

## 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<sup>-1</sup>

[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

<sup>1</sup> 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  
 cardsharpener 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  
 [471–6<sup>1</sup>]  
 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

<sup>1</sup> 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  
 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 . . . ”

477.7a hope] rejoice

477.7b has been] was

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