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## A consideration of idealism in Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" and "Lord Jim"

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A CONSIDERATION OF  
" "  
IDEALISM IN JOSEPH CONRAD'S HEART OF  
DARKNESS AND LORD JIM

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A Thesis  
Presented to  
The Faculty of the Department of English  
The College of William and Mary in Virginia

In Partial Fulfillment  
Of the Requirements for the Degree of  
Master of Arts

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by  
Wilbur Lee Thompson  
1978

APPROVAL SHEET

This thesis is submitted in partial fulfillment of  
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## ABSTRACT

The purpose of this study is to present an evaluation of the idealistic quest in Joseph Conrad's Heart of Darkness and Lord Jim. The ideal is taken to mean the presence in both society and the individual of a ruling idea or sense which offers the vision of a better existence. Given this definition, the question arises in the works under consideration whether or not such an idea or sense can be translated into actuality, whether or not it can have practical consequences in a naturalistic universe.

In Heart of Darkness and Lord Jim, the idealistic quest is represented in the figures of Kurtz and Jim. The characters are European, civilized men whose idealism carries them into the wildernesses of the Congo and Borneo. However, the ultimate failure of these idealists to realize their dreams implies that the ideal cannot serve as a model for any kind of enduring reality. The ideal, in short, cannot alter the course of mankind in a world governed by the shifting forces of nature.

The conclusion thus drawn from Heart of Darkness and Lord Jim--a conclusion supported by Conrad's own correspondence and essays--presents a gloomy, nearly static condition of life which is relieved only by the sense of human interdependency or "solidarity" arising from each man's selfless devotion to his assigned task. Conrad dramatizes through the deaths of Kurtz and Jim the absolute need for the preservation of this selfless devotion to man's "daily task." Indeed, this dramatization is one of the central lessons of Heart of Darkness and Lord Jim.

A CONSIDERATION OF  
IDEALISM IN JOSEPH CONRAD'S HEART OF  
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In his introductory essay to Conrad's Prefaces to his Works, Edward Garnett observes that the body of Joseph Conrad's fiction presents a naturalistic universe of which man is only an insignificant aspect. Conrad, Garnett states, sees "Nature as a ceaselessly flowing river of life, out of which the tiny atom of each man's individual life emerges into sight, stands out in the surrounding atmosphere, and is lost again in the infinite succession of the fresh waves of life."<sup>1</sup> Although man lives within the "ceaselessly flowing river," he is capable of being conscious of the insignificance of his position in the universe. For Conrad, this capability produces the anguish and despair characteristic of the introspective man. In a letter to R. B. Cunninghame Graham, dated January 31, 1898, Conrad writes: "What makes mankind tragic is not that they are the victims of nature, it is that they are conscious of it. To be part of the animal kingdom under the conditions of this earth is very well--but as soon as you know of your slavery the pain, the anger, the strife--the tragedy begins."<sup>2</sup>

Throughout Conrad's fiction, "the pain, the anger, the strife" are often expressed in characters who appear to believe that they are liberated from natural events and that they control "the conditions of this life." Through consciousness, these characters arrive at an idea or impression of how life should be and endeavor to translate their vision

into concrete terms. Such idealism, as I will term it, places the lives of these characters in opposition to the "ceaselessly flowing river;" for characters who are idealists seek not to maintain man's conformity to natural laws and events but rather to transform those laws and events according to their vision of their own existence. In Nostromo, for instance, Charles and Emilia Gould believe the San Tomé mine is their opportunity to bring the ideal social state into existence. The same basic opportunity is granted Carlier and Kayerts in the short story "An Outpost of Progress." In Under Western Eyes, Razumov, believing that "years of hard work"<sup>3</sup> will be rewarded by the Ministry of Education's silver medal, represents the hope of a "mastered destiny."<sup>4</sup> But the nature of idealism is most fully exposed in Heart of Darkness and Lord Jim, written in rapid succession between December, 1898; and July, 1900. Both works employ the narrator Marlow, who is, first, a literary device through which characters and actions are presented and, secondly, an extension of Conrad's own sensibilities by which the reader may weigh the consequences of the story. Furthermore, both works concern themselves in a direct way with the relationship of civilization to primitive cultures. This last point is crucial, because the relation of Kurtz to the natives and of Jim to the Malays is a dramatic means whereby Conrad tests the idealist and his desire to alter the conditions of life according to some egoistic principle or belief.

— In Heart of Darkness and Lord Jim, the consequences of

idealism express themselves in the relationship of the European and his culture to primitive society. For Conrad, this juxtaposition of white and black, light and dark, civilized and primitive, affords a situation where the purpose and vision of the idealist are brought to a crisis and his action tested. Significantly, Conrad places himself in the same corresponding position with respect to his writing. In a letter to Edward Garnett on Good Friday, 1899, Conrad writes of his isolation before the "monster" of his task, before the darkness which resists the imposition of his creativity:

My fortitude is shaken by the view of the monster. It does not move; its eyes are baleful; it is as still as death itself--and it will devour me. Its stare has eaten into my soul already deep, deep. I am alone with it in a chasm with perpendicular sides of black basalt. Never were sides so perpendicular and smooth, and high. Above, your anxious head against a bit of sky peers down--in vain--in vain.<sup>5</sup>

Much like Conrad contemplating another work, civilized man sees in the darkness only the dream of realizing his heroic vision. Indeed, the narrator at the beginning of Heart of Darkness presents a heroic conception of England's past, and, by extension, a heroic view of its future, which prompts--if the generalization may include Lord Jim--both Marlow's and Jim's excursions into the "chasm" of Africa and Patusan.

The tidal current [of the Thames] runs to and fro in its unceasing service, crowded with memories of men and ships it had borne to the rest of home or to the battles of the sea. It had known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud, from Sir Francis Drake to Sir John



Franklin, knights all, titled and untitled--  
 the great knights-errant of the seas. It had  
 borne all the ships whose names are like jewels  
 flashing in the night of time...What greatness had  
 not floated on the ebb of that river into the  
 mystery of an unknown earth!...The dreams of men,  
 the seed of commonwealths, the germ of empires.<sup>6</sup>

For civilized man, "the impossible world of romantic achievement"<sup>7</sup> seems inviting in proportion to its remoteness from the "sacred fire" (HD, p. 67) of European culture. Its attractiveness, apparently, is stirred by the hope of creating yet another "jewel flashing in the night of time," in the chance of reaching a people who wait for deliverance into the light or of reaching a place where the idealist might complete his dreams of romantic achievement.

However, as Marlow states in Heart of Darkness, such quests stand in danger of being readily compromised by civilization's confusion of power with virtue, where "strength is just an accident arising from the weakness of others" (HD, p. 69). In Heart of Darkness and Lord Jim, this "accident" is illustrated in the inclination of the Africans and Malays to deify the European--a proclivity which provides Kurtz and Jim and, to some extent, Marlow and Stein, the opportunity to translate either their conception of existence or their sense of heroism into reality. Thus, through the act of deification, Conrad questions whether the fulfillment of this opportunity is an incarnation of the pursuits of civilization or the expression of either social or personal aggrandizement. The answer, of course, is revealed by the European's life within the "chasm." With the natives capable

of being brought easily under the sway of European culture, both Kurtz and Jim have before them the condition of isolation where the presumption of civilization is played out. And, although Kurtz's philanthropy proves "hollow" before the vitality of the forest and Jim's heroism steadfast within the "secular gloom" of Borneo, Conrad's answer does not contradict itself; for the author is intent on presenting a pessimistic view which suggests that idealism and the morality it implies, though beautiful and edifying in themselves, cannot alter the course of mankind in a naturalistic world. Conrad's comment to the revolutionary H. G. Wells is representative: "The difference between us, Wells, is fundamental. You don't care for humanity but think they are to be improved. I love humanity but know that they are not."<sup>8</sup> And to the idealistic Cunninghame Graham, Conrad writes in a manner suggestive of Marlow's denunciation of the Belgian enterprise in the Congo:

You with your ideals of sincerity, courage and truth are strangely out of place in this epoch of material preoccupations. What does it bring? What's the profit? What do we get by it? These questions are at the root of every moral, intellectual or political movement. Into the noblest cause men manage to put something of their baseness; and sometimes when I think of You here, quietly You seem to me tragic with your courage, with your beliefs and your hopes. Every cause is tainted: and you reject this one, espouse that other one as if one were evil and the other good while the same evil you hate is in both, but disguised in different words.<sup>9</sup>

By stating that "every cause is tainted," Conrad suggests that the pursuits of civilization act as a disguise for the baseness in commercial society. He suggests further that

the "imbecile rapacity" (HD, p. 89) of commerce prompts the illusion that man controls the outside world. My position in this examination is that, in spite of his romantic inclinations, Conrad felt that idealism--and even the idealism embracing the traditional beliefs of "sincerity, courage and truth"--condenses into a cause, even a faith, inimical to the preservation of human "solidarity."<sup>10</sup>

At the beginning of Heart of Darkness, Marlow reveals the idealism operating in justification of European commercial ambition:

The conquest of the earth, which mostly means the taking it away from those who have a different complexion or slightly flatter noses than ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look into it too much. What redeems it is the idea only. An idea at the back of it; not a sentimental pretence but an idea; and an unselfish belief in the idea--something you can set up, and bow down before, and offer a sacrifice to.  
(HD, pp. 69-70)

The "unselfish idea," of course, is the bringing of European understanding to the savages and its benefits to the "silent wilderness" (HD, p. 89). But the question arises: do nations with "material preoccupations" actively seek to uplift the people and land of their exploitation? In Heart of Darkness, the answer is clear enough: nations engaged in "conquest" believe themselves "redeemed" by means of their simple presence--a presence which does little more than impose their judicial systems on recalcitrant native populations.

Among the Company's pilgrims of progress, only Kurtz is

given to the philanthropic considerations of the "unselfish idea." Since "all Europe contributed to the making of Kurtz" (HD, pp. 122-123), Conrad presents the "universal genius" (HD, p. 151) as indeed the symbol of Europe, of its commercial aspirations as well as its cultural pretensions. The "brickmaker" of the Central Station alludes to Kurtz and, presumably, to all men of idealistic vision, as the "new gang--the gang of virtue" (HD, p. 92) and agrees, however reluctantly, that the "cause" in Africa demands now "higher intelligence, wide sympathies, a singleness of purpose" (HD, p. 92). The reader gathers that Kurtz qualifies himself for this "gang of virtue" chiefly through artistic accomplishment. He is something of a musician and painter but embodies the self-consciousness of civilization through his ability with words: "The point," Marlow informs us, "was in his being a gifted creature, and that of all his gifts the one that stood out preëminently, that carried with it a sense of real presence, was his ability to talk, his words--the gift of expression, the bewildering, the illuminating, the most exalted and the most contemptible, the pulsating stream of light, or the deceitful flow from the heart of an impenetrable darkness" (HD, pp. 119-120). When asked by the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs to prepare a report "for its future guidance" (HD, p. 123), Kurtz completes an essay which strikes Marlow as an expression of man's "vibrating" "eloquence" (HD, p. 123). The essay insists that, because savages are inclined to deify whites, the European stands in the enviable position of being able to "exert a power for good

practically unbounded" (HD, p. 123). The essay expresses the "unselfish idea" which sanctifies the Company's presence in the Congo and Kurtz's at the Inner Station. Marlow, moved by the "magic current of phrases" (HD, p. 123), remarks:

The peroration was magnificent, though difficult to remember, you know. It gave me the notion of an exotic Immensity ruled by an august Benevolence. It made me tingle with enthusiasm. This was the unbounded power of eloquence--of words--of burning noble words. (HD, p. 123)

The "unbounded power of eloquence" and the "burning noble words," however, fail to offer in themselves any plan for their realization.

There were no practical hints to interrupt the magic current of phrases, unless a kind of note at 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 every altruistic sentiment it blazed at you, luminous and terrifying, like a flash of lightning in a serene sky: 'Exterminate all the brutes!' (HD, p. 123)

The violent transition in the "exposition of a method " suggests that Kurtz's altruism fades quickly in the face of necessity. His fine sentiments, apparently, cannot be reconciled to the overwhelming need to maintain shipments of ivory. Idealism exists, figuratively, above the actual movement of commercial society, rendering "altruistic sentiment" (HD, p. 123) devoid of moral force and, hence, of practical consequences. Idealism becomes the balm, the salve, the panacea which makes the remote and sensitive, such

as Kurtz's Intended, feel the righteousness in their country's action abroad. And so, since the morality of the idealistic quest can have no bearing on action, Kurtz thinks little of displaying in the yard of his station the heads of those natives who dared to question his authority or, worse, to thwart his ambition. Marlow reveals as much when he comments:

I want you clearly to understand that there was nothing exactly profitable in these heads being there. They only showed that Mr. Kurtz lacked restraint in the gratification of his various lusts, that there was something wanting in him--some small matter which, when the pressing need arose, could not be found under his magnificent eloquence. (HD, p. 133)

When the "pressing need" comes to create commercial enterprise, idealism gives way to expose a hideous devotion to the task at hand. Philanthropy and, by extension, the arts in general, cannot stimulate ethical guidelines which are appreciated by the "pioneers of progress." Ethics, rather, seem to be nothing more than a kind of ornamentation, a "jewel flashing in the night of time," which the cultured man makes certain he displays. In this, idealism is not unlike the effect of moonlight observed by Marlow at the Central Station:

The smell of mud, of primeval mud, by Jove! was in my nostrils, the high stillness of primeval forest was before my eyes; there were shiny patches on the black creek. The moon had spread over everything a thin layer of silver--over the rank grass, over the mud, upon the wall of matted vegetation standing higher than the wall of a temple, over the great river I could see through a sombre gap glittering, glittering, as it flowed broadly by without a murmur. (HD, pp. 93-94)

Like the moonlight overspreading the "primeval forest," Kurtz's idea of the "august Benevolence" only masks the urge to wield the "strength" conferred by European civilization. The idea itself is expressed in the well-reasoned assertion that "we whites, from the point of development we had arrived at, 'must necessarily appear to them [savages] in the nature of supernatural beings--we approach them with the might as of a deity'" (HD, p. 123). For the idealist, strength apparently implies a belief that civilized man is destined to live always at some distance from primitive existence; and this belief, in turn, fosters a kind of idealistic re-appraisal which interprets strength, not as something won, but rather as an inherent quality at the disposal of man's unshaken belief in his own nobility. As a result, civilization, detached from the wilderness, from the kind of "death skulking in the air, in the water, in the bush" (HD, p. 68), creates for itself a "glittering" self-image, which, figuratively, the idealist can only project onto the "wall of matted vegetation." Thus, the "unsteady scrawl" "'Exterminate all the brutes!'" comes, in fact, "like a flash...in a serene sky" by stripping away suddenly Kurtz's "sentimental pretence." What remains is not Marlow's "redeeming idea" or civilization's "glittering" ideal but the Company's stark exploitation of power: "robbery with violence, aggravated murder on a great scale" (HD, p. 69).

Kurtz, then, is a creature of the "whited sepulchre" (HD, p. 73). His image is the image of Brussels and of the

Company at large.<sup>11</sup> Indeed, the parallel exists on another level. Where the Company Offices leave Marlow with the impression of a tomb, the Company Officials in the Congo strike him as figures in a "scene of inhabited devastation" (HD, p. 79). "Then I saw this station, these men strolling aimlessly about in the sunshine of the yard. I asked myself sometimes what it all meant. They wandered here and there with their absurd long staves in their hands, like a lot of faithless pilgrims bewitched inside a rotten fence. The word 'ivory' rang in the air, was whispered, was sighed. You would think they were praying to it. A taint of imbecile rapacity blew through it all, like a whiff from some corpse" (HD, p. 89). The lust for ivory and, by extension, for the respected positions in commercial society, results in the illness of those blacks coerced into the white man's service. In their "shackled" condition (HD, p. 105), the natives reflect the "imbecile rapacity" of their masters rather than the "exotic Immensity" of Kurtz's idealism. On Marlow's arrival from Europe, he wanders into a "gloomy circle of some Inferno" (HD, p. 81), "the grove of death" (HD, p. 85), where the starving and disease-ridden blacks gather to die. They appear to be little more than piles of "black bones" or "bundles of acute angles;" their eyes are enormous and vacant, and their bodies represent "every pose of contorted collapse, as in some picture of a massacre or a pestilence" (HD, pp. 82-83). The "belief in the unselfish idea" has no effect on the natives apart from allowing European ambition to transform them into mere shadows of their former selves:



"Brought from all the recesses of the coast in all the legality of time contracts, lost in uncongenial surroundings, fed on unfamiliar food, [the blacks] sickened, became inefficient, and were then allowed to crawl away and rest. These moribund shapes were free as air--and nearly as thin" (HD, p. 82). Their former energy, expressive of "the amazing reality of...concealed life" (HD, p. 93), has atrophied in the presence of civilization:

I found nothing else to do but to offer [one of the dying blacks] one of my good Swede's ship's biscuits I had in my pocket. The fingers closed slowly on it and held--there was no other movement and no other glance. He had tied a bit of white worsted round his neck--Why? Where did he get it? Was it a badge--an ornament--a charm--a propitiatory act? Was there any idea at all connected with it? It looked startling round his black neck, this bit of white thread from beyond the seas. (HD, p. 82)

The European invasion is as uplifting and beneficial as the "white worsted" around the neck of the dying black.

Ironically, the gift of European culture, the "charm" of enlightenment, is heavily repaid by the loss of vitality.

Conrad establishes something of an equation: the moral vapidness of civilized man, the sheer absence of any sense of vision and purpose, is reflected in the physical vapidness of the natives who have been enslaved. The claim to civilization, then, maintains itself solely through maintaining the appearance of culture. Conrad presents this notion vividly enough. Immediately after the "grove of death," Marlow sees the Company's chief accountant. Like the administrator in Brussels who gives Marlow the "impression

of pale plumpness in a frock-coat" (HD, p. 74), "this miracle" (HD, p. 83) of efficiency seems to be merely an incarnation of European dress: "I met a white man," Marlow relates, "in such an unexpected elegance of get-up that in the first moment I took him for a sort of vision. I saw a high starched collar, white cuffs, a light alpaca jacket, snowy trousers, a clean necktie, and varnished boots. No hat. Hair parted, brushed, oiled, under a green-lined parasol held in a big white hand. He was amazing" (HD, p. 83). Despite the inappropriate get-up, the accountant escapes degeneration through an adherence to duty. Even Marlow is impressed: "I respected the fellow. Yes; I respected his collars, his vast cuffs, his brushed hair. His appearance was certainly that of a hairdresser's dummy; but in the great demoralization of the land he kept up his appearance. That's backbone" (HD, p. 83). But, unfortunately, his "backbone" parallels the "swift and indifferent placidity" (HD, p. 74) of the home office. And, so, much like Kurtz's "vibrant" "eloquence," the accountant's civilized appearance disguises a ruthless devotion to his position. "When one has got to make correct entries," he announces to Marlow peevishly, "one comes to hate those savages--hate them to the death" (HD, pp. 84-85).

The moral emptiness of the accountant and, in fact, the sheer "hollowness" of all the white conquerors are implied in Marlow's first encounter with those blacks not under white domination. Unlike the "enemies" (HD, p. 80) of the "exalted trust," these natives represent the essence and

power of the primordial forest:

Now and then a boat from the shore gave one a momentary contact with reality. It was paddled by black fellows. You could see from afar the white of their eyeballs glistening. They shouted, sang; their bodies streamed with perspiration; they had faces like grotesque masks--these chaps; but they had bone, muscle, a wild vitality, an intense energy of movement, that was as natural and true as the surf along their coast. They wanted no excuse for being there. (HD, p. 78)

The blacks here, as opposed to those inhabiting the "gloomy circle of some Inferno," appear as extensions of the land itself. Their "wild vitality" and "intense energy" represent the power latent in the "stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention" (HD, p. 103)-- a "stillness" which overwhelms the "toil" of Europeans man's "mournful and senseless delusion" (HD, p. 78). The blacks, in other words, come to represent the dark otherness with which Kurtz, as the expression of European consciousness, must ultimately come to terms. Marlow reveals the "charm" which the wilderness has exerted over its "master" and "genius" through being brought himself to the "bosom" (HD, p. 90) of the land's "amazing reality" (HD, p. 93). He notes:

We are accustomed to look upon the shackled form of a conquered monster, but there [in Africa]-- there you could look at a thing monstrous and free. It was unearthly, and the men were--No, they were not inhuman. Well, you know, that was the worst of it--this suspicion of their not being inhuman. It would come slowly to one. They howled and leaped, and spun, and made horrid faces; but what thrilled you was just the thought of their humanity--like yours--the thought of your remote kinship with this wild and passionate uproar. (HD, p. 105)

The recognition of "kinship," the "faintest trace of a response to the terrible frankness" (HD, p. 106) of the "passionate uproar," brings Kurtz and, eventually Marlow through Kurtz, into direct contact with the primitivism existing at the base of civilization.

The conclusion of the atavistic journey is dramatized at the Inner Station when the land and savages herald Kurtz's first appearance to Marlow:

Suddenly round the corner of the house a group of men appeared, as though they had come up from the ground. They waded waist-deep in the grass, in a compact body, bearing an improvised stretcher in their midst. Instantly, in the emptiness of the landscape, a cry arose whose shrillness pierced the still air like a sharp arrow flying straight to the very heart of the land; and, as if by enchantment, streams of human beings--of naked human beings--with spears in their hands, with bows, with shields, with wild glances and savage movements, were poured into the clearing by the dark-faced and pensive forest. (HD, pp. 134-135)

Kurtz, despite the idea of "reclaiming" the "implacable force" (HD, p. 80), is himself absorbed into the "dark-faced," "pensive forest." His idealism, empty as it is, offers no resistance to the process of assimilation. The blacks, in recognition of the process, see the "emissary of...progress" (HD, p. 92) as a symbol of themselves. As a result, they raise him to the status of a "supernatural being" (HD, p. 72) and beckon him to preside over their "unspeakable rites" (HD, p. 123).

As a representative of European man, Marlow records the "moral shock" of Kurtz's degradation:

I glanced into the little cabin. A light was

burning within, but Mr. Kurtz was not there. I think I would have raised an outcry if I had believed my eyes. But I didn't believe them at first--the thing seemed so impossible. The fact is I was completely unnerved by a sheer blank fright, pure abstract terror, unconnected with any distinct shape of physical danger. What made this emotion so overpowering was--how shall I define it?--the moral shock I received, as if something altogether monstrous, intolerable to thought and odious to soul, had been thrust upon me unexpectedly. (HD, p. 141)

The extent of Kurtz's transgression of European culture is suggested in his association with the landscape itself. Upon recovering from "moral shock," Marlow discovers Kurtz, that "wandering and tormented thing" (HD, p. 143), crawling steadily towards the natives' "uneasy vigil" (HD, p. 140). He notes: "[Kurtz] rose, unsteady, long, pale, indistinct, like a vapour exhaled by the earth, and swayed slightly, misty and silent before me" (HD, p. 142). If the "effect of moonlight" represents the idealistic quest, then the "vapour exhaled from the earth" expresses a longing for the atavistic. Outraged at Kurtz's condition, Marlow attempts to break the "spell--the heavy, mute spell of the wilderness--that seemed to draw him to its pitiless breast by the awakening of forgotten and brutal instincts, by the memory of gratified and monstrous passions. This alone, [Marlow] was convinced, had driven him to the edge of the forest, to the bush...this alone had beguiled his unlawful soul beyond the bounds of permitted aspirations" (HD, p. 143).

Kurtz's indulgence in "forgotten and brutal instincts" exacts more than the loss of idealistic vision. Unlike the

savages, European man apparently lacks the physical resilience to withstand the destructive effects of his identification with the wilderness. It is as though the ease with which the "monstrous passion" shunts aside "altruistic sentiment" expresses itself in the ease with which the white man declines physically. Of Kurtz, Marlow says: "The wilderness had patted him on the head...it had caressed him, and--lo!--he had withered; it had taken him, loved him, embraced him, got into his veins, consumed his flesh, and sealed his soul to its own by the inconceivable ceremonies of some devilish initiation" (HD, p. 121). Conrad dramatizes this "inconceivable ceremony"--the "wedding", actually, of civilization to the wilderness--in the figure of the native queen. As a "wild and gorgeous apparition of a woman" (HD, p. 136), she exists as the primitive counterpart of the civilized Intended:

She [the native queen] walked with measured steps, draped in striped and fringed cloths, treading the earth proudly, with a slight jingle and flash of barbarous ornament. She carried her head high; her hair was done in the shape of a helmet; and she had brass leggings to the knee, brass wire gauntlets to the elbow, a crimson spot on her tawny cheek, innumerable necklaces of glass beads on her neck; bizarre things, charms, gifts of witch-men, that hung about her, glittered and trembled at every step. (HD, p. 136)

If the natives evoke the landscape, then she appears--and this is not unlike the blacks' superstition of Kurtz himself--as its essence and symbol: "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 whole sorrowful land, the immense wilderness, the colossal body of the fecund and mysterious life seemed to look at her, pensive, as though it had been looking at the image of its own tenebrous and passionate soul" (HD, pp. 136-137). The "passionate soul" arrives, seemingly, to prevent the loss of the "supernatural being" which the "powers of darkness [had]...claimed" for their own (HD, p.121). Pacing back and forth in front of the steamer, she seems to perform a dance of sorts, a ritual perhaps, which has the power to lure Kurtz from his bed to the "rites" administered in the bush. Kurtz's final words, "The horror! The horror!" (HD, p. 147), attest at least in part to his symbolic marriage to this "gorgeous apparition" and, further, to the annihilation of his faith in the ethical conventions of society.

In short, Kurtz's degradation implies that the idea seeking to "redeem" the exploits of civilization exists, like the Intended, apart from actual commercial activity. Marlow gives the following image of Kurtz's lady-Intended:

I noticed that she was not very young--I mean not girlish. She had a mature capacity for fidelity, for belief, for suffering. The room seemed to have grown darker, as if all the sad light of the cloudy evening had taken refuge on her forehead. This fair hair, this pale visage, this pure brow, seemed surrounded by an ashy hale from which the dark eyes looked out at me. Their glance was guileless, profound, confident, and trustful. (HD, p.153)

But Kurtz cannot be, as his eloquence would have Marlow believe, the mirror-image of this "mature capacity...for belief." Rather he is like the chief accountant: ruthless in his

devotion to ambition. In fact, if anything, he is the quintessential pilgrim by virtue of being the most efficient of those "mean and greedy phantoms" (HD, p. 146). Yet, to use Stein's expression in Lord Jim, he is "romantic"-- "romantic" in the sense that he tries to control his destiny by imposing his idealism on the outside world. Conrad strengthens the reader's appreciation of this "romanticism" by having the dying Kurtz reduced to the critical feature of his idealism--his voice or eloquence: "Kurtz discoursed: A voice! a voice! It rang deep to the very last. It survived his strength to hide in the magnificent folds of eloquence the barren darkness of his heart. Oh, he struggled! he struggled! The wastes of his weary brain were haunted by shadowy images now--images of wealth and fame revolving obsequiously round his unextinguishable gift of noble and lofty expression" (HD, p. 146). The image of the "unextinguishable gift" orbiting duly around dreams of "wealth and fame" summarizes the European attempt to subjugate Africa's enormous wilderness--an attempt which seemed, in Conrad's famous words, as nothing more than "the vilest scramble for loot that ever disfigured the history of human conscience."<sup>12</sup>

Kurtz's voice, though noble in its utterances, offers the same delusion as Marlow's "excellent aunt," who, in being wholly removed from the "pitiless breast" (HD, p. 143), "got carried off her feet" with idealistic "humbug" (HD, p. 76): "She talked about 'weaning those ignorant millions from their horrid ways,' till, upon my word, she made me quite



uncomfortable." Likewise, Kurtz has "immense plans" (HD, p. 123) to subdue the wilderness for its benefit as well as for mankind's.

But the land "so impenetrable to human thought, so pitiless to human weakness" (HD, p. 130) is not subdued and works its devastation on the "fantastic invasion" (HD, p. 102) of Europeans. The machines integral to civilization seem to disintegrate readily in the midst of the "primeval forest" (HD, p. 93). On landing at the Company Station, Marlow "came upon a boiler wallowing in the grass, then found a path leading up the hill. It turned aside for the boulders, and also for an undersized railway-truck lying there on its back with its wheels in the air. One was off. The thing looked as dead as the carcass of some animal. [He] came upon more pieces of decaying machinery, a stack of rusty rails" (HD, p. 80). The men themselves appear to suffer the same fate. In the presence of the "high stillness" (HD, p. 102) of the jungle, the "pioneers" lose orientation, and their efforts reveal the absurdity in the mission to subdue the land. The brickmaker represents the condition: "The business intrusted to this fellow was the making of bricks...but there wasn't a fragment of a brick anywhere in the station, and he had been there more than a year--waiting. It seems he could not make bricks without something, I don't know what--straw maybe....However, they were all waiting--all sixteen or twenty pilgrims of them--for something; and upon my word it did not seem an uncongenial occupation...though the only thing that ever came to them was disease--as far as

I could see" (HD, p. 91). The disease, like the "decaying machinery," is symptomatic of the oppressive power in the wilderness. The power exposes in the European a susceptibility either to spiritual madness:

But [Kurtz's] soul was mad. Being alone in the wilderness, it had looked within itself, and, by heavens! I tell you, it had gone mad.  
(HD, p. 144)

Or, as Marlow indicates, to physical ailments:

I had often 'a little fever,' or a little touch of other things--the playful paw-strokes of the wilderness, the preliminary trifling before the more serious onslaught which came in due course. (HD, p. 112)

Indeed, the manager of the Company holds his position not by administrative ability or business acumen (for he "had no genius for organizing, for initiative, or for order" HD, p. 88) but rather by virtue of his being apparently immune to tropical diseases. "Triumphant health," Marlow explains, becomes "in the general rout of constitutions...a kind of power in itself" (HD, p. 88).

The manager's immunity, then, is a special case, being possibly the reverse of Kurtz's vulnerability. If the "universal genius" succumbs because of his idealism, then the manager survives as a consequence of his incapacity for self-analysis. He is wholly divorced from Kurtz's world of self-awareness and escapes continually on the strength of his "external" existence. Marlow speculates that "perhaps there was nothing within [the manager]" (HD, p. 88) and recalls the instance when the manager "was heard to say, 'Men

who come out here should have no entrails'" (HD, p. 88). It can be argued that the absence of introspection keeps the manager free from the savagery of the jungle. Marlow and the pilgrims, however, feel acutely the "paw-strokes of the wilderness" and find themselves inclined to take refuge in either the duties or the pretensions of European culture. The difficulty, of course, is that the wilderness has cut them off from civilization--from the system of responsibilities which has always given meaning to their lives. Absorbed in his exposition of Kurtz's demise, Marlow suddenly breaks from his narration and reminds his friends of their inability to understand the kind of solitude he has endured:

You can't understand. How could you?--with solid pavement under your feet, surrounded by kind neighbours ready to cheer you or to fall on you...--how can you imagine what particular region of the first ages a man's untrammelled feet may take him into by the way of solitude--utter solitude without a policeman--by the way of silence--utter silence, where no warning voice of a kind neighbour can be heard whispering of public opinion? These little things make all the great difference. When they are gone you must fall back upon your own innate strength, upon your own capacity for faithfulness. (HD, p. 122)

Conrad's implication is clear: when confronted by stark primitivism, the system of responsibilities fails to generate enough physical vitality or spiritual belief to balance the steady encroachment of the forest. Consequently, the social bond begins to unravel, transforming the invading white man into something of an outcast from his own society. Sheer survival, then, appears to come in two forms: first, in the complete "externality" of existence (as exemplified

by the manager and the Company accountant), and, secondly, in the strict devotion to duty.<sup>13</sup>

Marlow, of course, represents the second form. He implies that duty to an instrument of European society--in Marlow's case, the Company steamer--protects civilized man from the deadly introspection the jungle induces. Speaking of his search for wood, he says: "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 inner truth is hidden--luckily, luckily" (HD, p. 103). Attention to duty, then, has the effect of forcing man to concentrate on the "incidents of the surface"--to an "externality" not unlike that of the manager or the accountant. Marlow reveals that his identification with the "implacable force" was continuously postponed by the exigencies of the "decaying machinery." "I had no time," he states. "I had to mess about with white-lead and strips of woolen blanket helping to put bandages on those leaky steampipes--I tell you. I had to watch the steering, and circumvent those snags, and get the tin-pot along by hook or crook. There was a surface-truth enough in these things to save a wiser man" (HD, p. 106). The loss of contact with the "dark faced and pensive forest" creates the "surface reality" which forestalls in Marlow the spiritual and physical illness infecting the European invasion. But for the reflective man, like Marlow, the inward journey into a personal heart of darkness is only deferred. "But I felt," Marlow explains further, "[the jungle] all the same; I felt often its

mysterious stillness watching me at my monkey tricks [of piloting the steamer]" (HD, p. 103).

It is likely that Marlow survives his identification with the jungle largely through his devotion to the steamer-- to a kind of "deliberate belief" (HD, p. 106) which, by all appearances, is never embraced by the "pioneers." "The earth," Marlow begins cryptically, "...is a place to live in, where we must put up with sights, with sounds, with smells, too, by Jove!--breathe dead hippo, so to speak, and not be contaminated;" and concludes positively, stating: "And there, don't you see? Your strength comes in, the faith in your ability for the digging of unostentatious holes to bury the stuff in--your power of devotion, not to yourself, but to an obscure, back-breaking business" (HD, p. 122). The belief in the goodness inherent in the act of "back-breaking business" brings to mind Tony Tanner's conclusion in his fine article "Butterflies and Beetles--Conrad's Two Truths." Tanner states that Singleton from The Nigger of the "Narcissus," rather than Kurtz, stands as the preëminent Conradian hero: "[Conrad] believed in Singleton and the value and necessity of keeping the hands to the wheel, the dignity of standing erect and uncomplaining in the storms of a hostile nature and the darkness of encircling doubt."<sup>14</sup> Marlow in Heart of Darkness seems close to the steadfastness of Singleton: "The long reaches that were like one and the same reach, monotonous bends that were exactly alike, slipped past the steamer with their multitude of secular trees looking patiently after this grimy fragment of another world, the

forerunner of change, of conquest, of trade, of massacres, of blessings. [Marlow] looked ahead--piloting" (HD, p. 146)

Marlow's piloting represents a system of conduct which, when not compromised by ambition, allows the individual to feel comfort in the collective activity upon which civilization depends. If loneliness is man's "hard and absolute condition" (LJ, p. 109), one can find meaning only in the organization of a network of responsibilities whose viability is the only assurance of "solidarity." Thus, the reader can understand Marlow's clinging so steadily to the responsibilities of his ship, for in the enfolding darkness the steamer becomes the last vestige of the brotherhood or "solidarity...which binds men to each other."<sup>15</sup> For Marlow, this vestige is all that remains of the system of unity which gave the European, first, orientation in the abyss of the natural world; secondly, a sense of himself; and thirdly, though perhaps unfortunately, the illusion that civilization could master and control the same blackness which gave rise to the creation of European culture in the first place. Not for nothing, then, does Marlow remind us that "what saves" mankind from the despair of isolation is "efficiency--the devotion to efficiency" (HD, p. 69).

Lord Jim presents much the same theme. Jim's abandoning the Patna, his leap into his "everlasting deep hole" (LJ, p. 68) of guilt, constitutes not only a "dereliction of duty" but the violation of an ethical system established to brace man against the isolation of his existence. In his article "Lord Jim and the Loss of Eden," Paul L. Wiley argues in reference to Almayer's Folly, An Outcast of the Islands, and

The Nigger of the "Narcissus" that Jim's "flaw is...of graver consequences to an established community than that of either Almayer or Willems for the reason that he derives from the tradition of Allistoun and has been thoroughly trained for the craft of the sea. He might pass, in appearance, for one of the mates of the Narcissus but for a specter that shows through his fair exterior."<sup>16</sup> But the "specter" threatening the "established community" is not the lack of courage alone. As exemplified by the German skipper and the Malacca Portuguese, cowardice is common enough and is condemned by society. Rather the danger lies in Jim's apparent embodiment of the "standard of conduct" (LJ, p. 31). In exasperation, Marlow states: "I tell you I ought to know the right kind of looks. I would have trusted the deck to that youngster on the strength of a single glance, and gone to sleep with both eyes--and, by Jove!--it wouldn't have been safe" (LJ, p. 28).

Like Kurtz, Jim appears to represent to his fellow men the "inborn ability" of culture to retain its integrity before the "view of the monster," to express in Marlow's estimation the capacity "to look temptations straight in the face--a readiness unintellectual enough...a power of resistance...an unthinking and blessed stiffness...before the might of nature, and the seductive corruption of men" (LJ, p. 27). Even though Marlow is completely faithful to his social responsibilities, he becomes absorbed in Jim's lack of "inborn ability" and in the tension it produces between appearance and actual conduct. Indeed, Marlow's initial interest is in the attempt to resolve this tension which seems to threaten civilized man's "power of resistance." He asks: "Why I longed to go grubbing into the deplorable details of

an occurrence which, after all, concerned me no more than as a member of an obscure body of men held together by a community of inglorious toil and by fidelity to a certain standard of conduct, I can't explain" (LJ, p. 31). The questioning, however, is rhetorical: if the "obscure body" presents the only source of meaning before the "might of nature," then it becomes necessary to discover any weaknesses the system might have. Marlow feels compelled to seek out the reason behind Jim's transgression; and the search is presented in his identification with the possibilities of Jim's youth. "Was it," Marlow questions further, "for my own sake that I wished to find some shadow of an excuse for that young fellow, whom I had never seen before, but whose appearance alone added a touch of personal concern to the thoughts suggested by the knowledge of his weakness--made it a thing of mystery and terror--like a hint of a destructive fate ready for us all whose youth--in its day--had resembled his youth?" (LJ, p. 32) The "mystery and terror" arise from the speculation that the "community of inglorious toil," which looks sound enough, might well be in a process of disintegration. As a result, Marlow cannot help seeing Jim as a measure of this unsettling condition.

Indeed, the revelation of Jim's cowardice suggests to Marlow that the character of those men manning the system is never fully tested before the assumption of responsibility. Conrad himself carries this suggestion a step further. He implies that the test is never fully administered until the men experience, first, the "events of the sea" (LJ, p. 7) and,



secondly and more importantly, the "events of the sea" within the corrupting influence of alien cultures. Jim became, Marlow states, "chief mate of a fine ship, without ever having been tested by those events of the sea that show in the light of day the inner worth of a man...that reveal the quality of his resistance and the secret truth of his pretences, not only to others but also to himself" (LJ, p. 7).

If the sea becomes the test of Jim's worth as a member of society, his contact with Eastern culture, with the "bewitching breath of Eastern waters" (LJ, p. 8) and its "gift of endless dreams" (LJ, p. 8), creates the atmosphere in which the test is administered and its conclusions revealed to the "light of day." In power of exposure, the Eastern world with "its brilliant activity resembling a holiday pageant" (LJ, p. 8) is not unlike the "heavy, mute spell" of the Congo. Like Jim, other seamen find themselves drawn by a lack of "resistance" to Eastern life: "The majority were men who, like [Jim], thrown there by some accident, had remained as officers of country ships. They had now a horror of the home service, with its harder conditions, severer view of duty, and the hazard of stormy oceans" (LJ, p. 9). Jim's "accident," his being "disabled by a falling spar" (LJ, p. 7) on his "fine ship," like his fateful "leap" from the Patna, seems expressive of his distaste for the dull, rigorous responsibilities of the "home service:"

He knew the magic monotony of existence between sky and water: he had to bear the criticism of men, the exactions of the sea, and the prosaic severity of the daily task that gives bread-- but whose only reward is in the perfect love

of the work. This reward eluded him. (LJ, p. 7)

The inability to gain "reward," coupled with the longing for the "fanciful realm of reckless heroic aspirations" (LJ, p. 51), brings Jim into communion with the East and its decadent expatriates whose principal advantage consists in the "distinction of being white" (LJ, p. 9). "They [the expatriates] talked everlastingly of turns of luck: how So-and-so got charge of a boat on the coast of China--a soft thing; how this one had an easy billet in Japan somewhere, and that one was doing well in the Siamese navy; and in all they said--in their action, in their looks, in their person--could be detected the soft spot, the place of decay, the determination to lounge safely through existence" (LJ, p. 9).

Jim's "place of decay" prefigures his exile from European civilization. Conrad emphasizes this excommunication through what Marlow calls his "sentimentalism" about returning to England and to the "spirit that dwells within the land" (LJ, p. 136). "Yes!" asserts Marlow, "few of us understand, but we all feel it though, and I say all without exception, because those who do not feel do not count. Each blade of grass had its spot on earth whence it draws its life, its strength; and so is man rooted to the land from which he draws his faith together with his life" (LJ, p. 136). Place, then, comes to represent the conscience of civilization's arbitrary system of responsibilities. In fact, Marlow implies that any form of self-contamination is in itself a violation of the code:

Going home must be like going to render an

account. We return to face our superiors, our kindred, our friends--those whom we obey, and those whom we love; but even they who have neither, the most free, lonely, irresponsible and bereft of ties,--even those for whom home holds no dear face, no familiar voice,--even they have to meet the spirit that dwells within the land, under its sky, in its waters and its trees--a mute friend, judge, and inspirer. Say what you like, to get its joy, to breathe its peace, to face its truth, one must return with a clear consciousness. (LJ, pp. 135-136)

Once the "consciousness" has been clouded, the security of home, "the girls we love, the men we look up to, the tenderness, the friendships, the opportunities, the pleasures" (LJ, p. 136) are in danger of being lost to the "straggler" who has forsaken "the daily task that gives bread." "The fact remains," Marlow states, "that you must touch your reward with clean hands, lest it turn to dead leaves, to thorns, in your grasp" (LJ, p. 136).

Ironically, the belief in heroics and adventure--the very faith which tends to "cloud" the "consciousness"--is the motivation behind Jim's attraction to the sea. Marlow explains that "there is such magnificent vagueness in the expectations that had driven us to the sea, such a glorious indefiniteness, such a beautiful greed of adventures that are their own and only reward;" and he concludes by stressing that "in no other kind of life is the illusion more wide of reality--in no other is the beginning all illusion--the disenchantment more swift--the subjugation more complete" (LJ, pp. 78-79).

For Marlow and, presumably for Conrad as well, this "beautiful greed of adventures" represents a dangerous self-absorption which threatens man's ability to deal with a

universe where "[it] is always the unexpected that happens" (LJ, p. 58). In such a naturalistic world, attention to the ideal or to the "Imagination" becomes "the enemy of men, the father of all terrors" (LJ, p. 8). Indeed, this is Jim's problem, for his idealism is the essence of his existence. "His thoughts," Marlow observes, "would be full of valourous deeds: he loved these dreams and the success of imaginary achievements. They were the best parts of life, its secret truth, its hidden reality. They had a gorgeous virility, the charm of vagueness, they passed before him with an heroic tread; they carried his soul away with them and made it drunk with the divine philtre of an unbounded confidence in itself" (LJ, p. 13). "The enemy of men," of course, creates "unbounded confidence" by sustaining the illusion that the mind has dominion over the outside world. For the reader, the illusion is shattered when the Patna becomes endangered while "cleaving continuously the great calm of the waters under the inaccessible serenity of the sky" (LJ, p. 12). In fact, danger comes exactly when the kind of vigilance Singleton embodies yields to the kind of idealism represented by Kurtz and Jim. It is fitting, then, that Jim should become a victim of imagination at that moment when fidelity to his "back-breaking business" becomes critical: "His confounded imagination had evoked for him all the horrors of panic, the trampling rush, the pitiful screams, the boats swamped--all the appalling incidents of a disaster at sea he had ever heard of" (LJ, p. 54). Jim's character, given room enough to assert itself in the decadence of Eastern life, conspires against

the very idealism it seeks to express. And so, despite his sound appearance, his "blue, boyish eyes", "young face", and "capable shoulders" (LJ, p. 48), Jim, the first mate of the Patna, abandons his responsibilities to the ship.

The implication here is startling: the fully civilized man is not one who engages in speculative activities, but rather is one who submits calmly, even unimaginatively, to the duties of his position. The French lieutenant, therefore, stands as the symbol of the actual force that sustains civilization:

He looked a reliable officer, no longer very active, and he was seamanlike, too, in a way, though as he sat there, with his thick fingers clasped lightly on his stomach, he reminded you of one of those snuffy, quiet village priests, into whose ears are poured the sins, the sufferings, the remorse of peasant generations, on whose faces the placid and simple expression is like a veil thrown over the mystery of pain and distress. (LJ, p. 85).

For Marlow, the officer's "placid and simple expression" rather than Jim's "strange look of beatitude" (LJ, p. 51) is the guarantee of a steadfast devotion to duty. The lieutenant's "unthinking and blessed stiffness" is a measure of his unconscious existence. It is as though a simple and direct nature creates, so to speak, no barriers against admitting into itself the "sins" and the "sufferings" induced by man's "hard and absolute condition." Jim, of course, has "no dealings but with himself" (LJ, p. 206) and, as a result, cannot allow into himself the "pain and distress" of the outside world. The logic is not exactly clear, but it is as though such an

allowance would undermine somehow Jim's ideal conception of himself. The officer, on the other hand, in having no dealings with himself, is free to have dealings only with those problems concerning the outside world. Unlike the idealist, he feels no temptation to escape from events that might disturb, if not deny, a contemplation of his own perfect heroism. Rather he is receptive to these events and acts as best he can for their resolution. In short, he is steadfast because he has no grand illusions about himself. And he has none of these illusions because he is not troubled by the consciousness characteristic of Marlow, Stein, and Jim. Again, simplicity of mind rather than complexity of thought seems to create the clarity of vision necessary for the completion of those simple acts of courage which civilization demands.

As a man who has spent his life "[fighting] in the ranks" (LJ, p. 206), the Frenchman, despite his "imperturbable and mature calmness" (LJ, p. 89) which bespeaks an "expert in possession of the facts" (LJ, p. 89), cannot grasp the nature of Jim's idealism. He can only see the dishonor of the Patna affair and asserts that "when the honour is gone...I can offer no opinion...because...I know nothing of it" (LJ, p. 90). His attitude expresses the inability of the system of responsibilities to reconcile idealism to its own necessities. The hiatus between the ideal and the "prosaic severity of the daily task" prompts Marlow's concern for Jim's excommunication. Marlow feels the "bitterness of [Jim's] punishment" and believes Jim's imagination cannot revive in the "chill and mean atmosphere" (LJ, p. 95) of social condemnation: "I don't know

how Jim's soul accommodated itself to the new conditions of his life...but I am pretty certain his adventurous fancy was suffering all the pangs of starvation. It had certainly nothing to feed upon in this new calling [as a Water-clerk].... I kept my eye on his shabby plodding with a sort of notion that it was a punishment for the heroics of his fancy--an expiation for his craving after more glamour than he could carry" (LJ, p. 92).

Marlow's obligation to the "straggler" is the charity of maintaining his existence, of forcing "into his hand the means to carry on decently the serious business of life, to get food, drink, and shelter of the customary kind while his wounded spirit, like a bird with a broken wing, might hop and flutter into some hole to die quietly of inanition there" (LJ, p. 112). Marlow comes, however, to realize that Jim's "beautiful greed of adventures" refuses to die in the face of expiation. At length, he has the "disturbing sense of being no help [to Jim] but rather an obstacle to some mysterious, inexplicable, impalpable striving of his wounded spirit" (LJ, p. 111). It occurs to Marlow that Jim's "directing spirit of perdition" (LJ, p. 19) is, in fact, the "serious business" of the idealist's life. And so, restrained by the censure of European man, the spirit seeks liberty from imprisonment: Jim's mind, explains Marlow, "positively flew round and round the serried circle of facts that had surged up all about him to cut him off from the rest of his kind: it was like a creature that, finding itself imprisoned within an enclosure of high stakes, dashes round and round, distracted in the

night, trying to find a weak spot, a crevice, a place to scale, some opening through which it may squeeze itself and escape" (LJ, p. 19). The "weak spot," the reader learns, is always "farther east" (LJ, p. 4), farther from European culture and deeper into "the place of decay."

Curiously enough, this escape is not unlike Kurtz's "fantastic invasion." While quick to see the futility of Jim's idealism, Marlow understands also its inherent nobility, its suggestion of "the charm, and sometimes the deep hidden truthfulness, of works of art" (LJ, p. 172). For this reason, Marlow comes to respect Jim as being perhaps "an individual in the forefront of his kind, as if the obscure truth involved were momentous enough to affect mankind's conception of itself" (LJ, p. 57). Jim's idealism, or rather his "sublimated, idealised selfishness" (LJ, p. 108), is much like the "folds [of Kurtz's] gorgeous eloquence," for both express the hope of reconciling the world to some private or social understanding.

But, unlike Kurtz's exploits at the Inner Station, Jim's deeds in Patusan are vitiated by the reader's understanding that idealism can be realized only in the "place of decay."

Marlow observes:

The time was coming when I should see him loved, trusted, admired, with a legend of strength and prowess forming round his name as though he had been the stuff of a hero....He, on his side, had that faculty of beholding at a hint the face of his desire and the shape of his dream, without which the earth would know no lover and no adventurer. He captured much honour and an Arcadian happiness... in the bush. (LJ, p. 106)

But Patusan, of course, is no Arcadia. Nor is it the "wild



vitality" of the wilderness in Heart of Darkness. Rather it strikes the reader as an immensity of ruin and decay:

The coast of Patusan...is straight and sombre, and faces a misty ocean. Red trails are seen like cataracts of rust streaming under the dark green foliage of brushes and creepers clothing the low cliffs. Swampy plains open out at the mouth of rivers, with a view of jagged blue peaks beyond the vast forests. In the offing a chain of islands, dark, crumbling shapes, stand out in the everlasting sunlit haze like the remnants of a wall breached by the sea. (LJ, p. 148)

The phrases "cataracts of rust", "crumbling shapes", "remnants of a wall", serve to characterize Patusan as a decadent land long since abandoned by European commercial enterprise. The country, moreover, is beset by "antagonistic [political] forces" (LJ, p. 139) and seems completely cut off from the concerns of European civilization. "The stream of civilisation," Marlow relates, "as if divided on a headland a hundred miles north of Patusan branches east and south-east, leaving its plains and valleys, its old trees and its old mankind, neglected and isolated, such as an insignificant and crumbling islet between the two branches of a mighty, devouring stream" (LJ, p. 138). And, once Jim enters into the "insignificant and crumbling islet," "it would be for the outside world as though he had never existed. He would have nothing but the soles of his two feet to stand upon, and he would have first to find his ground at that" (LJ, p. 142).

As in Heart of Darkness, the natives seem very much an expression of their landscape. Except for Dain Waris, the "distinguished youth" (LJ, 160), the people of this "neglected mankind" present the spectacle of a benighted and skulking

population given to low treachery and high superstition. The Sultan himself is "an imbecile youth with two thumbs on his left hand and an uncertain and beggarly revenue extorted from a miserable population and stolen from him by his many uncles" (LJ, p. 139). Marlow's description of Rajah Allang gives an example of the local leaders with whom Jim must contend:

He was a dirty, little, used-up old man with evil eyes and a weak mouth, who swallowed an opium pill every two hours, and in defiance of common decency wore his hair uncovered and falling in wild, stringy locks about his wizened, grimy face. When giving audience he would clamber upon a sort of narrow stage erected in a hall like a ruinous barn with a rotten bamboo floor, through the cracks of which you could see, twelve or fifteen feet below, the heaps of refuse and garbage of all kinds lying under the house. (LJ, p. 140)

In reflecting the ruinous nature of the landscape, the inhabitants of Patusan never appear in vital opposition to Jim's European culture. Unlike the "weird incantations" at Kurtz's Inner Station, the civilization here never confronts the European's idealism by absorbing it first and then revealing its actual tendencies and hypocrisies. Indeed, the state itself is the very image of "refuse and garbage of all kinds:"

Whole villages, deserted, rotted on their blackened posts over the banks of clear streams, dropping piecemeal into the water the grass of their walls, the leaves of their roofs, with a curious effect of natural decay as if they had been a form of vegetation stricken by a blight at its very root. (LJ, p. 158)

And, as a result, the culture of the natives represents at

best a "diminution" of "the prosaic severity" inherent in Jim's European heritage.

Over this "reduced society" Jim, with the assistance of Doramin, becomes Lord. He acts as a kind of chief regent to Dain Waris and achieves, if only briefly, what Kurtz had hoped to accomplish in the Congo--the position and status of an "august Benevolence" ruling compassionately over an "exotic Immensity." "In the midst of these dark-faced men," Marlow explains, "[Jim's] stalwart figure in white apparel, the gleaming clusters of his fair hair, seemed to catch all the sunshine that trickled through the cracks in the closed shutters of [the Rajah's] dim hall....He appeared like a creature not only of another kind but of another essence. Had they not seen him come up in a canoe they might have thought he had descended upon them from the clouds" (LJ, p. 140). However, the "creature" of European essence is first brought into contact with the essence of Eastern waters:

The earth seemed fairly to fly backwards under his feet. He took off from the last dry spot, felt himself flying through the air, felt himself, without any shock, planted upright in an extremely soft and sticky mudbank. It was only when he tried to move his legs and found he couldn't that, in his own words, "he came to himself"....He reached and grabbed desperately with his hands, and only succeeded in gathering a horrible cold, shiny heap of slime against his breast--up to his very chin. It seemed to him he was burying himself alive, and then he struck out madly, scattering the mud with his fists. It fell on his head, on his face, over his eyes, into his mouth.... He made efforts, tremendous sobbing, gasping efforts, efforts that seemed to burst his eyeballs in their sockets and make him blind, and culminating into one mighty supreme effort in the darkness to crack the earth asunder, to throw it off his limbs--and he felt himself creeping feebly up the bank. (LJ, p. 155)

Jim's "leap" into the "soft and sticky mudbank" is not parallel to his jump into "the everlasting deep hole" (LJ, p. 68). Here in Patusan, the condition of being "spotlessly neat, apparelled in immaculate white from shoes to hat" (LJ, p. 3) has a positive force which speaks of real superiority. In other words, while there is no escaping the "deep hole," there is "the certitude of rehabilitation" (LJ, p. 152) within the "place of decay:" Jim creeps "feebly up the bank," escapes his doom, and, unlike Kurtz and "the pioneers," succeeds in bringing order, if not light, to Patusan. In other words, the relation of Jim to the Malays remains vertical, whereas the relation between Kurtz and the Africans becomes increasingly horizontal.

But, as the baptism of mud suggests and the appearance of Gentleman Brown confirms, Jim's superiority is in large measure illusory, depending both on the decadence of the land and on the Malays' ready belief in superstition and the infallibility of the white race. The reader recalls Marlow's assessment of European conquest in Heart of Darkness:

They were conquerors, and for that you want only brute force--nothing to boast of, when you have it, since your strength is just an accident arising from the weakness of others. (HD, p. 69)

for Jim's strength is indeed a measure of the natives' weaknesses.

But Jim comes to "this lost corner of the earth" (LJ, p. 151) convinced that his "adventurous fancy" can be fully realized. Marlow senses the possibility. "But do you notice," he questions, "how, three hundred miles beyond the end of

the telegraph cables and mail-boat lines, the haggard utilitarian lies of our civilisation wither and die, to be replaced by pure exercises of the imagination" (LJ, p. 172). But Marlow sees too that in such a society as Patusan idealism might realize itself only to prove too insubstantial to maintain the order of life it has created. We recall here the comment in Heart of Darkness on the "excellent aunt's" idealistic "humbug." Her vision of "'weaning those ignorant millions from their horrid ways'" (HD, p. 76), is echoed in Jim's experiments and plans:

[Jim] was going to try ever so many experiments; I had admired his energy, his enterprise, and his shrewdness. Nothing on earth seemed less real now than his plans, his energy, and his enthusiasm; and raising my eyes, I saw part of the moon glittering through the bushes at the bottom of the chasm. (LJ, p. 195)

The juxtaposition here of the "glittering" moonlight and Jim's experimentation further recalls the effect of moonlight on the Central Station. The image reinforces the reader's sense that the Tuan's idealism does indeed depend on the character of Patusan and that it could not withstand the severity of the outside world which Gentleman Brown represents. "The social fabric of orderly, peaceful life, when every man was sure of to-morrow, the edifice raised by Jim's hands, seemed [soon after Brown's arrival] ...ready to collapse into a ruin reeking with blood" (LJ, p. 227).

At this point, it is helpful to consider Stein's success in a similar situation. On inheriting M'Neil's trade in the Celebes, Stein holds a position beset, as is Jim's, by

"antagonistic forces" of a "native-ruled" state. But unlike Jim, Stein is able to handle himself in the outside world. Marlow gives a hint ~~of~~ his ability:

I speak of him at length, because under this exterior [Stein's sedentary, sagacious appearance] , and in conjunction with an upright and indulgent nature, this man possessed an intrepidity of spirit and a physical courage that could have been called reckless had it not been like a natural function of the body--say good digestion, for instance--completely unconscious of itself. (LJ, p. 123)

Stein's capacity for action arises naturally of itself. It never needs the inspiration of some heroic ideal to prompt its occurrence. When ambushed by his Malay enemies, Stein manages to kill his foes and, then, almost immediately, finds himself rewarded by capturing the rare butterfly for his collection:

And then I sit alone on my horse with the clean earth smiling at me, and there are the bodies of three men lying on the ground. One was curled up like a dog, another on his back had an arm over his eyes as if to keep off the sun, and the third man he draws up his leg very slowly and makes it with one kick straight again. I watch him very carefully from my horse, but there is no more....And as I looked at his face for some sign of life I observed something like a faint shadow pass over his forehead. It was the shadow of this butterfly. Look at the form of the wing. This species fly high with a strong flight. I raised my eyes and I saw him fluttering away. I think--Can it be possible? (LJ, pp. 127-128)

The moral seems clear enough: the man of culture and idealism must secure his position in a hostile world first before his ideal can hope to be realized in art or adventure. Thus Stein, unlike Jim, feels no compunction about leaving the

"adventurous part of his existence" (LJ, p. 125) once his safety has been compromised politically. Of course, the moral of Stein's tale cannot be taken too much to heart. After all, Conrad has Stein years later recall the capture of the rare butterfly and, as memory, the event might well have undergone some romantic transformations. All that can be safely said is that Stein's shrewd practicality, like Marlow's "intelligent volition" (LJ, p. 20), allows him to live successfully in both primitive and advanced societies.

Jim, however, insists that his idealism be his action: he cannot subordinate the one to the practicalities of the other. And this insistence limits him to Patusan where race in large measure allows him the opportunity for heroism. "Immense!" Marlow comments on Jim's position among the Bugis. "No doubt it was immense; the seal of success upon his words, the conquered ground for the soles of his feet, the blind trust of men, the belief in himself snatched from the fire, the solitude of his achievement. All this, as I've warned you, gets dwarfed in the telling. I can't with mere words convey to you the impression of his total and utter isolation" (LJ, p. 166). The reader understands that Jim's "mastery of his fate," unlike Stein's, depends on this "utter isolation" from the "laws of progress and order" and on the power of prestige his white skin carries among the natives.

This dependency is exemplified in the conflict with Gentleman Brown. Dain Waris, after boldly taking the fight to the "thwarted autocrat" (LJ, p. 240), finds himself stopped by the discretion of his elders:

That brave and intelligent youth (who knew how to fight after the manner of white men) wished to settle the business off-hand, but his people were too much for him. He had not Jim's racial prestige and the reputation of invincible, supernatural power. He was not the visible, tangible incarnation of unfailing truth and of unfailing victory. Beloved, trusted, and admired as he was, he was still one of them, while Jim was one of us. Moreover, the white man, a tower of strength in himself, was invulnerable, while Dain Waris could be killed. (LJ, p. 220)

In becoming the "incarnation of unfailing truth," Jim presents himself to the natives as a figure worthy of their complete "trust." However, their belief in his "invincible, supernatural power" only masks a latent egoism which asks that the Malays be spared all responsibility ~~for~~ the kind of problems posed by Gentleman Brown. Such an attitude is ironic, for Jim's heroism fails to stimulate the same heroism within the population which the Tuan serves with such earnest devotion. On an ethical level, Jim's "august Benevolence" is estranged from the natives' "exotic Immensity." Conrad enlarges on this estrangement in the nature of Jim's death: Jim's heroic compassion combines with his guilt and his need for atonement to form a seemingly Christian belief in grace<sup>16</sup>--a belief that allows Brown the opportunity to deal Jim's "superb egoism" its ultimate blow in the murder of Dain Waris. Imagining himself to be the "Christian hero and savior"<sup>17</sup> and responsible for his friend's death, Jim submits meekly to the wrath of Doramin. The spectacle of this obese and hideous chieftain, whose most eloquent phrase is nothing more than a "deep grunt" (LJ, p. 165), blasting Jim into oblivion, and of Jim's taking such a death as final



tribute to his idealism, completes the reader's sense of the utter futility of the ideal in a hard and vicious world. And so, in spite of the hope Patusan offers, Jim, like Kurtz, cannot escape the "destructive fate" which greets the idealist and renders his life the tragedy of man's aspirations before the "high stillness" of the indifferent universe.

In his January 14, 1898, letter to Cunninghame Graham, Conrad presents a gloomy, if not terrifying, view of the human condition:

The fate of a humanity condemned ultimately to perish from cold is not worth troubling about. If you take it to heart it becomes an unendurable tragedy. If you believe in improvement you must weep, for the attained perfection must end in cold, darkness and silence. In a dispassionate view the ardour for reform, improvement for virtue, for knowledge, and even for beauty is only a vain sticking up for appearances as though one were anxious about the cut of one's clothes in a community of blind men.<sup>18</sup>

Man, as a part of the universe, is never singled out to be a victim of natural processes. Rather he becomes the victim only to the extent that he believes in "the ardour for reform" and in his own "attained perfection." As my discussion has shown, the sense of victimization lies in the egoism of commercial society: civilized man, living apart from the "high stillness" of the forest, believes that the mind can grasp in itself the vital workings of both man and nature. Such a position is the illusion that man holds the power and wisdom to "improve" the natural world for his own betterment. As the letter quoted above makes plain, such an attitude struck Conrad as utter nonsense.

In his essay "Autocracy and War," the novelist states that the "architectural aspect of the universal city remains as yet inconceivable--that the very ground for its erection has not been cleared of the jungle."<sup>19</sup> Conrad further states that science, along with its scions of commercialism and industrialism, has only "widened for us the horizon of the universe by some few inches."<sup>20</sup> As a result, the reformers, represented by Kurtz and Jim, find themselves frustrated by a "confounded fact" (HD, p. 76): the jungle cannot be cleared because Nature itself is indestructible. In a letter to Cunninghame Graham, Conrad offers the analogy of a knitting machine:

There is a--let us say--a machine. It evolved itself (I am severely scientific) out of a chaos of scraps of iron and behold!--it knits. I am horrified at the horrible work and stand appalled. I feel it ought to embroider--but it goes on knitting. You come and say: "this is all right; it's only a question of the right kind of oil. . . Let us use this--for instance--celestial oil and the machine shall embroider a most beautiful design in purple and gold." Will it? Alas no. You cannot by any special lubrication make embroidery with a knitting machine. And the most withering thought is that the infamous thing has made itself; made itself without thought, without conscience, without foresight, without eyes, without heart. It is a tragic accident--and it has happened. You can't interfere with it. The last drop of bitterness is in the suspicion that you can't even smash it. In virtue of that truth one and immortal which lurks in the force that made it spring into existence it is what it is--and it is indestructible!<sup>21</sup>

The "infamous thing," "the wall of matted vegetation," opposes in its indestructibility any form of idealism which subscribes to the notion of a "mastered destiny." Conrad presents further evidence of this position in his article "Protection

of Ocean Liners," written in response to the sinking of the Titanic: "We [Europeans] have been accustoming ourselves to put our trust in material, technical skill, invention, and scientific contrivances to such an extent that we have come at last to believe that with these things we can overcome the immortal gods themselves" or rather "the sheer brutality of elemental forces."<sup>22</sup> Thus, to pursue the analogy cited from "Autocracy and War," one can argue that, despite the European's "trust" in overcoming the "elemental forces," the "universal city" of the idealist is forever resisted by the "amazing reality" of the jungle. And the supposition that the latter can be transformed into the former constitutes a form of mental gymnastics which gives vent to civilization's idealistic pretensions.

Given the futility of man's idealism, the condition of his "unendurable tragedy," the Conradian world is static. There is no movement, no "giant strides" to be made against "the high stillness of the forest." Rather there is only the "trust" in movement whose only practical effect is to stave off the realization of stasis. Conrad reveals as much in "Autocracy and War" when he further states:

The idea of ceasing to grow in territory, in strength, in wealth, in influence--in anything but wisdom and self-knowledge is odious to [European man] as the omen of the end. Action, in which is to be found the illusion of a mastered destiny, can alone satisfy our uneasy vanity and lay to rest the haunting fear of the future.<sup>23</sup>

In Conrad's commercial European society, the conception,

indeed the heresy, that the universe might be fixed is "odious" by virtue of its sweeping denial of controllable fate. The outrage arises from the suspicion that the idealist would be reduced to a foolish position: his action, being useless, would be confirmed as absurd; and his life, being "misguided by the desire of the impossible,"<sup>24</sup> would culminate in disillusion and death. This is the destiny shared by Kurtz and Jim.

In the course of Heart of Darkness and Lord Jim, the lives of Kurtz and Jim become associated with a false sense of security stemming from life apart from "the implacable force" of the jungle and "the [trying] events of the sea." Conrad often touches on the question of security as though fascinated that such an illusion could exist in such a hard and uncompromising world. For example, in "The Loss of the Titanic," Conrad discusses with some amazement the attitude of the passengers:

[The disaster of the Titanic] is in more ways than one a very ugly business, and a mere scrape along the ship's side, so slight that, if reports are to be believed, it did not interrupt a card party in the gorgeously fitted (but in a chaste style) smoking-room--or was it in the delightful French café--is enough to bring on the exposure. All the people on board existed under a sense of false security. How false, it has been sufficiently demonstrated. And the fact which seems undoubted, that some of them actually were reluctant to enter the boats, when told to do so, shows the strength of that falsehood. Incidentally, it shows also the sort of discipline on board these ships, the sort of hold kept on the passengers in the face of the unforgiving sea. 25

As the passage points out, the security afforded by civilization

has an unfortunate influence on the European sense of reality: the passengers believe in the safety of the ship rather than in the danger of the sea. Such "false security" brings on disaster by upsetting the balance between man and the "unforgiving" natural world. Once that balance has been disturbed, man, in his self-confidence, comes to the rash conclusion that civilization has always been free from the "exactions" of the "amazing reality." Suddenly, he pictures himself residing at the center of the universe. He becomes wholly devoted to himself; and the extent of his devotion is registered in the ideals which he seeks to impose on natural phenomena.

As expressed in the fates of Kurtz and Jim, this "ardour for reform" prevents the civilized man from achieving the vigilance of Singleton. As a result, the idealist lives in isolation from the natural world. He can only pursue the realization of his ideal. And such a pursuit ends in wreaking havoc on the people and conditions he hopes to redeem. Not for nothing, then, does Conrad in a letter to William Blackwood urge that the "ideas (that live) should be combatted."<sup>26</sup> Idealism, in short, is hardly benign. If it insulates civilization from "hard reality," it also carries the implication of conquest and prompts "robbery with violence, aggravated murder on a great scale."

Throughout Heart of Darkness and Lord Jim, Conrad associates the effect of idealism with the image of moonlight. In Lord Jim the following passage conveys the isolation and destruction implicit in the idealistic quest:

[Jim] spoke thus to me [Marlow] before his house [in Patusan] on that evening I've mentioned--after we had watched the moon float away above the chasm between the hills like an ascending spirit out of a grave; its sheen descended, cold and pale, like the ghost of dead sunlight. There is something haunting in the light of the moon; it has all the dispassionateness of a disembodied soul, and something of its inconceivable mystery. It is to our sunshine...what an echo is to the sound: misleading and confusing whether the note be mocking or sad. It robs all forms of matter--which, after all, is our domain--of their substance, and gives sinister reality to shadows alone. (LJ, pp. 150-151)

Like the moonlight, the idealist is the "disembodied soul" removed, as it were, from the shifting forces of nature. Such a detachment, by giving "sinister reality" to idealism, vitiates man's power to remain alert for the "storms of a hostile nature." In the deaths of Kurtz and Jim, Conrad is arguing that "human solidarity" depends on fidelity to the "visible universe." Once that fidelity is given over to idealism, the European loses the common pursuit of duty which unites him to his fellow man. Conrad, in other words, sees selfless devotion to the "task" as that condition which redeems the individual from the given emptiness of existence. He sees further that, if the individual comes to believe too extensively in his own abilities (which, incidently, is the central difficulty arising from the efficiency of European civilization), then this selfless devotion is in danger of being compromised. As expressed in the philanthropy of Kurtz and the heroism of Jim, this devotion is in danger of becoming the means to an egoistic end. And so, if a shadow-line exists between youth and maturity, then a shadow-line

exists too between duty to the selfless task and duty to the selfish ideal. Like Marlow and Stein, but, of course, unlike the French lieutenant and Singleton, the conscious man must guard himself against that subtle shift in the nature of his devotion which brings a belief in the self rather than a belief in the "solidarity" of mankind. The need for this vigilance is one of the central lessons dramatized in Heart of Darkness and Lord Jim.



## NOTES

<sup>1</sup>Joseph Conrad, Joseph Conrad's Prefaces to his Works, with an introductory essay by Edward Garnett (Freeport: Books for Libraries Press, 1971), p. 22.

<sup>2</sup>Joseph Conrad, Joseph Conrad's Letters to R. B. Cunninghame Graham, ed. C.T. Watts (London: Cambridge University Press, 1969), p. 70.

<sup>3</sup>Joseph Conrad, Under Western Eyes (New York: Doubleday, Page, and Company, 1925), p. 21.

<sup>4</sup>Joseph Conrad, "Autocracy and War," Notes on Life and Letters (New York: Doubleday, Page, and Company, 1923), p. 109.

<sup>5</sup>Joseph Conrad, Letters from Joseph Conrad, ed. Edward Garnett (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1962), p. 153.

<sup>6</sup>Joseph Conrad, Heart of Darkness and The Secret Sharer (New York: The New American Library, Inc., 1950), pp. 66-67.

<sup>7</sup>Joseph Conrad, Lord Jim (A Norton Critical Edition), ed. Thomas C. Moser (New York: W. W. Norton, 1968), p. 51.

<sup>8</sup>Jocelyn Baines, Joseph Conrad: A Critical Biography (London: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1960), p. 232, as quoted by Hugh Walpole in his diary for 23 January 1918, Hugh Walpole, A Biography (Rupert Hart-Davis, 1952), p. 168.

<sup>9</sup>Joseph Conrad's Letters to R. B. Cunninghame Graham, p. 68.

<sup>10</sup>Joseph Conrad, Typhoon and Other Tales, preface to The Nigger of the "Narcissus" (New York: The New American Library of World Literature, Inc., 1962), p. 20.

<sup>11</sup>Marion B. Brady, "Conrad's Whited Sepulcher," College English, XXIV (1962), 25.

<sup>12</sup>Joseph Conrad, "Geography and Some Explorers," Last Essays (Freeport, New York: Books for Libraries Press, 1970), p. 17



<sup>13</sup>It can be argued that no distinction actually exists between "externality" and devotion to duty. The accountant, for instance, attends to his accounting books with the same intensity that Marlow attends to the Company steamer. Yet the tone of the story implies that Marlow's action is of a higher order than that of the accountant. Why? It is difficult to say; but, in the context of Heart of Darkness, the distinction seems to be largely prejudicial, arising naturally from Conrad's own preference for the labor associated with ships. This preference finds rather clear expression in another work, the largely autobiographical The Shadow-Line. Here the narrator makes a distinction between men of "pen and ink" and men of the sea--a distinction which, I believe, throws considerable light on the distinction upheld in Heart of Darkness: "[Mr. R., the head shipping master] had known me only by sight, and he was well aware he would never see me again; I was, in common with the other seamen of the port, merely a subject for official writing, filling up of forms with all the artificial superiority of a man of pen and ink to the men who grapple with realities outside the consecrated walls of official buildings. What ghosts we must have been to him!" (Joseph Conrad, Typhoon and Other Tales, p. 373). In the narrator's (and we may assume, Conrad's) estimation, Mr. R. concerns himself only with the unrealities of a clerk's existence rather than with the realities of a seaman's life. In a sense, then, Mr. R. is to the narrator what the accountant is to Marlow: he is a man whose safe and meaningless existence is a consequence of his complete submission to an activity wholly removed from "the storms of a hostile nature." In Conrad's view, the nobility inherent in duty depends in large measure on the kind of duty itself. The more a man's calling brings him into contact with the shifting forces of nature, the more meaningful (and, indeed, the more difficult) becomes that station in life. Thus, while Marlow seems heroic in his confrontation with Kurtz and the jungle, the accountant seems only morally vacant in his fastidious devotion to his accounting books. The distinction lies in the confrontation with nature.

<sup>14</sup>Tony Tanner, "Butterflies and Beetles--Conrad's Two Truths," in Twentieth Century Interpretations of Lord Jim, ed. Robert E. Kuehn (Englewood Cliffs: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1969), p. 67.

<sup>15</sup>Joseph Conrad, Typhoon and Other Tales, p. 20.

<sup>16</sup>Paul L. Wiley, "Lord Jim and the Loss of Eden," in Twentieth Century Interpretations of Lord Jim, ed. Robert E. Kuehn (Englewood Cliffs: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1969), pp. 46-47.

<sup>17</sup>Ibid., p. 50.

<sup>18</sup>Joseph Conrad's Letters to R. B. Cunninghame Graham,  
p. 65.

<sup>19</sup>Joseph Conrad, Notes on Life and Letters, p. 107.

<sup>20</sup>Ibid.

<sup>21</sup>Joseph Conrad's Letters to R. B. Cunninghame Graham,  
pp. 56-57.

<sup>22</sup>Notes on Life and Letters, pp. 250-251.

<sup>23</sup>Ibid., p. 109.

<sup>24</sup>Joseph Conrad's Letters to R. B. Cunninghame Graham,  
p. 68.

<sup>25</sup>Notes on Life and Letters, pp. 223-224.

<sup>26</sup>Joseph Conrad, Letters to William Blackwood and David  
S. Meldrum, ed. William Blackburn (Durham: Duke University  
Press, 1958), p. 14.

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