

APPENDIX B

MAJOR TYPESCRIPT DELETIONS

Conrad's major deletions in the extant typescript include several long conversations between the narrator and Miss Haldin and a conversation between the narrator and Peter Ivanovitch in a café. (For a discussion of these deletions, see 'The Texts', pp. 324-31.)

The reports below, placed here in order to avoid overcrowding the main list and for ease of reading, are cross-referenced in the 'Emendation and Variation' list in the 'Apparatus'. Numbers in square brackets refer to the manuscript's foliation. A line-by-line transcription of the manuscript text appears in the left-hand column; run-over text is indented. The reports in the right-hand column give the manuscript reading before the bracket; after the bracket comes the variant typescript reading. The first entry in the right-hand column provides the pick-up word from the reading text cross-referenced to the 'Emendation and Variation' list.

Conventions of notation conform to those described in the 'Emendation and Variation' list. Asterisks represent illegibility for single words or a few; [illegible] is used for longer sections of unreadable text. Italics replace underlinings in the original. The symbol OM identifies passages absent from the typescript.

DELETION 1: MS 449.3-478.18 / TS 215.18-227.8

102.37 visit. ¶ [He] TSr⁻¹

[449]

[...] visit. The visitor
however did not seem affected
by my presence.

He averted from me his big
soft vaguely formed face rendered
enigmatic by the dark
spectacles and repeated with
gentle emphasis

"Knowledge by itself is mere
dross".

Miss Haldin remained silent
sitting back on the deep sofa, very
still and as if

[450]

mentally very remote. He was
justified, I suppose, in assuming that
I did not understand Russian.

He treated me
to all appearance as a lay

449.4 averted ... big] turned to me for a
moment his

449.6 enigmatic] completely enigmatic

449.11 remained silent] OM

449.12 very] remained very

¹ Note the sentence added in TSr at 102.38. Added in ink, it was used as a transition with a direction to the typist as follows: '(to p. 227)'.

figure. After a short silence
he added in the same loud
resounding

bass but as if tinged with pity a little. 450.8 but as if] OM

“I would wager anything that
your English friend here, for
instance, would be utterly 450.11 would be] is
unable to grasp that truth”. 450.12 grasp] perceive

Miss Haldin moved – the merest
stir, which did not alter her
attitude.

“But excuse me, Peter Ivanovitch.
What if I were to tell you that
I myself am unable to grasp
your meaning? What is this
[451]

truth, and who is to grasp it?
Her voice was cold; her straight 451.2 Her ... cold;] OM
eyebrows

were drawn together by a slight
frown.

I reflected with satisfaction that the
“heroic fugitive” must have
missed in that room the atmosphere
of respect scented with
adulation to which his
wandering compatriots had
accustomed his wide
[452]

nostrils. He seemed to be
everlastingly sniffing for it
even as he walked the
republican streets with an 452.4-5 an ostentatious large] a large
ostentatious

large simplicity. But he was too
consistently vain to be
visibly disconcerted by the
absence of incense.

Who is to grasp it? he
repeated with a sort of thick
smile. “Certainly not “these
people with their protestant
individualism.”

He did not look my way
any more, but I felt somehow that my 452.15-17 that ... provocation] he was
presence was provoked by my presence
for him a sort of provocation.
I believe that he disapproved

[453]

the priviledge of friendly
reception accorded to me
by these two Russian
ladies. As to his being
aware of it all, I
can only state the well-
known fact that he
made it his business
to know everything about
everybody; and I dare
say that the tales
he collected in that special world
of students and refugees,
of residents and mere travellers
lost nothing in the
telling. On reflexion I
conclude that he could not
have been ignorant of
of my knowledge of Russian
such as it was or perhaps
such as it was not. It
may have been represented

[454]

to him in the light of some
ill omened perfection. But
for some reason or other
– to show his
contempt for the intruder it
may be, or from a sense
of infinite superiority he
choose to ignore it. He bent
his enormous body forward
a little and raised a hand
like one who demonstrates and
expounds. With
his dark glasses he had the
attitude of an earnest
purblind teacher.

“I am speaking of the
Western world” he continued.
A subtle modulation of

[455]

his great bass voice seemed
to give to that last word an
ecclesiastical meaning of
moral condemnation
as though he were a

454.2-3 But ... other] OM

454.8 choose] chose

454.15 speaking of] alluding to

455.2 that last word] this utterance

455.5-9 as ... character] the world – the
Profane Age

priest as well as a teacher.
 His black coat helped
 the illusion of sacerdotal
 character. "You know Natalia
 Viktorovna how universally my works
 are read. You would
 hardly credit me if I were to tell
 you that I am not
 [456]
 understood. The speculative
 thinkers of colleges and
 laboratories, the sombre denizens
 of industrial towns, the brilliant
 populace of drawing rooms
 and haunts of pleasure
 have all heard of my
 message. For it is the
 privilege of us Russians to
 have a message to
 deliver. A distinguished English
 man of letters who called upon me
 the other day – I have forgotten his
 name, There are many
 so many such visitors, you know – told
 me that there are societies of
 cultured men and women
 formed in England and United States
 for
 the purpose of studying my writings.
 [457]
 And yet I am grotesquely
 misinterpreted. If I do not protest,
 I beg you to believe that it
 is not from indifference. As a
 writer I have a writer's feelings
 but I know how to sacrifice
 them for the advantage of
 my country. The
 sympathy of the Western world
 its interests
 its – its – admiration may have
 no intrinsic value but – they
 are useful. I am a
 much abused man but no
 one can deny me the possession of
 a clear view
 of our immediate needs.
 If I attempted to set those millions
 of my admirers right it

456.13–14 There ... such] I have so many

457.4–8 As ... country.] OM

457.13–17 I ... needs.] OM

[458]

would spoil everything at
 once. Look for instance at the effect
 of one of my latest works, the *Parables
 of Decay*. You know it – or
 perhaps you have not had
 the opportunity to – Yes! You had not
 you do not
 know it”

A sudden silence fell. Miss

Haldin glanced towards her
 mother’s bed-room door. He kept
 his face turned to her and
 not even a hair of his
 beard moved. This eager
 immobility was made
 strangely tense by the
 glassy darkness
 of the spectacles suggesting
 a compelling fixity of gaze.
 But I looking at him from
 the side could see the incessant weak
 blinking of inflamed eyelids.

458.9-10 her ... door] the door of her
 Mother’s room

458.12-13 not ... This] his

[459]

“Of course my books are
 forbidden wares;

still I should have thought . . . But
 you are aware at least that the
 Ministry of Education got the Synod
 to excommunicate me and all
 my works. Could you find such a
 medieval combination of imbeciles
 and slaves

anywhere out of Russia? There
 is nothing to match this in
 modern history
 except the expulsion of Eleonor
 from Paris. I suppose you
 know that our Ambassador
 was commanded
 to demand her expulsion
 within twenty four hours from
 the French Government. You

[460]

take my meaning correctly – don’t
 you?

I say: – within – twenty four – hours,
 like some international

undesirable, some swindler or
 cardsharper or what not! It
 is terryfying to think that
 the French Government
 assented at once; though I
 must say it for them that
 they gave her three
 days. Behold the West
 of Europe beguiled into
 the darkest barbarism! And
 it is reported in St Petersburg
 that a high personage, a
 very high personage indeed
 being informed of this
 shameful subserviency
 exclaimed extatically: At last
 I see that France has a
 Government. . . . But,
 [461]
 possibly you have already
 heard the story. . . .”

There was just time enough
 in the pause for me to make a
 guess at that Eleonor’s identity.

Eleonor? What
 Eleonor? It flashed upon me
 all at once: Mme de S – of course.

And
 then I listened to Miss
 [462]
 Haldin’s voice

“No Peter Ivanovitch. I have
 not heard the story”

That was all he got. The
 merest acknowledgment
 of his presence
 extorted from her at the
 point of importunity sharper
 than a bayonet pricking
 her breast. It was
 enough to make a talking
 machine give
 up from shame. But he
 only nodded his big
 head.

“Those are the historical
 sayings for the annals of

460.4 undesirable, some] OM
 460.5 or what not] OM

460.14 it is reported in] they wrote me
 from

461.5 that] OM

461.8–462.1 listened ... voice] heard Miss
 Haldin saying

462.4 That ... The] It was the

462.9–10 pricking her breast] OM

- [463]
 Russia. And those are the people
 who set their Church dignitaries to
 give my soul formally to the devil. 463.1 Russia] modern Russia
 How could they 463.3 my soul formally] over my soul
 do it? It has soared free of all lies
 on the day my body was loaded with
 chains. I have dwelt forty days 463.6 dwelt] dwelt for
 in the wilderness and I know
 what the Prince of Darkness is
 like.”
- This big man had a
 simplicity which left all
 art far behind. He leaned
 forward, motionless; his powerful 463.13 motionless] OM
 voice
 came from the very bottom 463.14 came] issued
 of his chest, almost from his
 stomach, no longer
 unctuous, but with a note of
 feeling in its deep resonance
 a something indescribable in
 the tone bringing
 consternation to the breast
- [464]
 of the average civilised man.
 Completely disregarded and caring 464.2-5 Completely ... Haldin.] OM
 nothing for my personal
 awkwardness in
 this scene I felt alarmed for
 Miss Haldin. I had never seen
 her so pale. She sat perfectly still. 464.6 her] Miss Haldin
 I would have thought he had
 hypnotised her had I not
 caught in her apparently
 fascinated gaze a gleam, a 464.10-11 a hint of hardness] in my
 hint of hardness which assured
 me she had full possession
 of herself
- “My sin I suppose, consisted 464.14-15 My ... said] I have said” he
 in having said that there is no
 deadly sin but arrogance the
 father and mother of all evil
 deeds. The prophets of Israel 464.18 deeds.] deeds. Is this impiety?
 crying against the hardness of
 hearts meant nothing else. Or
 is it because I have 464.20 meant] meant that, and
 464.20-465.1 Or ... affirm] I have
 proclaimed my belief

- [465]
dared to affirm that the Creation of
the Universe
was an Act of Love.
The hardened murderers my 456.3 murderers] murderers, Natalia
Viktorovna,
companions understood this at once. 456.4 understood this] of captivity heard
The truth had only to be uttered and bowed their heads
before
them. What other impulse it could
have been which moved the will of 465.7 been which] OM
the
Eternal Omnipotence
contemplating the Chaos? Can you
imagine without a shudder the
sombre and
blasphemous madness that
would invoke 465.12 invoke] evoke
for a witness to God a
Universe sprung from
Hate or from savage
caprice”
Suddenly, I may say
[466]
astonishingly his
rapt intense attitude vanished
in a movement to pick up the high 466.3 a ... the] the action of reaching for
silk his
hat standing
on the floor by the side of his chair.
He
caressed its gloss by a slight
semicircular contact with
his coatsleeve. The change
was simply amazing.
“You should read my
Parables Natalia Viktorovna”
he said lightly if such a
description could ever be applied to
anything so naturally
forceful as his bass voice. It was 466.14–18 It ... possible.] OM
certainly a nearer approach to
the conversational tone than
I would have thought
possible. “It has found 466.18 It] That book
[467]
readers on two continents. If
I am to believe what comes
to my ears and what

little falls under my poor
 eyes – you know I am recommended
 to spare my sight and the print
 of newspapers is so trying –
 it has penetrated into millions
 of homes from Sweden to –
 to – California. And even on
 that account alone, of that
 universality I mean

Miss Haldin abandoned what
 had looked to me a consistent policy 467.14 me] me like
 of silence.

“And does that please you
 Peter Ivanovitch” she asked.

As far as one can judge
 [468]
 of a man whose eyes are
 concealed by
 dark glasses, he was surprised.
 His answer boomed softly
 – as it were.

468.5 as it were] OM

“Please me! Why should it
 not please me? Don’t suppose
 that I am proud on that
 account. Pride is the offshoot
 of arrogance that tree
 of sin overshadowing the earth. The
 last

468.7–16 Don’t ... nature.] OM

vestiges of evil fell off me
 when wandering naked in the forests

I
 perceived the destructive
 animalism of my masculine
 nature. First of all I
 am a practical force. All our parties
 [469]
 whatever their means of
 action have recognised that

468.16 First of all] OM

468.17 force.] force. My fame is useful to
 my country.

468.17–469.3 our ... me] the parties of
 progress of progress recognise the fact, I
 believe

much of me. As to the reactionaries
 they

469.3–7 As ... also.] OM

have called Heaven’s own thunder
 on my head – you know. Next my
 fame serving the cause of my
 country’s regeneration serves
 truth also. The prophets of Israel

469.7 The] And abstract truth is being
 served as well by my writings. The

spoke to their own people but they
 left
 a message for all the world also –
 don't
 forget that.

“That is true Peter Ivanovitch”
 said Miss Haldin in an even
 low voice. “Only remembering what
 you said just now about your
 works not being understood I
 wondered that you should be
 pleased at the greatness of the
 [470]
 misunderstanding extending from
 – Sweden to California I think
 you said”

469.16–470.3 wondered ... said] OM

I was pleased to hear this verbal
 lunge
 delivered fearlessly. At the same time
 I was

sorry she spoke at all. I felt it
 to be a
 serious mistake when I saw
 him deposit carefully his shiny
 hat on his knees. Seeing
 him do that I sat
 down in my corner without attracting
 attention as a
 disillusioned ghost might sit quietly
 amongst
 the busy living.

470.10–15 Seeing ... living.] OM

“In general way yes” he
 said. “Think of these millions
 struggling fierce animosity for what?
 fame,

470.17 these] all these
 470.18 what?] OM

for pleasure, for daily
 [471–6¹]
 bread. And all in such confusion too!
 One feels a peculiar anguish . . . The
 mental
 caducity! The moral destitution
 of that West buried in gold up to
 the neck. I received lately an
 invitation to New York. They
 wanted me to speak in public over
 there. To deliver some discourses
 And do you know what?

470.19 pleasure] pleasurable sensations

¹ There are no manuscript pages numbered 471–5. These pages were probably discarded after Conrad wrote ‘471–6’ at the top of this page.

I could not bring myself to say – yes.
I flinched. That world does not
think in
the same terms with us. There is a
barrier. Even the women
themselves at present . . . Ah! You may
well
be proud of being a Russian
girl, Natalia . . . ”

I kept quiet in my corner noting
in myself the unexpected growth of
mystic solidarity with

476.16 the unexpected growth] an
unusual sense

New York, and a
marked distaste for that familiar
Natalia on his lips. Eleonor!
Natalia. This easy use of women’s
christian

names must have been a

[477]

privilege of his feminism.

“How could that world enter into
our sensations,

our opinions

our hopes? Materialism rises like
a wall. But in the case of that
particular book I had a special reason
to hope. It has been written

477.7a hope] rejoice

477.7b has been] was

under the direct inspiration of a
unique mind and an inexhaustibly
generous heart – Eleonor, in a
word. Mme de S – you know. She –
how can I express it? – completely –
without reserve . . . I have
been comforted, sustained – I have
been guided . . . ”

477.11 Mme] Mrs

The unexpected drop of his
big head spread his beard
magnificently

over his chest. There was genuine
emotion in this sudden
lapse into silence. But he looked

[478]

up almost at once.

“You know that I repose my
highest

478.2 You know that] OM

hopes in the superiority of women.
Spiritual, I mean. The only one
possible.

It is they who in the

last instance must find the meaning
– the interpretation of

He flourished his arm. The
explanatory wide sweep was curtailed
by the
care for the stability of the
hat balanced on his knees.

“The direction too. The direction
must be spiritual. That truth can not
be gainsaid. I will not
enlarge at present. In short man
and all his works must be saved
by the woman. But no more
of this We shall meet again . . .

DELETION 2: MS 506.5–539.20 / TS 238.14–256.5

[506]

107.2 fear.” ¶ [Miss Haldin] TSr–

[. . .] fear.

“I was afraid mother
would wake up and perhaps
come here. I did not want
her to see him.

“You mean that you did
not want Mrs Haldin to hear him
talk.

The mere recollection of that
voice
fatiguing and disquieting
like the aimless thunder of

[507]

a great wind made me
anxious about that frail woman.
But Miss Haldin said simply

“Peter Ivanovitch wanted to talk
of my
brother”. That is what he had
called on us for.

“I see” I said approvingly. “You
think
that for your mother silence is
best?”

She shook her head.

“There can be no silence between
us.

How could there be
after all these years we
lived for him. It would be a strange
kind of hypocrisy. Do you