

Bureau Brut

Brut Grotesque

Type specimen

Technical documentation

S



Brut Grotesque

Family info

1 / 2

Brut Grotesque Light
Brut Grotesque Light Italic
Brut Grotesque Text
Brut Grotesque Text Italic
Brut Grotesque Regular
Brut Grotesque Italic
Brut Grotesque Medium
Brut Grotesque Medium Italic
Brut Grotesque Bold
Brut Grotesque Bold Italic
Brut Grotesque Black
Brut Grotesque Black Italic

Family: Brut Grotesque

Styles: Light

Light italic

Text

Text italic

Regular

Italic

Medium

Medium italic

Bold

Bold italic

Black

Black italic

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For any inquiry reach us at:

bonjour@bureaubrut.com



Brut Grotesque is available in six weights:

<i>a</i> Light	<i>aa</i> Text Regular	<i>a</i> Medium	<i>aa</i> Bold Black
<i>a</i> Light italic	<i>aa</i> Text italic	<i>a</i> Medium italic	<i>aa</i> Bold Black italic

And also on custom-made weight:

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa



Type specimen

	72 pt	24 pt	12 pt	10 pt	08 pt
Light	p. 005-006	p. 007-008	p. 009-010	p. 011-012	p. 013-014
Light italic	p. 015-016	p. 017-018	p. 019-020	p. 021-022	p. 023-024
Text	p. 025-026	p. 027-028	p. 029-030	p. 031-032	p. 033-034
Text italic	p. 035-036	p. 037-038	p. 039-040	p. 041-042	p. 043-044
Regular	p. 045-046	p. 047-048	p. 049-050	p. 051-052	p. 053-054
Italic	p. 055-056	p. 057-058	p. 059-060	p. 061-062	p. 063-064
Medium	p. 065-066	p. 067-068	p. 069-070	p. 071-072	p. 073-074
Medium italic	p. 075-076	p. 077-078	p. 079-080	p. 081-082	p. 083-084
Bold	p. 085-086	p. 087-088	p. 089-090	p. 091-092	p. 093-094
Bold italic	p. 095-096	p. 097-098	p. 099-100	p. 101-102	p. 103-104
Black	p. 105-106	p. 107-108	p. 109-110	p. 111-112	p. 113-114
Black italic	p. 115-116	p. 117-118	p. 119-120	p. 121-122	p. 123-124

Technical documentation

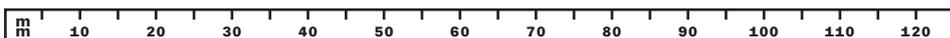
Character set	p. 125-126
Supported languages	p. 127
Opentype Features	p. 128-132

Józef Conrad,
The Nature of
a Crime, Heart
of Darkness,
Almeyer's Folly,
The Inheritors

| Characters per line

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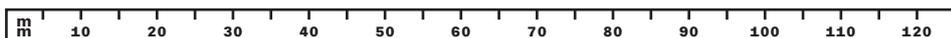
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LORD JIM, AN
OUTCAST OF
THE ISLANDS,
NOSTROMO,
THE ARROW
OF GOLD, AT

| Characters per line

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0 0 6 / 1 3 2

The Nellie, a cruising yawl, swung to her anchor without a flutter of the sails, and was at rest. The flood had made, the wind was nearly calm, and in being bound down the river, the only thing for it was to come to and wait for the turn of the tide. The sea-reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an international waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were welded together without a joint, and in the vast space the tanned sails of the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in long clusters of canvas sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished sprits. A haze rested on the low shores that ran out to sea in various directions. The air was dark above Gravesend, and the back still seemed condensed in a gloom, brooding motionless over the town, and the greatest, town on earth.

Characters per line

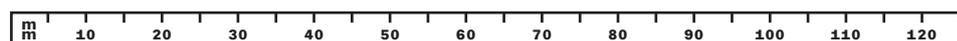
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• Italic use

Companies was our *On the whole river* there was nothing that looked half so nautical. He reserved



0 0 7 / 1 3 2

WE FOUR AFFECTIONATELY WATCHED H
 BACK AS HE STOOD IN THE BOWS LOOK
 TO SEAWARD. ON THE WHOLE RIVER TH
 WAS NOTHING THAT LOOKED HALF SO
 NAUTICAL. HE RESEMBLED A PILOT, WHI
 TO A SEAMAN IS TRUSTWORTHINESS PE
 SONIFIED. IT WAS DIFFICULT TO REALIZE
 HIS WORK WAS NOT OUT THERE IN THE
 LUMINOUS ESTUARY, BUT
 THIN THE BROODING GLC
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 SOMEWHERE, THE BOND
 SIDES HOLDING OUR HEA
 THROUGH LONG PERIODS
 IT HAD THE EFFECT OF MA
 RANT OF EACH OTHER'S Y

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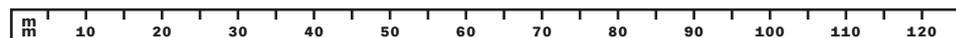
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• Italic use

CONVICTIONS. THE LAWYER—THE BEST
 OF OLD FELLOWS—HAD, *BECAUSE OF H*



He had sunken cheeks, a yellow complexion, a straight back, an ascetic aspect, and, with dropped, the palms of hands outwards, resembled an idol. The Director, satisfied the anchor good hold, made his way aft and sat down amongst us. We exchanged a few words lazily. Afterwards there was silence on board the yacht. For some reason or other we did not begin a game of dominoes. We felt meditative, and fit for nothing but placid staring. The day was in a serenity of still and exquisite brilliance. The water shone pacifically; the sky, without a cloud, was a benign immensity of unstained light; the very mist on the Essex marshes was like a gauze and radiant fabric, hung from the wooded rises inland, and draping the low shores in folds. Only the gloom to the west, brooding over the upper reaches, became more and more minute, as if angered by the approach of the sun. And at last, in its curved and imperious path, the sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, stricken to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over the heads of men. Forthwith a change came over the waters, and the serenity became less bright and more profound. The old river in its broad reach rested unruffled at the decline of daylight, as if of good service done to the race that peopled its banks, spread out in the distance like a waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth. We looked at the water, and the vivid flush of a short day that comes and departs for ever, but in the end it remains in our memories. And indeed nothing is easier for a man who has, as the phrase is, «seen the sea» with reverence and affection, than to evoke the great spirit of the past in the reaches of the Thames. The tidal current runs to and fro in its unceasing course, carrying the memories of men and ships it had borne to the rest of home or to the battlefields known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud, from the ships of Franklin, knights all, titled and untitled—the great knights-errant of the sea, the ships whose names are like jewels flashing in the night of time, with her round flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen of the gigantic tale, to the Erebus and Terror, bound on other courses, and to the men they had known the ships and the men. They had sailed from the East Indies—Erith—the adventurers and the settlers; kings' ships and the ships of the East India Company, the dark «interlopers» of the Eastern trade, the ships of the East India fleets. Hunters for gold or pursuers of fame, the ships of the East, with the sword, and often the torch, messengers of the new world, the ships of the sacred fire. What greatness had not floated on the bosom of the unknown earth!... The dreams of men, the seed of oceanic empires, were on the sun set; the dusk fell on the stream, and lights began to appear. A lighthouse, a *three-legged thing* erect on a mud-flat

Characters per line 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 85

• Italic use

the fairway—a great stir of lights *going up and going down*. And farther west on the upper reaches the place of the monstrous town was still marked ominously on the sky, a brooding gloom in sunshine, *a lurid glare under the stars*. «And this also,» said Marlow suddenly, «it has been one of the dark places of the earth.» He was the only man of us who still followed the

HE WAS THE ONLY MAN OF US WHO STILL «FOLLOWED THE SEA.» THE WORST THAT COULD BE SAID OF HIM WAS THAT HE DID NOT REPRESENT HIS CLASS. HE WAS SEAMAN, BUT HE WAS A WANDERER, TOO, WHILE MOST SEAMEN LEAD, IF ONE MIGHT EXPRESS IT, A SEDENTARY LIFE. THEIR MINDS ARE OF THE STAY-AT-HOME ORDER—THEIR HOME IS ALWAYS WITH THEM—THE SHIP; AND SO IS THEIR COUNTRY—THE SHIP IS VERY MUCH LIKE ANOTHER, AND THE SEA IS ALWAYS THE SAME. IN THE IMMUTABILITY OF THEIR SURROUNDINGS THE FOREIGN SHORES, THE FOREIGN COUNTRIES, THE CHANGING IMMENSITY OF LIFE, GLIDE PAST, VEILED NOT BY A SENSE OF MOVEMENT BUT BY A SLIGHTLY DISDAINFUL IGNORANCE; FOR THERE IS NOTHING TO A SEAMAN UNLESS IT BE THE SEA ITSELF, WHICH IS THE MISTRESS OF HIS FORTUNE AND AS INSCRUTABLE AS DESTINY. FOR THE REST, AFTER HIS VISIT TO A CASUAL STROLL OR A CASUAL SPREE ON SHORE SUFFICES TO UNCOVER THE SECRET OF A WHOLE CONTINENT, AND GENERALLY HE FINDS THE SECRETS UNKNOWN TO THE LAND-KNOWER. THE YARNS OF SEAMEN HAVE A DIRECT SIMPLICITY, THE SIMPLICITY OF WHICH LIES WITHIN THE SHELL OF A CRACKED NUT. BUT MARLOW'S (IF HIS PROPENSITY TO SPIN YARNS BE EXCEPTED), AND TO HIM THE EPISODE WAS NOT INSIDE LIKE A KERNEL BUT OUTSIDE, FOR HE BROUGHT IT OUT ONLY AS A GLOW BRINGS OUT A HAZE OF THESE MISTY HALOS THAT SOMETIMES ARE MADE VISIBLE BY THE ILLUMINATION OF MOONSHINE. HIS REMARK DID NOT SEEM TO MARLOW, BUT JUST LIKE MARLOW. IT WAS ACCEPTED IN SILENCE. NO COMMENT WAS GRUNTED EVEN; AND PRESENTLY HE SAID, VERY SLOWLY— «I REMEMBER SEVERAL TIMES, WHEN THE ROMANS FIRST CAME HERE, NINETEEN HUNDRED OTHER DAY... LIGHT CAME OUT OF THIS RIVER SINCE—YOU KNOW, IT IS LIKE A RUNNING BLAZE ON A PLAIN, LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT. WE LIVE IN THE FLICKER—MAY IT LAST AS LONG AS WE WANT, BUT DARKNESS WAS HERE YESTERDAY. IMAGINE THAT IF YOU WERE THERE—WHAT D'YE CALL 'EM?—TRIREME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WAY TO THE NORTH; RUN OVERLAND ACROSS THE COUNTRY, AND YOU'D BE ONE OF THESE CRAFT THE LEGIONARIES,—A TRIREME MUST HAVE BEEN TOO—USED TO BUILD, APPROXIMATELY ONE OR TWO, IF WE MAY BELIEVE WHAT WE READ.

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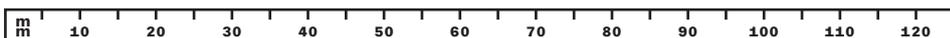
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• Italic use

THE WORLD, A SEA THE COLOR OF LEAD, A SKY THE COLOR OF SMOKE, A KIND OF SHIP ABOUT AS RIGID AS A CONCERTINA—AND GOING UP THIS RIVER WITH STRICT ORDERS, OR WHAT YOU LIKE. SANDBANKS, MARSHES, FORESTS, SAVAGES,—A SCARCELY CIOUS LITTLE TO EAT FIT FOR A CIVILIZED MAN, NOTHING BUT THAMES WATER



There's no initiation either into such mysteries. He has to live in the midst of the incomprehensible, which is detestable. And it has a fascination, too, that goes to work upon him. The fascination of the abomination—y Imagine the growing regrets, the longing to escape, the powerless disgust, the surrender, the hate.» He pa «Mind,» he began again, lifting one arm from the elbow, the palm of the hand outwards, so that, with his leg before him, he had the pose of a Buddha preaching in European clothes and without a lotus-flower—»Mini of us would feel exactly like this. What saves us is efficiency—the devotion to efficiency. But these chaps w not much account, really. They were no colonists; their administration was merely a squeeze, and nothing m suspect. They were conquerors, and for that you want only brute force—nothing to boast of, w your strength is just an accident arising from the weakness of others. They grabbed what they sake of what was to be got. It was just robbery with violence, aggravated murder on a great sc at it blind—as is very proper for those who tackle a darkness. The conquest of the earth, whic taking it away from those who have a different complexion or slightly flatter noses than oursel thing when you look into it too much. What redeems it is the idea only. An idea at the back of i pretense but an idea; and an unselfish belief in the idea—something you can set up, and bow offer a sacrifice to...» He broke off. Flames glided in the river, small green flames, i overtaking, joining, crossing each other—then separating slowly or hastily. The tra the deepening night upon the sleepless river. We looked on, waiting patiently—th the end of the flood; but it was only after a long silence, when he said, in a hesitat remember I did once turn fresh-water sailor for a bit,» that we knew we were fate to hear about one of Marlow's inconclusive experiences. «I don't want to bother y me personally,» he began, showing in this remark the weakness of many tellers o of what their audience would best like to hear; «yet to understand th got out there, what I saw, how I went up that river to the place where point of navigation and the culminating point of my experience. It se everything about me—and into my thoughts. It was somber enough not very clear either. No, not very clear. And yet it seemed to throw a just returned to London after a lot of Indian Ocean, Pacific, China S so, and I was loafing about, hindering you fellows in your work and in heavenly mission to civilize you. It was very fine for a tir look for a ship—I should think the hardest work on eart that game too. «Now when I was a little chap I had a pe Africa, or Australia, and lose myself in all the glories of e the earth, and when I saw one that looked particularly i on it and say, 'When I grow up I will go there.' The North been there yet, and shall not try now. The glamour's off. sort of latitude all over the two hemispher there was one yet—the biggest, the most not a blank space any more. It had got fille be a blank space of delightful mystery—a darkness. But there was in it one river esp immense snake uncoiled, with its head in t in *the depths of the land*. And as I looked :

Characters per line

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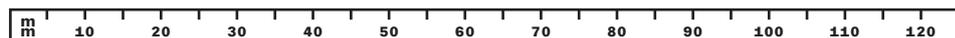
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• Italic use

bird—a silly little bird. Then I remembered there was a *big concern*, a Company for trade on that river. Das I thought to myself, they can't trade without using some kind of craft on that lot of fresh water—steamboat: shouldn't I try to get charge of one? *I went on along Fleet Street*, but could not shake off the idea. The snal charmed me. They were no colonists; their administration was merely a squeeze, and nothing more, I suspe They were conquerors, and for that you want only brute force—nothing to boast of, when you have it, since



«YOU UNDERSTAND IT WAS A CONTINENTAL CONCERN, THAT TRADING SOCIETY; BUT I HAVE A OF RELATIONS LIVING ON THE CONTINENT, BECAUSE IT'S CHEAP AND NOT SO NASTY AS IT LOC THEY SAY. «I AM SORRY TO OWN I BEGAN TO WORRY THEM. THIS WAS ALREADY A FRESH DEPAF FOR ME. I WAS NOT USED TO GET THINGS THAT WAY, YOU KNOW. I ALWAYS WENT MY OWN ROA AND ON MY OWN LEGS WHERE I HAD A MIND TO GO. I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT OF MYSELF BUT, THEN—YOU SEE—I FELT SOMEHOW I MUST GET THERE BY HOOK OR BY CROOK. SO I WORF THEM. THE MEN SAID 'MY DEAR FELLOW,' AND DID NOTHING. THEN—WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?—I THE WOMEN. I, CHARLIE MARLOW, SET THE WOMEN TO WORK—TO GET A JOB. HEAVENS! WELL, SEE, THE NOTION DROVE ME. I HAD AN AUNT, A DEAR ENTHUSIASTIC SOUL. SHE WR DELIGHTFUL. I AM READY TO DO ANYTHING, ANYTHING FOR YOU. IT IS A GLORIOUS WIFE OF A VERY HIGH PERSONAGE IN THE ADMINISTRATION, AND ALSO A MAN WHC INFLUENCE WITH; &C., &C. SHE WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE NO END OF FUSS TO GE SKIPPER OF A RIVER STEAMBOAT, IF SUCH WAS MY FANCY. «I GOT MY APPOINTMEN AND I GOT IT VERY QUICK. IT APPEARS THE COMPANY HAD RECEIVED NEWS THAT C CAPTAINS HAD BEEN KILLED IN A SCUFFLE WITH THE NATIVES. THIS WAS MY CHANC ME THE MORE ANXIOUS TO GO. IT WAS ONLY MONTHS AND MONTHS AFTERWARD; THE ATTEMPT TO RECOVER WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE BODY, THAT I HEAF AROSE FROM A MISUNDERSTANDING ABOUT SOME HENS. YES, TWO BL WAS THE FELLOW'S NAME, A DANE—THOUGHT HIMSELF WRONGED SO SO HE WENT ASHORE AND STARTED TO HAMMER THE CHIEF OF THE VII IT DIDN'T SURPRISE ME IN THE LEAST TO HEAR THIS, AND AT THE SAME FRESLEVEN WAS THE GENTLEST, QUIETEST CREATURE THAT EVER WALK HE WAS; BUT HE HAD BEEN A COUPLE OF YEARS ALREADY OUT THERE E CAUSE, YOU KNOW, AND HE PROBABLY FELT THE NEED AT LAST OF ASS IN SOME WAY. THEREFORE HE WHACKED THE OLD NIGGER I HIS PEOPLE WATCHED HIM, THUNDERSTRUCK, TILL SOME M IN DESPERATION AT HEARING THE OLD CHAP YELL, MADE A WHITE MAN—AND OF COURSE IT WENT QUITE EASY BETWE WHOLE POPULATION CLEARED INTO THE FOREST, EXPECTIN WHILE, ON THE OTHER HAND, THE STEAMER FRESLEVEN CC CHARGE OF THE ENGINEER, I BELIEVE. AFTERWARDS NOBOI FRESLEVEN'S REMAINS, TILL I GOT OUT AND STEPPED INTO THOUGH; BUT WHEN AN OPPORTUNITY OFFERE GROWING THROUGH HIS RIBS WAS TALL ENOU SUPERNATURAL BEING HAD NOT BEEN TOUCHE THE HUTS GAPED BLACK, ROTTING, ALL ASKEW COME TO IT, SURE ENOUGH. THE PEOPLE HAD \ WOMEN, AND CHILDREN, THROUGH THE BUSH, THE HENS I DON'T KNOW EITHER. I SHOULD THII HOWEVER, THROUGH THIS GLORIOUS AFFAIR I («

Characters per line

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• Italic use

TO HOPE FOR IT. «I FLEW AROUND LIKE MAD TO GET READY, AND BEFORE *FORTY-EIGHT* HOURS WAS CROSSING THE CHANNEL TO SHOW MYSELF TO MY EMPLOYERS, AND SIGN THE CONTRA A *VERY FEW HOURS* I ARRIVED IN A CITY THAT *ALWAYS MAKES ME THINK* OF A WHITED SEPULCI PREJUDICE NO DOUBT. I HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN FINDING THE COMPANY'S OFFICES. IT WAS THE BIGGEST THING *IN THE TOWN*, AND EVERYBODY I MET WAS FULL OF IT. THEY WERE GOING TO R

m 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100 110 120

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I slipped through one of these cracks, went up a swept and unadorned staircase, as arid as a desert, and opened the first door I came to. Two women, one fat and the other slim, sat on straw-bottomed chairs, knitting black wool. The slim one got up and walked straight at me—meeting with downcast eyes—and only just as I began to think of getting out of her way, as you would for a somnambulist, stood still, and I saw her dress was as plain as an umbrella-cover, and she turned round without a word and preceded me into a waiting-room. I gave my name and she looked about. Deal table in the middle, plain chairs all round the walls, on one end a large shining map, marked with all the colors of a rainbow. There was a vast amount of red—good to see at any time, because one knows that some real work is done in there, a deuce of a lot of little green, smears of orange, and, on the East Coast, a purple patch, to show where the jolly pioneers of progress drink the jolly jolly ever, I wasn't going into any of these. I was going into the yellow. Dead in the center. And the river was there—fascinating—dead as a doornail. Ough! A door opened, a white-haired secretarial head, but wearing a compassionate expression, appeared, and a skinny forefinger pointed me into the sanctuary. Its light was dim, and a heavy writing-desk squatted in the middle. From behind that structure came out an air of pale plumpness in a frock-coat. The great man himself. He was five feet six, I should judge, and had his grip on the handle-end of millions. He shook hands, I fancy, murmured vaguely, was satisfied with my French. Bon voyage. «In about forty-five seconds I found myself in the waiting-room with the compassionate secretary, who, full of desolation and sympathy, made me sign some document took amongst other things not to disclose any trade secrets. Well, I am not going to. «I began to feel slightly uneasy. You know to such ceremonies, and there was something ominous in the atmosphere. It was just as though I had been let into some secret I don't know—something not quite right; and I was glad to get out. In the outer room the two women knitted black wool feverishly and the younger one was walking back and forth introducing them. The old one sat on her chair. Her flat cloth slippers, a foot-warmer, and a cat reposed on her lap. She wore a starched white affair on her head, had a wart on one cheek, and a ring hung on the tip of her nose. She glanced at me above the glasses. The swift and indifferent placidity of that look, that foolish and cheery countenances were being piloted over, and she threw at them the same quick glance of uncertainty as to know all about them and about me too. An eerie feeling came over me. She seemed uncanny and fateful. «I looked at these two, guarding the door of Darkness, knitting black wool as for a warm pall, one introducing, introducing, introducing, introducing, other scrutinizing the cheery and foolish faces with unconcerned old eyes. Ave! Old knitter of black wool. Mo! Mo! Mo! she looked at ever saw her again—not half, by a long way. «There was yet a visit to the doctor. 'A simple form: an air of taking an immense part in all my sorrows. Accordingly a young chap wearing his hat over his eyes must have been clerks in the business, though the house was as still as a house in a city of the dead. He came to see me forth. He was shabby and careless, with ink-stains on the sleeves of his jacket, and his cravat was tucked under the toe of an old boot. It was a little too early for the doctor, so I proposed a drink, and thereupon he ordered our vermouths he glorified the Company's business, and by-and-by I expressed casually my surprise at his cool and collected all at once. 'I am not such a fool as I look, quoth Plato to his disciples,' he said serenely. I took my consolation, and we rose. «The old doctor felt my pulse, evidently thinking of something else than my pulse, and with a certain eagerness asked me whether I would let him measure my head. Rather surprised, I consented, and he got the dimensions back and front and every way, taking notes carefully. He was an unworldly fellow with his feet in slippers, and I thought him a harmless fool. 'I always ask leave, in the interest of your health, to go out there,' he said. 'And when they come back, too?' I asked. 'Oh, I never see them,' he replied. 'You know.' He smiled, as if at some quiet joke. 'So you are going out there. Famous. Interesting. Interesting. Interest another note. 'Ever any madness in your family?' he asked, in a matter-of-fact tone. 'Interesting for sakes of the family.' 'It would be,' he said, without taking notice of my irritation, 'interesting for sakes of the family.' 'Are you an alienist?' I interrupted. 'Every doctor should be—a little,' answered the doctor. 'Messieurs who go out there must help me to prove. This is my share in the advancement of the human race. The mere wealth I leave to others. Pardon my questions, but I have a great deal to ask you. I hastened to assure him I was not in the least typical. 'If I were,' said I, 'I wouldn't be so particular. and probably erroneous,' he said, with a laugh. 'Avoid irritation more than anything else. Good-bye. Adieu. In the tropics one must before everything keep calm. I had more remained to do—say good-bye to my excellent aunt. I found her in a room that most soothingly looked just as you would expect a waiting-room. In a course of these confidences it became quite plain to me I had been in the company of many more people besides, as an exceptional and gifted creature—a

Characters per line

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• Italic use

day. Good heavens! and I was going to take charge of a two-penny-halfpenny river-steamboat with a penny whistle attached! It appeared however, I was also one of the Workers, with a capital—you know. Something like an emissary of light, something like a lower sort of angel. There had been a lot of such rot let loose in print and talk just about that time, and the excellent woman, living right in the rush of all that humbug, got carried off her feet. She talked about weaning those ignorant millions from their horrid ways; till, upon my word, she made me quite uncomfortable. *I ventured to hint that the Company was run for profit.* «You forget, dear Charlie, that the laborer is worthy of his pay, she said, brightly. It's queer how out of touch with truth women are. They live in a world of their own, and there had never been anything

ODD THING THAT I, WHO USED TO CLEAR OUT FOR ANY PART OF THE WORLD AT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' NOTICE, WITH THOUGHT THAN MOST MEN GIVE TO THE CROSSING OF A STREET, HAD A MOMENT—I WON'T SAY OF HESITATION, BUT STARTLED PAUSE, BEFORE THIS COMMONPLACE AFFAIR. THE BEST WAY I CAN EXPLAIN IT TO YOU IS BY SAYING THAT, FOR SECOND OR TWO, I FELT AS THOUGH, INSTEAD OF GOING TO THE CENTER OF A CONTINENT, I WERE ABOUT TO SET OFF TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH. «I LEFT IN A FRENCH STEAMER, AND SHE CALLED IN EVERY BLAMED PORT THEY HAVE OUT FOR, AS FAR AS I COULD SEE, THE SOLE PURPOSE OF LANDING SOLDIERS AND CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS. I WATCHED COAST. WATCHING A COAST AS IT SLIPS BY THE SHIP IS LIKE THINKING ABOUT AN ENIGMA. THERE IT IS BEFORE YOU—S FROWNING, INVITING, GRAND, MEAN, INSIPID, OR SAVAGE, AND ALWAYS MUTE WITH AN AIR OF WHISPERING, 'COM OUT: THIS ONE WAS ALMOST FEATURELESS, AS IF STILL IN THE MAKING, WITH AN ASPECT OF MONOTONOUS GRIP EDGE OF A COLOSSAL JUNGLE, SO DARK-GREEN AS TO BE ALMOST BLACK, FRINGED WITH WHITE SURF, RAN STR A RULED LINE, FAR, FAR AWAY ALONG A BLUE SEA WHOSE GLITTER WAS BLURRED BY A CREEPING MIST. THE SUN ' THE LAND SEEMED TO GLISTEN AND DRIP WITH STEAM. HERE AND THERE GRAYISH-WHITISH SPECKS SHOWED UP INSIDE THE WHITE SURF, WITH A FLAG FLYING ABOVE THEM PERHAPS. SETTLEMENTS SOME CENTURIES OLD, AND BIGGER THAN PIN-HEADS ON THE UNTOUCHED EXPANSE OF THEIR BACKGROUND. WE POUNDED SOME ALONG, STOPP SOLDIERS; WENT ON, LANDED CUSTOM-HOUSE CLERKS TO LEVY TOLL IN WHAT LOOKED LIKE A GOD- WITH A TIN SHED AND A FLAG-POLE LOST IN IT; LANDED MORE SOLDIERS—TO TAKE CARE OF THE CU; PRESUMABLY, SOME, I HEARD, GOT DROWNED IN THE SURF; BUT WHETHER THEY DID OR NOT, NOBOD TO CARE. THEY WERE JUST FLUNG OUT THERE, AND ON WE WENT. EVERY DAY THE COAST LOOKED TH WE HAD NOT MOVED; BUT WE PASSED VARIOUS PLACES—TRADING PLACES—WITH NAMES LIKE GRAV NAMES THAT SEEMED TO BELONG TO SOME SORDID FARCE ACTED IN FRONT OF A SINISTER BACKCL A PASSENGER, MY ISOLATION AMONGST ALL THESE MEN WITH WHOM I HAD NO POINT OF CONTACT, SEA, THE UNIFORM SOMBERNESS OF THE COAST, SEEMED TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM THE T OF A MOURNFUL AND SENSELESS DELUSION. THE VOICE OF THE SURF HEARD NOW AND T LIKE THE SPEECH OF A BROTHER. IT WAS SOMETHING NATURAL, THAT HAD ITS REASON, TH A BOAT FROM THE SHORE GAVE ONE A MOMENTARY CONTACT WITH REALITY. IT WAS PAD COULD SEE FROM AFAR THE WHITE OF THEIR EYEBALLS GLISTENING. THEY SHOUTED, SAN PERSPIRATION; THEY HAD FACES LIKE GROTESQUE MASKS—THESE CHAPS; BUT THEY HAD AN INTENSE ENERGY OF MOVEMENT, THAT WAS AS NATURAL AND TRUE AS THE SURF ALOI EXCUSE FOR BEING THERE. THEY WERE A GREAT COMFORT TO LOOK AT. FOR A WORLD OF STRAIGHTFORWARD FACTS; BUT THE FEELING WOULD NOT LAST LC IT AWAY. ONCE, I REMEMBER, WE CAME UPON A MAN-OF-WAR ANCHORED OFF THERE, AND SHE WAS SHELLING THE BUSH. IT APPEARS THE FRENCH HAD ONE HER ENSIGN DROPPED LIMP LIKE A RAG; THE MUZZLES OF THE LONG EIGHT-INC THE GREASY, SLIMY SWELL SWUNG HER UP LAZILY AND LET HER DOWN, SWAYIN OF EARTH, SKY, AND WATER, THERE SHE WAS, INCOMPREHENSIBLE, FIRING INTO EIGHT-INCH GUNS; A SMALL FLAME WOULD DART AND VANISH, A LIT WOULD GIVE A FEEBLE SCREECH—AND NOTHING HAPPENED. NOTH THE PROCEEDING, A SENSE OF LUGUBRIOUS DROLLERY IN THE SIG; ASSURING ME EARNESTLY THERE WAS A CAMP OF NATIVES—HE CAI WHERE. «WE GAVE HER HER LETTERS (I HEARD THE MEN IN THAT LOI A DAY) AND WENT ON. WE CALLED AT SOME MORE PLACES WITH FA AND TRADE GOES ON IN A STILL AND EARTHY ATMOSPHERE AS OF , COAST BORDERED BY DANGEROUS SURF, AS IF NATURE ERS, STREAMS OF DEATH IN LIFE, WHOSE BANKS WERE R THE CONTORTED MANGROVES, THAT SEEMED TO WRITH WE STOP LONG ENOUGH TO GET A PARTICULARIZED IMF WONDER GREW UPON ME. IT WAS LIKE A WEARY PILGRIN TY DAYS BEFORE I SAW THE MOUTH OF THE BIG RIVER. W WOULD NOT BEGIN TILL SOME TWO HUNDRED MILES FA

Characters per line

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• Italic use

THIRTY MILES HIGHER UP. «I HAD MY PASSAGE ON A LITTLE SEA-GOING STEAMER. HER CAPTAIN WAS A SWEDE, AND KN FOR A SEAMAN, INVITED ME ON THE BRIDGE. HE WAS A YOUNG MAN, *LEAN, FAIR, AND MOROSE*, WITH LANKY HAIR AND GAIT. AS WE LEFT THE MISERABLE LITTLE WHARF, HE TOSSED HIS HEAD CONTEMPTUOUSLY AT THE SHORE. 'BEEN LIVING ASKED. I SAID, 'YES: 'FINE LOT THESE GOVERNMENT CHAPS—ARE THEY NOT?' HE WENT ON, SPEAKING ENGLISH WITH G CISION AND CONSIDERABLE BITTERNESS. 'IT IS FUNNY WHAT SOME PEOPLE WILL DO FOR A FEW FRANCS A MONTH. I V WONDER WHAT BECOMES OF THAT KIND WHEN IT GOES UP COUNTRY?' I SAID TO HIM I EXPECTED TO SEE THAT SOON.

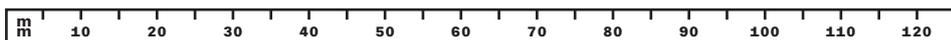
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*Korzeniowski
The End of the
Tether, Notes
on My Books,
Autocracy and
War, Typhoon*

| Characters per line

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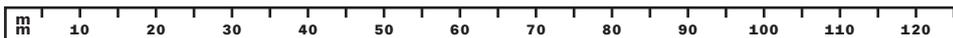


THEODOR K.
 VICTORY, THE
 FIRST NEWS,
 A PERSONAL
 RECORD,
 TERKHOVE

| Characters per line

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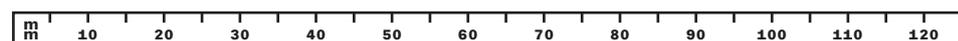
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A blinding sunlight drowned all this at times in a sudden recrudescence of glare. 'There's your Company's station,' said the Swede, pointing to three wooden barrack-like structures on the rocky slope. 'I will send your things up. Four boxes did you say? So. Farewell.' «I came upon a box wallowing in the grass, then found a path up the hill. It turned aside for the bowlde also for an undersized railway-truck lying on its back with its wheels in the air. One off. The thing looked as dead as the carcass of some animal. I came upon more pieces of creaking machinery, a stack of rubble. In a clump of trees made a shady place, the things seemed to stir feebly. I began to climb. The slope was steep. A horn tooted to the right. The black people ran. A heavy engine came and shook the ground, a puff of smoke

| Characters per line | 10 | 20 | 30 | 40 | 44 |

• Roman use

the cliff, and that was all. No change appeared on the face of the rock. They were building a railway



THEY PASSED ME WITHIN SIX INCHES, WITHOUT A GLANCE, WITH THAT COMPLETE DEATHLIKE INDIFFERENCE OF UNHAPPY SAVAGES. BEHIND THIS RAW MATTER OF THE RECLAIMED, THE PRODUCT OF THE NEW FORCES AT WORK, STROLLED DESPONDENTLY, CARRYING A RIFLE BY MIDDLE. HE HAD A UNIFORM JACKET WITH ONE BUTTON OFF, AND SEEING A MAN ON THE PATH, HOISTED HIS RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER WITH ALACRITY. THIS WAS SIMPLE PRUDENCE, WHITE MAN SO MUCH ALIKE AT A DISTANCE THAT I COULD NOT TELL WHO I MIGHT BE. I WAS SPEEDILY REASSURED, AND WITH A WHITE, RASCALLY GRIN, AND A GL

Characters per line

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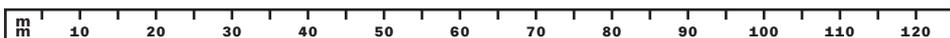
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• Roman use

AT HIS CHARGE, SEEMED TO TAKE ME IN PARTNERSHIP IN HIS EXALTED TRUST. AF



0 1 8 / 1 3 2

You know I am not particularly tender; I've had to strike and to fend off. I've had to resist a attack sometimes—that's only one way of resisting—without counting the exact cost, acc to the demands of such sort of life as I had blundered into. I've seen the devil of violence, devil of greed, and the devil of hot desire; but, by all the stars! these were strong, lusty, re devils, that swayed and drove men—men, I tell you. But as I stood on this hillside, I foresav in the blinding sunshine of that land I would become acquainted with a flabby, pretending eyed devil of a rapacious and pitiless folly. How insidious he could be, too, I was only to fin several months later and a thousand miles farther. For a moment I stood appalled, a warning. Finally I descended the hill, obliquely, towards the trees I had seen. «I avoic ficial hole somebody had been digging on the slope, the purpose of which I found it to divine. It wasn't a quarry or a sandpit, anyhow. It was just a hole. It might have bee ted with the philanthropic desire of giving the criminals something to do. I don't kno nearly fell into a very narrow ravine, almost no more than a scar in the hillside. I disc lot of imported drainage-pipes for the settlement had been tumbled in there. There that was not broken. It was a wanton smash-up. At last I got under the tre stroll into the shade for a moment; but no sooner within than it seemed to a gloomy circle of some Inferno. The rapids were near, and an uninterupt rushing noise filled the mournful stillness of the grove, where not a breatf moved, with a mysterious sound—as though the tearing pace of the laun dently become audible. «Black shapes crouched, lay, sat between the tre the trunks, clinging to the earth, half coming out, half effaced within the c tudes of pain, abandonment, and despair. Another mine on the shudder of the soil under my feet. The work was going on. The where some of the helpers had withdrawn to die. «They were c They were not enemies, they were not criminals, they were not black shadows of disease and starvation, lying confusedly in th all the recesses of the coast in all the legality of time contracts fed on unfamiliar food, they sickened, became inefficient, and v and rest. These moribund shapes were free as air— gleam of eyes under the trees. Then, glancing down reclined at full length with one shoulder against the sunken eyes looked up at me, enormous and vacant the orbs, which died out slowly. The man seemed yo it's hard to tell. I found nothing else to do but to offe I had in my pocket. The fingers closed slowly on it ar

Characters per line

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• Roman use

no other glance. He had tied a bit of white worsted round his neck—Why? Where did he Was it a badge—an ornament—a charm—a propitiatory act? Was there any idea at all cc ted with it? It looked startling round his black neck, this bit of white thread from beyond t «Near the same tree two more bundles of acute angles sat with their legs drawn up. One

ONE, WITH HIS CHIN PROPPED ON HIS KNEES, STARED AT NOTHING, IN AN INTOL
 AND APPALLING MANNER: HIS BROTHER PHANTOM RESTED ITS FOREHEAD, AS I
 COME WITH A GREAT WEARINESS; AND ALL ABOUT OTHERS WERE SCATTERED I
 POSE OF CONTORTED COLLAPSE, AS IN SOME PICTURE OF A MASSACRE OR A
 TILIENCE. WHILE I STOOD HORROR-STRUCK, ONE OF THESE CREATURES ROSE T
 HANDS AND KNEES, AND WENT OFF ON ALL-FOURS TOWARDS THE RIVER TO DI
 HE LAPPED OUT OF HIS HAND, THEN SAT UP IN THE SUNLIGHT, CROSSING HIS S
 FRONT OF HIM, AND AFTER A TIME LET HIS WOOLLY HEAD FALL ON HIS BREASTI
 DIDN'T WANT ANY MORE LOITERING IN THE SHADE, AND I MADE HAS
 STATION. WHEN NEAR THE BUILDINGS I MET A WHITE MAN, IN SUCH ,
 ELEGANCE OF GET-UP THAT IN THE FIRST MOMENT I TOOK HIM FOR
 SAW A HIGH STARCHED COLLAR, WHITE CUFFS, A LIGHT ALPACA JA
 SERS, A CLEAR NECKTIE, AND VARNISHED BOOTS. NO HAT. HAIR PAR
 OILED, UNDER A GREEN-LINED PARASOL HELD IN A BIG WHITE HAND
 AND HAD A PENHOLDER BEHIND HIS EAR. «I SHOOK HANDS WITH TH
 LEARNED HE WAS THE COMPANY'S CHIEF ACCOUNTANT, AND THAT
 PING WAS DONE AT THIS STATION. HE HAD COME OUT FO
 A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.' THE EXPRESSION SOUNDED WC
 SUGGESTION OF SEDENTARY DESK-LIFE. I WOULDN'T HA
 YOU AT ALL, ONLY IT WAS FROM HIS LIPS THAT I FIRST HE,
 WHO IS SO INDISSOLUBLY CONNECTED WITH THE MEMC
 VER, I RESPECTED THE FELLOW. YES; I RESPECTED HIS CC
 BRUSHED HAIR. HIS APPEARANCE WAS CERTAINLY THAT
 BUT IN THE GREAT DEMORALIZATION OF THE LAND HE KI
 THAT'S BACKBONE. HIS STARCHED COLLARS
 VEMENTS OF CHARACTER. HE HAD BEEN OUT,
 COULD NOT HELP ASKING HIM HOW HE MAN.
 THE FAINTEST BLUSH, AND SAID MODESTLY, 'I
 WOMEN ABOUT THE STATION. IT WAS DIFFICL
 THIS MAN HAD VERILY ACCOMPLISHED SOMI
 BOOKS, WHICH WERE IN APPLE-PIE ORDER. «I
 MUDDLE,—HEADS, THINGS, BUILDINGS. STRIN

| Characters per line

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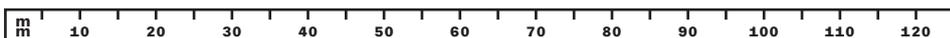
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• Roman use

ARRIVED AND DEPARTED; A STREAM OF MANUFACTURED GOODS, RUBBISHY C
 BEADS, AND BRASS-WIRE SET INTO THE DEPTHS OF DARKNESS, AND IN RETURN
 PRECIOUS TRICKLE OF IVORY. «I HAD TO WAIT IN THE STATION FOR TEN DAYS—,
 NITY. I LIVED IN A HUT IN THE YARD, BUT TO BE OUT OF THE CHAOS I WOULD SO



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It was hot there too; big flies buzzed fiendishly, and did not sting, but stabbed. I sat generally on the floor, with faultless appearance (and even slightly scented), perching on a high stool, he wrote, he wrote. Sometimes I got up for exercise. When a truckle-bed with a sick man (some invalided agent from up-country) was put in the room, he exhibited a gentle annoyance. 'The groans of this sick person,' he said, 'distract my attention. And without that I find it extremely difficult to guard against clerical errors in this climate.' «One day he remarked, without lifting his head from the interior you will no doubt meet Mr. Kurtz.' On my asking who Mr. Kurtz was, he said he was a first-class agent, and seeing my disappointment at this information, he added slowly, laying down his pen, 'He is a very remarkable man. Further questions elicited from him that Mr. Kurtz was at present in charge of a trading post, a very important one in the true ivory-country, at 'the very bottom of there. Sends in as much ivory as all the others put together. I began to write again. The sick man was too ill to groan. The flies buzzed in a great peace. «Suddenly there was a growing murmur of voices and a great tramping of feet. A caravan had come in. A violent babble of urgent voices burst out on the other side of the planks. All the carriers were speaking together, and in the midst of that lamentable voice of the chief agent was heard 'giving it up' tearfully for the twentieth time that day... He said, 'What a frightful row,' he said. He crossed the room gently to look at the sick man, and returning, said 'I do not hear.' 'What! Dead?' I asked, startled. 'No, not yet,' he answered, with great composure, 'I will give you a toss of the head to the tumult in the station-yard, 'When one has got to make correct entries of those savages—hate them to the death.' He remained thoughtful for a moment. 'When you get back, 'tell him from me that everything here'—he glanced at the desk—'is very satisfactory. I do not mind dealing with those messengers of ours you never know who may get hold of your letter—at that moment he turned to me for a moment with his mild, bulging eyes. 'Oh, he will go far, very far,' he began again. 'I have been in the Administration before long. They, above—the Council in Europe, you know—mean him to do his work. The noise outside had ceased, and presently in going out I stopped at the door to see the homeward-bound agent was lying flushed and insensible; the other, bent over the desk, was writing entries of perfectly correct transactions; and fifty feet below the doorstep I could see the face of a man of death. «Next day I left that station at last, with a caravan of sixty men, for a two days' journey, telling you much about that. Paths, paths, everywhere; a stamped-in network of paths, through long grass, through burnt grass, through thickets, down and up hills, hills ablaze with heat; and a solitude, a solitude, nobody, not a hut. The population was very small. Well, if a lot of mysterious niggers armed with all kinds of fearful weapons were to appear between Deal and Gravesend, catching the yokels right and left to carry off their goods, and cottages thereabouts would get empty very soon. Only here the dwellings were several abandoned villages. There's something pathetically childish in the stamp and shuffle of sixty pair of bare feet behind me, each pair under the other, in the march. Now and then a carrier dead in harness, at rest in the long grass, with his long staff lying by his side. A great silence around and above. Perhaps you have heard far-off drums, sinking, swelling, a tremor vast, faint; a sound which has as profound a meaning as the sound of bells in a Christian church. I was camping on the path with an armed escort of lank Zanzibaris, looking after the upkeep of the road, he declared. Can't say I have ever seen a middle-aged negro, with a bullet-hole in the forehead, upon whose face a scar would be considered as a permanent improvement. I had a white companion, who was and with the exasperating habit of fainting on the hot hillside:

Characters per line

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• Roman use

Annoying, you know, to hold your own coat like a parasol over a man's head while he is coming-to. I couldn't ask him once what he meant by coming there at all. 'To make money, of course. What do you think?' he said scornfully. Then he got fever, and had to be carried in a hammock slung under a pole. As he weighed sixteen pounds, I had no end of rows with the carriers. They jibbed, ran away, sneaked off with their loads in the night—quite a mutiny. So, one evening, I made a speech in English with gestures, not one of which was lost to the sixty pa-

A NEGLECTED GAP WAS ALL THE GATE IT HAD, AND THE FIRST GLANCE AT THE PLACE WAS ENOUGH TO LET YOU SEE THE FLABBY DEVIL WAS RUNNING THAT SHOW. WHITE MEN WITH LONG STAVES AND THEIR HANDS APPEARED LANGUIDLY FROM AMONGST THE BUILDINGS, STROLLING UP TO TAKE A LOOK AT ME, AND THEN RETIRED OUT OF SIGHT SOMEWHERE. ONE OF THEM, A STOUT, EXCITABLE CHAP WITH BLACK MUSTACHES, INFORMED ME WITH GREAT VOLUBILITY AND MANY DIGRESSIVE AS SOON AS I TOLD HIM WHO I WAS, THAT MY STEAMER WAS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER. I WAS THUNDERSTRUCK. WHAT, HOW, WHY? OH, IT WAS 'ALL RIGHT.' THE 'MANAGER HIMSELF' WAS THE ALL QUITE CORRECT. 'EVERYBODY HAD BEHAVED SPLENDIDLY! SPLENDIDLY!'—"YOU MUST," HE SAID, WITH AN AGITATION, 'GO AND SEE THE GENERAL MANAGER AT ONCE. HE IS WAITING!' «I DID NOT APPRECIATE THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THAT WRECK AT ONCE. I FANCY I SEE IT NOW, BUT I AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND CERTAINLY THE AFFAIR WAS TOO STUPID—WHEN I THINK OF IT—TO BE ALTOGETHER REASONABLE BUT AT THE MOMENT IT PRESENTED ITSELF SIMPLY AS A CONFOUNDED NUISANCE THAT WAS SUNK. THEY HAD STARTED TWO DAYS BEFORE IN A SUDDEN HURRY UP THE RIVER WITH THE MANAGER ON BOARD, IN CHARGE OF SOME VOLUNTEER SKIPPER, AND BEFORE THEY HAD RUN OUT THREE HOURS THEY TORE THE BOTTOM OUT OF HER ON STONES, AND SHE SANK ON THE SOUTH BANK. I ASKED MYSELF WHAT I WAS TO DO THERE, NOW MY BOAT WAS LOST. IN FACT, I HAD PLENTY TO DO IN FISHING MY COMMAND OUT OF THE RIVER. THE VERY NEXT DAY. THAT, AND THE REPAIRS WHEN I BROUGHT THE PIECE HOME TOOK SOME MONTHS. «MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE MANAGER WAS CURIOUS. I SAT DOWN AFTER MY TWENTY-MILE WALK THAT MORNING. HE WAS COMELY IN FEATURES, IN MANNERS, AND IN VOICE. HE WAS OF MIDDLE SIZE AND BRIGHT EYES. OF THE USUAL BLUE, WERE PERHAPS REMARKABLY COLD, AND HIS GLANCE FELL ON ONE AS TRECHANT AND HEAVY AS AN AX. BUT THE REST OF HIS PERSON SEEMED TO DISCLAIM THE INTENTION. OTHERWISE AN UNDEFINABLE, FAINT EXPRESSION OF HIS LIPS, SOMETHING I CAN'T REMEMBER IT, BUT I CAN'T EXPLAIN. IT WAS UNCONSCIOUS, BUT HE HAD SAID SOMETHING IT GOT INTENSIFIED FOR AN INSTANT LIKE A SEAL APPLIED ON THE WORDS TO MAKE THE MEANING ABSOLUTELY INSCRUTABLE. HE WAS A COMMON TRADER, FAMILIAR WITH ALL THE PARTS—NOTHING MORE. HE WAS OBEYED, YET HE INSPIRED RESPECT. HE INSPIRED UNEASINESS. THAT WAS IT! UNEASINESS, BUT NOT UNEASINESS—NOTHING MORE. YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW EFFECTIVE HE HAD NO GENIUS FOR ORGANIZING, FOR INITIATING THINGS AS THE DEPLORABLE STATE OF THE STATION. HIS POSITION HAD COME TO HIM—WHY? PERHAPS HE WAS THREE TERMS OF THREE YEARS OUT THERE... BECAUSE THE POWER OF CONSTITUTIONS IS A KIND OF POWER IN ITS OWN RIGHT ON A LARGE SCALE—POMPOUSLY. JACK ASHON ONE COULD GATHER FROM HIS CASUAL TALK. I WAS USED TO ROUTINE GOING—THAT'S ALL. BUT HE WAS GRE

Characters per line

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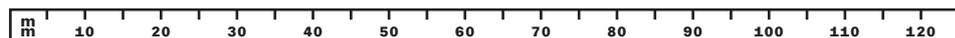
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• Roman use

IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHAT COULD CONTROL SUCH A MAN. HE NEVER GAVE THAT SECRET AWAY, PERHAPS THERE WAS NOTHING WITHIN HIM. SUCH A SUSPICION MADE ONE PAUSE—FOR OUTSIDE THERE WERE NO EXTERNAL CHECKS. ONCE WHEN VARIOUS TROPICAL DISEASES HAD LAID LOW ALMOST EVERY 'AGENT' IN THE STATION, HE WAS HEARD TO SAY, 'MEN WHO COME OUT HERE SOMETIMES HAVE NO ENTRAILS.' HE SEALED THE UTTERANCE WITH THAT SMILE OF HIS, AS THOUGH IT HAD I



When annoyed at meal-times by the constant quarrels of the white men about precedence, he ordered an immense round table to be which a special house had to be built. This was the station's mess-room. Where he sat was the first place—the rest were nowhere. Or to be his unalterable conviction. He was neither civil nor uncivil. He was quiet. He allowed his 'boy'—an overfed young negro from the treat the white men, under his very eyes, with provoking insolence. «He began to speak as soon as he saw me. I had been very long o He could not wait. Had to start without me. The up-river stations had to be relieved. There had been so many delays already that he d know who was dead and who was alive, and how they got on—and so on, and so on. He paid no attention to my explanations, and, pla stick of sealing-wax, repeated several times that the situation was 'very grave, very grave.' There were rumors that a very importa in jeopardy, and its chief, Mr. Kurtz, was ill. Hoped it was not true. Mr. Kurtz was.. I felt weary and irritable. Hang Kurtz, I thought. I ir by saying I had heard of Mr. Kurtz on the coast. 'Ah! So they talk of him down there,' he murmured to himself. Then he began aga Mr. Kurtz was the best agent he had, an exceptional man, of the greatest importance to the Company; therefore I could underst: He was, he said, 'very, very uneasy.' Certainly he fidgeted on his chair a good deal, exclaimed, 'Ah, Mr. Kurtz!' broke the stick of se, seemed dumbfounded by the accident. Next thing he wanted to know 'how long it would take to' ... I interrupted him again. Being know, and kept on my feet too, I was getting savage. 'How could I tell,' I said. 'I hadn't even seen the wreck yet—some m talk seemed to me so futile. 'Some months,' he said. 'Well, let us say three months before we can make a start. Yes. That I flung out of his hut (he lived all alone in a clay hut with a sort of veranda) muttering to myself my opinion of him. He wa Afterwards I took it back when it was borne in upon me startlingly with what extreme nicety he had estimated the time went to work the next day, turning, so to speak, my back on that station. In that way only it seemed to me I could keep r ing facts of life. Still, one must look about sometimes; and then I saw this station, these men strolling aimlessly about in : I asked myself sometimes what it all meant. They wandered here and there with their absurd long staves in th pilgrims bewitched inside a rotten fence. The word 'ivory' rang in the air, was whispered, was sighed. You wou taint of imbecile rapacity blew through it all, like a whiff from some corpse. By Jove! I've never seen anything s the silent wilderness surrounding this cleared speck on the earth struck me as something great and invincibl for the passing away of this fantastic invasion. «Oh, these months! Well, never mind. Various things happenec calico, cotton prints, beads, and I don't know what else, burst into a blaze so suddenly that you would have th an avenging fire consume all that trash. I was smoking my pipe quietly by my dismantled steamer, ar with their arms lifted high, when the stout man with mustaches came tearing down to the river, a tin was 'behaving splendidly, splendidly,' dipped about a quart of water and tore back again. I noticed th strolled up. There was no hurry. You see the thing had gone off like a box of matches. It had been h leaped high, driven everybody back, lighted up everything—and collapsed. The shed was already a was being beaten near by. They said he had caused the fire in some way; be that as it may, he was s for several days, sitting in a bit of shade looking very sick and trying to recover himself: aft without a sound took him into its bosom again. As I approached the glow from the dark I f the name of Kurtz pronounced, then the words, 'take advantage of this unfortunate accid good evening. 'Did you ever see anything like it—eh? it is incredible,' he said, and walked c young, gentlemanly, a bit reserved, with a forked little beard and a hooked nose. He was s said he was the manager's spy upon them. As to me, I had hardly ever spoken to him bef from the hissing ruins. Then he asked me to his room, which was in the main bu, young aristocrat had not only a silver-mounted dressing-case but also a whole c man supposed to have any right to candles. Native mats covered the clay walls; trophies. The business entrusted to this fellow was the making of bricks—so I he in the station, and he had been there more than a year—waiting. It seems he oc maybe. Anyways, it could not be found there, and as it was not likely to be sent i for. An act of special creation perhaps. However, they were all waiting; word it did not seem an uncongenial occupation, from the way they tc I could see. They beguiled the time by backbiting and intriguing again station, but nothing came of it, of course. It was as unreal as everythin as their government, as their show of work. The only real feeling was e that they could earn percentages. They intrigued and slandered and I

Characters per line

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• Roman use

finger—oh, no. By heavens! there is something after all in the world allowing one man to steal a horse while another must not look at e a horse straight out. Very well. He has done it. Perhaps he can ride. But there is a way of looking at a halter that would provoke the mc of saints into a kick. «I had no idea why he wanted to be sociable, but as we chatted in there it suddenly occurred to me the fellow we get at something—in fact, pumping me. He alluded constantly to Europe, to the people I was supposed to know there—putting leadir as to my acquaintances in the sepulchral city, and so on. His little eyes glittered like mica discs—with curiosity,—though he tried to ke of superciliousness. At first I was astonished, but very soon I became awfully curious to see what he would find out from me. I couldn't

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TO MY QUESTION HE SAID MR. KURTZ HAD PAINTED THIS—IN THIS VERY STATION MORE THAN A YEAR AGO—WHILE WAITING FOR MEANS TO GO TO HIS TRADING-POST. 'TELL ME, PRAY,' SAID I, 'WHO IS THIS MR. KURTZ?' «THE CHIEF OF THE INNER STATION,' HE ANSWERED IN A SHORT TONE, LOOKING AWAY. 'MUCH OBLIGED,' I SAID, LAUGHING. 'AND YOU ARE THE BRICKMASON OF THE CENTRAL STATION. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT: HE WAS SILENT FOR A WHILE. 'HE IS A PRODIGY,' HE SAID AT LAST. 'I AM AN EMISSARY OF PITY, AND SCIENCE, AND PROGRESS, AND DEVIL KNOWS WHAT ELSE. WE WANT; HE BEGAN TO DECLAIM SERIOUSLY, 'FOR THE GUIDANCE OF THE CAUSE INTRUSTED TO US BY EUROPE, SO TO SPEAK, HIGHER INTELLIGENCE, WIDESPREAD, A SINGLENESSE OF PURPOSE.' 'WHO SAYS THAT?' I ASKED. 'LOTS OF THEM,' HE REPLIED. 'SOME EVEN WRITE THAT; AS HE COMES HERE, A SPECIAL BEING, AS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.' 'WHY OUGHT I TO KNOW?' I INTERRUPTED, REALLY HE PAID NO ATTENTION. 'YES. TO-DAY HE IS CHIEF OF THE BEST STATION, NEXT YEAR HE WILL BE ASSISTANT-MANAGER. IN TWO YEARS MORE AND... BUT I DARE SAY YOU KNOW WHAT HE WILL BE IN TWO YEARS' TIME. YOU ARE OF THE NEW GANG OF VIRTUE. THE SAME PEOPLE WHO SENT HIM SPECIALLY ALSO RECOMMENDED YOU. OH, DON'T SAY NO. I DON'T WANT YOUR EYES TO TRUST.' LIGHT DAWNED UPON ME. MY DEAR AUNT'S INFLUENTIAL ACQUAINTANCES WERE PRODUCING A PERFECT EFFECT UPON THAT YOUNG MAN. I NEARLY BURST INTO A LAUGH. 'DO YOU READ THE COMPANY'S CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE?' I ASKED. HE HADN'T A WORD TO SAY. IT WAS GREAT FUN. 'WHEN MR. KURTZ,' I CONTINUED SERIOUSLY, 'I CONTINUED AS GENERAL MANAGER, YOU WON'T HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY.' «HE BLEW THE CANDLE OUT SUDDENLY, AS THE MOON HAD RISEN. BLACK FIGURES STROLLED ABOUT LISTLESSLY, POURING WATER ON THE GROUND. A SOUND OF HISSING; STEAM ASCENDED IN THE MOONLIGHT, THE BEATEN NIGGER GROANED SOMEWHAT. 'SERVE HIS MASTER! BRUTE MAKES!' SAID THE INDEFATIGABLE MAN WITH THE MUSTACHES, APPEARING NEAR US. 'SERVE HIS MASTER! PUNISHMENT—BANG! PITILESS, PITILESS. THAT'S THE ONLY WAY. THIS WILL PREVENT ALL CONFIDENTIAL FUTURE. I WAS JUST TELLING THE MANAGER... HE NOTICED MY COMPANION, AND BECAME CRETFALLI BED YET; HE SAID, WITH A KIND OF SERVILE HEARTINESS; 'IT'S SO NATURAL. HA! DANGER—AGITATION.' 'I WENT TO THE RIVER-SIDE, AND THE OTHER FOLLOWED ME. I HEARD A SCATHING MURMUR AT MY BACK. SEVERAL PILGRIMS COULD BE SEEN IN KNOTS GESTICULATING, DISCUSSING. SEVERAL HAD STILL TRUSTFULLY BELIEVE THEY TOOK THESE STICKS TO BED WITH THEM. BEYOND THE FENCE THE FOREST MOANED IN THE MOONLIGHT, AND THROUGH THE DIM STIR, THROUGH THE FAINT SOUNDS OF THAT LAME MAN WHOSE VOICE OF THE LAND WENT HOME TO ONE'S VERY HEART,—ITS MYSTERY, ITS GREATNESS, THE AMBIGUITY OF LIFE. THE HURT NIGGER MOANED FEEBLY SOMEWHERE NEAR BY, AND THEN FETCHED A DEEP BREATH AND WENT AWAY FROM THERE. I FELT A HAND INTRODUCING ITSELF UNDER MY ARM. 'MY DEAR MAN, YOU TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD, AND ESPECIALLY BY YOU, WHO WILL SEE MR. KURTZ LITTLE SOON. I WOULD'N'T LIKE HIM TO GET A FALSE IDEA OF MY DISPOSITION...' «I LET HIM RUN AWAY. AND IT SEEMED TO ME THAT IF I TRIED I COULD POKE MY FOREFINGER THROUGH A LITTLE LOOSE DIRT, MAYBE. HE, DON'T YOU SEE, HAD BEEN PLANNING TO BE A PRESENT MAN, AND I COULD SEE THAT THE COMING OF THAT KURTZ HAD UPSIDED HIS HEAD. I WENT DOWN THE SLOPE LIKE A CARCASS OF SOME BIG RIVER ANIMAL. THE SMELL OF MUD, OF THE HIGH STILLNESS OF PRIMEVAL FOREST WAS BEFORE MY EYES; THE MOON HAD SPREAD OVER EVERYTHING A THIN LAYER OF SILVER—COVERING THE MATTED VEGETATION STANDING HIGHER THAN THE WALL OF A TOWER. A SOMBER GAP GLITTERING, GLITTERING, AS IT FLOWED BROADLY BY MY FEET, WHILE THE MAN JABBERED ABOUT HIMSELF. I WONDERED WHY HE WAS LOOKING AT US TWO WERE MEANT AS AN APPEAL OR AS A MENACE. WOULD WE HANDLE THAT DUMB THING, OR WOULD IT HANDLE US? I FELT HE WASN'T TALKING, AND PERHAPS WAS DEAF AS WELL. WHERE WAS HE? THERE, AND I HAD HEARD MR. KURTZ WAS IN THERE. I HAD HEARD HIM, BUT I DIDN'T BRING ANY IMAGE WITH IT—NO MORE THAN IF I HAD HEARD THE SAME WAY ONE OF YOU MIGHT BELIEVE THERE ARE MAKERS WHO WAS CERTAIN, DEAD SURE, THERE WERE PEOPLE WHO WERE AND BEHAVED, HE WOULD GET SHY AND MUTTER SOME WORDS. HE WOULD—THOUGH A MAN OF SIXTY—OFFER TO FIGHT

Characters per line 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100 105

• Roman use

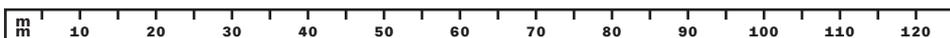
I WENT FOR HIM NEAR ENOUGH TO A LIE. YOU KNOW I HATE, DETEST, AND CAN'T BEAR A LIE, NOT BECAUSE I AM STRAIGHTER THAN THE REST OF US, BUT SIMPLY BECAUSE IT APPALLS ME. THERE IS A TAIN OF DEATH, A FLAVOR OF MORTALITY IN IT WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT I HATE AND DETEST IN THE WORLD—WHAT I WANT TO FORGET. IT MAKES ME MISERABLE AND LIKE BITING SOMETHING ROTTEN WOULD DO. TEMPERAMENT, I SUPPOSE. WELL, I WENT NEAR ENOUGH TO IT BY LETTING THAT YOUNG FOOL THERE BELIEVE ANYTHING HE LIKED TO IMAGINE AS TO MY INFLUENCE IN EUROPE. I BECAME IN AN INSTANT AS MUCH OF A PRETENSE AS THE REST OF THE BEWITCHED PILGRIMS. THIS SIMPLY BECAUSE I HAD A NOTION IT SOME

Youth, Tales of
Hearsay, Land
and Water, The
Shadow Line,
Prince Roman
Notes on Life

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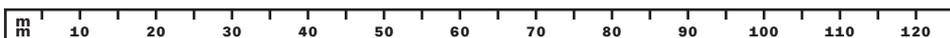


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THE POLISH
QUESTION, A
SET OF SIX,
LAST ESSAYS,
THE SECRET
AGENT, NOTE

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Yet somehow it didn't bring any image with it no more than if I had been told an angel or a fiend was in there. I believed it in the same way one of you might believe there are inhabitants on the planet Mars. I knew once a Scotch sailor who was certain, dead sure, there were people on Mars. If you asked him for some idea how they looked and behaved, he would get shy. After something about 'walking on all-fours' as much as smiled, he would—though a little shy—offer to fight you. I would not have done so far as to fight for Kurtz, but I went forward near enough to a lie. You know I'm honest and can't bear a lie, not because I'm better than the rest of us, but simply because it hurts me. There is a taint of death, a taint of lies,—which is exactly what I want in the world—what I want to fight.

| Characters per line | 10 | 20 | 30 | 40 | 45

• Italic use

miserable and sick, like biting something rotten would do. Temperament, *I suppose*. Well, I w

DO YOU SEE HIM? DO YOU SEE THE STC
 DO YOU SEE ANYTHING? IT SEEMS TO M
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 A VAIN ATTEMPT, BECAUSE NO RELATIO
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 SATION, THAT COMMINGLING OF ABSU
 DITY, SURPRISE, AND BEWILDERMENT IN
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 DIBLE WHICH IS OF THE VERY ESS
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 NO, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE; IT IS IMPOSS
 CONVEY THE LIFE-SENSATION OF
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 MAKES ITS TRUTH, ITS MEANING—
 AND PENETRATING ESSENCE. IT IS

| Characters per line

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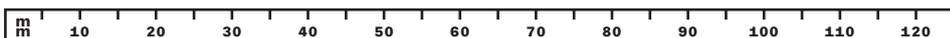
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SIBLE. WE LIVE, *AS WE DREAM*—ALONE...
 PAUSED AGAIN AS IF REFLECTING, THEN

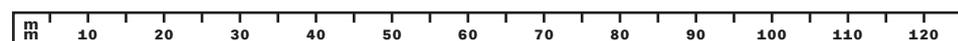


For a long time already he, sitting apart, had been no more to us than a voice. There was word from anybody. The others might have been asleep, but I was awake. I listened, I listened the watch for the sentence, for the word, that would give me the clew to the faint uneasiness inspired by this narrative that seemed to shape itself without human lips in the heavy night of the river. «...Yes—I let him run on,» Marlow began again, «and think what he pleased at the powers that were behind me. I did! And there was nothing behind me! There was not but that wretched, old, mangled steamboat I was leaning against, while he talked fluently ‘the necessity for every man to get on.’ And when one comes out here, you cannot gaze at the moon.’ Mr. Kurtz was a ‘universal genius,’ but even a genius would not work with ‘adequate tools—intelligent men.’ He did not make bricks—why, there was impossibility in the way—as I was well aware; and if he did secretarial work for them because ‘no sensible man rejects wantonly the confidence of his superiors.’ Did I do it. What more did I want? What I really wanted was rivets, by heaven! Rivets. To work—to stop the hole. Rivets I wanted. There were cases of them down at the bottom piled up—burst—split! You kicked a loose rivet at every second step in the hillside. Rivets had rolled into the grove of death. You could fill your pocket with the trouble of stooping down—and there wasn’t one rivet to be found where the plates that would do, but nothing to fasten them with. And every week a negro, letter-bag on shoulder and staff in hand, left our station for the week a coast caravan came in with trade goods,—ghastly glazed calicoes only to look at it, glass beads value about a penny a quart, confounded the chiefs. And no rivets. Three carriers could have brought all the rivets in a boat afloat. «He was becoming confidential now, but I fancy I was exasperated him at last, for he judged it necessary to inform me that he would let alone any mere man. I said I could see that very well, but I wanted a quantity of rivets—and rivets were what really Mr. Kurtz wanted, so I went to the coast every week... ‘My dear sir,’ he cried, ‘I will write you a letter. There was a way—for an intelligent man. He changed his mind and suddenly began to talk about a hippopotamus; wonder what happened (stuck to my salvage night and day) I wasn’t disturbed by his habit of getting out on the bank and roaming at night. I turned in a body and empty every rifle they could get out of his pocket on nights for him. All this energy was wasted, though you can say this only of brutes in this country. No wonder it was a charmed life.’ He stood there for a moment in the

| Characters per line | 20 | 30 | 40 | 50 | 60 | 70 | 80 | 88

• Italic use

little askew, and *his mica* eyes glittering without a wink, then, with a curt Good night, he went off. I could see he was disturbed and considerably puzzled, which made me feel more honest than I had been for days. *It was a great comfort to turn from that chap to my influential friend* the battered, twisted, ruined, tin-pot steamboat. I clambered on board. She rang under n

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YOU SEE I RATHER CHUMMED WITH THE FEW MECHANICS THERE WERE IN THAT STATION, WHOM THE OTHER PILGRIMS NATURALLY DESPISED—ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR IMPERFECT MANNERS, I SUPPOSE. THIS WAS THE FOREMAN—A BOILER-MAKER BY TRADE—A GOOD WORKER. HE WAS A LANK, BONY, YELLOW-FACED MAN, WITH INTENSE EYES. HIS ASPECT WAS WORRIED, AND HIS HEAD WAS AS BALD AS THE SOLE OF MY HAND; BUT HIS HAIR IN FALLING SEEMED TO HAVE STUCK TO HIS CHIN, AND HE PROSPERED IN THE NEW LOCALITY, FOR HIS BEARD HUNG DOWN TO HIS WAIST. HE WAS A WIDOWER WITH SIX YOUNG CHILDREN (HE HAD LEFT THEM IN CHARGE OF A FARM OF HIS TO COME OUT THERE), AND THE PASSION OF HIS LIFE WAS PIGEON-RAISING. HE WAS AN ENTHUSIAST AND A CONNOISSEUR. HE WOULD RAVE ABOUT HIS PIGEONS AFTER WORK HOURS HE USED SOMETIMES TO COME OVER FROM HIS HOME. HE TALKED ABOUT HIS CHILDREN AND HIS PIGEONS; AT WORK, WHEN HE HAD TO CLIMB UP ON THE MUD UNDER THE BOTTOM OF THE STEAMBOAT, HE WOULD TIE UP THAT MUD WITH HIS HAIR IN A KIND OF WHITE SERVIETTE HE BROUGHT FOR THE PURPOSE. IT HUNG OVER HIS EARS. IN THE EVENING HE COULD BE SEEN SQUATTED ON THE BANK RINSING THAT WRAPPER IN THE CREEK WITH GREAT CARE, THEN SPREAD IT ONLY ON A BUSH TO DRY. «I SLAPPED HIM ON THE BACK AND SAID, 'YOU MUST HAVE RIVETS!' HE SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET EXCLAIMING 'NO, NO, NO, I COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EARS. THEN IN A LOW VOICE, 'YOU... EYE... YOU... WE BEHAVED LIKE LUNATICS. I PUT MY FINGER TO THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD AND SAID MYSTERIOUSLY. 'GOOD FOR YOU!' HE CRIED, SNAPPED HIS FINGERS, AND LIFTING ONE FOOT. I TRIED A JIG. WE CAPERED ON THE IRON PLATE. THE CLATTER CAME OUT OF THAT HULK, AND THE VIRGIN FORESTS OF THE CREEK SENT IT BACK IN A THUNDERING ROLL UPON THE BANK. IT MUST HAVE MADE SOME OF THE PILGRIMS SIT DOWN. THE LIGHT OBSCURED THE LIGHTED DOORWAY OF THE MAIN DECK. A SECOND OR SO AFTER, THE DOORWAY ITSELF VANISHED IN A FLASH OF SILENCE DRIVEN AWAY BY THE STAMPING OF OUR FEET ON THE DECK. THE RECESSES OF THE LAND. THE GREAT WALL OF THE CREEK AN ENTANGLED MASS OF TRUNKS, BRANCHES, LEAVES AND TWIGS. IN THE MOONLIGHT, WAS LIKE A RIOTING INVASION OF THE BANK. A WAVE OF PLANTS, PILED UP, CRESTED, READY TO

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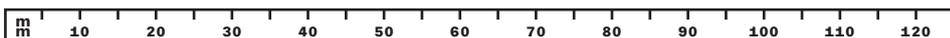
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EVERY LITTLE MAN OF US OUT OF HIS LITTLE EXISTENCE. AND IT MOVED NOT. A DEADENED *BURST OF MIGHTY SPLASHES AND SNORTS* REACHED US FROM AFAR AS THOUGH AN ICHTHYOSAURUS HAD BEEN TAKING A BATH OF GLITTER IN THE GREAT RIVER. 'AFTER ALL,' SAID THE BOILER-MAKER *IN A REASONABLE TONE*, 'W



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They'll come in three weeks,' I said confidently. «But they didn't. Instead of rivets there came an invasion, a infliction, a visitation. It came in sections during the next three weeks, each section headed by a donkey cart; a white man in new clothes and tan shoes, bowing from that elevation right and left to the impressed pilgrim. A quarrelsome band of footsore sulky niggers trod on the heels of the donkeys; a lot of tents, camp-stools, boxes, white cases, brown bales would be shot down in the courtyard, and the air of mystery would deepen over the middle of the station. Five such installments came, with their absurd air of disorderly flight with thousands of innumerable outfit shops and provision stores, that, one would think, they were lugging, after a raid in the wilderness for equitable division. It was an inextricable mess of things decent in themselves but that made look like the spoils of thieving. «This devoted band called itself the Eldorado Exploring Expedition; I believe they were sworn to secrecy. Their talk, however, was the talk of sordid buccaneers: it was reckless hardihood, greedy without audacity, and cruel without courage; there was not an atom of foresight or intention in the whole batch of them, and they did not seem aware these things are wanted for the world. To tear treasure out of the bowels of the land was their desire, with no more moral principle than there is in burglars breaking into a safe. Who paid the expenses of the noble enterprise? The uncle of our manager was leader of that lot. «In exterior he resembled a butcher in a park; his eyes had a look of sleepy cunning. He carried his fat paunch with ostentation on his shirt; at the same time his gang infested the station spoke to no one but his nephew. You could see these two men long with their heads close together in an everlasting confab. «I had given up worrying myself; I said: 'One's capacity for that kind of folly is more limited than you would suppose. I said: 'I have plenty of time for meditation, and now and then I would give some thought to Kurtz. No. Still, I was curious to see whether this man, who had come out equipped with a rifle, would climb to the top after all, and how he would set about his work when there.» He came on the deck of my steamboat, I heard voices approaching—and there were the nephew and the manager. The nephew went to the bank. I laid my head on my arm again, and had nearly lost myself in a doze, when I heard it were: 'I am as harmless as a little child, but I don't like to be dictated to.' The manager ordered to send him there. It's incredible.' ... I became aware that the two men were in the forepart of the steamboat, just below my head. I did not move; it did not seem to me is unpleasant,' grunted the uncle. 'He has asked the Administration to let him try the effect of showing what he could do; and I was instructed accordingly. Look at that! They are so frightful?' They both agreed it was frightful, then made several bizarre suggestions to the Council—by the nose!—bits of absurd sentences that were pretty near the whole of my wits about me when the uncle said to me: 'You see you. Is he alone there?' 'Yes,' answered the manager; 'he sent me on these terms: «Clear this poor devil out of the country, and do it as fast as you can alone than have the kind of men you can dispose of with me. I don't care for impudence!' 'Anything since then?' asked the other, hoarsely. 'Nothing.' 'Lots—most annoying, from him.' 'And with that?' quoth the manager. 'Nothing to speak of.' Then silence. They had been talking about Kurtz, but now they were at ease, remained still, having no inducement to characterize the elder man, who seemed very vexed. The other man was an English half-caste clerk Kurtz had with him; that Kurtz had been by that time bare of goods and stores, but after coming

Characters per line 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100 105

• Italic use

which he started to do alone in a small dug-out with four paddlers, leaving the half-caste to continue down the river with the ivory. The two fellows there seemed astounded at anybody attempting such a thing. They were at a loss for an adequate motive. As to me, *I seemed to see Kurtz for the first time*. It was a distinct glimpse: the dug-out, the paddling savages, and the lone white man turning his back suddenly on the headquarters, on relief, on the shore—perhaps; setting his face towards the depths of the wilderness, *towards his empty and desolate station*

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I DID NOT KNOW THE MOTIVE. PERHAPS HE WAS JUST SIMPLY A FINE FELLOW WHO STUCK TO HIS WORK FOR ITS OWN SAKE. HIS NAME, YOU UNDERSTAND, HAD NOT BEEN PRONOUNCED ONCE WAS 'THAT MAN,' THE HALF-CASTE, WHO, AS FAR AS I COULD SEE, HAD CONDUCTED A DIFFICULT TRIP WITH GREAT PRUDENCE AND PLUCK, WAS INVARIABLY ALLUDED TO AS 'THAT SCOUNDREL' 'SCOUNDREL' HAD REPORTED THAT THE 'MAN' HAD BEEN VERY ILL—HAD RECOVERED IMPERFECTLY THE TWO BELOW ME MOVED AWAY THEN A FEW PACES, AND STROLLED BACK AND FORTH AT SOME LITTLE DISTANCE. I HEARD: 'MILITARY POST—DOCTOR—TWO HUNDRED MILES—QUITE AWAY NOW—UNAVOIDABLE DELAYS—NINE MONTHS—NO NEWS—STRANGE RUMORS!' THEY APPROACHED AGAIN, JUST AS THE MANAGER WAS SAYING, 'NO ONE, AS FAR AS I KNOW, UNLESS A WANDERING TRADER—A PESTILENTIAL FELLOW, SNAPPING IVORY FROM THE NATURAL STATE THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT NOW? I GATHERED IN SNATCHES THAT THIS WAS SO IT WAS TO BE IN KURTZ'S DISTRICT, AND OF WHOM THE MANAGER DID NOT APPROVE. 'WANT TO BE FREE FROM UNFAIR COMPETITION TILL ONE OF THESE FELLOWS IS HANGED FOR HIMSELF.' HE SAID. 'CERTAINLY;' GRUNTED THE OTHER; 'GET HIM HANGED! WHY NOT? ANYTHING CAN BE DONE IN THIS COUNTRY. THAT'S WHAT I SAY; NOBODY HERE, YOU UNDERSTAND, CAN ENDANGER YOUR POSITION. AND WHY? YOU STAND THE CLIMATE—YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THE DANGER IS IN EUROPE; BUT THERE BEFORE I LEFT I TOOK CARE TO PREPARE MYSELF. I WHISPERED, THEN THEIR VOICES ROSE AGAIN. 'THE EXTRAORDINARY SITUATION IS NOT MY FAULT. I DID MY POSSIBLE.' THE FAT MAN SIGHED, 'VERY SAD.' 'AND THE MANAGER'S TALK,' CONTINUED THE OTHER; 'HE BOTHERED ME ENOUGH WHEN HE SAID THAT I SHOULD BE LIKE A BEACON ON THE ROAD TOWARDS BETTER THINGS. HIS COURSE, BUT ALSO FOR HUMANIZING, IMPROVING, INSTRUCTING.' 'COURSE, BUT HE WANTS TO BE MANAGER! NO, IT'S—' HERE HE GOT CHOKED BY EXCITEMENT. I LIFTED MY HEAD THE LEAST BIT. I WAS SURPRISED TO SEE HOW NEAR I WAS TO ME. I COULD HAVE SPAT UPON THEIR HATS. THEY WERE LOST IN THOUGHT. THE MANAGER WAS SWITCHING HIS LEG WITH HIS OTHER. THE OTHER RELATIVELY LIFTED HIS HEAD. 'YOU HAVE BEEN WELL SINCE YOU LEFT.' THE OTHER GAVE A START. 'WHO? I? OH! LIKE A CHARM—LITTLE BIT OF GOODNESS! ALL SICK. THEY DIE SO QUICK, TOO, THAT I HATE TO THINK OF THE OTHERS OF THE COUNTRY—IT'S INCREDIBLE!' 'H'M. JUST SO,' GRUNTED THE OTHER. 'THIS—I SAY, TRUST TO THIS.' I SAW HIM EXTEND HIS SHORT ARM TOWARDS THE FOREST, THE CREEK, THE MUD, THE RIVER,—SOMEWHERE. HE MADE A FLOURISH BEFORE THE SUNLIT FACE OF THE LEAFY TREE. 'DEATH, TO THE HIDDEN EVIL, TO THE PROFOUND DARKNESS.' THAT I LEAPED TO MY FEET AND LOOKED BACK AT HIM. HE EXPECTED AN ANSWER OF SOME SORT TO THE OTHER'S FOOLISH NOTIONS THAT COME TO ONE SOME OF THESE TWO FIGURES WITH ITS OMINOUS PATIENCE, WITH ITS INVADENT INVASION. «THEY SWORE ALOUD TOGETHER—NOT TO KNOW ANYTHING OF MY EXISTENCE, I

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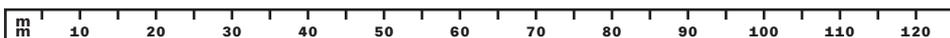
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AND LEANING FORWARD SIDE BY SIDE, *THEY SEEMED TO BE TUGGING PAINFULLY UPHILL* THEIR RIDICULOUS SHADOWS OF UNEQUAL LENGTH, THAT TRAILED BEHIND THEM SLOWLY OVER THE GRASS WITHOUT BENDING A SINGLE BLADE. «IN A FEW DAYS THE ELDORADO EXPEDITION WENT INTO THE PATIENT WILDERNESS, THAT CLOSED UPON IT AS THE SEA CLOSES OVER A DIVER. LO AFTERWARDS THE NEWS CAME THAT ALL *THE DONKEYS WERE DEAD*. I KNOW NOTHING AS TO



There were moments when one's past came back to one, as it will sometimes when you have not a moment to spare to yourself; but the shape of an unrestful and noisy dream, remembered with wonder amongst the overwhelming realities of this strange world of plankton, water, and silence. And this stillness of life did not in the least resemble a peace. It was the stillness of an implacable force brooding inscrutable intention. It looked at you with a vengeful aspect. I got used to it afterwards; I did not see it any more; I had no time. I had been guessing at the channel; I had to discern, mostly by inspiration, the signs of hidden banks; I watched for sunken stones; I was learning to bite my teeth smartly before my heart flew out, when I shaved by a fluke some infernal sly old snag that would have ripped the life out of the steamboat and drowned all the pilgrims; I had to keep a look-out for the signs of dead wood we could cut up in the night for next morning. When you have to attend to things of that sort, to the mere incidents of the surface, the reality—the reality, I tell you—fades; the truth is hidden—luckily, luckily. But I felt it all the same; I felt often its mysterious stillness watching me at my monkey tricks, just you fellows performing on your respective tight-ropes for—what is it? half-a-crown a tumble—» «Try to be civil, Marlow,» growl I knew there was at least one listener awake besides myself. «I beg your pardon. I forgot the heartache which makes up the rest. And indeed what does the price matter, if the trick be well done? You do your tricks very well. And I didn't do badly either, since I had to sink that steamboat on my first trip. It's a wonder to me yet. Imagine a blindfolded man set to drive a van over a barricade over that business considerably, I can tell you. After all, for a seaman, to scrape the bottom of the thing that's sunk under his care is the unpardonable sin. No one may know of it, but you never forget the thump—eh? A blow on the vein, it, you dream of it, you wake up at night and think of it—years after—and go hot and cold all over. I don't pretend to say I do all the time. More than once she had to wade for a bit, with twenty cannibals splashing around and pushing. We had eight chaps on the way for a crew. Fine fellows—cannibals—in their place. They were men one could work with, and I am grateful all, they did not eat each other before my face: they had brought along a provision of hippo-meat which went to the wilderness stink in my nostrils. Phoo! I can sniff it now. I had the manager on board and three or four pilgrims. Sometimes we came upon a station close by the bank, clinging to the skirts of the unknown, and the white river hovel, with great gestures of joy and surprise and welcome, seemed very strange,—had the appearance of ivory. The word ivory would ring in the air for a while—and on we went again into the silence, along empty reaches: the high walls of our winding way, reverberating in hollow claps the ponderous beat of the stern-wheel. Trees of immense, running up high; and at their foot, hugging the bank against the stream, crept the little beetles crawling on the floor of a lofty portico. It made you feel very small, very lost, and yet it was not altogether small, the grimy beetle crawled on—which was just what you wanted it to do. Where the pilgrims came some place where they expected to get something, I bet! For me it crawled toward Kurtz—excluding us we crawled very slow. The reaches opened before us and closed behind, as if the forest had sided with us on our way for our return. We penetrated deeper and deeper into the heart of darkness. It was very quiet behind the curtain of trees would run up the river and remain sustained faintly, as if hovering of day. Whether it meant war, peace, or prayer we could not tell. The dawns were heralded by the sleeping, their fires burned low; the snapping of a twig would make you start. We were wandering in the aspect of an unknown planet. We could have fancied ourselves the first of men taking possession of the earth at the cost of profound anguish and of excessive toil. But suddenly, as we struggled round the peaked grass-roofs, a burst of yells, a whirl of black limbs, a mass of hands clapping, of fire, of the droop of heavy and motionless foliage. The steamer toiled along slowly on the river. A man was cursing us, praying to us, welcoming us—who could tell? We were cut off from the past like phantoms, wondering and secretly appalled, as sane men would be bewildered and understand, because we were too far and could not remember, because we were leaving hardly a sign—and no memories. «The earth seemed unearthly. We are not a monster, but there—there you could look at a thing monstrous and free. It was not you know, that was the worst of it—this suspicion of their not being human and made horrid faces; but what thrilled you was just the thought of their wild and passionate uproar. Ugly. Yes, it was ugly enough; but if you saw the faintest trace of a response to the terrible frankness of that noise, a man could not help but feel from the night of first ages—could comprehend. And why not? The river was as well as all the future. What was there after all? Joy, fear, sorrow, death.

Characters per line

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• Italic use

time. Let the fool gape and shudder—the man knows, and can look on without a wink. But he must at least be as much of a man as the man on the shore. *He must meet that truth with his own true stuff*—with his own inborn strength. Principles? Principles won't do. Acquisitions, cleverness, rags—rags that would fly off at the first good shake. No; you want a deliberate belief. An appeal to me in this fiendish row—is there? I hear; I admit, but I have a voice too, and for good or evil mine is the speech that cannot be silenced. Of course, a fool, what with sheer force and fine sentiments, is always safe. *Who's that grunting? You wonder I didn't go ashore for a howl and a dance?* Well, no—I didn't. Fine sentiments, you say? Fine sentiments, be hanged! I had no time. I had to mess about with white-lead and strips of woolen blanket helping to put

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I HAD TO MESS ABOUT WITH WHITE-LEAD AND STRIPS OF WOOLEN BLANKET HELPING TO PUT BANDAGES ON THOSE I STEAM-PIPES—I TELL YOU. I HAD TO WATCH THE STEERING, AND CIRCUMVENT THOSE SNAGS, AND GET THE TIN-POT A BY HOOK OR BY CROOK. THERE WAS SURFACE-TRUTH ENOUGH IN THESE THINGS TO SAVE A WISER MAN. AND BETWEEN WHILES I HAD TO LOOK AFTER THE SAVAGE WHO WAS FIREMAN. HE WAS AN IMPROVED SPECIMEN; HE COULD FIRE UP VERTICAL BOILER. HE WAS THERE BELOW ME, AND, UPON MY WORD, TO LOOK AT HIM WAS AS EDIFYING AS SEEING A C IN A PARODY OF BREECHES AND A FEATHER HAT, WALKING ON HIS HIND-LEGS. A FEW MONTHS OF TRAINING HAD DONE FOR THAT REALLY FINE CHAP. HE SQUINTED AT THE STEAM-GAUGE AND AT THE WATER-GAUGE WITH AN EVIDENT EFFICACIOUS INTREPIDITY—AND HE HAD FILED TEETH TOO, THE POOR DEVIL, AND THE WOOL OF HIS PATE SHAVED INTO QUEER PAT AND THREE ORNAMENTAL SCARS ON EACH OF HIS CHEEKS. HE OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN CLAPPING HIS HANDS ON HIS FEET ON THE BANK, INSTEAD OF WHICH HE WAS HARD AT WORK, A THRALL TO STRANGE WITCHCRAFTING KNOWLEDGE. HE WAS USEFUL BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN INSTRUCTED; AND WHAT HE KNEW WAS THIS—WATER IN THAT TRANSPARENT THING DISAPPEAR, THE EVIL SPIRIT INSIDE THE BOILER WOULD GET ANGRY AT THE GREATNESS OF HIS THIRST, AND TAKE A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE. SO HE SWEATED AND FIRED UP AND WATCHED FEARFULLY (WITH AN IMPROMPTU CHARM, MADE OF RAGS, TIED TO HIS ARM, AND A PIECE OF POLISHED IRON AS A WATCH, STUCK FLATWAYS THROUGH HIS LOWER LIP), WHILE THE WOODED BANKS SLIPPED PAST US. SINCE THE NOISE WAS LEFT BEHIND, THE INTERMINABLE MILES OF SILENCE—AND WE CREPT ON, TOWARDS KURTZ. BUT SINCE IT WAS SO THICK, THE WATER WAS TREACHEROUS AND SHALLOW, THE BOILER SEEMED INDEED TO HAVE A MIND OF ITS OWN. NEITHER THAT FIREMAN NOR I HAD ANY TIME TO PEER INTO OUR CREEPY THOUGHTS. «SOMEWHERE AT A STATION WE CAME UPON A HUT OF REEDS, AN INCLINED AND MELANCHOLY POLE, WITH THE WIND BLOWING FROM THE WEST. WHAT HAD BEEN A FLAG OF SOME SORT FLYING FROM IT, AND A NEATLY STACKED WOODPILE. THE MAN CAME TO THE BANK, AND ON THE STACK OF FIREWOOD FOUND A FLAT PIECE OF BOARD WITH A MESSAGE WRITTEN ON IT. WHEN DECIPHERED IT SAID: 'WOOD FOR YOU. HURRY UP. APPROACH CAUTIOUSLY.' THERE WAS ILLEGIBLE—NOT KURTZ—A MUCH LONGER WORD. 'HURRY UP.' WHERE? UP THE RIVER? 'APPROACH' WAS NOT DONE SO. BUT THE WARNING COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MEANT FOR THE PLACE WHERE IT WAS WRITTEN. APPROACH. SOMETHING WAS WRONG ABOVE. BUT WHAT—AND HOW MUCH? THAT WAS THE QUESTION. IT ADVERSELY UPON THE IMBECILITY OF THAT TELEGRAPHIC STYLE. THE BUSH AROUND US LOOKED VERY FAR, EITHER A TORN CURTAIN OF RED TWILL HUNG IN THE DOORWAY, OR A CURTAIN OF OUR FACES. THE DWELLING WAS DISMANTLED; BUT WE COULD SEE A WHITE MAN IN THE DOORWAY. THERE REMAINED A RUDE TABLE—A PLANK ON TWO POSTS; A HEAP OF RUBBISH IN THE CORNER. I PICKED UP A BOOK. IT HAD LOST ITS COVERS, AND THE PAGES HAD BEEN TURNED TO A DIRTY SOFTNESS; BUT THE BACK HAD BEEN LOVINGLY STITCHED AFRESH WITH WHITE THREAD. IT WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY FIND. ITS TITLE WAS, 'AN INQUIRY INTO SOME OF THE TOWERS, TOWSON—SOME SUCH NAME—MASTER IN HIS MAJESTY'S NAVAL SERVICE.' WITH ILLUSTRATIVE DIAGRAMS AND REPULSIVE TABLES OF FIGURES, AND AN AMAZING ANTIQUITY WITH THE GREATEST POSSIBLE TENDERNESS, LESLIE TOWSON WAS INQUIRING EARNESTLY INTO THE BREAKING STRAINS OF THE TOWERS. NOT A VERY ENTHRALLING BOOK; BUT AT THE FIRST GLANCE YOU COULD NOT BUT BECOME AN HONEST CONCERN FOR THE RIGHT WAY OF GOING TO WORK, WHICH I HAD LEARNED YEARS AGO, LUMINOUS WITH ANOTHER THAN A PROFESSIONAL LIGHT. AND PURCHASES, MADE ME FORGET THE JUNGLE AND THE PILGRIMS IN THE JUNGLE. SOMETHING UNMISTAKABLY REAL. SUCH A BOOK BEING THERE, I TOOK OUT THE NOTES I HAD TAKEN. THEY WERE THE NOTES PENCILLED IN THE MARGIN, AND PLAINLY I HAD TAKEN THEM IN CIPHER! YES, IT LOOKED LIKE CIPHER. FANCY A MAN BEING AWARE WHERE AND STUDYING IT—AND MAKING NOTES—IN CIPHER! I WAS AWARE FOR SOME TIME OF A WORRYING NOISE, AND WHEN THE MANAGER, AIDED BY ALL THE PILGRIMS, WAS SHOUTING AT ME TO STOP, I ASSURE YOU TO LEAVE OFF READING WAS LIKE TEARING MYSELF AWAY FROM A SHIP. «I STARTED THE LAME ENGINE AHEAD. 'IT MUST BE THIS'

Characters per line

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• Italic use

LOOKING BACK MALEVOLENTLY AT THE PLACE WE HAD LEFT. 'HE MUST BE ENGLISH,' I SAID. 'IT WILL NOT SAVE HIM FROM GETTING INTO TROUBLE IF HE IS NOT CAREFUL,' MUTTERED THE MANAGER DARKLY. I OBSERVED WITH ASSUMED INNOCENCE THAT NO MAN WAS SAFE FROM TROUBLE IN THIS WORLD. «*THE CURRENT WAS MORE RAPID NOW, THE STEAMER SEEMED A LAST GASP, THE STERN-WHEEL FLOPPED LANGUIDLY, AND I CAUGHT MYSELF LISTENING ON TIPTOE FOR THE NEXT BEAT OF THE BOAT, FOR IN SOBER TRUTH I EXPECTED THE WRETCHED THING TO GIVE UP EVERY MOMENT. IT WAS LIKE WATCHING THE FLICKERS OF A LIFE. BUT STILL WE CRAWLED. SOMETIMES I WOULD PICK OUT A TREE A LITTLE WAY AHEAD TO MEASUREMENT.*

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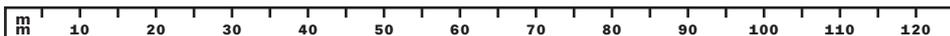
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*The Lesson of
the Collision:
A Monograph
upon the loss
of the Empress
of Ireland, Lord*

| Characters per line

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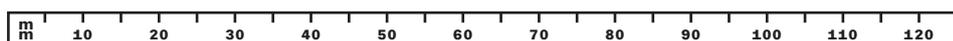
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*CHANCE, THE
MIRROR OF
THE SEA, AMY
FOSTER, THE
NATURE OF A
CRIME, LAND*

| Characters per line

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*To keep the eyes so long on one thing was t
 much for human patience. The manager disp
 yed a beautiful resignation. I fretted and fum
 and took to arguing with myself whether or r
 would talk openly with Kurtz; but before I co
 come to any conclusion it occurred to me th
 my speech or my silence, indeed any ac
 mine, would be a mere futility. What did
 ter what anyone knew or ignored? Whe
 matter who was manager? One gets sc
 such a flash of insight. The essentials o
 fair lay deep under the surface, beyond
 and beyond my power of mec
 evening of the second day we
 about eight miles from Kurtz's
 to push on; but the manager I
 told me the navigation up the
 rous that it would be advisabl*

| Characters per line

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• Roman use

*being very low already, to wait where we we
 till next morning. Moreover, he pointed out tl*

THE SUN BEING VERY LOW ALREADY, TO
 WAIT WHERE WE WERE TILL NEXT MOR-
 NING. MOREOVER, HE POINTED OUT THAT
 IF THE WARNING TO APPROACH CAUTIC-
 LY WERE TO BE FOLLOWED, WE MUST AP-
 PROACH IN DAYLIGHT—NOT AT DUSK, C
 IN THE DARK. THIS WAS SENSIBLE ENOU-
 EIGHT MILES MEANT NEARLY THREE HO-
 STEAMING FOR US, AND I COULD ,
 SUSPICIOUS RIPPLES AT THE UPPE
 OF THE REACH. NEVERTHELESS, I V
 NOYED BEYOND EXPRESSION AT 7
 AND MOST UNREASONABLY TOO,
 ONE NIGHT MORE COULD NOT MA-
 MUCH AFTER SO MANY MONTHS.
 HAD PLENTY OF WOOD, AND CAU

Characters per line

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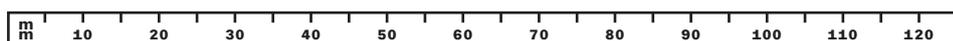
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• Roman use

THE WORD, I BROUGHT UP IN THE MIDD
 OF THE STREAM. THE REACH WAS NARF



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The dusk came gliding into it long before the sun had set. The current ran smooth and s' a dumb immobility sat on the banks. The living trees, lashed together by the creepers an living bush of the undergrowth, might have been changed into stone, even to the slende to the lightest leaf. It was not sleep—it seemed unnatural, like a state of trance. Not the i sound of any kind could be heard. You looked on amazed, and began to suspect yourself deaf—then the night came suddenly, and struck you blind as well. About three in the mo some large fish leaped, and the loud splash made me jump as though a gun had been fir the sun rose there was a white fog, very warm and clammy, and more blinding t did not shift or drive; it was just there, standing all round you like something soli perhaps, it lifted as a shutter lifts. We had a glimpse of the towering multitude o immense matted jungle, with the blazing little ball of the sun hanging over it—a and then the white shutter came down again, smoothly, as if sliding in greased (the chain, which we had begun to heave in, to be paid out again. Before it stopp a muffled rattle, a cry, a very loud cry, as of infinite desolation, soared slowly in t It ceased. A complaining clamor, modulated in savage discords, filled pectedness of it made my hair stir under my cap. I don't know how it s seemed as though the mist itself had screamed, so suddenly, and app once, did this tumultuous and mournful uproar arise. It culminated in a intolerably excessive shrieking, which stopped short, leaving us stiffer tudes, and obstinately listening to the nearly as appalling and excessi What is the meaning—?' stammered at my elbow one of the pilgrims, hair and red whiskers, who wore side-spring boots, and pink others remained open-mouthed a whole minute, then dashe incontinently and stand darting scared glances, with Winch we could see was just the steamer we were on, her outlines the point of dissolving, and a misty strip of water, perhaps t was all. The rest of the world was nowhere, as far as our eye nowhere. Gone, disappeared; swept off without leaving a w forward, and ordered the chain to be hauled in sh move the steamboat at once if necessary. 'Will th be butchered in this fog,' murmured another. The i bled slightly, the eyes forgot to wink. It was very c white men and of the black fellows of our crew, w river as we, though their homes were only eight h discomposed, had besides a curious look of being

| Characters per line

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• Roman use

The others had an alert, naturally interested expression; but their faces were essentially even those of the one or two who grinned as they hauled at the chain. Several exchange grunting phrases, which seemed to settle the matter to their satisfaction. Their headmar young, broad-chested black, severely draped in dark-blue fringed cloths, with fierce nost

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'AHA!' I SAID, JUST FOR GOOD FELLOWSHIP'S SAKE. 'CATCH 'IM,' HE SNAPPED, WITH BLOODSHOT WIDENING OF HIS EYES AND A FLASH OF SHARP TEETH—'CATCH 'IM TO US.' 'TO YOU, EH?' I ASKED; 'WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH THEM?' 'EAT 'IM!' SAID CURTLY, AND, LEANING HIS ELBOW ON THE RAIL, LOOKED OUT INTO THE FIDELITY DIGNIFIED AND PROFOUNDLY PENSIVE ATTITUDE. I WOULD NO DOUBT HAVE BEEN PERPLORATEDLY HORRIFIED, HAD IT NOT OCCURRED TO ME THAT HE AND HIS CHAPS MUST BE VERY HUNGRY: THAT THEY MUST HAVE BEEN GROWING INCREASINGLY HUNGRY AT LEAST THIS MONTH PAST. THEY HAD BEEN ENGAGED FOR SIX MONTHS (I DON'T KNOW IF A SINGLE ONE OF THEM HAD ANY CLEAR IDEA OF TIME, AS WE AT THE END OF THESE AGES HAVE. THEY STILL BELONGED TO THE BEGINNINGS OF TIME—WITHOUT THE ACQUIRED EXPERIENCE TO TEACH THEM AS IT WERE), AND OF COURSE, AS LONG AS THE MAP WAS A PIECE OF PAPER WRITTEN OVER IN ACCORDANCE WITH SOME FACT OR OTHER MADE DOWN THE RIVER, IT DIDN'T ENTER ANYBODY'S HEAD TO Worry HOW THEY WOULD LIVE. CERTAINLY THEY HAD BROUGHT WITH THEM SOME SCRAP OF HIPPO-MEAT, WHICH COULDN'T HAVE LASTED VERY LONG, ANYWAY, EVEN IF THE GRIMS HADN'T, IN THE MIDST OF A SHOCKING HULLABALOO, THROWN A SUBSTANTIAL QUANTITY OF IT OVERBOARD. IT LOOKED LIKE A HIGHLY UNLucky BUT IT WAS REALLY A CASE OF LEGITIMATE SELF-DEFENSE. YOU KNOW THE HIPPO WAKING, SLEEPING, AND EATING, AND AT THE SAME TIME HOLDING A TIGHT GRIP ON EXISTENCE. BESIDES THAT, THEY HAD GIVEN EACH OTHER SMALL PIECES OF BRASS WIRE, EACH ABOUT NINE INCHES LONG; AND THAT WAS HOW WE WERE TO BUY THEIR PROVISIONS WITH THAT CURRENCY IN FUTURE. YOU CAN SEE HOW THAT WORKED. THERE WERE EITHER NO VILLAGE OR THE DIRECTOR, WHO LIKE THE REST OF US FED UP WITH THE OCCASIONAL OLD HE-GOAT THROWN IN, DIDN'T HAVE ANY OTHER SOME MORE OR LESS RECONDITE REASON. SO, THEY MADE IT UP THEMSELVES, OR MADE LOOPS OF IT TO SNARE THE FISH. BUT THEIR EXTRAVAGANT SALARY COULD BE TO THE REGULARITY WORTHY OF A LARGE AND HONORABLE REST, THE ONLY THING TO EAT—THOUGH IT DIDN'T TASTE LIKE ANYTHING IN THEIR POSSESSION WAS A FEW LUMPS OF SCRAP OF A DIRTY LAVENDER COLOR, THEY KEPT WRAPPING

Characters per line

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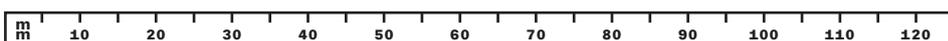
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• Roman use

SWALLOWED A PIECE OF, BUT SO SMALL THAT IT SEEMED DONE MORE FOR THE LOOKS OF THE THING THAN FOR ANY SERIOUS PURPOSE OF SUSTENANCE. WITHIN THE NAME OF ALL THE GNAWING DEVILS OF HUNGER THEY DIDN'T GO FOR IT. THEY WERE THIRTY TO FIVE—AND HAVE A GOOD TUCK IN FOR ONCE, AMAZES



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They were big powerful men, with not much capacity to weigh the consequences, with courage, with strength even yet, though their skins were no longer glossy and their muscles no longer hard. And I saw that sometimes restraining, one of those human secrets that baffle probability, had come into play there. I looked at them with a swift quickening of interest—not because it occurred to me I might be eaten by them before very long, though I own to you that just then I perceived—in a new light, as it were—how unwholesome the pilgrims looked, but because I hoped, yes, I positively hoped, that my aspect was not so—what shall I say?—so—unappetizing: a touch of that fantastic vanity which fitted well with the dream-sensation that pervaded all my days at that time. Perhaps a little fever too. One can't live with one's finger everlastingly on one's pulse. I had often 'a little fever,' a touch of other things—the playful paw-strokes of the wilderness, the preliminary trifling before the onslaught which came in due course. Yes; I looked at them as you would on any human being, with a certain sympathy for their impulses, motives, capacities, weaknesses, when brought to the test of an inexorable physical necessity. Restraint! What possible restraint? Was it superstition, disgust, patience, fear—or some kind of primitive instinct? No fear can stand up to hunger, no patience can wear it out, disgust simply does not exist in the face of the as to superstition, beliefs, and what you may call principles, they are less than chaff in a breeze. In the face of the devilry of lingering starvation, its exasperating torment, its black thoughts, its somber broodings, Well, I do. It takes a man all his inborn strength to fight hunger properly. It's really easier to fight dishonor, and the perdition of one's soul—than this kind of prolonged hunger. Sad, but true, I had had no earthly reason for any kind of scruple. Restraint! I would just as soon have expected a tiger prowling amongst the corpses of a battlefield. But there was the fact facing me—there was the foam on the depths of the sea, like a ripple on an unfathomable enigma, a mystery, a mystery of it—than the curious, inexplicable note of desperate grief in this savage clamor on the river-bank, behind the blind whiteness of the fog. «Two pilgrims were quarreling on the river-bank. 'Left.' 'No, no; how can you? Right, right, of course.' 'It is very serious,' said the manager, 'I would be desolated if anything should happen to Mr. Kurtz before we came up.' I had no slightest doubt he was sincere. He was just the kind of man who would never show any restraint. But when he muttered something about going on at once, I did not know, and he knew, that it was impossible. Were we to let go our hold on the air—in space. We wouldn't be able to tell where we were going to—where we fetched against one bank or the other,—and then we wouldn't know how to move. I had no mind for a smash-up. You couldn't imagine a more dead-end situation. At once or not, we were sure to perish speedily in one way or another. After a short silence. 'I refuse to take any,' I said shortly; which, perhaps, might have surprised him. 'Well, I must defer to your judgment,' he said, and he turned my shoulder to him in sign of my appreciation, and looked at me with a most hopeless look-out. The approach to this Kurtz grubbing at the dangers as though he had been an enchanted princess sleeping in a cave. 'Think?' asked the manager, in a confidential tone. «The thick fog was one. If they left the bank in their own hands, they would not move. Still, I had also judged the jungle of both banks. I had seen us. The river-side bushes were certainly very thick. However, during the short lift I had seen no canoe. But what made the idea of attack inconceivable to

Characters per line

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• Roman use

They had not the fierce character boding of immediate hostile intention. Unexpected, wild, and violent as they had been, they had given me an irresistible impression of sorrow. The glimpse of the steamboat had for some time filled those savages with unrestrained grief. The danger, if any, I expounded, was from our proximity to a great passion let loose. Even extreme grief may ultimately vent itself in violence—but more generally takes the form of apathy... «You should have seen the pilgrims stare! They had no heart to grin, or even to revile me; but I be-

I DELIVERED A REGULAR LECTURE. MY DEAR BOYS, IT WAS NO GOOD BOTHERING. KEEP A LOOK OUT? WELL, YOU MAY GUESS I WATCHED THE FOG FOR THE SIGNS OF LIFTING AS A CAT WATCHES A MOUSE; BUT FOR ANYTHING ELSE OUR EYES WERE OF NO MORE USE TO US THAN IF WE HAD BEEN BURIED MILES DEEP IN A HEAP OF COTTON-WOOL. IT FELT LIKE IT TOO—CHOKING, WARM, STIFLED. BESIDES, ALL I SAID, THOUGH IT SOUNDED EXTRAVAGANT, WAS ABSOLUTELY TRUE TO FACT. WE AFTERWARDS ALLUDED TO AS AN ATTACK WAS REALLY AN ATTEMPT AT REPULSE. THE ACTION WAS VERY FAR FROM BEING AGGRESSIVE—IT WAS NOT EVEN DEFENSIVE, IN THE USUAL SENSE: IT WAS UNDERTAKEN UNDER THE STRESS OF DESPERATION, AND IN ITS ESSENCE WAS PURELY PROTECTIVE. «IT DEVELOPED ITSELF, I SHOULD SAY, TWO HOURS AFTER THE FOG LIFTED, AND I WAS AT A SPOT, ROUGHLY SPEAKING, ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF BELOW KURTZ'S CAMP. HE JUST FLOUNDERED AND FLOPPED ROUND A BEND, WHEN I SAW AN ISLET, A MERE ISLAND OF BRIGHT GREEN, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREAM. IT WAS THE ONLY THING OF THAT COLOR. AS WE OPENED THE REACH MORE, I PERCEIVED IT WAS THE HEAD OF A LONG SANDBAR. IT WAS OF A CHAIN OF SHALLOW PATCHES STRETCHING DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER. THE WATER WAS DISCOLORED, JUST AWASH, AND THE WHOLE LOT WAS SEEN JUST UNDER THE WATER. A MAN'S BACKBONE IS SEEN RUNNING DOWN THE MIDDLE OF HIS BACK UNDER THE WATER. AS I DID SEE, I COULD GO TO THE RIGHT OR TO THE LEFT OF THIS. I DID NOT GO EITHER OF COURSE. THE BANKS LOOKED PRETTY WELL ALIKE, THE DEPTH APPROXIMATELY THE SAME. I HAD BEEN INFORMED THE STATION WAS ON THE WEST SIDE, I NATURALY CHOSE THE EAST PASSAGE. «NO SOONER HAD WE FAIRLY ENTERED IT THAN I BECAME AWARE THAT THE DEPTH WAS NOT AS GREAT AS I HAD SUPPOSED. TO THE LEFT OF US THERE WAS THE LONG UNDERMOUNTAIN. TO THE RIGHT A HIGH, STEEP BANK HEAVILY OVERGROWN WITH BUSHES. THE BUSHES STOOD IN SERRIED RANKS. THE TWIGS OVERHUNG THE CURRENT THICKLY. AT A CERTAIN DISTANCE A LARGE LIMB OF SOME TREE PROJECTED RIGIDLY OVER THE WATER. IN THE AFTERNOON, THE FACE OF THE FOREST WAS GREEN. THE TWIGS HAD ALREADY FALLEN ON THE WATER. IN THIS SHADOW WE WERE PROTECTED. I MAY IMAGINE. I SHEERED HER WELL INSHORE—THE WATER WAS SHALLOWS. THE SOUNDING-POLE INFORMED ME. «ONE OF MY HUNGRY AIRBORNE MEN WAS IN THE BOWS JUST BELOW ME. THIS STEAMBOAT WAS EXACTLY THE SAME AS THERE WERE TWO LITTLE TEAK-WOOD HOUSES, WITH DOORS OPEN. ONE AT THE FORE-END, AND THE MACHINERY RIGHT ASTERN. OVER THE MACHINERY WAS SUPPORTED ON STANCHIONS. THE FUNNEL PROJECTED TOWARDS THE FORE-END. THE FUNNEL A SMALL CABIN BUILT OF LIGHT PLYWOOD. ON THE DECK A COUCH, TWO CAMP-STOOLS, A LOADED MARTINI CASE, A TABLE, AND THE STEERING-WHEEL. IT HAD A WIDE DOOR OPEN. ALL THESE WERE ALWAYS THROWN OPEN, OF COURSE. AT THE EXTREME FORE-END OF THAT ROOF, BEFORE THE COUCH. AN ATHLETIC BLACK BELONGING TO THE CREW OF HIS PREDECESSOR, WAS THE HELMSMAN. HE SPOT THE BOAT WITH A WRAPPER FROM THE WAIST TO THE ANKLES, A

Characters per line

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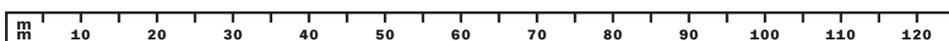
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• Roman use

MOST UNSTABLE KIND OF FOOL I HAD EVER SEEN. HE STEERED WITH NO END OF A SWAGGER. YOU WERE BY; BUT IF HE LOST SIGHT OF YOU, HE BECAME INSTANTLY THE PREY OF AN ABJECT AND WOULD LET THAT CRIPPLE OF A STEAMBOAT GET THE UPPER HAND OF HIM IN A MINUTE. LOOKING DOWN AT THE SOUNDING-POLE, AND FEELING MUCH ANNOYED TO SEE AT EACH TURN A LITTLE MORE OF IT STICK OUT OF THAT RIVER, WHEN I SAW MY POLEMAN GIVE UP THE BUSINE



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I THOUGHT, 'BY JOVE! IT'S ALL OVER. WE ARE TOO LATE; HE HAS VANISHED—THE GIFT HAS VANISHED, BY MEANS OF SC
 ARROW, OR CLUB. I WILL NEVER HEAR THAT CHAP SPEAK AFTER ALL,'—AND MY SORROW HAD A STARTLING EXTRAVAG
 EMOTION, EVEN SUCH AS I HAD NOTICED IN THE HOWLING SORROW OF THESE SAVAGES IN THE BUSH. I COULDN'T HA
 MORE OF LONELY DESOLATION SOMEHOW, HAD I BEEN ROBBED OF A BELIEF OR HAD MISSED MY DESTINY IN LIFE... WI
 SIGH IN THIS BEASTLY WAY, SOMEBODY? ABSURD? WELL, ABSURD. GOOD LORD! MUSTN'T A MAN EVER—HERE, GIVE M
 TOBACCO.» ... THERE WAS A PAUSE OF PROFOUND STILLNESS, THEN A MATCH FLARED, AND MARLOW'S LEAN FACE AI
 WORN, HOLLOW, WITH DOWNWARD FOLDS AND DROPPED EYELIDS, WITH AN ASPECT OF CONCENTRATED ATTENTION
 HE TOOK VIGOROUS DRAWS AT HIS PIPE, IT SEEMED TO RETREAT AND ADVANCE OUT OF THE NIGHT IN THE REGULAR I
 OF THE TINY FLAME. THE MATCH WENT OUT. «ABSURD!» HE CRIED. «THIS IS THE WORST OF TRYING TO TEL
 EACH MOORED WITH TWO GOOD ADDRESSES, LIKE A HULK WITH TWO ANCHORS, A BUTCHER ROUND ON
 MAN ROUND ANOTHER, EXCELLENT APPETITES, AND TEMPERATURE NORMAL—YOU HEAR—NORMAL FROM
 END. AND YOU SAY, ABSURD! ABSURD BE—EXPLODED! ABSURD! MY DEAR BOYS, WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT F
 OUT OF SHEER NERVOUSNESS HAD JUST FLUNG OVERBOARD A PAIR OF NEW SHOES. NOW I THINK OF IT, I
 NOT SHED TEARS. I AM, UPON THE WHOLE, PROUD OF MY FORTITUDE. I WAS CUT TO THE QUICK AT THE IDI
 THE INESTIMABLE PRIVILEGE OF LISTENING TO THE GIFTED KURTZ. OF COURSE I WAS WRONG. THE PRIVILE
 ME. OH YES, I HEARD MORE THAN ENOUGH. AND I WAS RIGHT, TOO. A VOICE. HE WAS VERY LITTLE MORE TI
 HEARD—HIM—IT—THIS VOICE—OTHER VOICES—ALL OF THEM WERE SO LITTLE MORE THAN VC
 TIME ITSELF LINGERS AROUND ME, IMPALPABLE, LIKE A DYING VIBRATION OF ONE IMMENSE JA
 SAVAGE, OR SIMPLY MEAN, WITHOUT ANY KIND OF SENSE. VOICES, VOICES—EVEN THE GIRL HI
 FOR A LONG TIME. «I LAID THE GHOST OF HIS GIFTS AT LAST WITH A LIE,» HE BEGAN SUDDENLY
 GIRL? OH, SHE IS OUT OF IT—COMPLETELY. THEY—THE WOMEN, I MEAN—ARE OUT OF IT—SHO
 THEM TO STAY IN THAT BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF THEIR OWN, LEST OURS GETS WORSE. OH, SHE H
 HAVE HEARD THE DISINTERRED BODY OF MR. KURTZ SAYING, 'MY INTENDED.' YOU WOULD HAV
 HOW COMPLETELY SHE WAS OUT OF IT. AND THE LOFTY FRONTAL BONE OF MR. KURTZ! THEY S
 ING SOMETIMES, BUT THIS—AH SPECIMEN, WAS IMPRESSIVELY BALD. THE WILDERN
 BEHOLD, IT WAS LIKE A BALL—AN IVORY BALL; IT HAD CARESSED HIM, AND—LO!—T
 HIM, EMBRACED HIM, GOT INTO HIS VEINS, CONSUMED HIS FLESH, AND SEALED HI
 CEREMONIES OF SOME DEVILISH INITIATION. HE WAS ITS SPOILED AND PAMPERED
 OF IT, STACKS OF IT. THE OLD MUD SHANTY WAS BURSTING WITH IT. YOU WOULD T
 EITHER ABOVE OR BELOW THE GROUND IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY. 'MOSTLY FOSSIL
 INGLY. IT WAS NO MORE FOSSIL THAN I AM; BUT THEY CALL IT FOSSIL WHEN IT IS DI
 THE TUSKS SOMETIMES—BUT EVIDENTLY THEY COULDN'T BURY THIS PARCEL DEE.
 FROM HIS FATE. WE FILLED THE STEAMBOAT WITH IT, AND HAD TO PILE .
 AS LONG AS HE COULD SEE, BECAUSE THE APPRECIATION OF THIS FAV
 HAVE HEARD HIM SAY, 'MY IVORY.' OH YES, I HEARD HIM. 'MY INTENDED,
 LONGED TO HIM. IT MADE ME HOLD MY BREATH IN EXPECTATION OF HI
 OF LAUGHTER THAT WOULD SHAKE THE FIXED STARS IN THEIR PLACES.
 THE THING WAS TO KNOW WHAT HE BELONGED TO, HOW MANY POWE
 WAS THE REFLECTION THAT MADE YOU CREEPY ALL OVER. IT WAS IMP
 IMAGINE. HE HAD TAKEN A HIGH SEAT AMONGST THE DEVILS OF THE LA
 COULD YOU?—WITH SOLID PAVEMENT UNDER YOUR FEET,
 ON YOU, STEPPING DELICATELY BETWEEN THE BUTCHER AI
 LOWS AND LUNATIC ASYLUMS—HOW CAN YOU IMAGINE W
 FEET MAY TAKE HIM INTO BY THE WAY OF SOLITUDE—UTTE
 SILENCE, WHERE NO WARNING VOICE OF A KIND NEIGHBOI
 THINGS MAKE ALL THE GREAT DIFFERENCE. WHEN THEY AF
 UPON YOUR OWN CAPACITY FOR FAITHFULNESS. OF COUF
 EVEN TO KNOW YOU ARE BEING ASSAULTED BY THE POWER

Characters per line

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• Roman use

SOUL WITH THE DEVIL: THE FOOL IS TOO MUCH OF A FOOL, OR THE DEVIL TOO MUCH OF A DEVIL—I DON'T KNOW WH
 YOU MAY BE SUCH A THUNDERINGLY EXALTED CREATURE AS TO BE ALTOGETHER DEAF AND BLIND TO ANYTHING BUT
 ENLY SIGHTS AND SOUNDS. THEN THE EARTH FOR YOU IS ONLY A STANDING PLACE—AND WHETHER TO BE LIKE THIS I
 LOSS OR YOUR GAIN I WON'T PRETEND TO SAY. BUT MOST OF US ARE NEITHER ONE NOR THE OTHER. THE EARTH FOR I
 PLACE TO LIVE IN, WHERE WE MUST PUT UP WITH SIGHTS, WITH SOUNDS, WITH SMELLS TOO, BY JOVE!—BREATHE DEAF
 SO TO SPEAK, AND NOT BE CONTAMINATED. AND THERE, DON'T YOU SEE? YOUR STRENGTH COMES IN, THE FAITH IN Y

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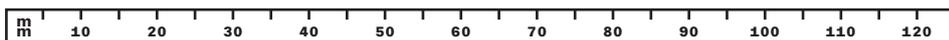
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Darkness, The Congo Diary and Other Uncollected Pieces, Karain A Memory, II

| Characters per line

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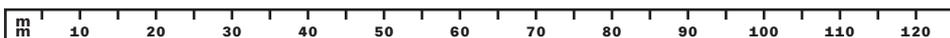
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THE ISLANDS,
THE NATURE
OF A CRIME,
A SMILE OF
FORTUNE, AN
OUTPOST,

| Characters per line

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This initiated wraith from the back of Nowhe honored me with its amazing confidence be it vanished altogether. This was because it c speak English to me. The original Kurtz had educated partly in England, and—as he was good enough to say himself—his sympathies were in the right place. His mother was half-English, his father was half-French. All Europe contributed to the making of Kur by I learned that, most appropriate national Society for the Suppress Customs had intrusted him with t report, for its future guidance. An ten it too. I've seen it. I've read it. vibrating with eloquence, but too think. Seventeen pages of close

Characters per line

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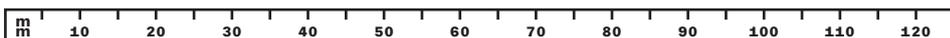
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• Italic use

found time for! But this *must have been* before his—let us say—nerves, went wrong, and ca



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BUT IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF WRITING. THE OPENING PARAGRAPH, HOWEVER, IN THE LIGHT OF LATER INFORMATION, SEEMS TO ME NOW AS OMINOUS. HE BEGAN WITH AN ARGUMENT THAT WE WHITES, FROM THE POINT OF DEVELOPMENT WE HAD ARRIVED AT, 'MUST NECESSARILY APPEAR TO THE [SAVAGES] IN THE NATURE OF SUPERNATURAL BEINGS—WE APPROACH THEM WITH THE MIGHT AS OF A DEITY, AND SO ON. 'BY THE SIMPLE EXERCISE OF WILL WE CAN EXERT A POWER WHICH IS PRACTICALLY UNBOUNDED. AT THAT POINT HE SOARED AWAY WITH HIM. THE PERORATION WAS CONCISE, THOUGH DIFFICULT

Characters per line

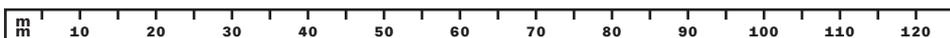
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• Italic use

YOU KNOW. IT GAVE ME THE NOTION OF AN EXOTIC IMMENSITY RULED BY AN AUGUR



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There were no practical hints to interrupt the magic current of phrases, unless a kind of the foot of the last page, scrawled evidently much later, in an unsteady hand, may be regarded as the exposition of a method. It was very simple, and at the end of that moving appeal to altruistic sentiment it blazed at you, luminous and terrifying, like a flash of lightning in a sky: 'Exterminate all the brutes!' The curious part was that he had apparently forgotten that valuable postscriptum, because, later on, when he in a sense came to himself, he readily entreated me to take good care of 'my pamphlet' (he called it), as it was sure to have in the future a good influence upon his career. I had full information about all these things as it turned out, I was to have the care of his memory. I've done enough for it to have an indisputable right to lay it, if I choose, for an everlasting rest in the dust-bin of all the sweepings and, figuratively speaking, all the dead cats of civilization. But I can't choose. He won't be forgotten. Whatever he was, he was not common. He had the power to charm or frighten rudimentary souls into an aggravated witch-dance in his hour of need, and also fill the small souls of the pilgrims with bitter misgivings: he had one devoted follower and he had conquered one soul in the world that was neither rudimentary nor seeking. No; I can't forget him, though I am not prepared to affirm that I have lost the life we lost in getting to him. I missed my late helmsman awfully; his body was still lying in the pilot-house. Perhaps you will think it possible to regard a savage who was no more account than a grain of sand in a black sea as having done something, he had steered; for months I had him at my disposal. It was a kind of partnership. He steered for me—I had to look after his deficiencies, and thus a subtle bond had been created, but it was suddenly broken. And the intimate profundity of that loss, his hurt remains to this day in my memory—like a claim of a moment. «Poor fool! If he had only left that shutter alone. He was like Kurtz—a tree swayed by the wind. As soon as I had pushed him out, after first jerking the spear out of his side, which of course had his eyes shut tight. His heels leaped together over the little deck, and I hugged my breast; I hugged him from behind desperately, and I should imagine. Then without more ado I pushed him overboard, and I treated him as though he had been a wisp of grass, and I have never thought of it for ever. All the pilgrims and the manager were scandalized at the pilot-house, chattering at each other like a flock of birds, and a vulgarized murmur at my heartless promptitude. What I can't guess. Embalm it, maybe. But I had also

Characters per line 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90

• Italic use

the deck below. My friends the wood-cutters were likewise scandalized, and with a better reason—though I admit that the reason itself was quite inadmissible. *Oh, quite! I had up my mind that if my late helmsman was to be eaten, the fishes alone should have him.* He had been a very second-rate helmsman while alive, but now he was dead he might have become

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BESIDES, I WAS ANXIOUS TO TAKE THE WHEEL, THE MAN IN PINK PYJAMAS SHOWED HIMSELF A HOPELESS DUFFER AT THE BUSINESS. «THIS I DID DIRECTLY THE SIMILAR FUNERAL WAS OVER. WE WERE GOING HALF-SPEED, KEEPING RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREAM, AND I LISTENED TO THE TALK ABOUT ME. THEY HAD GIVEN UP THE STATION; KURTZ WAS DEAD, AND THE STATION HAD BEEN BURNT—AND SO ON—AND SO ON. THE RED-HAIRED PILGRIM WAS BESIDE HIM; WITH THE THOUGHT THAT AT LEAST THIS POOR KURTZ HAD BEEN PROPERLY RIGGED. ‘SAY! WE MUST HAVE MADE A GLORIOUS SLAUGHTER OF THEM IN THE BURNING? WHAT DO YOU THINK? SAY?’ HE POSITIVELY DANCED, THE BLOOD-DRINKING GINGERY BEGGAR. AND HE HAD NEARLY FAINTED WHEN HE SAW THE SCENE. I COULD NOT HELP SAYING, ‘YOU MADE A GLORIOUS LOT OF SMOKE, SEEN, FROM THE WAY THE TOPS OF THE BUSHES RUSTLED AND FLEW AWAY. ALL THE SHOTS HAD GONE TOO HIGH. YOU CAN’T HIT ANYTHING UNLESS YOU AIM AND FIRE FROM THE SHOULDER; BUT THESE CHAPS FIRED FROM THEIR EYES SHUT. THE RETREAT, I MAINTAINED—AND I WAS RIGHT—WITH THE SCREECHING OF THE STEAM-WHISTLE. UPON THIS THEY FORGOT TO BEGIN TO HOWL AT ME WITH INDIGNANT PROTESTS. «THEY WERE ON THE WHEEL MURMURING CONFIDENTIALLY ABOUT THE NECESSITY OF STOPPING DOWN THE RIVER BEFORE DARK AT ALL EVENTS, WHEN I STOPPED RING ON THE RIVER-SIDE AND THE OUTLINES OF SOME SCENIC OBJECTS. THIS?’ I ASKED. HE CLAPPED HIS HANDS IN WONDER. ‘THEY STOPPED IN AT ONCE, STILL GOING HALF-SPEED. «THROUGH MY GLASS I SAW A HILL INTERSPERSED WITH RARE TREES AND PERFECTLY LEVEL. THERE WAS A LONG DECAYING BUILDING ON THE SUMMIT WAS HALF-DESTROYED. THE LARGE HOLES IN THE PEAKED ROOF GAVE THEM A TERRIBLE KIND; THE WOODS MADE A BACKGROUND. THERE WAS A KIND; BUT THERE HAD BEEN ONE APPARENTLY REMOVED. ONLY A FEW SLIM POSTS REMAINED IN A ROW, ROUGHLY TORN. THE OTHERS WERE ORNAMENTED WITH ROUND CARVED BALLS. THERE HAD BEEN BETWEEN, HAD DISAPPEARED. OF COURSE, THE RIVER-BANK WAS CLEAR, AND ON THE WATERSIDE A WHEEL HAT LIKE A CART-WHEEL BECKONING PERSIST

Characters per line

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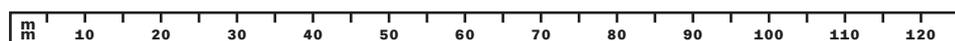
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THE EDGE OF THE FOREST ABOVE AND BELOW, I WAS ALMOST CERTAIN I COULD SEE MOVEMENTS—HUMAN FORMS GLIDING HERE AND THERE. I STEAMED PAST PRUDENTLY, THEN STOPPED THE ENGINES AND LET HER DRIFT DOWN. THE MAINSAIL ON THE SHORE BEGAN TO SHOUT, URGING US TO LAND. ‘WE HAVE BEEN ATTACKED



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Suddenly I got it. He looked like a harlequin. His clothes had been made of some stuff that was brown hol probably, but it was covered with patches all over, with bright patches, blue, red, and yellow,—patches on patches on front, patches on elbows, on knees; colored binding round his jacket, scarlet edging at the bo of his trousers; and the sunshine made him look extremely gay and wonderfully neat withal, because you c see how beautifully all this patching had been done. A beardless, boyish face, very fair, no features to spe nose peeling, little blue eyes, smiles and frowns chasing each other over that open countenance like suns and shadow on a windswept plain. 'Look out, captain!' he cried; 'there's a snag lodged in here last night.' V Another snag? I confess I swore shamefully. I had nearly holed my cripple, to finish off that char harlequin on the bank turned his little pug nose up to me. 'You English?' he asked, all smiles. 'Are from the wheel. The smiles vanished, and he shook his head as if sorry for my disappointment. T up. 'Never mind!' he cried encouragingly. 'Are we in time?' I asked. 'He is up there,' he replied, wi head up the hill, and becoming gloomy all of a sudden. His face was like the autumn sky, overca and bright the next. «When the manager, escorted by the pilgrims, all of them armed to the teet the house, this chap came on board. 'I say, I don't like this. These natives are in the bush,' I said. I earnestly it was all right. 'They are simple people,' he added; 'well, I am glad you came. keep them off.' 'But you said it was all right,' I cried. 'Oh, they meant no harm,' he said; a himself, 'Not exactly.' Then vivaciously, 'My faith, your pilot-house wants a clean up!' In me to keep enough steam on the boiler to blow the whistle in case of any trouble. 'On more for you than all your rifles. They are simple people,' he repeated. He rattled away overwhelmed me. He seemed to be trying to make up for lots of silence, and actually I was the case. 'Don't you talk with Mr. Kurtz?' I said. 'You don't talk with that man—you with severe exaltation. 'But now—' He waved his arm, and in the twinkling of of despondency. In a moment he came up again with a jump, possessed him: continuously, while he gabbled: 'Brother sailor... honor... pleasure... delight... int arch-priest... Government of Tambov... What? Tobacco! English tobacco; the brotherly. Smoke? Where's a sailor that does not smoke?' «The pipe soothec had run away from school, had gone to sea in a Russian ship; ran away again: was now reconciled with the arch-priest. He made a point of that. 'But when gather experience, ideas; enlarge the mind.' 'Here!' I interrupted. 'I said, youthfully solemn and reproachful. I held my tongue after tha house on the coast to fit him out with stores and goods, and had s no more idea of what would happen to him than a baby. He had be years alone, cut off from everybody and everything. 'I am not so y old Van Shuyten would tell me to go to the devil,' he narrated with and talked, till at last he got afraid I would talk the hind-leg off his and a few guns, and told me he hoped he would never se. I've sent him one small lot of ivory a year ago, so that he c it. And for the rest I don't care. I had some wood stacked him Towson's book. He made as though he would kiss me thought I had lost it,' he said, looking at it ecstatically. 'So know. Canoes get upset sometimes—and sometimes you He thumbed the pages. 'You made notes in Russian?' I as

Characters per line

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I said. He laughed, then became serious. 'I had lots of trouble to keep these people off,' he said. 'Did they kill you?' I asked. 'Oh no!' he cried, and checked himself. 'Why did they attack us?' I pursued. He hesitated said shamefacedly, 'They don't want him to go.' 'Don't they?' I said, curiously. He nodded a nod full of myst wisdom. 'I tell you,' he cried, 'this man has enlarged my mind.' He opened his arms wide, staring at me with blue eyes that were perfectly round.» Ill «I looked at him, lost in astonishment. There he was before me, ir

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HIS VERY EXISTENCE WAS IMPROBABLE, INEXPLICABLE, AND ALTOGETHER BEWILDERING. HE WAS AN INSOLUBLE PROBLEM. IT WAS INCONCEIVABLE HOW HE HAD EXISTED, HOW HE HAD SUCCEEDED IN GETTING SO FAR, HOW HE HAD MANAGED TO REMAIN—WHY HE DID NOT INSTANTLY DISAPPEAR. 'I WENT A LITTLE FARTHER,' HE SAID, 'THEN STILL A LITTLE FARTHER—TILL I HAD GONE SO FAR THAT I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EVER GET BACK. NEVER MIND. PLENTY TIME. I CAN MANAGE. YOU TAKE AWAY QUICK—QUICK—I TELL YOU.' THE GLAMOUR OF YOUTH ENVELOPED HIS PARTICOLORED HIS DESTITUTION, HIS LONELINESS, THE ESSENTIAL DESOLATION OF HIS FUTILE WANDERINGS. MONTHS—FOR YEARS—HIS LIFE HADN'T BEEN WORTH A DAY'S PURCHASE; AND THERE HE WAS, GALLANTLY, THOUGHTLESSLY ALIVE, TO ALL APPEARANCE INDESTRUCTIBLE SOLELY BY THE VIOLENCE OF HIS FEW YEARS AND OF HIS UNREFLECTING AUDACITY. I WAS SEDUCED INTO SOMETHING I COULD NOT ADMIRE—LIKE ENVY. GLAMOUR URGED HIM ON, GLAMOUR KEPT HIM UNSCARED. HE WANTED NOTHING FROM THE WILDERNESS BUT SPACE TO BREATHE IN AND TO PURSUE HIS NEED WAS TO EXIST, AND TO MOVE ONWARDS AT THE GREATEST POSSIBLE RATE WITH A MAXIMUM OF PRIVATION. IF THE ABSOLUTELY PURE, UNCALCULATING, UNPRACTICAL SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE HAD EVER RULED A HUMAN BEING, IT RULED THIS BE-PATCHED YOUNG MAN WHO ENVIED HIM THE POSSESSION OF THIS MODEST AND CLEAR FLAME. IT SEEMED TO HIM THAT ALL THOUGHT OF SELF SO COMPLETELY, THAT, EVEN WHILE HE WAS TALKING TO YOU, HE WAS THAT IT WAS HE—THE MAN BEFORE YOUR EYES—WHO HAD GONE THROUGH THESE THINGS WITHOUT NOT ENVY HIM HIS DEVOTION TO KURTZ, THOUGH. HE HAD NOT MEDITATED OVER HIM, AND HE ACCEPTED IT WITH A SORT OF EAGER FATALISM. I MUST SAY THAT TO ME, ABOUT THE MOST DANGEROUS THING IN EVERY WAY HE HAD COME UP WITH. HE AND I HAD COME TOGETHER UNAVOIDABLY, LIKE TWO SHIPS BECALMED NEAR EACH OTHER'S SIDES AT LAST. I SUPPOSE KURTZ WANTED AN AUDIENCE, BECAUSE ON THE NIGHT WHEN ENCAMPED IN THE FOREST, THEY HAD TALKED ALL NIGHT, OR MAYBE I HAD TALKED. 'WE TALKED OF EVERYTHING,' HE SAID, QUITE TRANSPORTED AND ENTHUSIASTIC. 'I FORGOT THERE WAS SUCH A THING AS SLEEP. THE NIGHT DID NOT SEEM TO END. EVERYTHING! EVERYTHING!... OF LOVE TOO.' 'AH, HE TALKED TO YOU OF LOVE?' 'IT ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK,' HE CRIED, ALMOST PASSIONATELY. 'IT WAS IT ALL—THINGS—THINGS.' «HE THREW HIS ARMS UP. WE WERE ON DECK AT THE TIME WHEN ONE OF MY WOOD-CUTTERS, LOUNGING NEAR BY, TURNED UPON HIM HIS FIERCE EYES. I LOOKED AROUND, AND I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I ACHIEVED THIS LAND, THIS RIVER, THIS JUNGLE, THE VERY ARCHITECTURE OF IT ALL—SO HOPELESS AND SO DARK, SO IMPENETRABLE TO HUMAN WEAKNESS. 'AND, EVER SINCE, YOU HAVE BEEN WITH HIM, (AND IT APPEARS THEIR INTERCOURSE HAD BEEN VERY MUCH BEYOND THE ORDINARY), BUT HE INFORMED ME PROUDLY, MANAGED TO NURSE KURTZ THROUGH IT AS YOU WOULD TO SOME RISKY FEAT), BUT AS A RULE HE STAYED IN THE DEPTHS OF THE FOREST. 'VERY OFTEN COMING TO THIS SPOT TO VISIT ME BEFORE HE WOULD TURN UP,' HE SAID. 'AH, IT WAS WORTH THE TRIP, WASN'T IT? HE DOING? EXPLORING OR WHAT?' I ASKED. 'OH YES, OF COURSE.

Characters per line

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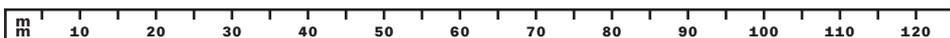
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VILLAGES, A LAKE TOO—HE DID NOT KNOW EXACTLY IN WHAT DIRECTION; IT WAS DANGEROUS TO INQUIRE TOO MUCH—BUT MOSTLY HIS EXPEDITIONS HAD BEEN FOR IVORY. 'BUT HE HAD NO CASH TO TRADE WITH BY THAT TIME,' I OBJECTED. '*THERE'S A GOOD LOT OF CARTRIDGES LEFT EVEN IF HE ANSWERED, LOOKING AWAY. 'TO SPEAK PLAINLY, HE RAIDED THE COUNTRY,' I SAID. HE NODDED. 'NOT ALONE, SURELY!' HE MUTTERED SOMETHING ABOUT THE VILLAGES ROUND THAT LAKE. 'KURTZ*



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Kurtz got the tribe to follow him, did he?' I suggested. He fidgeted a little. 'They adored him,' he said. The tone of these words was so ordinary that I looked at him searchingly. It was curious to see his mingled eagerness and reluctance to speak of Kurtz. The man filled occupied his thoughts, swayed his emotions. 'What can you expect?' he burst out; 'he came to them with thunder and lightning, you they had never seen anything like it—and very terrible. He could be very terrible. You can't judge Mr. Kurtz as you would an ordinary no, no! Now—just to give you an idea—I don't mind telling you, he wanted to shoot me too one day—but I don't judge him.' 'Shoot you? What for?' 'Well, I had a small lot of ivory the chief of that village near my house gave me. You see I used to shoot game for them. I wanted it, and wouldn't hear reason. He declared he would shoot me unless I gave him the ivory and then cleared out of the way he could do so, and had a fancy for it, and there was nothing on earth to prevent him killing whom he jolly well pleased. As I gave him the ivory. What did I care! But I didn't clear out. No, no. I couldn't leave him. I had to be careful, of course, till we for a time. He had his second illness then. Afterwards I had to keep out of the way; but I didn't mind. He was living for the villages on the lake. When he came down to the river, sometimes he would take to me, and sometimes it was better for me than man suffered too much. He hated all this, and somehow he couldn't get away. When I had a chance I begged him to try another time; I offered to go back with him. And he would say yes, and then he would remain; go off on another ivory and forget himself amongst these people—forget himself—you know. 'Why! he's mad,' I said. He protested indignantly. 'If I had heard him talk, only two days ago, I wouldn't dare hint at such a thing.. I had taken up my binoculars while I was on the shore, sweeping the limit of the forest at each side and at the back of the house. The consciousness of the silence, so quiet—as silent and quiet as the ruined house on the hill—made me uneasy. There was no sign on the wall that was not so much told as suggested to me in desolate exclamations, completed by shrugs, in interrupted deep sighs. The woods were unmoved, like a mask—heavy, like the closed door of a prison—they looked of patient expectation, of unapproachable silence. The Russian was explaining to me that it was only a matter of time to the river, bringing along with him all the fighting men of that lake tribe. He had been absent for several months, I suppose—and had come down unexpectedly, with the intention to all appearance of making a raid on the lake. Evidently the appetite for more ivory had got the better of the—what shall I say?—less material aspirations. 'I heard he was lying helpless, and so I came up—took my chance,' said the Russian. 'Oh, he was lying in the house. There were no signs of life, but there was the ruined roof, the long mud wall with the window-holes, no two of the same size; all this brought within reach of my hand, as it were. . . . The remaining posts of that vanished fence leaped up in the field of my glass. You remember the attempts at ornamentation, rather remarkable in the ruinous aspect of the place. Now I had to make me throw my head back as if before a blow. Then I went carefully from post to post; the knobs were not ornamental but symbolic; they were expressive and puzzling, striking and different. If there had been any looking down from the sky; but at all events for such a distance as I had seen I have been even more impressive, those heads on the stakes, if their faces had not been facing my way. I was not so shocked as you may think. The start back I had expected to see a knob of wood there, you know. I returned deliberately to the first post,—a head that seemed to sleep at the top of that pole, and, with the shrines smiling too, smiling continuously at some endless and jocose dream of that eternal manager said afterwards that Mr. Kurtz's methods had ruined the district. It was that there was nothing exactly profitable in these heads being there. The various lusts, that there was something wanting in him—some small matter that his magnificent eloquence. Whether he knew of this deficiency himself I don't know. But the wilderness had found him out early, and had taken on him. I had told him things about himself which he did not know, things of which he had never heard. The whisper had proved irresistibly fascinating. It echoed loudly within him that had appeared near enough to be spoken to seemed at a distance. Kurtz was a bit crestfallen. In a hurried, indistinct voice he begged me to go. I till Mr. Kurtz gave the word. His ascendancy was extraordinary. I had never had a day to see him. They would crawl.. 'I don't want to know anything more. I had a feeling that came over me that such details would be more interesting if they were told in a more direct and unadorned way.

Characters per line 20

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• Italic use

all, that was only a savage sight, while I seemed at one bound to have been transported into some lightless region of subtle horrors, uncomplicated savagery was a positive relief, being something that had a right to exist—obviously—in the sunshine. The young man met me with surprise. I suppose it did not occur to him *Mr. Kurtz was no idol of mine. He forgot I hadn't heard any of these splendid monstrosities. What was it?* on love, justice, conduct of life—or what not. If it had come to crawling before Mr. Kurtz, he crawled as much as the vermin of them all. I had no idea of the conditions, he said: these heads were the heads of rebels. I shocked him excessively by laughing. He would be the next definition I was to hear? There had been enemies, criminals, workers—and these were rebels. *Those rebellious heads*

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HE WAS NOT AFRAID OF THE NATIVES; THEY WOULD NOT STIR TILL MR. KURTZ GAVE THE WORD. HIS ASCENDENCY WAS EXTRAORDINARY. THE CAMPS OF THESE PEOPLE SURROUNDED THE PLACE, AND THE CHIEFS CAME EVERY DAY TO SEE THEY WOULD CRAWL... 'I DON'T WANT TO KNOW ANYTHING OF THE CEREMONIES USED WHEN APPROACHING MR. KURTZ SHOUTED. CURIOUS, THIS FEELING THAT CAME OVER ME THAT SUCH DETAILS WOULD BE MORE INTOLERABLE THAN THE HEADS DRYING ON THE STAKES UNDER MR. KURTZ'S WINDOWS. AFTER ALL, THAT WAS ONLY A SAVAGE SIGHT, WHILE I SEEMED AT ONE BOUND TO HAVE BEEN TRANSPORTED INTO SOME LIGHTLESS REGION OF SUBTLE HORRORS, WHERE UNCOMPLICATED SAVAGERY WAS A POSITIVE RELIEF, BEING SOMETHING THAT HAD A RIGHT TO EXIST—OBVIOUSLY—IN THE SUNSHINE. THE YOUNG MAN LOOKED AT ME WITH SURPRISE. 'I SUPPOSE IT DID NOT OCCUR TO HIM MR. KURTZ WAS NOT AN IDOL OF MINE. HE FORGOT I HADN'T HEARD ANY OF THESE SPLENDID MONOLOGUES ON, WHAT WAS IT? CONCERNING THE CONDUCT OF LIFE—OR WHAT NOT. IF IT HAD COME TO CRAWLING BEFORE MR. KURTZ, HE CRAWLED AS NEVER BEFORE. THE VERIEST SAVAGE OF THEM ALL. I HAD NO IDEA OF THE CONDITIONS, HE SAID: THESE HEADS WERE THE HEADS OF MY ENEMIES, CRIMINALS, WORKERS—AND THESE WERE REBELS. THOSE REBELLIOUS HEADS LOOKED UP AT ME ON THEIR STICKS. 'YOU DON'T KNOW HOW SUCH A LIFE TRIES A MAN LIKE KURTZ,' CRIED KURTZ'S LAST WORD AND YOU?' I SAID. 'I AM A SIMPLE MAN. I HAVE NO GREAT THOUGHTS. I WANT NOTHING FROM ANYBODY BUT TO COMPARE ME TO...?' HIS FEELINGS WERE TOO MUCH FOR SPEECH, AND SUDDENLY HE BROKE DOWN. 'I CAN HEAR HIM GROANING. 'I'VE BEEN DOING MY BEST TO KEEP HIM ALIVE, AND THAT'S ENOUGH. I HAD NO OTHER ABILITIES. THERE HASN'T BEEN A DROP OF MEDICINE OR A MOUTHFUL OF INVALID FOOD FOR HIM SINCE HE WAS FULLY ABANDONED. A MAN LIKE THIS, WITH SUCH IDEAS. SHAMEFULLY! SHAMEFULLY! I—I—HATE TO HEAR OF TEN NIGHTS...' «HIS VOICE LOST ITSELF IN THE CALM OF THE EVENING. THE LONG SHADOWS CAME DOWN HILL WHILE WE TALKED, HAD GONE FAR BEYOND THE RUINED HOVEL, BEYOND THE SYMPLENDOR. THIS WAS IN THE GLOOM, WHILE WE DOWN THERE WERE YET IN THE SUNSHINE, AND THE STREET WAS THE CLEARING GLITTERED IN A STILL AND DAZZLING SPLENDOR, WITH A MURKY AND OVERSHADOWED BELOW. NOT A LIVING SOUL WAS SEEN ON THE SHORE. THE BUSHES DID NOT RUSTLE. «SUDDENLY THE HOUSE A GROUP OF MEN APPEARED, AS THOUGH THEY HAD COME UP FROM THE GRASS, IN A COMPACT BODY, BEARING AN IMPROVISED STRETCHER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LANDSCAPE, A CRY AROSE WHOSE SHRILLNESS PIERCED THE STILL AIR LIKE A BELL IN THE VERY HEART OF THE LAND; AND, AS IF BY ENCHANTMENT, STREAMS OF HUMAN BEINGS CAME WITH SPEARS IN THEIR HANDS, WITH BOWS, WITH SHIELDS, WITH WILD GLANCES AND SILENTLY THROUGH THE CLEARING BY THE DARK-FACED AND PENSIVE FOREST. THE BUSHES SHOOK, AND EVERYTHING STOOD STILL IN ATTENTIVE IMMOBILITY. «NOW, IF HE DOES NOT SAY ANYTHING MORE FOR,' SAID THE RUSSIAN AT MY ELBOW. THE KNOT OF MEN WITH THE STRETCHER ON THE STEAMER, AS IF PETRIFIED. I SAW THE MAN ON THE STRETCHER SITTING ON THE SHOULDERS OF THE BEARERS. 'LET US HOPE THAT THE MAN WHO CAN TAKE UP A PARTICULAR REASON TO SPARE US THIS TIME,' I SAID. I RESENTED BITTERLY TO BE AT THE MERCY OF THAT ATROCIOUS PHANTOM HAD BEEN A DISAPPOINTMENT BUT THROUGH MY GLASSES I SAW THE THIN ARM EXTENDED COMMA-LIKE AN APPARITION SHINING DARKLY FAR IN ITS BONY HEAD THAT NODDED WITTINGLY SHORT IN GERMAN—DON'T IT? WELL, THE NAME WAS AS TRUE AS EVER AT LEAST SEVEN FEET LONG. HIS COVERING HAD FALLEN OFF, AND HIS FACE PEERED FROM A WINDING-SHEET. I COULD SEE THE CAGE OF HIS RIBS AND AN ANIMATED IMAGE OF DEATH CARVED OUT OF OLD IVORY. A LESS CROWD OF MEN MADE OF DARK AND GLITTERING BRASS AND IRON, OF A VORACIOUS ASPECT, AS THOUGH HE HAD WANTED TO SWALLOW ME. A DEEP VOICE REACHED ME FAINTLY. HE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEWHERE. THE BEARERS STAGGERED FORWARD AGAIN, AND ALMOST VANISHING WITHOUT ANY PERCEPTIBLE MOVEMENT OF REAR, SUDDENLY HAD DRAWN THEM IN AGAIN AS THE BREATH IS

Characters per line

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• Italic use

THE STRETCHER CARRIED HIS ARMS—TWO SHOT-GUNS, A HEAVY RIFLE, AND A LIGHT REVOLVER-CARBINE—*THE THUNDER BOLTS OF THAT PITIFUL JUPITER*. THE MANAGER BENT OVER HIM MURMURING AS HE WALKED BESIDE HIS HEAD. THEY DROVE HIM DOWN IN ONE OF THE LITTLE CABINS—JUST A ROOM FOR A BED-PLACE AND A CAMP-STOOL OR TWO, YOU KNOW. HE HAD BROUGHT HIS BELATED CORRESPONDENCE, AND A LOT OF TORN ENVELOPES AND OPEN LETTERS LITTERED HIS HAND. HE ROAMED FEEBLY AMONGST THESE PAPERS. *I WAS STRUCK BY THE FIRE OF HIS EYES* AND THE COMPOSED LANGUAGE OF HIS EXPRESSION. IT WAS NOT SO MUCH THE EXHAUSTION OF DISEASE. HE DID NOT SEEM IN PAIN. THIS SHADOW LOOKED

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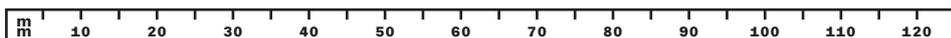
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*Rover, Under
Western Eyes,
Suspense:
a Napoleonic
Novel, Victory,
The Inn of the*

| Characters per line

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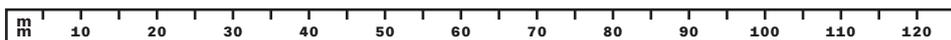
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*TALES OF
 UNREST, THE
 FIRST NEWS,
 LAND AND
 WATER, FALK,
 ROMANCE*

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He rustled one of the letters, and looking straight in my face said, 'I am glad.' Somebody had been writing to him about me. These special recommendations were turning up again. The volume of tone he emitted without effort, almost without the trouble of moving his lips, amazed me. His voice! a voice! It was grave, profound, vibrantly while the man did not seem capable of a whisper. However, he had enough strength to be factitious no doubt—to very near the limit of us, as you shall hear directly. «A man appeared silently in the doorway; he came in at once and he drew the curtain aside. A Russian, eyed curiously by the pilgrims, was looking at the shore. I followed the direction of his glance. «Dark human shapes could

| Characters per line

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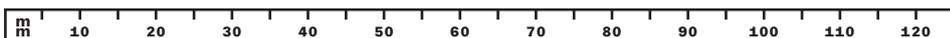
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• Roman use

in the distance, flitting indistinctly against the gloomy border of the forest, and near the river



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AND FROM RIGHT TO LEFT ALONG THE LIGHTED SHORE MOVED A WILD AND G
GEOUS APPARITION OF A WOMAN. «SH
WALKED WITH MEASURED STEPS, DRAF
IN STRIPED AND FRINGED CLOTHS, TRE
DING THE EARTH PROUDLY, WITH A SLIC
JINGLE AND FLASH OF BARBAROUS OR
NAMENTS. SHE CARRIED HER HEAD HIG
HER HAIR WAS DONE IN TH
HELMET; SHE HAD BRASS L
THE KNEE, BRASS WIRE GA
THE ELBOW, A CRIMSON S
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OF GLASS BEADS ON HER
THINGS, CHARMS, GIFTS C
THAT HUNG ABOUT HER, G

| Characters per line

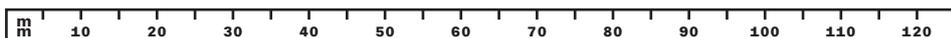
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• Roman use

TREMbled AT EVERY STEP. SHE MUST H
HAD THE VALUE OF SEVERAL ELEPHANT



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She was savage and superb, wild-eyed and magnificent; there was something ominous and stately in her deliberate progress. And in the hush that had fallen suddenly upon the wilderness, the colossal body of the fecund and mysterious life to look at her, pensive, as though it had been looking at the image of its own tenebrous and agonizing soul. «She came abreast of the steamer, stood still, and faced us. Her long shadow fell to the water's edge. Her face had a tragic and fierce aspect of wild sorrow and of dumb mingled with the fear of some struggling, half-shaped resolve. She stood looking at us with a stir and like the wilderness itself, with an air of brooding over an inscrutable purpose. A minute passed, and then she made a step forward. There was a low jingle, a glint of metal, a sway of fringed draperies, and she stopped as if her heart had failed. The fellow by my side growled. The pilgrims murmured at my back. She looked at us with a glance that had depended upon the unswerving steadiness of her glance. Suddenly she opened her arms and threw them up rigid above her head, as though in an uncontrollable delirium, and at the same time the swift shadows darted out on the earth, swept around her, gathering the steamer into a shadowy embrace. A formidable silence followed. She turned away slowly, walked on, following the bank, and passed into the thicket. Only her eyes gleamed back at us in the dusk of the thickets before she was gone. I offered to come aboard I really think I would have tried to shoot her,' he said nervously. 'I had been risking my life every day for the last fortnight to get to the steamer. She got in one day and kicked up a row about those miserable rags that I was to mend my clothes with. I wasn't decent. At least it must have been a great deal of fury to Kurtz for an hour, pointing at me now and then. I don't know. Luckily for me, I fancy Kurtz felt too ill that day to care, or to be able to understand... No—it's too much for me. Ah, well, it's all over now. I'll speak in a deep voice behind the curtain, 'Save me!—save the ivory, you see, I've had to save you. You are interrupting my plans now. Sic ut vis, non potest to believe. Never mind. I'll carry my ideas out yet—I will return to you with your little peddling notions—you are interfering with my work. He came out. He did me the honor to take me under his arm. 'I'm sorry, low,' he said. He considered it necessary to sigh, and then he said, 'I have done all we could for him—haven't we? But it has done more harm than good to the Company. He said, 'I'll do it in my own action. Cautiously, cautiously—that's my principle. I'll do it for you to us for a time. Deplorable! Upon the whole, the quantity of ivory is a considerable quantity of ivory—mostly fossil. We must save it.'

Characters per line

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• Roman use

position is—and why? Because the method is unsound.' 'Do you,' said I, looking at the shadow, 'call it «unsound method»?' 'Without doubt,' he exclaimed, hotly. 'Don't you?' ... 'No method at all,' I murmured after a while. 'Exactly,' he exulted. 'I anticipated this. Shows a complete want of judgment. It is my duty to point it out in the proper quarter.' 'Oh,' said I, 'that fellow, what!

AH! BUT IT WAS SOMETHING TO HAVE AT LEAST A CHOICE OF NIGHTMARES. «I TURNED TO THE WILDERNESS REALLY, NOT TO MR. KURTZ, WHO, I WAS READY TO WAS AS GOOD AS BURIED. AND FOR A MOMENT IT SEEMED TO ME AS IF I ALSO BURIED IN A VAST GRAVE FULL OF UNSPEAKABLE SECRETS. I FELT AN INTOLERABLE WEIGHT OPPRESSING MY BREAST, THE SMELL OF THE DAMP EARTH, THE UNSENSIBLE SENSE OF VICTORIOUS CORRUPTION, THE DARKNESS OF AN IMPENETRABLE NIGHT. THE RUSSIAN TAPPED ME ON THE SHOULDER. I HEARD HIM MUMBLING AND STUTTERING SOMETHING ABOUT ‘BROTHER SEAMAN—COULDN’T CONCEAL—KNOWLEDGE OF MATTERS THAT WOULD AFFECT MR. KURTZ’S REPUTATION.’ I WAS EVIDENTLY MR. KURTZ WAS NOT IN HIS GRAVE; I SUSPECT THAT FOR ME I WAS ONE OF THE IMMORTALS. ‘WELL!’ SAID I AT LAST, ‘SPEAK OUT. AS I AM MR. KURTZ’S FRIEND—IN A WAY.’ «HE STATED WITH A GOOD DEAL OF HONESTY THAT HAD WE NOT BEEN ‘OF THE SAME PROFESSION,’ HE WOULD NOT CARE TO MATTER TO HIMSELF WITHOUT REGARD TO CONSEQUENCES. ‘HE SUSPECTED WAS AN ACTIVE ILL-WILL TOWARDS HIM ON THE PART OF THESE WHITE MEN.’ ‘YOU ARE RIGHT,’ I SAID, REMEMBERING A CERTAIN CONVERSATION I HAD HEARD. ‘THE MANAGER THINKS YOU OUGHT TO BE HANGED.’ HE SAID WITH THIS INTELLIGENCE WHICH AMUSED ME AT FIRST. ‘I HAD BEEN CALLED AWAY WAY QUIETLY,’ HE SAID, EARNESTLY. ‘I CAN DO NO MORE FOR YOU. YOU WOULD SOON FIND SOME EXCUSE. WHAT’S TO STOP THEM FROM GOING POST THREE HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE.’ ‘WELL, UPON MY HONOR YOU HAD BETTER GO IF YOU HAVE ANY FRIENDS AMONGST THESE MEN.’ ‘PLENTY,’ HE SAID. ‘THEY ARE SIMPLE PEOPLE—AND I WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE.’ HE STOOD BITING HIS LIPS, THEN: ‘I DON’T WANT ANY HARM TO COME TO YOU HERE, BUT OF COURSE I WAS THINKING OF MY BROTHER SEAMAN AND—’ ‘ALL RIGHT,’ SAID I, ‘I SHALL KEEP MY EYES OPEN. HE IS SAFE WITH ME.’ I DID NOT KNOW HOW TRUE HE WAS UNTIL HE RANG HIS VOICE, THAT IT WAS KURTZ WHO HAD BEEN ON BOARD THE STEAMER. ‘HE HATED SOMETIMES THE IDEA OF GOING AWAY AGAIN... BUT I DON’T UNDERSTAND THESE MATTERS. I AM SURE IT WOULD SCARE YOU AWAY—THAT YOU WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO STOP HIM. OH, I HAD AN AWFUL TIME.’

Characters per line

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• Roman use

I SAID. ‘HE IS ALL RIGHT NOW.’ ‘YE-E-ES,’ HE MUTTERED, NOT VERY CONVINCED. ‘I AM SURE HE IS SAFE WITH ME.’ ‘THANKS,’ SAID I; ‘I SHALL KEEP MY EYES OPEN.’ ‘BUT QUIET—EH?’ HE SAID UPON MY HONOR ANXIOUSLY. ‘IT WOULD BE AWFUL FOR HIS REPUTATION IF ANYBODY HERE—’ I HAD BEEN CALLED AWAY. ‘I MISSED A COMPLETE DISCRETION WITH GREAT GRAVITY. ‘I HAVE A CANOE AND

He helped himself, with a wink at me, to a handful of my tobacco. 'Between sailors—you know—good English tobacco.' At the door of the pilot-house he turned round—'I say, haven't you a pair of shoes you could spare raised one leg. 'Look.' The soles were tied with knotted strings sandal-wise under his bare feet. I rooted out an old pair, at which he looked with admiration before tucking it under his left arm. One of his pockets (bright was bulging with cartridges, from the other (dark blue) peeped 'Towson's Inquiry,' &c., &c. He seemed to himself excellently well equipped for a renewed encounter with the wilderness. 'Ah! I'll never, never meet man again. You ought to have heard him recite poetry—his own too it was, he told me. Poetry!' He rolled back at the recollection of these delights. 'Oh, he enlarged my mind!' 'Goodby,' said I. He shook hands in the night. Sometimes I ask myself whether I had ever really seen him—whether it was possible phenomenon! . . . «When I woke up shortly after midnight his warning came to my mind with its import seemed, in the starred darkness, real enough to make me get up for the purpose of having a look at a hill a big fire burned, illuminating fitfully a crooked corner of the station-house. One of the agents of a few of our blacks, armed for the purpose, was keeping guard over the ivory; but deep within gleams that wavered, that seemed to sink and rise from the ground amongst confused columns of blackness, showed the exact position of the camp where Mr. Kurtz's adorers were kept. A monotonous beating of a big drum filled the air with muffled shocks and a lingering vile sound of many men chanting each to himself some weird incantation came out from the woods as the humming of bees comes out of a hive, and had a strange narcotic effect. I believe I dozed off leaning over the rail, till an abrupt burst of yells, an overwhelming mysterious frenzy, woke me up in a bewildered wonder. It was cut short all at once, and with an effect of audible and soothing silence. I glanced casually into the little cabin. A but Mr. Kurtz was not there. «I think I would have raised an outcry if I had been with them at first—the thing seemed so impossible. The fact is I was completely taken by an abstract terror, unconnected with any distinct shape of physical danger. What was—how shall I define it?—the moral shock I received, as if something altogether new, thought and odious to the soul, had been thrust upon me unexpectedly. This lasted for a second, and then the usual sense of commonplace, deadly danger, the prospect of a massacre, or something of the kind, which I saw impending, was positively wiped from me, in fact, so much, that I did not raise an alarm. «There was an arm on a chair on deck within three feet of me. The yells had not awakened me, I slumbers and leaped ashore. I did not betray Mr. Kurtz—it was because I should be loyal to the nightmare of my choice. I was anxious to do my duty this day I don't know why I was so jealous of sharing with anyone. I was so soon as I got on the bank I saw a trail—a broad trail through the grass to myself, 'He can't walk—he is crawling on all-fours—I've got him.' I ran with clenched fists. I fancy I had some vague notion of falling overboard. I had some imbecile thoughts. The knitting old woman with her improper person to be sitting at the other end of such an arm of a ship of Winchesters held to the hip. I thought I would never get away and unarmed in the woods to an advanced age. Such silly thoughts. The beat of the drum with the beating of my heart, and was pleased when I then stopped to listen. The night was very clear: a dark blue

Characters per line

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• Roman use

things stood very still. I thought I could see a kind of motion ahead of me. I was strangely cocksure of even that night. I actually left the track and ran in a wide semicircle (I verily believe chuckling to myself) so as to get in front of that stir, of that motion I had seen—if indeed I had seen anything. I was circumventing Kurtz as though it had been a boyish game. «I came upon him, and, if he had not heard me coming, I would have fallen overboard but he got up in time. He rose, unsteady, long, pale, indistinct, like a vapor exhaled by the earth, and swayed

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I HAD CUT HIM OFF CLEVERLY; BUT WHEN ACTUALLY CONFRONTING HIM I SEEMED TO COME SENSES, I SAW THE DANGER IN ITS RIGHT PROPORTION. IT WAS BY NO MEANS OVER YET. SUPP HE BEGAN TO SHOUT? THOUGH HE COULD HARDLY STAND, THERE WAS STILL PLENTY OF VIGC HIS VOICE. 'GO AWAY—HIDE YOURSELF,' HE SAID, IN THAT PROFOUND TONE. IT WAS VERY AWFL I GLANCED BACK. WE WERE WITHIN THIRTY YARDS FROM THE NEAREST FIRE. A BLACK FIGURE STOOD UP, STRODE ON LONG BLACK LEGS, WAVING LONG BLACK ARMS, ACROSS THE GLOW. HAD HORNS—ANTELOPE HORNS, I THINK—ON ITS HEAD. SOME SORCERER, SOME WITCH-MAN DOUBT: IT LOOKED FIEND-LIKE ENOUGH. 'DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING?' I WHISPERED 'PERFECTLY,' HE ANSWERED, RAISING HIS VOICE FOR THAT SINGLE WORD: IT SOUNDED TO ME I OFF AND YET LOUD, LIKE A HAIL THROUGH A SPEAKING-TRUMPET. 'IF HE MAKES A ROW WE ARI LOST,' I THOUGHT TO MYSELF. THIS CLEARLY WAS NOT A CASE FOR FISTICUFFS, EV THE VERY NATURAL AVERSION I HAD TO BEAT THAT SHADOW—THIS WANDERING A THING. 'YOU WILL BE LOST,' I SAID—'UTTERLY LOST.' ONE GETS SOMETIMES SUCH A INSPIRATION, YOU KNOW. I DID SAY THE RIGHT THING, THOUGH INDEED HE COULD MORE IRRETRIEVABLY LOST THAN HE WAS AT THIS VERY MOMENT, WHEN THE FOUI INTIMACY WERE BEING LAID—TO ENDURE—TO ENDURE—EVEN TO THE END—EVEN IMMENSE PLANS,' HE MUTTERED IRRESOLUTELY. 'YES,' SAID I; 'BUT IF YOU TRY TO ST YOUR HEAD WITH—' THERE WAS NOT A STICK OR A STONE NEAR. 'I WILL THROTTLE I CORRECTED MYSELF. 'I WAS ON THE THRESHOLD OF GREAT THINGS,' HE PLEADED LONGING, WITH A WISTFULNESS OF TONE THAT MADE MY BLOOD RUN COLD. 'ANC STUPID SCOUNDREL—' 'YOUR SUCCESS IN EUROPE IS ASSURED IN ANY I DID NOT WANT TO HAVE THE THROTTLING OF HIM, YOU UNDERSTAND HAVE BEEN VERY LITTLE USE FOR ANY PRACTICAL PURPOSE. I TRIED TO HEAVY, MUTE SPELL OF THE WILDERNESS—THAT SEEMED TO DRAW HIM BY THE AWAKENING OF FORGOTTEN AND BRUTAL INSTINCTS, BY THE M MONSTROUS PASSIONS. THIS ALONE, I WAS CONVINCED, HAD DRIVEN THE FOREST, TO THE BUSH, TOWARDS THE GLEAM OF FIRES, THE THRO WEIRD INCANTATIONS; THIS ALONE HAD BEGUILED HIS UNLAWFUL SOL PERMITTED ASPIRATIONS. AND, DON'T YOU SEE, THE TERROR OF THE P KNOCKED ON THE HEAD—THOUGH I HAD A VERY LIVELY SENSE OF TH/ THAT I HAD TO DEAL WITH A BEING TO WHOM I COULD NO HIGH OR LOW. I HAD, EVEN LIKE THE NIGGERS, TO INVOKE I INCREDIBLE DEGRADATION. THERE WAS NOTHING EITHER, HE HAD KICKED HIMSELF LOOSE OF THE EARTH. CONFOUN EARTH TO PIECES. HE WAS ALONE, AND I BEFORE HIM DID I GROUND OR FLOATED IN THE AIR. I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU I WE PRONOUNCED,—BUT WHAT'S THE GOOD? THEY WERE FAMILIAR, VAGUE SOUNDS EXCHANGED ON EVERY WAKING HAD BEHIND THEM, TO MY MIND, THE TERRIFIC SUGGESTIV PHRASES SPOKEN IN NIGHTMARES. SOUL! IF ANYBODY HA

Characters per line

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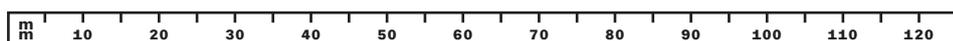
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• Roman use

MAN. AND I WASN'T ARGUING WITH A LUNATIC EITHER. BELIEVE ME OR NOT, HIS INTELLIGENCE PERFECTLY CLEAR—CONCENTRATED, IT IS TRUE, UPON HIMSELF WITH HORRIBLE INTENSITY, YI CLEAR; AND THEREIN WAS MY ONLY CHANCE—BARRING, OF COURSE, THE KILLING HIM THERE THEN, WHICH WASN'T SO GOOD, ON ACCOUNT OF UNAVOIDABLE NOISE. BUT HIS SOUL WAS N BEING ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS, IT HAD LOOKED WITHIN ITSELF, AND, BY HEAVENS! I TELL YC



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Lying on the couch, he stared through the open shutter. There was an eddy in the mass of human bodies, and the woman with helmet and tawny cheeks rushed out to the very brink of the stream. She put out her hands, shouted something, and all that wild mob took shout in a roaring chorus of articulated, rapid, breathless utterance. «Do you understand this?» I asked. «He kept on looking out past fiery, longing eyes, with a mingled expression of wistfulness and hate. He made no answer, but I saw a smile, a smile of indefinable nature appear on his colorless lips that a moment after twitched convulsively. 'Do I not?' he said slowly, gasping, as if the words had been thrust at him by a supernatural power. «I pulled the string of the whistle, and I did this because I saw the pilgrims on deck getting out their rifles with an air of anticipating a jolly lark. At the sudden screech there was a movement of abject terror through that wedged mass. 'Don't you frighten them away,' cried someone on deck disconsolately. I pulled the string time after time. They broke and ran, they crouched, they swerved, they dodged the flying terror of the sound. The three red chaps had fallen flat, face down on the deck had been shot dead. Only the barbarous and superb woman did not so much as flinch, and stretched tragically her bare arms across a somber and glittering river. «And then that imbecile crowd down on the deck started their little fun, and I could see nothing. «The brown current ran swiftly out of the heart of darkness, bearing us down towards the sea with twice the speed of our boat, and Kurtz's life was running swiftly too, ebbing, ebbing out of his heart into the sea of inexorable time. The man's vital anxieties now, he took us both in with a comprehensive and satisfied glance: the 'affair' had come off as well as time approaching when I would be left alone of the party of 'unsound method.' The pilgrims looked upon me with pity numbered with the dead. It is strange how I accepted this unforeseen partnership, this choice of nightmares for my land invaded by these mean and greedy phantoms. «Kurtz discoursed. A voice! a voice! It rang deep to the very bottom to hide in the magnificent folds of eloquence the barren darkness of his heart. Oh, he struggled! he struggled! I was haunted by shadowy images now—images of wealth and fame revolving obsequiously round his head. My Intended, my station, my career, my ideas—these were the subjects for the occasional shade of the original Kurtz frequented the bedside of the hollow sham, whose fate it was to be buried. But both the diabolic love and the unearthly hate of the mysteries it had penetrated fought for the positive emotions, avid of lying fame, of sham distinction, of all the appearances of success and power. «I desired to have kings meet him at railway-stations on his return from some ghastly Nowhere, where 'You show them you have in you something that is really profitable, and then there will be no more of you.' 'Of course you must take care of the motives—right motives—always.' The long reaches of the sea, the various bends that were exactly alike, slipped past the steamer with their multitude of secular faces, of another world, the forerunner of change, of conquest, of trade, of massacres, of blessing. Kurtz suddenly one day; 'I can't bear to look at this.' I did so. There was a silence. 'Oh, but I've seen you in the wilderness. «We broke down—as I had expected—and had to lie up for repairs at the head of the bay. It shook Kurtz's confidence. One morning he gave me a packet of papers and a photograph for me,' he said. 'This noxious fool' (meaning the manager) 'is capable of prying into my secrets. He was lying on his back with closed eyes, and I withdrew quietly, but I heard him breathe more. Was he rehearsing some speech in his sleep, or was it a fragment of a phrase from his papers and meant to do so again, 'for the furthering of my ideas. It's a duty.' «His eyes were fixed down at a man who is lying at the bottom of a precipice where the sun never shines. I forced myself to murmur, 'Oh, nonsense!' and stood over him. I saw features I have never seen before, and hope never to see again. Oh, I was so moved that I saw on that ivory face the expression of somber pride, of ruthless life again in every detail of desire, temptation, and surrender. I saw some image, at some vision,—he cried out twice, a cry that was half-lost and half-drowned. I left the cabin. The pilgrims were dining in the mess-room, and I cast a furtive glance, which I successfully ignored. He leaned back, serene. A continuous shower of small flies streamed upon the

Characters per line

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↓ Roman use

his insolent black head in the doorway, and said in a tone of scathing contempt— «'Mistah Kurtz—he dead.' «All the pilgrims rushed remained, and went on with my dinner. I believe I was considered brutally callous. However, I did not eat much. There was a lamp in the cabin, but I don't you know—and outside it was so beastly, beastly dark. I went no more near the remarkable man who had pronounced a judgment on the adventures of his soul on this earth. The voice was gone. What else had been there? But I am of course aware that next day the pilgrims buried something in a muddy hole. «And then they very nearly buried me. «However, as you see, I did not go to join Kurtz there and then. I remained to dream the nightmare out to the end, and to show my loyalty to Kurtz once more. Destiny. My destiny! Droll thing life is—

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IF SUCH IS THE FORM OF ULTIMATE WISDOM, THEN LIFE IS A GREATER RIDDLE THAN SOME OF US THINK IT TO BE. I WAS A HAIR'S-BREADTH OF THE LAST OPPORTUNITY FOR PRONOUNCEMENT, AND I FOUND WITH HUMILIATION THAT PROBABLY I WOULD HAVE NOTHING TO SAY. THIS IS THE REASON WHY I AFFIRM THAT KURTZ WAS A REMARKABLE MAN. HE HAD SOMETHING TO SAY. HE SAID IT. SINCE I HAD PEEPED OVER THE EDGE MYSELF, I UNDERSTAND BETTER THE MEANING OF HIS THAT HE COULD NOT SEE THE FLAME OF THE CANDLE, BUT WAS WIDE ENOUGH TO EMBRACE THE WHOLE UNIVERSE, PIECE BY PIECE, ENOUGH TO PENETRATE ALL THE HEARTS THAT BEAT IN THE DARKNESS. HE HAD SUMMED UP—HE HAD JUDGED. 'HAPPY HORROR!' HE WAS A REMARKABLE MAN. AFTER ALL, THIS WAS THE EXPRESSION OF SOME SORT OF BELIEF; IT HAD CALM, IT HAD CONVICTION, IT HAD A VIBRATING NOTE OF REVOLT IN ITS WHISPER, IT HAD THE APPALLING FACE OF A GLIMPSE OF TRUTH—THE STRANGE COMMINGLING OF DESIRE AND HATE. AND IT IS NOT MY OWN EXTREMITY I REMEMBER, BUT THE SENSATION OF GRAYNESS WITHOUT FORM FILLED WITH PHYSICAL PAIN, AND A CARELESS CONTEMPT FOR THE WORLD AND ALL THINGS—EVEN OF THIS PAIN ITSELF. NO! IT IS HIS EXTREMITY THAT I SEEM TO HAVE LIVED THROUGH. THAT LAST STRIDE, HE HAD STEPPED OVER THE EDGE, WHILE I HAD BEEN PERMITTED TO DRAW BACK MY HAND AND PERHAPS IN THIS IS THE WHOLE DIFFERENCE; PERHAPS ALL THE WISDOM, AND ALL TRUTH, AND ALL SENSE COMPRESSED INTO THAT INAPPRECIABLE MOMENT OF TIME IN WHICH WE STEP OVER THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNKNOWN. PERHAPS! I LIKE TO THINK MY SUMMING-UP WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN A WORD OF CARELESS CONTEMPT. I WOULD HAVE SAID MUCH BETTER. IT WAS AN AFFIRMATION, A MORAL VICTORY PAID FOR BY INNUMERABLE DEFEATS, BY A VICTORY PAID FOR BY ABOMINABLE SATISFACTIONS. BUT IT WAS A VICTORY! THAT IS WHY I HAVE REMAINED LOYAL TO HIM EVEN BEYOND, WHEN A LONG TIME AFTER I HEARD ONCE MORE, NOT HIS OWN VOICE, BUT THE VOICE OF A THUNDERBOLT THROWN TO ME FROM A SOUL AS TRANSLUCENTLY PURE AS A CLIFF OF CRYSTAL. I REMEMBER THAT THOUGH THERE IS A PERIOD OF TIME WHICH I REMEMBER MISTILY, WITH A SHUDDERING WONDER, THAT I HAD ENTERED SOME INCONCEIVABLE WORLD THAT HAD NO HOPE IN IT AND NO DESIRE. I FOUND MYSELF BARRAGED BY THE RESENTING THE SIGHT OF PEOPLE HURRYING THROUGH THE STREETS TO FILCH A LITTLE MONEY, TO DEVOUR THEIR INFAMOUS COOKERY, TO GULP THEIR UNWHOLESOME BEER, TO DREAM THEIR DREAMS. THEY TRESPASSED UPON MY THOUGHTS. THEY WERE INTRUDERS WHOSE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD WAS TATING PRETENSE, BECAUSE I FELT SO SURE THEY COULD NOT POSSIBLY KNOW THAT I WAS SIMPLY THE BEARING OF COMMONPLACE INDIVIDUALS GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS, THAT MY SAFETY, WAS OFFENSIVE TO ME LIKE THE OUTRAGEOUS FLAUNTINGS OF FOLLY IN THE STREETS I COULD NOT COMPREHEND. I HAD NO PARTICULAR DESIRE TO ENLIGHTEN THEM, BUT I HAD SOMETHING TO SAY FROM LAUGHING IN THEIR FACES, SO FULL OF STUPID IMPORTANCE. I DARE SAY I WOULD HAVE INTERFERED ABOUT THE STREETS—THERE WERE VARIOUS AFFAIRS TO SETTLE—GRINNING AT THE FACES OF OTHER PERSONS. I ADMIT MY BEHAVIOR WAS INEXCUSABLE, BUT THEN MY TEMPERATURE WAS SO HIGH THAT MY DEAR AUNT'S ENDEAVORS TO 'NURSE UP MY STRENGTH' SEEMED ALTOGETHER BECAUSE SHE WAS THAT THAT WANTED NURSING, IT WAS MY IMAGINATION THAT WANTED SOOTHING. I REMEMBER THAT KURTZ, NOT KNOWING EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH IT. HIS MOTHER HAD HAD SOMETHING IN MIND. HE HAD INTENDED. A CLEAN-SHAVED MAN, WITH AN OFFICIAL MANNER AND WITH A CLEAN SHAVE, ONE DAY AND MADE INQUIRIES, AT FIRST CIRCUITOUS, AFTERWARDS STRAIGHTFORWARD, TO DENOMINATE CERTAIN 'DOCUMENTS.' I WAS NOT SURPRISED, BECAUSE I HAD KNOWN HIM AS A SUBJECT OUT THERE. I HAD REFUSED TO GIVE UP THE SMALLEST SCRAP OF MY FREEDOM. I HAD TALKED WITH THE SPECTACLED MAN. HE BECAME DARKLY MENACING AT MY REFUSAL. HE FELT THAT HE HAD THE RIGHT TO EVERY BIT OF INFORMATION ABOUT ITS 'TERRESTRIAL' UNEXPLORED REGIONS MUST HAVE BEEN NECESSARILY EXPOSED TO THE DEPLORABLE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH HE HAD LIVED. HIS POSITION ON THE EDGE, HOWEVER EXTENSIVE, DID NOT BEAR UPON THE PROGRESS OF THE SCIENCE. 'IT WOULD BE AN INCALCULABLE LOSS TO THE SCIENCE OF SAVAGE CUSTOMS,' WITH THE POSTSCRIPTUM TORN OFF AND WRITTEN IN AN AIR OF CONTEMPT. 'THIS IS NOT WHAT WE HAD A RIGHT TO EXPECT.' HE WITHDREW UPON SOME OTHER MATTER. HE SAID TO ANOTHER FELLOW, CALLING HIMSELF KURTZ'S COUSIN, APPOINTING HIM TO THE

Characters per line

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• Roman use

DETAILS ABOUT HIS DEAR RELATIVE'S LAST MOMENTS. INCIDENTALLY HE GAVE ME TO UNDERSTAND THAT KURTZ HAD ESSENTIALLY A GREAT MUSICIAN. 'THERE WAS THE MAKING OF AN IMMENSE SUCCESS,' SAID THE MAN, WHO WAS AN OLD MAN, I BELIEVE, WITH LANK GRAY HAIR FLOWING OVER A GREASY COAT-COLLAR. I HAD NO REASON TO DOUBT HIS STATEMENT TO THIS DAY I AM UNABLE TO SAY WHAT WAS KURTZ'S PROFESSION, WHETHER HE EVER HAD ANY—WHICH WAS THE GREAT QUESTION OF HIS TALENTS. I HAD TAKEN HIM FOR A PAINTER WHO WROTE FOR THE PAPERS, OR ELSE FOR A JOURNALIST WHO COULD PAINT—BUT EVEN THE COUSIN (WHO TOOK SNUFF DURING THE INTERVIEW) COULD NOT TELL ME WHAT HE HAD BEEN

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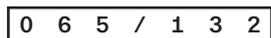
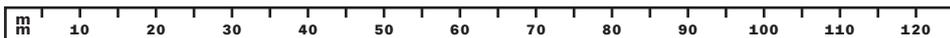
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Freya of the
Seven Isles,
Prince Roman,
Autocracy and
War, Tales of
Hearsay, The

Characters per line

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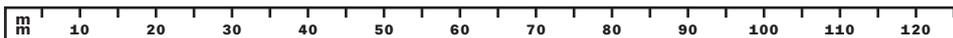
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EYES, WITHIN
THE TADES,
AUTOCRACY
AND WAR,
THE POLISH
QUESTION,

| Characters per line

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A haze rested on the low shores that ran on to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dead above Gravesend, and farther back still seemed condensed into a mournful gloom, brooding motionless over the biggest, and the greatest, town on earth. The Director of Companies was our captain and our host. We fondly affectionately watched his back as he stood at the bows looking to seaward. Over his shoulder there was nothing that looked like a pilot, which was a relief, for his trustworthiness personified. It was not until we realized his work was not out the narrow estuary, but behind him, widening into a dingy gloom. Between us there was a line already said somewhere, the back

| Characters per line

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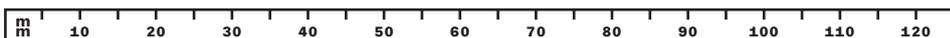
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• Italic use

Besides holding *our hearts together* through long periods of separation, it had the effect



WE FOUR AFFECTIONATELY WATCHED HIS BACK AS HE STOOD IN THE BOWS LOOKING TO SEAWARD. ON THE WHOLE RIVER THERE WAS NOTHING THAT LOCKED HALF SO NAUTICAL. HE RESEMBLED A PILOT, WHICH TO A SEAMAN IS TRUSTWORTHINESS PERSONIFIED. IT WAS DIFFICULT TO REALIZE HIS WORK WAS NOT OUT THERE IN THE LUMINOUS BUT BEHIND HIM, WITHIN A SHEDDING GLOOM. BETWEEN US AS I HAVE ALREADY SAID WAS THE BOND OF THE SEA. BINDING OUR HEARTS TOGETHER LONG PERIODS OF SEPARATION THE EFFECT OF MAKING US

| Characters per line

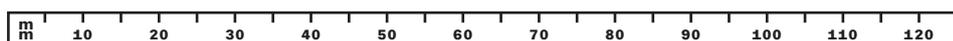
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• Italic use

OF EACH OTHER'S YARNS—AND EVEN CONVICTIONS. *THE LAWYER*—THE BEST



He had sunken cheeks, a yellow complexion, a straight back, an ascetic aspect, and, his arms dropped, the palms of hands outwards, resembled an idol. The Director, sat the anchor had good hold, made his way aft and sat down amongst us. We exchange words lazily. Afterwards there was silence on board the yacht. For some reason or of we did not begin that game of dominoes. We felt meditative, and fit for nothing but staring. The day was ending in a serenity of still and exquisite brilliance. The water spread peacefully; the sky, without a speck, was a benign immensity of unstained light; the view on the Essex marshes was like a gauzy and radiant fabric, hung from the heaven and draping the low shores in diaphanous folds. Only the gloom to the west of the upper reaches, became more somber every minute, as if angered by the setting sun. And at last, in its curved and imperceptible fall, the sun sank low, and changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over a crowd of men. Forthwith over the waters, and the serenity became less brilliant but more profound. The moon, in its broad reach rested unruffled at the decline of day, after ages of its long race that peopled its banks, spread out in the tranquil dignity of its light to the uttermost ends of the earth. We looked at the venerable stream of the Thames, that short day that comes and departs for ever, but in the august light of the moon indeed nothing is easier for a man who has, as the phrase goes, reverence and affection, than to evoke the great spirit of the past in the face of the Thames. The tidal current runs to and fro in its unceasing series of men and ships it had borne to the rest of humanity, and to the world known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud. It had known John Franklin, knights all, titled and untitled—the great ones of the sea, and all the ships whose names are like jewels flashing in the sun. It had known returning with her round flanks full of treasure, to be sent to the East, and thus pass out of the gigantic tale, to the Erebus and Terror, and the ships that never returned. It had known the ships and the men that came from Greenwich, from Erith—the adventurous men on ‘Change; captains, admirals, the distinguished ones, and the commissioned «generals» of East India fleets. All had gone out on that stream, bearing their might within the land, bearers of a spark from the hearth of the land, on the ebb of that river into the mystery of the sea, and the mystery of commonwealths, the germs of empires.

Characters per line

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• Italic use

began to appear along the shore. *The Chapman lighthouse, a three-legged thing erected on a mud-flat, shone strongly.* Lights of ships moved in the fairway—a great stir of lights up and going down. And farther west on the upper reaches the place of the monstrous town was still marked ominously on the sky, *a brooding gloom in sunshine*, a lurid glare

HE WAS THE ONLY MAN OF US WHO STILL «FOLLOWED THE SEA.» THE WORDS
 COULD BE SAID OF HIM WAS THAT HE DID NOT REPRESENT HIS CLASS. HE WAS
 SEAMAN, BUT HE WAS A WANDERER, TOO, WHILE MOST SEAMEN LEAD, IF ONLY
 TO EXPRESS IT, A SEDENTARY LIFE. THEIR MINDS ARE OF THE STAY-AT-HOME
 AND THEIR HOME IS ALWAYS WITH THEM—THE SHIP; AND SO IS THEIR COUNTRY
 SEA. ONE SHIP IS VERY MUCH LIKE ANOTHER, AND THE SEA IS ALWAYS THE SAME
 THE IMMUTABILITY OF THEIR SURROUNDINGS THE FOREIGN SHORES, THE FOREIGN
 FACES, THE CHANGING IMMENSITY OF LIFE, GLIDE PAST, VEILED NOT BY A SEASIDE
 OF MYSTERY BUT BY A SLIGHTLY DISDAINFUL IGNORANCE; FOR THERE IS NOTHING
 MYSTERIOUS TO A SEAMAN UNLESS IT BE THE SEA ITSELF, WHICH IS THE
 OF HIS EXISTENCE AND AS INSCRUTABLE AS DESTINY. FOR THE REST, A DAY'S
 HOURS OF WORK, A CASUAL STROLL OR A CASUAL SPREE ON SHORE :
 UNFOLD FOR HIM THE SECRET OF A WHOLE CONTINENT, AND GENERALLY
 THE SECRET NOT WORTH KNOWING. THE YARNS OF SEAMEN HAVE A DUAL
 PLICITY, THE WHOLE MEANING OF WHICH LIES WITHIN THE SHELL OF A
 NUT. BUT MARLOW WAS NOT TYPICAL (IF HIS PROPENSITY TO SPIN YARN
 TOLD), AND TO HIM THE MEANING OF AN EPISODE WAS NOT
 OUTSIDE, ENVELOPING THE TALE WHICH BROUGHT IT OUT
 OUT A HAZE, IN THE LIKENESS OF ONE OF THESE MISTY HAZES
 ARE MADE VISIBLE BY THE SPECTRAL ILLUMINATION OF MOONLIGHT
 DID NOT SEEM AT ALL SURPRISING. IT WAS JUST LIKE MARLOW
 IN SILENCE. NO ONE TOOK THE TROUBLE TO GRUNT EVEN;
 VERY SLOW— «I WAS THINKING OF VERY OLD TIMES, WHEN
 I CAME HERE, NINETEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO—THE OTHER
 OF THIS RIVER SINCE—YOU SAY KNIGHTS? YES
 A PLAIN, LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHTNING IN THE CLOUDS
 IT LAST AS LONG AS THE OLD EARTH KEEPS ROTTING
 YESTERDAY. IMAGINE THE FEELINGS OF A COMRADE
 'EM?—TRIREME IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, OR OVER
 OVERLAND ACROSS THE GAULS IN A HURRY; PICK
 CRAFT THE LEGIONARIES,—A WONDERFUL LOT
 BEEN TOO—USED TO BUILD, APPARENTLY BY THE

| Characters per line

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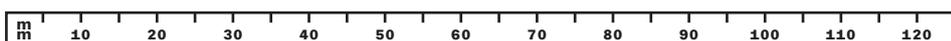
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• Italic use

WE MAY BELIEVE WHAT WE READ. IMAGINE HIM HERE—THE VERY END OF THE
 WORLD, A SEA THE COLOR OF LEAD, A SKY *THE COLOR OF SMOKE*, A KIND OF
 SHIP ABOUT AS RIGID AS A CONCERTINA—AND GOING UP THIS RIVER WITH
 STORES, OR ORDERS, OR WHAT YOU LIKE. *SANDBANKS, MARSHES, FORESTS,*



There's no initiation either into such mysteries. He has to live in the midst of the incomprehensible, which is also detestable. And it has a fascination, too, that goes to work upon him. The fascination of the abominable, you know. Imagine the growing regrets, the longing to escape, the powerless disgust, the surrender, the defeat. He paused. «Mind,» he began again, lifting one arm from the elbow, the palm of the hand outwards, and with his legs folded before him, he had the pose of a Buddha preaching in European clothes and with a lotus-flower—»Mind, none of us would feel exactly like this. What saves us is efficiency—the devotion to efficiency. But these chaps were not much account, really. They were no colonists; their administration was merely a squeeze, and nothing more, I suspect. They were conquerors, and for that you would have nothing to boast of, when you have it, since your strength is just an accident arising from the weakness of the others. They grabbed what they could get for the sake of what was to be got. It was just robbery with aggravated murder on a great scale, and men going at it blind—as is very proper for those who live in the darkness. The conquest of the earth, which mostly means the taking it away from those who have it, and handing it over to those with a more complex complexion or slightly flatter noses than ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look into it. But at least it redeems itself by the idea only. An idea at the back of it; not a sentimental pretense but an idea; and a strong belief in the idea—something you can set up, and bow down before, and offer a sacrifice to. The flames glided in the river, small green flames, red flames, white flames, pursuing, each other—then separating slowly or hastily. The traffic of the great city went on, and the sleepless river. We looked on, waiting patiently—there was nothing else to do but it was only after a long silence, when he said, in a hesitating voice, «I suppose I never did once turn fresh-water sailor for a bit,» that we knew we were fated, before then, to have about one of Marlow's inconclusive experiences. «I don't want to bother you much personally,» he began, showing in this remark the weakness of man; and he was, I think, quite unaware of what their audience would best like to hear; «yet to understand you, I must know how I got out there, what I saw, how I went up that river to the place where the river was the farthest point of navigation and the culminating point of my experience. It was as if a kind of light on everything about me—and into my thoughts. It was so extraordinary in any way—not very clear either. No, not very clear. And that's all. And «I had then, as you remember, just returned to London after a lot of inconclusive experiences. I had a regular dose of the East—six years or so, and I was loafing about, and I was invading your homes, just as though I had got a heavenly mission. After a bit I did get tired of resting. Then I began to look for a new mission. But the ships wouldn't even look at me. And I got tired of that. I had a passion for maps. I would look for hours at South America, and I would see the glories of exploration. At that time there were many blank spaces on a map, particularly inviting on a map (but they all look that) I would pick out a place and say, 'I would go there.' The North Pole was one of these places, and I would go there now. The glamour's off. Other places were scattered all over the two hemispheres. I have been in some of them, but I have never been to the biggest, the most blank, so to speak—the North Pole. It had got filled since my boyhood. It had got filled with a blank space of delightful mystery—a white patch of darkness. But there was in it one river especially, a

Characters per line

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• Italic use

an immense snake uncoiled, with its head in the sea, its body at rest curving afar over a vast country, its tail lost in the depths of the land. And as I looked at the map of it in a shop-window, it fascinated me as if it would be a bird—a silly little bird. Then I remembered there was a big concern, a Company for trade on the river. Dash it all! I thought to myself, they can't trade without using some kind of craft on that lot of fresh water. Steamboats! *Why shouldn't I try to get charge of one?* I went on along Fleet Street, but could not shall

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« YOU UNDERSTAND IT WAS A CONTINENTAL CONCERN, THAT TRADING SOCIETY; BUT I HAV
 LOT OF RELATIONS LIVING ON THE CONTINENT, BECAUSE IT'S CHEAP AND NOT SO NASTY A
 LOOKS, THEY SAY. « I AM SORRY TO OWN I BEGAN TO WORRY THEM. THIS WAS ALREADY A F
 DEPARTURE FOR ME. I WAS NOT USED TO GET THINGS THAT WAY, YOU KNOW. I ALWAYS WEN
 OWN ROAD AND ON MY OWN LEGS WHERE I HAD A MIND TO GO. I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVE
 OF MYSELF; BUT, THEN—YOU SEE—I FELT SOMEHOW I MUST GET THERE BY HOOK OR BY CR
 SO I WORRIED THEM. THE MEN SAID 'MY DEAR FELLOW,' AND DID NOTHING. THEN—WOULD '
 BELIEVE IT?—I TRIED THE WOMEN. I, CHARLIE MARLOW, SET THE WOMEN TO WORK—TO GET
 JOB. HEAVENS! WELL, YOU SEE, THE NOTION DROVE ME. I HAD AN AUNT, A DEAR
 SOUL. SHE WROTE: 'IT WILL BE DELIGHTFUL. I AM READY TO DO ANYTHING, ANYT
 IT IS A GLORIOUS IDEA. I KNOW THE WIFE OF A VERY HIGH PERSONAGE IN THE AI
 AND ALSO A MAN WHO HAS LOTS OF INFLUENCE WITH,' &C., &C. SHE WAS DETER
 MAKE NO END OF FUSS TO GET ME APPOINTED SKIPPER OF A RIVER STEAMBOA
 MY FANCY. « I GOT MY APPOINTMENT—OF COURSE; AND I GOT IT VERY QUICK. I
 COMPANY HAD RECEIVED NEWS THAT ONE OF THEIR CAPTAINS HAD BEEN KILLE
 WITH THE NATIVES. THIS WAS MY CHANCE, AND IT MADE ME THE MORE ANXIOUS
 ONLY MONTHS AND MONTHS AFTERWARDS, WHEN I MADE THE ATTE
 LEFT OF THE BODY, THAT I HEARD THE ORIGINAL QUARREL AROSE FR
 ABOUT SOME HENS. YES, TWO BLACK HENS. FRESLEVEN—THAT WAS
 DANE—THOUGHT HIMSELF WRONGED SOMEHOW IN THE BARGAIN, &
 STARTED TO HAMMER THE CHIEF OF THE VILLAGE WITH A STICK. OH,
 IN THE LEAST TO HEAR THIS, AND AT THE SAME TIME TO BE TOLD THA
 GENTLEST, QUIETEST CREATURE THAT EVER WALKED ON TWO LEGS.
 HE HAD BEEN A COUPLE OF YEARS ALREADY OUT THERE ENGAGED II
 KNOW, AND HE PROBABLY FELT THE NEED AT LAST OF AS
 WAY. THEREFORE HE WHACKED THE OLD NIGGER MERCIL
 PEOPLE WATCHED HIM, THUNDERSTRUCK, TILL SOME MA
 DESPERATION AT HEARING THE OLD CHAP YELL, MADE A
 WHITE MAN—AND OF COURSE IT WENT QUITE EASY BETW
 THE WHOLE POPULATION CLEARED INTO THE FOREST, EX
 TO HAPPEN, WHILE, ON THE OTHER HAND, THE STEAMER F
 IN A BAD PANIC, IN CHARGE OF THE ENGINEER, I BELIEVE.
 TROUBLE MUCH ABOUT FRESLEVEN'S REMAIN
 I COULDN'T LET IT REST, THOUGH; BUT WHEN .
 MY PREDECESSOR, THE GRASS GROWING THI
 BONES. THEY WERE ALL THERE. THE SUPERNA
 FELL. AND THE VILLAGE WAS DESERTED, THE F
 THE FALLEN ENCLOSURES. A CALAMITY HAD C
 VANISHED. MAD TERROR HAD SCATTERED THI
 BUSH, AND THEY HAD NEVER RETURNED. WHA

| Characters per line

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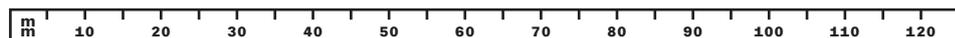
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• Italic use

I SHOULD THINK THE CAUSE OF PROGRESS GOT THEM, ANYHOW. HOWEVER, THROUGH THI
 GLORIOUS AFFAIR I GOT MY APPOINTMENT, BEFORE I HAD FAIRLY BEGUN TO HOPE FOR IT. «
 FLEW AROUND LIKE MAD TO GET READY, AND BEFORE FORTY-EIGHT HOURS I WAS CROSSIN
 THE CHANNEL TO SHOW MYSELF TO MY EMPLOYERS, AND SIGN THE CONTRACT. IN A VERY
 HOURS I ARRIVED IN A CITY THAT ALWAYS MAKES ME THINK OF A WHITED SEPULCHER. PRE.



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I slipped through one of these cracks, went up a swept and ungarnished staircase, as arid as a desert, and opened the first door. Two women, one fat and the other slim, sat on straw-bottomed chairs, knitting black wool. The slim one got up and walked towards me—still knitting with downcast eyes—and only just as I began to think of getting out of her way, as you would for a somnambulist, still, and looked up. Her dress was as plain as an umbrella-cover, and she turned round without a word and preceded me into a room. I gave my name, and looked about. Deal table in the middle, plain chairs all round the walls, on one end a large shining mirror with all the colors of a rainbow. There was a vast amount of red—good to see at any time, because one knows that some real work has been done in there, a deuce of a lot of blue, a little green, smears of orange, and, on the East Coast, a purple patch, to show where the pioneers of progress drink the jolly lager-beer. However, I wasn't going into any of these. I was going into the yellow. Dear God! And the river was there—fascinating—deadly—like a snake. Ough! A door opened, a white-haired secretarial head, but with a compassionate expression, appeared, and a skinny forefinger beckoned me into the sanctuary. Its light was dim, and as I entered the desk squatted in the middle. From behind that structure came out an impression of pale plumpness in a frock-coat. The gentleman himself. He was five feet six, I should judge, and had his grip on the handle-end of ever so many millions. He shook hands, murmured vaguely, was satisfied with my French. Bon voyage. «In about forty-five seconds I found myself again in the presence of the compassionate secretary, who, full of desolation and sympathy, made me sign some document. I believe I understood things not to disclose any trade secrets. Well, I am not going to. «I began to feel slightly uneasy. You know I am nervous, and there was something ominous in the atmosphere. It was just as though I had been let into some conspiracy, something not quite right; and I was glad to get out. In the outer room the two women knitted black wool feverishly, and the younger one was walking back and forth introducing them. The old one sat on her chair. Her flat cloth shoes were on a foot-warmer, and a cat reposed on her lap. She wore a starched white affair on her head, had a pair of rimmed spectacles hung on the tip of her nose. She glanced at me above the glasses. The swift and intelligent expression troubled me. Two youths with foolish and cheery countenances were being piloted over, and she threw a look of unconcerned wisdom. She seemed to know all about them and about me too. An eerie feeling came over me. Often far away there I thought of these two, guarding the door of Darkness, knitting black wool, introducing continuously to the unknown, the other scrutinizing the cheery and foolish faces with the knitter of black wool. Morituri te salutant. Not many of those she looked at ever saw her again. I went to the doctor. 'A simple formality,' assured me the secretary, with an air of taking an interest in me. A young chap wearing his hat over the left eyebrow, some clerk I suppose,—there must have been a man as still as a house in a city of the dead,—came from somewhere up-stairs, and led me to the doctor. He had ink-stains on the sleeves of his jacket, and his cravat was large and billowy, under a chin shirt that was too early for the doctor, so I proposed a drink, and thereupon he developed a vein of joviality. He talked of the Company's business, and by-and-by I expressed casually my surprise at him. He said, 'I am not such a fool as I look, quoth Plato to his disciples,' he said when we rose. «The old doctor felt my pulse, evidently thinking of something else than my health. He asked me with a certain eagerness whether I would let him measure my head. Rather alarmed, I took my calipers and got the dimensions back and front and every way, taking notes carefully. He was like a gaberdine, with his feet in slippers, and I thought him a harmless fool. 'I always find the crania of those going out there,' he said. 'And when they come back, their heads change shape. It's a curious thing, but changes take place inside, you know.' He smiled, as if at some quiet joke. He gave me a searching glance, and made another note. 'Ever any madness in your mind?' 'Is that question in the interests of science too?' 'It would be,' he said, 'but I don't want to watch the mental changes of individuals, on the spot, but...' 'Are you an original, imperturbably.' 'I have a little theory which you Messieurs will be interested in. The advantages my country shall reap from the possession of such a man are incalculable. I have questions, but you are the first Englishman coming under my microscope.' 'What you are saying were,' said I, 'I wouldn't be talking like this with you.' 'What you are saying is a mere irritation more than exposure to the sun. Adieu. How do you feel?' 'I feel perfectly well, and everything keep calm.' ... He lifted a warning forefinger... 'Du calme, du calme.' ... He had an excellent aunt. I found her triumphant. I had a cup of tea—the

Characters per line

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• Italic use

looked just as you would expect a lady's drawing-room to look, we had a long quiet chat by the fireside. In the course of these conversations it became quite plain to me I had been represented to the wife of the high dignitary, and goodness knows to how many more persons besides, as an *exceptional and gifted creature*—a piece of good fortune for the Company—a man you don't get hold of every day in the heavens! and I was going to take charge of a *two-penny-halfpenny river-steamboat with a penny whistle attached!* It appeared to me that I was also one of the Workers, with a capital—you know. Something like an emissary of light, something like a lower sort of apostle. I had been a lot of such rot let loose in print and talk just about that time, and the excellent woman, living right in the rush of all the

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ODD THING THAT I, WHO USED TO CLEAR OUT FOR ANY PART OF THE WORLD AT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' NOTICE, W
 LESS THOUGHT THAN MOST MEN GIVE TO THE CROSSING OF A STREET, HAD A MOMENT—I WON'T SAY OF HESITAT
 BUT OF STARTLED PAUSE, BEFORE THIS COMMONPLACE AFFAIR. THE BEST WAY I CAN EXPLAIN IT TO YOU IS BY SAY
 THAT, FOR A SECOND OR TWO, I FELT AS THOUGH, INSTEAD OF GOING TO THE CENTER OF A CONTINENT, I WERE AI
 TO SET OFF FOR THE CENTER OF THE EARTH. «I LEFT IN A FRENCH STEAMER, AND SHE CALLED IN EVERY BLAMED F
 THEY HAVE OUT THERE, FOR, AS FAR AS I COULD SEE, THE SOLE PURPOSE OF LANDING SOLDIERS AND CUSTOM-H
 OFFICERS. I WATCHED THE COAST. WATCHING A COAST AS IT SLIPS BY THE SHIP IS LIKE THINKING ABOUT AN ENIGI
 THERE IT IS BEFORE YOU—SMILING, FROWNING, INVITING, GRAND, MEAN, INSIPID, OR SAVAGE, AND ALWAYS MUTE
 AN AIR OF WHISPERING, 'COME AND FIND OUT.' THIS ONE WAS ALMOST FEATURELESS, AS IF STILL IN TH
 ASPECT OF MONOTONOUS GRIMNESS. THE EDGE OF A COLOSSAL JUNGLE, SO DARK-GREEN AS TO BE
 FRINGED WITH WHITE SURF, RAN STRAIGHT, LIKE A RULED LINE, FAR, FAR AWAY ALONG A BLUE SEA WHC
 BLURRED BY A CREEPING MIST. THE SUN WAS FIERCE, THE LAND SEEMED TO GLISTEN AND DRIP WITH S
 THERE GRAYISH-WHITISH SPECKS SHOWED UP, CLUSTERED INSIDE THE WHITE SURF, WITH A FLAG FLYII
 PERHAPS. SETTLEMENTS SOME CENTURIES OLD, AND STILL NO BIGGER THAN PIN-HEADS ON THE UNTK
 OF THEIR BACKGROUND. WE POUNDED ALONG, STOPPED, LANDED SOLDIERS; WENT ON, LANDED CUS
 CLERKS TO LEVY TOLL IN WHAT LOOKED LIKE A GOD-FORSAKEN WILDERNESS, WITH A TIN SHED AND A
 IN IT; LANDED MORE SOLDIERS—TO TAKE CARE OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE CLERKS, PRESUM/
 DROWNED IN THE SURF; BUT WHETHER THEY DID OR NOT, NOBODY SEEMED PARTICULARLY
 FLUNG OUT THERE, AND ON WE WENT. EVERY DAY THE COAST LOOKED THE SAME, AS THOU
 WE PASSED VARIOUS PLACES—TRADING PLACES—WITH NAMES LIKE GRAN' BASSAM LITTLE
 TO BELONG TO SOME SORDID FARCE ACTED IN FRONT OF A SINISTER BACKCLOTH. THE IDL
 ISOLATION AMONGST ALL THESE MEN WITH WHOM I HAD NO POINT OF CONTACT, THE OILY
 UNIFORM SOMBERNESS OF THE COAST, SEEMED TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM THE TRUTH OF T
 MOURNFUL AND SENSELESS DELUSION. THE VOICE OF THE SURF HEARD NOW AND THEN W
 THE SPEECH OF A BROTHER. IT WAS SOMETHING NATURAL, THAT HAD ITS REASC
 A BOAT FROM THE SHORE GAVE ONE A MOMENTARY CONTACT WITH REALITY. IT
 COULD SEE FROM AFAR THE WHITE OF THEIR EYEBALLS GLISTENING. THEY SHO
 WITH PERSPIRATION; THEY HAD FACES LIKE GROTESQUE MASKS—THESE CHAPS
 VITALITY, AN INTENSE ENERGY OF MOVEMENT, THAT WAS AS NATURAL AND TRUI
 WANTED NO EXCUSE FOR BEING THERE. THEY WERE A GREAT COMFORT TO LOC
 LONGED STILL TO A WORLD OF STRAIGHTFORWARD FACTS; BUT THE FEELING W
 WOULD TURN UP TO SCARE IT AWAY. ONCE, I REMEMBER, WE CAME UPON A MA
 THERE WASN'T EVEN A SHED THERE, AND SHE WAS SHELLING THE BU
 WARS GOING ON THEREABOUTS. HER ENSIGN DROPPED LIMP LIKE A
 STUCK OUT ALL OVER THE LOW HULL; THE GREASY, SLIMY SWELL SW
 HER THIN MASTS. IN THE EMPTY IMMENSITY OF EARTH, SKY, AND WA
 INTO A CONTINENT. POP, WOULD GO ONE OF THE EIGHT-INCH GUNS
 WHITE SMOKE WOULD DISAPPEAR, A TINY PROJECTILE WOULD GIVE
 NOTHING COULD HAPPEN. THERE WAS A TOUCH OF INSANITY IN THE
 IN THE SIGHT; AND IT WAS NOT DISSIPATED BY SOMEBODY ON BOAR
 NATIVES—HE CALLED THEM ENEMIES!—HIDDEN OUT OF ;
 MEN IN THAT LONELY SHIP WERE DYING OF FEVER AT THE
 MORE PLACES WITH FARCICAL NAMES, WHERE THE MERF
 EARTHY ATMOSPHERE AS OF AN OVERHEATED CATACOM
 OUS SURF, AS IF NATURE HERSELF HAD TRIED TO WARD C
 LIFE, WHOSE BANKS WERE ROTTING INTO MUD, WHOSE V
 GROVES, THAT SEEMED TO WRITHE AT US IN THE EXTREM
 ENOUGH TO GET A PARTICULARIZED IMPRESSION, BUT TI

Characters per line

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• Italic use

UPON ME. IT WAS LIKE A WEARY PILGRIMAGE AMONGST *HINTS FOR NIGHTMARES*. «IT WAS UPWARD OF THIRTY DA
 BEFORE I SAW *THE MOUTH OF THE BIG RIVER*. WE ANCHORED OFF THE SEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT. BUT MY WORK
 NOT BEGIN TILL SOME TWO HUNDRED MILES FARTHER ON. SO AS SOON AS I COULD I MADE A START FOR A PLACE
 MILES HIGHER UP. «*I HAD MY PASSAGE ON A LITTLE SEA-GOING STEAMER. HER CAPTAIN WAS A SWEDE, AND KNOW*
FOR A SEAMAN, INVITED ME ON THE BRIDGE. HE WAS A YOUNG MAN, LEAN, FAIR, AND MOROSE, WITH LANKY HAIR,
SHUFFLING GAIT. AS WE LEFT THE MISERABLE LITTLE WHARF, HE TOSSED HIS HEAD CONTEMPTUOUSLY AT THE SHK

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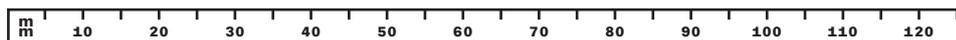
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*Six, A Smile of
Fortune, Freya
of the Seven
Isles, Lord Jim,
The Shock of
War, Typhoon,*

Characters per line

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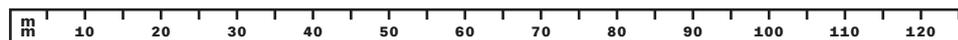
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*ALMAYER'S
FOLLY, THE
ARROW OF
GOLD, AMY
FOSTER, AN
OUTCAST*

Characters per line

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Thus I was left at last with a slim packet of letters and the girl's portrait. She struck me as beautiful—I mean she had a beautiful expression. I know that the sunlight can be made lie too, yet one felt that no manipulation of light and pose could have conveyed the delicate shade of truthfulness upon those features seemed ready to listen without mental reservation, without suspicion, without guile for herself. I concluded I would give her back her portrait and those letters. Curiosity? Yes; and also some curiosity perhaps. All that had been Kurt's gone out of my hands: his soul, his body, his plans, his ivory, his career. Turned out only his memory and his Int

Characters per line

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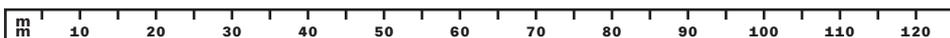
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• Roman use

I wanted to give that up too to the past, in a certain way,—to surrender personally all that remained



PERHAPS IT WAS AN IMPULSE OF UNCONSCIOUS LOYALTY, OR THE FULFILLMENT OF ONE OF THESE IRONIC NECESSITIES THAT LURK IN THE FACTS OF HUMAN EXISTENCE. I DON'T KNOW. I CAN'T TELL. BUT I WENT. «I THOUGHT HIS MEMORY WAS LIKE THE OTHER MEMORIES OF THE DEAD THAT ACCUMULATE IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE,—A VAGUE IMPRESSION OF SHADOWS THAT HAD TAKEN THEIR SWIFT AND FINAL PARTING BEFORE THE HIGH AND PONDEROUS BETWEEN THE TALL HOUSES AS STILL AND DECOROUS ALLEY IN A CEMETERY, I FOUND HIM ON THE STRETCHER,

Characters per line

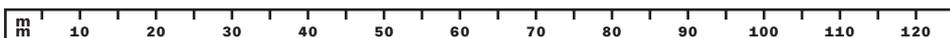
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• Roman use

MOUTH VORACIOUSLY, AS IF TO DEVOUR ALL THE EARTH WITH ALL ITS MANKIND



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The vision seemed to enter the house with me—the stretcher, the phantom-bearers, crowd of obedient worshipers, the gloom of the forests, the glitter of the reach between murky bends, the beat of the drum, regular and muffled like the beating of a heart—of a conquering darkness. It was a moment of triumph for the wilderness, an invading, vengeful rush which, it seemed to me, I would have to keep back alone for the salvation of another soul. And the memory of what I had heard him say afar there, with the horns stirring at my back, in the glow of fires, within the patient woods, those broken phrases came back to me, were heard again in their ominous and terrifying simplicity: his abject pleading, his abject threats, the colossal scale of his vile desires, the torment, the tempestuous anguish of his soul. And later on I seemed to meet him in a tired languid manner, when he said one day, 'This lot of ivory now is really mine. I did not pay for it. I collected it myself at a very great personal risk. I am afraid I can't claim it as theirs though. H'm. It is a difficult case. What do you think I ought to do? Eh? I want no more than justice.' ... He wanted no more than justice—no more than justice. He rang the bell before a mahogany door on the first floor, and when he opened it, he looked at me out of the glassy panel—stare with that wide and immense gaze, his face shining, loathing all the universe. I seemed to hear the whispered conversation: «The dusk was falling. I had to wait in a lofty drawing-room with a high ceiling, the floor to ceiling that were like three luminous and bedraped columns. The backs of the furniture shone in indistinct curves. The tall marble columns, the monumental whiteness. A grand piano stood massively in a corner, its flat surfaces like a somber and polished sarcophagus. She came forward, all in black, with a pale head, flowing hair, dressed in mourning. It was more than a year since his death, but she seemed as though she would remember and mourn for him. She spoke to me, she murmured, 'I had heard you were coming.' I was not girlish. She had a mature capacity for fidelity, for loyalty, for devotion. She had grown darker, as if all the sad light of the cloudy sky had gathered on her head. This fair hair, this pale visage, this purple shadow, this purple shadow which the dark eyes looked out at me. The woman was so trusting. She carried her sorrowful head as though it were a burden. She would say, 'I—I alone know how to mourn. I have seen you shaking hands, such a look of awful desolation. I have seen you, one of those creatures that are not the product of the day. And, by Jove! the impression was so perfect.

Characters per line

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• Roman use

only yesterday—nay, this very minute. I saw her and him in the same instant of time—death and her sorrow—I saw her sorrow in the very moment of his death. Do you understand? I saw them together—I heard them together. She had said, with a deep catch in her breath, 'I have survived;' while my strained ears seemed to hear distinctly, mingled with

I ASKED MYSELF WHAT I WAS DOING THERE, WITH A SENSATION OF PANIC IN HEART AS THOUGH I HAD BLUNDERED INTO A PLACE OF CRUEL AND ABSURDITIES NOT FIT FOR A HUMAN BEING TO BEHOLD. SHE MOTIONED ME TO A CHAIR WE SAT DOWN. I LAID THE PACKET GENTLY ON THE LITTLE TABLE, AND SHE PLACED HER HAND OVER IT... 'YOU KNEW HIM WELL,' SHE MURMURED, AFTER A MOMENT OF MOURNING SILENCE. «'INTIMACY GROWS QUICK OUT THERE,' I SAID. 'I KNEW HIM WELL AS IT IS POSSIBLE FOR ONE MAN TO KNOW ANOTHER.' «'AND YOU ADMIRE HIM,' SHE SAID. 'IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO KNOW HIM AND NOT TO ADMIRE HIM.' «'HE WAS A REMARKABLE MAN,' I SAID, UNSTEADILY. THEN BEFORE THE FIXITY OF HER GAZE, THAT SEEMED TO WATCH FOR MORE WORDS ON MY MOUTH, SHE WENT ON, 'IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO—' «'LOVE HIM,' SHE FINISHED, EMBOLDENING ME INTO AN APPALLED DUMBNESS. 'HOW TRUE! HOW TRUE! BUT DON'T THINK THAT NO ONE KNEW HIM SO WELL AS I! I HAD ALL HIS NOBLE CHARACTERISTICS. I KNEW HIM BEST.' «'YOU KNEW HIM BEST,' I REPEATED. AND PERHAPS SHE WAS RIGHT WITH EVERY WORD SPOKEN THE ROOM WAS GROWING DARKER, AND MY FOREHEAD, SMOOTH AND WHITE, REMAINED ILLUMINED BY THE UNEXPECTED LIGHT OF BELIEF AND LOVE. «'YOU WERE HIS FRIEND,' SHE SAID. SHE REPEATED, A LITTLE LOUDER. 'YOU MUST HAVE BEEN, I THINK, AND SHE SENT YOU TO ME. I FEEL I CAN SPEAK TO YOU—AND CAN YOU—YOU WHO HAVE HEARD HIS LAST WORDS—TO KNOW SOMETHING OF HIM... IT IS NOT PRIDE... YES! I AM PROUD TO KNOW I UNDERSTAND HIM BETTER THAN ANYONE ON EARTH—HE TOLD ME SO HIMSELF. AND YOU KNOW I HAVE HAD NO ONE—NO ONE—TO—TO—' «I LISTENED. THOUGH I WAS NOT EVEN SURE WHETHER HE HAD GIVEN ME THE RIGHT REASON, I SUSPECT HE WANTED ME TO TAKE CARE OF AN ANOTHER. AFTER HIS DEATH, I SAW THE MANAGER EXAMINE THE GIRL AS SHE TALKED, EASING HER PAIN IN THE CERTITUDE OF HER AS THIRSTY MEN DRINK. I HAD HEARD THAT HE HAD BEEN DISAPPROVED BY HER PEOPLE. HE WASN'T AND I DON'T KNOW WHETHER HE HAD GIVEN ME SOME REASON TO INFER THAT I HAD A RELATIVE POVERTY THAT DROVE HIM OUT THERE

| Characters per line

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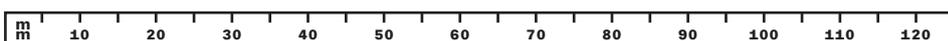
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• Roman use

HAD HEARD HIM SPEAK ONCE?' SHE WAS SAYING. 'HE DREW MEN TOWARDS HIM BY WHAT WAS BEST IN THEM.' SHE LOOKED AT ME WITH INTENSITY. 'IT IS THE QUALITY OF THE GREAT,' SHE WENT ON, AND THE SOUND OF HER LOW VOICE SEEMED TO HAVE THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF ALL THE OTHER SOUNDS, FULL OF MYSTERY



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'What a loss to me—to us!'—she corrected herself with beautiful generosity; then added in a murmur, world.' By the last gleams of twilight I could see the glitter of her eyes, full of tears—of tears that would fall. «'I have been very happy—very fortunate—very proud,' she went on. 'Too fortunate. Too happy for while. And now I am unhappy for—for life.' «'She stood up; her fair hair seemed to catch all the remaining light in a glimmer of gold. I rose too. «'And of all this,' she went on, mournfully, 'of all his promise, and of greatness, of his generous mind, of his noble heart, nothing remains—nothing but a memory. You and I shall always remember him,' I said, hastily. «'No!' she cried. 'It is impossible that all this should be lost—such a life should be sacrificed to leave nothing—but sorrow. You know what vast plans I had in mind too—I could not perhaps understand,—but others knew of them. Something must remain behind that has not died.' «'His words will remain,' I said. «'And his example,' she whispered to herself, 'his goodness shone in every act. His example—' «'True,' I said; 'his example too. Yes, that.' «'But I do not. I cannot—I cannot believe—not yet. I cannot believe that I shall never see him again, never, never, never.' «'She put out her arms as if after a retreat, and they were black and with clasped pale hands across the fading and narrow sheen of the wind. I saw him clearly enough then. I shall see this eloquent phantom as long as I live. I saw the tragic and familiar Shade, resembling in this gesture another one, tragic also, with his own charms, stretching bare brown arms over the glitter of the infernal stream, then he came suddenly very low, 'He died as he lived.' «'His end,' said I, with dull anger stirred by the thought worthy of his life.' «'And I was not with him,' she murmured. My anger subsided. «'Everything that could be done—' I mumbled. «'Ah, but I believed in him more than his own mother, more than—himself. He needed me! Me! I would have taken every sign, every glance.' «'I felt like a chill grip on my chest. 'Don't you know—I—I—have mourned so long in silence—in silence... You were witty. Nobody near to understand him as I would have understood. Perhaps I never said, shakily. 'I heard his very last words...' I stopped in a fright. «'I want—I want—something—something—to—to live with.' «'I want to see them?' The dusk was repeating them in a persistent whisper all around me, menacingly like the first whisper of a rising wind. 'The horror! The horror!' she murmured. 'Don't you understand I loved him—I love him—' I said slowly. «'The last word he pronounced was—your name.' I stopped dead short by an exulting and terrible cry, but she said, with pain. 'I knew it—I was sure!' ... She knew. She was sure. She was sure. It seemed to me that the house would collapse under the weight of my head. But nothing happened. The heavens do not care. I had rendered Kurtz that justice which was his due? I could not tell her. It would have been too late. I was alone and silent, in the pose of a meditating Buddha. I said the Director, suddenly. I raised my hand. I saw the waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth into the heart of an immense darkness. I saw the sails, and was at rest. The flood had passed. The only thing for it was to come to and wait.

Characters per line

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• Roman use

us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were welded together without a joint, and in the luminous space the tanned sails of the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in red clusters of canvas sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished sprits. A haze rested on the low shores that ran out to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dark above Gravesend, and farther back seemed condensed into a mournful gloom, brooding motionless over the biggest, and the greatest, town in the world.

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HE RESEMBLED A PILOT, WHICH TO A SEAMAN IS TRUSTWORTHINESS PERSONIFIED. IT WAS DIFFICULT TO REALIZE HIS WORK WAS NOT OUT THERE IN THE LUMINOUS ESTUARY, BUT BEHIND WITHIN THE BROODING GLOOM. BETWEEN US THERE WAS, AS I HAVE ALREADY SAID SOMEWHAT, THE BOND OF THE SEA. BESIDES HOLDING OUR HEARTS TOGETHER THROUGH LONG PERIODS OF SEPARATION, IT HAD THE EFFECT OF MAKING US TOLERANT OF EACH OTHER'S YARNS—/ EVEN CONVICTIONS. THE LAWYER—THE BEST OF OLD FELLOWS—HAD, BECAUSE OF HIS MANY YEARS AND MANY VIRTUES, THE ONLY CUSHION ON DECK, AND WAS LYING ON THE ONLY RECLINER THE ACCOUNTANT HAD BROUGHT OUT ALREADY A BOX OF DOMINOES, AND WAS TOYING WITH THEM ARCHITECTURALLY WITH THE BONES. MARLOW SAT CROSS-LEGGED RIGHT AFT AGAINST THE MIZZEN-MAST. HE HAD SUNKEN CHEEKS, A YELLOW COMPLEXION, A BROAD BACK, AN ASCETIC ASPECT, AND, WITH HIS ARMS DROPPED, THE PALMS OF HIS HANDS RESEMBLED AN IDOL. THE DIRECTOR, SATISFIED THE ANCHOR HAD GOOD HOLD, GOT UP AFT AND SAT DOWN AMONGST US. WE EXCHANGED A FEW WORDS LAZILY. AFTER THAT WAS SILENCE ON BOARD THE YACHT. FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER WE DID NOT PLAY A GAME OF DOMINOES. WE FELT MEDITATIVE, AND FIT FOR NOTHING BUT PLACIDITY. THE DAY WAS ENDING IN A SERENITY OF STILL AND EXQUISITE BRILLIANCE. THE WATER SURFACED THE SKY, WITHOUT A SPECK, WAS A BENIGN IMMENSITY OF UNSTAINED BLUE. THE ESSEX MARSHES WAS LIKE A GAUZY AND RADIANT FABRIC, HUNG OVER THE COAST INLAND, AND DRAPING THE LOW SHORES IN DIAPHANOUS FOLDS. OVER THE COAST BROODING OVER THE UPPER REACHES, BECAME MORE SOMBER EVERYWHERE BY THE APPROACH OF THE SUN. AND AT LAST, IN ITS CURVED AND INFLAMMABLE SANK LOW, AND FROM GLOWING WHITE CHANGED TO A DULL RED VEIL OF HEAT, AS IF ABOUT TO GO OUT SUDDENLY, STRICKEN TO DEATH BY THE APPROACH OF BROODING OVER A CROWD OF MEN. FORTHWITH A CHANGE CAME OVER THE SCENE. THE SERENITY BECAME LESS BRILLIANT BUT MORE PROFOUND. MARLOW RESTED UNRUFFLED AT THE DECLINE OF DAY, AFTER AGE AND WEARINESS. THAT PEOPLED ITS BANKS, SPREAD OUT IN THE TRANQUILITY OF THE TRANQUILITY OF THE UTTERMOST ENDS OF THE EARTH. WE LOOKED AT THE SKY AT THE FLUSH OF A SHORT DAY THAT COMES AND DEPARTS FOR THE BENEFIT OF ABIDING MEMORIES. AND INDEED NOTHING IS EASIER FOR THE MIND TO FOLLOW «FOLLOWED THE SEA» WITH REVERENCE AND AFFECTION. THE PAST UPON THE LOWER REACHES OF THE THAMES. THE TIDE WAS IN ITS UNCEASING SERVICE, CROWDED WITH SHIPS OF ALL SORTS. THE REST OF HOME OR TO THE BATTLES OF THE SEA OF WHOM THE NATION IS PROUD, FROM SIR FRANCIS DRACON, ALL, TITLED AND UNTITLED—THE GREAT KNIGHTS OF THE SEA, SHIPS WHOSE NAMES ARE LIKE JEWELS FLASHING IN THE WIND. HIND RETURNING WITH HER ROUND FLANKS FORWARD AND HIGHNESS AND THUS PASS OUT OF THE GIGANTIC MOUTH OF OTHER CONQUESTS—AND THAT NEVER RETURN.

Characters per line

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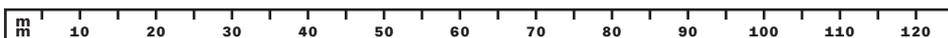
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• Roman use

HAD SAILED FROM DEPTFORD, FROM GREENWICH, FROM ERITH—THE ADVENTURERS AND THE SETTLERS; KINGS' SHIPS AND THE SHIPS OF MEN ON 'CHANGE; CAPTAINS, ADMIRALS, THE DUTY «INTERLOPERS» OF THE EASTERN TRADE, AND THE COMMISSIONED «GENERALS» OF EAST INDIA FLEETS. HUNTERS FOR GOLD OR PURSUERS OF FAME, THEY ALL HAD GONE OUT ON THE TIDE STREAM, BEARING THE SWORD, AND OFTEN THE TORCH, MESSENGERS OF THE MIGHT WITH



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He was the only man of us who still «followed the sea.» The worst that could be said of him was that he did not represent his country as a seaman, but he was a wanderer, too, while most seamen lead, if one may so express it, a sedentary life. Their minds are on a stay-at-home order, and their home is always with them—the ship; and so is their country—the sea. One ship is very much like another and the sea is always the same. In the immutability of their surroundings the foreign shores, the foreign faces, the changing im- life, glide past, veiled not by a sense of mystery but by a slightly disdainful ignorance; for there is nothing mysterious to a seaman—it is the sea itself, which is the mistress of his existence and as inscrutable as Destiny. For the rest, after his hours of work, a cruise or a casual spree on shore suffices to unfold for him the secret of a whole continent, and generally he finds the secret not knowing. The yarns of seamen have a direct simplicity, the whole meaning of which lies within the shell of a cracked nut. It is not typical (if his propensity to spin yarns be excepted), and to him the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel enveloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze, in the likeness of one of these misty halos that sometimes are made visible by the spectral illumination of moonshine. His remark did not seem at all surprising. It was just like Marlow. He sat in silence. No one took the trouble to grunt even; and presently he said, very slow— «I was thinking of very old times, when I first came here, nineteen hundred years ago—the other day... Light came out of this river since—you say Knight was running blaze on a plain, like a flash of lightning in the clouds. We live in the flicker—may it last as long as the oil lamp. The darkness was here yesterday. Imagine the feelings of a commander of a fine—what d'ye call 'em?—trireme in the river, suddenly to the north; run overland across the Gauls in a hurry; put in charge of one of these craft the legionari handy men they must have been too—used to build, apparently by the hundred, in a month or two, if we may be allowed to imagine him here—the very end of the world, a sea the color of lead, a sky the color of smoke, a kind of ship about as handy as a tina—and going up this river with stores, or orders, or what you like. Sandbanks, marshes, forests, savannah, a civilized man, nothing but Thames water to drink. No Falernian wine here, no going ashore. Here and there a wilderness, like a needle in a bundle of hay—cold, fog, tempests, disease, exile, and death,—death sky-high, death skimming the bush. They must have been dying like flies here. Oh yes—he did it. Did it very well, too, no doubt, and he was either, except afterwards to brag of what he had gone through in his time, perhaps. They were men, and he was perhaps he was cheered by keeping his eye on a chance of promotion to the fleet at Ravenna by-and-by, and survived the awful climate. Or think of a decent young citizen in a toga—perhaps too narrow for a train of some prefect, or tax-gatherer, or trader even, to mend his fortunes. Land in a swamp, a post, an inland post feel the savagery, the utter savagery, had closed round him,—all that mysterious, all that mysterious in the jungles, in the hearts of wild men. There's no initiation either into such mysteries. He is not sible, which is also detestable. And it has a fascination, too, that goes to work upon him. Think of it. Imagine the growing regrets, the longing to escape, the powerless disgust, the surrender, the surrender, then again, lifting one arm from the elbow, the palm of the hand outwards, so that, with the Buddha preaching in European clothes and without a lotus-flower—»Mind, none of these chaps were not much account, really. They were no colonists; their administration was not theirs. They were conquerors, and for that you want only brute force—nothing to boast of, nothing accidental arising from the weakness of others. They grabbed what they could get with violence, aggravated murder on a great scale, and men going at it blind—as if the conquest of the earth, which mostly means the taking it away from those who have it, and who, like ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look into it too much. What real value has the pretense but an idea; and an unselfish belief in the idea—something that is not real. He broke off. Flames glided in the river, small green flames, red flames, other—then separating slowly or hastily. The traffic of the great city was waiting patiently—there was nothing else to do till the end of the flood. He hesitated, his voice, «I suppose you fellows remember I did once see the ebb began to run, to hear about one of Marlow's inconclusive remarks personally,» he began, showing in this remark the weakness of his mind, which would best like to hear; «yet to understand the effect of it on the river to the place where I first met the poor chap. It was the first time that it seemed somehow to throw a kind of light on everything above.

Characters per line

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↓ Roman use

extraordinary in any way—not very clear either. No, not very clear. And yet it seemed to throw a kind of light. «I had then, as you just returned to London after a lot of Indian Ocean, Pacific, China Seas—a regular dose of the East—six years or so, and I was about, hindering you fellows in your work and invading your homes, just as though I had got a heavenly mission to civilize you. I was fine for a time, but after a bit I did get tired of resting. Then I began to look for a ship—I should think the hardest work on earth would be to get on ships wouldn't even look at me. And I got tired of that game too. «Now when I was a little chap I had a passion for maps. I would spend hours at South America, or Africa, or Australia, and lose myself in all the glories of exploration. At that time there were many bl

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BUT THERE WAS IN IT ONE RIVER ESPECIALLY, A MIGHTY BIG RIVER, THAT YOU COULD SEE ON THE MAP, RESEMBLING IMMENSE SNAKE UNCOILED, WITH ITS HEAD IN THE SEA, ITS BODY AT REST CURVING AFAR OVER A VAST COUNTRY ITS TAIL LOST IN THE DEPTHS OF THE LAND. AND AS I LOOKED AT THE MAP OF IT IN A SHOP-WINDOW, IT FASCINATED AS A SNAKE WOULD A BIRD—A SILLY LITTLE BIRD. THEN I REMEMBERED THERE WAS A BIG CONCERN, A COMPANY, TRADE ON THAT RIVER. DASH IT ALL! I THOUGHT TO MYSELF, THEY CAN'T TRADE WITHOUT USING SOME KIND OF C ON THAT LOT OF FRESH WATER—STEAMBOATS! WHY SHOULDN'T I TRY TO GET CHARGE OF ONE? I WENT ON ALON STREET, BUT COULD NOT SHAKE OFF THE IDEA. THE SNAKE HAD CHARMED ME. «YOU UNDERSTAND IT WAS A CON NENTAL CONCERN, THAT TRADING SOCIETY; BUT I HAVE A LOT OF RELATIONS LIVING ON THE CONTINENT, BECAUS CHEAP AND NOT SO NASTY AS IT LOOKS, THEY SAY. «I AM SORRY TO OWN I BEGAN TO WORRY THEM. I A FRESH DEPARTURE FOR ME. I WAS NOT USED TO GET THINGS THAT WAY, YOU KNOW. I ALWAYS WENT AND ON MY OWN LEGS WHERE I HAD A MIND TO GO. I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT OF MYSELF; BUT, TI FELT SOMEHOW I MUST GET THERE BY HOOK OR BY CROOK. SO I WORRIED THEM. THE MEN SAID 'MY C DID NOTHING. THEN—WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?—I TRIED THE WOMEN. I, CHARLIE MARLOW, SET THE WO GET A JOB. HEAVENS! WELL, YOU SEE, THE NOTION DROVE ME. I HAD AN AUNT, A DEAR ENTHUSIASTIC S 'IT WILL BE DELIGHTFUL. I AM READY TO DO ANYTHING, ANYTHING FOR YOU. IT IS A GLORIOUS IDEA. I K A VERY HIGH PERSONAGE IN THE ADMINISTRATION, AND ALSO A MAN WHO HAS LOTS OF INFLUENCE V WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE NO END OF FUSS TO GET ME APPOINTED SKIPPER OF A RIVER : FANCY. «I GOT MY APPOINTMENT—OF COURSE; AND I GOT IT VERY QUICK. IT APPEARS THE NEWS THAT ONE OF THEIR CAPTAINS HAD BEEN KILLED IN A SCUFFLE WITH THE NATIVES. TH MADE ME THE MORE ANXIOUS TO GO. IT WAS ONLY MONTHS AND MONTHS AFTERWARDS, I TO RECOVER WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE BODY, THAT I HEARD THE ORIGINAL QUARREL AROSE ABOUT SOME HENS. YES, TWO BLACK HENS. FRESLEVEN—THAT WAS THE FELLOW'S NAME, I WRONGED SOMEHOW IN THE BARGAIN, SO HE WENT ASHORE AND STARTED TO HAMMER T WITH A STICK. OH, IT DIDN'T SURPRISE ME IN THE LEAST TO HEAR THIS, AND AT THE SAME TI EN WAS THE GENTLEST, QUIETEST CREATURE THAT EVER WALKED ON TWO LEGS COUPLE OF YEARS ALREADY OUT THERE ENGAGED IN THE NOBLE CAUSE, YOU I AT LAST OF ASSERTING HIS SELF-RESPECT IN SOME WAY. THEREFORE HE WHACI A BIG CROWD OF HIS PEOPLE WATCHED HIM, THUNDERSTRUCK, TILL SOME MAI PERATION AT HEARING THE OLD CHAP YELL, MADE A TENTATIVE JAB WITH A SPE IT WENT QUITE EASY BETWEEN THE SHOULDER-BLADES. THEN THE WHOLE POPL EXPECTING ALL KINDS OF CALAMITIES TO HAPPEN, WHILE, ON THE OTHER HANL LEFT ALSO IN A BAD PANIC, IN CHARGE OF THE ENGINEER, I BELIEVE. AFTERWAR ABOUT FRESLEVEN'S REMAINS, TILL I GOT OUT AND STEPPED INTO H WHEN AN OPPORTUNITY OFFERED AT LAST TO MEET MY PREDECESS TALL ENOUGH TO HIDE HIS BONES. THEY WERE ALL THERE. THE SUPE FELL. AND THE VILLAGE WAS DESERTED, THE HUTS GAPPED BLACK, R C A CALAMITY HAD COME TO IT, SURE ENOUGH. THE PEOPLE HAD VAN WOMEN, AND CHILDREN, THROUGH THE BUSH, AND THEY HAD NEVE KNOW EITHER. I SHOULD THINK THE CAUSE OF PROGRESS GOT THEI AFFAIR I GOT MY APPOINTMENT, BEFORE I HAD FAIRLY BEGUN TO HC AND BEFORE FORTY-EIGHT HOURS I WAS CROSSING THE CONTRACT. IN A VERY FEW HOURS I ARRIVED IN A CITY T DICE NO DOUBT. I HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN FINDING THE C AND EVERYBODY I MET WAS FULL OF IT. THEY WERE GOIN BY TRADE. «A NARROW AND DESERTED STREET IN DEEP : TIAN BLINDS, A DEAD SILENCE, GRASS SPROUTING BETW LEFT, IMMENSE DOUBLE DOORS STANDING PONDEROUS A SWEEPED AND UNGARNISHED STAIRCASE, AS ARID AS A D

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• Roman use

ONE FAT AND THE OTHER SLIM, SAT ON STRAW-BOTTOMED CHAIRS, KNITTING BLACK WOOL. THE SLIM ONE GOT U WALKED STRAIGHT AT ME—STILL KNITTING WITH DOWNCAST EYES—AND ONLY JUST AS I BEGAN TO THINK OF GEI OUT OF HER WAY, AS YOU WOULD FOR A SOMNAMBULIST, STOOD STILL, AND LOOKED UP. HER DRESS WAS AS PLA AN UMBRELLA-COVER, AND SHE TURNED ROUND WITHOUT A WORD AND PRECEDED ME INTO A WAITING-ROOM. I MY NAME, AND LOOKED ABOUT. DEAL TABLE IN THE MIDDLE, PLAIN CHAIRS ALL ROUND THE WALLS, ON ONE END / SHINING MAP, MARKED WITH ALL THE COLORS OF A RAINBOW. THERE WAS A VAST AMOUNT OF RED—GOOD TO SI

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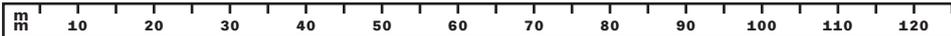
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**Victory, The
Lesson of the
Collision: A
Monograph
upon the loss
of the Empre**

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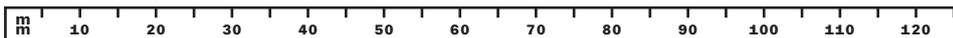


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HEART OF
DARKNESS,
JOSEPH T.
CONRAD,
THE END OF
THE TETHER,

Characters per line

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Her flat cloth slippers were propped up on a foot-warmer, and a cat reposed on her lap. She wore a starched white affair on her head, had a wart on one cheek, and silver-rimmed spectacles hung on the tip of her nose. She glanced at me above the glasses. The swift and indifferent placidity of that look troubled me. Two youths with foolish and cheery countenances were being piloted over, and she took the same quick glance of uncertainty and wisdom. She seemed to know about them and about me too. An emotion came over me. She seemed unfathomably fateful. Often far away there I saw these two, guarding the door

Characters per line

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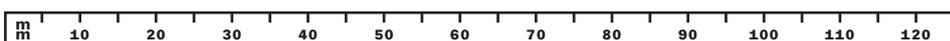
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• Italic use

knitting *black wool* as for a warm pall, and introducing, introducing continuously the



THERE WAS YET A VISIT TO THE DOC
 'A SIMPLE FORMALITY,' ASSURED ME
 SECRETARY, WITH AN AIR OF TAKING
 IMMENSE PART IN ALL MY SORROWS
 CORDINGLY A YOUNG CHAP WEARII
 HIS HAT OVER THE LEFT EYEBROW, S
 CLERK I SUPPOSE,—THERE MUST HA
 BEEN CLERKS IN THE BUSINESS, THO
 THE HOUSE WAS AS STIL
 IN A CITY OF THE DEAD,
 SOMEWHERE UP-STAIRS
 FORTH. HE WAS SHABBY
 WITH INK-STAINS ON THI
 JACKET, AND HIS CRAVA
 AND BILLOWY, UNDER A
 LIKE THE TOE OF AN OLI

| Characters per line

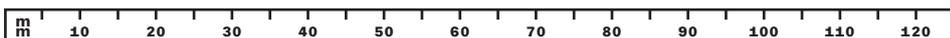
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• Italic use

LITTLE TOO EARLY FOR THE DOCTOR
I PROPOSED A DRINK, AND THEREUF



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‘Good, good for there,’ he mumbled, and then with a certain eagerness asked whether I would let him measure my head. Rather surprised, I said Yes, when I produced a thing like calipers and got the dimensions back and front and every way taking notes carefully. He was an unshaven little man in a threadbare coat like gaberdine, with his feet in slippers, and I thought him a harmless fool. ‘I always leave, in the interests of science, to measure the crania of those going out the said. ‘And when they come back, too?’ I asked. ‘Oh, I never see them,’ he remarked, ‘and, moreover, the changes take place inside, you know.’ He smiled, a quiet joke. ‘So you are going out there. Famous. Interesting too.’ He gave a quick glance, and made another note. ‘Ever any madness in your family?’ I asked in a matter-of-fact tone. I felt very annoyed. ‘Is that question in the interests of science too?’ ‘It would be,’ he said, without taking notice of my irritation. ‘For science to watch the mental changes of individuals, on the spot, is the business of an alienist?’ I interrupted. ‘Every doctor should be—a little,’ answered he, imperturbably. ‘I have a little theory which you Messieurs will have to prove. This is my share in the advantages of my country, and I am not in possession of such a magnificent dependency. The mere wealth of the world answers my questions, but you are the first Englishman coming under my notice. I hastened to assure him I was not in the least typical. ‘If I were talking like this with you.’ ‘What you say is rather profound,’ he said, with a laugh. ‘Avoid irritation more than excitement.’ ‘How do you English say, eh? Good-bye. Ah! Good-bye. Before everything keep calm.’ ... He lifted a warning hand. ‘Adieu.’ « One thing more remained to do—say good-bye to her triumphantly. I had a cup of tea—the last decent thing I had in a room that most soothingly looked just as you would expect. To look, we had a long quiet chat by the fireside. I had been so that it became quite plain to me I had been represented as a creature of and goodness knows to how many more of my kind—creature—a piece of good fortune for the world every day. Good heavens! and I was going to be carried off by a river-steamboat with a penny whistle at the end of one of the Workers, with a capital—you know, something like a lower sort of apostle. I had printed and talked just about that time, and I had

Characters per line

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• Italic use

of all that humbug, got carried off her feet. She talked about ‘weaning those ignorant millions from their horrid ways,’ till, upon my word, she made me quite uncomfortable. *I ventured to hint that the Company was run for profit.* « ‘You forget, dear Charlie, that the laborer is worthy of his hire,’ she said, brightly. It’s queer how

ODD THING THAT I, WHO USED TO CLEAR OUT FOR ANY PART OF THE WC AT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' NOTICE, WITH LESS THOUGHT THAN MOST ME GIVE TO THE CROSSING OF A STREET, HAD A MOMENT—I WON'T SAY OF TATION, BUT OF STARTLED PAUSE, BEFORE THIS COMMONPLACE AFFAIR BEST WAY I CAN EXPLAIN IT TO YOU IS BY SAYING THAT, FOR A SECOND (TWO, I FELT AS THOUGH, INSTEAD OF GOING TO THE CENTER OF A CONT WERE ABOUT TO SET OFF FOR THE CENTER OF THE EARTH. «I LEFT IN A F STEAMER, AND SHE CALLED IN EVERY BLAMED PORT THEY HAVE OUT TH FOR, AS FAR AS I COULD SEE, THE SOLE PURPOSE OF LANDII CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS. I WATCHED THE COAST. WATCHI SLIPS BY THE SHIP IS LIKE THINKING ABOUT AN ENIGMA. THI YOU—SMILING, FROWNING, INVITING, GRAND, MEAN, INSIPII AND ALWAYS MUTE WITH AN AIR OF WHISPERING, 'COME AN ONE WAS ALMOST FEATURELESS, AS IF STILL IN THE MAKING OF MONOTONOUS GRIMNESS. THE EDGE OF A COLOSSAL JI GREEN AS TO BE ALMOST BLACK, FRINGED WITH WHITE SUR LIKE A RULED LINE, FAR, FAR AWAY ALONG A BLU BLURRED BY A CREEPING MIST. THE SUN WAS FI GLISTEN AND DRIP WITH STEAM. HERE AND THEI SHOWED UP, CLUSTERED INSIDE THE WHITE SUF THEM PERHAPS. SETTLEMENTS SOME CENTURIE THAN PIN-HEADS ON THE UNTOUCHED EXPANSI WE POUNDED ALONG, STOPPED, LANDED SOLDI TOM-HOUSE CLERKS TO LEVY TOLL IN WHAT LO WILDERNESS, WITH A TIN SHED AND SOLDIERS—TO TAKE CARE OF THE C SOME, I HEARD, GOT DROWNED IN T NOBODY SEEMED PARTICULARLY TC AND ON WE WENT. EVERY DAY THE C WE HAD NOT MOVED; BUT WE PASSE WITH NAMES LIKE GRAN' BASSAM LI BELONG TO SOME SORDID FARCE A

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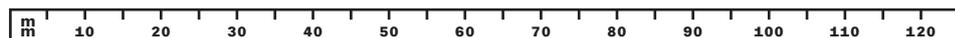
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• Italic use

THE IDLENESS OF A PASSENGER, MY ISOLATION AMONGST ALL THESE M WITH WHOM I HAD NO POINT OF CONTACT, THE OILY AND LANGUID SEA, UNIFORM SOMBERNESS OF THE COAST, SEEMED TO KEEP ME AWAY FRO TRUTH OF THINGS, WITHIN THE TOIL OF A MOURNFUL AND SENSELESS L



Pop, would go one of the eight-inch guns; a small flame would dart and vanish, a little white smoke would disappear, a tiny projectile would give a feeble screech—and nothing happened. Nothing happened. There was a touch of insanity in the proceeding, a sense of lugubrious drollery in the air, and it was not dissipated by somebody on board assuring me earnestly there was a camp of robbers, that he called them enemies!—hidden out of sight somewhere. «We gave her her letters (I heard that the men in that lonely ship were dying of fever at the rate of three a day) and went on. We called at several places with farcical names, where the merry dance of death and trade goes on in a still and eerie atmosphere as of an overheated catacomb; all along the formless coast bordered by mountains, as if Nature herself had tried to ward off intruders; in and out of rivers, streams of dark water, the banks were rotting into mud, whose waters, thickened into slime, invaded the continent, that seemed to writhe at us in the extremity of an impotent despair. Nowhere did we stop, we had to get a particularized impression, but the general sense of vague and oppressive violence pervaded me. It was like a weary pilgrimage amongst hints for nightmares. «It was upward of a week that I saw the mouth of the big river. We anchored off the seat of the government. But we did not begin till some two hundred miles farther on. So as soon as I could I made a detour of a few miles higher up. «I had my passage on a little sea-going steamer. Her captain, knowing me for a seaman, invited me on the bridge. He was a young man, thin, with long, lank hair and a shuffling gait. As we left the miserable little wharf, he took a long look at the shore. ‘Been living there?’ he asked. I said, ‘Yes.’ ‘Fine lot these government men, aren’t they?’ he went on, speaking English with great precision and considerable fluency. ‘Some people will do for a few francs a month. I wonder what becomes of the rest of the country?’ I said to him I expected to see that soon. ‘So-o-o!’ he said, looking one eye ahead vigilantly. ‘Don’t be too sure,’ he continued. ‘The government men hang themselves on the road. He was a Swede, too.’ ‘Hanged himself! Why?’ he asked, looking out watchfully. ‘Who knows? The sun too much for him?’ he said, and he opened a reach. A rocky cliff appeared, mounds of turned-up earth, and others, with iron roofs, amongst a waste of excavations, or rather a waste of the rapids above hovered over this scene of inhabited devastation. Men, naked, moved about like ants. A jetty projected into the water, and at times in a sudden recrudescence of glare. ‘There’s your government men,’ he said, to three wooden barrack-like structures on the rock. ‘That’s the government you say? So. Farewell.’ «I came upon a boiler wallow, a sort of a hill. It turned aside for the bowlders, and also for an open space, with its wheels in the air. One was off. The thing looked like a wheel upon more pieces of decaying machinery, a stack of iron, and a dark, shady spot, where dark things seemed to be moving. I saw the black people run. A hearse came out of the cliff, and that was all. No cars, no street cars, no railway. The cliff was not in the way or a hindrance. «A slight clinking behind me made me look back. They walked erect and slow, balancing themselves, kept time with their footsteps. Black rags

Characters per line

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• Italic use

wagged to and fro like tails. I could see every rib, the joints of their limbs were like knots in a chain, each had an iron collar on his neck, and all were connected together with a chain whose links were between them, rhythmically clinking. *Another report from the cliff made me think suddenly of the war I had seen firing into a continent. It was the same kind of ominous voice; but these men were by no stretch of imagination to be called enemies. They were called criminals, and the outraged*

ALL THEIR MEAGER BREASTS PANTED TOGETHER, THE VIOLENTLY DILATED NOSTRILS G
 THE EYES STARED STONILY UPHILL. THEY PASSED ME WITHIN SIX INCHES, WITHOUT A C
 WITH THAT COMPLETE, DEATHLIKE INDIFFERENCE OF UNHAPPY SAVAGES. BEHIND THIS
 MATTER ONE OF THE RECLAIMED, THE PRODUCT OF THE NEW FORCES AT WORK, STRO
 DESPONDENTLY, CARRYING A RIFLE BY ITS MIDDLE. HE HAD A UNIFORM JACKET WITH
 BUTTON OFF, AND SEEING A WHITE MAN ON THE PATH, HOISTED HIS WEAPON TO HIS S
 WITH ALACRITY. THIS WAS SIMPLE PRUDENCE, WHITE MEN BEING SO MUCH ALIKE AT A
 TANCE THAT HE COULD NOT TELL WHO I MIGHT BE. HE WAS SPEEDILY REASSURED, AND
 A LARGE, WHITE, RASCALLY GRIN, AND A GLANCE AT HIS CHARGE, SEEMED
 PARTNERSHIP IN HIS EXALTED TRUST. AFTER ALL, I ALSO WAS A PART OF TH
 THESE HIGH AND JUST PROCEEDINGS. «INSTEAD OF GOING UP, I TURNED
 TO THE LEFT. MY IDEA WAS TO LET THAT CHAIN-GANG GET OUT OF SIGHT I
 THE HILL. YOU KNOW I AM NOT PARTICULARLY TENDER; I'VE HAD TO STRIK
 I'VE HAD TO RESIST AND TO ATTACK SOMETIMES—THAT'S ONLY ONE WAY (I
 WITHOUT COUNTING THE EXACT COST, ACCORDING TO THE DEMANDS OF
 AS I HAD BLUNDERED INTO. I'VE SEEN THE DEVIL OF VIOLENCE, AND THE D
 THE DEVIL OF HOT DESIRE; BUT, BY ALL THE STARS! THESE WEI
 DEVILS, THAT SWAYED AND DROVE MEN—MEN, I TELL YOU. BU
 I FORESAW THAT IN THE BLINDING SUNSHINE OF THAT LAND I
 WITH A FLABBY, PRETENDING, WEAK-EYED DEVIL OF A RAPACI
 INSIDIOUS HE COULD BE, TOO, I WAS ONLY TO FIND OUT SEVE
 THOUSAND MILES FARTHER. FOR A MOMENT I STOOD APPALL
 FINALLY I DESCENDED THE HILL, OBLIQUELY, TOWARDS THE T
 A VAST ARTIFICIAL HOLE SOMEBODY HAD BEEN DIGGING ON
 WHICH I FOUND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DIVINE. IT WAS
 WAS JUST A HOLE. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN CONNEC
 GIVING THE CRIMINALS SOMETHING TO DO. I DOI
 NARROW RAVINE, ALMOST NO MORE THAN A SCA
 OF IMPORTED DRAINAGE-PIPES FOR THE SETTLEM
 WASN'T ONE THAT WAS NOT BROKEN. IT WAS A W
 THE TREES. MY PURPOSE WAS TO STROLL INTO TH
 WITHIN THAN IT SEEMED TO ME I HAD STEPPED IN
 RAPIDS WERE NEAR, AND AN UNINTEI
 THE MOURNFUL STILLNESS OF THE G
 WITH A MYSTERIOUS SOUND—AS TH
 SUDDENLY BECOME AUDIBLE. «BLAC
 LEANING AGAINST THE TRUNKS, CLIN
 WITHIN THE DIM LIGHT, IN ALL THE AT
 MINE ON THE CLIFF WENT OFF, FOLLC
 FEET. THE WORK WAS GOING ON. THE

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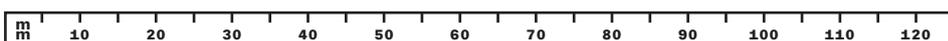
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• Italic use

HELPERS HAD WITHDRAWN TO DIE. «*THEY WERE DYING SLOWLY—IT WAS VERY CLEAR.
 WERE NOT ENEMIES, THEY WERE NOT CRIMINALS, THEY WERE NOTHING EARTHLY NOW
 NOTHING BUT BLACK SHADOWS OF DISEASE AND STARVATION, LYING CONFUSEDLY IN
 GREENISH GLOOM. BROUGHT FROM ALL THE RECESSES OF THE COAST IN ALL THE LEG
 OF TIME CONTRACTS, LOST IN UNCONGENIAL SURROUNDINGS, FED ON UNFAMILIAR F*



These moribund shapes were free as air—and nearly as thin. I began to distinguish the gleam of eyes under the trees glancing down, I saw a face near my hand. The black bones reclined at full length with one shoulder against the tree, slowly the eyelids rose and the sunken eyes looked up at me, enormous and vacant, a kind of blind, white flicker in the of the orbs, which died out slowly. The man seemed young—almost a boy—but you know with them it's hard to tell. I finding else to do but to offer him one of my good Swede's ship's biscuits I had in my pocket. The fingers closed slowly or held—there was no other movement and no other glance. He had tied a bit of white worsted round his neck—Why? What he get it? Was it a badge—an ornament—a charm—a propitiatory act? Was there any idea at all connected with it? It startling round his black neck, this bit of white thread from beyond the seas. «Near the same tree two more bur angles sat with their legs drawn up. One, with his chin propped on his knees, stared at nothing, in an intolerable manner: his brother phantom rested its forehead, as if overcome with a great weariness; and all about others were every pose of contorted collapse, as in some picture of a massacre or a pestilence. While I stood horror-struck, creatures rose to his hands and knees, and went off on all-fours towards the river to drink. He lapped out of his cup in the sunlight, crossing his shins in front of him, and after a time let his woolly head fall on his breastbone. «any more loitering in the shade, and I made haste towards the station. When near the buildings I met a white man unexpected elegance of get-up that in the first moment I took him for a sort of vision. I saw a high star light alpaca jacket, snowy trousers, a clear necktie, and varnished boots. No hat. Hair parted, brushed lined parasol held in a big white hand. He was amazing, and had a penholder behind his ear. «I shook and I learned he was the Company's chief accountant, and that all the bookkeeping was done at this : for a moment, he said, 'to get a breath of fresh air.' The expression sounded wonderfully odd, with its s desk-life. I wouldn't have mentioned the fellow to you at all, only it was from his lips that I first heard that is so indissolubly connected with the memories of that time. Moreover, I respected the fellow. Yes; I re vast cuffs, his brushed hair. His appearance was certainly that of a hairdresser's dummy; but land he kept up his appearance. That's backbone. His starched collars and got-up shirt-front He had been out nearly three years; and, later on, I could not help asking him how he managed the faintest blush, and said modestly, 'I've been teaching one of the native women about the distaste for the work.' This man had verily accomplished something. And he was devoted to order. «Everything else in the station was in a muddle,—heads, things, buildings. Strings of arrived and departed; a stream of manufactured goods, rubbishy cottons, beads, and brass ness, and in return came a precious trickle of ivory. «I had to wait in the station for yard, but to be out of the chaos I would sometimes get into the accountant's office: badly put together that, as he bent over his high desk, he was barred from neck to was no need to open the big shutter to see. It was hot there too; big flies buzzed f generally on the floor, while, of faultless appearance (and even slightly scented), Sometimes he stood up for exercise. When a truckle-bed with a sick man (some in there, he exhibited a gentle annoyance. 'The groans of this sick person,' he said, d extremely difficult to guard against clerical errors in this climate.' «One interior you will no doubt meet Mr. Kurtz.' On my asking who Mr. Kurtz v disappointment at this information, he added slowly, laying down his pen elicited from him that Mr. Kurtz was at present in charge of a trading post 'the very bottom of there. Sends in as much ivory as all the others put t too ill to groan. The flies buzzed in a great peace. «Suddenly there was feet. A caravan had come in. A violent babble of uncouth sounds burst speaking together, and in the midst of the uproar the lament: the twentieth time that day... He rose slowly. 'What a frightful and returning, said to me, 'He does not hear.' 'What! Dead?' I ; Then, alluding with a toss of the head to the tumult in the stal to hate those savages—hate them to the death.' He remained him from me that everything here'—he glanced at the desk— messengers of ours you never know who may get hold of you

Characters per line

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↳ Italic use

with his mild, bulging eyes. 'Oh, he will go far, very far,' he began again. 'He will be a somebody in the Administration I They, above—the Council in Europe, you know—mean him to be.' «He turned to his work. The noise outside had ceased presently in going out I stopped at the door. In the steady buzz of flies *the homeward-bound agent* was lying flushed ; insensible; the other, bent over his books, was making correct entries of perfectly correct transactions; and fifty feet doorstep *I could see the still tree-tops of the grove of death.* «Next day I left that station at last, with a caravan of six two-hundred-mile tramp. «No use telling you much about that. Paths, paths, everywhere; a stamped-in network of pa

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ONCE A WHITE MAN IN AN UNBUTTONED UNIFORM, CAMPING ON THE PATH WITH AN ARMED ESCORT OF LAI ZANZIBARIS, VERY HOSPITABLE AND FESTIVE—NOT TO SAY DRUNK. WAS LOOKING AFTER THE UPKEEP OF TH ROAD, HE DECLARED. CAN'T SAY I SAW ANY ROAD OR ANY UPKEEP, UNLESS THE BODY OF A MIDDLE-AGED N GRO, WITH A BULLET-HOLE IN THE FOREHEAD, UPON WHICH I ABSOLUTELY STUMBLED THREE MILES FARTHEI ON, MAY BE CONSIDERED AS A PERMANENT IMPROVEMENT. I HAD A WHITE COMPANION TOO, NOT A BAD CH BUT RATHER TOO FLESHY AND WITH THE EXASPERATING HABIT OF FAINTING ON THE HOT HILLSIDES, MILES / FROM THE LEAST BIT OF SHADE AND WATER. ANNOYING, YOU KNOW, TO HOLD YOUR OWN COAT LIKE A PAR/ OVER A MAN'S HEAD WHILE HE IS COMING-TO. I COULDN'T HELP ASKING HIM ONCE WHAT HE MEANT BY COI THERE AT ALL. 'TO MAKE MONEY, OF COURSE. WHAT DO YOU THINK?' HE SAID, SCORNFULLY. THEN HE GOT FI AND HAD TO BE CARRIED IN A HAMMOCK SLUNG UNDER A POLE. AS HE WEIGHED SIXTEEN STONE I HAD NO / OF ROWS WITH THE CARRIERS. THEY JIBBED, RAN AWAY, SNEAKED OFF WITH THEIR LOADS IN TH MUTINY. SO, ONE EVENING, I MADE A SPEECH IN ENGLISH WITH GESTURES, NOT ONE OF WHICH ' SIXTY PAIRS OF EYES BEFORE ME, AND THE NEXT MORNING I STARTED THE HAMMOCK OFF IN FF AN HOUR AFTERWARDS I CAME UPON THE WHOLE CONCERN WRECKED IN A BUSH—MAN, HAMM BLANKETS, HORRORS. THE HEAVY POLE HAD SKINNED HIS POOR NOSE. HE WAS VERY ANXIOUS SOMEBODY, BUT THERE WASN'T THE SHADOW OF A CARRIER NEAR. I REMEMBERED THE OLD DO BE INTERESTING FOR SCIENCE TO WATCH THE MENTAL CHANGES OF INDIVIDUALS, ON THE SPO BECOMING SCIENTIFICALLY INTERESTING. HOWEVER, ALL THAT IS TO NO PURPOSE. ON THE FIFT IN SIGHT OF THE BIG RIVER AGAIN, AND HOBBLING INTO THE CENTRAL STATION. IT WAS ON A BAC ROUNDED BY SCRUB AND FOREST, WITH A PRETTY BORDER OF SMELLY MUD ON ONE SIDE, AND OTHERS INCLOSED BY A CRAZY FENCE OF RUSHES. A NEGLECTED GAP WAS ALL THE GLANCE AT THE PLACE WAS ENOUGH TO LET YOU SEE THE FLABBY DEVIL WAS RUNN WITH LONG STAVES IN THEIR HANDS APPEARED LANGUIDLY FROM AMONGST THE BI TAKE A LOOK AT ME, AND THEN RETIRED OUT OF SIGHT SOMEWHERE. ONE OF THEM, WITH BLACK MUSTACHES, INFORMED ME WITH GREAT VOLUBILITY AND MANY DIGRI HIM WHO I WAS, THAT MY STEAMER WAS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER. I WAS THUN OH, IT WAS 'ALL RIGHT' THE 'MANAGER HIMSELF' WAS THERE. ALL QUITE CORRECT. 'E SPLENDIDLY! SPLENDIDLY!'—'YOU MUST,' HE SAID IN AGITATION, 'GO AND SEE THE GI IS WAITING!' «I DID NOT SEE THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THAT WRECK AT ONCE. I FA SURE—NOT AT ALL. CERTAINLY THE AFFAIR WAS TOO STUPID—WHEN I THINK OF IT—1 STILL... BUT AT THE MOMENT IT PRESENTED ITSELF SIMPLY AS A CONFOU THEY HAD STARTED TWO DAYS BEFORE IN A SUDDEN HURRY UP THE RIV CHARGE OF SOME VOLUNTEER SKIPPER, AND BEFORE THEY HAD BEEN (OUT OF HER ON STONES, AND SHE SANK NEAR THE SOUTH BANK. I ASKE MY BOAT WAS LOST. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I HAD PLENTY TO DO IN FISH I HAD TO SET ABOUT IT THE VERY NEXT DAY. THAT, AND THE REPAIRS WH TION, TOOK SOME MONTHS. «MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE MANAGER DOWN AFTER MY TWENTY-MILE WALK THAT MORNING. HE WAS COMMO MANNERS, AND IN VOICE. HE WAS OF MIDDLE SIZE AND OF ORDINARY B/ PERHAPS REMARKABLY COLD, AND HE CERTAINLY COULD MAKE HIS GL HEAVY AS AN AX. BUT EVEN AT THESE TIMES THE REST OF HI: ERWISE THERE WAS ONLY AN INDEFINABLE, FAINT EXPRESSI: A SMILE—I REMEMBER IT, BUT I CAN'T EXPLAIN. IT WAS UNCC HAD SAID SOMETHING IT GOT INTENSIFIED FOR AN INSTANT PLIED ON THE WORDS TO MAKE THE MEANING OF THE COM HE WAS A COMMON TRADER, FROM HIS YOUTH UP EMPLOYI: YET HE INSPIRED NEITHER LOVE NOR FEAR, NOR EVEN RESP NESS. NOT A DEFINITE MISTRUST—JUST UNEASINESS—NOT: A... A... FACULTY CAN BE. HE HAD NO GENIUS FOR ORGANIZIN DENT IN SUCH THINGS AS THE DEPLORABLE STATE OF THE S

Characters per line 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90

• Italic use

HIS POSITION HAD COME TO HIM—WHY? PERHAPS BECAUSE HE WAS NEVER ILL... HE HAD SERVED THREE TEI THREE YEARS OUT THERE... *BECAUSE TRIUMPHANT HEALTH IN THE GENERAL ROUT OF CONSTITUTIONS IS A I POWER IN ITSELF. WHEN HE WENT HOME ON LEAVE HE RIOTED ON A LARGE SCALE—POMPOUSLY. JACK ASH/ WITH A DIFFERENCE—IN EXTERNALS ONLY. THIS ONE COULD GATHER FROM HIS CASUAL TALK. HE ORIGINATI NOTHING, HE COULD KEEP THE ROUTINE GOING—THAT'S ALL. BUT HE WAS GREAT. HE WAS GREAT BY THIS LI' THING THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHAT COULD CONTROL SUCH A MAN. HE NEVER GAVE THAT SECRI*

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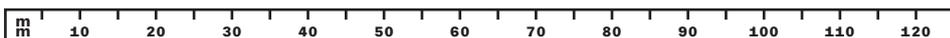
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***The Mirror of
the Sea, Lord
Jim, Chance,
The Secret
Agent, Youth,
Freya of the***

| Characters per line

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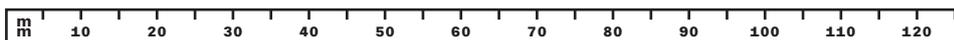
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***ROMANCE,
THE INN OF
THE TWO
WITCHES, A
PERSONAL
RECORD, IL***

| Characters per line

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When annoyed at meal-times by the constant quarrels of the white men about precedence, he ordered an immense round table to be made, for which a special hall had to be built. This was the station's mess room. Where he sat was the first place—the rest were nowhere. One felt this to his unalterable conviction. He was neither civil nor uncivil. He was quiet like his 'boy'—an overfed young negro from the coast—to treat the white men with his very eyes, with provoking insouciance. He began to speak as soon as he had been very long on the road and did not wait. Had to start without delay. At river stations had to be relieved

Characters per line

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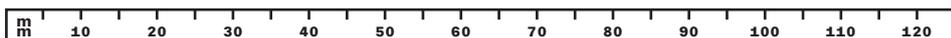
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• Roman use

been so many delays already that he did not know who was dead and who was a



HANG KURTZ, I THOUGHT. I INTERRUPTED HIM BY SAYING I HAD HEARD OF KURTZ ON THE COAST. 'AH! SO THEY OF HIM DOWN THERE,' HE MURMURED HIMSELF. THEN HE BEGAN AGAIN, ASKING ME MR. KURTZ WAS THE BEST AS HE HAD, AN EXCEPTIONAL MAN, OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE TO THE COMPANY; THEREFORE I CALLED HIS ANXIETY. HE WAS, HE WAS VERY UNEASY.' CERTAINLY HE SAT ON HIS CHAIR A GOOD LONG TIME. 'AH, MR. KURTZ!' HE BROKE THE SEALING-WAX AND SEEMED DISTURBED BY THE ACCIDENT. HE WANTED TO KNOW 'HOW

Characters per line

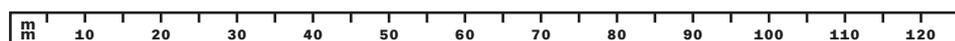
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• Roman use

TAKE TO' ... I INTERRUPTED HIM AGAIN BEING HUNGRY, YOU KNOW, AND KE



'Some months,' he said. 'Well, let us say three months before we can make a start. Yes. That ought to do the affair.' I flung out of his hut (he lived all alone in a clay hut with a sort of veranda) muttering to myself my opinion of him. He was a chatterbox, an idiot. Afterwards I took it back when it was borne in upon me startlingly with vast extreme nicety he had estimated the time requisite for the 'affair.' «I went to work the next day, turning, so to speak, my back on that station. In that way only it seemed to me I could keep my hold on the redeeming facts of life. Still, one must look at things sometimes; and then I saw this station, these men strolling aimlessly in the sunshine of the yard. I asked myself sometimes what it all meant. They were sitting here and there with their absurd long staves in their hands, like a lot of grims bewitched inside a rotten fence. The word 'ivory' rang in the air, and a man, as if in a red, was sighed. You would think they were praying to it. A taint of indignation blew through it all, like a whiff from some corpse. By Jove! I've never seen anything so unreal in my life. And outside, the silent wilderness surrounding the station, that speck on the earth struck me as something great and inviolable, waiting patiently for the passing away of this fantastic invasion. Well, never mind. Various things happened. One evening a crowd of men, carrying cotton prints, beads, and I don't know what else, burst into the station, and you would have thought the earth had opened to let an avalanche of that trash. I was smoking my pipe quietly by my dismantled workbench, and all cutting capers in the light, with their arms lifted high, with their long mustaches came tearing down to the river, a tin of matches in each hand. Everybody was 'behaving splendidly, splendidly,' and tore back again. I noticed there was a hole in the wall, and I led up. There was no hurry. You see the thing had been hopeless from the very first. The flame had been back, lighted up everything—and collapsed. The man was glowing fiercely. A nigger was being beaten near the fire in some way; be that as it may, he was sitting on the ground, on, for several days, sitting in a bit of shade, and talking to himself: afterwards he arose and went back to his work, and hid himself in his bosom again. As I approached the station, the back of two men, talking. I heard them say, 'I'll take advantage of this unfortunate accident, and I wished him a good evening. 'Did you ever

Characters per line

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• Roman use

he said, and walked off. The other man remained. He was a first-class agent, you would say, a gentlemanly, a bit reserved, with a forked little beard and a hooked nose. He was a bit stand-offish with the other agents, and they on their side said he was the manager's spy upon them. As to me, I had hardly ever spoken to him before. We got

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THEY BEGUILED THE TIME BY BACKBITING AND INTRIGUING AGAINST EACH OTHER IN A FOOLISH KIND OF WAY. THERE WAS AN AIR OF PLOTTING ABOUT THAT STATION, BUT NOTHING CAME OF IT, OF COURSE. IT WAS AS UNREAL AS EVERYTHING ELSE—AS THE PHILANTHROPIC PRETENSE OF THE WHOEVER CONCERN, AS THEIR TALK, AS THEIR GOVERNMENT, AS THEIR SHOW OF FORCE. THE ONLY REAL FEELING WAS A DESIRE TO GET APPOINTED TO A TRADING-POST WHERE IVORY WAS TO BE HAD, SO THAT THEY COULD EARN PERCENTAGES. THEY INTRIGUED AND SLANDERED AND HATED EACH OTHER ON THAT ACCOUNT,—BUT AS TO EFFECTUALLY LIFTING A LITTLE BIT BY HEAVENS! THERE IS SOMETHING AFTER ALL IN THE WORLD FOR A MAN TO STEAL A HORSE WHILE ANOTHER MUST NOT LOOK AT A HORSE STRAIGHT OUT. VERY WELL. HE HAS DONE IT. PERHAPS, BUT THERE IS A WAY OF LOOKING AT A HALTER THAT WOULD TURN THE MOST CHARITABLE OF SAINTS INTO A KICK. «I HAD NO IDEA THAT I TO BE SOCIABLE, BUT AS WE CHATTED IN THERE IT SUDDENLY OCCURRED TO ME THE FELLOW WAS TRYING TO GET AT SOMETHING—IN FACT HE ALLUDED CONSTANTLY TO EUROPE, TO THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD THERE—PUTTING LEADING QUESTIONS AS TO MEXICO, CALIFORNIA, SEPULCHRAL CITY, AND SO ON. HIS LITTLE EYES GLIMMERED WITH CURIOSITY,—THOUGH HE TRIED TO KEEP THEM DOWN. AT FIRST I WAS ASTONISHED, BUT VERY SOON I BEGAN TO SEE WHAT HE WOULD FIND OUT FROM ME. I COULD NOT DENY THAT I HAD IN ME TO MAKE IT WORTH HIS WHILE. IT WAS CLEAR THAT HE WAS BAFLED HIMSELF, FOR IN TRUTH MY BODY AND MY HEAD HAD NOTHING IN IT BUT THAT WHICH WAS EVIDENT HE TOOK ME FOR A PERFECT FOOL. HE GOT ANGRY, AND TO CONCEAL HIS ANGER HE YAWNED. I ROSE. THEN I NOTICED A MAN REPRESENTING A WOMAN, DRAPED IN A BLACK CLOAK WITH A TORCH. THE BACKGROUND WAS SO DARK THAT THE WOMAN WAS STATELY, AND THE MAN WAS SINISTER. «IT ARRESTED ME, AN

Characters per line

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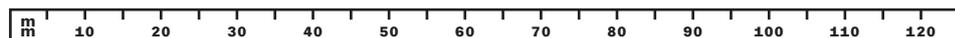
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• Roman use

PINT CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE (MEDICAL COMFORTS) WITH THE CANDLE STICK IN IT. TO MY QUESTION HE SAID MR. KURTZ HAD PAINTED THIS—IN THIS STATION MORE THAN A YEAR AGO—WHILE WAITING FOR MEANS TO GO TO A TRADING-POST. ‘TELL ME, PRAY,’ SAID I, ‘WHO IS THIS MR. KURTZ?’ «‘THE C



OF COURSE IN THIS YOU FELLOWS SEE MORE THAN I COULD THEN. YOU SEE ME, WHOM KNOW... » IT HAD BECOME SO PITCH DARK THAT WE LISTENERS COULD HARDLY SEE ONE ANOTHER. FOR A LONG TIME ALREADY HE, SITTING APART, HAD BEEN NO MORE TO US THAN A VOICE. THERE WAS NOT A WORD FROM ANYBODY. THE OTHERS MIGHT HAVE BEEN ASLEEP BUT I WAS AWAKE. I LISTENED, I LISTENED ON THE WATCH FOR THE SENTENCE, FOR THE WORD THAT WOULD GIVE ME THE CLEW TO THE FAINT UNEASINESS INSPIRED BY THIS NARRATIVE THAT SEEMED TO SHAPE ITSELF WITHOUT HUMAN LIPS IN THE HEAVY NIGHT-AIR OF THE NIGHT. «... YES—I LET HIM RUN ON,» MARLOW BEGAN AGAIN, «AND THINK WHAT HE PLEASSED AND THE POWERS THAT WERE BEHIND ME. I DID! AND THERE WAS NOTHING BEHIND ME BUT NOTHING BUT THAT WRETCHED, OLD, MANGLED STEAMBOAT I WAS LEANING OVER. HE TALKED FLUENTLY ABOUT 'THE NECESSITY FOR EVERY MAN TO GET ON.' 'ABOUT HERE, YOU CONCEIVE, IT IS NOT TO GAZE AT THE MOON.' MR. KURTZ WAS A GENIUS, BUT EVEN A GENIUS WOULD FIND IT EASIER TO WORK WITH 'ADEQUATELY INTELLIGENT MEN.' HE DID NOT MAKE BRICKS—WHY, THERE WAS A PHYSICIAN IN THE WAY—AS I WAS WELL AWARE; AND IF HE DID SECRETARIAL WORK FOR THE COMPANY WAS BECAUSE 'NO SENSIBLE MAN REJECTS WANTONLY THE CONFIDENCE OF A MAN WHO DID IT? I SAW IT. WHAT MORE DID I WANT? WHAT I REALLY WANTED WAS HEAVEN! RIVETS. TO GET ON WITH THE WORK—TO STOP THE HULL FROM LEAKING—WERE CASES OF THEM DOWN AT THE COAST—CASES—PILED UP IN THE YARD LIKE A LOOSE RIVET AT EVERY SECOND STEP IN THAT STATION YARD. THE COMPANY BOAT ROLLED INTO THE GROVE OF DEATH. YOU COULD FILL YOUR FINGERS WITH THE TROUBLE OF STOOPING DOWN—AND THERE WASN'T ONE RIVET TO BE HAD. I WANTED. WE HAD PLATES THAT WOULD DO, BUT NOTHING TO DO WITH RIVETS. WEEK THE MESSENGER, A LONE NEGRO, LETTER-BAG ON SHOULDER, LEFT OUR STATION FOR THE COAST. AND SEVERAL DAYS LATER HE CAME BACK WITH IN WITH TRADE GOODS,—GHASTLY GLAZED CALICO, GLASS BEADS, AND A PENNY WORTH OF HANDKERCHIEFS. AND NO RIVETS. THREE CARRIAGES WERE BROKE. HE WANTED TO SET THAT STEAMBOAT AFLOAT. «HE WOULD HAVE BEEN VERY FANCY MY UNRESPONSIVE ATTITUDE MUST HAVE BEEN NECESSARY TO INFORM ME HE FEARED NEITHER THE DARKNESS NOR THE MAN. I SAID I COULD SEE THAT VERY WELL, BUT WITHOUT RIVETS—AND RIVETS WERE WHAT REALLY MATTERED. LETTERS WENT TO THE COAST EVERY WEEK. I DEMANDED RIVETS. THERE WAS A WAR ON. THE NIGHT BECAME VERY COLD, AND SUDDENLY IT RAINED. WHETHER SLEEPING ON BOARD THE BOAT OR NOT, I WASN'T DISTURBED. THERE WAS AN ANGLE OF LIGHT FROM THE BANK AND ROAMING AT NIGHT THROUGH THE COAST AND OUT IN A BODY AND EMPTY EVERY RIVET.

Characters per line

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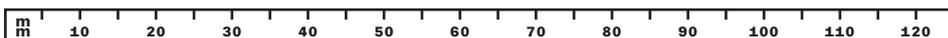
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• Roman use

SAT UP O' NIGHTS FOR HIM. ALL THIS ENERGY WAS WASTED, THOUGH. 'THAT ANIMAL HAD A CHARMED LIFE,' HE SAID; 'BUT YOU CAN SAY THIS ONLY OF BRUTES IN THIS COUNTRY. I AM A MAN—YOU APPREHEND ME?—NO MAN HERE BEARS A CHARMED LIFE.' HE STOOD THERE FOR A MOMENT IN THE MOONLIGHT WITH HIS DELICATE HOOKED NOSE SET A LITTLE ASKEW AND HIS MICA EYES GLITTERING WITHOUT A WINK, THEN, WITH A CURT GOOD NIGHT, HE



No influential friend would have served me better. She had given me a chance to come out a bit—to find out what I could do. No, I don't like work. I had rather laze about and think of all the fine things that can be done. I don't like work—no man but I like what is in the work,—the chance to find yourself. Your own reality—for yourself, not for others—what no other ever know. They can only see the mere show, and never can tell what it really means. «I was not surprised to see some sitting aft, on the deck, with his legs dangling over the mud. You see I rather chummed with the few mechanics there in that station, whom the other pilgrims naturally despised—on account of their imperfect manners, I suppose. This was a foreman—a boiler-maker by trade—a good worker. He was a lank, bony, yellow-faced man, with big intense eyes. His hair was worried, and his head was as bald as the palm of my hand; but his hair in falling seemed to have stuck to his head prospered in the new locality, for his beard hung down to his waist. He was a widower with six young children in charge of a sister of his to come out there), and the passion of his life was pigeon-flying. He was an expert connoisseur. He would rave about pigeons. After work hours he used sometimes to come over from his hut for a children and his pigeons; at work, when he had to crawl in the mud under the bottom of the steamboat, he would have a beard of his in a kind of white serviette he brought for the purpose. It had loops to go over his ears. In the evening he had been squatted on the bank rinsing that wrapper in the creek with great care, then spreading it solemnly on a bench. «I slapped him on the back and shouted, 'We shall have rivets!' He scrambled to his feet exclaiming 'I couldn't believe his ears. Then in a low voice, 'You... eh?' I don't know why we behaved like lunatics. I poked my nose and nodded mysteriously. 'Good for you!' he cried, snapped his fingers above his head, lifting his feet, capered on the iron deck. A frightful clatter came out of that hulk, and the virgin forest on the other bank rolled back in a thundering roll upon the sleeping station. It must have made some of the pilgrims sit up in their beds, but the lighted doorway of the manager's hut, vanished, then, a second or so after, the doorway stopped, and the silence driven away by the stamping of our feet flowed back again from the recesses of the wall of vegetation, an exuberant and entangled mass of trunks, branches, leaves, boughs, ferns, and light, was like a rioting invasion of soundless life, a rolling wave of plants, piled up, crested, and swept every little man of us out of his little existence. And it moved not. A deadened burr reached us from afar, as though an ichthyosaurus had been taking a bath of glitter in the gutter. The foreman made in a reasonable tone, 'why shouldn't we get the rivets?' Why not, indeed! I did not know. 'They'll come in three weeks,' I said confidently. «But they didn't. Instead of rivets there came a heavy rain. It came in sections during the next three weeks, each section headed by a donkey cart and tan shoes, bowing from that elevation right and left to the impressed pilgrims: niggers trod on the heels of the donkeys; a lot of tents, camp-stools, tin boxes, were pitched in the courtyard, and the air of mystery would deepen a little over the middle of the town. Their absurd air of disorderly flight with the loot of innumerable outfit shops and their packs were lugging, after a raid, into the wilderness for equitable division. It was an interesting thing, but that human folly made look like the spoils of thieving. «This devoted band of men, and I believe they were sworn to secrecy. Their talk, however, was the talk of hardihood, greedy without audacity, and cruel without courage; there was no mercy in the whole batch of them, and they did not seem aware these things are not done of the bowels of the land was their desire, with no more moral purpose than a dog. Who paid the expenses of the noble enterprise I don't know; but the foreman resembled a butcher in a poor neighborhood, and his eyes had a certain glint of ostentation on his short legs, and during the time his gang infested the town, these two roaming about all day long with their heads close together in conversation about the rivets. One's capacity for that kind of folly is more than I had. I had plenty of time for meditation, and now and then I would think of the Still, I was curious to see whether this man, who had come out here after all, and how he would set about his work when there.» I heard voices approaching—and there were the nephew and the uncle, and had nearly lost myself in a doze, when somebody said in a low voice to be dictated to. Am I the manager—or am I not? I was order

Characters per line

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↳ Roman use

two were standing on the shore alongside the forepart of the steamboat, just below my head. I did not move; it did not seem to me to move: I was sleepy. 'It is unpleasant,' grunted the uncle. 'He has asked the Administration to be sent there,' said the nephew 'with the idea of showing what he could do; and I was instructed accordingly. Look at the influence that man must have! How frightful?' They both agreed it was frightful, then made several bizarre remarks: 'Make rain and fine weather—one more Council—by the nose'—bits of absurd sentences that got the better of my drowsiness, so that I had pretty near the wits about me when the uncle said, 'The climate may do away with this difficulty for you. Is he alone there?' 'Yes,' answered

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THE CLIMATE MAY DO AWAY WITH THIS DIFFICULTY FOR YOU. IS HE ALONE THERE?' 'YES,' ANSWERED THE MAN. 'HE SENT HIS ASSISTANT DOWN THE RIVER WITH A NOTE TO ME IN THESE TERMS: «CLEAR THIS POOR DEVIL OUT OF THE COUNTRY, AND DON'T BOTHER SENDING MORE OF THAT SORT. I HAD RATHER BE ALONE THAN HAVE A KIND OF MEN YOU CAN DISPOSE OF WITH ME.» IT WAS MORE THAN A YEAR AGO. CAN YOU IMAGINE SUCH INDULGENCE!' 'ANYTHING SINCE THEN?' ASKED THE OTHER, HOARSELY. 'IVORY,' JERKED THE NEPHEW; 'LOTS OF IT—SORT—LOTS—MOST ANNOYING, FROM HIM.' 'AND WITH THAT?' QUESTIONED THE HEAVY RUMBLE. 'INVOICE,' THE REPLY FIRED OUT, SO TO SPEAK. THEN SILENCE. THEY HAD BEEN TALKING ABOUT KURTZ. «I WAS BROAD BY THIS TIME, BUT, LYING PERFECTLY AT EASE, REMAINED STILL, HAVING NO INDUCEMENT TO CHANGE MY POSITION. 'HOW DID THAT IVORY COME ALL THIS WAY?' GROWLED THE ELDER MAN, WHO SEEMED VERY VEXED. THE OTHER EXPLAINED THAT IT HAD COME WITH A FLEET OF CANOES IN CHARGE OF AN ENGLISH HALF-CASTE CALLED KURTZ HAD WITH HIM; THAT KURTZ HAD APPARENTLY INTENDED TO RETURN HIMSELF, THE STATUTE TIME BARE OF GOODS AND STORES, BUT AFTER COMING THREE HUNDRED MILES, HAD SUDDENLY TURNED BACK, WHICH HE STARTED TO DO ALONE IN A SMALL DUG-OUT WITH FOUR PADDLERS, LEAVING ME TO CONTINUE DOWN THE RIVER WITH THE IVORY. THE TWO FELLOWS THERE SEEMED ASTOUNDINGLY ATTEMPTING SUCH A THING. THEY WERE AT A LOSS FOR AN ADEQUATE MOTIVE. AS TO ME, I NEVER THOUGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME. IT WAS A DISTINCT GLIMPSE: THE DUG-OUT, FOUR PADDLING SAVAGES, AND A MAN TURNING HIS BACK SUDDENLY ON THE HEADQUARTERS, ON RELIEF, ON THOUGHTS OF HAVING TO HOLD HIS FACE TOWARDS THE DEPTHS OF THE WILDERNESS, TOWARDS HIS EMPTY AND DESOLATE WILDERNESS NOT KNOW THE MOTIVE. PERHAPS HE WAS JUST SIMPLY A FINE FELLOW WHO STUCK TO HIS WORK FOR HIS OWN SAKE. HIS NAME, YOU UNDERSTAND, HAD NOT BEEN PRONOUNCED ONCE. HE WAS 'THAT MAN.' THE MAN WHO, AS FAR AS I COULD SEE, HAD CONDUCTED A DIFFICULT TRIP WITH GREAT PRUDENCE. HE VARIABLY ALLUDED TO AS 'THAT SCOUNDREL.' THE 'SCOUNDREL' HAD REPORTED THAT HE HAD RECOVERED IMPERFECTLY... THE TWO BELOW ME MOVED AWAY THEN A FEW FEET AND FORTH AT SOME LITTLE DISTANCE. I HEARD: 'MILITARY POST—DOCTOR—TWO HUNDRED MILES NOW—UNAVOIDABLE DELAYS—NINE MONTHS—NO NEWS—STRANGE RUMORS.' THE OTHER MAN WAS SAYING, 'NO ONE, AS FAR AS I KNOW, UNLESS A SPECIES OF WILD MAN, SNAPPING IVORY FROM THE NATIVES.' WHO WAS IT THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT? SNATCHES THAT THIS WAS SOME MAN SUPPOSED TO BE IN KURTZ'S DISTRICT, AND I NEVER APPROVE. 'WE WILL NOT BE FREE FROM UNFAIR COMPETITION TILL ONE OF THEM DIES. AN EXAMPLE,' HE SAID. 'CERTAINLY,' GRUNTED THE OTHER; 'GET HIM HANGED! WHY NOT? IT CAN BE DONE IN THIS COUNTRY. THAT'S WHAT I SAY; NOBODY HERE, YOU KNOW YOUR POSITION. AND WHY? YOU STAND THE CLIMATE—YOU OUTLAST THEM THERE BEFORE I LEFT I TOOK CARE TO—' THEY MOVED OFF AND WHISPERED AN EXTRAORDINARY SERIES OF DELAYS IS NOT MY FAULT. I DID MY POSSIBLE. I NEVER THOUGHT THE PESTIFEROUS ABSURDITY OF HIS TALK,' CONTINUED THE OTHER; 'HERE HE IS. «EACH STATION SHOULD BE LIKE A BEACON ON THE ROAD TOWARDS THE FUTURE, OF COURSE, BUT ALSO FOR HUMANIZING, IMPROVING, INSTRUCTING.» (I NEVER THOUGHT TO BE MANAGER! NO, IT'S—' HERE HE GOT CHOKED BY EXCESSIVE INDIGNATION. I WAS SURPRISED TO SEE HOW NEAR THEY WERE—RIGHT UNDER ME THEY WERE LOOKING ON THE GROUND, ABSORBED IN THOUGHT. THE MAN WAS HOLDING A SLENDER TWIG: HIS SAGACIOUS RELATIVE LIFTED HIS HEAD. 'WHAT TIME?' HE ASKED. THE OTHER GAVE A START. 'WHO? I? OH! LIAR! GOODNESS! ALL SICK. THEY DIE SO QUICK, TOO, THAT I HATE THEM. IT'S INCREDIBLE!' 'H'M. JUST SO,' GRUNTED THE UNCLE. 'AH!' HE SAID. 'LET HIM EXTEND HIS SHORT FLIPPER OF AN ARM FOR A GESTURE TOWARDS THE RIVER,—SEEMED TO BECKON WITH A DISHONORING FLOURISHING APPEAL TO THE LURKING DEATH, TO THE HIDDEN EVIL, SO STARTLING THAT I LEAPED TO MY FEET AND LOOKED BACK. I NEVER EXPECTED AN ANSWER OF SOME SORT TO THAT BLACK DISPLAY. I NEVER THOUGHT THAT COME TO ONE SOMETIMES. THE HIGH STILLNESS CON-

Characters per line

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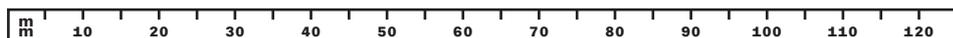
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↳ Roman use

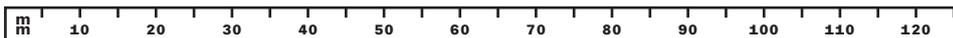
PATIENCE, WAITING FOR THE PASSING AWAY OF A FANTASTIC INVASION. «THEY SWORE ALOUD TOGETHER—SHEER FRIGHT, I BELIEVE—THEN PRETENDING NOT TO KNOW ANYTHING OF MY EXISTENCE, TURNED BACK TO THE STATION. THE SUN WAS LOW; AND LEANING FORWARD SIDE BY SIDE, THEY SEEMED TO BE TUGGING PAINFULLY UP THE HILL THEIR TWO RIDICULOUS SHADOWS OF UNEQUAL LENGTH, THAT TRAILED BEHIND THEM SLOWLY OVER THE GRASS WITHOUT BENDING A SINGLE BLADE. «IN A FEW DAYS THE ELDORADO EXPEDITION WENT INTO THE PASTURE WILDERNESS, THAT CLOSED UPON IT AS THE SEA CLOSES OVER A DIVER. LONG AFTERWARDS THE NEWS CA-



**Because of
the Dollars,
Freya of the
Seven Isles,
The Rescue,
Amy Foster,**

| Characters per line

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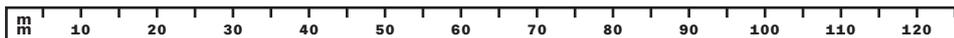


**WITHIN THE
TIDES, THE
SHADOW
LINE, LORD
JIM, NOTES
ON LIFE AN**

| Characters per line

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• Italic use



AND THIS STILLNESS OF LIFE DID NOT
 IN THE LEAST RESEMBLE A PEACE.
 WAS THE STILLNESS OF AN IMPLACABLE
 FORCE BROODING OVER AN INSCALABLE
 INTENTION. IT LOOKED AT YOU
 WITH A VENGEFUL ASPECT. I GOT UP
 TO IT AFTERWARDS; I DID NOT SEE
 ANY MORE; I HAD NO TIME. I HAD TO
 KEEP GUESSING AT THINGS I
 HAD TO DISCERN, MOSTLY
 MOTION, THE SIGNS OF HIS
 WATCHED FOR SUNKEI
 LEARNING TO CLAP MY HANDS
 BEFORE MY HEART FLEW
 SHAVED BY A FLUKE SCISSOR
 SLY OLD SNAG THAT WAS

Characters per line

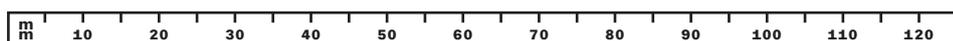
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• Italic use

PEP THE LIFE OUT OF *THE TIN-POT*
STEAMBOAT AND DROWNED ALL THE



The inner truth is hidden—luckily, luckily. But I felt it all the same; I felt of mysterious stillness watching me at my monkey tricks, just as it watches fellows performing on your respective tight-ropes for—what is it? half-a-tumble—» «Try to be civil, Marlow,» growled a voice, and I knew there at least one listener awake besides myself. «I beg your pardon. I forgot the tache which makes up the rest of the price. And indeed what does the price matter, if the trick be well done? You do your tricks very well. And I didn't do badly either, since I managed not to sink that steamboat on my first trip. I wonder to me yet. Imagine a blindfolded man set to drive a nail. I sweated and shivered over that business considerably, I can assure you. All, for a seaman, to scrape the bottom of the thing that's supported by the time under his care is the unpardonable sin. No one may say that I never forget the thump—eh? A blow on the very heart. You remember the dream of it, you wake up at night and think of it—years after—cold all over. I don't pretend to say that steamboat floated all the time. More than once she had to wade for a bit, with twenty cannibals splashing and pushing. We had enlisted some of these chaps and some of these fellows—cannibals—in their place. They were men who were very much to be am grateful to them. And, after all, they did not eat the things that they had brought along a provision of hippo-meat with which they dispelled the mystery of the wilderness stink in my nostrils. Perhaps I was the manager on board and three or four pilgrims with me. I was complete. Sometimes we came upon a station close by the shore, with the skirts of the unknown, and the white men rushing on board with great gestures of joy and surprise and with their hands held out as if they had the appearance of being held there by the wind. The sound would ring in the air for a while—and on every bend, on every empty reaches, round the still bends, between the banks, away, reverberating in hollow claps the pop of the paddles. The trees, trees, millions of trees, massive, impenetrable, foot, hugging the bank against the stream, the boat, like a sluggish beetle crawling on the

Characters per line

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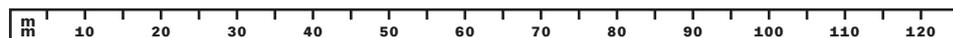
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• Italic use

you feel *very small, very lost*, and yet it was not altogether depressing, the feeling. After all, if you were small, *the grimy beetle crawled on*—which was just what you wanted it to do. Where the pilgrims imagined it crawled to, I don't know. To some place where they expected to get something, I bet! For me



THE DAWNS WERE HERALDED BY THE DESCENT OF A CHILL STILLNESS. WOODCUTTERS SLEPT, THEIR FIRES BURNED LOW; THE SNAPPING OF A TWIG WOULD MAKE YOU START. WE WERE WANDERERS ON A PREHISTORIC EARTH, ON AN EARTH THAT WORE THE ASPECT OF AN UNKNOWN PLANET. WE COULD HAVE FANCIED OURSELVES THE FIRST OF MEN TAKING POSSESSION OF AN ACCURSED INHERITANCE, TO BE SUBDUED AT THE CLOSE OF PROFOUND ANGUISH AND OF EXCESSIVE TOIL. BUT SUDDENLY, AS WE STRUGGLED ROUND A BEND, THERE WOULD BE A GLIMPSE OF RUSHES OF PEAKED GRASS-ROOFS, A BURST OF YELLS, A WHIRL OF BLACK MASS OF HANDS CLAPPING, OF FEET STAMPING, OF BODIES SWAYING, EYES ROLLING, UNDER THE DROOP OF HEAVY AND MOTIONLESS CANOES. THE STEAMER TOILED ALONG SLOWLY ON THE EDGE OF A BLACK INCOMPREHENSIBLE FRENZY. THE PREHISTORIC MAN WAS CURIOUSLY PRAYING TO US, WELCOMING US—WHO COULD TELL? WE WERE UNFAMILIAR FROM THE COMPREHENSION OF OUR SURROUNDINGS; WE GLIMPSED LIKE PHANTOMS, WONDERING AND SECRETLY APPALLED, AS WE WOULD BE BEFORE AN ENTHUSIASTIC OUTBREAK. WE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND, BECAUSE WE WERE TOO FAR AWAY TO REMEMBER, BECAUSE WE WERE TRAVELING IN THE REMAINS OF THOSE AGES THAT ARE GONE, LEAVING HARDLY ANY RECORDS. «THE EARTH SEEMED UNEARTHLY. WE ARE ALONE UPON THE SHACKLED FORM OF A CONQUERED MOUNTAIN. THERE YOU COULD LOOK AT A THING MONSTROUSLY UNEARTHLY, AND THE MEN WERE—NO, THEY WERE NOT MEN, YOU KNOW, THAT WAS THE WORST OF ALL, THAT THEY WERE BEING INHUMAN. IT WOULD COME SLOWLY, BUT IT WOULD LEAPED, AND SPUN, AND MADE HORRIBLE. THE WORST OF ALL WAS JUST THE THOUGHT OF THEIR HUMANITY. THE THOUGHT OF YOUR REMOTE KINSHIP WITH THIS UGLY. YES, IT WAS UGLY ENOUGH; BUT YOU WOULD ADMIT TO YOURSELF THAT THERE WAS NO TRACE OF A RESPONSE TO THE TERRIBLE

Characters per line

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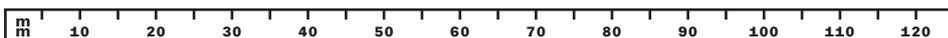
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• Italic use

DIM SUSPICION OF THERE BEING A MEANING IN IT WHICH YOU—YOU COULD NOT UNDERSTAND, BECAUSE YOU WERE TOO FAR AWAY TO REMEMBER, BECAUSE YOU WERE TRAVELING IN THE REMAINS OF THOSE AGES THAT ARE GONE, LEAVING HARDLY ANY RECORDS. AND WHY NOT? *THE MIND OF MAN IS CAPABLE OF ANYTHING*—BECAUSE THE MIND OF MAN IS CAPABLE OF ANYTHING—BECAUSE EVERYTHING IS IN IT, ALL THE PAST AS WELL AS ALL THE FUTURE. WHY



There was surface-truth enough in these things to save a wiser man. And between while had to look after the savage who was fireman. He was an improved specimen; he could up a vertical boiler. He was there below me, and, upon my word, to look at him was as easy as seeing a dog in a parody of breeches and a feather hat, walking on his hind-legs. A few months of training had done for that really fine chap. He squinted at the steam-gauge and at the water-gauge with an evident effort of intrepidity—and he had filed teeth too, the devil, and the wool of his pate shaved into queer patterns, and three ornamental scars each of his cheeks. He ought to have been clapping his hands and stamping his feet on the bank, instead of which he was hard at work, a thrall to strange witchcraft, full of intricate knowledge. He was useful because he had been instructed; and what he knew was that should the water in that transparent thing disappear, the evil spirit inside the boiler would get angry through the greatness of his thirst, and take a terrible vengeance. So he lit and fired up and watched the glass fearfully (with an impromptu charm, made of rattle to his arm, and a piece of polished bone, as big as a watch, stuck flatways through his lip), while the wooded banks slipped past us slowly, the short noise was left behind in interminable miles of silence—and we crept on, towards Kurtz. But the snags were everywhere; the water was treacherous and shallow, the boiler seemed indeed to have a mind of its own; thus neither that fireman nor I had any time to peer into our creepy thoughts. Below the Inner Station we came upon a hut of reeds, an inclined and mangled structure with the unrecognizable tatters of what had been a flag of some sort flying from the top, and a stacked woodpile. This was unexpected. We came to the bank, and on the ground we found a flat piece of board with some faded pencil-writing on it. When I read it I said, 'Wood for you. Hurry up. Approach cautiously.' There was a signature, but it was not Kurtz—a much longer word. 'Hurry up.' Where? Up the river? 'Approach cautiously.' I did not do so. But the warning could not have been meant for that purpose. I did not find after approach. Something was wrong above. But what was the question. We commented adversely upon the imbecility of the man who had written around said nothing, and would not let us look very far, either in the doorway of the hut, and flapped sadly in our faces. The man could see a white man had lived there not very long ago. There were two posts; a heap of rubbish reposed in a dark corner, and the door had lost its covers, and the pages had been thumbed into a mass of paper, but the back had been lovingly stitched afresh with yellow thread. It was an extraordinary find. Its title was, 'An Incident in the Life of a man Tower, Towson—some such name—Master in the Trade.' It was dreary reading enough, with illustrative diagrams and a list of names. The man was sixty years old. I handled this amazing antiquity with care lest it should dissolve in my hands. Within, Towson had written of the breaking strain of ships' chains and tackle, and other things. It was a book; but at the first glance you could see there a

Characters per line

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• Italic use

for the right way of going to work, which made these humble pages, thought out so many years ago, *luminous with another than a professional light*. The simple old sailor, with his tales of chains and purchases, made me forget the jungle and the pilgrims in a delicious sense of having come upon something unmistakably real. *Such a book being there was wonderful enough; but still more astounding were the notes penciled in the margin, and plainly re-*

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TO KEEP THE EYES SO LONG ON ONE THING WAS TOO MUCH FOR HUMAN PATIENCE. THE MANAGER DISPLAYED A BEAUTIFUL RESIGNATION. I FRETTED AND FUMED AND TOOK TO ARGUING WITH MYSELF WHETHER OR NO I WOULD TALK OPENLY WITH HIM, BUT BEFORE I COULD COME TO ANY CONCLUSION IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT MY SPEECH OR MY SILENCE, INDEED ANY ACTION OF MINE, WOULD BE A MERE FUTILENESS. WHAT DID IT MATTER WHAT ANYONE KNEW OR IGNORED? WHAT DID IT MATTER WHO WAS MANAGER? ONE GETS SOMETIMES SUCH A FLASH OF INSIGHT. THE ESSENTIAL OF THIS AFFAIR LAY DEEP UNDER THE SURFACE, BEYOND MY REACH, AND BEYOND THE POWER OF MEDDLING. «TOWARDS THE EVENING OF THE SECOND DAY WE JUDGE OURSELVES ABOUT EIGHT MILES FROM KURTZ'S STATION. I WANTED TO PUSH ON; THE MANAGER LOOKED GRAVE, AND TOLD ME THE NAVIGATION UP THE RIVER WAS SO DANGEROUS THAT IT WOULD BE ADVISABLE, THE SUN BEING VERY LOW, TO WAIT WHERE WE WERE TILL NEXT MORNING. MOREOVER, HE POINTED OUT THAT THE WARNINGS TO APPROACH CAUTIOUSLY WERE TO BE FOLLOWED, WE MUST START AT DAYLIGHT—NOT AT DUSK, OR IN THE DARK. THIS WAS SENSIBLE ENOUGH, BUT IT MEANT NEARLY THREE HOURS' STEAMING FOR US, AND I COULD ALSO SEE THE RIPPLES AT THE UPPER END OF THE REACH. NEVERTHELESS, I WAS ANGRY AT THE EXPRESSION AT THE DELAY, AND MOST UNREASONABLY TOO, SINCE ONE COULD NOT MATTER MUCH AFTER SO MANY MONTHS. AS WE HAD PLEASANTLY AND CAUTION WAS THE WORD, I BROUGHT UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE REACH WAS NARROW, STRAIGHT, WITH HIGH SIDES LIKE A WALL. A BOAT CAME GLIDING INTO IT LONG BEFORE THE SUN HAD SET. THE BOAT WAS FAST AND SWIFT, BUT A DUMB IMMOBILITY SAT ON THE BANKS. THE TREES TOGETHER BY THE CREEPERS AND EVERY LIVING BUSH OF THE JUNGLE HAD ALL HAVE BEEN CHANGED INTO STONE, EVEN TO THE SLENDER LEAF. IT WAS NOT SLEEP—IT SEEMED UNNATURAL, LIKE A SILENCE IN WHICH THE FAINTEST SOUND OF ANY KIND COULD BE HEARD. YOU LONGER TO BEGIN TO SUSPECT YOURSELF OF BEING DEAF—THEN THE BOAT STOPPED AND STRUCK YOU BLIND AS WELL. ABOUT THREE IN THE MORNING THE BOAT LEAPED, AND THE LOUD SPLASH MADE ME JUMP AS THOUGH I HAD BEEN WHEN THE SUN ROSE THERE WAS A WHITE FOG MORE BLINDING THAN THE NIGHT. IT DID NOT SHIFT COMPLETELY ALL ROUND YOU LIKE SOMETHING SOLID. AT EVERY POINT IT WAS AS IF A SHUTTER LIFTS. WE HAD A GLIMPSE OF THE TOP OF THE TOWER OF THE IMMENSE MATTED JUNGLE, WITH THE BLAZE OF LIGHT OVER IT—ALL PERFECTLY STILL—AND THEN THE BOAT MOVED ON SMOOTHLY, AS IF SLIDING IN GREASED GROOVE. THE BOAT HAD HAD BEGUN TO HEAVE IN, TO BE PAID OUT AGAIN, WHEN THERE WAS A MUFFLED RATTLE, A CRY, A VERY LOUD CRY, AND THEN SLOWLY IN THE OPAQUE AIR. IT CEASED. A CON

Characters per line

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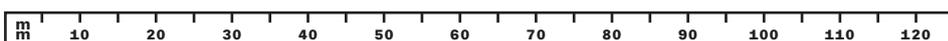
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IN SAVAGE DISCORDS, FILLED OUR EARS. THE SHEER UNEXPECTEDNESS OF IT MADE MY HAIR STIR UNDER MY CAP. I DON'T KNOW HOW IT STRUCK THE OTHERS: TO ME IT SEEMED AS THOUGH *THE MIST ITSELF HAD SCREAMED*, SO SUDDENLY, AND APPARENTLY FROM ALL SIDES AT ONCE, DID THIS TUMULTUOUS AND MOURNFUL UPROAR ARISING AND CULMINATED IN A HURRIED OUTBREAK OF ALMOST INTOLERABLY EXCESSIVE SHRI



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The rest of the world was nowhere, as far as our eyes and ears were concerned. Just nowhere. Gone, disapp swept off without leaving a whisper or a shadow behind. «I went forward, and ordered the chain to be hauled so as to be ready to trip the anchor and move the steamboat at once if necessary. 'Will they attack?' whispered awed voice. 'We will all be butchered in this fog,' murmured another. The faces twitched with the strain, the h trembled slightly, the eyes forgot to wink. It was very curious to see the contrast of expressions of the white and of the black fellows of our crew, who were as much strangers to that part of the river as we, though their were only eight hundred miles away. The whites, of course greatly discomposed, had besides a curious look painfully shocked by such an outrageous row. The others had an alert, naturally interested express were essentially quiet, even those of the one or two who grinned as they hauled at the chain. Several short, grunting phrases, which seemed to settle the matter to their satisfaction. Their headman, a y ed black, severely draped in dark-blue fringed cloths, with fierce nostrils and his hair all done up a lets, stood near me. 'Aha!' I said, just for good fellowship's sake. 'Catch 'im,' he snapped, with a bloo of his eyes and a flash of sharp teeth—'catch 'im. Give 'im to us.' 'To you, eh?' I asked; 'what would yc 'Eat 'im!' he said curtly, and, leaning his elbow on the rail, looked out into the fog in a dignified and | attitude. I would no doubt have been properly horrified, had it not occurred to me that he hungry: that they must have been growing increasingly hungry for at least this month pas for six months (I don't think a single one of them had any clear idea of time, as we at the e They still belonged to the beginnings of time—had no inherited experience to teach them long as there was a piece of paper written over in accordance with some farcical law or | didn't enter anybody's head to trouble how they would live. Certainly they had brought w meat, which couldn't have lasted very long, anyway, even if the pilgrims hadn't, in the mid thrown a considerable quantity of it overboard. It looked like a high-handed pri gitimate self-defense. You can't breathe dead hippo waking, sleeping, and eatir curious grip on existence. Besides that, they had given them every week three | inches long; and the theory was they were to buy their provisions with that curi how that worked. There were either no villages, or the people were hostile, or t out of tins, with an occasional old he-goat thrown in, didn't want to stop the ste. reason. So, unless they swallowed the wire itself, or made loops of it to snare th their extravagant salary could be to them. I must say it was paid with | ing company. For the rest, the only thing to eat—though it didn't look | was a few lumps of some stuff like half-cooked dough, of a dirty laven and then swallowed a piece of, but so small that it seemed done more purpose of sustenance. Why in the name of all the gnawing devils of I to five—and have a good tuck in for once, amazes me now when I thin much capacity to weigh the consequences, with courage, with streng glossy and their muscles no longer hard. And I saw that son probability, had come into play there. I looked at them with | to me I might be eaten by them before very long, though I o were—how unwholesome the pilgrims looked, and I hoped, shall I say?—so—unappetizing: a touch of fantastic vanity w my days at that time. Perhaps I had a little fever too. One ca often 'a little fever,' or a little touch of other things—the play before the more serious onslaught which came ir with a curiosity of their impulses, motives, capaci necessity. Restraint! What possible restraint? Wa honor? No fear can stand up to hunger, no patien as to superstition, beliefs, and what you may call | devilry of lingering starvation, its exasperating to I do. It takes a man all his inborn strength to fight

Characters per line

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+ Italic use

and the perdition of one's soul—than this kind of prolonged hunger. *Sad, but true.* And these chaps too had n reason for any kind of scruple. Restraint! I would just as soon have expected restraint from a hyena prowling *the corpses of a battlefield.* But there was the fact facing me—the fact dazzling, to be seen, like the foam on t of the sea, *like a ripple on an unfathomable enigma, a mystery greater—*when I thought of it—than the curiou cable note of desperate grief in this savage clamor that had swept by us on the river-bank, behind the blind v of the fog. Two pilgrims were quarreling in hurried whispers as to which bank. 'Left.' 'No, no; how can you? Ri

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TWO PILGRIMS WERE QUARRELING IN HURRIED WHISPERS AS TO WHICH BANK. 'LEFT?' 'NO, NO; HOW CAN YOU? RIGHT, RIGHT, OF COURSE.' 'IT IS VERY SERIOUS,' SAID THE MANAGER'S VOICE BEHIND ME; 'I WOULD BE DESOLATED IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO MR. KURTZ BEFORE WE CAME UP.' I LOOKED AT HIM, I HAD NOT THE SLIGHTEST DOUBT HE WAS SINCERE. HE WAS JUST THE KIND OF MAN WHO WOULD WISH TO PRESERVE APPEARANCES. THAT WAS HIS RESTRAINT. BUT WHEN HE MUTTERED SOMETHING ABOUT GOING ON AT ONCE, I DID NOT EVEN TAKE THE TROUBLE TO ANSWER HIM. I KNEW, AND HE KNEW, THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE. WERE WE TO LET GO OUR HOLD OF THE BOTTOM, WE WOULD BE ABSOLUTELY IN THE AIR—IN SPACE. WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO TELL WHERE WE WERE GOING TO—WHETHER UP OR DOWN STREAM, OR ACROSS IT TILL WE FETCHED AGAINST ONE BANK OR THE OTHER,—AND THEN WE WOULDN'T KNOW AT FIRST WHICH IT WAS. OF COURSE I MADE NO MOVE. I HAD NO MIND FOR A SMASH-UP. YOU COULDN'T IMAGINE A MORE DEADLY PLACE FOR A SHIPWRECK. WHETHER DROWNED AT ONCE OR NOT, WE WERE SURE TO PERISH IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. 'I AUTHORIZE YOU TO TAKE ALL THE RISKS,' HE SAID, AFTER A SHORT PAUSE. 'I REFUSE TO TAKE ANY,' I SAID SHORTLY; WHICH WAS JUST THE ANSWER HE EXPECTED, THOUGH HE MIGHT HAVE SURPRISED HIM. 'WELL, I MUST DEFER TO YOUR JUDGMENT. YOU ARE CAPTAIN,' HE SAID, MARKED CIVILITY. I TURNED MY SHOULDER TO HIM IN SIGN OF MY APPRECIATION, AND LOOKED AT THE FOG. HOW LONG WOULD IT LAST? IT WAS THE MOST HOPELESS LOOK-OUT. THE APPROACH TO THE TRADING GRUBBING FOR IVORY IN THE WRETCHED BUSH WAS BESET BY AS MANY DANGERS AS THOUGH IT WAS AN ENCHANTED PRINCESS SLEEPING IN A FABULOUS CASTLE. 'WILL THEY ATTACK, DO YOU THINK?' I ASKED THE MANAGER, IN A CONFIDENTIAL TONE. «I DID NOT THINK THEY WOULD ATTACK, FOR SEVERAL REASONS. THE THICK FOG WAS ONE. IF THEY LEFT THE BANK IN THEIR CANOES THEY WOULD GET AWAY FROM IT, AS WE WOULD BE IF WE ATTEMPTED TO MOVE. STILL, I HAD ALSO JUDGED THE JUNGLE TO BE QUITE IMPENETRABLE—AND YET EYES WERE IN IT, EYES THAT HAD SEEN US. THE RIVER WAS CERTAINLY VERY THICK; BUT THE UNDERGROWTH BEHIND WAS EVIDENTLY PENETRATING. I HAD SEEN THE SHORT LIFT I HAD SEEN NO CANOES ANYWHERE IN THE REACH—CERTAINLY NOT THE STEAMER. BUT WHAT MADE THE IDEA OF ATTACK INCONCEIVABLE TO ME WAS THE NATURE OF THE CRIES WE HAD HEARD. THEY HAD NOT THE FIERCE CHARACTER BODING OF IMMEDIATE DANGER. UNEXPECTED, WILD, AND VIOLENT AS THEY HAD BEEN, THEY HAD GIVEN ME AN IMPRESSION OF SORROW. THE GLIMPSE OF THE STEAMBOAT HAD FOR SOME REASON FILLED ME WITH UNRESTRAINED GRIEF. THE DANGER, IF ANY, I EXPOUNDED, WAS FROM OUR PROXIMITY TO THE PASSION LET LOOSE. EVEN EXTREME GRIEF MAY ULTIMATELY VENT ITSELF IN VIOLENCE. BUT IT USUALLY TAKES THE FORM OF APATHY... «YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE PILGRIMS. THEY WOULD NOT SMILE, OR GRIN, OR EVEN TO REVILE ME; BUT I BELIEVE THEY THOUGHT ME GONE MERELY BECAUSE I DELIVERED A REGULAR LECTURE. MY DEAR BOYS, IT WAS NO GOOD BOTHERING THEM. YOU MAY GUESS I WATCHED THE FOG FOR THE SIGNS OF LIFTING AS A CAT WATCHES A MICE. NOTHING ELSE OUR EYES WERE OF NO MORE USE TO US THAN IF WE HAD BEEN BLIND. THE FOG WAS OF COTTON-WOOL. IT FELT LIKE IT TOO—CHOKING, WARM, STIFLING. BESET BY THE FOG, WE WERE BESET EXTRAVAGANT, WAS ABSOLUTELY TRUE TO FACT. WHAT WE AFTERWARDS WOULD HAVE BEEN REALLY AN ATTEMPT AT REPULSE. THE ACTION WAS VERY FAR FROM BEING DEFENSIVE, IN THE USUAL SENSE: IT WAS UNDERTAKEN UNDER THE STRONGEST SENSE WAS PURELY PROTECTIVE. «IT DEVELOPED ITSELF, I SHOULD SAY, AND ITS COMMENCEMENT WAS AT A SPOT, ROUGHLY SPEAKING, NEAR THE STATION. WE HAD JUST FLOUNDERED AND FLOPPED ROUND ON A HUMMOCK OF BRIGHT GREEN, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET. AS WE OPENED THE REACH MORE, I PERCEIVED IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A CHAIN OF SHALLOW PATCHES STRETCHING DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER. THE WATER WAS JUST AWASH, AND THE WHOLE LOT WAS SEEN JUST UNDER THE SURFACE. I HAD SEEN RUNNING DOWN THE MIDDLE OF HIS BACK UNDER THE SURFACE OF THE WATER TO THE RIGHT OR TO THE LEFT OF THIS. I DIDN'T KNOW EITHER WHICH WAY IT WAS PRETTY WELL ALIKE, THE DEPTH APPEARED THE SAME; BUT AS WE WENT TO THE WEST SIDE, I NATURALLY HEADED FOR THE WESTERN PART OF THE REACH.

Characters per line

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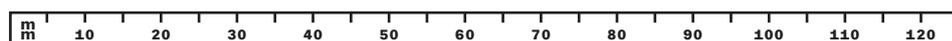
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• Italic use

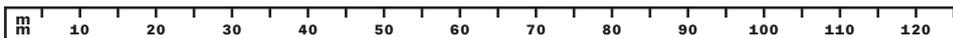
THAN I BECAME AWARE IT WAS MUCH NARROWER THAN I HAD SUPPOSED. TO THE LEFT OF US THERE WAS A LONG UNINTERRUPTED SHOAL, AND TO THE RIGHT A HIGH, STEEP BANK HEAVILY OVERGROWN WITH BUSHES. ABOVE THE BUSH THE TREES STOOD IN SERRIED RANKS. THE TWIGS OVERHUNG THE CURRENT THICKLY. FROM DISTANCE TO DISTANCE A LARGE LIMB OF SOME TREE PROJECTED RIGIDLY OVER THE STREAM. I THEN WENT ON IN THE AFTERNOON, THE FACE OF THE FOREST WAS GLOOMY, AND A BROAD STRIP OF SHADOW HAD ALREADY FALLEN ON THE WATER. IN THIS SHADOW WE STEAMED UP—VERY SLOWLY, AS YOU MIGHT EXPECT.



***Essays, The
Congo Diary
and Other
Uncollected
Pieces, An
Outcast of***

Characters per line

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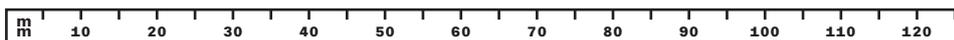


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**WAR, TWIXT
LAND AND
SEA, TALES
OF UNREST,
THE ROVER,
BECAUSE**

Characters per line

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The twigs overhung the current thick, and from distance to distance a large limb of some tree projected rigidly over the stream. It was then well on in the afternoon, the face of the forest was gloomy, and a broad strip of shadow had already fallen on the water. The shadow we steamed up—very slowly, you may imagine. I sheered her close—hore—the water being deepest on the bank, as the soundings told me. « One of my hungry friends was sounding below me. This steamer was like a decked scow. (

Characters per line

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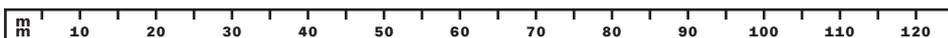
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• Roman use

were two little teak-wood houses, with doors and windows. The boiler was i



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**I SPENT MY DAYS PERCHED UP TH
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ROOF, BEFORE THE DOOR. AT NIGH
SLEPT, OR TRIED TO, ON THE COUC
ATHLETIC BLACK BELONGING TO S
COAST TRIBE, AND EDUCATED BY I
POOR PREDECESSOR, WAS THE HI
MAN. HE SPORTED A PAIR OF BRAS
EARRINGS, WORE A BLI
PER FROM THE WAIST T
AND THOUGHT ALL THI
HIMSELF. HE WAS THE I
KIND OF FOOL I HAD EV
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SIGHT OF YOU, HE BEC**

Characters per line

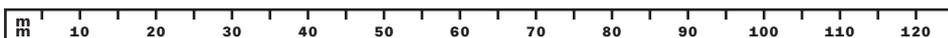
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• Roman use

**LY THE PREY OF AN ABJECT FUNK,
AND WOULD LET THAT CRIPPLE OF**



1 1 8 / 1 3 2

I was looking down at the sounding-pole, and feeling much annoyed to see each try a little more of it stick out of that river, when I saw my poleman get up the business suddenly, and stretch himself flat on the deck, without even taking the trouble to haul his pole in. He kept hold on it though, and it trailed the water. At the same time the fireman, whom I could also see below me, fell down abruptly before his furnace and ducked his head. I was amazed. They had to look at the river mighty quick, because there was a snag in the fair Sticks, little sticks, were flying about—thick: they were whizzing before my nose, dropping below me, striking behind me against my pilot. At the same time the river, the shore, the woods, were very quiet—perfectly still. I only hear the heavy splashing thump of the stern-wheel and the rattling of things. We cleared the snag clumsily. Arrows, by Jove! We were in a hurry. I stepped in quickly to close the shutter on the land side. That was the first time his hands on the spokes, was lifting his knees high, stamping and stamping his mouth, like a reined-in horse. Confound him! And we were within ten feet of the bank. I had to lean right out to swing the shutter, and I saw a face amongst the leaves on the level with my eyes, very fierce and steady; and then suddenly, as though I had looked from my eyes, I made out, deep in the tangled gloom, a man with legs, glaring eyes,—the bush was swarming with hundreds of them, all glistening, of bronze color. The twigs shook, swayec and the arrows flew out of them, and then the shutter came to. ‘Steel yourself, helmsman. He held his head rigid, face forward; but when he was on lifting and setting down his feet gently, his mouth was open and quiet!’ I said in a fury. I might just as well have said, ‘I’ll be damned!’ I wind. I darted out. Below me there was a great splash, and confused exclamations; a voice screamed, ‘Look out!’ I saw a V-shaped ripple on the water ahead. I saw a man fall out under my feet. The pilgrims had opened their eyes, and were simply squirting lead into that bush. A deafening noise drove slowly forward. I swore at it. Now I can’t see either. I stood in the doorway, peering, and

Characters per line

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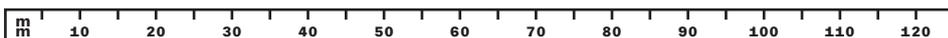
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• Roman use

might have been poisoned, but they looked as though they wouldn’t kill a man. The bush began to howl. Our wood-cutters raised a warlike whoop; the rattle of a rifle just at my back deafened me. I glanced over my shoulder, and the pilot-house was yet full of noise and smoke when I made a dash at the wheel.



THERE WAS A GREAT COMMOTION IN THE BUSH; THE SHOWER OF AR STOPPED, A FEW DROPPING SHOTS RANG OUT SHARPLY—THEN SILE IN WHICH THE LANGUID BEAT OF THE STERN-WHEEL CAME PLAINLY T EARS. I PUT THE HELM HARD A-STARBOARD AT THE MOMENT WHEN T PILGRIM IN PINK PYJAMAS, VERY HOT AND AGITATED, APPEARED IN T DOORWAY. ‘THE MANAGER SENDS ME—’ HE BEGAN IN AN OFFICIAL T AND STOPPED SHORT. ‘GOOD GOD!’ HE SAID, GLARING AT THE WOU I MAN. «WE TWO WHITES STOOD OVER HIM, AND HIS LUSTROUS AND I RING GLANCE ENVELOPED US BOTH. I DECLARE IT LOOKED AS WOULD PRESENTLY PUT TO US SOME QUESTION IN AN UNDER LANGUAGE; BUT HE DIED WITHOUT UTTERING A SOUND, WITH A LIMB, WITHOUT TWITCHING A MUSCLE. ONLY IN THE VERY LA AS THOUGH IN RESPONSE TO SOME SIGN WE COULD NOT SEE WHISPER WE COULD NOT HEAR, HE FROWNE HEAVILY, AND T GAVE TO HIS BLACK DEATH-MASK AN INCONCEIVABLY SOMBE DING, AND MENACING EXPRESSION. THE LUSTER OF INQUIRIN FADED SWIFTLY INTO VACANT GLASSINESS. ‘CAN AGENT EAGERLY. HE LOOKED VERY DUBIOUS; BUT ARM, AND HE UNDERSTOOD AT ONCE I MEANT HIM OR NO. TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I WAS MORBIDLY MY SHOES AND SOCKS. ‘HE IS DEAD,’ MURMURED SELY IMPRESSED. ‘NO DOUBT ABOUT IT,’ SAID I, TU SHOE-LACES. ‘AND, BY THE WAY, I SUPPOSE MR. KI THIS TIME.’ «FOR THE MOMENT THAT WAS THE DOI WAS A SENSE OF EXTREME DISAPPOI OUT I HAD BEEN STRIVING AFTER SOI SUBSTANCE. I COULDN’T HAVE BEEN LED ALL THIS WAY FOR THE SOLE PUF TALKING WITH... I FLUNG ONE SHOE O THAT THAT WAS EXACTLY WHAT I HAD WITH KURTZ. I MADE THE STRANGE DI NED HIM AS DOING, YOU KNOW, BUT .

Characters per line

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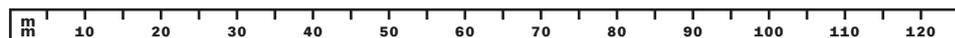
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• Roman use

MYSELF, ‘NOW I WILL NEVER SEE HIM,’ OR ‘NOW I WILL NEVER SHAKE | BY THE HAND,’ BUT, ‘NOW I WILL NEVER HEAR HIM.’ THE MAN PRESENT HIMSELF AS A VOICE. NOT OF COURSE THAT I DID NOT CONNECT HIM WITH SOME SORT OF ACTION. HADN’T I BEEN TOLD IN ALL THE TONES!



This is the worst of trying to tell... Here you all are, each moored with two good addresses, a hulk with two anchors, a butcher round one corner, a policeman round another, excellent appetites, and temperature normal—you hear—normal from year's end to year's end. As I say, Absurd! Absurd be—exploded! Absurd! My dear boys, what can you expect from a man who out of sheer nervousness had just flung overboard a pair of new shoes. Now I think it, it is amazing I did not shed tears. I am, upon the whole, proud of my fortitude. I was cut the quick at the idea of having lost the inestimable privilege of listening to the gifted Kurtz. Of course I was wrong. The privilege was waiting for me. Oh yes, I heard more than enough. And I was right, too. A voice. He was very little more than a voice. And I heard—his voice—other voices—all of them were so little more than voices—and the memory of the time itself lingers around me, impalpable, like a dying vibration of one immense jaw. It was atrocious, sordid, savage, or simply mean, without any kind of sense. Voices, voices, the girl herself—now—» He was silent for a long time. «I laid the ghost of his gifts to a lie,» he began suddenly. «Girl! What? Did I mention a girl? Oh, she is out of it—cut. They—the women, I mean—are out of it—should be out of it. We must help them to reach that beautiful world of their own, lest ours gets worse. Oh, she had to be out of it. I have heard the disinterred body of Mr. Kurtz saying, 'My Intended.' You would not say directly then how completely she was out of it. And the lofty frontal bone of the man say the hair goes on growing sometimes, but this—ah specimen, was impenetrable. The wilderness had patted him on the head, and, behold, it was like a ball—caressed him, and—lo!—he had withered; it had taken him, loved him, emptied his veins, consumed his flesh, and sealed his soul to its own by the incantation of some devilish initiation. He was its spoiled and pampered favorite. Ivory. Heaps of it, stacks of it. The old mud shanty was bursting with it. You would not find not a single tusk left either above or below the ground in the neighborhood. The manager had remarked disparagingly. It was no more fossil than a bone when it is dug up. It appears these niggers do bury the tusks. They couldn't bury this parcel deep enough to save the gifted Mr. Kurtz. They couldn't steamboat with it, and had to pile a lot on the deck. Thus he could see, because the appreciation of this favor had remained. He should have heard him say, 'My ivory.' Oh yes, I heard him. 'My ivory, my river, my—' everything belonged to him. It made me hold my breath when hearing the wilderness burst into a prodigious peasantry. The stars in their places. Everything belonged to him—I don't know what he belonged to, how many powers of darkness were in him, a reflection that made you creepy all over. It was impossible to imagine. He had taken a high seat among the gods. You can't understand. How could you?—with solid friends and kind neighbors ready to cheer you or to fall on you, and the policeman, in the holy terror of scandal and

Characters per line

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• Roman use

you imagine what particular region of the first ages a man's untrammelled feet may take into by the way of solitude—utter solitude without a policeman—by the way of silence, in a silence, where no warning voice of a kind neighbor can be heard whispering of public opinion. These little things make all the great difference. When they are gone you must fall back on your own innate strength, upon your own capacity for faithfulness. Of course you may l

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OR YOU MAY BE SUCH A THUNDERINGLY EXALTED CREATURE AS TO BE ALTOGETHER DEAF AND BLIND TO ANYTHING BUT HEAVENLY SIGHTS AND SOUNDS. THEN THE EARTH FOR YOU IS ONLY A STANDING PLACE—AND WHETHER TO BE LIKE THIS IS YOUR LOSS OR YOUR GAIN I WON'T PRETEND TO SAY. BUT MOST OF US ARE NEITHER ONE NOR THE OTHER. THE EARTH FOR US IS A PLACE TO LIVE IN, WHERE WE MUST PUT UP WITH SIGHTS, WITH SOUNDS, WITH SMELLS TOO, BY JOVE!—BREATHE DEAD HIPPO, SO THAT WE CAN SPEAK, AND NOT BE CONTAMINATED. AND THERE, DON'T YOU SEE? YOUR STRENGTH COMES IN, THE FAITH IN YOUR ABILITY FOR THE DIGGING OF UNOSTENTATIOUS HOLE TO BURY THE STUFF IN—YOUR POWER OF DEVOTION, NOT TO YOURSELF, BUT TO AN OBSCURE, BACK-BREAKING BUSINESS. AND THAT'S DIFFICULT ENOUGH. MIND, I AM NOT TRYING TO EXCUSE OR EVEN EXPLAIN—I AM TRYING TO ACCOUNT FOR—FOR—MR. KURTZ—FOR THE SHADE OF MR. KURTZ. THIS INITIATED THE BACK OF NOWHERE HONORED ME WITH ITS AMAZING CONFIDENCE WHICH VANISHED ALTOGETHER. THIS WAS BECAUSE IT COULD SPEAK ENGLISH. THE ORIGINAL KURTZ HAD BEEN EDUCATED PARTLY IN ENGLAND, AND—AS STRONG ENOUGH TO SAY HIMSELF—HIS SYMPATHIES WERE IN THE RIGHT PLACE. HE WAS HALF-ENGLISH, HIS FATHER WAS HALF-FRENCH. ALL EUROPE COME TO THE MAKING OF KURTZ; AND BY-AND-BY I LEARNED THAT, MOST APPROXIMATELY, THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF SAVAGE CULTURES HAD ENTRUSTED HIM WITH THE MAKING OF A REPORT, FOR ITS FUTURE GUIDANCE. HE HAD WRITTEN IT TOO. I'VE SEEN IT. I'VE READ IT. IT WAS ELEGANT AND FULL WITH ELOQUENCE, BUT TOO HIGH-STRUNG, I THINK. SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH, WHILE WRITING HE HAD FOUND TIME FOR! BUT THIS MUST HAVE BEEN HIS LAST. I SAY—NERVES, WENT WRONG, AND CAUSED HIM TO PRESID OVER THE DANCES ENDING WITH UNSPEAKABLE RITES, WHICH—AS FOLLOWS—WERE GATHERED FROM WHAT I HEARD AT VARIOUS TIMES—WERE NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?—TO MR. KURTZ HIMSELF. BUT IT WAS HIS LAST WRITING. THE OPENING PARAGRAPH, HOWEVER, IN THE LIGHT OF HIS DEATH STRIKES ME NOW AS OMINOUS. HE BEGAN WITH THE ARGUMENT THAT FROM THE POINT OF DEVELOPMENT WE HAD ARRIVED AT, 'IT WAS NOT TO THEM [SAVAGES] IN THE NATURE OF SUPERIORITY, BUT TO US WITH THE MIGHT AS OF A DEITY,' AND SO ON, AND SO ON, AND SO ON. AND OF OUR WILL WE CAN EXERT A POWER FOR GOOD OR FOR EVIL. FROM THAT POINT HE SOARED AND TOOK TO HIS WINGS. HE WAS SO MAGNIFICENT, THOUGH DIFFICULT TO REMEMBER. HE WAS SO FULL OF AN EXOTIC IMMENSITY RULED BY AN AUGUST HEAVEN. HE WAS SO FULL WITH ENTHUSIASM. THIS WAS THE UNBOUNDED FLIGHT OF HIS MIND OF BURNING NOBLE WORDS. THERE WERE NO ILLUSIONS. NO MAGIC CURRENT OF PHRASES, UNLESS A KIND OF MENTAL PAGE, SCRAWLED EVIDENTLY MUCH LATER, IN A

Characters per line

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• Roman use

AS THE EXPOSITION OF A METHOD. IT WAS VERY SIMPLE, AND AT THE END OF THAT MOVING APPEAL TO EVERY ALTRUISTIC SENTIMENT IT BLAZED AT YOU, LUMINOUS AND TERRIFYING, LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHTNING IN A SERENE SKY: 'EXTERMINATE ALL THE BRUTES!' THE CURIOUS PART WAS THAT HE HAD APPARENTLY FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THAT VALUABLE POSTSCRIPTUM, BECAUSE, LATER ON, WHEN HE IN A SENSE CAME

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No; I can't forget him, though I am not prepared to affirm the fellow was exactly worth the life we lost in getting him. I missed my late helmsman awfully,—I missed him even while his body was still lying in the pilot-house. Perhaps you will think it passing strange this regret for a savage who was no more account than a grain of sand in a black Well, don't you see, he had done something, he had steered; for months I had him at my back—a help—an instance of partnership. He steered for me—I had to look after him, I worried about his deficiencies, and a subtle bond had been created, of which I only became aware when it was suddenly broken. And the intimacy of that look he gave me when he received his hurt remains to this day in my memory—like a claim of distance affirmed in a supreme moment. «Poor fool! If he had only left that shutter alone. He had no restraint like Kurtz—a tree swayed by the wind. As soon as I had put on a dry pair of slippers, I dragged him out of the spear out of his side, which operation I confess I performed with my eyes shut tight. His head fell over the little door-step; his shoulders were pressed to my breast; I hugged him from behind despite his heavy, heavy; heavier than any man on earth, I should imagine. Then without more ado I tipped him and he was current snatched him as though he had been a wisp of grass, and I saw the body roll over twice before he was for ever. All the pilgrims and the manager were then congregated on the awning-deck about the pilot-house, looking at each other like a flock of excited magpies, and there was a scandalized murmur about the body. What they wanted to keep that body hanging about for I can't guess. Embalm it, maybe. But the manager said and a very ominous, murmur on the deck below. My friends the wood-cutters were likewise present, a better show of reason—though I admit that the reason itself was quite inadmissible. Oh, but I thought that if my late helmsman was to be eaten, the fishes alone should have him. He had been a first-class temptation, and a very trouble. Besides, I was anxious to take the wheel, the man in pink pyjamas showing himself in a business. «This I did directly the simple funeral was over. We were going half-speed, and I listened to the talk about me. They had given up Kurtz, they had given up the station had been burnt—and so on—and so on. The red-haired pilgrim was I least this poor Kurtz had been properly revenged. 'Say! We must have made a good thing of it. Eh? What do you think? Say?' He positively danced, the bloodthirsty little ginge when he saw the wounded man! I could not help saying, 'You made a glorious kill. I saw the way the tops of the bushes rustled and flew, that almost all the shots had gone into him unless you take aim and fire from the shoulder; but these chaps fired from the hip and I maintained—and I was right—was caused by the screeching of the shells. The shells began to howl at me with indignant protests. «The manager stood by the pilot-house, out of necessity of getting well away down the river before dark at all event on the river-side and the outlines of some sort of building. 'What's this?' I asked. 'What's this?' he cried. I edged in at once, still going half-speed. «Through my window I saw with rare trees and perfectly free from undergrowth. A long decaying grass; the large holes in the peaked roof gaped black and white. There was no inclosure or fence of any kind; but there had been posts, and the posts remained in a row, roughly trimmed, and with their upper ends, or whatever there had been between, had disappeared. Of course, clear, and on the water-side I saw a white man under a hat with his arm raised. Examining the edge of the forest above and below, I was gliding here and there. I steamed past prudently, then stopped, and the shore began to shout, urging us to land. 'We have a man here. Yelled back the other, as cheerful as you please. 'I saw something I had seen—something funny I had seen. 'What does this fellow look like?' Suddenly I caught a glimpse of stuff that was brown holland probably, but it was yellow,—patches on the back, patches on front, patches on the legs, and the suns

Characters per line

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↓ Roman use

because you could see how beautifully all this patching had been done. A beardless, boyish face, very fair, not to speak of, nose peeling, little blue eyes, smiles and frowns chasing each other over that open countenance shine and shadow on a windswept plain. 'Look out, captain!' he cried; 'there's a snag lodged in here last night. Another snag? I confess I swore shamefully. I had nearly holed my cripple, to finish off that charming trip. The man on the bank turned his little pug nose up to me. 'You English?' he asked, all smiles. 'Are you?' I shouted from the boat. The smiles vanished, and he shook his head as if sorry for my disappointment. Then he brightened up. 'Never

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HE SEEMED TO BE TRYING TO MAKE UP FOR LOTS OF SILENCE, AND ACTUALLY HINTED, LAUGHING, THAT SUCH WAS THE CASE. 'DON'T YOU TALK WITH MR. KURTZ?' I SAID. 'YOU DON'T TALK WITH THAT MAN—YOU LISTEN TO HIM,' HE EXCLAIMED WITH SEVERE EXALTATION. 'BUT NOW—' HE WAVED HIS ARM, AND IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE WAS IN THE UTTERMOST DEPTHS OF DESPONDENCY. IN A MOMENT HE CAME UP AGAIN WITH A JUMP, POSSESSED HIMSELF OF BOTH MY HANDS, SHOOK THEM CONTINUOUSLY, WHILE GABBLED: 'BROTHER SAILOR... HONOR... PLEASURE... DELIGHT... INTRODUCE MYSELF... RUSSIAN... SON OF ARCH-PRIEST... GOVERNMENT OF TAMBOV... WHAT? TOBACCO! ENGLISH TOBACCO; THE EXCELLENT ENGLISH TOBACCO! NOW, THAT'S BROTHERLY. SMOKE? WHERE'S A SAILOR THAT DOES NOT SMOKE?' «THE SOOTHED HIM, AND GRADUALLY I MADE OUT HE HAD RUN AWAY FROM SCHOOL, HAD GONE TO SEA IN RUSSIAN SHIP; RAN AWAY AGAIN; SERVED SOME TIME IN ENGLISH SHIPS; WAS NOW RECONCILED WITH ARCH-PRIEST. HE MADE A POINT OF THAT. 'BUT WHEN ONE IS YOUNG ONE MUST SEE THINGS, GAIN EXPERIENCE, IDEAS; ENLARGE THE MIND.' 'HERE!' I INTERRUPTED. 'YOU CAN NEVER TELL! HERE I HAD KURTZ,' HE SAID, YOUTHFULLY SOLEMN AND REPROACHFUL. I HELD MY TONGUE AFTER THAT. IT HAD PERSUADED A DUTCH TRADING-HOUSE ON THE COAST TO FIT HIM OUT WITH STORES AND CANNONS. HE HAD STARTED FOR THE INTERIOR WITH A LIGHT HEART, AND NO MORE IDEA OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN THAN A BABY. HE HAD BEEN WANDERING ABOUT THAT RIVER FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS ALONE, CARRYING EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING. 'I AM NOT SO YOUNG AS I LOOK. I AM TWENTY-FIVE,' HE SAID. 'AT I VAN SHUYTEN WOULD TELL ME TO GO TO THE DEVIL,' HE NARRATED WITH KEEN ENJOYMENT; 'BUT HE LEFT HIM, AND TALKED AND TALKED, TILL AT LAST HE GOT AFRAID I WOULD TALK THE HIND-LEG OFF HIS DOG, SO HE GAVE ME SOME CHEAP THINGS AND A FEW GUNS, AND TOLD ME HE HOPED HE WOULD SEE MY FACE AGAIN. GOOD OLD DUTCHMAN, VAN SHUYTEN. I'VE SENT HIM ONE SMALL BOX AGO, SO THAT HE CAN'T CALL ME A LITTLE THIEF WHEN I GET BACK. I HOPE HE GOT IT. I DON'T CARE. I HAD SOME WOOD STACKED FOR YOU. THAT WAS MY OLD HOUSE. DID YOU READ TOWSON'S BOOK. HE MADE AS THOUGH HE WOULD KISS ME, BUT RESTRAINED HIMSELF. HE LEFT I HAD LEFT, AND I THOUGHT I HAD LOST IT,' HE SAID, LOOKING AT IT ECSTATICALLY. 'SOMETIMES HAPPEN TO A MAN GOING ABOUT ALONE, YOU KNOW. CANOES GET UPSET SOMETIMES. YOU'VE GOT TO CLEAR OUT SO QUICK WHEN THE PEOPLE GET ANGRY.' HE THUMBED THROUGH HIS NOTES IN RUSSIAN?' I ASKED. HE NODDED. 'I THOUGHT THEY WERE WRITTEN IN CIPHER THEN BECAME SERIOUS. 'I HAD LOTS OF TROUBLE TO KEEP THESE PEOPLE OFF,' HE SAID. 'I KILL YOU?' I ASKED. 'OH NO!' HE CRIED, AND CHECKED HIMSELF. 'WHY DID THEY ATTACK?' HE HESITATED, THEN SAID SHAMEFACEDLY, 'THEY DON'T WANT HIM TO GO.' 'I HAD,' HE NODDED A NOD FULL OF MYSTERY AND WISDOM. 'I TELL YOU,' HE CRIED, 'I HAD,' HE OPENED HIS ARMS WIDE, STARING AT ME WITH HIS LITTLE BLUE EYES. 'I LOOKED AT HIM, LOST IN ASTONISHMENT. THERE HE WAS BEFORE ME, HAD BEEN ABSCONDED FROM A TROUPE OF MIMES, ENTHUSIASTIC, FABULOUS. HIS PERFORMANCE WAS INEXPLICABLE, AND ALTOGETHER BEWILDERING. HE WAS AN INSOLUBLE PROBLEM. HOW HE HAD EXISTED, HOW HE HAD SUCCEEDED IN GETTING SO FAR, HOW HE HAD WHY HE DID NOT INSTANTLY DISAPPEAR. 'I WENT A LITTLE FARTHER,' HE SAID. 'I GOT TILL I HAD GONE SO FAR THAT I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EVER GET BACK. I DON'T KNOW HOW I MANAGE. YOU TAKE KURTZ AWAY QUICK—QUICK—I TELL YOU.' THE GLAMOUR OF HIS PARTICOLORED RAGS, HIS DESTITUTION, HIS LONELINESS, HIS TROUBLED THOUGHTS, HIS DERINGS. FOR MONTHS—FOR YEARS—HIS LIFE HADN'T BEEN LIVED GALLANTLY, THOUGHTLESSLY ALIVE, TO ALL APPEARANCE IN THE WILDERNESS BUT SPACE TO BREATHE IN AND TO PUSH FORWARD. HE HAD MOVED MOVE ONWARDS AT THE GREATEST POSSIBLE RISK, AND WITH A PURE, UNCALCULATING, UNPRACTICAL SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE. HE HAD THIS BE-PATCHED YOUTH. I ALMOST ENVIED HIM THE POSSESSION OF HIS. HE SEEMED TO HAVE CONSUMED ALL THOUGHT OF SELF SO COMPLETELY

Characters per line

20

30

40

50

60

70

80

85

↳ Roman use

TO YOU, YOU FORGOT THAT IT WAS HE—THE MAN BEFORE YOUR EYES—WHO HAD GONE THROUGH THE THINGS. I DID NOT ENVY HIM HIS DEVOTION TO KURTZ, THOUGH. HE HAD NOT MEDITATED OVER IT. IT CAME TO HIM, AND HE ACCEPTED IT WITH A SORT OF EAGER FATALISM. I MUST SAY THAT TO ME IT APPEARED AS THE MOST DANGEROUS THING IN EVERY WAY HE HAD COME UPON SO FAR. «THEY HAD COME TOGETHER UNAVOIDABLY, LIKE TWO SHIPS BECALMED NEAR EACH OTHER, AND LAY RUBBING SIDES AT LAST. I SUICIDED. KURTZ WANTED AN AUDIENCE, BECAUSE ON A CERTAIN OCCASION, WHEN ENCAMPED IN THE FOREST,

m	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
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1	2	4	/	1	3	2
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Supported languages

A

Afrikaans
Albanian
Asu

B

Basque
Bemba
Bena
Bosnian

C

Catalan
Chiga
Congo Swahili
Cornish
Croatian
Czech

D

Danish
Dutch

E

Embu
English
Esperanto
Estonian

F

Faroese
Filipino
Finnish
French

G

Galician
Ganda
German
Gusii

H

Hungarian

I

Icelandic
Indonesian
Irish
Italian

J

Jola-Fonyi

K

Kabuverdianu
Kalaallisut
Kalenjin
Kamba
Kikuyu
Kinyarwanda

L

Latvian
Lithuanian
Luo
Luyia

M

Machame
Makhuwa-Meetto
Makonde
Malagasy
Malay
Maltese
Manx
Meru
Morisyen

N

North Ndebele
Norwegian Bokmål
Norwegian Nynorsk
Nyankole

O

Oromo
Occitan

P

Polish
Portuguese

R

Romanian
Romansh
Rombo
Rundi
Rwa

S

Samburu
Sango
Sangu
Sena
Shambala
Shona
Slovak
Slovenian
Soga
Somali
Spanish
Swahili
Swedish
Swiss German

T

Taita
Teso
Turkish
Turkmen

V

Vunjo

W

Welsh

Z

Zulu



L I G A
D L I G

Standard ligatures
Discretionary ligatures

S M C P
C 2 S C
C A S E

Lowercase in small caps
Uppercase in small caps
Case sensitive punctuation

Z E R O
L N U M
O N U M
P N U M
T N U M

Slashed zero
Lining figures
Oldstyle figures
Proportional figures
Tabular figures

S S 0 1
S S 0 2
S S 0 3
S S 0 4
S S 0 5
S S 0 6
S S 0 7
S S 0 8
S S 0 9

Black squared numbers
Black circled numbers
Black diamond-shaped numbers
White squared numbers
White circled numbers
White diamond-shaped numbers
Dotted squared numbers
Dotted circled numbers
Dotted diamond-shaped numbers

F R A C
N U M R
D N U M

Fractions
Numerators
Denominators

S U P S
S I N F
O R D N

Superscript/Superior figures and letters
Subscript/Inferior figures
Ordinal



O F F

O N

Ligatures are a more harmonious design for some letter combinations. Standard ligatures are activated by default whereas discretionary ones can be activated on the opentype panel.

L I G A

Standard ligatures

effort

effort

D L I G

Discretionary ligatures

Thierry
www.bureaubrut.com

Thierry
www.bureaubrut.com

When activating the “small caps” option, lowercase letters will be transformed in small capitals and lining figures in oldstyle figures. You can also access the “all small caps” option on the opentype panel that will also transform uppercase letters. The height and spacing of the punctuation is automatically adapted when you select the “all caps” or “small caps” option.

S M C P

Lowercase in small caps

¿ No ? (Oui) «Peut-être»

¿ NO ? (OUI) «PEUT-ÊTRE»

C 2 S C + S M C P

«All small caps» option

¿ No ? (Oui) «Peut-être»

¿ NO ? (OUI) «PEUT-ÊTRE»

C A S E

Case sensitive punctuation

¿ No ? (Oui) «Peut-être»

¿ NO ? (OUI) «PEUT-ÊTRE»



O F F

O N

The default setting for figures is the lining set. Tabular figures have an identical width and are useful for the composition of charts. You can access the others sets on the opentype panel. An alternate slashed zero is available for all sets. Height corrected currency and mathematical symbols are automatically activated on all sets of figures.

Z E R O
Slashed zero

21150

2115Ø

L N U M + T N U M
Tabular figures

36014
2115Ø

36014
2115Ø

O N U M + P N U M
Oldstyle figures

36014
2115Ø

36014
2115Ø

O N U M + T N U M
Oldstyle tabular figures

36014
2115Ø

36014
2115Ø



O F F

O N

Stylistics sets from 1 to 9 activate a range of alternates sets for numbers and basic arrows.

S S 0 1 Black squared figures	→ Bureau + Brut 2016	➔ Bureau ➕ Brut 2016
S S 0 2 Black circled figures	→ Bureau + Brut 2016	➞ Bureau ➕ Brut 2016
S S 0 3 Black diamond-shaped figures	→ Bureau + Brut 2016	➤ Bureau ➕ Brut 2016
S S 0 4 White squared figures	→ Bureau + Brut 2016	⊠ Bureau ⊠ Brut 2016
S S 0 5 White circled figures	→ Bureau + Brut 2016	⊕ Bureau ⊕ Brut 2016
S S 0 6 White diamond-shaped figures	→ Bureau + Brut 2016	⊡ Bureau ⊡ Brut 2016
S S 0 7 Dotted squared figures	→ Bureau + Brut 2016	⊞ Bureau ⊞ Brut 2016
S S 0 8 Dotted circled figures	→ Bureau + Brut 2016	⊗ Bureau ⊗ Brut 2016
S S 0 9 Dotted diamond-shaped figures	→ Bureau + Brut 2016	⊛ Bureau ⊛ Brut 2016



O F F

O N

Some fractions are build-in glyphs but the fraction option can transform any two series of numbers separated by a slash into a fraction. You can also access the numerators and denominators options separately.

F R A C

Fractions

1234/6789

¹²³⁴/₆₇₈₉

N U M R

Numerators

1234/

¹²³⁴/

D N U M

Denominators

/6789

/₆₇₈₉

Superscripts, subscripts and ordinals can all be activated on the opentype panel. Superscripts are used for example on some abbreviation and subscript formulas. Ordinals are usually useful for abbreviations in Spanish (segunda, segundo...).

S U P S

Superscript/Superior figures and letters

20th floor
35 m2

20th floor
35 m²

S I N F

Subscript/Inferior figures

H2O
C6H10O5

H₂O
C₆H₁₀O₅

O R D N

Ordinal

2a 2o

2^a 2^o

Texts of this specimen (p. 005 - 124)
are extracts from *Heart of Darkness*
by Joseph Conrad.