgh with very warm recommendation. M likes the idea very much. Where's the play?<sup>4</sup>

I am here for two days when<sup>5</sup> I return to work. Excuse my brutal silence. I was simply silly with the hatching of that story.

{lc}Always Yours,

{ls}Jph Conrad

{lps}My kindest regards to your wife.

{lh}**To R. B. Cunninghame Graham**

Text MS Dartmouth; J-A, 1, 266; Watts 114

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

2<sup>d</sup> Febr 99

{lsa}Cher et excellent ami.

{lb}I haven't two ideas in my head and I want to talk to you all the same. Horrid state to be in.

Pawling<sup>6</sup> says your book is going off. The reviews are good tho' positively repulsive. Que voulez-vous. They are good selling reviews.

We sang songs of praise before your greatness this morning with G[arnett]. G is preparing your Unwin vol.<sup>7</sup> for the press. May the best of lucks attend it.

A thing of mine began in B'wood's 1000<sup>th</sup> N<sup>o</sup> to conclude in Feb<sup>y</sup>.<sup>8</sup> I am shy of sending it to you -- but have no objection to you looking at it if it should come in your way.

Don't, don't ask about the Rescue. It will [be] finished about end March unless it makes an end of me before.

I was in London one day, amongst publishers and other horrors. My heart is heavy but my spirits are a little better.

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McIntyre is really {op"}impayable"<sup>1</sup> -- and so are you. D'ye think the shipowners of {op"}Glesga" are gone mad. They will never never give a ship to a {op"}chie!"<sup>2</sup> that can write prose -- or who is even suspected of such criminal practices.

I am writing an idiotic letter.

If I could tell really what I feel for you for your work and for the spirit that abides in the acts and the thoughts of your passage amongst this jumble of shadows and -- well -- filth which is called the earth You would think it fulsome adulation. So I won't say anything and shall hug myself with both hands in the assurance of your friendship.

This is stupidly put and a cynic would say it was stupidly felt. Are you a cynic?

Quelle be{cr}te de vie! Nom de nom quelle be{cr}te de vie! Sometimes I lose all sense of reality in a kind of nightmare effect produced by existence. Then I try to think of you -- to wake myself. And it does wake me. I don't know how you feel about yourself but to me you appear extremely real -- even when I perceive you enveloped in the cloud of Your irremediable illusions.

I had better stop before I say something that would end in bloodshed.

Now I haven't said anything and that's enough. Ever desperately  
yours  
{ls}Conrad.

{lh}**To William Blackwood and Sons**

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 45

{lra}[Pent Farm]

[7 February 1899]<sup>3</sup>

{lsa}Dear Sirs.

{lb}I have marked (on the last page p65) the place where the first instalment might end.

It would be about half of the whole story or perhaps a little more.

I shall hurry up the rest as fast as I can. Excuse this scrap of paper and the pencil.

{lc}In great haste

Yours faithfully

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

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{lh}**To Aniela Zago{a}rska**

Text J-A, 1, 267; Najder 230<sup>1</sup>

{lra}Pent Farm,

7.2.'99.

{lsa}My dear Aniela,

{lb}Just a few lines in answer to your letter, for which I thank you. I have seen Mr. Wells, who considers it an honour that his works should be translated into Polish. You must know that the Mercure de France has finished the publication of his novel, The Time-Machine.

In two days I will send you the book. You can introduce the translation as being authorized by the author. If you plan to publish it in newspaper, you could suggest a summary to the editor and an appreciation of the author -- introduced to the Polish public, as it were -- by myself -- about 500 - 1,000 words.<sup>2</sup> But only in the event of this being of any use to place the novel.

I am not sending you any cuttings, as there is nothing of any interest. I will send you soon a note on Miss Kingsley's book on Africa.<sup>3</sup> C'est un voyageur et un e{a}crivain tre{g}s remarquable. Her opinions on questions

dealing with colonies are thought a great deal of.

Here is the photo of Mr. Borys, age{a} d'un an et deux jours. His mamma, who sends you {op'}lots of love', is not well. She looks like a very stout old woman -- which she is not yet.

Your card written in English is almost without a mistake. Evidently you have a practical knowledge of the language. Cela se voit.

Forgive this hasty letter, but I am awfully busy and surrounded with these wretched editors.

{lc}A thousand embraces

{ls}Your Konrad Korzeniowski.

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### {lh}To Algernon Methuen

Text MS Berg; J-A, 1, 267

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]<sup>1</sup>

7<sup>th</sup> Feby 99.

{lsa}Dear Sir.<sup>2</sup>

{lb}Forgive the delay in answering your friendly and flat[t]ering letter; but I was away from home and on my return having a story to finish for {op'}Maga' I left according to my practice all my letters unopened. Thus the delay is the fault of the system not of the man.

Frankly, I am such an unsatisfactory person that giving promises for books should be the last thing for me to do. I am so unsatisfactory that I am not at all sure of appearing in the Ill: London News. I've inconvenienced Mr Shorter.<sup>3</sup> I know it because he said so to me in writing a few days ago. I made a suitable reply -- I mean suitable to my state of mind. And this is the last I know of the affair. However the book is promised; had been so for this year past.

Candidly I dare not make any promises. I write with difficulty, I don't keep my word, I worry my publishers, I try their tempers. I am afraid it would take much better writing than mine to make up for these defects -- of character.

{lc}I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours

{ls}Jph Conrad.

### {lh}To R. B. Cunninghame Graham

Text MS Yale; J-A, 1, 268; Watts 116

{lra}[Pent Farm]

8 Feb' 99.

{lsa}Cherissime ami.

{lb}I 'm simply in the seventh heaven to find you like the H of D so far. You bless me indeed. Mind you don't curse me by and bye for the very same thing. There are two more instalments in which the idea is so wrapped up in secondary notions that You -- even You! -- may miss it. And also You must remember that I don't start with an abstract notion.

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I start with definite images and as their rendering is true some little effect is produced. So far the note struck chimes in with your convictions -- mais apre{g}s? There is an apre{g}s. But I think that if you look a little into the episodes you will find in them the right intention though I fear nothing that is practically effective. Somme toute c'est une be{cr}te d'histoire qui aurait pu e{cr}tre quelque chose de tre{g}s bien si j'avais su l'e{a}crire.<sup>1</sup>

The thing in West. Gaz. is excellent, excellent.<sup>2</sup> I am most interested in your plans of work and travel. I don't know in which most. Nous allons causer de tout cela.<sup>3</sup>

As to the peace meeting.<sup>4</sup> If you want me to come I want still more to

hear you. But -- I am not a peace man, nor a democrat (I don't know what the word means really) and if I come I shall go into the body of the hall. I want to hear you -- just as I want always to read you. I can't be an accomplice after or before the fact to any sort of fraternity that includes the westerners whom I so dislike.<sup>5</sup> The platform! I pensez-Vous?<sup>6</sup> Il y aura des Russes. Impossible! I can not admit the idea of fraternity not so much because I believe it impracticable, but because its propaganda (the only thing really tangible about it) tends to weaken the national sentiment the preservation of which is my concern. When I was in Poland 5 years ago<sup>7</sup> and managed to get in contact with the youth of the university in Warsaw I preached at them and abused them for their social democratic tendencies. L'idée démocratique est un très beau phantôme, and to run after it may be fine sport, but I confess I do not see what evils it is destined to remedy. It confers distinction on Messieurs Jaures, Liebknecht & Co<sup>8</sup> and your adhesion confers distinction upon it.  
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International fraternity may be an object to strive for and, in sober truth, since it has Your support I will try to think it serious, but that illusion imposes by its size alone. Franchement what would you think of an attempt to promote fraternity amongst people living in the same street. I don't even mention two neighbouring streets. Two ends of the same street. There is already as much fraternity as there can be -- and that's very little and that very little is no good. What does fraternity mean. Abnegation -- self-sacrifice means something. Fraternity means nothing unless the Cain - Abel business. That's your true fraternity. Assez.

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{lps}PS Jessie sends her kind regards and thanks for message about the story. It delights her. I shall talk with Garnett about your work. He is a good fellow. Eye and ear? Eh? Not so bad. Only if I could write like you -- if I knew all you know -- if I believed all you believe. If, if if!

#### Translation

Man is a vicious animal. His viciousness must be organised. Crime is a necessary condition of organised existence. Society is fundamentally criminal -- or it would not exist. Selfishness preserves everything -- absolutely everything -- everything we hate and everything we love. And everything holds together. That is why I respect the extreme anarchists. -- {op'}I hope for general extermination'. Very well. It's justifiable and, moreover, it is plain. One compromises with words. There's no end to it. It's like a forest where no one knows the way. One is lost even as one is calling out {op'}I am saved!"

No. A definite first principle is needed. If the idea of nationhood brings  
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suffering and its service brings death, that is always worth more than service to the ghosts of a dead eloquence -- precisely because the eloquence is disembodied. Believe me if I tell you that these questions are very real to me -- much more so than to Messrs Jaures, Liebknecht and Co. You -- you can do everything. Essentially, you are a frondeur [see n. 4]. You are allowed to be. The Fronde, moreover, was conducted by the aristocracy. For myself, I look at the future from the depths of a very dark past, and I find I am allowed nothing but fidelity to an absolutely lost cause, to an idea without a future.

And so, I often do not think about it. Everything vanishes. Only truth remains -- a sinister and fleeting ghost whose image is impossible to fix. I regret nothing, I hope for nothing, for I realise that neither regret nor hope means anything to my own being. Towards myself, I practice a fierce and rational selfishness. Therein I pause. Then thinking returns.

Life starts again, regrets, memories, and a hopelessness darker than night.

I don't know why I'm telling you all this today. It's that I don't want you to believe me indifferent. I'm not indifferent to what concerns you. But my concern is elsewhere, my thinking follows another path, my heart wants something else, my soul suffers from another kind of impotence. Do you understand? You who devote your talents and your enthusiasm to the cause of humanity, you will understand no doubt why I must -- I need to -- keep my thinking inviolate as a final act of fidelity to a lost cause. It's all I can do. I've thrown my life to all the winds of heaven, but I have kept my way of thinking. It's a little thing -- it's everything -- it's nothing -- it's life itself. This letter is incoherent, like my life, but the highest logic is there nevertheless -- the logic that leads to madness. But everyday worries make us forget the cruel truth. It's fortunate.

{lc}Always yours from the heart ...

{lh}**To William Blackwood**

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 45

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

8<sup>th</sup> Feb<sup>y</sup> 1899

{lsa}Dear Mr Blackwood.

{lb}Thanks very much for your wire. It put my mind at ease for I felt the balance of the story was a little long for one instalment. For the rest I was pretty well to time with it; only 24 hours late and this solely through missing the post by some ten minutes.

I got letters from various people who seem to like the thing, so far.  
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I was delighted with the number. Gibbon especially fetched me quite.<sup>1</sup> But everything is good. Munro's verses{--}excellent, and Whibley very interesting -- very appreciative very fair.<sup>2</sup> I happen to know Rimbaud's verses.

I must own that I regret the old type. One misses the familiar aspect of the pages when opening the familiar cover. I am {op"}plus royaliste que le roi"<sup>3</sup> -- more conservative than Maga.

I am glad to see that the majority (in fact all) of the people for whose opinion I care seem to think I am on the right track in my work for Maga. When talking with Mr Meldrum about the forthcoming volume he seemed to agree with my idea of keeping to that line. I call it idea but probably it is a necessity. When I sit down to write for you I feel as if in a friendly atmosphere, untrammled -- like one is with people that understand, of whom one is perfectly sure. It is a special mood and a most enjoyable one.

Well, I must go on with the wretched novel<sup>4</sup> which seems to have no end and whose beginning I declare I've forgotten. It is a weird sensation; the African nightmare feeling I've tried to put into H of D is a mere trifle to it. Believe me, dear Sir, always very faithfully yours  
{ls}Jph Conrad.

{lh}**To David Meldrum**

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 47

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Wednesday. [8 February 1899]<sup>5</sup>

{lsa}Dear Mr Meldrum.

{lb}I had a wire from Mr B'wood advising me that the story is to go into three numbers.

I've send\* the completed MS. to Edinburgh direct, by Tuesdays morning post.

I think it will be 40000 words. The first inst<sup>mt</sup> was about 14000 (27 pages) and the two others should run to 12000 each. I had £{bp}40 on account and (oppressed by my usual impecuniosity) would like to have .p163

the balance at once (£{bp}50 - 60). If you remember our conversation<sup>1</sup> you may perhaps guess why I am so anxious.

Pardon me for invading your home with my business. I won't offend again.

I like the story, tho' it is terribly bad in places and falls short of my intention as a whole. Still I am glad I wrote it.

{lc}With kindest regards

very faithfully yours

{ls}Jph Conrad.

{lh}**To David Meldrum**

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 49

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Friday. [10 February 1899]<sup>2</sup>

{lsa}My dear Mr Meldrum.

{lb}I got your good letter this morning and at the same time the enclosed which please read. This is the third message of the sort since I saw you. Either the man is nervously anxious or he wants to put pressure on me -- or he is in a bad way.<sup>3</sup> In any case this kind of thing will drive me crazy. I can't work after I get such letters. I did send him the £{bp}50 of the Academy and I owe him 130 yet. I rather owe it to someone else. You know the whole absurd and painful story of the broken friendship -- without provocation and even any cause I could remotely guess at. Their business which he started 14 years ago with my money is very good -- perfectly sound. And here I am worried with these miserable letters.

This must be stopped. I don't know where to turn. I can't tell you how distressed I am. I am averse to mortgaging my future and yet I must do it in some way because with this idiotic affair bothering me I can not sleep. The man (Hope)<sup>4</sup> he mentions in the letter is utterly ruined and even if I had the heart to squeeze him I would not get any blood out of .p164

that stone. He will come ultimately into some money but meantime he is hopeless.

Could Mr Blackwood besides the amount I have been asking for (H of D. balance) (with shame I assure you) send me an advance of £{bp}50 on the volume. I say distinc[t]ly the vol. because when I send in more copy I shall most likely need the serial money. All this is too wretched for words. I wish Mr Blackwood to know why I apply to him. It is not for my pleasure or even for my health I want the money -- tho' my doctor has urged me to go to Nice for a hydropathic cure. It is for my peace of mind. Peace of mind. Would you tell him? Send also the enclosed letter in conf<sup>ce</sup> -- if you judge it necessary. If not please burn it. If I can get £{bp}100 in all I shall pay it to him -- and pull another hole in my own belt -- by Jove!

You may imagine how well the Rescue is going on with all this. And I don't know how to apologise to you for the constant worry I cause.

Yours very faithful[ly] always

{ls}J. Conrad

{lh}**To William Blackwood**

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 50

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

12<sup>th</sup> Febr. 1899.

{lsa}Dear Mr Blackwood.

{lb}The delay in acknowledging your kind letter and enclosure arises from the fact that in Stanford we have no Sunday post and I was not in time for the Sat: night's mail.

Thanks very much for what you send and still more for what you say.<sup>1</sup>  
The cheque for £{bp}60 now received and the previous one of £{bp}40 on account of the same tale (H of D) will probably overpay it as I do not think it will run to 40000 words. I did write that number or even more but I've been revising and compressing the end not a little. The proof of the second instalment I kept only twelve hours -- not knowing but it might have been wanted at once. I marked a place -- on p. 24 -- where a break is, at least, practicable. If it does not commend itself to your judgment there may be a better place, somewhere within the last inst<sup>t</sup> of typed MS, I've sent to Edinburgh on Tuesday last. My own MS copy is in such  
.p165

confusion and moreover so unlike the final {op'}type' that I could not venture on its authority to indicate any final sentence or paragraph for the ending of part 2<sup>d</sup>.

I am delighted to hear you like the story. Very good of You to write me when so painfully indisposed. I trust the attack has not been severe. Mine always are and I am subject to them at least once a year.<sup>1</sup>

I wonder what you will think of the end of the story. I've been writing up to it and it loomed rather effective till I came to it actually. Still I am not altogether dissatisfied with the manner of it; but of course one cannot judge one's own fresh work -- at any rate.

Re volume of short stories. I wished for some time to ask you whether you would object to my dedicating the Vol: to R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Strictly speaking it is a matter between the dedicator and the other person, but in this case -- considering the imprint of the House and your own convictions I would prefer to defer to your wishes.<sup>2</sup> I do not dedicate to C. Graham the aristocrat (he is both -- you know) but to one of the few men I know -- in the full sense of the word -- and knowing cannot but appreciate and respect -- abstractedly as human beings. I do not share his political convictions or even all his ideas of art, but we have enough ideas in common to base a strong friendship upon.

Should you dislike the notion I'll inscribe the Rescue to him instead of the Tales.<sup>3</sup>

Pardon the lenght\* of this letter and pray believe me always yours  
faithfully

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lh}**To David Meldrum**

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 53

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Monday -- ev<sup>g</sup> [13 February  
1899]<sup>4</sup>

{lsa}My dear Mr Meldrum.

{lb}Ever so many thanks for your kind letter. Yes I ought to be more sensible and not let those things disturb me; but I am still in a wretched nervous state and thus to be sensible is quite out of question with me.  
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I had a most kind letter from Mr Blackwood's private house enclosing me a cheque for £{bp}60. I sent on £{bp}50 to the man<sup>1</sup> and kept 10 for myself.

This morning I had another letter from him. Well, well.

I do not want Mr B'wood to think I am taking an advantage of his readiness to accom[m]odate me. The £{bp}100 he paid me cover the H of D and even more as I don't think the story will run up to 40000 words. All this makes me wretched. I don't get on with the R[escue] which requires a special mood difficult to attain and still more difficult to preserve. Meantime I am anxious to get on with the Maga stories. I am exasperated at my own stupidity.

You are awfully good and patient with me. I acknowledged M<sup>r</sup> B'wood's letter but said nothing about the distressful business leaving it wholly in your hands and not knowing then whether you would consider it opportune.

My wife sends her kind regards. Believe me dear Mr Meldrum very Gratefully Yours

{ls}Jph Conrad.

{lps}PS I hear the Spectator noticed the story.<sup>2</sup> My press agency did not send any cutting. Is it a fact and is the notice good?

{lh}To William Blackwood

Text MS NLS; Blackburn 54

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

14 Febr. 1899

{lsa}Dear Mr Blackwood.

{lb}I don't know how to thank you for the very real and friendly service you are doing me by the advance of £{bp}100 on the volume of short tales. The cheque for the above sum came to hand to day.

In reply to points touched upon in Your letter:<sup>3</sup>

I, myself, am very desirous to take advantage of the kind of popularity conferred by the Ac<sup>my</sup> award. I am still more desirous to meet your views as to the date of publication. I have a story Jim half-written or one-third written (10.000 words) which is intended for the volume. There are with Youth (13.000) and H of D (38.000?) say 50 to 52 thousand words ready. Jim being 20 or 30 thou: would almost make up matter enough for a .p167

book. But -- are 3 stories only, enough? And supposing even I finished Jim in time could it go serially into Maga before the date you contemplate?<sup>1</sup> Besides I thought of two other stories (more in the {op'}note' of my {op'}Maga' work) one of them being called First Command and the other (a sketch) entitled A Seaman.<sup>2</sup> These are not written. They creep about in my head but got to be caught and tortured into some kind of shape. I think -- I think they would turn out good as good as (they say) Youth is. But the whole thing is complicated by my horrible inability to finish the Rescue for which McClure has made arrangements. I must peg away at it.

It seems horribly ungrateful of me to talk about the difficulty of doing what you wish, but I must face the consequences not of my neglect or laziness but of positive ill-health which has caused the shameful delay in writing the R. It is small consolation to think I could not help it though I did my best. My best has been so very bad after all.

-- Yet: if in your opinion Youth, H of D and Jim would make a volume I shall try to get Jim finished in April (my heart sinks when I think how days pass and how slow my work is). In that case I would forego the serial pub: of Jim not to delay the appearance of the volume. I only can say I shall try. I dare say no more after my recent experiences as to being punctual. The Vol of the 3 stories would not be positively bad. Whether you would judge such a publication opportune or not I shall do my best to finish Jim in April.

Even in the matter of the title I am unable to answer you decisively. I've not thought of it yet -- and it is by no means easy to invent something telling and comprehensive. {op"}Youth and Other Tales" would not do? I wish to convey the notion of something lived through and remembered. Tales from Memory(.?) you may think a clumsy title. It is so. I don't seem able to think of anything to-night. Why not: {op"}Three Tales" by Joseph Conrad. Flaubert (mutatis mutandis) published Trois contes.<sup>3</sup> The titles of the three tales could be printed on the cover in smaller capitals thus: Youth; A Narrative. Heart of Dark: Jim: A sketch. That is only if the vol: is to be of the three stories. Pardon the length\* of this letter, and the unsatisfactory nature of its contents. I am an unsatisfactory person, and to no one more than to myself.

I am very sorry to see you have not yet left your room. The  
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acknowledgment of your previous letter I addressed to Edinburgh. By this post I send the letter itself (10<sup>th</sup> of Febr) to 45 George Street asking for its return after copy taken. Is that right? I am so pleased you approve the break-off of the 2<sup>d</sup> inst. I was in doubt. You have removed an immense load from my mind by your kind and sympathetic action. I enclose here a formal acknowledgement of the sum received in advance.  
{lc}Believe me dear Mr Blackwood  
your[s] very faithfully  
{ls}Jph Conrad

{lh}**To David Meldrum**

Text MS Duke; Blackburn 56

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

14 Febr 99.

{lsa}Dear Mr Meldrum.

{lb}Mr Blackwood has done more than I expected and more than I hoped. I've sent him a formal ackn<sup>gment</sup> for the £{bp}100 stating distinctly they are on acct/ of royalties on book of Tales and the whole sum agreed upon as advance.

Of course I also wrote a letter of thanks.

He wishes me to get the volume ready for May. How can I? I'll try to finish Jim by that time and am ready to forego its serial appearance for the sake of meeting Mr B'wood's views. But would it be a good vol? Only three stories. Still it would be 70.000 words. I have two more stories in my head which would run the copy to 120000 words, but I can't possibly be ready with them before say--July. (I include Jim too to be finished first.) I must now peg on at the Rescue.

I said that much in my reply to Mr B'wood. If he really desires to send out a vol: by me in Ap: or May it must be a three-story vol. I suggested for tittle\* -- (in that case) page

Three Tales.

by

Jph Conr.

Youth. A Narrative

Heart of Darkness

Tuan Jim: A sketch.

I can't think of anything else. Can You? Of course I am not anxious to lose the serial value of Jim, if that could be helped. But if I can finish him in time and Mr B'wood decides on immediate pub<sup>on</sup> I am prepared to let Jim go. I've said this to Mr B'wood. In that case the stories: {op"}First  
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Command"; the one about a Captains wife; {op"}A Seaman" sketch; and {op"}Equitable Division" (a story of a typhoon)<sup>1</sup> would perhaps find

hospitality in the Maga and go to make another Vol, later on.

Of this idea I've said nothing in my letter to Mr B'wood, but put it before you, should M. B'wood stick to the may publication and Jim is ready, which last upon my conscience I dare not promise.

Many thanks to You for Your friendly offices.

{lc}Always yours

{ls}Jph. Conrad.

{lh}**To Edward Garnett**

Text MS Sutton; G. 148

{lra}[Pent Farm]

Tuesday [21 or 28 February 1899]<sup>2</sup>

{lsa}My dear good Garnett.

{lb}I saw Shorter who didn't eat me.<sup>3</sup> I can't appear in the Ill<sup>d</sup> Lond News not so much because I am not ready but because McClure told Shorter that the story shall be 60 - 65000 words long only and Shorter had calculated upon that for the News. (14 weekly instalments).

How McClure made that mistake I can't imagine, as the synopsis stated distinctl[y] minimum of 90.000 words; probably 110.000. I set Shorter right on that point. He didn't seem sorry to get a lot of copy for his money but said I must go into the Eng Ill: Magazine. Hopes the News will get some other work of mine by and by. Ran out after me to ask whether I had a short story by me to appear in News at once. Told him hadn't. Salaams. Then ran out again to ask whether I had a friend who would write something about me in the Eng. Ill. Mag. I said I hadn't a friend but had a good enemy Edward Garnett who perhaps could be induced to commit such an atrocity. He hastened to inform me that he knew your Father.<sup>4</sup> I had the baseness to give him Your address and .p170

escaped without a particle of self respect from that horrid den. So You know what to expect. Are you angry with me? When I know how you feel about this my mind shall be at ease. It's a pity, in a sense, I missed the News. On the other hand it's fortunate the thing is arranged. I shall drive ahead all the same, and probably invade you--if You still will have me after what I've done. I fancy Shorter wants to see whether my story can't give a fillip to the circulation of the wretched Magazine. If so he prepares a bitter disappointment for himself.

Thanks for Your visit my dear dear fellow. Water in the desert could not have been more welcome.

Heaps of blessings on your head

{lc}Ever Yours

{ls}Conrad

{lps}Since I wrote this I got this letter from Shorter. What a damned barnacle!

{lh}**To Gabriela Cunninghame Graham**<sup>1</sup>

Text L. fr., p. 37

{lra}Pent Farm

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Translation

{lb}I have just read {op"}Family Portraits". I am a bad critic: it is difficult for me to express with the right words the pleasure that the reading of your charming sketch has given me; but when I raised my eyes from the page, it was with the very vivid feeling of having seen not only the long line of the portraits, but also the beauty of the profound and tender idea which

illuminated for you all the faces portrayed, the sad eyes of the dead with the flame of a gentle pity and a penetrating sympathy.

I do not know if I have understood you, but I must always thank you for the pleasure of the reading and still more for the moment of reverie which followed. I was under the spell of your thought and your expression. You have made the past live for a short and precious moment, and I am infinitely grateful to you.

I hope you have forgiven me for detaining Robert. To me, indeed, his visit seemed very short. We had an immoderate amount of talk, but I like to believe he was not too tired.

Deign to believe me, dear Madame, your very sincere admirer and very obedient servant.

**{lh}To R. B. Cunninghame Graham**

Text MS Dartmouth; J-A, 1, 273; Watts 123

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

26<sup>th</sup> Feb 99.

{lsa}Tre{g}s cher et excellent ami.

{lb}The portrait came. It is gorgeous. I like its atmosphere. It is a likeness too besides being a picture.

In a little while came the books. Vous me ga{cr}tez.<sup>1</sup> I've read Vathek at once.<sup>2</sup> C'est tre{g}s bien. What an infernal imagination! The style is cold .p172

and I do not see in the work that immense promise as set forth by the introduction.<sup>1</sup> Chaucer I have dipped into, reading aloud as you advised. I am afraid I am not English enough to appreciate fully the father of English literature.<sup>2</sup> Moreover I am in general insensible to verse.

Thereupon came the {op"}Stealing of the Mare".<sup>3</sup> This I delight in. I've read it at once and right through. It is quite inspiring most curious and altogether fascinating. I've written to your wife a few words in the language of the Franks about Fam: Port: which is a delicious bit. The tenderness of the idea and the feeling for the past have delighted me. C'est tout a{g} fait dans sa note.<sup>4</sup> The quality that made the extraordinary charm of Sta Theresa is in that short article as visible as in the great work. Ever yours with infinite thanks  
{ls}Conrad.

**{lh}To Helen Sanderson**

Text MS Yale; J-A, 1, 271

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

26<sup>th</sup> Febr 99

{lsa}Dear Mrs Sanderson.

{lb}I ought to have thanked You for your letter before. We have read it with delight, and we take the full share of friendship in your happiness and joy.

How good of you to write at lenght\* of your dear daughter. The names are pretty, very pretty and I have not the slightest doubt she lives and shall live up to her names.<sup>5</sup>

I am glad to hear Ted makes a satisfactory nurse. I was a complete duffer at that business being, as a matter of fact, horribly frightened of the baby. I've now got over my timidity but then the boy is no longer a baby. He only disconcerts me by his unexpected knowledge of the world and of human nature so that I feel I cannot be cautious enough in my dealings with him. As it is he has me always at a disadvantage in every personal discussion. He is also very rowdy and can be naughty in more

different ways than I could have imagined. One is amused and at the same time one has a feeling of being confronted by a grave problem.

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I do not mind owning I wished for a daughter. I can't help feeling she would have resembled me more and would have been perhaps easier to understand. This is a selfish feeling I admit; but boy or girl they are very interesting and infinitely touching. I can't confess to any reverential feeling for childhood. I've heard people, more or less sentimental, talk about it but I question whether it is not a rather artificial attitude. It is their humanity that is so endearing, their nearness to us, not their nearness to the angels. Perhaps it is only my propensity to make the best not of things in general but to make the best of the worst, which induces me to take this view. It may be bad for me but I am sure it is good for Borys because if my affection for him depended on his angel-like qualities it would be very evanescent. At the age of thirteen months he is an accomplished and fascinating barbarian full of charming wiles and of pitiless selfishness. It is not his innocence but his unconsciousness that makes him pathetic--besides making him just bearable.

I am writing you a twaddling letter. You must forgive--if you can detect--the tinge of cynicism upon my opinions. It is a false light after all. At the bottom of all these cheap reflections there is love for the young souls committed to our blind guardianship which must fit them for the hazard of life.

I would immensely like to meet Mr Lynch<sup>1</sup>--but in any case as soon as I am out of my difficulties I shall come to Elstree. My difficulties may appear to you interminable. It seems to me it is years and years since I first began to afflict and exasperate my friends with these dark allusions to a perfectly clear matter: my inability to work fast enough to get my living. It is ridiculous and sad and wearisome, and that it is true does not make it any less offensive.

Jess sends her love to You and the baby. She has declared to me she {op"}imagines" the baby perfectly. I fancy I also do. We trust we may hear of ten from You three, but I've become such a wretched correspondent that I hardly dare to hope for forgiveness from my best friends.

Believe me, dear Mrs Sanderson Your very affectionate friend and obedient servant

{ls}Jph Conrad.

{lps}PS Love to dear Ted and the baby.

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{lh}**To John Galsworthy**

Text MS POSK; J-A, 1, 270

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Sunday evening [12 March? 1899]<sup>1</sup>

{lsa}Dearest Jack

{lb}Yes, it is good criticism.<sup>2</sup> Only I think that to say Henry James does not write from the heart is maybe hasty. He is cosmopolitan, civilised, very much {op"}homme du monde" and the acquired ({op"}educated" if you like) side of his temperament that is--restraint the instinctive, the nurtured, fostered, cherished side is always presented to the reader first. To me even the R. T.<sup>3</sup> seems to flow from the heart because and only because the work approaching so near perfection yet does not strike cold. Technical perfection unless there is some real glow to illumine and warm it from within must necessarily be cold. I argue that in H. J. there is such a glow and not a dim one either, but to us used, absolutely accustomed, to unartistic expression of fine, headlong, honest (or dishonest) sentiments the art of H. J. does appear heartless. The

outlines are so clear the figures so finished, chiselled, carved and brought out that we exclaim--we, used to the Shades of the contemporary fiction, to the more or less malformed shades--we exclaim--Stone! Not at all. I say flesh and blood--very perfectly presented--perhaps with too much perfection of method. The volume of short stories entitled I think {op"} "The lesson of the Master" contains a tale called {op"} "The Pupil" if I remember rightly where the underlying feeling of the man--his really wide sympathy--is seen nearer the surface. Of course he does not deal in primitive emotions. I maintain he is the most civilised of modern writers. He is also an idealiser. His heart shows itself in the delicacy of his handling. Things like The Middle years and The altar of the dead in the vol entitled Terminations would illustrate my meaning. Moreover your cousin admits the element of pathos. Mere technique won't give the element of pathos. I admit he is not forcible--or, let us say, the only forcible thing in his work is his technique. Now a literary intelligence would be naturally struck by the wonderful technique and that is so wonderful in its way that it dominates the bare expression. The more so .p175

that the expression is only of delicate shades. He is never in deep gloom or in violent sunshine. But he feels deeply and vividly every delicate shade. We can not ask for more. Not every one is a Turgenev. Moreover Turg: is not civilised (therein much of his charm for us) in the sense H. J. is civilised. Satis. Please convey my defence of the {op'} 'Master' with my compliments. My kindest and grateful regards to Mrs Sauter<sup>1</sup> and love to the boy. I am looking forward to next Sunday. The finishing of H of D took a lot out of me. I haven't been able to do much since.  
{lc}Ever Yours  
{ls}Conrad.

{lh}**To John Galsworthy**

Text MS Forbes; Unpublished

{lra}[letterhead: Pent Farm]

Saturday. [25 March 1899]<sup>2</sup>

{lsa}Dearest Jack.

{lc}I'm a brute. But let that pass. The Hueffers with their kid camp here on a house hunt<sup>3</sup> and McClure is coming to morrow to knock spots out of me.

I am in a curious state. I wish I could have You here to myself. Well. Will You come next Sunday? I am trying to work. Not much success--tho'. Still, pages accumulate at my left hand and rage grows within my breast.

I am anxious to see Your work. Hueffer fell in love with the Four Winds.<sup>4</sup> Without sharing all his enthusiasm (I know your capacities better) I admit (and always did) that the qualities he points out are rare -- and are also solid. He is struck most by Acc<sup>dg</sup> to his Lights where I share his opinion that Your temperament and expression are in best accord. Pardon haste. Post due.

{lc}Ever Yours

{ls}Conrad.

{lps} We shall have a crack about Shopp<sup>er5</sup> and Harry James bless him!  
.p176

{lh}**To Edward Garnett**

Text MS Sutton; G. 149

{lra}[Pent Farm]

in Sorrow and tribulation

Good Friday.

[31 March 1899]

{lsa}Dearest Garnett.

{lb}What do You think of me? Think I love you though I am a dumb dog or no better than a whining dog. There's not a bark left in me. I am overwhelmed and utterly flattened. Hueffers are gone--yesterday. So is McClure<sup>1</sup> who came for the night. A decent little chap I say if I got to die for it!

Is trying to ram the Rescue into the Atlantic Monthly but the R is not finished yet--not Yet--not yet.

{op"}I'll be your banker" says little McClure--this is better than a kick on the shinbone I guess; but the spirit suffers.

Give our love to Your restored household. Restored to You--I mean. H[ueffer] said You reproached him for his fleeting sojourn here. It is not conclusive evidence but if so learn that our friends can not save us from the effects of our own folly.

Are You angry with me?

If so learn that I am so hardened by adversity that your anger glides off me as a dart glances off a turtle's back, and I still continue to radiate affection on You--my affection which is not so offensive as Wells' Martian's Heat-ray<sup>2</sup>--but nearly as warm.

It won't set the Thames on fire tho'. Nothing of mine will. I think of You with gentle melancholy as of one who has put his money on the wrong horse. I am literally lame. Gout. Brought on by--by--by agitation, exasperation, botheration--You know; those things you laugh at and bite your thumbs at--O! Lord! And I write! I write! I write! I write! Certainly. Write quick. Not quick enough to make up for the frightful leeway. But I write.

And a{g} propos of writing. Have you seen p III of H of D?<sup>3</sup> My dear fellow I daren't send you my MS. I feel it would worry you. I feel my existence alone worries you enough. This is not conceit; quite the contrary.

But drop me word of p III.

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Fact is I am not worthy to take up your thought. The more I write the less substance do I see in my work. The scales are falling off my eyes. It is tolerably awful. And I face it, I face it but the fright is growing on me. My fortitude is shaken by the view of the monster. It does not move; its eyes are baleful; it is as still as death itself--and it will devour me. Its stare has eaten into my soul already deep, deep. I am alone with it in a chasm with perpendicular sides of black basalt. Never were sides so perpendicular and smooth, and high. Above, your anxious head against a bit of sky peers down--in vain--in vain. There's not rope long enough for that rescue.

Why didn't you come? I expected you and fate has sent Hueffer. Let this be written on my tombstone.

{lc}Ever yours

{ls}Conrad