

The Power of 'Not Saying' in Heart of Darkness

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Abstract.When Conrad wrote his second novel, *An Outcast of the Islands*, he was criticized for falling into the trap of saying too much. But he swiftly learnt the lesson, and when he came to write *Heart of Darkness* he was at the peak of his powers. In this amazing novella, Conrad provides all the essentials that would ensure the capturing of his readers' attention. It has all the trappings of the conventional adventure tale – mystery, exotic setting, escape, suspense, unexpected attack. Nor does the reader have any doubt about the reality of the trip, the stations, the pilgrims, Kurtz, and so forth. But that is far less than Conrad is aiming for. For as some critic have said, Marlow's journey up the Congo River is really his journey to the deepest recess of his self. And for that the novella is most symbolic and ambiguous. Conrad deliberately leaves out almost all the details about people, places, times, etc. Add to that the paradoxes that you are sure to encounter on every page. It is so because the internal world of the psyche is full of mystery. As this research contends, all the ambiguity is part of Conrad's design. He maintains a critical balance between providing what will capture the reader's imagination and a great holding back of elaboration to force a maximum participation on the part of the reader. Add to that the implication that evil can never be fully fathomed.

That Joseph Conrad achieved more distinction than most great writers would dream of achieving is by now a commonplace to say. It could be equally asserted that it is his power of expression, especially in painting nature, that partly accounts for this spectacular success. But, as this research contends, that faculty of articulating his impressions and observations may conceal another, not less crucial faculty – the ability to seem to say much by just withholding words.

Introduction

As everybody knows, Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* has enjoyed a fame that can be envied by almost any work-of-art in the world. Until today, piles upon piles of finer and finer points about it have been detected and discussed. Despite some setbacks in the 1970s (Eagleton's and the feminists' attack; more damaging Achebe's attack (Stape, 2000, p. 53), it has come back with equal force and there is no prospect in the near future of its losing its irresistible magnetism, to both detractors and extollers. It is by now, as Ross says, so familiar to us, so studied, commented upon, written about, argued over, appropriated, liberated, vilified, recuperated, rehashed, taught and retaught that it might seem as though there can hardly be anything left worth saying about it, (Ross, 2004, p. 65). This slender volume, published in 1899, has probably received more critical attention per page than any other prose work.

But to say that this little thing still holds everybody's attention is not to say that a reader gets satisfactory answers to any point raised by the novella. It is Conrad's intention, it would seem, that we are more bewildered than contented, and more intrigued than enlightened.

The Modernist

One reason for this fascination may be the strangely modernist ring of the novella. Whether critics prefer predominantly psychological, archetypal or political interpretations, they broadly agree that the novella is strangely "modern" in outlook, that it obviously resists any simple readings.

The novella, concluding with Marlow's lie to the Intended, is expressive of a sense of utter disillusionment, in stark contrast with nineteenth-century historians' optimistic view of humanity continually moving towards full understanding.

It is the indeterminacy of a modernist writer that one encounters in *Heart of Darkness*: Fothergill draws our attention to the symbolic 'thickness' of

Conrad's language, and adds: "He also makes rich and fertile use of various narrative and stylistic devices – ambiguity, as we have seen, but also narrative and linguistic repetition, inversions, parallelisms, paradox, allusion, and elaborate image constellations." (Fothergill, 2003, p. 6).

For example we speak of Africa, the Congo River, and Brussels, but we only conclude these names from our previous geographical and historical background – nowhere in the novella are they named, nor are the Outer, Middle, or Inner Stations. All this is part of the obscurity of things. Stape adds this about modernism in *Heart of Darkness*:

Familiar characteristics of Modernist texts are the sense of absurdity or meaninglessness, of human isolation, and of the problematic nature of communication. Eliot, Kafka, Woolf and Beckett are among the writers who grappled with these matters, all of which had been sharply depicted in 'Heart of Darkness'. The sense of the defilement of the natural environment by man's technology, another powerful feature of the narrative, was later to be addressed by Eliot, Lawrence, Greene, and numerous subsequent writers. (Stape, 2000, p. 52).

At the same time, Conrad is telling us, indirectly and perhaps ironically, that what we have here is the absolute truth; this is when Marlow vows: "You know I hate, detest, and can't bear a lie," (p. 27). Is that assumed truth hidden somewhere and we cannot access it for we lack the perception? One has this feeling from so many indications such as the following, apparently addressed to the audience inside, but really meant for all concerned: "You can't understand. How could you? – with solid pavement under your feet, surrounded by kind neighbours .." (p. 50)

For better or for worse, Conrad leaves the complacent mainstream of his time to shed all the doubt he can, in the modernist spirit, upon the complacencies of the British, the Westerners, and all mankind. Suffice it to say about Conrad characteristic indeterminacy that until this day half of us say he is friend to the colonizer and half say he is friend to the colonized.

Why the Vagueness?

Conrad knows quite clearly that his only tools are the words he is trying to work out for maximum effect. For Conrad, the things "as they are" exist in words; therefore words should be handled with care lest the picture, the image of

truth abiding infacts should become distorted – or blurred; (quoted in Ray, 2008, p. 37).

As we read somewhere in the novella, language was inadequate, and common everyday words, "had behind them the terrific suggestiveness of words heard in dreams, of phrases spoken in nightmares." (p. 67)

Though words can demystify, they can mystify too. The novella's discourse is vague in many spots simply because it seems that Conrad believes that is more alluring; that when there is more mystery, there is more suspense: "The steamer toiled along slowly on the edge of a black and incomprehensible frenzy. The prehistoric man was cursing us, praying to us, welcoming us – who could tell? [...] We could not understand," (p. 36).

And more: "No, it is impossible; it is impossible to convey the life-sensation of any given epoch of one's existence [...] We live, as we dream, alone ..." (p. 28). Now, when a writer tells his audience inside the novel, but really targeting those outside it, that it is not likely that they will understand, each and every reader will say, "But not me! I will understand!" This is then one reason for Conrad's vagueness.

It is easy enough to prove that the vagueness and the indeterminacy are intended, and intended for increasing the effect of the novella. For that we need just cast a look at Conrad's diary of his journey to the Congo, where in contrast with the novella Conrad is quite straightforward and to the point. Here is one example from the 'Congo Diary', 24 pages of which have survived:

Tuesday, 1st July. Left early in a heavy mist, marching towards Lufu river. Part route through forest on the sharp slope of a high mountain. Very long descent. Then market place from where short walk to the bridge (good) and camp. V. G. Bath. Clear river. Feel well. Harou all right. 1st chicken. 2 P. [M.] No sunshine today." (Conrad, 1971, p. 111).

Some would blame this vagueness. For Forster, it is "obscure! Obscure! Misty in the middle as well as at the edges, the secret cask of his genius contains a vapour rather than a jewel;" (Haugh, 1971, p. 164). And, for F. R. Leavis, *Heart of Darkness* is "a story obscure in its meanings, further damaged by an adjectival and worse than supererogatory insistence upon 'unspeakable rites,' 'monstrous passions,' 'inconceivable mystery,' and so on." (Haugh, 1971, p. 164). But Robert F. Haugh objects that both Forster and Leavis "do not really

understand the images and actions of the story. With a better understanding of what Conrad intends, objections to his language disappear." (p. 164).

More about the vagueness may be connected to the inadequacy of language in itself. Like Marlow, we must rely on imagery and metaphors; the mistiness, the 'haze' which Marlow speaks about at the beginning as an unavoidable necessity. If Conrad has been criticized for being vague and unclear, it has also been argued that the notion of evil can never be fully defined, and that the book becomes "powerful precisely to the extent that it is *not* precise"; its mistiness is part of the structure and Kurtz's unspeakable rites must necessarily "remain *unspeakable*" (Hanssen, 2008, p. 1).

Conrad deliberately obscures the difference between his own writing, and his writing in the mould of Marlow or of the intermediate narrator, raising tensions and ambiguities about the distance the ultimate author puts between himself, the one who reports to him, and the scene that reporter studied in person.

We read in *Heart of Darkness* statements like: "To him the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze," (p. 5). "You can't understand. How could you? – with solid pavement under your feet, surrounded by kind neighbours.." (p. 50)

how can you imagine what particular region of the first ages a man's untrammelled feet might take him by the way of solitude – utter solitude without a policeman – by the way of silence – utter silence, where no warning voice of a kind neighbour can be heard whispering of public opinion? These little things make all the great difference. When they are gone you must fall back upon your own innate strength, upon your own capacity for faithfulness. (p. 50)

People do get enough light from such simple virtues as honesty, courage, pity and fidelity, but, as Hewitt tells us about this novella, "we notice the recurrence of one situation [...] in which a man who relies on these simple virtues is confronted by a partially comprehended sense of evil against which they seem powerless" (p. 17).

To balance the immoderate amount of vagueness in the novella, we are often reminded of Marlow's great need of the real and tangible, and it is rare that he comes upon it; when he comes upon

that he is exhilarant. For instance, we read about the book on seamanship in the hut fifty miles below the Inner Station: "Not an enthralling book; but at the first glance you could see there a singleness of intention, an honest concern for the right way of going to work," (p. 39); and "a delicious sensation of having come upon something unmistakably real" (p. 39).

Marlow also comments on the blacks he sees paddling boats before his landing on the continent: "They wanted no excuse for being there. They were a great comfort to look at. For a time I would feel I belonged still to a world of straightforward facts;" (p. 14). This reminds us of another area of comfort: work. About the importance and blessing of work we read:

I had to keep guessing at the channel; I had to discern, mostly by inspiration, the signs of hidden banks; I watched for sunken stones; [...] 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. But I felt it all the same. (p. 34)

And about the steamer he was to command: "she was nothing so solid in make, and rather less pretty in shape, but I had expended enough hard work on her to make me love her. She had given me a chance to come out a bit – to find out what I could do." (p. 29) All this pressing need for keeping in touch with the real serves of course to stress its absence.

Superior Who?

One hotly debated source of uncertainty is who is deemed superior by Conrad, the whites or the blacks. Sometimes we are in doubt, as in reading about Kurtz's black mistress. "She walked with measured steps, draped in striped and fringed cloths [...] She carried her head high; her hair was done in the shape of a helmet; [...] She must have had the value of several elephant tusks upon her. She was savage and superb," (p. 62).

But it is not always so. The blacks are the blacks to Conrad, as they are to other Europeans: "I looked at them [the cannibals on the steamer] as you would on any human being, with a curiosity of their impulses, motives, capacities, weaknesses, when brought to the test or an inexorable physical necessity" (p. 42).

But you do admire the blacks sometimes, even the cannibals. We read about blacks paddling boats

that came for some business with the French steamer,

You could see from afar the white of their eyeballs glistening. They shouted, sang; their bodies streamed with perspiration; they had faces like grotesque masks – these chaps; but they had bone, muscle, a wild vitality, an intense energy and movement, that was as natural and true as the surf along their coast. (p. 14)

Also, it is inescapable to think of the whites and the blacks side by side all the time. Of the cannibals they had enlisted, Conrad says: "Fine fellows – cannibals – in their place. They were men one could work with, and I am grateful to them" (p. 35).

And yet, it would be a mistake to find in Conrad a campaigner for equality. Indeed, what we have in the novella is no more for some critics than a Darwinian stratification of European and non-European:

In Darwin's anthropology, the attributes of the non-European are interpreted in an evolutionary context: the Fuegians are not simply different from present-day Europeans, they are 'barbarians'. The parallel with 'Heart of Darkness' is inescapable. Darwin's statement, 'such were our ancestors,' is as relevant to his construction of the Fuegians as it is to Marlow's construction of the 'prehistoric' African. In both cases, a temporal scheme dominates the anthropological encounter. (James, 1997, p.114)

At the same time, Conrad goes far and most forcefully in reminding the Europeans or the British that if they happen to be technologically superior, they have only to cast their look back and find out what Marlow has found: "And this also," said Marlow suddenly, "has been one of the dark places of the earth" (p. 5). And, "darkness was here [in London, in England] yesterday" (p. 5). Britain is described at the time of the Romans as 'a wilderness' (p. 6); and: "They were men enough to face the darkness;" implying perhaps that the modern Europeans are not.

Conrad was keenly aware of the moral ambiguities of empire, which must have left nothing like the superior stance in the Western consciousness. He described imperialism as 'robbery with violence, aggravated murder on a great scale', and thus took the opposite view of Kipling's jingoistic celebration (Zins, 1998, p. 7). The colonizing enterprise should be cause not for the superior stance, but rather the opposite, perhaps.

We do have some rather rare generalizations about colonialism:

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 us is the idea only. An idea at the back of it; not a sentimental pretence but an idea; and an unselfish belief in the idea. (Conrad, 1971, p. 7)

But even here, about Conrad's stance concerning colonialism one cannot be too sure. It is paradoxical, to say the least, as Farn sees it:

Marlow feels that colonialism can be redeemed by embracing an 'idea' unselfishly. This 'idea' can be compared to Kipling's 'white man's burden', a self-righteous sense of mission and duty, and especially to religious zeal. The 'idea' (or illusion) of inspired and necessary service can easily turn into fantasies or unlimited power and superiority, as with Kurtz (Farn, 2005, 26).

This researcher feels, on the whole, that reading the novella from beginning to end, one would feel while reading it is the blacks who are superior morally, no matter how subjugated and humiliated physically. However, even here, Joseph Conrad is not a negro-lover: the blacks are not idealized or even definitely preferred.

You can see the whites blundering and being mean everywhere in *Heart of Darkness*. Early on, you see the man-of-war, with not even a shed in the jungle, shelling into the bush (p. 14). You come across lots of similar situations. For example, we are told that Marlow saw, just before entering the Outer Station, a boiler wallowing in the grass, the railway-truck lying on its back with its wheels in the air; one wheel being off (p. 16). And so on, you can pick up any number of similar instances. The whites are depicted as most despicable, not only in a moral sense, but in their lack of efficiency – more surprising for a European group:

They wandered here and there with their absurd long staves in their hands, like a lot of faithless pilgrims bewitched inside a rotten fence. The word 'ivory' rang in the air, was whispered, was sighed. You would think they were praying to it. A taint of imbecile rapacity blew through it all, like a whiff from some corpse. But Jove! I've never seen anything so unreal in my life. And outside, the silent wilderness surrounding this cleared speck on the earth struck me as something great and

invincible, like evil or truth, waiting patiently for the passing away of this fantastic invasion. (p. 23)

But there is nothing like any sign of love for the blacks. Critics will never tire of quoting after Achebe this perhaps unlucky representation of the blacks:

It was unearthly, and the men were – No, they were not inhuman. Well you know, that was the worst of it – this suspicion of their not being inhuman. It would come slowly to one. They howled, and leaped, and spun, and made horrid faces; but what thrilled you was just the thought of their humanity – like yours – the thought of your remote kinship with this wild and passionate uproar. Ugly. Yes, it was ugly enough; but if you were man enough you would admit to yourself that there was in you just the faintest trace of a response to the terrible frankness of that noise. (Conrad, 1971, p. 37)

For Conrad does not have Marlow feel an easy kinship of human familiarity with the Africans, but neither does he depict a static dismissal of their humanity. The paradoxical nature of classifying whites or blacks is the predominant note, and this is the point here. The inconclusiveness is counted to increase the impact of the novella.

We must of course connect this to the paradoxical tone permeating the whole work. For instance: He expects the Africans to be "cannibals"—only to discover that they exhibit more restraint than the Europeans. In a certain emergency for instance, he describes the whites' and the blacks' behaviour like this: "The whites, of course greatly discomposed, had besides a curious look of being painfully shocked by such an outrageous row. The others had an alert, naturally interested expression; but their faces were essentially quiet," (p. 41).

Marlow's Doubts

To develop an idea already started, we may add that Marlow seems genuinely to have great difficulty in laying his hand on facts. As we are told by Rumbarger:

Marlow insists on the definitive, the perfect correspondence between word and thing, only to fail repeatedly and finally. For example, he takes pains to exact the perfect word for the manager's smirk:

"... a smile – not a smile – I remember it, but I can't explain ... He inspired uneasiness. That was it! Uneasiness. Not a definite mistrust – just uneasiness – nothing more. You have no idea how

effective such a ... a ... faculty can be" (p. 83) (Rumbarger, 2002, p. 198).

Admittedly, a novelist can afford to ask intriguing questions and then leave them there, declining to provide any answers. It is what Conrad does in *Heart of Darkness*, and does it to maximum effect, too.

Is the Uncertainty Really in Conrad's Mind?

We can go one more step. That when you speak of the many doubts in Marlow's mind, it must jump to the mind that the doubts could be Conrad's – and in some measure they certainly are. As he had told a friend in a letter: "I writhe in doubt over every line. – I ask myself – is it right? – is it true? – do I feel it so? – do I express all my feeling? And I ask it at every sentence – I perspire in incertitude over every word!" (reported by Ray, 2008, p. 38).

According to E. M. Forster, among others, Conrad's obscurity mediates a kind of double vision caused by discrepancies between his nearer and his further vision: "What is so elusive about him is that he is always promising to make some general philosophic statement about the universe, and then refraining with a gruff disclaimer" (Hanssen, 2008, p. 1).

Kurtz as Marlow's Ultimate Experience

But it must be with Kurtz that we encounter the peak of uncertainty – after all the whole journey is towards Kurtz. In a sense, he is the real heart of all that darkness. And here we have the ultimate paradox and enigma: that the basest of the base should be chosen by Marlow to side with and to defend and to identify with. And there is a level of vision which Kurtz achieves and Marlow fails to achieve:

I was within a hair's-breadth of the last opportunity for pronouncement, and I found with humiliation that probably I would have nothing to say. This is the reason why I affirm that Kurtz was a remarkable man. He had something to say. He said it. Since I had peeped over the edge myself, I understand better the meaning of his stare, that could not see the flame of the candle, but was wide enough to embrace the whole universe, piercing enough to penetrate all the hearts that beat in the

darkness. He had summed up – he had judged. 'The horror!' (p. 72)

Yet, when Marlow sees in Kurtz's cry, "The horror! The horror!" a lifting of a veil and a great vision, it must occur to some readers, and it occurs to this researcher, why not see in Kurtz's cry his realization of the horror of leaving behind more ivory, more dominance, more killing, whatever. It is most natural to see in Kurtz's insight only fancy on the part of Marlow. It is again for the reader to choose to see or not see what Marlow sees – a great insight in Kurtz's last cry.

But even with this uncertainty about Kurtz's final vision, he must remain the biggest enigma and with the utmost impact. That is why Hewitt says: "Against Kurtz Marlow cannot defend himself as he can against the pilgrims and the plottings of the other officials. [...]'. Yet he knows that 'he won't be forgotten. Whatever he was, he was not common'" (Hewitt, 1975, p. 23).

We are far from making out what it is about Kurtz that raises him above all the other whites. We have some attempt at demystifying us, but it falls far short of satisfying our curiosity. When Marlow, or Conrad, says: "The point was in his being a gifted creature, and that of all his gifts the one that stood out pre-eminently, that carried with a sense of real presence, was his ability to talk, his words – the gift of expression," (p. 48).

It is also that same Kurtz that drives Marlow to say, after the Russian speaks of his sittings with that man, "I looked around, and I don't know why, but I assure you that never, never before, did this land, this river, this jungle, the very arch of this blazing sky, appear to me so hopeless and so dark, so impenetrable to human thought, so pitiless to human weakness." (p. 56). So how can one doubt that Conrad is choosing to mystify rather than demystify!

Is It Kurtz Who Is Corrupt? Marlow, too?

And reflecting on Kurtz, it is right to imagine, if Marlow insists on: "I did not betray Mr Kurtz – it was ordered I should never betray him – it was written I should be loyal to the nightmare of my choice [alluding to his preferring Kurtz to the other pilgrims,] (pp. 65-66); and "I was anxious to deal with this shadow by myself alone," (p. 66), that Marlow himself can be part of the problem, rather than of the solution. Is it not the most natural thing in the world to say that if he finds Kurtz so

intimate, does it not make it at least likely that he, Marlow, is himself akin to him at heart?: "It is strange how I accepted this unforeseen partnership, this choice of nightmares forced upon me in the tenebrous land invaded by these mean and greedy phantoms." (p. 69)

It is some such logic that makes Karen Hanssen say: "The ultimate horror suggested by the identification of Marlow with Kurtz, his alter ego" (Hanssen, 2008, p.6).

Irony, Contrast and Paradox

All kinds of vagueness, symbolic and impressionistic usage add to the feeling of mystery in the novella. Is light a source of better vision, better understanding? If so, then simple logic would say that dark Africa should do the opposite; and yet we know that Marlow's eyes were opened in his visit to the dark jungle, the dark Congo and the dark continent. Well, but if so, why does the white colonizer seem to degenerate on coming to the same continent and the same Congo River? The white ivory becomes something of a curse; but is the white colonizers like that? Is the White Capital, Sepulchral City, Brussels, like that, a symbol of more darkness than the darkest thing in Africa? Stape has something useful here:

So, from the outset, the narrative probes, questions, and subverts familiar contrasts between the far and the near, between the 'savage' and the 'civilized', between the tropical and urban. Repeatedly, the tale's descriptions gain vividness by Conrad's use of delayed decoding, a technique whereby the effect precedes cause (Stape, 2000, p.58).

Here are some of the paradoxes, pointed out by Stape (p. 47):

"Civilization can be barbaric. It is both a hypocritical veneer and a valuable achievement to be vigilantly guarded.

"Imperialism may be redeemed by 'an idea at the back of it', but imperialism, irredeemably, is 'robbery with violence'.

"Morality is a sham. Without it, human beings become sham humans.

"A person who sells his soul does at least have a soul to sell, and may gain a significance denied to the mediocre."

To add to the uncertainty, the moment of disillusionment, vision perhaps, comes with Marlow's lie to the Intended.

It must occur to the reader that if Marlow has gained light that many whites do not possess, he gains this light through his journey into darkness. It must also occur to one that if 'light' and 'white' are associated with truth; we find in the novella that they are equally associated with lies, greed, and corruption. And you can go on and on; for the more one probes, the more he/she can discover of the discrepancy and paradoxical situations.

Here is something from the novella itself:

I wondered whether the stillness on the face of the immensity looking at us two [Marlow and the brick-layer] were meant as an appeal or as a menace. What were we who had strayed in here? Could we handle that dumb thing, or would it handle us? I felt how big, how confoundingly big, was that thing that couldn't talk, and was perhaps deaf as well. (p. 27)

It was pointed out above that a writer can afford to raise questions without providing answers to them. It may be added here that it is so with Marlow's language. Using figurative language can be a narrator's, and hence a writer's, shield where he alludes to things, and is not charged with actually making a statement about things. Farn has given these two examples: "the descriptions of a soldier as 'one of the reclaimed' (p. 16) and of a fireman as 'an improved specimen' (p. 37) point out that the colonizers force these Africans to act in ways that are violent or benefit only the colonizers. And generally: "Irony and skeptical sarcasm add to the modernist presentation of an elusive reality and of unstable value judgements." (Farn, 2005, p. 19). Also: "Conrad created a sense of imprecision, haze and changing perspectives that show a person's perception of facts, rather than an attempt to pin down the facts themselves" (Farn, 2005, p. 20).

The Physical Journey and the Symbolic Journey

But we must always remember that when we come across in the novella an expression like, "the farthest point of navigation," or "the culminating point of my experience," we know, as Beyer tells us, that "the journey into the heart of Africa is, on the symbolic level, Marlow's journey into his innermost self." (Beyer, 1997/98, p. 274).

And this will raise another difficulty: it is often not easy in the novella to sort out where the physical ends and where the symbolic begins – when we say for instance that Africa threatens you with revenge.

But there is just enough of the concrete: Our senses are serenely assaulted with tastes and surfaces, sounds and images. The “tremor of far-off drums,” the “silence driven away by the stamping of our feet,” and the “heads on the stakes” are sensual. When you read: “she rang under my feet like an empty Huntley & Palmer biscuit-tin kicked along a gutter,” I can see it and hear it and almost feel the vibrations of the tin (p. 29). Indeed, Conrad is careful to keep up our interest in the narrative by satisfying our expectation of some tangible elements. For this novellas, as Jerome Thale says, “has all the trappings of the conventional adventure tale – mystery, exotic setting, escape, suspense, unexpected attack” (Conrad, Norton Crit. Ed. Jerome Thale, p. 176.)

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And yet we are aware all the tangible element is intended to be the background for the real stuff of the tale. We further know that Conrad has resorted to so many ways, as pointed out in the various sections above, all muffling the direct meaning of words, and all counted to increase the impact of his novella.

Conclusion

This research has focused on Conrad's frequent stopping short of overt conclusions and his opting for hinting rather than articulation. Conrad's purpose in all this is of course not to take us on this amazing journey without any conclusion. It is rather the opposite – that he concealed much to maximize the power of his narrative. And from the incredible heritage *Heart of Darkness* has provoked one may say that Conrad has most certainly achieved the impact he sought.

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