THE COLLECTED LETTERS
OF JOSEPH CONRAD

VOLUME 9
UNCOLLECTED LETTERS, 1892–1923
CORRIGENDA, VOLUMES 1–7
AND
CONSOLIDATED INDEXES, VOLUMES 1–9

EDITED BY
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OWEN KNOWLES
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Frontmatter
More information
This volume is dedicated with gratitude to
Rick Gekoski
and to
S. J. S.
CONTENTS

List of plates xi
Acknowledgments xiii
List of holders of letters xv
Published sources of letters xvii
Other frequently cited works xxi
Introduction to Volume Nine xxiii
Conrad's correspondents: Volume Nine, 1892–1923 xxxiii
Editorial procedures xlvii
Letters 1
Appendix: New texts from holograph 255
Silent corrections to the text 269
Index of recipients 271
Index of names 273

REVISED CORRIGENDA, VOLUMES 1–7, AND CONSOLIDATED INDEXES, VOLUMES 1–9

Revised corrigenda and addenda: Volumes 1–7 281
Consolidated index of recipients: Volumes 1–9 297
Consolidated index of names: Volumes 1–9 311
Uncollected Letters, 1892–1923
PLATES

Between pages 176 and 177

1. Letter to William Banks [29 October 1894]
2. T. Fisher Unwin by J. McLure Hamilton
3. S. S. Pawling in 1907
4. Ted and Helen Sanderson
5a. Edward Garnett, Friends' Ambulance Unit, 1917
5b. Christopher Sandeman in Peru
6. Letter to the British Museum, May 1920
7. Edmund Candler, c. 1919
8. Hamlin Garland

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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As this edition comes to a close, the thoughts of the present General Editor turn again in sadness and affection to its founder, the late Frederick R. Karl, who so often showed the wrongness of Qoheleth’s observation that ‘much study is a weariness of the flesh’. Non equidem invideo, miror magis.
HOLDERS OF LETTERS

Adelaide Archives Department, State University of South Australia at Adelaide
Arizona Special Collections, University of Arizona, Tempe
Berg (PGG) Berg Collection: Phyllis Goodhart Gordan bequest, 1995
Berkeley Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley
BL British Library
BM British Museum, Museum Archives, Department of Libraries and Archives
Bodley Bodleian Library, Oxford University
Buffalo Poetry / Rare Books Collection, State University of New York, Buffalo
Colgate Special Collections, Colgate University Library, Hamilton, New York
Cornell Division of Rare Books and Manuscript Collections, Cornell University Library, Ithaca, New York
Czyz Mr Thomas A. Czyz
Dunhill Mr David Dunhill
Ferreira Mr E. C. Ferreira
Forbes Forbes Collection, New York and London
Garnett Mr Richard Garnett
Helsinki University Library, Helsinki
HL House of Lords Record Office
Houle Houle Rare Books and Autographs, Los Angeles
Indiana Lilly Library, University of Indiana, Bloomington
Lubbock Special Collections, Texas Tech University, Lubbock
Mitchell Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales, Sydney
Morgan Pierpont Morgan Library, New York
NLS National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh
NMM National Maritime Museum, Greenwich
NYPL Miscellaneous Manuscripts Division, New York Public Library
NYU Fales Collection, New York University Libraries

xv
### List of holders of letters

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Holder</th>
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<tr>
<td>Princeton</td>
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<td>Texas</td>
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<td>Trinity College Dublin</td>
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</tr>
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<td>Doheny Memorial Library, University of Southern California, Los Angeles</td>
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<tr>
<td>Virginia</td>
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<td>Flt-Lieut. J. Walentowicz</td>
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<td>Chapin Library, Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts</td>
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<td>Mr Charles E. Yenter</td>
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PUBLISHED SOURCES OF LETTERS

Here and throughout the volume, books cited without place of publication originated in London.

Anderson


Baxter


Blackburn


Bock (1998)


Bock (2002)


First Editions


G.


Gordan


J-A


Knowles (1985)

Owen Knowles and G. S. W. Miskin, eds., ‘Unpublished Conrad Letters: The HQS Wellington Collection’, Notes and Queries, n.s. 32.3 (September 1985), 370–6

Knowles (1993)

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### Published sources of letters

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OTHER FREQUENTLY CITED WORKS

Unless otherwise noted, references to Conrad’s work come from the Kent Edition, published by Doubleday, Page in twenty-six volumes (Garden City, NY, 1925).

OED  Oxford English Dictionary
INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME NINE

I wrote you last Monday but have an idea that perhaps that letter was not posted, the person entrusted with it (a boy) having had a heavy spill off his bicycle on his way to the village. We’ve only heard of it yesterday, but we don’t know exactly what had happened. It’s just possible that that letter (with two others) is at this moment somewhere in the ditch by the roadside.

(to Christopher Sandeman, 30 [29] April 1917)

Not only in Victorian novels do letters go astray. All kinds of misfortunes threaten their safe arrival: the ditch, and the doormat, and the missed connection; fire, flood, and the district sorting-office. When they do arrive in good condition, falling into the proper, the intended hands, their after-life is equally precarious, subject to the rage of a lover, friend, or client, or the disasters of war, or the indifference of peace, or simply from being kept where silver-fish corrupt and thieves (sometimes, possibly, even scholars) break in and steal. For a scholar, fascinated by the correspondence of just one man or woman, or at most a small circle, there is absolutely no guarantee, and usually no way of knowing, that the fittest have survived. The recipient of a powerful letter (often, nowadays, an e-mail) may cherish it for its passion, its frankness, its tenderness, its knowledge of curious information, its wit, its wisdom, but that frankness, or tenderness, or passion may also be the reason for keeping it a secret or tearing it to pieces. When that letter passes into the hands of family or friends, those feelings of pride, shame, or admiration pass on as well, not always with diminished force. When it passes to a stranger – a collector, say, or a curator – not just the context but the sense of context changes; the identity of writer or recipient may become forgotten or confused, the occasion blurred, the document itself a treasure to be hoarded. Yet we have had good cause to thank the kindness of strangers and of friends, of family members, colleagues, dealers, collectors, and librarians. There are letters in this volume formerly held back by a family as being too intimate to share, letters pieced together like shards from an archaeological dig, letters misfiled or misidentified, letters tracked down by enterprising colleagues, letters long considered irretrievable, some found by happy accident, many by persistence and design. There are conspicuous absences (where is the correspondence with Malinowski, or H. B. Irving, or Sir Robert Jones?), conspicuous uncertainties (was there ever a Hudson correspondence or one

xxiii
with Edwin Pugh?), and surely there are absences that cannot even be named because the names are, in a Conradian setting, utterly unfamiliar. One can only listen for the silences and hope to hear a whisper or an echo. Nevertheless, what we offer here is a wide variety of survivals, over 200 of them, many seemingly among the fittest.

Despite the mishap to the message-boy (who, if almost of age, might soon have been facing an abominable quantity of mud), the letter to Sandeman of ‘last Monday’ (actually Tuesday, 24 April) did reach its destination. Sandeman, who later became a distinguished amateur botanist and was an irresistible traveller, spent his war in military intelligence. He spoke fluent German and French, and in his Spanish and Portuguese had the confidence of a man with close family ties to the port and sherry business. Conrad liked writing to him about Continental politics (cosas de Europa, as Sandeman might say), and the letter plucked from the ditch is no exception: ‘As to the peace of Europe! I have no ideas as to that – only doubts and perplexities which if I were to attempt to set on paper I would go crazy myself and perhaps endanger your own reason in the reading.’ He goes on to consider the revolution in Russia, the Menshevik revolution of February 1917, from a position of deep scepticism about both the sanctity of the Romanovs and the bona fides of the revolutionaries and their admirers in the British press. Although his ‘gout has taken up a position on a sort of Hindenburg line through which I cannot break, and that I am now disabled on my left wing’, he would like to try for the ‘great pleasure’ of having Sandeman down for lunch, perhaps accompanied by Prince Woroniecki, a nobleman who could have talked to Conrad with some authority about conditions in Poland. Witty, curious, opinionated, anxious, this is not a letter to be passed over in a hurry. Yet, when Jean-Aubry was assembling Conrad’s correspondence for the Life and Letters, Sandeman looked for it in vain, along with another about Ibsen’s Ghosts: ‘I am confirmed in the idea I had for some time that Ibsen is “un vieux singe”. He plays with the subject exactly as I’ve seen a monkey play with a nut’ (11 July 1917). At first, Sandeman thought he had mislaid them both, and searched all around El Palacio, the family house in Jerez de la Frontera, but came eventually to the conclusion that he had destroyed them (Sandeman to Jean-Aubry, 12 October, 8 December, 17 December 1925, MSS Yale). His family held to that belief, yet here they are, having only very recently emerged from wherever they have been hidden, and still more recently having found a home with a public-spirited private collector ‘somewhere’, as war-time correspondents used to say, ‘in Europe’.

The example of the Colvins is more tantalising. Jean-Aubry published fifteen of the letters to Sir Sidney and Lady Colvin in his Life and Letters (1927). In
Introduction

the estate sale (Anderson Galleries, New York, 7 May 1928), there were over a hundred lots, mostly of individual letters. Of these, eighty-three appear in this edition, three of them in the present volume, but several of the eighty-three come, for want of the original, from printed texts. Given the affection and solicitude that characterised the friendship of both Conrads with both Colvins, and, in Joseph Conrad’s case, given their mutual literary enthusiasms, the missing letters are a loss, not only to scholarship of the who-knew-whom variety, but to those who think about the how, as well as the what, of friendship.

Certain letters in this volume confirm existing impressions. As is evident in published correspondence, the thought of editorial tampering could bring Conrad out in a cold fury:

I address you directly to make it plain that if you have been led to believe that I would alter my work to suit the tastes, opinions, or criticism of any person whatever it has been done without my concurrence and without a shred of authority from me.

I would be inclined to resent strongly such a proposal were I sure it had originated with you. For, pray consider: my work counts in the present-day literature. I am not a casual scribbler. My signature stands for something quite individual and distinctive in the art of expression. How then can I modify my work in its inner texture in accordance with another man’s views, and then put it out as my own, for the sake of a few pounds? (to Comyns Beaumont, 17 November 1910)

Yet his letter about ‘A Smile of Fortune’ and its serialisation in the London Magazine, classic of its kind, with its hauteur and stubbornness (which yielded over the next five days) and its signature phrases, such as ‘pray consider’, has some less predictable moments. There is a reference to a ‘hospital episode’ that completely vanished from the printed text, and a brief discussion, unusually explicit by Conrad’s standards, of the aesthetics of serial-writing. These are glimpses of the unexpected.

Likewise, readers of his fiction and his correspondence have long known of Conrad’s love of opera, especially Bizet, Meyerbeer, and Verdi, but in another letter to Sandeman (5 June 1917), we have a reference to Tristan und Isolde that, brief and self-deprecating as it is about his knowledge of Wagner’s mythology, gives what he told Marguerite Poradowska about the ending of Almayer’s Folly in 1894 (Letters, 1, p. 156) a notable resonance. A sentence in a little-known message from David Meldrum to William Blackwood has been the only indication that Conrad and Ford seriously considered working together on a grand, Zolaesque novel on that devastating millenarian, John of Leiden. Conrad, however, gives a gratifyingly full prospectus when writing to S. S. Pawling:
Introduction

the backbone of the big historical romance about the Anabaptists does absolutely exist already and even the larger bones of the monster have been put together loosely. Two years or 2\(\frac{1}{2}\) years shall put flesh, blood, and life on the skeleton. It is my intention however to write the whole myself. The procedure is for H[ueffer] to read up crabbed German, hunt up information, curious facts and so on, make notes for me. The story (a story of love fanaticism and treachery) exists and is practically settled. (25 March 1900)

This is only part of a long account suggestive in its presentation of working methods, its choice of subject (one previously tackled by Meyerbeer), its political implications (the Anabaptists as ‘socialist lunatics’), its invocation of Zola, and the marvellous improbability of the whole idea.

This collection offers many illuminating moments: Conrad learning Spanish (15 January and 2 February 1907); his opinion of Captain Stuart, his captain in the Loch Etive (26 July 1918); the exploits of that ‘young ruffian’ John Conrad (4 and 30 December 1909); the remarks on translating Candide sent to Borys, whose literary tastes feature hardly at all in the previously published correspondence (10 May 1922); the response to Wells’s review of An Outcast: ‘My style may be atrocious – but it produces its effect – is as unalterable as – say – the size of my feet – and I will never disguise it in boots of Wells’ (or anybody else’s) making’ ([28 May 1896]); Hugh Clifford, just home from Borneo in 1901 or 1902, greeting Conrad with the news: ‘I’ve seen Almayer’. And he added ‘He’s got very grey’ (14 April 1914). Yet in singling out such flashes, one should not ignore the more general illumination of the patterns of friendship and correspondence. Having a strong sense of family bonding, Conrad writes not only to his friends but to their mothers, to Mrs Garnett, for example, or as here, to Mrs Hueffer:

I think that Ford and I have no reason to be dissatisfied with the reception of Romance. If some papers have attacked the collaboration others have been patting us on the back. For myself the only question is whether the collaboration is good for Ford? (26 December 1903)

He appeals to friends to help other friends and their families, asking Iris Wedgwood to help find a posting in the RASC for Conrad Hope: ‘the young man has opened his heart to me and tho’ I had the greatest affection for him from his babyhood yet I’ve never been able to do anything for him. So I couldn’t resist the impulse and I said I would try’ (4 October 1915). He advises Cunninghame Graham on dealing with American publishers, telling him of Knopf’s enthusiasm for his work (21 April 1915). He asks Pawling for a loan to help his young sisters-in-law begin their education at St Bernard’s Convent School (22 April 1900). Indeed, readers of earlier volumes will not be surprised to find shortage of funds, creditors, insurance policies, and lottery
tickets figuring here, reflecting, as ever, the insecurities of his life as husband, father, author.

The present gathering of correspondence might well prompt another look – or to use a Conradian metaphor, another squint – at dealings with two publishers, S. S. Pawling and T. Fisher Unwin. Conrad’s dislike of the latter’s politics is well established, as is his scorn for the ‘Patron’s’ behaviour towards the authors on his list. The degree to which he used irony and a kind of exasperated charm as ways of coping with his publisher’s irritating habits and his own consequent irritation has been less evident. Of *Almayer’s Folly*, he writes:

The universal clamour is not for gifts. The enthusiastic persons want to buy the book. BUY! My dear Sir. They have had their money in their hands on the first of March then on the 18th. And now they are gone into convents, or become hermits, or committed suicide from despair at repeated disappointments. (3 April 1895)

And of ‘The Rescuer’:

Everybody or almost everybody in the tale shall be virtuous and beautiful and high-minded. And even the wicked people shall wash their faces in rose water and brush their hair smoothly before appearing in the rare chapters where their presence is absolutely indispensable. It is a story eminently fit for a mag: for family circulation. In that story nobody will swear – teetotalism and other accomplishments shall be well to the fore, and nothing but the best cigars will be smoked. (9 April 1896)

A year and a half later, Conrad wrote another letter on this fledgeling novel, now renamed *The Rescue*. This one, to S. S. Pawling, stands among the most detailed and circumstantial accounts of any novel, whether in the making or completed, that Conrad ever wrote. It covers tone, genre, sources, structure, milieu, character, incident, and plot (8 November 1897). Aside from being exceptionally informative on all these matters of a novelist’s art, it shows that Pawling’s was one of those minds that Conrad thought entirely worthy of engaging. The difference from his attitude to Unwin shows up most clearly when the topics overlap. The equivalent of the facetious paragraph above reads as follows:

All women are to a certain extent adventurers – of a most disinterested kind, too; but a young girl would be too simple. She would either surrender to the fascination – or simply ignore it. Now I want a woman capable to face the unexpected and to understand the situation. As a matter of fact she is the only one who understands. Lingard himself does not. Consequently the woman is the wife of the owner of the yacht. You need not fear for the proprieties.

The six letters to him in this volume give a markedly different sense of Pawling’s relations with Conrad from the seven in the earlier volumes, which are
Introduction

confined to more immediate issues. Here is a case of a familiar correspondent in a new landscape.

For a correspondent who is unfamiliar yet also inspired letters distinctive enough to suggest some remapping of the landscape, we might turn to E. B. Redmayne.1 Redmayne, a Lancashire mill-owner, his daughter ‘Nita’, and other members of the family met Conrad on their three-month voyage in the Torrens, starting in October 1892. Over the years, Conrad knew many people who were, in one sense or another, in business – from Fountaine Hope to Józef Spiridion, Ralph Wedgwood to Syed Moshin bin Salleh al Joffree – but as a manufacturer, Redmayne was exceptional. There is an extant letter from him, applauding Almayer’s Folly, giving his views on the ‘overpowering strain of savageness in Nina’, and suggesting that Conrad could go on to rival Stevenson (Stape and Knowles, p. 17). Conrad wrote to him about his work, his anxieties, his political opinions, and his marriage. The letter of 23 February 1896 is a good example of the way these themes could twine together. It begins with a long section about ‘these stirring times’ in which ‘The national Life seems to me to run haphazard . . . The depressing the dismal fact is that the impulse, the right, assertive impulse of the country will be stifled* for the sake of petty considerations of party, of prejudices, of idiotic theories.’ Conrad blames the press, the politicians, and especially those who ‘Out of pure goodness . . . avoid looking facts in the face. They shut their eyes and say: “We are holy” – while they are only blind.’ The villains here must be the Liberals (among them the Cobdens and the Unwins), who channel the Nonconformist conscience and are too squeamish to take an aggressive stance on foreign and colonial policy:

I have been about a great deal lately and I notice with sorrow and dismay that the rest of Europe will not believe in our readiness to strike offensively for the purposes of defence. That is the true theory of preservation. You must be ready and willing to strike. Now we may be ready – but we are not willing. I suppose we are too good and tender to hurt any of our enemies.

Given the date, these enemies were probably Germany, which, for whatever purpose, had been taking the side of the Boers in their confrontations with the British South Africa Company, and the United States, where talk of war with Britain over the disputed boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela was rife and raucous. In all this, Conrad may be anticipating or echoing the views of his friend, or taking them rather further than Redmayne would himself.

1 Unfamiliar, that is, in the setting of a book. The Redmayne correspondence has appeared in Conradiana (Stape and van Marle).
After a vigorous denunciation of all enemies, foreign and domestic, the agenda shifts from fortifying England ‘on the lines of a glorious past’ to marrying an Englishwoman: ‘I also have had a little crisis of my own, a change in my insignificant existence. I am going to get married at the end of March.’ The change of tone is jarring, the choice of ‘crisis’ as its pivot curious. Not for the first time in this correspondence, a more vulnerable Conrad shows his face: ‘She reckless – like all the women in love – starts with a light heart. I – much older and having been knocked about – do not feel that boundless trust in the future, which makes life easy.’ Instead of the nonchalant ‘having knocked about’ of the man who has had adventures, he slips into the passive. Then come the uncertainty of the novelist’s life, the difficulty of finding another berth at sea, and the possibility of taking his English bride to live ‘in some small village in Brittany or Normandy where we could live cheaply and I could write without hindrance’. It is a striking metamorphosis for someone who, a few paragraphs back, was reprehending any ‘incautious confession of weakness’. By the end, Conrad is the younger man (as he was by twenty years), the new British subject diffident about his own zeal, and the bridegroom-to-be with clouded prospects:

You may think me very foolish in my appreciation of the international aspect of affairs but my tone is tinged by my feeling of great affection for this country – and the foolishness would be the fault of the head – not of the heart. The same with my marriage; and I hope that You will judge both, my opinions and my actions, with friendly indulgence.

Letters such as this one to Redmayne bring together some of the many subjectivities of Joseph Conrad and the many contradictions of his age. They remind us too that the friendships he had made at sea, especially among passengers in the Torrens, ensured that his first years as a writer in London were less isolated than one might at first imagine.

Another of these friends was ‘Ted’, or E. L. Sanderson. In the autumn of 1896, Conrad wrote three letters that, as expressions of religious thought and feeling, have no equivalents in his work. Two are to Sanderson, and one to Sanderson’s fiancée Helen Watson. His father was a clergyman, and the whole large family devoutly and vigorously Anglican; her father was an influential layman in the Free Kirk, the sterner face of Scottish Presbyterianism. In the first letter, Ted has decided to propose, but Conrad is worried lest the ‘conscientious scruples’ that have been racking him recur on the long journey from Hertfordshire to Galloway:

2 The closest is a New Year greeting to Émilie Briquel from December 1895 (Letters, 1, p. 257).
I only wished to point out that in the most high-minded impulses there may lurk error and disaster. For our mind has been given us for good and ill, for our perdition or our salvation. But through our hearts, if they are reverent and humble, the Supreme Master of our lives sends inspiration upon the Earth. (4 October)

In the second, Ted has proposed and Helen has accepted him. Conrad sends the loftiest of good wishes: ‘May You never know doubt and always know pity. May You sustain and guide the erring who are lost in darkness and Yourself forever see the splendour of Eternal Light.’ His friend, however, has been doubting his own worthiness: ‘But I proclaim my belief that in Your heart there is no desire of evil; that in Your darkest hours You have cherished truth, and honour, and kept faith with men. Let Her believe that – and be happy!’ (28 October). Helen, too, was beset with misgivings; although they had never met, she wrote to Conrad, confiding in him as Ted’s close friend. Conrad replied: ‘it’s obvious to me that Your very doubts testify to Your complete worthiness. The worthiest and the most perfect have been not afflicted – but chastened by such misgivings. It is true in the region of faith and of love; in the sphere of intellect – and in the sphere of Charity. It is only the wish for perfection expressing itself to the consciousness’ (2 November).

For the most part, the letter to her is pitched in a less formal register, and its burden is less theological, more concerned with the psychological challenges of marriage:

I am glad to know that Your temperaments are in accord. Ted is high-strung in no ordinary way. He must be soothed not by placidity but by sympathy – and that You will give him, for You will understand his moods through Your own experiences. Probably in Your own life You have found how exasperating placidity may be! I have!

The letters to Ted, though, seem unwaveringly pious. They will be congenial to those who think of Conrad as a Christian at heart, even as those who see him as an agnostic, an atheist, a pagan, or at heart a Buddhist have welcomed contrary passages in other letters, and no doubt they will be argued over. Messages from one of several selves? Performances attuned to other people’s music? Homilies composed in a spirit of sincerity? One can only find some common ground, perhaps, by seeing them as acts of friendship by a writer of extraordinary fluency.

An assembly of every findable letter expands and juxtaposes: it expands both what we know of a writer’s oeuvre and the oeuvre itself; it juxtaposes what was previously scattered, the published and the unpublished, the casual and the formal, the familiar and the strange, the contradictory. In the Appendix to Volume Nine is the re-edited text for a letter to Sanderson
Introduction

of 24 August 1895, its tone and its concerns (dysentery, yachting, Paris, political acquaintances, and mining shares) so strongly contrasting with the pair to Sanderson quoted above that they might as well have been to different people. No redrawing of the maps can ever be the last, yet each one shows the territory differently. This last volume of the letters does not pretend to put a cap on anything, or be the final word; like its predecessors, it preserves not Conrad but Conrads, and these new letters bear the promise of rekindling, not of damping old debates. The pleasures and fascinations we offer here are those of the Many, coruscating, ever-fluctuating, never certain what’s to come, rather than of the One, sufficient to itself and timeless.

Laurence Davies
University of Glasgow
CONRAD’S CORRESPONDENTS
VOLUME NINE: 1892–1923

Born in County Derry, James Johnston ABRAHAM (1876–1963) studied medicine in Ireland, going on to practise in London. As well as specialist medical treatises, his writings include a novel The Night Nurse (1913); Lettsom (1933), a biography of the physician John Coakley Lettsom (1744–1815); Leaves from a Surgeon’s Case-Book (1938); The White Coated Army (1938); Behind the Mask (1940); and A Surgeon’s Heritage (1953). His autobiographical work includes My Balkan Log (1921) and Surgeon’s Journey (1957). In the UK, he was awarded a CBE and the DSO, and in Ireland, a D.Litt. from Trinity College Dublin in 1946.

J. S. ANTHONY, a shipping- or insurance-agent in Port Adelaide, South Australia, was connected with the shipowners H. Simpson & Sons, part-owners of the Otago, which Conrad commanded during the period 1888–9. He seems to have been a sailor himself.

Edward (Augustus) ARNOLD (1857–1942), publisher, founded his firm in 1890, publishing both general and educational books. Within a decade, he had established a thriving company that brought out about a hundred titles a year. Travels, memoirs, and politics formed the bulk of his list during the Edwardian period, but he attracted M. R. James and E. M. Forster to publish with him. Active in trade affairs, he was known for paying generous royalties. He retired very comfortably in 1930.

On his first voyage out to Adelaide in the Torrens in 1891, Conrad formed a friendship with one of the ship’s passengers, Walter BANKS (1864–1951), a civil engineer. Banks is known to have prospected for gold in Australia before returning to his native Stockport, in Lancashire. An obituary records that he ‘corresponded for years with Conrad, and used to say of him: “He was a most lovable character, but he could be stern as a mate”’ (Stockport Advertiser, 28 December 1951, p. 13).

When he visited the Conrads in 1917, C. L. BAYNE was serving with the Royal Garrison Artillery. After the war, he worked at the War Office Library.
Conrad's correspondents: Volume Nine

(William) Comyns BEAUMONT (1873–1956), who entered journalism by way of the New York Herald, created The Bystander in 1903, edited the London Magazine from 1909 to 1911, and later edited the National Graphic. He also worked as private secretary to a wealthy American diplomat. He wrote several books on archaeology, in which he took an amateur interest, and published an autobiography, A Rebel in Fleet Street (1948).

A poet and scholar, Laurence Robert BINYON (1869–1943) won the Newdigate prize at Oxford. He worked as a curator in the Oriental Department of the British Museum until the First World War, when he left to serve with the Red Cross. At the end of the war, he returned to the Museum, and wrote many books on art, Eastern and Western, including influential studies of Blake and his circle, Indian sculpture, and Japanese graphics. He became Norton Professor of Poetry at Harvard in 1933, and published a verse translation of Dante’s Divina comedia (1933–43). He is perhaps best remembered for his 1914 poem ‘For the Fallen’ (‘They shall not grow old’), but he was also a vital intermediary between Modernist poets (such as Yeats and Pound) and scholars of Asian art and literature. Binyon was a close friend of Sidney Colvin, and Colvin presumably made the link to Conrad.

Mr S. BURN, who lived in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, wrote to Conrad in 1919 for information about the publication of The Shadow-Line.

Novelist, traveller, war correspondent and journalist in the Middle East and Tibet, and autobiographer, Edmund CANDLER (1874–1926), the eighth child of a Norfolk surgeon, went to Repton school and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. In 1896, he left England for India in search of romance, living there until 1914. After 1906 he was Principal of Mohindra College, Patiala, where E. M. Forster met him during his first journey to the subcontinent. Candler’s health, undermined by his experience in Asia, forced a return to Europe where he lived out his final years in the French Basque country.

(Emma) Jane Catherine COBDEN-UNWIN (née Cobden, 1851–1947) married T. Fisher Unwin, Conrad’s first publisher, in 1892. The daughter of the politician Richard Cobden, the ‘Apostle of Free Trade’, she was active in feminist and progressive causes. A founding member of the Women’s Suffrage League, she was also the first woman elected to the new London County Council. Among other causes, she took up Congo reform, the abolition of racial segregation in South Africa, and Irish independence.
After three years of selling coal, Sydney Carlyle Cockerell (1867–1962; knighted 1934) went to work for William Morris and the Kelmscott Press in 1892; thereafter, Cockerell’s love of books and fine typography never waned. From 1908 to 1937, he directed the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

Sir Sidney Colvin (1845–1927; knighted 1911) became a good friend to Conrad, as he had been to Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin, who had been Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Cambridge, was Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum from 1884 to 1912. Among his literary works were editions of Stevenson’s letters and biographies of Landor and Keats. His wife, Frances (1839–1924), had made a living as an essayist and shared his literary and artistic interests; she had been the confidante of Stevenson.

The elder of Conrad’s sons, (Alfred) Borys (Leo) Conrad (1898–1978), was educated in the training-ship HMS Worcester and later worked in the motor industry. Gassed and shell-shocked during the war, he suffered from poor health and emotional problems thereafter. His occasionally irresponsible behaviour, his entanglement in debt, and his marriage without Conrad’s knowledge strained his relations with his father. In 1927, he attempted to sell manuscripts he did not own and was sentenced to a term in prison for fraud; he declared bankruptcy the following year. He was officially separated from his wife Joan by 1935.

A journalist and writer, Richard Henry Parnell Curle (1883–1968) was Scots by birth but English by residence and education. He left Wellington College in 1901, and began working in publishing in London in 1905. His passion for travel appears in such books as *Into the East: Notes on Burma and Malaya* (1923) and *Caravansary and Conversation* (1937); his psychological curiosity in *Women: An Analytical Study* (1947). His first book was *Aspects of George Meredith* (1908), and he published many studies of other writers, including Robert Browning, W. H. Hudson, Thomas Hardy, and Dostoevsky. In his relations with Conrad, about whom he wrote three books and many articles and pamphlets, Curle became both protégé and protector – a combination of sympathetic critic, bibliographer, collector, acolyte, entrepreneur, literary son, and friend.

Bertram Dobell (1842–1914) began his working life as a stationer and newsagent, becoming in mid-life a bookseller at 77 Charing Cross Road, London. He was also a man of letters and poet, and edited and published the poet James Thomson (‘B.V.’), whom he befriended. He also wrote notably on
Charles Lamb, Thomas Traherne, and Henry Vaughan, rescuing Traherne and Vaughan from centuries of obscurity.

Austrian-born and educated in England and Germany, (George) Norman DOUGLAS (1868–1952), traveller, polyglot, polymath, wit, and former diplomat, met Conrad on Capri in 1905. His oeuvre, ranging from ‘The Herpetology of the Grand Duchy of Baden’ (1891) to Venus in the Kitchen (1952), includes South Wind (1917) and Old Calabria (1915). Conrad generously nurtured his career, brokering for him contacts with Pinker and Ford.

Elizabeth (‘Toppie’) DUMMETT (née Miéville, 1868–1940) was widowed in 1891. A fine horsewoman and a lively talker, she held court for gatherings of writers, painters, and musicians at her home in Brompton, West London. Her close friendship with R. B. Cunninghame Graham lasted until his death.

In his novels and memoirs, Ford Madox FORD (1873–1939) created some of the best English fiction of the twentieth century. He was also a poet and an inspired editor. His collaborations with Conrad included The Inheritors (1901), Romance (1903), and ‘The Nature of a Crime’ (English Review, April–May 1909). Conrad and Ford quarrelled in 1909; by the end of 1911 a rapprochement had begun, hastened by Ford’s admiring essay in the English Review, but the friendship never regained its earlier closeness. He changed his surname from Hueffer to Ford in 1919.

The American novelist and short-story writer (Hannibal) Hamlin GARLAND (1860–1940) is best known for his realistic studies of the hardships of farm life in the Midwest, Main-Travelled Roads: Six Mississippi Valley Stories (1891) and the novel Rose of Dutcher’s Coolly (1893). He wrote two autobiographies, A Son of the Middle Border (1917) and A Daughter of the Middle Border (1921), which won the Pulitzer prize for biography in 1922 and also tells the stories of his mother and his wife. In London for the summers of 1922–4 to gather material for his popular public lectures, Garland met a wide range of writers, including Conrad, whom he twice visited at Oswalds and occasionally saw in London.

Constance GARNETT (née Black, 1862–1946), Edward’s wife, was the well-known translator of Russian literature into English. Like her husband, she responded warmly to Conrad, who, from the mid-1890s onwards, received presentation copies of her translations – one of them, Turgenev’s A Desperate Character (1899), being dedicated to him.
Edward William GARNETT (1868–1937), a publisher's reader and critic, was the husband of Constance, the translator. They lived at The Cearne, a meeting-place for writers, artists, anarchists, socialists, and Russian refugees, but he spent much of his time at his flat in Hampstead. Garnett’s encouragement of Conrad in the 1890s was typical of his generous attention to new writers. Although their friendship underwent changes in intensity, Garnett remained a loyal and often close friend.

Edward Garnett’s elder brother, Robert Singleton GARNETT (1866–1932) was senior partner in the law firm of Darley, Cumberland, which he had entered in 1893. During Conrad's breach with Pinker in 1910, he handled the writer’s literary as well as legal interests, as he had for Ford Madox Ford and for D. H. Lawrence. A keen book collector, he was an authority on Alexandre Dumas père, whose works he also translated.

Yorkshire-born, George (Robert) GISSING (1857–1903) wrote essays, novels, and short stories, carefully describing various circles of the London of his day in Hogarthian detail. His works include New Grub Street (1891), The Odd Women (1893), In the Year of Jubilee (1894), and The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft (1903). Conrad and he shared J. B. Pinker as their agent. H. G. Wells was a mutual friend, and other common links were to Edmund Gosse and J. M. Barrie.

Harold GOODBURN (1891–1966) came from Liverpool. A schoolmaster whose chief subjects were chemistry and biology, he held posts in Dorset, Argentina, and Brazil before moving to the King’s School, Canterbury, where he taught science from 1919 to 1945. He then taught in the Midlands before retiring to Canterbury. In More Wrestling than Dancing: An Autobiography (1990), David Moreau recalls him as the eccentric ‘Captain Burnwell’. John Conrad went to Mr Goodburn for private tuition in mathematics.

Born in Canada to an American father and Canadian mother, Russell F. GORE (1881–1957) arrived in the United States at the age of ten. He was a reporter and feature writer for the Detroit News, retiring in 1951. Author of the series ‘The Romance of the Pine’ and ‘Copper Re-making the World’, he also wrote on circus life in America.

Robert Bontine Cunninghame GRAHAM (1852–1936) began a lasting friendship with Conrad in 1897, the result of a letter praising ‘An Outpost of Progress’. In the 1920s, he was active in the cause of Scottish nationalism.
and became the first President of the SNP. A socialist and (according to some scholars) rightful King of Scotland, Graham worked and travelled widely in the Americas. He drew on his experiences in many volumes of tales, sketches, and essays and in his unorthodox histories of the Spanish conquest. From 1886 to 1892 he represented North-West Lanarkshire in Parliament; he spent four and a half weeks in gaol for his part in the Bloody Sunday demonstration of 1887.

The son of the Positivist Frederic Harrison, Austin HARRISON (1873–1928), educated at Harrow and then at Lausanne and Marburg, was an essayist with a strong interest in German politics and culture. He took over the editorship of the English Review in late 1909, when Sir Alfred Mond dismissed Ford, and edited it until 1923. Between 1904 and 1908, he had edited The Observer. His other works include Lifting Mist (1924) – a novel of school life – and Frederic Harrison, Thoughts and Memories (1926).

W(illiam) H(enry) HEINEMANN (1863–1920) established his well-known London publishing firm in 1890, entered into partnership with S. S. Pawling in 1893, and by the turn of the century had compiled a remarkable fiction list that included work by H. G. Wells, Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, and Conrad’s The Nigger of the ‘Narcissus’. From 1895 to 1897, Heinemann also published the New Review under the editorship of W. E. Henley. In 1921, the firm published the first British collected edition of Conrad’s works.

C(harles) L(ewis) HIND (1862–1927), who edited the Academy from 1896 to 1903, brought a new and serious note to criticism and encouraged the early work of H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett. A prolific writer, he was best known as an art critic, with a particular interest in landscape painting. He wrote regularly for the Daily Chronicle, authored a guidebook to Cornwall, and contributed a chapter on Philadelphia to Cities of the World (1924), a volume in which Conrad and Richard Curle also appeared.

Yrjö HIRN (1870–1952), a professor at the University of Helsingfors (Helsinki), Finland, wrote some forty books in Swedish on modern aesthetics, English and Swedish literatures, and Finnish local history, as well as biographies of Diderot, Swift, Boswell and Johnson, and Beaumarchais. A Swedish biographical dictionary describes him as ‘one of the foremost Scandinavian humanists’. He and his wife Karin (née Åberg, 1869–1943) collaborated on a translation of Tales of Unrest (Fredlösa historier, Stockholm, 1903), the first

John Edmund HODGSON (1875–1952) was the director of the long-established London auction house Hodgson & Co., a firm dealing in literary manuscripts and fine books. He was also a historian of British aviation and aeronautics.

The Hon. Michael HOLLAND (1870–1956), educated at Eton, lived at Smeeth, not far from the Conrads. A keen collector and traveller, in his earlier years he had lived adventurously in South Africa and British Columbia; he recollected his experiences there in *Verse* (Boar’s Head, 1937).

Ford Madox Ford’s mother, Catherine HUEFFER (née Madox Brown, 1850–1927), was the wife of Francis Hueffer, a naturalised German and music critic for *The Times*, and the daughter of Ford Madox Brown, the Pre-Raphaelite painter. A gifted artist and musician, she was at home in artistic circles.

Elsie HUEFFER (née Martindale, 1876–1949) married Ford in 1894. After her separation from him, she refused to give him a divorce, and went on using her married name. Her translations from Maupassant appeared in 1903; she also published fiction as Elizabeth Martindale.

(Isobel) Violet HUNT (1862–1942), lived with Ford Madox Ford from 1909 (when he separated from his wife) until 1918. Like him, she had family ties with the Pre-Raphaelites, her father being the painter Alfred Hunt. Her mother was the novelist, critic, and translator Margaret Raine Hunt. Her seventeen novels, often about sexual politics, include several works with an aura of the uncanny. The model for Nora Nesbit in Somerset Maugham’s *Of Human Bondage* (1915), she also had an affair with H. G. Wells. Her memoir *The Flurried Years* appeared in 1926. She held court at South Lodge, a substantial house in Kensington.

Editor, literary journalist, and bibliophile, (George Henry) Holbrook JACKSON (1874–1948) was particularly involved with *T. P.’s Weekly* and was the editor of *To-day*. As well as verse and essays, he wrote studies of the 1890s, of Edward Fitzgerald, and Bernard Shaw, and published a biography of William Morris.