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THE IRONY OF ANARCHY IN THE
NOVELS OF JOSEPH CONRAD

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INTRODUCTION

My task . . . is, before all, to make you see.¹

This often-quoted statement in the preface to The Nigger of the Narcissus is central to this thesis: it invites two questions. What does Conrad want us to see? How does he make us see it? He continues in the preface to say that Art:

. . . shall awaken in the hearts of the beholders that feeling of unavoidable solidarity; of the solidarity in mysterious origin, in toil, in joy, in hope, in uncertain fate, which binds men to each other and all mankind to the visible world.²

It is this "unavoidable solidarity" that Conrad wants us to see. He was acutely aware of its opposite: discord; discord between man and man, man and Nature. In order to survive, man had to bind together in an organic community. There was strength in solidarity. Fleishman, in Conrad's Politics, traces Conrad's notion of social solidarity to the organicist theories of earlier English and German thinkers. He looks to philosophers Bradley and Bosanquet as representative of the final form of nineteenth century organicism. He finds connections between Bosanquet and Conrad:

What Bosanquet has done is to psychologize the abstract notion of a community, to locate community in the sense of communion shared by the members of a society . . . In his interest in men's personal loyalty to and proud identification with the state, Bosanquet is akin to Conrad, for whom these emotions were objects of lifelong concern.³

In the early novels the ship becomes a metaphor for the state. In the sea tales he shows the ability of a loyal and united crew to dispel human disputes and to survive Nature's brutal onslaughts. Neither the Nan-Shan of Typhoon nor the Narcissus would have stayed afloat without the collective efforts of their crew members. Survival is paramount and is attained through unified effort.

However, among the crews of both these ships, there exist characters who cannot ally with the mob. Jukes of Typhoon is paralysed by the storm on account of an excessively vivid imagination. Dorkin of The Nigger of the Narcissus is flagrantly selfish:

The sympathetic and deserving creature that knows all about his rights, but knows nothing of courage, of endurance, and of the unexpressed faith, of the unspoken loyalty that knits together a ship's company.⁴

These types of characters, in the context of the vagaries of ship life, represent the individualistic ethic, which clashes directly with any organicist theory of community. They pre-figure a long list of characters, who through some special insight or flaw are in isolation from a community. In Lord Jim, Jim has extraordinary dreams of glamour and heroism; in Heart of Darkness, Kurtz has "moral" ideas of civilising the Natives; in Victory, Heyst endorses a philosophy of non-involvement; in Under Western Eyes, Razumov, an intellectual, aspires to position and recognition.

All these characters have the common desire for self-realisation and self-assertion. Their fate is a painful recognition of man's common

fate: "his unavoidable solidarity." These outcasts come to the knowledge that the individual can only find himself by joining a group. In organicist theory, a perfect community is created through the individual's moral will; the sum of these individual wills makes up the civilised, National life.⁵ This pre-supposes a high moral level and, certainly, a utopia never exists in Conrad's work. It is, however, the direction in which Conrad leads his principal characters. Both Heyet and Razumov, initially uncommitted and isolated individuals come to learn to "trust" in life; specifically, they learn to trust women. To trust is their significant achievement; it is the panacea for previous internment within their own separated egos.

Fleishman isolates the tension between individual aspiration and social responsibility:

If we were to give a name to Kurtz's vision of "the horror", it might appropriately be anarchy: that state of social decomposition at the opposite pole from organic community. This anarchy is already latent in the individual - individuality and anarchy are implicated in each other - and in the absence of an ordering community it springs into action as terrorism.⁶

We have already hinted at the dangers implicit in individual aspiration. Order and security through community are indispensable. Conrad does not doubt that claim. However, he also exposes a community bound together not by a moral will, but by a spiritless anonymity resulting from excessive order and security. In this case, society is merely an external restraining force. In Outpost of Progress, Conrad speaks thus of his heroes:

Society, not from any tenderness, but because of its strange needs, had taken care of those two men, forbidding them all independent thought, all initiative, all departure from routine; and forbidding it under pain of death. They could only live on condition of being machines. And now, released from the fostering care of men with pens behind the ears, or of men with gold lace on the sleeves, they were like those lifelong prisoners, who, liberated after many years, do not know what use to make of their freedom.⁷

Societies which breed characters like Kayerts and Carlier imprison their inhabitants. A society which believes unfailingly in its institutions fails to generate internalized moral restraints which could govern behaviour when police supervision is removed. Kayerts and Carlier are left not with moral resources, but with mere instincts which lead to murder and suicide. The notion of internalised morality as an antidote to anarchic behaviour is important to this thesis. It is precisely because characters like Kurtz in Heart of Darkness or Winnie in The Secret Agent have no inner restraint that they become anarchic. Kurtz becomes meglomaniac, Winnie commits suicide. In ironic contrast, Marlow in Heart of Darkness admires the restraint of the pilgrims, cannibals, who resist devouring him.

The discussion so far has revealed that Conrad saw the individual and his place in community as a complex issue. If community is essential for survival, it may shelter individuals in the illusion of harmony. The solidarity of a community may promote decent, law-abiding codes of conduct; it can also promote an unimaginative acceptance of life's routine. Single-minded, dutiful characters like Singleton in The Nigger,

the French Lieutenant in Lord Jim, MacWhirr in Typhoon are perfect men for the creation of community. Their contribution to a community solidarity is an unwavering commitment to work. They work unimaginatively but think nothing of the unusual stress that more imaginative natures could not tolerate.

Cox in Joseph Conrad: The Modern Imagination raises an interesting question; "Is it true, therefore, that the order of society is suited only to less imaginative natures?"⁸ With this in mind we can ask: what right has an individual, through a frustration with work or a demand for some personal expression, to isolate himself from the mainstream? The answer lies in an ironic appraisal of the outcasts. We can see them as heroes in their anarchy. Characters like Jim, Kurtz, Heyst, Razumov raise questions which would not have been uttered if the anonymous behaviour of dutiful men was an ideal. Through some unusual motivation or insight they forsake the illusions of a comfortable society and face the dark side of reality. In the knowledge they gain, invariably resulting in death, they report a kind of victory, which an ordinary human being, couched in the safety of community, could never achieve. This is the complexity of moral isolation. If, as Fleishman suggests, "individuality and anarchy are implicated in each other,"⁹ we can see another perspective. Individuality, because of its anarchy, may reveal, perhaps, save a crippled society of anonymous individuals. In this vein we shall see how Wait, ironically, unites the crew of the *Narcissus*.

Critics such as Glassman, in The Language of Being, believe that these isolated characters were the only admirable people in Conrad's novels. He conjectured that Conrad supposed life to be futile and that

the fullest expression of the individual was the ultimate creative act.¹⁰

From this stance he suggests:

Moral identity . . . is knowable more by the complexity of one's sensibility than by the stolidity of one's comportment.¹¹

Such an assertion, I feel, is too unequivocal. Just as allegiance to a totalitarian community is deluded so also is belief in the Absolute worth of the individual. Kurtz's "complex sensibility" does not automatically enhance his moral identity, as Glassman proposes. Our reactions are ambivalent. His alluring personality makes him more immediately interesting than the grubby avarice of the Accountant and the Manager; but, he is also a gross sensualist. His lack of inner restraint leads to anarchy which we view critically. However, the essential irony is that his anarchy "threw a kind of light"¹² on the composition of a lack-lustre European civilisation, similar to that which nurtured Kayerts and Carlier. Kurtz's behaviour points to the value of and necessity for community and its concomitant restraints of duty and work; it also reveals these notions as insufficient for maintaining a healthy community.

The examination of the limited but necessary existence of a community through an anarchist is the essence of much of Conrad's ironic structure. It is a persistently sceptical temper that can see Kurtz as a possible saviour. Narrators like Marlow or the young Captain in The Secret Sharer learn that the assertive sensibilities of Jim, Kurtz, Leggat, in breaking the law, have enriched their own lives. Lawlessness has not only been provocative, it has been salutary. From Conrad's analysis of social outcasts we learn this cruel Irony: under the threat of non-existence outside society, the individual can turn only to the State - although it

is from the state itself that the threat originates.

Conrad's task was to reveal the strain felt by assertive individuals in their reaction to the conformist niche, the solidarity formed by those with a more passive acceptance of life's illusions. Both sensibilities have integrity and in inter-acting inform each other of their respective dangers and inadequacies. Muecke, in The Compass of Irony, proposes a reconciliation of these two extremes (assertiveness, passiveness) as an ideal way of living:

To recognize an irony in the incompatible demands of the individual and society is, in a sense, to raise oneself above these demands though one still remains both an individual and a member of society. The ironic acceptance of an incompatibility can then be the basis, . . . for a way of living that reconciles the assertive and submissive, the seclusive and the gregarious instincts.¹³

Brierly, in Lord Jim, dramatises the inability to reconcile the incompatible demands of anonymity and assertion. In contrast, Marlow is the most satisfactory ironist in Conrad's work. I shall discuss this at length in Chapter 2. However, there is a danger in proposing Irony, in Muecke's sense, as a way of living. It may lead to non-action. Marlow himself is temporarily paralysed after his meeting with Kurtz. He concludes: ". . . life is - that mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose."¹⁴ The young narrator of The Secret Sharer forsakes duty and responsible behaviour while under the persuasive influence of his lawless alter ego. There are times in The Nigger of the Narcissus when Conrad as narrator flirts with nihilism, in recognition of the futility of action. Irony itself is not a sufficient antidote to the

complexity of an individual in a community. Decond, in Nostromo, is a thorough sceptic. And yet, he is just as vulnerable as the dutiful Singleton. On the Great Isabel his scepticism is tested to the utmost. He is bereft of all reason for living and ". . . (he) had died from want of faith in himself and others."¹⁵ In contrast, the idealistic, naive but faithful Natalia is a source of optimism in Under Western Eyes. Her femininity and her ardent commitment to the revolutionary cause promote life and hope for reform. Decond's rigorous sense of Irony leaves him no motivation for action, not even for survival.

The irony of anarchy is what Conrad demands we "see." He persistently uncovers the dualism involved in human experience which sees the opposites of assertion and submission as, unlinked, an insufficient interpretation of reality. However, there is no utopian reconciliation. Cunningham Graham sought an "Educated Singleton" as an answer. Conrad replied that Singleton was already educated, since he "was in perfect accord with his life . . ."¹⁶ Consciousness of the world would make Singleton unhappy because that world is one of inevitable decay:

Would you seriously wish to tell such a man
 "Know thyself! Understand that you are
 nothing, less than a shadow, more insignificant
 than a drop of water in the ocean, more fleeting
 than the illusion of a dream?" Would you?¹⁷

To speak of Singleton like this is to be aware of his integrity. In The Nigger of the Narcissus, Conrad lauds his steadfastness. Nevertheless, on occasions, his scepticism includes feelings of futility about this man's life. Conrad is balanced in his analysis. In all the

novels which I shall study Conrad reveals the whole man even if such an analysis requires opposite reactions on our part. As he wrote in the preface to The Secret Agent, he writes in "pity" and "scorn."¹⁸ This thesis shall emphasise Conrad's persistent arousal of opposite reactions.

The work of the new critics, T.S. Eliot and I.A. Richards is particularly relevant to this study. They used the term "irony" in an extended sense as a general criterion of literary value. T.S. Eliot praised a kind of "wit" in the metaphysical poets which is an "internal equilibrium" that implies the "recognition" in dealing with any one kind of experience, "of other kinds of experience which are possible."¹⁹ This is Conrad's art also. I.A. Richards similarly talked in terms of an "equilibrium." He saw the "equilibrium of opposed impulses . . . to be the ground plan of the most valuable aesthetic responses . . ."²⁰ In Coleridge on Imagination, Richards offers an interpretation of a passage from Venus and Adonis:

Look! how a bright Star shooteth from the sky
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

Richards says that "the more the image is followed up, the more links of relevance between the units are discovered":²¹

The separable meanings of each work, Look! (our surprise at the meteor, hers at his flight), Star (a light-giver, an influence, a remote and uncontrollable thing), shooteth (the sudden, irremediable, portentous fall or death of what had been a guide, a destiny), the sky (the source of light and now of ruin), glides (not rapidity only, but fatal ease too), in the night (the darkness of the scene and of Venus' world now) - all these separable meanings are here brought into one.²²

He concludes by way of summary:

Shakespeare is realising, and making the reader realise - not by any intensity of effort, but by the fulness and self-completing growth of the response - Adonis' flight as it was to Venus, and the sense of loss, of increased darkness, that invades her.²³

Richards, in fact, defined irony as the equilibrium of oppositions:

Irony in this sense consists in the bringing in of the opposite, the complementary impulses.²⁴

When Irony is working in Richards' sense, the author is said to "realise" the experience. Irony and realisation are the opposites of stereotyping. For an author such as Conrad, who is intent on preserving the integrity of any character and making us see the truth in the unity of opposite reactions, the principles of Irony and Realisation are important. We are not asked to either admire or detest characters like Singleton. We react in a double way and in so doing, we see all round the experience and the total composition of a character's sensibility.

Richards himself says that the major advantage of Irony in this sense is that it forces us to refrain from assertion:

The amplitude and fineness of the response, its sanction and authority, in other words, depend upon this freedom from actual assertion in all cases in which the belief is questionable on any ground whatsoever. For any such assertion involves suppressions of indefinite extent, which may be fatal to the wholeness, the integrity of the experience. And the assertion is almost always unnecessary . . .²⁵

If an author is to make us "see" the opposite impulses implicit in any experience, it is essential that he write from a detached position. Richards writes:

. . . to be detached is a curious way of saying that we are more completely involved.²⁶

Conrad strived for detachment and impartiality in the point of view of his novels. In Lord Jim and Heart of Darkness he used Marlow as a surrogate narrator; in The Nigger of the Narcissus he balanced the point of view in a combination of his own voice with that of a crew member. This method of narration preserved detachment well enough but created a flaw. Often Marlow failed to "realise" the ironies; he merely revealed them. In an author committed to making us "see", there is a difference between "showing" and "telling". We shall discuss this in detail in Chapter 2. One of the major difficulties with the narration of these early novels was that Conrad could not be ironical about the narrators. He became dependent on the surrogate, who remained extrinsic to the action. In this thesis I shall show that Conrad developed his use of narrator to the extent that he could either adopt an ironic stance towards the narrator's point of view or trust his own impartiality as a narrator. In the first case, narrators like Mitchell in Nostromo, the young Captain in The Secret Sharer, Davidson in Victory, the Professor in Under Western Eyes have only a limited perspective. Their narration itself is an Irony. In the second case, Conrad came to trust his own narration in tales like Typhoon or The Secret Agent. This development is the height of Conrad's narrative achievement. Its corollary is a sophisticated verbal Irony in which the skilful use of language arouses the opposite impulses without a persistently obtrusive narrator. With this development in narrative technique the ironies of anarchy are internalised and more consistently

"realised." Hence, we "see" the complexities of this theme more vividly.

The irony of anarchy is that individual behaviour, even anti-social behaviour, can often put us more in touch with being rather than doing. Conrad's anarchists arouse a double reaction: they have a fuller potential for life; they also possess a tendency towards destruction of themselves and others. Conrad's workers, the mainstays of social solidarity, also generate a double reaction: they bind a society together; in their very activity they cultivate an anonymous albeit secure society. The tension between these opposing sensibilities may be summed up in the maxim: "Conform and die; conform or die." That is what Conrad demands we "see."

I shall illustrate three methods by which Conrad makes us "see" the implications of irony and anarchy. Firstly, I shall examine the novels in terms of their ironic heroes, the anarchists. They are the central focus for the narrative structure of the novels. Secondly, I shall illustrate the developing use of narrators as a means of successfully "realising" the ironies. Thirdly, when Conrad is writing well, his prose possesses an "internal equilibrium" composed of the opposite impulses of "pity" and "scorn." This is Verbal Irony.

Thus, I am concerned with answering the two questions posed at the beginning of this chapter. What does he want us to "see"? How does he make us "see" it? The focus of this thesis is on the irony of anarchy and the means of preserving integrity through a full "realisation" of opposite impulses.

CHAPTER 2

In this chapter, I shall examine Marlow's perspectives on the anti-social behaviour of Lord Jim and Kurtz. An analysis of both these individuals illustrates Fleishman's contention that "individuality and anarchy are implicated in each other."¹ Lord Jim is not a blatant anarchist. He is a particularly imaginative young man who dreams of heroism. He does so at the expense of decorum. In jumping from the Patna, he breaks all the established codes of naval behaviour. After an ignominious trial he remains determined to fulfil his own aspirations for heroism. He does so on the island of Patusan but learns the crucial lesson that he can neither lead nor exist outside the context of a community. Kurtz began his career in the Congo with elevated, moral ideas of civilising the natives. He ended exploiting them and indulging grossly his passions for ivory, sex, and power. Both these characters become outcasts and yet both are eminently redeemable. Conrad redeems them and enlists our sympathy for them through Marlow's narration. Marlow is a former sea captain steeped in the traditions of duty and work. Through extensive experience he understands the necessity for law aboard ship if mutinies and storms are to be rebuffed. He is, however, an exceptional character. He is not narrowly assertive in his commitment to conventional society. He possesses a rigorously sceptical intelligence which unravels new layers of truth about these characters. To him, they are not simply lawless.

Two critics, Gurko in Giant in Exile and Cox in The Modern Imagination see Marlow as embodying the spirit of compromise between two extremes. Gurko says:

Marlow assumes a middle of the road position on everything to mediate between the extremes; in this, he embodies the British spirit of compromise, which manages somehow to cling to pragmatic reality without wholly losing sight of principle.²

Cox says:

To be safe, we must have a blind devotion to immediate practical tasks, to the needs of this ordered world. Marlow's greatness is that he is not content just to be safe, and that, in contrast with the pilgrims, he craves speech with Kurtz. At the same time, his cult of efficiency, his successful caring for the people in his charge, is far from a despicable illusion.³

However, this view of Marlow as a mean between two extremes is not shared by Glassman in Language and Being. He sees Jim and Kurtz as reformers of a previously stolid Marlow. Marlow is seduced by the youthful aspiration of Jim and the dynamic ambition of Kurtz.

. . . he esteems Kurtz as one would a philosopher or prophet - as a seeker of truth, a sainted genius of sincerity.⁴

Solipsism replaces community as Marlow's allegiance according to Glassman.

Such a contradictory understanding of Marlow is confusing; critics such as Hewitt recognise this confusion as an artistic failure. He claims that both Conrad and Marlow are "muddled" in Lord Jim and Heart of Darkness:

The effect of muddlement . . . found in Lord Jim comes, in short, from this - that Marlow is himself muddled. We look to him for definite comment, explicit or implicit, on Jim's conduct and he is not able to give it . . .⁵

Hewitt comments on Marlow's many rhetorical effusions:

. . . they are not 'placed' - Conrad, that is, does not so present them that we see them as deliberate, part of the portrayal of a man who is bewildered. They come from his own uncertainty as to the effect at which he is aiming.⁶

It will be crucial to discuss the difference between "muddlement" and "irony." Hewitt's thesis, suggesting Conrad's uncertainty, implies that characters like Kurtz and Jim are a threat to the fixed standards, "the few simple notions you must cling to if you want to live decently."⁷ However, Marlow never rejects the community values. In both Lord Jim and Heart of Darkness, Marlow's scepticism allows us to "see" the fixed standards both for their value and for their limitation. It is not Marlow's prerogative to provide a definite judgement. Rather, it is Conrad's intention that Marlow, through a growing sympathy for the claims of these extraordinary characters, should "realise" their sensibilities and create an ironic interpretation of their behaviour. Glassman's solipsism and Hewitt's uncertainty I will interpret, along with Gurko and Cox, as Marlow's compromise and scepticism.

Marlow says this of Jim:

I know he felt, he felt confusedly . . . the demand of some such truth or some such illusion . . . there is so little difference.⁸

"Truth" and "illusion" are seen as synonymous in Lord Jim. This is evident in other parts of the book's structure. It is supported by such characters as Brierly and the French Lieutenant. Brierly lives in a world

of external acclamation. That is his conception of honour. He comes to see the internal examination undertaken by Jim through the Court hearing. Such a stark revelation of inner torment adds a new dimension to his understanding of honour; it destroys his previous "illusion" and he commits suicide. In contrast, the French Lieutenant has no sense of external reward. He has no imagination, only an inner sense of courage and duty. His life is certainly true to the notion of solidarity in that he has subordinated his personal claim to a social reality. His behaviour is so true to the ideal that it is inhuman. Marlow views him as an "ox."⁹

This is the complexity of the problem of "truth" and "illusion" in the matter of heroism and glamour. Does fame lie in the number of medals which Brierly collects or in the depth of scars that the French Lieutenant incurs? It is Conrad's intention to "realise" the problem; he does not judge. Accordingly, Marlow is not an agent for explicit comment.

Jim is an ironic hero within the narrative structure. We see him from a Brierly point of view as well as that of the French Lieutenant. His battle is to act with the undaunted inner courage of the Lieutenant and to attain the external recognition bestowed on Brierly. In fitting in between these two extremes, we see him from a dual perspective. His submission would be uninteresting, his automatic reward, inhuman.

Before I discuss Marlow's capacity for "realising" the complexity of Jim's dilemma, I wish to examine some of Marlow's rhetorical speeches for which Hewitt accuses Conrad of "uncertainty" and muddlement." In these passages we shall see that Marlow is at pains to preserve a

compromise in his assessment of Jim. In not being either one-sided or narrowly assertive, Marlow can see Jim as both "hero" and "shirker."

Marlow himself elucidates:

He wanted an ally, a helper, an accomplice. I felt the risk I ran of being circumvented, blinded, decoyed, bullied, perhaps, into taking a definite part in a dispute impossible of decision if one had to be fair to all the phantoms in possession - to the reputable that had its claims and to the disreputable that had its exigencies. I can't explain to you . . . the mixed nature of my feelings . . .¹⁰

Marlow's mind is subtle. His feelings are "mixed." That epithet is a better description of his reaction to Jim than Hewitt's "muddled."

Marlow continues:

. . . The occasion was obscure, insignificant - what you will: a lost youngster, one in a million . . . an incident completely devoid of importance as the flooding of an ant heap, and yet the mystery of his attitude got hold of me as though he had been an individual in the forefront of his kind.¹¹

Marlow compromises. The irony is contrived. He is merely revealing his opposite reactions to Jim. He does not, in this passage, "realise" those impulses. In reviewing Jim, he says:

My last words about Jim shall be few. I affirm he had achieved greatness . . . I do not mean to be offensive; it is respectable to have no illusions - and safe - and profitable - and dull.¹²

This is not "muddlement"; it is equivocation. A sceptical awareness of

"all the phantoms in possession"¹³ views Jim's individuality as superior to the steady, dull commitment of Marlow's listeners. To classify their lives as "... respectable - and dull" echoes Marlow's mechanical transference from the "flooding of an ant heap" to the "forefront of his kind." This contrived process is continued in his interview with Jewel:

... the white statuesque immobility of her person, more than mere words could do, troubled my mind . . . It had the power to drive me out of my conception of existence, out of that shelter each of us makes for himself to creep under in moments of danger, as a tortoise withdraws within its shell. For a moment I had a view of a world that seemed to wear a vast and dismal aspect of disorder, while, in truth, thanks to our unwearied efforts, it is as sunny an arrangement of small conveniences as the mind of man can conceive. But still - it was only a moment: I went back into my shell directly. One must - don't you know?¹⁴

The dual vision of the world as "disordered" and then "sunny" is evinced with almost mechanical precision. As always, Marlow steps out of his comfortable "shell" and gazes on the "disorder." Finally, he substantiates his allegiance to the "fixed standards." Marlow is not "muddled" in any of these passages. His equivocal thought processes are clear and consistent. However, as I have stressed, his irony is contrived. They do not exhibit Eliot's notion of "internal equilibrium" or Richards' notion of "realisation." It must be stressed that the views of Eliot and Richards are not absolute criteria for literary value. However, they remain useful tools for an investigation into the vividness of description. Marlow at this stage is not so much vivid as devious. Even in his final

assessment, he leaves us with a bald dual vision:

Now he is no more, there are days when the reality of his existence comes to me with an immense, with an overwhelming force; and yet upon my honour there are moments, too, when he passes from my eyes like a disembodied spirit astray among the passions of this earth, ready to surrender himself faithfully to the claim of his own world of shades.¹⁵

In contrast to these rhetorical speeches, Marlow is capable of "realising" the ironical impulses. His initial description of Brierly is masterly:

The sting of life could do no more to his complacent soul than the scratch of a pin to the smooth face of a rock. This was enviable. As I looked at him flanking on one side of the unassuming pale-faced magistrate who presided at the inquiry, his self-satisfaction presented to me and to the world a surface as hard as granite. He committed suicide very soon after.¹⁶

Previous to this description, Marlow had built up Brierly as a man impervious to the world's destructive claim. He reinforces this image in his reference to the ineffectiveness of a pin's scratch on a rock. He consolidates Brierly's external complacency and then undercuts our expectations with the understated revelation of his suicide. In this passage Marlow generates the opposite reactions of "pity" and "scorn" towards the unfortunate Brierly. We see the images of "rock", "hard", "granite" as illustrative of an admirable power of resistance. They refer to his "blessed stiffness before the outward and inward terrors." Jim lacks this quality. However, with the knowledge of Brierly's suicide, we see these images from a different perspective. "Surface" becomes a

pivotal word. If this is an admirable exterior signifying endurance, it is also his only substance, an illusion, a "surface" in the sense of facade. Hence "rock" becomes "dumb immobility"; his "self-satisfaction" is inferior to the "unassuming pale-faced magistrate"; "complacent soul" is only a deluded stoicism. Brierly is both externally strong and internally weak.

There is an "internal equilibrium" in this passage. The impulses towards "pity" and "scorn" are brought together in a fine balance. Marlow is motivated in this analysis by the same principle evident in his rhetoric; he attempts to see the wholeness, the integrity of any character and refuses to offer a naive, explicit judgement. The analysis above "realises" the ironies and thus provokes a more vivid picture than the bald, dual vision of his rhetoric.

The capacity for "realising" the ironies is similarly evident in his description of the French Lieutenant:

The sharp glance, coming from that massive body, gave a notion of extreme efficiency, like a razor-edge on a battle-axe . . . he got on his feet with a ponderous impetuosity, as a startled ox might scramble up from the grass . . .¹⁷

The French Lieutenant is a man of inner strength and knows nothing of Brierly's demand for external commendation. Like Brierly, Marlow sees him, on one level, as an impressive specimen. His "massive" body and "razor-edge" efficiency are the worthy attributes of a hero. However, it is so extreme and unimaginative that his disposition is "ponderous" and "ox-like". From this perspective, his "massiveness" takes on

connotations of stolidity, his "extreme efficiency" becomes mere unconsidered action. From these opposing perspectives we can admire and ridicule the Lieutenant. The ironies are not obtrusive; they are gently "realised" in order that the integrity of this man's character might be preserved.

Brierly's experience illustrates the foolhardiness of pursuing external reward; the Lieutenant warns us that devotion to duty may degenerate into unconsidered albeit loyal action. Jim's psyche fits within these extremes of personal glamour and social commitment. The complexity of Jim's sensibility is "realised" by Marlow in his final view of Jim:

For me that white figure in the stillness of coast and sea seemed to stand at the heart of a vast enigma. The twilight was ebbing fast from the sky above his head, the strip of sand had sunk already under his feet, he himself appeared no bigger than a child - then only a speck, a tiny white speck, that seemed to catch all the light left in a darkened world . . . And suddenly, I lost him . . .¹⁸

The passage fully "realises" the ambivalence of our reactions to Jim. He is at once a "speck", in which light, his egotism is pathetic. And yet, amidst all the obscurity of a "darkened world" he seemed to "catch all the light." He stands out, and his aspiration makes sense of the enigma. In "the strip of sand had sunk already under his feet," he appears both dominant and submissive. He is at once mastering the destructive forces of the universe and simultaneously, in the Stein tradition, he is like a child, anonymous and powerless, thoroughly immersed in the destructive element.¹⁹

In the above three passages we "see" all round the complexities of an individual's responsibility to the solidarity of a community. Conrad has preserved a perfect "equilibrium" in which opposite reactions are vividly balanced.

In Heart of Darkness we will be concerned with the same aspects of Marlow's narration as means of generating an ironic appraisal of Kurtz's anarchic behaviour. As in Lord Jim, Marlow will reveal his compromise with both extravagant rhetoric and sensitive "realisation." His task in this novel is a more difficult proposition. Kurtz becomes a gross anarchist, seemingly beyond redemption, and yet Marlow looks for a perspective which will account for his inexcusable behaviour. In his journey to the Congo, Marlow becomes disgusted by everything connected with imperialism. Kurtz, in ironic contrast, becomes the apostle of light, the alternative to the cowardly, mean-spirited plunderers. However, Marlow is not trapped into an incredible allegiance, as Glassman suggests.²⁰ He never rejects his community affiliations; rather, he engages us by a willing suspension of disbelief.

In Marlow's mind, Kurtz is redeemable as a "positive relief" against a background of the dark, mysterious jungle and the corruption of colonial exploitation. In the first part of the novel, Marlow appears in complete command of the conflicting claims of the Kurtz experience and his loyalties to a stable society. It is in his build up to the meeting with Kurtz that he exhibits an ironic detachment which "realises" and reconciles these conflicting claims.

The initial narration before the Congo expedition acts as a

prologue to the following action. In his analysis of the Roman enterprise, he admires their courage:

They were men enough to face the darkness.²¹

They were admirable because they ventured, forsaking the securities and comforts of a claustrophobic civilisation. In an ironic "realisation" of their activity he asserts:

What saves us is efficiency - the devotion to efficiency.²²

We come to learn that "saves" is ironical. We are "saved" by efficiency in the sense that we are kept alive; we become excessively devoted to efficiency and nullify any inner life. This sort of irony is sustained until the end of the novel. Marlow as a sailor comes to see that "the devotion to efficiency" is essential for survival. It is his untiring allegiance to his captain's duties which aids his sailing the steamer through the bewitching jungle and the threatening cannibals. He learns, however, through his contact with the manager, that excessive devotion instigates behaviour without ideal and productivity without conviction. The manager has devoted himself to "method" (the best "method" of extracting ivory) to the exclusion of humanity, affections, ideals, and intelligence (all Kurtzian qualities). Such a commitment destroys life as readily as Kurtz's anarchy. The one sentence above "realises" the central irony of the novel.

Marlow is deliberately ironic. Nevertheless, he combines irony with morality:

They grabbed what they could get for the sake of what was to be got. It was just robbery with violence, aggravated murder on a great scale, and men going at it blind - as is very proper for those who tackle a darkness.²³

This passage establishes Marlow's allegiance to traditional values and his moral disapproval of such reckless behaviour. And yet, he shakes our complacency with an affirmation of this violence in the word "proper." It is an ironic word. For, their behaviour is not proper in the sense of "right"; it is proper in the sense of "physically necessary." Marlow refers to the necessity of violence for survival; being alive precedes being moral. Kurtz's behaviour, or rather, a perspective on it, is that it is "proper" in the sense of its necessity for survival in the alien environment of the Congo.

This kind of redemption of gross behaviour is continued:

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.²⁴

Again, Marlow's moral perspective is clear. And yet, such behaviour is redeemable because of its "idea." The final sentence is an aphorism for the Kurtzian experience. Kurtz's behaviour, like the Romans exploitation is not "a pretty thing" but behind it there is an "idea": the "idea" of individual fulfilment. This was the result of a degeneration of an original moral "idea" of civilising the natives. No matter the results of his behaviour or that of the Romans, they were motivated by an "idea" not simply and merely by the adherence to a "method." Hence, Marlow's ironic

detachment which preserves the integrity of these seemingly atrocious behaviours.

The Fresleven episode establishes further an ironic acceptance of Kurtz:

. . . Fresleven was the gentlest, quietest creature that ever walked on two legs. No doubt he was; but he had been a couple of years already out there engaged in the noble cause, you know, and he probably felt the need at last of asserting his self-respect in some way.²⁵

Fresleven's assertion is a quarrel over hens. The suggestion is that the darkness of the jungle is so obtrusive and threatening that even mild, anonymous creatures respond to it. The "noble" cause is the "devotion to efficiency." Fresleven, too, felt its frustration but lacked the wherewithal "proper" to overcoming this isolation.

Conrad, through Marlow, has prepared us for a critical examination of the threatening darkness. The Romans who assert themselves against its destructive claim prefigure Kurtz's behaviour. Their actions were admirable because they were motivated by a desire for individual assertion; they were potentially immoral because they were ruthless and destructive. Marlow refuses to be naively moralistic. He suspends judgement and "realises" the ironies. This is particularly evident in his account of the Brussels interview:

A narrow and deserted street in deep shadow, high houses, innumerable windows with venetian blinds, a dead silence, grass spouting between the stones, imposing carriage archways right and left, immense

double doors standing ponderously ajar. I slipped through one of these cracks, went up a swept and ungarnished 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 - 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, stood still and looked up.²⁶

There is a sense of vastness in this passage which contrasts with Marlow's individual insignificance; the opposing, immense constructions contrast with "I slipped through one of these cracks." Not only are these buildings immense but also the atmosphere is one of restriction and confinement: narrow, deserted, high houses, innumerable windows. The immensity and the concomitant emptiness of the description make the scene appear ridiculous. Similarly, there is something familiar yet ridiculous in the images of "grass spouting between the stones" and "Two women" sitting on "straw-bottomed chairs." In the first case, fecund nature contrasts with the harshness of stones; in the second case, the ordinariness of the activity conflicts with its futility. Marlow portrays the scene as being both arid and secure. His strength at this point is that he is able to reconcile the contradiction. He does not react emotively to the barren environment for he maintains, simultaneously, a commitment to the order of society. He echoes Muecke's thesis that an "ironic acceptance of an incompatibility can be the basis . . . for a way of living that reconciles the assertive and submissive."²⁷

This control is used to powerful effect in his description of the

degradation undergone by the Pilgrims:

Black shapes crouched, lay, sat between the trees
 leaning against the trunks, clinging to the earth,
 half coming out, half effaced within the dim light,
 in all the attitudes of pain, abandonment, and
 despair . . . The work was going on. The work!
 And this was the place where some of the helpers
 had withdrawn to die.

They were dying slowly - it was very clear . . .
 Then glancing down, I saw a face near my hand . . .
 I found nothing else to do but to offer him one of
 my good Swede's ship's biscuits I had in my
 pocket . . . He had tied a bit of white worsted
 around his neck - why? Where did he get it? Was
 it a badge - an ornament - a charm - a propitiatory
 act? Was there any idea connected with it?²⁸

Marlow has understated his anger. A description of this degradation could easily lead to a tumid, exaggerated style. Marlow's strategy is to control his reactions through irony: "work" means "slavery", "helpers" mean "slaves", "withdrawn" means "coerced."

They were dying slowly - it was very clear.²⁹

Marlow is analytical. There are not excessively emotional connotations on the word "dying." We are left with a bland physical fact through the passive construction ("it was very clear"), which establishes a cognition not an emotion. Nevertheless, the image is clear: death, which always leaves us with a sense of sympathy, and here, obvious disgust. Marlow allows the feelings to arise out of acute, exact description. He does not write subjectively. He even takes the atmosphere out of the grotesque context and views the natives, inquisitively, as a mystery:

Was it a badge - an ornament . . . Was there
any idea at all connected with it?³⁰

This passage bears out Richards' claim that a detachment in narration is
a means of being "more completely involved."³¹

Marlow has similar control over his analyses of the accountant and
the manager. Immediately after the above description he meets the
accountant. His appearance, seemingly incongruous with the primitive
surroundings, is made to seem natural. "He was amazing and had a
penholder behind his ear."³²

Moreover 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 demoralisation of the land he kept up
appearance. That's backbone.³³

If the accountant is as substantial as a "dummy", we note that it is a
"hairdresser's." There is something neat, respectable, and cultivated
about this fool. In contrast to Kurtz he has not fulfilled inner passions.
Unlike Fresleven he has not succumbed to the threatening wilderness but
survived by establishing all the veneer of European civilisation: "That's
backbone." Similarly, with the manager, we cannot easily dismiss him:

He was obeyed, yet he inspired neither love
nor fear, nor even respect. He inspired
uneasiness . . . Not a definite mistrust . . .
He had no genius for organising . . . He had
no learning, and no intelligence . . . He
originated nothing, he could keep the routine
going - that's all. But he was great.³⁴

The manager is deficient in those qualities in which Kurtz abounds (learning, intelligence, originality) and which qualities Marlow comes to admire. Nevertheless, he is "great." Like MacWhirr in Typhoon, it is the absence of any distinctive qualities which, ironically, is his strength. MacWhirr is dutiful, the manager methodical. Unlike Kurtz he cannot be tempted because there is nothing to tempt. He keeps "the routine going - that's all." As Cox insists and as we saw in the Brussels passage, the maintenance of a system is not a sham.³⁵

As I have insisted, Marlow is not merely an ironist. He is a moralist in his allegiance to the conformity implicit in maintaining social solidarity. At the end of Part 1 he is clearly disgusted by the amorality of the Eldorado expedition:

Their talk, however, was the talk of sordid buccaneers: it was reckless without hardihood, greedy without audacity, and cruel without courage; there was not an atom of foresight or of serious intention . . . To tear treasure out of the bowels of the land was their desire, with no more moral purpose at the back of it than there is in burglars breaking into a safe.³⁶

This particular passage is a final prelude to the ensuing analysis of Kurtz's behaviour, which Marlow will view with both "pity" and "scorn." Marlow stresses that, because of the degradation of the Eldorado expedition, he was keen to meet the man "who had come out equipped with moral ideas of some sort."³⁷

For the rest of the novel Marlow has the unenviable job of redeeming Kurtz from his atrocious anarchy. He comes to learn that the "moral ideas" were supplanted by a passionate indulgence of inner

desires. Marlow does not ally unequivocally with Kurtz; his moral rectitude would not allow such a seduction. However, amidst the mercenary squalor of his fellow plunderers, Kurtz is a light in the wilderness. Again, there is a tension between Marlow's sense of duty and his search for soul. Marlow reiterates through his actions his allegiance to duty and work. He works his steamer, controls the men, delights over Towson's painstaking research, and admires the inexplicable restraint of the natives. In his dutifulness, he has not a French Lieutenant stolidity:

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.³⁸

Much of the discussion of Kurtz is achieved through rhetorical speeches. The rhetoric recalls the dual vision of Lord Jim in which Marlow's ironic sense gives the isolated hero a hearing and sanctions the traditional moralities of an ordered society. I shall now examine some of these speeches:

He had taken a high seat amongst the devils of the land - I mean literally. You can't understand. How could you? - with solid pavement under your feet, surrounded by kind neighbours . . . stepping delicately between the butcher and the policeman . . . how can you imagine . . . utter solitude without a policeman . . . 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.³⁹

He refers in the last sentence to the securities of a society (butcher, policeman, neighbour) which hide temptation. Marlow is sceptical about naively accepting this kind of community, similar to that which nurtured Kayerts and Carlier. Kurtz was not protected by such "little things" and he erred. Are these the only restraints restricting action?

Kurtz's anarchy has a claim. Marlow lauds his intelligence:

Seventeen pages of close handwriting he had
time for!⁴⁰

Then Marlow understates his indignation at his grotesque behaviour:

But this must have been before his - let us
say - nerves, went wrong, and caused him to
preside at certain midnight dances ending
with unspeakable rites . . .⁴¹

Marlow is not sychophantic like the Harlequin. He sees Kurtz possessing . . .

. . . the power to charm or frighten
rudimentary souls into an aggravated witch-
dance in his honour . . . he had one devoted
friend at least, and he had conquered one
soul in the world that was neither
rudimentary nor tainted with soul-seeking.⁴²

Nevertheless, he can immediately undercut the importance of such a power
with:

No; I can't forget him, though I am not
prepared to affirm the fellow was exactly
worth the life we lost in getting to him.⁴³

Marlow's internal dialogue wavers rhetorically between loyalty to Kurtz
and moral disapproval. It will be instructive to compare Marlow's

reaction to Kurtz with the Harlequin's. Marlow can see that the Harlequin is as deluded in his commitment to Kurtz as the manager is to the system and to "method."

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 about the most dangerous thing in every way he had come upon so far,⁴⁴

In contrast to the Harlequin's lack of meditation, Marlow's ironic vision forbids such a seduction. He agrees with the Harlequin that Kurtz could make him "see" things. Indeed, his anarchy is attractive to Marlow for it had something to say:

(he) . . . had something to say. He said it . . . After all, this was the expression of some sort of belief; it had candour, it had conviction, it had the appalling face of a glimpsed truth - the strange commingling of desire and hate.⁴⁵

Kurtz explored and experienced. He had not been dictated to by conventional law; he had not sheltered behind the illusions of order (policeman, butcher, neighbour). Clearly, such action is anarchy. When an individual walks free of social restraints, he exalts himself and destroys others. However, there was an "idea" behind his behaviour which was "proper" to the environment. Kurtz had not been swallowed by the surrounding jungle; nor had he sold his soul to the mindless plundering of the manager's scheme. His individuality had been asserted. Kurtz became Marlow's "choice of nightmares."⁴⁶ Marlow comes to see that the order of society may be cultivating only the illusions of harmony. He is never seduced even in his seeming anarchistic denunciation of life:

Droll thing life is - that mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose. The most you can hope from it is some knowledge of yourself - that comes too late - a crop of unextinguishable regrets. I have wrestled with death. It is the most unexciting contest you can imagine. It takes place in an impalpable greyness, with nothing underfoot, with nothing around, without spectators, without clamour, without glory, without the great desire of victory, without the great fear of defeat, in a sickly atmosphere of tepid scepticism . . .⁴⁷

Rhetoric like this insinuates a change of allegiance. However, Marlow is merely devious. For, the next sentence begins . . .

If such is the form of ultimate wisdom . . .⁴⁸

The conditional clause softens his anarchic streak and we see it as conjecture. The rhetoric continues:

True, he had made that last stride, he had stepped over the edge, while I had been permitted to draw back my hesitating foot. And perhaps in this is the whole difference; perhaps all the wisdom . . .
Perhaps! . . .⁴⁹

This is conjecture. Marlow is at pains to convert his listeners to a sympathetic perspective. He asks them to willingly suspend their disbelief, to be sceptical in order that they might examine their own illusions. The Kurtzian experience "threw a kind of light"⁵⁰ on Marlow's expectations. His lie to the Intended substantiates his commitment to the illusions of a comfortable European civilisation simply because he is aware of their necessity for survival. The manager and accountant represent that society. They appear grotesque, but they survive. Kurtz was an anarchic individual, a fulfilled adventurer, but he died. That is the consistent

irony running through this novel and all of Conrad's treatment of anarchy.

Marlow has been the spirit of compromise which has tolerated the seemingly inexcusable behaviour of these two isolated characters. Bruss in "Lord Jim: The Maturing of Marlow" says this:

For what Marlow finally learns . . . is that he must be flexible: with his sensitivity he must be wary of any exaggerated allegiance . . .

Marlow's maturation, the access to flexibility of perspective, is a stunning achievement which few characters in Conrad's fiction enjoy.⁵¹

I have illustrated this flexibility and discounted any notion of "uncertainty" or "muddlement." Nevertheless, though Marlow is not muddled, he is often rhetorically obtrusive. This rhetoric appears contrived in its attempt to sustain irony. It leaves an important question: is irony valid only when it is an agent of "realisation"? It is impossible to discount Marlow's narration. However, we can see the extent to which Conrad was strained and dependent on Marlow's equivocation by discussing an earlier novel, The Nigger of the Narcissus. Conrad himself is one of the narrators and often relies on rhetoric. The dangers of this medium become more explicit in that novel,

CHAPTER 3

The central figure of The Nigger of the Narcissus, James Wait, is an anarchist. His behaviour is seen as both inexcusable and also, ironically, an alluring life force. As evidenced by the earlier quotation from the Preface to the Nigger of the Narcissus, Conrad sought a celebration of the solidarity of community. In the crisis situations of the tale, Conrad fully vindicates Authority and Discipline over destructive elements. In the storm and the mutiny survival is crucial and as Watt suggests, Conrad attests to the bond established during the storm and attributes value to the collective efforts of the crew.¹ However, this "value" is scrutinised ironically. Although he is confident in his extolment of Singleton and Alistoun as heroic in adverse circumstances, it is evident that the "unthinking" single-mindedness of Singleton and the dutifulness of Alistoun may well be their only skills. What happens when there are neither storms nor mutinies?

In the opening of this novel, Conrad is decisive in praising Singleton and denouncing Donkin. And yet, amidst this confident exposition, there are hints of personal feelings of disillusion; there is an air of futility about the passage of the *Narcissus*:

The august loneliness of her path lent dignity to the sordid inspiration of her pilgrimage.²

She resembled an enormous and aquatic black beetle, surprised by the light, overwhelmed by the sunshine, trying to escape with ineffectual effort into the distant gloom of the land.³

There are two gloomy references to the lot of the crew:

. . . but the bodies were lost in the gloom of those places, that resembled narrow niches for coffins in a white washed and lighted mortuary.⁴

The double row of berths yawned black, like graves tenanted by uneasy corpses.⁵

These authorial intrusions reflect an insecurity about fully endorsing the solidarity of a community of work. Indeed, we learn much about the barrenness of sailors' lives through James Wait's anti-social behaviour. Like Kurtz, he is an outsider and adamant in his individualistic stance. He is not presented as a naive egotist. When the men have finished their work, they have no egos. Ironically, James Wait unites them. He arrests their lives from the "obscure toil" and provides them with an outlet for an emotional commitment. In the initial description, Wait is heroic in a way Donkin never is:

The deep rolling tones of his voice filled the deck without effort. He was naturally scornful, unaffectedly condescending, as if from his vast height of six foot three he had surveyed all the vastness of human folly and made up his mind not to be too hard on it.⁶

Conrad has a moral and an artistic problem. If he endorsed this shirker he would contradict his earlier denunciation of Donkin. In attempting to "see" this self-conscious negro from another perspective, he labels him as "obnoxious" and passes the narration to a crew member:

We hesitated between pity and mistrust.⁷

This narrator breaks down the moral certitudes established earlier. It is

the birth of the Marlovian tradition. The narrator is one of the ordinary sailors. He works, tires and argues like the rest and yet, like Marlow, he maintains a distance from his fellows. He can see Jimmy as both a shirker and a unifying force. Through the crew member's narration we come to see Jimmy Wait as an emotional correlative to the physical unity established during the storm:

Had we (by an incredible hypothesis) undergone similar toil and trouble for an empty cask, that cask would have become as precious to us as Jimmy was. More precious, in fact, because we would have had no reason to hate the cask. And we hated James Wait.⁸

The secret and ardent desire of our hearts was the desire to beat him viciously with our fists about the head; and we handled him as tenderly as though he had been made of glass . . .⁹

Earlier in the novel the crew "were touched by their own readiness to alleviate a shipmate's misery."¹⁰ Wait generates a more extensive discussion of this egotism of pity. Ironically, Wait's anarchy although obviously narcissistic is salutary to the emotional atmosphere on the ship. He is a precursor to the gallery of alienated characters who, while isolated from society, make us "see" a broader insight into the traditional values. Without Wait, the crew would literally only exist. Conrad seeks to reveal the ambivalence of community - to show the necessity for social solidarity and its deficiency. This irony is achieved through the binding power of the crew narrator and the anarchy of James Wait.

There is a tension between the crew member's narration and Conrad's own internal thoughts. The crew member describes the vastness of the storm:

Before we could draw breath a heavy gust struck her, another roller took her unfairly . . . Forward the forecastle doors flew open, and the watch below were seen leaping out one after another . . .¹¹

Amidst this sympathetic description of the men's plight, Conrad himself intrudes cynically:

. . . they looked wretched in a hopeless struggle, like vermin fleeing before a flood.¹²

The savageness of this picture betrays a sense of futility which we noted at the beginning of this chapter. It is a nihilism that Conrad is at pains to hide but which escapes in various parts of the novel. Similarly with Singleton, Conrad on one level sees him as a great man. We can concur with Watt's recalling Auden's words:

. . . Give/Our gratitude to the Invisible College of the Humble/who through the ages have accomplished everything essential . . . we are compelled to affirm our endless, intricate, and not inglorious kinship with those who cannot write and who read only Bulwer-Lytton.¹³

This tone, however, is too serene. The novel will not allow us to endorse unequivocally the Singleton existence. There is much evidence to suggest that Singleton is emotionally barren. His assessment on sailing:

. . . ships are all right. It is the men in them!¹⁴

and his injunction to Wait: "Get on with yer dying,"¹⁵ divorce him from the normal feelings of insecurity shared by the rest of the crew. He knows only duty. Secondly, Conrad invests Singleton with a savage insight into a rampant Nature:

He looked upon the immortal sea with the awakened and groping perception of its heartless might; he saw it unchanged, black and foaming under the eternal scrutiny of the stars; he heard its impatient voice calling for him out of a pitiless vastness full of unrest, of turmoil, and of terror. He looked afar upon it, and he saw an immensity tormented and blind, moaning and furious, that claimed all the days of his tenacious life, and, when life was over, would claim the worn-out body of its slave . . .¹⁶

Even if Singleton is heroic, his devotion to work has an air of futility which the above passage does not see ironically. It is an authorial intrusion motivated by an insecurity about fully accepting a committed, dutiful sailor. This doubt exists elsewhere:

The true peace of God begins at any spot a thousand miles from the nearest land; and when He sends there the messengers of His might it is not in terrible wrath against crime, presumption, and folly, but paternally, to chasten simple hearts - ignorant hearts that know nothing of life, and beat undisturbed by envy or greed.¹⁷

This passage hides a snide cynicism. The crude realities of shipboard life are elevated to a Divine context and the futility of their work becomes even more evident when the Wrath is levelled at simple hearts . . . "ignorant hearts that know nothing of life." Rhetoric like this is used, often desperately, to unite the crew and endorse their commitment:

But in truth they had been men who knew toil, privation, violence, debauchery - but knew not fear, and had no desire of spite

in their hearts. . . . It was a fate unique and their own; the capacity to bear it appeared to them the privilege of the chosen! Their generation lived inarticulate and indispensable . . . They were the everlasting children of the mysterious sea . . . were strong and mute; they were effaced, bowed, and enduring, like stone caryatides that hold up in the night the lighted halls of a resplendent and glorious edifice.¹⁸

In attempting to exalt these men as "the Chosen" he contradicts his earlier descriptions of simple, ignorant hearts. The rhetoric is an expedient used to infuse an integrity into their work. The choice of images is unfortunate in that they generate unintentional ironies. In juxtaposing "inarticulate and indispensable", Conrad induces comedy not admiration; in labelling them as "everlasting children", we recall not only their simplicity but also their ignorance; the "stone caryatides" connote not only pillars of strength but also barren, unemotional toilers.

The ironies are not even correctly generated through rhetoric.

Conrad also has trouble "realising" the ironies at the end of the novel:

The dark land lay alone in the midst of waters,
like a mighty ship bestarred with vigilant lights -
a ship carrying the burden of millions of lives -
a ship freighted with dross and with jewels, with
gold and with steel. She towered up immense and
strong, guarding priceless traditions and untold
suffering, sheltering glorious memories and base
forgetfulness, ignoble virtues and splendid
transgressions. A great ship!¹⁹

In his art, Conrad sees the universe not in terms of Good and Evil in confrontation but as co-existent forces. In the above passage he has attempted to celebrate this co-existence ("A great ship!") and yet the

preceding lines exhibit a merely mechanical juxtaposition of objects and ideas bearing opposite connotations. We have witnessed the ambivalence of the above ironies but this statement does not "realise" the experience.

The merely mechanical juxtaposition is continued:

Between high buildings the dust of all the continents soared in short flights; and a penetrating smell of perfumes and dirt, of spices and hides, of things costly and of things filthy, pervaded the space, made for it an atmosphere precious and disgusting.²⁰

The above discussion illustrates that Conrad had, in fact, developed his ironic perspective by using Marlow as narrator. Hewitt's claim of "muddlement"²¹ is justifiable in discussing The Nigger of the Narcissus. Conrad is often insecure about his stance. This uncertainty is internalised in the personality of Marlow and we can see it as a deliberate ironic effect within the context of a maturing narrator. There is no such maturation in The Nigger of the Narcissus.

The principle of internalised irony is important. In the remaining books to be discussed the narrators will not be persistently obtrusive. With this development, the ironies are "realised" through a sustained verbal irony and through character inter-action. There is no dependence on rhetoric. Rather, we are asked to undertake close linguistic analyses and to observe what happens to the characters in their inter-action. Significantly, with Marlow as narrator none of the characters within the plot inter-acted. Marlow was always involved in the inter-action. There is no such dominance in Under Western Eyes. Fleishman notes that in that novel Conrad "develops a dialectic between the . . . skepticism of the narrator and the serene idealism of Natalia Halden."²² There is a similar

dialectic set up between Jukes and MacWhirr in Typhoon and between Leggat and the Captain in The Secret Sharer. The inter-action between pairs of characters forms a vital part of the ironic structure in these novels. In this chapter I shall illustrate this development with reference to Typhoon and The Secret Sharer.

Typhoon is a controlled scrutiny of the work ethic. The persistent irony aroused is similar to that discovered in the books already examined: an unimaginative devotion to work is both dehumanising and invaluable. Captain MacWhirr is the ironic hero of Typhoon. He is described in the first paragraph:

Captain MacWhirr, of the steamer Nan-Shan, had a physiognomy that, in the order of material appearances, was the exact counterpart of his mind: it presented no marked characteristics of firmness or stupidity; it had no pronounced characteristics whatever; it was simply ordinary, irresponsible, and unruffled.²³

The chief characteristic of this passage is its negative description. Ironically, it is precisely these unflattering qualities ("ordinary", "irresponsible", "unruffled") which are the salvation of the ship. MacWhirr is the unflinching devotee of duty. His persistence, like Marlow's, albeit less informed, is the life force which combats the typhoon. If we see him as stolid, we also see him from another perspective in a comparison with Jukes. Together they form an ironic contrast. Juke's imagination is as fierce as Lord Jim's. At the height of the storm:

Jukes remained indifferent, as if rendered irresponsible by the force of the hurricane, which made the very thought of action utterly vain.²⁴

In the context of the typhoon, he supports Marlow's claim in Lord Jim:
 "and Imagination, the enemy of men, the father of all terrors . . .,"²⁵

Like Jim, Jukes becomes powerless in the crisis. Like the French Lieutenant, MacWhirr is motivated only by duty.

Without a narrator of the Marlow kind the ironies are generated though inter-action and through verbal dexterity. The flag scene, early in the novel, "realises" the discrepancy between the two sensibilities. While MacWhirr cannot respond to the wit and humour of Jukes' imagination, he is not merely a buffoon:

Captain MacWhirr was amazed at these manners.
 After a while he stepped quietly into the chart-room, and opened his International Signal Code-book at the plate where the flags of all the nations are correctly figured in gaudy rows. He ran his finger over them, and when he came to Siam he contemplated with great attention the red field and the white elephant. Nothing could be more simple; but to make sure he brought the book out on the bridge . . .²⁶

The "realisation" of MacWhirr's sensibility preserves his integrity. Even though he is extremely stolid, he is committed. The phrases "stepped quietly", "he contemplated with great attention", "Nothing could be more simple", "but to make sure" characterise him as assured and dedicated in his role as Commander. Jukes does not jeer when he clings to MacWhirr after the onset of the storm:

He clawed ferociously, all these things in turn, lost them, found them again, lost them once more, and finally was himself caught in the firm clasp of a pair of stout arms. He returned the embrace closely round a thick solid body. He had found his captain.²⁷

Jukes' insecurity is soothed by the strength found in "the firm clasp", the "stout arms", "thick solid body" of the Captain which are both unexciting and alluring in their security.

The principle of internalised irony is similar in The Secret Sharer. The tale is told by a Marlow-like figure intent on obeying the laws and codes of the sea. He talks thus of his initial reactions to the sea and command:

. . . in my choice of that untempted life
presenting no disquieting problems, invested
with an elementary moral beauty by the
absolute straightforwardness of its appeal
and by the singleness of its purpose.²⁸

I asked myself whether it was wise to interfere
with the established routine of duties even
from the kindest of motives.²⁹

These statements are clearly ironical in that Leggat will be educated in self-knowledge. In aligning with his alter-ego he foregoes much of his former morality and sees Leggat's anarchy as invested with not merely an absolute straightforwardness but with "dual vision." Albert Guerard suggests that Conrad is dramatizing the "act of sympathetic identification with a suspect or outlaw figure and the ensuing conflict between loyalty to the individual and loyalty to the community."³⁰ Through his affinity with the lawless Leggat he seems to come out a more enlightened captain. We see the change in the Captain's disposition primarily through his behaviour which conflicts increasingly with the claims of his professed code. Unwittingly, he becomes ironic. He foregoes discipline, he hides a criminal, shuns his officers, lies to a fellow captain, and risks the lives of his crew.

There are no rhetorical speeches or devious accounts of his actions. Simply, the captain punctuates the tale with references to the "dual vision." Unlike Marlow he is not sure in his narration. He is "vexed."

I sat there, fagged out looking at the curtains,
trying to clear my mind of the confused sensation
of being in two places at once . . .³¹

Calm, I thought, and I was doubly vexed. Indeed,
I felt dual more than ever.³²

. . . and all the time the dual working of my
mind distracted me almost to the point of insanity.³³

That mental feeling of being in two places at
once affected me physically as if the mood of
secrecy had penetrated my very soul.³⁴

Leggat affects the Captain as Kurtz does Marlow. Both sailors become more enlightened, more able to carry on in a conventional society through their contact with anarchists. In the second tale, the theme of the irony of anarchy is revealed more economically.

The Nigger of the Narcissus illustrates the dangers of obtrusive narration. Typhoon and The Secret Sharer show that Conrad had controlled the narration to the extent that rhetoric was not needed. With this development the ironies were vividly "realised" through ironic language and through character inter-action as illustrative of a fusion of oppositions. In The Secret Agent, which I shall discuss in the next chapter, the narrator's voice is similarly distanced and controlled. Accordingly, the ironic effect is attained through a sustained verbal dexterity which characterised some of Marlow's more vivid "realisation" of irony.

CHAPTER 4

The Secret Agent is the most perfect expression of the irony of anarchy. Above all, it possesses a control which was not consistently present in all the earlier novels. In discussing control in Conrad's later novels, Guerard says this:

. . . for already much of the personal rhythm, audacity of rhetoric, and strangeness of perspective have been lost . . . It is obvious that Conrad made a conscious effort to chasten and simplify style, to subdue temperamental evasiveness and control digressive fantasy . . . In a word they show, The Secret Agent especially, control.¹

This criticism has identified exactly the blemishes which we discovered in the earlier chapters of this thesis. Control is achieved through a detached narrator who "realises" the ironies through sustained verbal irony. The outcome of this control through ironic style is a balanced perspective which prevents Conrad from any excessive identification with the destructive and anarchic forces.

To achieve a balance is to preserve the integrity of anarchy. Conrad, as in the earlier novels, scrutinises with "pity" and "scorn",² However, Howe offers a different thesis:

His irony has turned in upon itself, becoming facile through its pervasiveness and lack of grading . . . it is difficult to determine which standard of behaviour is being singled out for attack or defence.³

This statement has important implications for this thesis. The irony is certainly "pervasive." However, Conrad persistently views his characters with "pity" and "scorn." He searches for a balanced understanding, a "realisation" which will see all round a character's sensibility. If he did less, he would be indulging in either sentiment or excessive criticism. The irony of this novel does "turn in upon itself." If it did not, there is a danger that Irony itself would become the ultimate acquisition. Conrad is careful to view irony itself ironically as we shall see in our discussion of characters like the Professor and the Assistant Commissioner. It is not Irony which is sought; rather, it is the virtue lacking in the Professor:

The Professor had genius, but lacked the great social virtue of resignation.⁴

This is the virtue which Conrad revered:

Resignation, not mystic, not detached, but resignation open-eyed, conscious and informed by love, is the only one of our feelings for which it is impossible to become a sham.⁵

This novel dramatises the inadequacies inherent in the sensibilities of characters which do not show evidence of the above trait. This is the focus of the irony. We critically examine characters like Winnie who are not "resigned" but submissive or the Assistant Commissioner, who exhibits a resignation which is not "informed by love."

Howe's insistence on a "grading" is irrelevant to the purpose of this novel. Grading implies assertion and blatant moral discrimination. As we have already discussed, this is alien to Conrad's artistic intent.

His tactic is to preserve an individual's integrity. Conrad does not intend us to make a moral distinction between the behaviour of the Assistant Commissioner and that of Stevie. Both are viewed ironically. If we applaud the Commissioner's perception, we scorn his lack of compassion. Conversely, Stevie's imbecility is off-set by his facility for showing compassion. Despite the "pervasive" irony we are always left with an awareness of the integrity of each character scrutinised.

The above discussion has shown that the themes and focus of the earlier novels are similarly present in The Secret Agent:

(1) We are concerned about a society which is externally secure but internally barren.

(2) Conrad scrutinises with "pity" and "scorn" so that a balanced view is presented.

(3) Hence, the integrity of an individual is always preserved.

(4) A sense of resignation is superior to ironic scepticism.

Irony through style is the major achievement of The Secret Agent. We will discuss its working in this chapter. However, there is also a development in the narrative structure. There is no hero. Instead of lone individuals we have pairs of characters. Irony is generated through the relationships and inter-actions of each pair. There are three key relationships in the novel. Each operates at a different stratum of society. The core pairing of the novel is the marriage of the Verlocs and their domestic scene. The second pairing is the professional police relationship of Heat and the Assistant Commissioner. The third pairing is the anarchistic bond between Ossipon and the Professor. In the novel

there are a plethora of attachments, interviews and dialogues. Ironically, there is no real communication in any of these bonds.

In this chapter I will discuss the verbal irony in conjunction with the narrative structure as the prime agents for "realising" the irony of anarchy in The Secret Agent. First, I shall illustrate Conrad's style with reference to one passage from the novel:

And Mr Verloc, steady like a rock - a soft kind of rock - marched now along a street which could with every propriety be described as private. In its breadth, emptiness, and extent it had the majesty of inorganic nature, of matter that never dies. The only reminder of mortality was a doctor's brougham arrested in august solitude close to the kerbstone. The polished knockers of the doors gleamed as far as the eye could reach, the clean windows shone with a dark opaque lustre. And all was still. But a milk cart rattled noisily across the distant perspective; a butcher boy, driving with a noble recklessness of a charioteer at Olympic Games, dashed round the corner sitting high above a pair of red wheels. A guilty-looking cat issuing from under the stones ran for a while in front of Mr Verloc, then dived into another basement; and a thick police constable, looking a stranger to every emotion, as if he, too, were part of inorganic nature, surging apparently out of a lamp-post, took not the slightest notice of Mr Verloc.⁶

This passage "realises" the ironies of The Secret Agent. The street in which Verloc walks is "private." Not only is it secluded but it is also "empty" and its windows are "opaque." This aridity is intensified by the capacity of the inorganic matter to "never die." The understatement of

the short sentence "And all was still" suggests that "All was dead." Amidst this repression and stagnation there exists a milk cart which rattled noisily and a butcher boy who drove with "noble recklessness." These images exhibit unrestrained activity. However, they are fleeting impulses of energy and are quickly checked by references to the "guilty cat" and the "thick police constable", a man concerned with social order in a lifeless way. This is a world potentially capable of action and self expression. It is destroying itself by the excessive security bred by civilisation. Order, security, status are predominant. The novel examines a society which cultivates a flimsy external order without an inner emotional vitality. This was the theme of Heart of Darkness and, as in that novel, the expression of any inner convictions which destroy the outer facades must be viewed ironically.

Mr Verloc certainly does not forcefully express any inner convictions. He is a challenging test case for my claim that Conrad preserves an individual's integrity. After the first chapter, Verloc is nothing but an abomination. Initially, his physical form and lifestyle are portrayed, without apology, as grotesque. A significant feature of the initial description of Verloc is that he is placed between and seen as inferior to lively inanimate objects:

The bell, hung on the door by means of a curved ribbon of steel, was difficult to circumvent. It was hopelessly cracked; . . . it clattered behind the customer with impudent virulence. . . . Mr Verloc . . . His eyes were naturally heavy; he had an air of having wallowed, fully dressed, all day on an unmade bed . . . Now and then it happened that one of the faded, yellow dancing girls would get sold . . . as though she had been alive and young.⁷

The next reference to Verloc is blatantly ironical:

Mr Verloc carried on his business of a seller of shady wares, exercised his vocation of a protector of society, and cultivated his domestic virtues. These last were pronounced. He was thoroughly domesticated. Neither his spiritual, nor his mental, nor his physical needs were of a kind to take him much abroad. He found at home the ease of his body and the piece of his conscience, together with Mrs Verloc's wifely attentions and Mrs Verloc's mother's deferential regard.⁸

The passage is full of incongruities and ironies. It seems inconceivable that a "wallower" should have a vocation, be cultivated, have spiritual needs, a conscience, and be approached with deferential regard. However, the tone of this passage is not unequivocally reductive. The phrases: "was thoroughly domesticated" and "He found at home the ease . . ." substantiate him as embroiled in the domestic scene, which, we will see, is not unlaudable in the context of this novel. Verloc's job is social protection:

All these people had to be protected. Protection is the first necessity of opulence and luxury. They had to be protected; and their horses, carriages, houses, servants had to be protected; and the source of their wealth had to be protected . . . the whole social order favourable to their hygienic idleness had to be protected . . .⁹

The repetition of the word "protected" is ironical in the context of this "idleness." The narrator is insistent that Verloc is not merely guilty of a passive submission. It is true that he accepts a social order which is bound by idleness and materialism, but the urgency of the narrator's rhythm suggests that this milieu is worth "protection" - in the name of

solidarity. Thus, Conrad ponders further on Verloc's sensibility:

His idleness was not hygienic, but it suited him very well. He was in a manner, devoted to it with a sort of inert fanaticism, or perhaps with a fanatical inertness.¹⁰

This recalls Marlow's deviousness. If Verloc is "inertly fanatical" he may have a redeeming reason for his passivity. If he is "fanatically inert", he is extremely lazy. This duality is continued:

He required a more perfect form of ease, or it might have been that he was the victim of a philosophical unbelief in the effectiveness of every human belief. Such a form of indolence requires, implies, a certain amount of intelligence.¹¹

The idea of "fanatical inertness" is sustained in the phrase "philosophical unbelief" which anticipates Heyst Snr of Victory. It implies a degree of intelligent scepticism. The narrator is too well aware of the irony of assertion to dismiss Verloc. The next sentence reinforces the irony of Verloc's disposition:

Undemonstrative and burly in a fat-pig style, Mr Verloc, without either rubbing his hands with satisfaction or winking sceptically at his thoughts, proceeded on his way.¹²

Verloc is inert and imperceptive but he does keep on going. There is much of the MacWhirr and Singleton dispositions in his determination to "proceed on his way." The importance of this durability will be seen in the final scene with Winnie. Even after the atrocity of Stevie's death he talks to Winnie as if it was a minor aberration and that what is paramount are the arrangements for their marriage while he is in prison.

His main preoccupation is with preserving the domestic security which fosters his survival and comfort. This is stressed just before he enters the Embassy:

Mr Verloc did not trouble his head about it,
his mission in life being the protection of
the social mechanism, not its perfectionment
or even its criticism.¹³

The passage hides a subtle irony. If it appears ironic that Mr Verloc be referred to as a "protector of the social mechanism" then it is equally ironic and more destructive to be concerned with "its perfectionment or . . . its criticism." As we shall see, the Professor does not escape the irony of the narrator. Verloc is a passive victim of a squalid society. Our attitude to him is informed by our awareness of the "complementary impulses."¹⁴ He is seen as both amoral and stoic in his acceptance of a corrupt social order.

When Vladimir insults Verloc, the two extremes of this novel face each other. The complacency of Verloc's conventional respectability is shattered by Vladimir's ruthless anarchy. He ridicules Verloc with sneering references to his physique, laziness, lack of activity and marital status. He mocks all the things Verloc had taken for granted: Royalty, Religion, Science. The ruthless appraisal and its memory lodges in Verloc's brain, haunts him, and finally destroys him and his brother-in-law. And yet, Conrad is insistent that Verloc's stance holds more credence with us than the anarchic streak. In the meeting with the anarchists which follows, Verloc has an insight with which the narrator sympathises:

A lazy lot - this Karl Yundt, nursed by a
 blear-eyed old woman . . . when that indomitable
 snarling old witch died the swaggering spectre
 would have to vanish . . . And Mr Verloc's
 morality was offended also by the optimism of
 Michealis . . . As to Ossipon, that beggar was
 sure to want for nothing as long as there were
 silly girls with savings-bank books in the world.¹⁵

The anarchists depend on the security provided by women just as much as
 Verloc. If Verloc retreats into a similarly passive domesticity then
 perhaps such a retreat is valid, given the barren world outside:

Then after skipping his braces off his shoulders
 he pulled up violently the venetian blind, and
 leaned his forehead against the cold window-pane
 - a fragile film of glass stretched between him
 and the enormity, black, wet, muddy, inhospitable
 accumulation of bricks, slates, and stones,
 things in themselves unlovely and unfriendly to
 man.¹⁶

In this passage the emphasis is placed on the horror of civilisation
 as opposed to Nature. This drab and sterile wasteland was none of Verloc's
 doing and the power of the "accumulation" thwarts the noblest intention to
 reform. Verloc's impotence is succinctly stated in this analogy:

It's like your horse suddenly falling dead under
 you in the midst of an uninhabited and thirsty
 plain.¹⁷

Thus, the narrator has both "scorned" and "pitied" Verloc and the
 balanced analysis has preserved his integrity. There is nothing attractive
 about his inertness and yet, its opposite, assertion is impossible. This
 presentation of Verloc has been a sound preparation for the ultimate scene
 with his wife. It appears that just as Vladimir's analysis shook his

complacency, the premature explosion shook and revitalised his marital relationship. It is possible that Stevie's death has informed him in a positive way:

Mr Verloc's soul, if lacking greatness perhaps, was capable of tender sentiments. The prospect of having to break the news to her had put him into a fever.¹⁸

Mr Verloc, the secret agent, was speaking the truth. It was his marital affection that had received the greatest shock from the premature explosion. He added: 'I didn't feel particularly gay sitting there and thinking of you.'¹⁹

There is in Verloc's behaviour a mixture of stolidity, insensitivity, and yet a curious insight. He has no understanding whatever of the emotional trauma experienced by Winnie. As she becomes increasingly distressed and anarchic, Verloc becomes practical and realistic. He makes constant references to the "new" marriage that they will evolve and stresses the importance of tidying up the affairs while he is in jail:

Come, Winnie, we've got to think of tomorrow. You'll want all your wits about you after I am taken away.²⁰

. . . for urgent practical matters must be talked over if they had to sit up all night.²¹

What would become of the shop then? The shop was an asset . . . he had no mind to be utterly ruined, mostly, it must be owned, from regard for his wife.²²

Winnie, what you must do is to keep this business going for two years. You know enough for that . . . I'll send you word when it's time to go about trying to sell.²³

Mr Verloc, in a soft and conjugal tone, was now expressing his firm belief that there were yet a good few years of quiet life before them both.²⁴

In the enraged Winnie and placid Verloc we have a re-play of the opposite impulses enacted by Vladimir and Verloc: anarchy and domesticity. Because of its emotional sterility, Verloc's insistence on re-stoking the domestic arrangement is pathetic. Equally sad and even more futile, however, is Winnie's defiant murder. Like Verloc she is examined with "pity" and "scorn." In the introduction, Conrad says of Winnie:

Personally I have never had any doubt of the reality of Mrs Verloc's story . . . it had to be made credible, I don't mean so much as to her soul but as to her surroundings, not so much as to her psychology but as to her humanity.²⁵

The dualisms of soul/surroundings and psychology/humanity are effective parameters for an understanding of Winnie's sensibility. Her surroundings have been desolate. Not only did she live in a servile role to her father and brother but also she contracted a loveless, functional marriage. She had been a tragic victim of fate, ruled by circumstances. With this knowledge it is fair to stress her "surroundings." If we looked to her "soul" we would discover aridity. She knows not how to love; she merely dotes. Stevie and her mother exist really as pillars of a secure system by which she can make sense of her life. It is also reasonable to stress her "humanity." Ironically, because she does have a monotonous concern for the domestic routine and the people within it, she exhibits a maternal and sacrificial affection. If we stressed her "psychology" we would be pitiless. "Things don't stand too much looking into" is her philosophy. She has no conception of her illusion until the tragic news of Stevie's death. At

that point, her world caves in and she can only rebel. Ironically, the insight she gains as a result of the death destroys her. From Winnie we learn that survival depends on illusion. Our ironic perception depends upon the dualisms evoked by Conrad in the Preface. We "scorn" her barren soul and domestic psychology; we "pity" her desolate surroundings and humane sacrifices.

I shall examine various passages to illustrate the above ideas. When Mrs Verloc's temperament is "stripped of its philosophical reserve"²⁶ (after Stevie's death) she reviews her life:

Mrs Verloc pursued the visions of seven years security for Stevie loyally paid for on her part; of security growing into confidence, into a domestic feeling, stagnant and deep like a placid pool . . .²⁷

Now, the illusion is realised and shattered:

At that precise moment Mrs Verloc began to look upon herself as released from all earthly ties. She had her freedom. Her contract with existence, as represented by that man standing over there, was at an end. She was a free woman.²⁸

The irony is sharp and pervasive. The narrator knows that Winnie has not true "freedom." The sentence 'She had her freedom' "realises" the irony of her position. In the context of her new insight, she is above her previous drollery. However, once her illusion is dispelled and her anarchy enforced, she is useless. There is in the narrator's tone the persistent amalgam of "pity" and "scorn":

She had become a free woman with a perfection of freedom which left her nothing to desire and absolutely nothing to do, since Stevie's urgent claims on her devotion no longer existed.

Mrs Verloc, who thought in images, was not troubled now by visions, because she did not think at all. And she did not move. She was a woman enjoying her complete irresponsibility and endless leisure, almost in the manner of a corpse. She did not move, she did not think.²⁹

The word "free" is again used in an ironic sense. Her pathetic position is "realised" by such statements as "left her nothing to desire", "was not troubled." On one hand she does appear "free" but this freedom merely amounts to an incapacity for action: "She did not move, she did not think." Insight into life's forms does not guarantee freedom and happiness. In Winnie's case it leaves her with "absolutely nothing to do"; in the Professor's case it drives him to destroy life's forms. It is her submission to her surroundings and humanity which sustains her. She recollects the servility of her youth:

She saw herself putting the boy to bed . . . She remembered brushing the boy's hair and tying his pinafores - herself in a pinafore still . . . she had the vision of the blows intercepted (often with her own head) . . . of a poker flung once . . .³⁰

These examples of Winnie's domestic commitment are far from a sham. Her dignity is not nullified. In his women characters Conrad identifies an alluring capacity for trust. Winnie, the Intended in Heart of Darkness, Lena in Victory, Natalia in Under Western Eyes, Emilia Gould in Nostromo trust men who often ought not to be trusted. The essential optimism of this feminine capacity is that it is life forming. Lena revitalizes Heyst

in Victory and in Under Western Eyes Natalia actually survives in the end whereas the arch cynic, sophisticate Mikulin is destroyed. Trust is more significant than a simple feminine whim. It is a positive antidote to anarchy. The necessity for trust is actually the intellectual realisation attained by Razumov and Heyst.

The Verloc's abode is our first pairing. We can examine the two Police authorities in the same light as the domestic arrangement of the Verlocs. Their psychic indolence spreads to the Police. Heat is content with following established lines for they demand no new effort. They have worked before in the sense that they have earned him rapid promotion. He listens cynically as the Assistant Commissioner outlines a new course of action. He has, after all, seen Assistant Commissioners come and go. The ethical position does not occur to him. His solution to the bombing is the arrest of Michealis who is easy to lay hands on. Whether he is responsible for the bombing is beside the point. His arrest would quiet the public outcry. It is not justice but success he demands and success is based on the tenacious pursuit of routine. In the scene where he meets the Professor in a deserted street, Heat wants Life and will not threaten the Perfect Anarchist. However, it is too simplistic to suggest that Heat is indolent. By juxtaposing the Professor with Heat, Conrad "realises" a double reaction.

The Professor's talk is of death and destruction:

But you may be exposed to the unpleasantness of being buried together with me, though I suppose your friends would make an effort to sort us out as much as possible.³¹

This ruthless dedication to destruction is offset by Heat's hold on life:

Life had such a strong hold upon him that a fresh wave of nausea broke out in slight perspiration upon his brow. The murmur of town life, the subdued rumble of wheels in the two invisible streets to the right and left, came through the curve of the sordid lane to his ears with a precious familiarity and an appealing sweetness.³²

We react to the Inspector with the dual impulses of "pity" and "scorn." He lives anonymously amidst the "murmur of town life" and the "invisible streets." But, to the Chief Inspector and to the reader (in contrast to the Professor) this life is "precious" and "appealing." It is clearly an irony that life in these "sordid", "subdued" surroundings is valuable. It substantiates the necessity for a social solidarity. The above situation is similar to Winnie's environment. Her inability to appreciate her "sordid" security in adverse circumstances led to her destruction.

Within the vastness of the bureaucratic police structure, Heat recognises the futility and folly of attempting to assert himself as an individual. It is preferable to do the safe, the easy, the usual. Again, however, our reaction is a dual one:

Chief Inspector Heat was not very wise - at least not truly so. True wisdom, which is not certain of anything in this world of contradictions, would have prevented him,³³

True wisdom in Conrad is a sense of Irony wedded to action. The stress in this passage is on his lack of perfect wisdom. (He was not very wise, not truly so . . .) The emphasis on his imperfect wisdom does not deny that he does have some measure of approval. The narrator "realises" Heat with a

MacWhirrian sense of duty and routine. He would never destroy the social fabric even though he certainly never edifies it. Such is his "imperfect" wisdom.

The Assistant Commissioner, his colleague, is rendered as a perceptive ideal. He has the gift of ironic vision. Through his individual assertion he frees himself from bureaucratic stagnation and promotes vigorous action. As we have seen, the danger of such initiative is that it can become anarchic. And yet, there is an admirable quality in his self-expression:

His nature was one that is not easily accessible to illusions . . . But he did not like the work he had to do now. He felt himself dependent on too many subordinates and too many waiters . . . The futility of office work especially appalled him . . .³⁴

And the lofty pretensions of a mankind oppressed by the miserable indignities of the weather appeared as a colossal and hopeless vanity deserving of scorn, wonder and compassion.³⁵

The first passage distinguishes him from all the other characters with the exception of the Professor. Like the Perfect Anarchist he does not approve of a dependence on routine and social structure. These are illusions of security. This is the sort of perception which we see as admirable in characters like Kurtz or Heyst in Victory. The second passage illustrates his attendant aloofness. He has set himself apart from the "precious" and "appealing" world of Heat. All that is a "hopeless vanity."

Such ironic perception allocates him a powerful sensibility.

The last line of the second passage: ". . . deserving of scorn, wonder and compassion" makes him like Conrad himself. His flaw is that he cannot be compassionate and that his conscious Resignation is not "informed by love."³⁶ When he walked alone, his "descent into the street was like the descent into a slimy aquarium from which the water had been run off."³⁷ The Assistant Commissioner's response to this "slimy aquarium" is interesting:

Meantime, the Assistant Commissioner was already giving his order to a waiter in a little Italian restaurant round the corner - one of those traps for the hungry . . . without air, but with an atmosphere of their own - an atmosphere of fraudulent cookery mocking an abject mankind in the most pressing of its miserable necessities. In this immoral atmosphere the Assistant Commissioner, reflecting upon his enterprise, seemed to lose some more of his identity. He had a sense of loneliness, of evil freedom.³⁸

Conrad is careful that these are the impressions of the Assistant Commissioner, distinct from his own criticisms. The atmosphere is "immoral" and "fraudulent" to the Assistant Commissioner because it is anonymous and servile. He is unable to appreciate the "cooking" in the way that Heat or Winnie might. Rather, he sees it as "mocking an abject mankind." Significantly, the Assistant Commissioner cannot tolerate his loss of identity. He is not part of this environment but in ironic detachment. This aloofness leads to a narcissism which is revealed in his mirror gazing:

He contemplated his own image with a melancholy and inquisitive gaze, then by sudden inspiration

raised the collar of his jacket. This arrangement appeared to him commendable, and he completed it by giving an upward twist to the ends of his black moustache. He was satisfied by the subtle modification of his personal aspect caused by these small changes.³⁹

His own aspect, in contrast to the surroundings, appears "commendable" and "satisfying." Conrad brings the two oppositions into contact again:

On going out the Assistant Commissioner made to himself the observation that the patrons of the place had lost in the frequentation of fraudulent cookery all their national and private characteristics . . . But these people were as denationalized as the dishes set before them with every circumstance of unstamped respectability . . . One never met these enigmatical persons elsewhere. It was impossible to form a precise idea what occupations they followed by day and where they went to bed at night. And he himself had become unplaced. It would have been impossible for anybody to guess his occupation.⁴⁰

These people are like the indolent but committed Verlocs. There is a sense of submission which is unwholesome; in this, we can appreciate the Assistant Commissioner's criticism. Nevertheless, we cannot fully endorse his complaint. A dual reaction is set up. The Assistant Commissioner had himself become "unplaced" from the solidarity of a community. His emergence parallels Winnie's and his remove is similarly ironical. His analysis of his society is clinical. He walks alone and discards ordinary life, ironically with the motive of protecting it. His detached analysis of Verloc's marriage is full of half-truths:

A genuine wife and a genuinely, respectably marital relation. He told me that after his interview at the Embassy he would have thrown everything up, would have tried to sell his shop, and leave the country, only he felt certain that his wife would not even hear of going abroad. Nothing could be more characteristic of the respectable bond than that, ". . . From a certain point of view we are here in the presence of a domestic drama."⁴¹

In the context of the Verloc's drama, the repetition of the epithets "genuine" and "respectable" is inappropriate and ironical. The clinical understatement: "we are here in the presence of a domestic drama" makes his analysis ridiculously inadequate. Like the precise wit of Vladimir, the Commissioner's perception is sharp but not compassionate.

It is important to stress the Commissioner's reliance on the ordinary, everyday conventions that submerge Winnie into hopeless anonymity. In this vein, a clever irony is generated at the end of Chapter 10:

He looked at his watch. It was only half past ten.
He had had a very full evening.⁴²

These are neat, precise, assertive statements. Unwittingly, he has defined his evening's activities in terms of a universal structure - Time, the convention which the anarchists set out to destroy. Time is not the only convention he depends on. His motivation for action is sparked by his desire to stay in the great Lady's circle. He depends on this community, and thus, he must protect Michealis.

We view the Commissioner with "pity" and "scorn". Although he possesses a superior vision, he is intolerant of the claims of an ordinary,

non-anarchic existence. And yet, ironically, it is this that he seeks to protect in order that he might survive within it. Although his method is different from the Inspector's complacent, arid acceptance of the bureaucratic structure, his motive for action is similar.

A third significant relationship which arouses a double reaction is that between the anarchists, the Professor and Ossipon. The Professor's philosophy depends on destruction. In comparing the anarchists' sensibilities he says:

Their character is built upon conventional morality. It leans on the social order. Mine stands free from everything artificial. They are bound in all sorts of conventions. They depend on life, . . . whereas I depend on death, which knows no restraint.⁴³

He seeks a clean sweep of the existing social order and a new start.

You plan the future, you lose yourselves in reveries of economical systems derived from what is; whereas what's wanted is a clean sweep and a clear start for a new conception of life.⁴⁴

He stands to his word. He works fourteen hours a day perfecting the detonator which will destroy him and all around. His philosophy is set within an ironic framework. While the Professor expounds his vision to Ossipon, we learn of Stevie's slaughter amidst an attempt to do exactly what his creed seeks - destruction of artificial constraints. The result is annihilation. Despite this ironic undertone, Conrad does not merely "scorn" the Professor. His philosophy is important for he is astute about the amorality of a society bred in comfort:

The terrorist and the policeman both come from the same basket. Revolution, legality - counter moves

in the same game; forms of idleness at bottom identical.⁴⁵

This is the same sort of insight that Heat had into the Police and burglars. It is the passivity of this system that terrifies the Professor:

They swarmed numerous like locusts, industrious like ants, thoughtless like a natural force, pushing on blind and orderly and absorbed, impervious to sentiment, to logic, to terror too perhaps.⁴⁶

This is the same sort of fear expressed by the Assistant Commissioner and by Marlow when he returned from his Kurtzian experience. The Professor's horror: "What if nothing could move them?"⁴⁷ is Conrad's fear also. He reveals a similar sympathy for the revolutionary cause in Under Western Eyes. In that novel Sophia Antonovna stands apart from the dandy revolutionaries, Peter Ivanovitch and Mme de S. Razumov, in the course of his conversation with her, has an opportunity to broaden his view of revolutionaries:

Razumov looked at her white hair: and this mark of so many uneasy years seemed nothing but a testimony to the invincible vigour of revolt . . . as though in her revolutionary pilgrimage she had discovered the secret, not of everlasting youth, but of everlasting endurance.⁴⁸

There is a MacWhirrian quality of perseverance in this woman. Her "pilgrimage" is an untiring dedication to the overthrow of Russia's autocracy. Like the Professor in The Secret Agent, she fears the degradation of submission. Her speech on her father's impoverishment is a sincere, urgent plea for reform:

No joy had lighted up his laborious days. He died at fifty; all the years of his life he had panted under the thumb of masters whose

rapacity exacted from him the price of water, of the salt, of the very air he breathed; taxed the sweat of his brow and claimed the blood of his sons. No protection, no guidance! What had society to say to him? Be submissive and be honest. If you rebel I shall kill you. If you steal I shall imprison you . . .

And so he laboured, he suffered, and he died.⁴⁹

Conrad is not an obscurant. He admires the fervour of the Professor and Sophia Antonovna. However, he distances his allegiance to the revolutionary cause through a subtle understatement:

The Professor had genius but lacked the great social virtue of Resignation.⁵⁰

As we have seen, resignation should be "informed by love." In contrast, we see that the Professor's social concern is rooted in his ruthless desire for power and personal prestige. Ironically, Conrad sees the anarchist streak in terms of a "peace":

. . . and in their own way the most ardent of revolutionaries are perhaps doing no more but seeking for peace in common with the rest of mankind - the peace of soothed vanity, of satisfied appetites, or perhaps of appeased conscience.⁵¹

In contrast to the Professor's destructive ambitions, Ossipon believes in life. His most deep-seated horror in the interview with the Professor is the destructive power of the bomb. Ossipon has rejected the economic and historical theories for reform of his fellow anarchists:

There is no law and no certainty. The teaching propaganda be hanged. What the people knows does not matter, were its

knowledge ever so accurate. The only thing that matters to us is the emotional state of the masses, Without emotion there is no action.⁵²

He practises what he preaches. Emotion for Ossipon is sensuality; his social concern extends predominately to ladies with savings-books. In contrast to the Professor, he depends on Time. His effort is to vitalize the Time that is available. His motive is selfish and sordid and yet we develop a sympathy for Ossipon. After Winnie's death he violently refutes the Professor's demands:

. . . Just now you've been crying for time - time. Well, the doctors will serve you out your time - if you are good. You profess yourself to be one of the strong - because you carry in your pocket enough stuff to send yourself and say, twenty other people into eternity. But eternity is a damned hole. It's time that you need. You - if you met a man who could give you for certain ten years of time, you would call him your master.⁵³

Ossipon has come to believe in life. He is converted, in his agony of conscience and awe of death, into a believer in the ultimate value of human life and of the oppressive, yet necessary, rootedness of humans in time.

In all three relationships the key conflict is generated by the possibility of assertion over the restrictiveness of a social order. The irony is that both assertion and submission are unsatisfactory and we view each character in the light of that claim. The integrity of each is embellished or lessened through their inter-action. If the Professor, Winnie, the Assistant Commissioner are admirable in the insight they own or

derive, they are pathetic in their lack of tolerance. If Ossipon, Verloc, Heat submit to a "sordid" society, they at least survive and support the status quo. Conrad demands trust in life. This theme is more positively explored in Victory and Under Western Eyes. In Victory, Heyst inherited a philosophy of non-involvement from an eccentric father. He drifted and preached: "He who forms a tie is lost."⁵⁴ There is sympathy for this cynicism in the novel through characters like Schomberg, Morrison, Ricardo, Jones. Within a background of naivety and destruction, Heyst's stand has a good deal of credence. However, in contrast, Lena illustrates a simple, committed feminine faith in her beloved. He becomes convinced of commitment through her. Davidson reports his statement:

'... woe to the man whose heart has not
learned while young to hope, to love - and
to put its trust in life!'⁵⁵

Trust is also a significant theme in Under Western Eyes. Razumov, a removed intellectual, becomes a member of society through a growing recognition of his trust in Natalia. Trust is the means to meaningful solidarity in The Secret Agent. Ironically, Stevie is the most imbecilic character (at the opposite extreme to the wit of Vladimir or insight of the Assistant Commissioner) but also the most trusting and compassionate. Trust is not a complete guarantee of happiness but it is a necessary pre-requisite.

CHAPTER 5

Those who read me know my conviction that the world, the temporal world, rests on a few very simple ideas; so simple that they must be as old as the hills. It rests notably, among others, on the idea of Fidelity.¹

For what Conrad calls Fidelity, critics like Cox² and Watt³ prefer the term commitment. Fidelity and commitment both imply the solidarity extolled by Conrad in his preface to The Nigger of the Narcissus.

However, as I have shown the solidarity in evidence within a civilised society was not unequivocally endorsed by Conrad. Many of his heroes reacted against the inadequacies of living in a community, which far from promoting life, actually killed any sense of dignity and individuality. Ironically, their anarchy appears more healthy than the passive decline into anonymity of the more sedate citizens. At times Conrad was bitter about this passivity. This is how Marlow saw it in Lord Jim:

There were married couples looking domesticated and bored with each other in the midst of their travels; there were small parties and large parties, and lone individuals dining solemnly or feasting boisterously, but all thinking, conversing, joking, or scowling as was their wont at home; and just as intelligently receptive of new impressions as their trunks upstairs. Henceforth they would be labelled as having passed through this and that place, and so would be their luggage.⁴

Like Verloc in The Secret Agent, they are seen as inanimate. Jim's

imagination, Kurtz's ego, the Professor's indignation, Heyst's philosophic scepticism and Razumov's ambition could not blithely accept this passivity. They all attempted to assert themselves. All learnt that the solidarity of the above citizens is a necessary pre-requisite for survival. The honest work of characters like Singleton, the French Lieutenant and MacWhirr is the pillar of solidarity. The anarchists, however, proclaim the essential depravity of human nature and the flimsiness of the tissue-like veneers which civilisation offers as saving agencies.

As Cox says, the maintenance of these illusions is far from a sham,⁵ Warren echoes this claim:

Conrad's scepticism is ultimately but a "reasonable" recognition of the fact that man is a natural creature who can rest on no revealed values and can look forward to neither individual immortality nor racial survival. But reason, in this sense, is the denial of life and energy, for against all reason man insists, as man, on creating and trying to live by certain values. These values are to use Conrad's word, "illusions", but the last wisdom is for man to realise that though his values are illusions, the illusion is necessary, is infinitely precious, is the mark of his human achievement, and is, in the end, his only truth.⁶

As we saw in Lord Jim Marlow speaks of the protagonist's need for a truth or an illusion of truth by which to order his life; and in Heart of Darkness Marlow lies to Kurtz's intended bride in the belief that truth must sometimes be displaced by fidelity to an ideal. In contrast, Winnie in The Secret Agent forsakes the ordering illusion and dies. What

Warren calls the "only truth", Conrad calls resignation. This quality, in the opposite extreme to anarchy, he explored in the more positive and creative light of trust in Victory and Under Western Eyes.

As I have shown he does view the virtues of solidarity and trust with ironic scepticism. With this tone we seem to see them more vividly for what they really are. More importantly, he preserves their integrity. Irony and withdrawal are not sufficient antidotes to the complexities of an individual's life in a community. Conrad is constantly ironic about irony. Characters like the Assistant Commissioner in The Secret Agent loathe a society they depend on; Decoud in Nostromo, in his modern scepticism, lacking faith in anything, dies from the very lack.

Conrad had initial difficulties in preserving the balanced perspective required to maintain the integrity of both the workers and the anarchists. Marlow always preserved the balance but did not always succeed in "realising" the experience. While it was impossible to disqualify Marlow's narration, the dangers of relying on rhetoric were explicitly evident in The Nigger of the Narcissus. In the novels discussed irony was "realised" and the oppositions evoked most vividly when there existed an internal equilibrium not an external obtrusion. When Conrad was writing in this vein, he recalled Richards' claim about Shakespeare's ability: "Shakespeare is realising, and making the reader realise - not by any intensity of effort , , ." ⁷ and fulfilled his claim in the Preface to The Nigger of the Narcissus that "A work that aspires , , , to the condition of art should carry its justification in every line." ⁸ In discussing anarchy in The Secret Agent, Conrad exhibited a persistent control through style, which refused to endorse the impulse for assertion or deny the opposite

impulse for passivity. And that was the perfect means of making us
"see" the necessity of solidarity.

FOOTNOTES - INTRODUCTION

1. Conrad, J., The Nigger of the Narciccus, Typhoon and Other Stories, Preface, p.X.
- All subsequent references to Conrad's works will be taken from the Collected Edition of the Works of Joseph Conrad, London: Dent, 1946 ff. Pagination will follow that of the Dent edition.
2. Ibid.
3. Fleishman, A., Conrad's Politics, Baltimore, 1967, p.68.
4. Conrad, op. cit., p.11.
5. Fleishman, op. cit., p.63.
6. Ibid, p.92.
7. Conrad, J., Tales of Unrest, London, 1898, p.91.
8. Cox, C.B., Joseph Conrad: The Modern Imagination, London, 1974, p.18.
9. Fleishman, op. cit., p.68.
10. Glassman, P.J., Language and Being, London and New York, 1976, p.234.
11. Ibid, p.260.
12. Conrad, J., Youth, Heart of Darkness, The End of the Tether, p.51.
13. Muecke, D.C., The Compass of Irony, London, 1969, p.237.
14. Conrad, J., Heart of Darkness, p.150.
15. Conrad, J., Nostromo, p.496.
16. Fleishman, op. cit., p.26.
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18. Conrad, J.C., The Secret Agent, author's note, p.xiii.
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20. Richards, I.A., Principles of Literary Criticism, London, 1926, p.251.

21. Richards, I.A., Coleridge on Imagination, London, 1950, pp.83-84.
22. Ibid, p.83.
23. Ibid, p.83.
24. Richards, I.A., Principles of Literary Criticism, p.250.
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FOOTNOTES - CHAPTER 2

1. Fleishman, A., op. cit., p.93.
2. Gurko, L., Joseph Conrad: Giant in Exile, New York, 1962, p.115.
3. Cox, C.B., op. cit., p.53.
4. Glassman, P.J., op. cit., p.237.
5. Hewitt, D., Conrad: A Reassessment, London, 1969, pp.37-38.
6. Ibid.
7. Conrad, J., Lord Jim, p.222.
8. Lord Jim, p.222.
9. Lord Jim, p.148.
10. Lord Jim, p.93.
11. Lord Jim, p.93.
12. Lord Jim, p.225.
13. Lord Jim, p.93.
14. Lord Jim, p.313.
15. Lord Jim, p.416.
16. Lord Jim, p.58.
17. Lord Jim, p.148.
18. Lord Jim, p.336.
19. Lord Jim, p.214.
20. Glassman, op. cit., p.237.
21. Heart of Darkness, p.48.
22. Heart of Darkness, p.50.
23. Heart of Darkness, p.50.
24. Heart of Darkness, pp.50-51.
25. Heart of Darkness, p.54.
26. Heart of Darkness, p.55.

27. Muecke, op. cit., p.237.
28. Heart of Darkness, p.66.
29. Heart of Darkness, p.66.
30. Heart of Darkness, p.66.
31. Richards, I.A., Principles of Literary Criticism, p.252.
32. Heart of Darkness, p.67.
33. Heart of Darkness, p.68.
34. Heart of Darkness, pp.73-74.
35. Cox, op. cit., p.53.
36. Heart of Darkness, p.87.
37. Heart of Darkness, p.88.
38. Heart of Darkness, p.93.
39. Heart of Darkness, p.116.
40. Heart of Darkness, p.117.
41. Heart of Darkness, pp.117-118.
42. Heart of Darkness, p.119.
43. Heart of Darkness, p.119.
44. Heart of Darkness, p.127.
45. Heart of Darkness, p.151.
46. Heart of Darkness, p.138.
47. Heart of Darkness, p.150.
48. Heart of Darkness, p.150. (The underlining in this reference is my insertion).
49. Heart of Darkness, p.151. (The underlining in this reference is my insertion).
50. Heart of Darkness, p.51.
51. Bruss, P.S. "Lord Jim: The Maturing of Marlow" in *Conradiana*, Vol.6, no.1, Texas Tech Univ., 1976, p.25.

FOOTNOTES - CHAPTER 3

1. Watt, I., "Conrad Criticism and The Nigger of the Narcissus" in Twentieth Century Interpretations of The Nigger of the Narcissus, N.Y., 1969, p.78.
2. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.30.
3. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.27.
4. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.8.
5. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.23.
6. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.18.
7. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.36.
8. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.72.
9. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.73.
10. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.12.
11. The Nigger of the Narcissus, pp.57-58.
12. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.58.
13. Watt, op. cit., p.99.
14. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.24.
15. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.42.
16. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.99.
17. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.31.
18. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.25.
19. The Nigger of the Narcissus, pp.162-163.
20. The Nigger of the Narcissus, p.165.
21. Hewitt, op. cit., pp.37-38.
22. Fleishman, op. cit., p.238.
23. Typhoon, p.3.
24. Typhoon, p.51.
25. Lord Jim, p.11.

26. Typhoon, p.10.
27. Typhoon, p.42.
28. 'Twixt Land and Sea, 'The Secret Sharer', p.96.
29. 'Twixt Land and Sea, 'The Secret Sharer', p.97.
30. Guerard, A., Conrad the Novelist, Harvard U.P., 1966, p.24.
31. 'Twixt Land and Sea, 'The Secret Sharer', p.111.
32. 'Twixt Land and Sea, 'The Secret Sharer', p.112.
33. 'Twixt Land and Sea, 'The Secret Sharer', pp.113-114.
34. 'Twixt Land and Sea, 'The Secret Sharer', p.125.

FOOTNOTES - CHAPTER 4

1. Guerard, A., op. cit., pp.218-219.
2. The Secret Agent, Author's note, p.xiii.
3. 'Conrad: Order and Anarchy' in Irving Howe, Politics and the Novel (Horizon, 1957). Reprinted in Ian Watt (ed.), Conrad: 'The Secret Agent' A Casebook. (Macmillan, 1973), p.144.
4. The Secret Agent, p.75.
5. 'A Familiar Preface' to A Personal Record, p.xix.
6. The Secret Agent, pp.13-14.
7. The Secret Agent, p.4.
8. The Secret Agent, p.5.
9. The Secret Agent, p.12.
10. The Secret Agent, p.12
11. The Secret Agent, p.12.
12. The Secret Agent, p.13.
13. The Secret Agent, p.15.
14. Richards, Principles of Literary Criticism, p.250.
15. The Secret Agent, p.52.
16. The Secret Agent, p.56.
17. The Secret Agent, p.57.
18. The Secret Agent, p.229.
19. The Secret Agent, p.231.
20. The Secret Agent, p.232.
21. The Secret Agent, pp.233-234.
22. The Secret Agent, p.236.
23. The Secret Agent, p.247.
24. The Secret Agent, p.250.
25. Author's Note, The Secret Agent, p.xiii.

26. The Secret Agent, p.241.
27. The Secret Agent, p.243.
28. The Secret Agent, p.251.
29. The Secret Agent, p.263.
30. The Secret Agent, p.242.
31. The Secret Agent, p.93.
32. The Secret Agent, p.94.
33. The Secret Agent, p.84.
34. The Secret Agent, pp.99-100.
35. The Secret Agent, pp.99-100.
36. 'A Familiar Preface' to A Personal Record, p.xix.
37. The Secret Agent, p.147.
38. The Secret Agent, p.148.
39. The Secret Agent, p.149.
40. The Secret Agent, p.149.
41. The Secret Agent, pp.221-222.
42. The Secret Agent, p.228.
43. The Secret Agent, p.68.
44. The Secret Agent, p.73.
45. The Secret Agent, p.69.
46. The Secret Agent, p.82.
47. The Secret Agent, p.82.
48. Under Western Eyes, pp.263-264.
49. Under Western Eyes, p.262.
50. The Secret Agent, p.75.
51. The Secret Agent, p.81.
52. The Secret Agent, p.50.
53. The Secret Agent, pp.305-306.
54. Victory, pp.199-200.
55. Victory, p.410.

FOOTNOTES - CHAPTER 5

1. 'A Familiar Preface' to A Personal Record, p.xix.
2. Cox, op. cit., p.178.
3. Watt, I., 'Joseph Conrad: Alienation and Commitment' in The English Mind, (ed. Hugh Sykes Davies and George Watson), Cambridge U.P., 1964, p.272.
4. Lord Jim, p.77.
5. Cox, op. cit., p.53.
6. Warren, R.P., "On Nostromo", in R.W. Stallman (ed.), The Art of Joseph Conrad: A Critical Symposium (Michigan State Univ. Press, 1960), p.218.
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