

# CRITICAL INTERPRETATION OF JOSEPH CONRAD

Anupama Roy  
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***Critical Interpretation of Joseph Conrad***

*Anupama Roy, Sonia Jayant*

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## CHAPTER 1

### EXPLORING THE HEART OF DARKNESS: A JOURNEY INTO THE ABYSS OF IMPERIALISM AND HUMANITY

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#### ABSTRACT:

A Journey into the Abyss of Imperialism and Humanity" is a profound examination of Joseph Conrad's novella, "Heart of Darkness," and its intricate exploration of imperialism, human nature, and the interplay between them. This literary analysis delves into the thematic complexities and symbolism within the narrative, shedding light on the darkness that resides within the human soul and the disturbing consequences of unchecked imperialism. Through an in-depth examination of the characters, setting, and narrative structure, this study unveils the layers of meaning within the novella and offers insights into the timeless relevance of Conrad's work. Heart of Darkness by Joseph Conrad remains a haunting and thought-provoking masterpiece that continues to captivate readers and scholars alike. This journey into the abyss of imperialism and humanity reveals not only the brutality and degradation that can be associated with unchecked imperialism but also the darker aspects of the human psyche.

#### KEYWORDS:

Altruism, Compassion, Empathy, Ethics, Human Rights, Inclusivity, Morality.

#### 1. INTRODUCTION

It first published in Blackwood's Magazine as a serial in 1899. As the third piece in a collection by Conrad titled Youth, it was finally published in its entirety in 1902. Since it was first published in Youth, the book has drawn the interest of a wide range of readers and reviewers. Almost all of them believed it to be a significant work because of the way it dramatizes Marlow's impressions of the horrors he meets via the use of ambiguity and "foggishness" Heart of Darkness has been hailed by critics as a book that transformed the English novel and defied several narrative rules in significant ways. Conrad's writings, and Heart of Darkness in particular, serve as a link between Victorian principles and modernist ideals. These books, like their Victorian forebears, depend on conventional notions of heroism, which are yet continuously contested in a changing world and in locations other than England. Women are traditionally seen as the arbiters of morality and domesticity, yet women are almost ever seen in the story. Instead, the ideas of "home" and "civilization" are shown as hollow ideals, useless to males, whose existence is always in jeopardy. Despite the fact that the dangers Conrad's protagonists encounter is physical illness, violence, conspiracies; they yet take on a metaphysical quality. Heart of Darkness is as much about alienation, bewilderment, and extreme doubt as it is about imperialism, much like most of the finest modernist writing written in the first decades of the twentieth century. However, the central theme of Heart of Darkness is imperialism. The majority of the "dark places" of the globe were at least nominally under European authority by the 1890s, and the great European powers were overburdened with the administration and defense of vast, distant empires. The system was starting to show cracks as riots, wars, and the WHOLESALÉ abandonment of economic ventures all posed a challenge to the white males who lived in the furthest reaches of empires. Clearly, things were deteriorating. According to Heart of Darkness, when men are



let to function without the protection of a social system of checks and balances, power, particularly power over other people, always corrupts. This raises the issue of whether it is appropriate to label someone as crazy or mistaken when they are a member of a system that is so utterly twisted and corrupting. Thus, at its most abstract level, *Heart of Darkness* is a story about how hard it is to comprehend the world outside of oneself and how one man may evaluate another[1], [2].

*Heart of Darkness* was one of the earliest literary works to provide a critique of European colonial operations, although at first, reviewers did not find it particularly problematic. Although the book was generally praised, it was typically interpreted as either a denunciation of a particular kind of adventurer who could easily profit from imperialism's opportunities or as a sentimental novel reinforcing domestic values. Kurtz's Intended, who makes an appearance at the novella's conclusion, was universally praised for her maturity and sentimental appeal by turn-of-the-century reviewers. *Heart of Darkness*' Belgian colonial setting and Marlow's employment by a Belgian Trading company made it considerably simpler for British readers to avoid recognizing themselves in Conrad's writing. These early responses may appear odd to a reader now, but they support the novella's main themes of hypocrisy and absurdity. The plot of *Heart of Darkness* revolves on Marlow, a reflective sailor, and his trip up the Congo River to visit Kurtz, a guy said to be an idealistic genius. Marlow joins the Company, a Belgian company set up to trade in the Congo, as a riverboat captain. Marlow confronts rampant incompetence and cruelty at the Company's stations as he goes to Africa and then up the Congo. The native people of the area were coerced into serving the Company, and now they endure horrendous overwork and mistreatment at the hands of the Company's agents. The calm and magnificent forest that surrounds the white man's colonies contrasts dramatically with the savagery and filth of imperial activity, giving them the appearance of being little islands among a great darkness. Marlow arrives at the Central Station, which is administered by the general manager, an evil and cunning figure. He discovers that his steamer has sunk and waits months for the necessary components to fix it. During this time, Kurtz gains more of his attention. The manager seems to view Kurtz as a danger to his job, as does his favorite brickmaker.

The ship's repairs are being delayed because Kurtz is allegedly sick, which adds to the overall cost. Eventually, Marlow is able to fix his ship, and he and the manager set off on a protracted, challenging journey up the river with a few agents and a crew of cannibals. Everyone on board feels a bit uneasy due to the impenetrable forest and the deafening quiet, and the pilgrims get agitated whenever they catch a sight of a local hamlet or hear drumming. Marlow and his team come to a shack with piled firewood and a message warning them to approach carefully stating that the wood is for them. The boat is soon encircled by thick fog after loading up on firewood. The ship is assaulted by an unidentified group of Indians who shoot arrows from the shelter of the forest when the fog lifts. Before Marlow uses the ship's steam whistle to scare the locals away, the African helmsman is slain. Soon later, Marlow and his friends go to Kurtz's Inner Station where they anticipate to find him dead. However, a half-mad Russian TRADER who welcomes them and tells them that he is the one who left the wood assures them that everything is well. The Russian asserts that Kurtz's expanded intellect prevents him from having the same moral standards as other people. Kurtz has apparently become a deity among the locals and has conducted deadly attacks in the neighboring country in quest of ivory. The collection of decapitated heads decorating the fence posts around the station is evidence of his "methods." A sizable contingent of local warriors emerges from the bush and surrounds the pilgrims as they carry Kurtz out of the station-house on a stretcher. The Indians leave when Kurtz talks to them and disappears into the forest. Kurtz, who is very sick, is brought onboard the steamboat by the management.

Kurtz's mistress, a beautiful local lady, suddenly comes on the beach and turns to look at the ship. The Russian makes the implication that she is somehow connected to Kurtz and has gotten him into difficulty in the past. After pledging him to secrecy, the Russian tells Marlow that Kurtz had ordered the assault on the ship to give the impression that he had died so that they would turn around and leave him to his schemes. The Russian then departs by boat out of dread for the manager's wrath.

Marlow searches for Kurtz when he vanishes throughout the night and discovers him stumbling on all fours toward the native camp. He is stopped by Marlow, who persuades him to go back to the ship. The next morning, they started down the river, but Kurtz's condition was rapidly deteriorating. Marlow is the ship's pilot and is listening to Kurtz's conversation. Kurtz gives Marlow a bundle of personal papers, including an impressive essay on civilizing the savages that concludes with the message, "Exterminate all the brutes!" They must halt for repairs when the steamboat malfunctions. In front of the bewildered Marlow, Kurtz says his last words, "The horror! The horror!" before passing away. Soon later, Marlow becomes sick and barely makes it. He eventually makes it back to Europe and sees Kurtz's Intended. Even though Kurtz's passing occurred more than a year ago, she is still in grief and considers him to be an example of decency and success. She inquires as to his last remarks, but Marlow is unable to bring himself to confront her with the reality and destroy her illusions. Instead, he informs her that Kurtz used her name as his dying words. Heart of Darkness starts out on the *Nellie*, a tiny vessel berthed on London's Thames River. The unidentified narrator first describes the river and its slow-moving traffic before giving his friends brief summaries of London's history as they casually wait for the tide to change. He is joined by Marlow, the main character of the book, the Director of Companies, a lawyer, and an accountant. The four men grow somber and reflective as the sun sets; ultimately, Marlow breaks the spell of quiet by starting his story about his trip to the Congo. The other guys are quiet as Marlow gathers his thoughts before he starts the narrative in its correct form. The narrator recounts what Marlow informs him and the other passengers on board the *Nellie* throughout the rest of the book. As a result, Conrad's book is a frame narrative or story inside a story. When he was younger, Marlow was enthralled by maps and dreamed to be a sailor or adventurer who could go to the furthest reaches of the globe. When Marlow was a young man, he spent around six years sailing in the Pacific before coming back to London, where he first saw a map of Africa and the Congo River in a store display. Marlow was inspired to command a steamboat to seek adventure in Africa after hearing about a Continental Trading Company operating in the Congo. He begged his aunt to help him get a job as a pilot since she knew the wife of a Company executive, and she gladly agreed[3], [4].

Marlow raced to the Company's headquarters in Brussels after crossing the English Channel to sign his contracts. While passing by an office where two ladies are knitting, Marlow had a brief conversation with the company's director before being fired and being required to sign a series of documents promising not to reveal any TRADE secrets. Marlow eventually arrived to the Congo River's mouth. Marlow spoke with the Swedish captain of the small seagoing steamer that took him to where his steamboat was waiting about the Company and how the rainforest affected European settlers. The Swede then related to Marlow a brief but terrifying tale about a guy he had taken upriver who had killed himself on the highway. Asked why, Marlow was shocked to learn that it may have been the "sun" or the "country" that had been too much for him. They eventually arrived to the Company's Outer Station, which consisted of three wooden structures perched on a steep incline. The most valuable and crucial product for the company was transported from this station ivory.

Marlow saw more of the accountant over the ten days that followed as he waited for the caravan to take him to the Central Station. Marlow would sometimes sit in his office while attempting to dodge the enormous "stabbing" flies. The accountant complained that the ill European's moans distracted him and made it more likely that he would make a clerical mistake when the stretcher was briefly brought into the office. Marlow would "no doubt meet Mr. Kurtz," a Company agent in command of an enormously valuable ivory-post deep in the interior, the accountant intimated, noting Marlow's final destination in the Congo's interior. Kurtz was referred to as a "first class agent" and "remarkable person" by the accountant, whose station brought in more ivory than all the other stations put together. He suggested that Kurtz was being prepared for a top position in the Company's Administration after asking Marlow to inform Kurtz that everything at the Outer Station was acceptable[5], [6].

## 2. DISCUSSION

Marlow departed the Outer Station the next day with a group of sixty men for a 200-mile "tramp" to the Central Station. Along the route, Marlow saw other settlements that had been abandoned as well as numerous trails carved through the woods. He observed the corpse of a native who had been shot in the head and an intoxicated White guy who claimed to be responsible for the "upkeep" of a road. An obese guy who often passed out from the heat was Marlow's lone White buddy. He eventually had to be carried in a hammock, and when the Indians dropped the hammock, causing it to graze his nose, he asked that Marlow punish them. Marlow did nothing but keep moving until they arrived at the Central Station, where a "excitable chap" told him that his steamboat was at the bottom of the river; two days prior, some "volunteer skipper" had piloted it upriver to be prepared for Marlow's arrival, tearing off the bottom of the boat.

Therefore, Marlow was compelled to spend some time at the Central Station. He shares his impressions of the Nellie with his audience, much as he did with the Outer Station. When Marlow saw a Brickmaker, he was pressured for details on the Company's operations in Europe. The Brickmaker believed Marlow was lying when he said he was unaware of the Company's dark plots and grew irritated. Marlow stops talking at this point and tells the guys on the Nellie that he finds it hard to describe the dreamlike character of his African encounters. The Brickmaker, who lamented to Marlow that he could never locate the materials required to create any bricks, is mentioned again when Marlow continues to tell his story. Marlow described how none of the caravans carried the rivets he needed to fix his riverboat[7], [8].

Marlow informed his mechanic that their rivets will be delivered soon after his talk with the Brickmaker. The mechanic believed Marlow had significant power in Europe, much like the Brickmaker. But instead of the rivets showing up, a group of White males on donkeys charged into Central Station. Marlow discovered that these guys came in quest of wealth and that they named themselves the Eldorado Exploring Expedition. The expedition's captain was the Manager's uncle, and Marlow often caught them scheming together. Marlow sometimes became moderately inquisitive when Kurtz's name was brought up, but he had a tremendous want to fix his steamship and start working as a pilot. Heart of Darkness is most often associated with Marlow's trip to Africa, which it somewhat is. The narrative of a guy on a London ship who hears Marlow's account is also included in the book, however. A frame tale is a kind of "story-within-a-story" narrative.

Heart of Darkness is both an exploration of man's inhumanity against other men and a narrative of adventure where the young hero sets out on a trip and learns more about himself.

It also raises some disturbing concerns regarding the inclination toward imperialism. Marlow starts off his story as an unruly young man looking for excitement. The maps of Africa still had some "blank spaces" that Marlow desired to investigate, unlike the ones of Europe; his comparison of the Congo River to a snake illustrates the mesmerizing qualities of Africa. With roots in the Old Testament's Book of Genesis, the snake is also a well-known representation of evil and seduction. Conrad's comparison of the river to a snake alludes to the perils Marlow would encounter in Africa as well as the temptations Kurtz will face when he poses as a deity to the locals. Marlow had to go despite the lack of confidence about what was there[9], [10].

Conrad starts to WARN the reader about the terrifying force of the African bush, however, long before Marlow steps foot on an African coast. Marlow discovers that one of the Company's pilots has been murdered over two black chickens, and that a flying post has opened up as a result. The deceased pilot, Fresleven, was regarded by people as "the kindest, gentlest creature that ever walked on two legs," but Conrad suggests that something may have prompted him to lose control and assault a village leader. Finally, Marlow comes upon Fresleven's skeletal remains on the ground, with grass poking through the bones. The picture conveys the idea that Africa has defeated Fresleven and all he stands for. He was taken back by the soil, and nature ultimately won over civilisation. This is the first time Marlow realizes the futility of the Company's agents' efforts to maintain "civilization" in the jungle, which causes them to experience innate and primal desires they never thought they had.

When Marlow travels to Brussels for his appointment, he refers to the city as a "whited sepulcher"-a Biblical term for a hypocrite or someone who presents a front of virtue while concealing underlying malignancy. The Company, like its headquarters, is akin to a "whited sepulcher," stating that it is Christian charity's responsibility to bring "civilization" and "light" to Africa, but in reality, raping the continent and its people in the service of profit and the hunger for power. The example of Marlow's aunt describing "weaning those ignorant millions from their horrid ways" demonstrates how deeply the Company's propaganda has permeated Europeans' brains. Marlow, uneasy with his aunt's theories, asserts that the Company is only "run for profit"; blissfully ignorant of the Company's depravity until he learns how these profits are obtained. Marlow indulges in wishful thinking, preferring to imagine that the Company is only a commercial business, much like the ones he is used to as a European, with no imperialistic motives. The initial impression Marlow and the reader receive of the Company's headquarters gives them an indication as to the dark, malevolent, and secretive nature of the group. The Company is symbolically "closed" in terms of what it enables the public to learn about its activities, as implied by Marlow's first statement that he "slipped through one of the cracks" to enter the facility. Second, the two ladies knitting the black yarn allude to the Greek mythological Fates; the Company is "knitting" the fate of the Africans, symbolized by the black wool, in a manner similar to these deities. As a result, the Company plays god with the lives of African people by determining who will survive and who will die in the Congo. Third, Marlow is escorted inside a poorly lighted office, which symbolizes the Company's dubious morality and "shady" practices. He merely exchanges forty-five seconds of conversation with the company's president, indicating that the company considers Marlow and individuals like him to be disposable.

Fourth, Marlow is requested to sign "some document" that, while apparently obligating him to keep "any trade secrets," really alludes to the sale of his soul to the Devil. The Company is symbolically aiming to acquire as many Europeans' souls as it can in order to increase profits, much as the Devil desires human souls to ultimately dethrone God in Heaven. Fifth, Marlow

discovers that many European travelers to Africa have mental instability when they are evaluated by the Company's doctor. The reader might deduce Conrad's thesis that European "science" and "technology" cannot stand up to the might of the jungle when the doctor starts measuring Marlow's head. The constraints established on "civilized" Europeans by European civilization start to disappear when they go to Africa, leading to the kind of conduct previously observed in Fresleven. In a later chapter of the book, when Marlow's rage grows at discovering that the porters had broken all of his gear, he makes the sardonic comment, "I felt I was becoming scientifically interesting."

It's also important to note how many photos in these first few pages of Marlow's story are black and white. The Congo is referred to as a "white patch" on a map, Fresleven was killed in a fight over two black hens, Brussels is referred to as a "whited sepulcher," the two women knit black wool, the elderly one dons a "starched white affair," the President's secretary has white hair, and the doctor has black ink stains on his sleeves. Numerous critics have discussed Conrad's use of white and black imagery; generally speaking, one should note how the juxtaposition of white and black images suggests several of the novel's ideas: The Company asserts that it is a way for "emissaries of light" to bring civilization to the "darkness" of Africa, which is done by designating Brussels and the Congo as white. The encounters with the Africans will have a significant impact on the White guys in the story. The Company claims to be a force of "White" moral virtue, but in reality, it is "spotted" with "Black" areas of immorality and inhumanity, as well as the bodies of the black locals that can be found all throughout the Congo. In summary, the Company may seem "white" and pure, but the accountant and his white shirt indicate that the reverse is truly true.

Others contend that the "white" characters in the book are actually "blacker" than the natives they slaughter, and that Conrad's imagery emphasizes the hypocrisy of the Company and its "white" employees. Some critics have claimed that Conrad's use of "darkness" to represent evil suggests the racist assumptions of the novel. Despite this debate among critics, readers should be aware that Conrad plays with images of white and black throughout the book—including, of course, in the title. When Marlow leaves the Company's offices, he feels like "an imposter" since he has joined a group whose beliefs about Africa and European action there strongly contradict with his own. Marlow has any desire for imperialism and merely craves adventure, but he is starting to see the Company for what it really is. Marlow's increasing awareness of the moral decline occurring all around him therefore becomes one of the novel's central problems. Similar to the Company's corporate headquarters, Africa is originally depicted as an alluring and fascinating continent. It is said of the continent that it is "still in the making," incomplete, and has an aura that tempts Europeans to "Come and find out" whether they can live there.

But Marlow's narrative immediately dispels this idea of Africa as an unspoiled paradise. The "pop" emitted by the French man-of-war's cannons as it fires into the brush emphasizes the Company's futile ambitions to conquer the continent. Marlow also observes a boiler on the ground, an abandoned railroad car that looks like "the carcass of some animal," several explosions that have no effect on the rock being removed, a "artificial hole" whose function he cannot understand, and a ravine full of busted drainage pipes. Clearly, these indications of waste and incompetence are not what Marlow anticipated to see upon his arrival; these abandoned machines represent the Company's complete disregard for making any real progress in the Congo, as well as the disarray that characterizes its day-to-day operations. "The work was going on. The work!" Marlow exclaims. Marlow finds the "grove of death" to be even more unsettling: a shaded area where some of the locals, including the previously mentioned machines, are passing away carelessly. Marlow makes an effort to show some



compassion by offering one of them a cookie, calling them "nothing but black shadows of disease and starvation" and "bundles of acute angles," but the dying native is too feeble to even get it to his lips. Although the reader may understand that the wool is emblematic of the Company's "collaring" of the indigenous and treating them like animals, Marlow is perplexed by the significance of the man's "a bit of white worsted" that is put around his neck. Uneasy Marlow exits the woods to collect his racing thoughts. Instead of facing the terror head-on, he flees; later, he won't have the luxury of doing so.

Marlow switches to the European head accountant of the Company, whose excellent attire implies the enormous Amount of Money that the Company is earning from its campaign of terror. The reader may once again witness the Company's efforts to present itself in a colorful and pure manner. Marlow refers to the accountant as a "miracle" because of his ability to maintain a respectable European demeanor in the middle of the hot, filthy jungle. The accountant thinks solely about himself and his own status, completely and intentionally blind to the horrors around him: He protests when a sick agent is temporarily housed in his hut. The accountant, representing the Company, believes that profits come before human life and that the bottom line is more important than any greater law of humanity. He also informs Marlow, "When one has got to make correct entries, one comes to hate those savages hate them to the death."

Marlow's 200-mile journey to the Central Station serves to highlight the Company's cruelty and disorganization. His impression of the Company gets more acute as he travels through abandoned and destroyed communities. At the Central Station, where his adventure comes to an end, Marlow spends the rest of Part 1. This facility smells of garbage, inhumanity, and death, much like the European headquarters of the Company and the Outer Station. At the Central Station, Marlow says, "the first glance of the place was enough to let you see the flabby devil was running that show." Earlier in the book, Marlow predicted that he would eventually "become acquainted with a flabby, pretending, weak-eyed devil of a rapacious and pitiless folly"; now, the disinterested character says, "the flabby devil was running that show. Marlow, a sailor, becomes more doubtful and critical of what he observes. His anger and skepticism grow even further when he finds out that his steamer is at the river's bottom after arriving. Part 1 has a notable section with Kurtz's picture, which Marlow notices hanging in the Brickmaker's chamber. A lady holding a lit torch and wearing blinders is seen in the picture. The woman in the painting also symbolizes the Company, which willingly blindfolds itself to the horrors it perpetuates in the name of profit; it also recalls the Company's ineptitude and the ways in which it "blindly" stumbles through Africa, while the torch suggests the Company bringing the "light" of civilization into the "Dark Continent."

Its inventor is also represented by this artwork. Kurtz had aspired to bring the "light" of development and civilization to the "dark" continent, much like the lady with the blindfold. Thus, according to the painting, Europe puts on a show of bringing "light" but this light ultimately reveals a "sinister" appearance, which marks the woman's face. At the end of his life, however, Kurtz changes his position, which is most noticeably apparent when Marlow reads a handwritten line in one of Kurtz's reports urging, "Exterminate all the brutes!" When Marlow meets Kurtz, he will be a man who formerly had lofty intentions about bringing "justice" and "light" to the Congo, but who became "sinister" once he got there, according to Conrad's foreshadowing in this passage. The Manager is one of Conrad's representations of the "flabby", "pretending" and "weak-eyed" Company. All Marlow can deduce is that he "was never ill" and is able to maintain the supply of ivory flowing to European ports despite having little education, being a "common TRADER," inspiring "neither fear nor love," causing "uneasiness" in everyone he meets, and without any "genius for organizing." As

Marlow's perceptions deepen, he soon comes to realize that the Company has "not an atom of foresight or of serious intention" and that "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." Conrad now starts to tell Marlow more stories and half-truths about Kurtz, "the man who is so indissolubly connected" to Marlow's quest. The focus of *Heart of Darkness* moves from Marlow's ambition to discover the Congo's "snake" to his desire to meet this mysterious figure. The accountant introduces Kurtz first, calling him "a first-class agent" and "a remarkable person" who "sends in as much ivory as the others put together," while the Manager uses more vague language to describe Kurtz. The Manager is really working against Kurtz and doing everything in his ability to ensure that he will pass away in the Inner Station, despite his assurances that he cares about him. His purpose? envy among professionals. Marlow observes "an air of plotting" at the station and subsequently overhears the Manager talking to his uncle. As a result, he discovers the following:

Kurtz is sent into the heart of the jungle by the Manager against his will. "Am I the Manager or am I not?" he enquires. The Manager believes that Kurtz "has the council by the nose" and has requested a position in the interior because he wants the Manager's job: "Conceive you that ass! And he wants to be Manager!" As a result, the Manager is anxious when speaking with Marlow because he does not know who Marlow truly is or if he has any significant connections in Europe. He implies that three months without any reprieve ought to be sufficient to assure Kurtz's demise when he says, "That ought to do the affair," in response. His uncle tells him to "trust to this," and the Manager is doing exactly that. He is "trusting" that "the climate may do away with this difficulty" for him. The Manager made sure that the delivery of the rivets to Marlow was delayed for as long as possible without raising Marlow's suspicions, which is how Marlow only later realizes that the Manager was accountable for his steamboat's "accident": He was unable to get any rivets. Marlow unknowingly came onto a conspiracy in the Congo even though he thought he was being drawn into one when he accepted his position in Europe. The brickmaker adds to the Central Station's sense of conspiratorial intrigue by attempting to coax information about Kurtz from Marlow. The reader learns that Kurtz has thwarted the brickmaker's attempts to take over as assistant manager via his talk with Marlow.

The brickmaker also exhibits the disorganization and greed of the Company since he produces no bricks at all and wants to rise in rank while doing no labor at all. In addition to adding to Conrad's general sense of conspiracy, the storyline involving Marlow's riverboat and rivets thematically enhances the whole book. Conrad uses rivets as a metaphor for how the Company, the Manager, Marlow, Kurtz, and Kurtz's fiancée try to "hold together" their views and ideals.

Rivets hold things together. One may see these ideological "rivets" in many different ways. Each character has their own "rivet," from the Company's implied belief that it is "civilizing" the Africans to the Intended's desire to believe that Kurtz was a great man with a "generous mind" and "noble heart." For instance, Marlow wants to believe his own naive ideas about Africa, Kurtz wants to maintain his private empire and disregard his "civilized" self, and the Company wants to keep its operations running without criticism, inquiry, or rest. Conrad's assertion that all of these "rivets" are only lies, ideas, beliefs, and presumptions used to justify blatant profiteering or maintain a false picture of a loved one makes *Heart of Darkness* an often upsetting read. Only Marlow and Kurtz are able to see the flaws in these metaphorical "rivets": Marlow when he personally experiences the horrors committed by the Company, and Kurtz when he murmurs, "The horror! The horror!" while on his deathbed. Both Marlow's naive notion that the Company was just managed for business and Kurtz's conviction that he

could transcend his own "civilized" morals are shown as "rivets" that were unable to support their respective claims.

## 2. CONCLUSION

Conrad encourages readers to consider the moral and ethical quandaries that occur when one civilization wants to control another via the figure of Kurtz and the metaphorical usage of the Congo River and the African bush. Conrad's narrative structure also challenges us to consider the veracity of our own perceptions and the stories we create about the world because of its several levels of storytelling and varying points of view. It serves as a reminder that the core of darkness may be found inside ourselves as much as in remote, uncharted areas. We acknowledge the themes of the novella's continuing importance in the contemporary world as we consider the novella's timeless relevance. There are still different manifestations of colonialism, exploitation, and the negative effects of unbridled authority. "Heart of Darkness" is still a powerful piece that challenges us to face these problems and the shadowier sides of our own humanity, eventually inspiring us to fight toward a society that is more enlightened and loving. Conrad's novella forces us to face our own inner abyss and think about the effects of our actions on the greater human experience via its investigation of the heart of darkness.

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## CHAPTER 2

### UNRAVELING THE LAYERS OF DARKNESS AND ENLIGHTENMENT

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#### ABSTRACT:

This article delves deep into Joseph Conrad's iconic novella, "Heart of Darkness," and explores its intricate layers of darkness and enlightenment. Through an analysis of the narrative structure, symbolism, and character dynamics, the article uncovers the profound themes of imperialism, morality, and human nature. It examines how Conrad's storytelling technique highlights the struggle of the protagonist, Marlow, to articulate the ineffable horrors of the jungle and the human soul, emphasizing the limitations of language. Furthermore, the article discusses the enigmatic character of Kurtz and his descent into darkness, shedding light on his significance as a mirror to Marlow's own potential journey. It also addresses the complexities of colonialism and the blurred lines between civilization and savagery in the context of the story. "Heart of Darkness" remains a literary masterpiece that continues to captivate readers with its exploration of the human psyche and the consequences of imperialism. Marlow's struggle to convey the unfathomable experiences of the jungle underscores the limitations of language in expressing the depths of human darkness. Kurtz, as a symbol of unrestrained power and ambition, serves as a cautionary tale about the seductive allure of darkness.

#### KEYWORDS:

Colonialism, Darkness, Imperialism, Kurtz, River Congo.

#### 1. INTRODUCTION

Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* has some of his most challenging passages. It may be tough to understand sentences like "It was the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention," but Marlow is really having trouble since much of *Heart of Darkness* is about how the protagonist tries to describe what it's like to journey through the forest. Marlow explains to his fellow passengers on the *Nellie* that since they live in the contemporary, "civilized" world with "a butcher round one corner, a policeman round another, excellent appetites, and temperature normal," they are unable to truly comprehend the entire reality of what he saw. Language can't always fully express the marvels and horrors of an event, as Marlow argues in this passage. His statement, "This is the worst of trying to tell," shows that he had trouble explaining to his friends the full emotional, spiritual, and political effects that his voyage had on him. Because of the "solid pavement" of Europe beneath their feet, his buddies won't be able to completely comprehend him. The anonymous narrator who introduces the book says that for Marlow, "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." supports the idea that Marlow's telling of the story is a significant component of the story itself. In other words, *Heart of Darkness* tells the narrative of a man who encounters a variety of political, moral, and spiritual horrors as well as his quest to find the words to adequately describe them. As a result, the narrative alternates between being startling and confusing, tangible and abstract, and detailed and ambiguous [1], [2].

In Part 2, you'll see that Marlow stops once, and the words of the frame narrator interrupt the flow of his narration. This serves as a reminder to the reader that Marlow is recounting his narrative rather than experiencing it firsthand and that his interpretation of the events as they pertain to the men on the *Nellie* will depend on his understanding of the novel's larger themes. There are really two Marlows: one who experienced the event firsthand, and another who later reflects on it. As a result, the reader may finally encounter Kurtz while keeping Marlow's impressions of him in mind thanks to Marlow's digression regarding Kurtz. Marlow refers to the woodland as "primitive" in Part 1 and quips that he anticipated to come across an "ichthyosaurus" while through there. Marlow places a greater focus on the jungle's allegedly primordial character for the whole of Part 2. He says, and other sections support this, "Going back to that jungle was like traveling back to the very beginnings of the world." As an illustration, he refers to his group as "wanderers on a prehistoric earth" and the locals as instances of "prehistoric man." Marlow also emphasizes how the jungle's surreal qualities may render a person "bewitched" and cut off from anything they have ever known. Marlow feels small and lost as he "clings to the skirts of the unknown" aboard the little riverboat [3], [4].

This approach could come out as condescending, as if Marlow is implying that civilization in Africa is still in its infancy and is centuries behind that in Europe. But a large portion of Conrad's book is an attack against civilization and people who want to bring "light" into the "darkness." Modern readers could also find Marlow's discussion of his relationships with the locals to be Eurocentric or even racist. The idea of being related to "savages" may have seemed "ugly" to a European in 1899, but Marlow is making the point that only someone with the required guts could understand that the distinctions between "enlightened" Europe and the "prehistoric" Congo are really surface-level. One of the lessons Marlow picks up from Kurtz is this, which is emphasized when Marlow witnesses "a face among the leaves on the level with my own, looking at me very fierce and steady" during the assault on the riverboat. Despite the fact that the Company may not really deliver "light" to Africa, Marlow is becoming more "enlightened" about his own humanity. Nevertheless, Marlow is not yet the European-dressed Buddha preacher he will become on board the *Nellie*. Instead of thinking about all of these philosophical and political consequences, he focuses on controlling the steamboat and avoiding obstacles. The Company may trash the Congo without stopping since Marlow's sanity is preserved by putting his attention on "work" rather than more important moral issues. As he approaches Kurtz, who will upend everything of Marlow's "surface-truths" and make him to contemplate all the ugliness of which Marlow has been a part, piloting is the "rivet" that keeps Marlow together.

The reason Marlow praises the cannibals aboard his riverboat is because they exhibit a trait that Marlow finds less and less of while he is in Company-controlled Africa: restraint. Despite the fact that these guys "still belonged to the beginnings of time," they never attempt to overthrow their White superiors, even though it would have been simple for them to do so. The most difficult factor to overcome, according to Marlow, is "the devilry of lingering starvation," which trumps all "superstitions, beliefs, and what you might call principles." The "savage" Africans, in contrast to the Company, exhibit a compassionate and dignified restraint that their "superiors" obviously lack as shown by their voracious need for ivory and the cruel methods by which they get it. Marlow attempts to remain composed and "European" as the forest becomes increasingly ominous and scary. As he makes his way through this new world, his happiness upon discovering the Harlequin's book reflects his need for a reminder of his old one. Even if the book seems "dreary reading enough," Marlow is thrilled by the fact that it exists since it is "something unmistakably real." Although boring, the book's topic and author both demonstrate "science" and "an honest concern for the right way of going to

work." When asked to board the steamboat, Marlow admits that finishing the book is like "tearing myself away from the shelter of an old and solid friendship." The "friendship" he is referring to is his long relationship with Europe, which has always kept him "sheltered" from the truth of his kinship with "savagery." Another scenario in which Marlow tries to make the reality of his predicament "fade" is the death of the helmsman. Marlow is "morbidly anxious" to change his shoes and socks after learning that the helmsman was killed in the assault. Part 2 has a diversion when Marlow abandons his story and talks about Kurtz in a broad sense, which helps the reader better appreciate Marlow's imminent revelation. Kurtz, in contrast to the cannibals, had an insatiable appetite: "You should have heard him say. 'My Intended, my ivory, my station, my river, my 'everything.'" His bald head gave away the ivory he had worked so hard to acquire. "Nerves went wrong" for him, and he took part in "unspeakable rites." In Marlow's opinion, it was hard to determine "how many powers of darkness had claimed him for their own" since he "had taken a high seat among the devils of the land." More startling than these evasive cues to barbarism, however, is Marlow's succinct but crucial defense of Kurtz: "All Europe contributed to the making of Kurtz." Marlow is symbolically suggesting that Kurtz's experiences in Africa cannot all be attributed to one person while yet referring to Kurtz's heritage literally. The fact that Kurtz is a product of all of Europe, together with the strength, hunger, and wickedness he personifies, is much more significant. Similar to the previously mentioned digression, the arrival of the Harlequin at this time highlights the charm and authority of the demagogue and gets the reader ready for Kurtz's debut in Part 3.

The Harlequin revealed to Marlow that he had listened to Kurtz talk on several occasions. Marlow also discovered that Kurtz often ventured into the woods on ivory raids with his gang of local followers. Marlow peered through his binoculars at Kurtz's quarters while listening to the Harlequin and noticed that the round knobs he had seen on the poles around the house were the heads of local "rebels," turned inward to face Kurtz as he sat inside. Marlow was startled to see a group of locals carrying Kurtz on a stretcher emerge from a house corner. Marlow, the Harlequin, and everyone else on the riverboat remained still out of fear of an assault until Marlow saw Kurtz's malnourished arm come from the stretcher and gave the command for his army to disperse. Kurtz was put to bed by the Manager and other agents, who also brought him his late mail. When Marlow exited Kurtz's chamber, he was met by Kurtz's African Mistress, whose pride, grandeur, and looks mesmerized him. She stepped onto the riverboat silently for a while, raised her arms, and then disappeared into the undergrowth. The Manager was being mocked by Kurtz, who Marlow then overheard in his room. The Manager left the room while trying to look unsurprised and informed Marlow that while Kurtz had gathered a fantastic amount of ivory, he was low and that his ivory region would have to be shut down since his strategy was flawed. The Harlequin confided in Marlow his concern that Kurtz's White rescuers were really attempting to harm him because of fear of the Manager's motives. Marlow informed the Harlequin that he was right after remembering the exchange between the Manager and his uncle that had been overheard. The Harlequin then made it known that Kurtz had instigated the assault on the steamer because "he hated the idea of being taken away." The Harlequin requested Marlow for some rifle ammunition and shoes before leaving the Inner Station, asking him to protect Kurtz's image until he arrived in Europe.

Marlow awakened just after midnight to the sounds of Indians performing incantations and a drummer. Marlow visited Kurtz's room after hearing a "burst of yells," only to discover that Kurtz had fled. Kurtz was scuttling across the grass when he finally decided to approach him. At first, Kurtz instructed Marlow to flee and hide, but later on, he started to explain to Marlow how the Manager had foiled "immense plans" of his. Marlow listened in the hopes

that Kurtz wouldn't make a sound or give his soldiers a signal to assault. Marlow finally returned Kurtz to his chamber.

## 2. DISCUSSION

The next day, they departed the Inner Station. Three natives yelled some kind of spell as they floated downstream; then they saw Kurtz's native mistress jump to the riverside and start screaming something that the rest of his 1,000 followers started echoing. In order to prevent a massacre, Marlow started blowing the whistle to frighten the locals away while the Whites aboard the riverboat started aiming their firearms towards the coast. While many of them fled, the "wild woman" remained. The Whites on the deck then started shooting at Kurtz's supporters. Kurtz continued to discuss his thoughts, ambitions, position, and profession as they moved closer to the water. Marlow was given a package of documents and a picture by Kurtz, and he was instructed to keep them away from the Manager. After fixing the engine one evening, Marlow went into Kurtz's chamber and overheard him say, "The horror! "The horror!" Marlow entered the mess hall but would not look the Manager in the eye. At some point, the Manager's butler peered into the mess room and said, "Mistah Kurtz he dead." in a disdainful voice. The next day, Kurtz was buried in the forest. The rest of Marlow's voyage return to Europe is left out of his tale because he was so devastated by Kurtz's death that he nearly committed suicide. Marlow's aunt attempted to heal him back in Brussels. The documents that Kurtz had supplied to Marlow were subsequently requested by an anonymous Company official who paid a visit to Marlow. Marlow declined, just as he had on their return trip when the Manager had urged him. In the end, he handed the guy a copy of Kurtz's report on "The Suppression of Savage Customs," but it was missing the postscript. After meeting Kurtz's cousin, Marlow learned that Kurtz was a talented guitarist and a "universal genius." From the package, Marlow handed him a few minor family letters. Then a reporter approached Marlow, asking for details on Kurtz. The journalist informed Marlow that Kurtz has the charm and voice to "electrify" huge gatherings, making him an ideal candidate for any party. The journalist promised to publish Marlow's article on "Savage Customs" that he received from Kurtz. Marlow felt it was important to go see Kurtz's intended, his future wife, whose picture Kurtz had handed him on the flight home. When she arrived, clothed in grief, Marlow awaited her in her drawing room. Marlow had an instant impression of her as innocent, truthful, and trustworthy. Marlow tried to keep his calm when she said that she was the only one who knew Kurtz as well as anybody else because he did not want to tell her what Kurtz had truly become into during his stay in the forest. When she prompted Marlow to share Kurtz's final words with her, Marlow hesitated then lied saying, "The last word he pronounced was your name." The Intended cried while sighing. The story of Marlow is ended. The unnamed narrator and the other guys are sitting still on board the *Nellie*. The narrator turns his attention to the dense clouds, cloudy sky, and the Thames, which he now perceives as rushing "into the heart of an immense darkness [5], [6]."

Kurtz is a mysterious figure whose name is spoken sporadically and whose identity and significance evade both Marlow and the reader. However, Kurtz's overall significance and Conrad's plan are only revealed after reading Part 3; the story is about the meeting of two individuals whose lives mirror one another. In the end, Conrad implies that Marlow may resemble Kurtz if he lets all self-control go while laboring in the forest. In order to explain why Kurtz turned out the way he did and how Marlow avoids this destiny, Part 3 highlights Kurtz's godlike majesty. Conrad emphasizes Kurtz's followers' utter loyalty throughout the whole of Part 3. For instance, The Harlequin talks well of Kurtz when he tells Marlow, "He made me see things things," and adds, "You can't judge Kurtz as you would an ordinary man." This is a crucial phrase because it conveys the sense that Kurtz believes he has

progressed beyond the concept of judging his fellow humans. Kurtz has become a god-like being by giving in to his deepest lusts and passions. It should be noted that this god-like position is not only Kurtz's imagination, as shown by the fact that the leaders of nearby tribes bow down to him and, more significantly, that the indigenous who are being sold into slavery by the Company actually assault Marlow's riverboat because they do not want Kurtz to go. "He came to them with thunder and lightning," the Harlequin recounts, "and they had never seen anything like it." The sight afterwards of the three indigenous buried in soil and the "wild woman" further underline Kurtz's godlike status. Kurtz had established himself as a brutal force, eager to exact revenge on anybody who disobeys his orders, fulfilling what Conrad perceived as the yearning of many Europeans [7], [8].

Ironically, Kurtz doesn't seem to physically match this description. He is often described by Marlow as a shadow of a man, a guy who is "hollow at the core" and who truly yearns for his own death. He is pale, gaunt, and feeble. In essence, Kurtz's spirit has suffered as a result of giving in to what Marlow refers to as the "various lusts" that may control every man; this suffering is seen in Kurtz's shriveled body. Kurtz, who was once a powerful dictator, is now "an animated image of death carved out of old ivory." The Company is a force that enjoys using its power for its own reason, much as Kurtz's "wild woman" is a representation of the jungle. The paragraph is significant because it implies that Kurtz represents the Company and that even those with "great plans" like Kurtz may come to realize that they are just like the "savages" they are trying to "save." Every man has a core of violence hidden under the veneer of "civilization." Many individuals are able to control this aspect of themselves, but Kurtz decided to embrace it. Marlow refers to Kurtz as being "hollow at the core" since his prior "plans" and ideas were meaningless and without substance. This dichotomy is reflected in Kurtz's report on "Savage Customs"; although its initial pages are brimming with lofty promises for change, its author's actual sentiments are exposed in his postscript, "Exterminate all the brutes. Marlow finds Kurtz's renunciation of all previously held moral and behavior standards to be particularly interesting. Kurtz has transcended the bounds of contemporary morality and concepts of good and evil, no longer posing as a force of "civilization." By insinuating that Kurtz "had kicked himself loose of the earth," Marlow is figuratively suggesting that Kurtz broke free from the constraints of the fundamental morality that establishes order in the universe. However, Marlow qualifies this image by saying, "Confound the man! He had kicked the very earth to pieces." In other words, Kurtz has completely rejected the concept of morality rather than developing a new set of rules for behavior or morality. Because of this, Marlow is unable to "appeal" to him on behalf of his nation, his finances, or even mankind. Kurtz is in the world but not of it, much like the monster created by Frankenstein [9], [10].

Because Kurtz exposes the fraud in the Company's procedures, they want him gone. He amasses more ivory than any other agent because he gathers it with complete brutality and never masks his true motivations with the type of philosophy that Marlow's aunt used in Part 1. However, the Company wants to make sure that Europeans never discover the truth about him since they do not want to look "loose from the earth" like its top agent. While not being a fan of Kurtz's "methods," Marlow does admire how Kurtz was able to explore the aspect of himself that he suppresses. Kurtz was a notable individual, in Marlow's opinion, because "he had made that last stride, he had stepped over the edge, while I had been permitted to draw back my hesitating foot." Although Kurtz is not a hero, he is a greater explorer than Marlow ever dreamed he could be since he traveled into the uncharted territories of his own psyche rather than a distant continent. Marlow is compelled to protect Kurtz's reputation for this reason alone, since no one could possibly comprehend Kurtz's without having undergone a similar trip inside themselves. It is considerably harder to determine what Kurtz himself



thinks of his own acts and "kicking the earth to pieces"; yet, his closing remarks, "The horror! The horror!" have sparked a great deal of criticism. Marlow contends that these lines capture Kurtz's "supreme moment of complete knowledge" an enlightenment in which Kurtz saw the full extent of his damage caused by giving in to his own darkness. It is important to take care not to construe Kurtz's last statements as an apology or a deathbed admission of guilt. Heart of evil is not a fiction, and one of its themes is that everyone may harbor the evil Kurtz seeks, not only the heart of this "voracious" demagogue. Kurtz could be making a statement about the cause for which he gave his life or about the reality that he won't live long enough to carry out his "great plans." Conrad purposefully left Kurtz's last statements open to a variety of interpretations while also depriving the reader of the solace that would otherwise come from neatly categorizing and describing Kurtz. The inner workings of Kurtz's heart at his "supreme moment" are just as mysterious as Africa's are.

Marlow is the only individual who even somewhat comprehends what Kurtz did and what motivated him, thus when he returns to Europe, he perceives the inhabitants as "intruders whose knowledge of life" is "an irritating presence." They are "offensive" to him because they are self-assured in their values and believe that their culture is inherently "right" a "rightness" that Marlow now scorns since he perceives it as a façade. Because of this, Marlow describes the Roman conquest of England in the first few chapters of his story, saying that it "has been one of the dark places of the earth." Marlow now realizes that the types of actions he saw in the Congo are necessary to create empires and that the so-called "civilization" that is valued so highly is, in essence, "just robbery with violence, aggravated murder on a grand scale, and men going at it blind." Marlow can no longer regard civilization with the same zest and ease that he enjoyed before to working for the Company, despite the fact that he never wants to give it up in favor of the route taken by Kurtz. He has learned too much from Kurtz. This internal struggle in Marlow's heart is dramatized in their last encounter. The Intended contrasts Kurtz's native mistress and highlights his dual personality. She, too, alludes to Kurtz's devotees' unwavering devotion: "For her, he had died only yesterday." She had been in grief for more than a year. Her "ashen halo," dark eyes, and black mourning gown remind the reader of the many instances of light and dark imagery that appear throughout the book, but here, the pictures stand out more than anyplace else. The "darkness" of the Intended represents her own grief at losing her love, but Marlow tries to conceal a worse and more dangerous darkness: the truth about Kurtz.

The irony of the innocent Intended assuming to "know Kurtz best" is what gives Marlow's repeats their biting; he is not purposefully aiming to be sarcastic. Marlow strives to remain calm as he becomes aware of the room's literal and figurative darkness. to twilight he comes to the Intended's residence.

He observes the room "growing darker" at the start of the dialogue, with just her forehead remaining "illuminated by the inextinguishable light of belief and love." Marlow says, "The darkness deepened," as she starts to describe how she knew Kurtz better than anybody else, and he inwardly bows to her. As they go on, Marlow finds it harder to conceal the truth about Kurtz, which is symbolically symbolized by the approach of darkness, since he becomes increasingly uncomfortable with the Intended's assumed familiarity with Kurtz. Marlow even acknowledges feeling some "dull anger" at her naivete as the "last gleams of twilight" fall, but this emotion changes to "infinite pity" when Marlow discovers the extent of her ignorance.

Because of this, when requested to repeat Kurtz's last words, Marlow finds it difficult to say, "The horror! The horror!" and instead chooses to tell a falsehood that both offers the Intended tremendous comfort and preserves Kurtz's reputation. Marlow is aware that lying is bad, yet

he is compelled to tell this particular lie because not to "would have been too dark too dark altogether." The Intended accepts Marlow's deception with gratitude, and Europe accepts the lie it tells itself about creating empires and taming "savages."

### 3. CONCLUSION

Conrad's skill as a storyteller resides in his capacity to craft a work that transcends space and time and compels readers to face their own inner demons. We are forced to consider the moral and ethical quandaries that still exist in the present world as we go with Marlow into the heart of darkness. The book "Heart of Darkness" pushes us to acknowledge our own darkness and the possibility of enlightenment via self-awareness and discipline. The novella serves as a last reminder that light and evil coexist in the diverse landscape that is the human spirit. It exhorts us to go through this inner maze with mindfulness and compassion in the pursuit of a more equitable and enlightened society. The novel "Heart of Darkness" continues to explore the collective conscience of mankind, where the ultimate truths are both elusive and deep.

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## CHAPTER 3

### EXPLORING THE DEPTHS OF HUMANITY: AN ANALYSIS OF MARLOW, KURTZ, AND THEMES IN 'HEART OF DARKNESS'

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#### ABSTRACT:

This article delves into the complex characters of Marlow and Kurtz, as well as the overarching themes in Joseph Conrad's classic novella, "Heart of Darkness." Marlow, a sailor with a penchant for curiosity and skepticism, embarks on a journey up the Congo River that reveals the dark underbelly of imperialism. His experiences lead him to question the true nature of humanity and civilization. Kurtz, a compelling and enigmatic figure, epitomizes the corruption and brutality inherent in European colonialism. The themes explored in this analysis include the hypocrisy of imperialism, the madness induced by it, and the absurdity of evil. Through these characters and themes, Conrad challenges our understanding of morality, power, and the human condition. "Heart of Darkness" remains a timeless work of literature that continues to provoke thought and debate. The characters of Marlow and Kurtz serve as compelling vehicles for Conrad's exploration of the moral and psychological complexities of imperialism. Marlow's journey up the Congo River mirrors his own descent into the heart of darkness, where he confronts the hypocrisy and moral ambiguity of the colonial project.

#### KEYWORDS:

River Congo, Savagery, Symbolism, Themes, Voyages, White supremacy.

#### 1. INTRODUCTION

Marlow, a 32-year-old sailor, has spent his whole life at sea. Since his experiences in the Congo, the novel's narrator refers to Marlow as "a meditating Buddha" since they have caused him to become reflective, to some extent philosophic, and enlightened. Young Marlow yearned for adventure and wanted to go to the "blank places" on the map; nevertheless, his trip up the Congo turns out to be much more than a spectacular incident. Instead, Marlow learns through his experiences there about the "heart of darkness" that exists in every man: Some men are able to control these wicked inclinations, while others give in to them. Marlow's curiosity and skepticism stand out as his most notable traits. Marlow never settles for other people's apparently harmless comments, such as those made by the Manager and Brickmaker, and he is always trying to sort through the nuances of what other people tell him. Marlow, though, is not a warrior for the truth. Despite being persuaded by the Company and Kurtz that civilization is ultimately a fiction and an organization human have built to harness their ambitions for power, he lies to Kurtz's Intended to save her from suffering a broken heart and eventually returns to Europe and his home [1], [2].

Marlow becomes more aware of his surroundings and whatever "darkness" they could contain or conceal as Heart of Darkness goes on. For instance, when he goes to the Company's headquarters, he is perplexed by the two ladies knitting black yarn and a little worried by the doctor's remarks. But when he gets to the Outer Station, he is horrified at how much trash and disdain for life there is. By the book's conclusion, Marlow has almost completely lost the ability to reintegrate into European culture after being persuaded of the falsehoods and "surface-truths" that keep it going. He shares his experience with the guys on



the Nellie in order to teach them about the depths of the human heart and the evils that darkness is capable of. Although Marlow appears in a number of Conrad's other writings, it's vital to remember that he is not solely the author's stand-in. Marlow is a complex character who both reflects his Victorian forebears and predicts the s of high modernism. In many respects, Marlow embodies the qualities of a classic hero: he is a strong, upright guy who thinks for himself. He is nevertheless "broken" or "damaged," much like Quentin Compson in William Faulkner or J. Alfred Prufrock in T. S. Eliot. He has been fundamentally beaten by the world, and as a result, he is worn out, doubtful, and cynical. Marlow also acts as a mediator between the intellectual and the "working tough" camps. He is undoubtedly smart, articulate, and a natural philosopher, but he is not burdened by the anxiety of centuries of Western philosophy. He is an expert at what he doeshe fixes his own spacecraft and then flies it with skillbut he is also more than just a talented worker. For him, work serves as a diversion and a practical contrast to the whining and rationalization of people around him [3], [4].

Marlow may also be seen as a middleman between Kurtz and the Company's two extremes. He is balanced enough for the reader to relate to him while still being open-minded enough to relate to either extreme to some extent. He serves as the reader's guide as a result. It is possible to discern Marlow's intermediate role in his final sickness and recovery. Marlow does not perish, but in contrast to the Company men, who are only concerned with MONEY and development, Marlow endures excruciating suffering. This is in contrast to those who fully face or at least realize Africa and the darkness inside themselves. As a result, he is "contaminated" by his memories and experiences and, like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, is doomed to tell his narrative to anybody who will listen as atonement or penance.

### **Kurtz**

Kurtz, one of the most mysterious figures in literature from the 20th century, is a petty tyrant, a dying divinity, an incarnation of Europe, and an assassination of European ideals. Due to a combination of these contradicting characteristics, Kurtz intrigues Marlow and poses a danger to the Company. Like Marlow, Kurtz was seeking adventure and wanted to go to Africa to carry out great deeds of "humanizing, improving, instructing." However, Kurtz abandoned his altruistic principles and established himself as a deity to the locals at the Inner Station after he had a taste of the power that might be his in the jungle. He used to fret about how to best bring the "light" of civilization to the Congo, but as he passes away as a man, he still thinks that the Company ought to "Exterminate all the brutes!"

Kurtz is a risky individual because he casts doubt on the Company's "humanistic" goals in the Congo. Through the application of absolute force, he returns more ivory than all the other stations combined. This worries guys like the Manager, who criticizes Kurtz's "unsound method" despite the fact that Kurtz is just carrying out the Company's policy without disguising his acts under an act of altruism. As Marlow says, "All Europe contributed to the making of Kurtz," and Kurtz is living proof of this. He personifies the unbridled greed and desire Marlow sees in the Congo, much as the Europeans engaged in businesses like the Company.

However, unlike the Company, Kurtz is not concerned about his reputation or how "noxious fools" like the Manager see him. While Kurtz is fully honest about his lusts, Brussels is a "whited sepulcher" of hypocrisy. The manager is informed that he is "Not so sick as you'd like to believe." However, this adage holds true for all Europeans engaged in imperialistic empire-building: Although describing Kurtz as a morally "sick" guy can be consoling, in reality, Kurtz is a dramatization of the tendencies that all men share.

### **The Director**

The Manager personifies the Company that he represents in the Congo, just as Kurtz personifies Europe. The Manager believes mistakenly that Kurtz wants to replace him, thus his main worry is keeping his position inside the company. The Manager, a cunning liar, wrecks Marlow's riverboat to stop supplies from getting to Kurtz at the Inner Station. Marlow and Kurtz do not share his worry about Kurtz's wellbeing: Kurtz responds, "Save the ivory, you mean," when he is told he has come to rescue him, and when Kurtz passes away, Marlow feels the Manager's eyes on him as he exits Kurtz's chamber, eager to hear of his competitor agent's passing. The Manager, according to Marlow, "inspires uneasiness" and uses this talent to get information from Marlow concerning Kurtz and his actions. The Manager, a terrible guy, has the ability to turn the Company into a respectable business, but he chooses not to do so because of concern about the flow of ivory leaving Africa.

### **Accountant**

The accountant is significant even though he only appears briefly in the book since he personifies the company's objectives and operating procedures. He spends his time in the midst of the forest with his ledger, indicating the value the company placed on earnings. Furthermore, the Company's aim to seem "morally spotless" to the outside world is suggested by his flawlessly white and pristine attire. The accountant grumbles, "The groans of this sick person distract my attention," as a dying man is carried inside his hut. And in this environment, it is quite challenging to prevent clerical mistakes without that. The accountant, like the Company, wants men to become blind so he may concentrate all of his "attention" on avoiding "clerical errors." Because illness and death are unavoidable aspects of doing business, dwelling on them might "distract" from one's primary goal of tallying profits. Ironically, these earnings are meant to aid the locals whom the Company is displacing. The accountant also makes reference to the intense animosity that White people have for native people and the reality that certain agents at Central Station would stop at nothing to further their own professional interests.

### **Harlequin**

Marlow gives this Russian Kurtz devotee this moniker because of the many colorful patches that he adorns his clothing with. The idea of a clown wearing garish clothing also alluded to the Harlequin's function as Kurtz's "court jester." Even though Kurtz had threatened to murder him, the Harlequin can only gush over Kurtz's intelligence, charm, and sage advice. The Harlequin serves as a potential conclusion for Marlow's trip when they first meet: Will he retain his sceptical self or succumb to the same "magic" that enchanted this man? The Harlequin describes Kurtz as "this man has enlarged my mind" and, like Marlow, finds something interesting, surprising, and appealing about Kurtz's discourse.

## **2. DISCUSSION**

Like the Harlequin, Kurtz's fiance is distinguished by her complete devotion to him. When Marlow pays her a visit after returning from Africa, he discovers that she has been wearing a mourning outfit for more than a year and that she still longs to learn how her love spent his last days. She appreciates Kurtz's "words" and "example," claiming that they are infused with the nobility of purpose with which Kurtz started his career with the Company, but in reality, she is attached to a picture of Kurtz rather than the actual person. Marlow finds it unbearable to reveal to her Kurtz's actual last words, so he is forced to tell her a falsehood instead, which only serves to confirm her already inaccurate perception of Kurtz. On a symbolic level, the Intended is comparable to many Europeans who want to accept the brilliance of people like

Kurtz without taking into account the more "dark" and obscure aspects of their personalities. The Intended is a misguided soul whose trust in Marlow's falsehood exposes her urge to adhere to a fantasy-version of what the Europeans are accomplishing in Africa, much like European missionaries, who sometimes injured the same people they were claiming to cure [5], [6].

### **Native Mistress of Kurtz**

In stark contrast to Kurtz's Intended is the Congolese lady who protests Kurtz's leaving. The native mistress is fearless and strong, while the Intended is innocent and naive. She epitomizes the numerous lusts that Kurtz harbors, a trait that makes him who he is. Because she thinks the Harlequin is interfering with Kurtz too much, she frightens him, and finally her threats lead him to leave the Inner Station. Fresleven, while only being mentioned once in the book, is a reflection of the impact of the wild on otherwise civilized folks. Before he departed for Africa, Fresleven was thought to be a kind and compassionate guy; nevertheless, after seeing the Congo, he became vicious and was slain in a pointless fight with a local chief. Marlow's observation of grass encroaching on his bones shows the jungle's dominance over civilized people. Fresleven, like the Harlequin, is suggested as a potential end for Marlow's expedition up the Congo River. Novel's Stylistic Devices. The underlying and often universal concepts discussed in a literary work are expressed via themes, motifs, and symbols.

## **Themes**

### **The Imperialists' Hypocrisy**

Heart of Darkness delves thoroughly into the problems of imperialism. Marlow sees instances of torture, brutality, and almost enslavement as he makes his way from the Outer Station to the Central Station and then up the river to the Inner Station. The book's incidental scenery at the very least paints a dismal image of colonial endeavor. Marlow's exploits were inspired by the duplicity seen in the arguments put out to support imperialism. The Company's employees refer to their labor as "TRADE," and the way they treat local Africans is seen as a kind act of "civilization." While Kurtz does not conceal the fact that he leads via violence and intimidation, he is forthright about the fact that he does not trade but rather takes ivory by force. He also uses the terms "suppression" and "extermination" to describe how he treats the indigenous. His twisted honesty brings him to ruin since his success might reveal the immoral motives underlying European involvement in Africa [7], [8].

Africans in this novel, however, are mostly objects for Marlow as well as Kurtz or the Company: Marlow refers to his helmsman as a piece of equipment, while Kurtz's African lover is at most a piece of sculpture. One may argue that Heart of Darkness supports an oppression of non-Whites that is even more heinous and difficult to end than the overt mistreatment of Kurtz or the Company's employees. Marlow uses Africans as little more than a human background on which to stage his existential and intellectual conflicts. He is able to reflect on himself because to their presence and exoticism. More difficult to recognize than blatant racism or acts of colonial brutality, this kind of dehumanization. Heart of Darkness depicts a collection of race-related themes that are eventually distressing while also offering a strong indictment of the imperialism's deceitful practices.

### **Imperialism's Impact on Mental Illness**

In this work, madness and imperialism are strongly related. Africa is to blame for both bodily sickness and mental decay. There are two main purposes for madness. First, it works as a satirical technique to appeal to the reader's emotions. Marlow is informed right away that

Kurtz is insane. But when Marlow and the reader get a fuller understanding of Kurtz, it becomes clear that his insanity is merely relative and that insanity in the context of the Company is hard to define. As a result, Marlow and the reader start to empathize with Kurtz and have doubts about the Company. Additionally, madness serves to demonstrate the requirement of social fictions. *Heart of Darkness* repeatedly demonstrates how completely false and even wicked explanatory reasons are, but they are nonetheless essential for maintaining both communal peace and personal safety. In *Heart of Darkness*, being isolated from one's social environment and given complete autonomy over one's own behavior leads to madness. Kurtz has no authority to whom he answers except himself, and this is more than any one man can take. As a result, madness is tied not just to absolute power and a certain type of moral brilliance but also to man's intrinsic fallibility.

### **The Unlikelihood of Evil**

Above all, this novella explores hypocrisy, ambiguity, and moral uncertainty. The notion of choose the lesser of two evils is completely destroyed. It becomes increasingly obvious that trying to judge either option is a foolish act: how can moral standards or social values be relevant in judging evil? As the idealistic Marlow is forced to choose between the hypocritical and malicious colonial bureaucracy or the openly malevolent, rule-defying Kurtz. In a world that is already mad, is there such a thing as insanity? The many absurd incidents Marlow encounters serve as mirrors of the bigger problem. At one station, for example, he observes a guy attempting to carry water in a pail with a sizable hole in it. He observes local employees blasting away at a mountainside near the Outer Station without any specific intention. The ridiculous typically combines both trivial humor and serious matters at the same time. It is horrifying that Marlow's response to Kurtz's murderous megalomania and a leaking bucket is practically the same, indicating that Marlow has a fundamental moral misunderstanding and a great deal of hypocrisy.

### **Motifs**

The main topics of a book may be developed and clarified by using literary techniques such as recurrent structures, contrasts, or gadgets. Observation and Eavesdropping Marlow learns a lot through observing the world around him and listening in on other people's discussions, like when he hears the manager of the Central Station and his uncle discussing Kurtz and the Russian TRADER from the deck of the stricken ship. This phenomenon illustrates how it is impossible for people to communicate with one another directly; instead, information must be discovered accidentally and understood correctly. Words can't fully convey meaning on their own; as a result, they must be understood in the context of what they're used for. Marlow's dialogue with the brickmaker, in which Marlow is able to say much more than just what the guy has to say, is another fine illustration of this. *Heart of Darkness* is rife with comparisons between interiors and exteriors. As the narrator notes at the start of the chapter, Marlow is more intrigued by things' exteriors and surrounding auras than by any hidden significance buried deep inside the object itself.

The regular hierarchy of meaning is inverted by this; typically, one looks for the profound message or secret truth. The emphasis on observation shows that it is difficult to see inside of someone or anything in this world. As a result, Marlow must evaluate a number of exteriors and surfaces, including the banks of the river, the station's surrounding forest walls, and Kurtz's wide forehead.

All the information he has is from these exteriors, which may be a deeper source of knowledge than any intentionally incorrectly manufactured inside "kernel."

## Darkness

The theme of darkness is significant enough for it to appear in the book's title. However, since the whole book is shrouded in darkness, it is impossible to determine precisely what it could signify. Even if the sun is shining brilliantly, places like Africa, England, and Brussels are all regarded as being gloomy and mysteriously dark. Thus, rather than acting precisely, darkness seems to function figuratively and existentially. The inability to see in the dark may seem straightforward, but as a description of the human state, it has important ramifications. Failure to perceive another person entails a failure to comprehend that person and a failure to have a sympathetic relationship with them. The "whited sepulchre" is most likely Brussels, the location of the Company's headquarters. In fact, the colonial endeavors that bring death to white men and to their colonial subjects originated in Europe, which is likewise ruled by a set of reified social ideas that both permit brutality, dehumanization, and evil and prevent reform. A sepulchre connotes death and captivity. The biblical Book of Matthew is where the expression "whited sepulchre" first appeared. Given the dishonest Belgian rhetoric about imperialism's civilizing purpose, Matthew's description of "whited sepulchres" as being lovely on the surface but hiding horrors within is suitable for Brussels.

## Women

Kurtz's Intended and his African mistress both serve as empty canvases on which the virtues and richness of their respective cultures might be shown. Marlow often asserts that women are the caretakers of naive illusions; although this may seem condemnatory, it is important to note that these illusions form the foundation of the social fictions that support economic activity and colonial expansion. In exchange, women get a large portion of the money created, and they are used as props by males to flaunt their own success and social standing.

## River

For Europeans, the Congo River is the gateway to Africa. In other words, it enables the white man to constantly be outside or separate and gives them access to the core of the continent without having to physically traverse it. When a result, when Marlow goes upriver on his steamboat, Africa is reduced to a series of flat images. The river's current makes traveling upriver slow and challenging, but the flow of water makes traveling downstream, back toward "civilization," quick and apparently unavoidable. This suggests that the river wants to completely drive out Europeans from Africa. As Marlow moves upstream toward Kurtz, his efforts with the river mirror his attempts to comprehend the predicament he has found himself in. On the other side, the ease with which he returns downstream reflects his submission to Kurtz and his "choice of nightmares."

## 3. CONCLUSION

Kurtz, on the other hand, personifies both the attraction of absolute power and the severe repercussions of unbridled power. The moral degradation at the heart of European colonialism is shown by his spiral into lunacy and cruelty. The contrast between these two individuals emphasizes how human nature is dual and has the potential for both brightness and evil. The novel's indictment of imperialism is emphasized through the themes of hypocrisy, irrationality, and the absurdity of evil. Conrad urges us to reflect on the principles and arguments behind such actions. At the end of the day, "Heart of Darkness" makes us face difficult facts about the state of humanity and the consequences of unrestrained ambition and power. It serves as a somber reminder that the darkness within of us is ever-present and only waiting to be revealed when the façade of civilization is lifted.

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## CHAPTER 4

### DEPTHS OF MRS. DALLOWAY: A CHARACTER ANALYSIS AND REFLECTION ON VIRGINIA WOOLF'S CLASSIC NOVEL

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#### ABSTRACT:

A Character Analysis and Reflection on Virginia Woolf's Classic Novel" delves into the intricate portrayal of the central character, Clarissa Dalloway, in Virginia Woolf's iconic work, "Mrs. Dalloway." Through the lens of a single day, the analysis explores Clarissa's complex character, her inner conflicts, and the delicate balance between personal desires and societal expectations. The narrative style, which transcends conventional chronology, mirrors the fluid nature of human consciousness and the subjective experience of time. Additionally, the presence of Peter Walsh, Clarissa's former suitor, highlights the choices individuals make in pursuit of happiness and self-realization. This examination offers readers a profound insight into the depths of human psychology, relationships, and the eternal struggle between intimacy and self-preservation in an ever-changing world. In "Depths of Mrs. Dalloway: A Character Analysis and Reflection on Virginia Woolf's Classic Novel," we have delved into the multifaceted character of Clarissa Dalloway and the broader themes that Virginia Woolf weaves throughout her masterpiece. Clarissa's internal struggles and her oscillation between personal desires and societal conformity provide a rich tapestry for exploring the human experience.

#### KEYWORDS:

Feminism, Modernist Literature, Narrative Technique, Time Perception, Virginia Woolf, Women's Writing.

### 1. INTRODUCTION

Mrs. Dalloway is a unique book since it only covers one day, a Wednesday in mid-June 1923. During this day, the book ties together two apparently unrelated narratives. Beginning with a party she will throw that evening, fifty-something Clarissa Dalloway, who has just recovered from an illness, is getting ready. She sets off on her day with an errand to buy the party's flowers. Throughout the morning, Clarissa muses about her history, especially her choice to wed Richard Dalloway rather than Peter Walsh, her more ardent suitor, thirty years before. The second plot line starts with a shell-shocked war veteran, Septimus Smith, and his wife, Lucrezia, walking down the street. Hearing voices and believing that life has no purpose, Septimus suffers with the aftermath of the battle. He is rendered paralyzed by a vehicle backfiring, and he considers his life. Evans, a close friend and his commanding officer, was killed in battle, yet Septimus still speaks with him sometimes. After returning home, Clarissa starts to think back on a particular connection she had as a child with Sally Seton, a vibrant, somewhat scandalous young lady. Clarissa recalls a kiss they exchanged during their close-knit relationship, which at times bordered on an infatuation. Clarissa is in the middle of fixing her green silk dress for the evening when Peter Walsh, a previous suitor, pays her an unexpected visit. It becomes more and more obvious that Peter was right when he previously disparaged Clarissa, saying she would one day be "the perfect hostess." Clarissa and Peter converse openly about the present while also reflecting on their pasts and the choices they took to be where they are. Peter leaves when Elizabeth, Clarissa's daughter who is 17 years

old, walks in. In a park, Peter meets up with Septimus and Lecrezia who are also out walking. Peter observes the pair arguing when they are still young and in love as they engage into a passionate conversation about suicide. He is unaware of Septimus's instability or the intensity of their feelings. Sir William Bradshaw, a specialist whom Lecrezia has scheduled an appointment for Septimus to meet, rejects the intricacy of Septimus's insanity and advises a stay in an institution to get a wider perspective. Richard Dalloway and Lady Bruton had lunch together in the meantime. Clarissa felt a little betrayed by Lady Bruton for inviting just Richard and not her, and she interprets it as a critique of Clarissa's legitimacy. Richard has come to the realization that he wants to go home and tell Clarissa that he loves her during this meal. Sadly, he never finds the right words since he has been silent for so long [1], [2].

Elizabeth is studying with Doris Kilman as her instructor when Clarissa visits her. Clarissa hates Doris because she perceives her as a monster with "hooves" who kidnaps her daughter. Doris also hates Clarissa, mostly because of her affluent lifestyle and bourgeois values. Lecrezia and Septimus return to their flat to await the helpers who will take Septimus to the asylum. When they come, Septimus chooses to flee from them; he leaps out the window to his death since he doesn't want to meet the attendants but also doesn't want to leave life. Many of Clarissa's previous acquaintances, including Peter Walsh and Sally Seton, are present at her celebration. Still, Richard is unwilling to confess his feelings for Laura. Sir William and Lady Bradshaw show up quite late to the party and are very sorry for their delay. They were delayed, according to Lady Bradshaw, because one of Sir William's patients had committed suicide that day. Clarissa is unexpectedly dissatisfied with the outcome of her party given its success [3], [4].

In Mrs. Dalloway, characters periodically see the pattern of existence via a startling shock, or what Woolf termed a "moment of being." A person's perception of reality and their role in it are suddenly obvious when the cotton wool suddenly separates. Before we could allow ourselves to experience our feelings in poetry or fiction, according to Woolf, "our emotions in the vast catastrophe of the European war had to be broken up for us, and put at an angle from us." These phrases may be found in *The Common Reader*, a collection of her essays that was released only one month before to Mrs. Dalloway. In order to discover, via "moments of being," a means of enduring, her narrative tries to unearth splintered emotions, such as despair or love.

Woolf studied the Greek classics while creating Mrs. Dalloway, in addition to James Joyce and Marcel Proust, two fresh modernist authors. Woolf's interest in time and psychology was similar to these authors', and she included these topics in her book. She sought to portray dynamic, as opposed to static, people who respond to their environment in ways that reflect real-world human experience. These figures would think and feel as they moved through space. The time between the two world wars was characterized by rapid political and social upheaval; the British Empire, which so many people had given their lives to defend and maintain, was in decline.

India was one of the nations that started to criticize British colonial control. At home, the Labour Party was starting to pose a threat to the Conservative Party with its proposals for economic reform and attention on imperial commercial interests. Women were seeking equal rights since they had entered the workforce to take the place of the males who had gone to war. The value of class-based sociopolitical institutions was being questioned by men who had seen unimaginable crimes during the first modern conflict. In her nonfiction work *A Room of One's Own*, as well as in several articles, Woolf expressed her support for the feminist cause. She was also briefly active in the women's suffrage campaign. Even though Peter Walsh, Richard Dalloway, and Hugh Whitbread illustrate the evolving political climate



in Mrs. Dalloway, Septimus Warren Smith and Clarissa Dalloway place a greater emphasis on the tense social climate. To make sure that readers take Clarissa's character seriously rather of just dismissing her as a vain and ignorant upper-class wife, Woolf dives into Clarissa's mind, a woman who resides primarily in the home realm. Clarissa made a valiant but flawed attempt to live, but she too must confront death, just like every other person and even the previous social system.

Due to her own experiences with mental illness, Woolf had the chance to see personally how callous medical personnel could be. In Mrs. Dalloway, she criticizes their lack of decency. One of Woolf's physicians recommended that she get lots of rest and eat well, which is the treatment given in the book, while another extracted many of her teeth. Early in the 20th century, mental health issues were much too often dismissed as unreal, embarrassing, or the result of moral laxity. During one sickness, Woolf overheard King Edward swearing amid some azaleas and birds singing like Greek choruses. Woolf put a heavy stone in her pocket to weigh herself down and drowned herself in the river Ouse in 1941, when England joined the second world war and she was beginning to have another breakdown she believed would be permanent.

The day in one woman's life is covered in Mrs. Dalloway from sunrise to night. Upper-class housewife Clarissa Dalloway WALKS across her neighborhood in London in order to get ready for the party she will give that evening. Peter Walsh, an old suitor and acquaintance, suddenly calls at her home after she returns from buying flowers. The two had consistently passed severe judgment on one another, and their current encounter is entwined with their memories of the past. Clarissa rejected Peter's marriage proposal years ago, and Peter has never really recovered from that. Before Clarissa can respond to Peter's question about her happiness with her husband, Richard, her daughter Elizabeth walks into the room. Peter adjourns to Regent's Park after departing. He continues to be obsessed with Clarissa's rejection in his thoughts. The narrative then switches to Septimus, a World War I soldier who was injured while fighting in the trenches and is now experiencing shell shock. Spending some time in Regent's Park with his Italian wife, Lucrezia, is Septimus. They are awaiting Septimus' appointment with renowned psychiatrist Sir William Bradshaw. When the war started, Septimus was a blooming young poet and a fan of Shakespeare. He volunteered right away out of idealistic patriotism.

He had become immune to the horrors of war and its effects, so when his buddy Evans passed away, he hardly felt sorrow. Now that Septimus no longer believes in the England he fought for, he no longer feels the need to protect himself or his community. Suicidal, he thinks that being emotionless is wrong. Clearly, Septimus's wartime experiences left him permanently wounded, and he also suffers from severe mental health issues. Sir William, on the other hand, dismisses Septimus' assertions and labels them as having "a lack of proportion." Septimus will be taken away from Lucrezia by Sir William, who intends to place him in a local mental hospital. High class diners Hugh Whitbread and Lady Bruton join Richard Dalloway for lunch. The guys assist Lady Bruton in writing a letter to the Times, the biggest newspaper in London. After lunch, Richard brings Clarissa a big bouquet of roses when he gets home. Since it has been so long since he last told her that he loved her, he wants to tell her but is unable.

## 2. DISCUSSION

Even amongst a husband and wife, Clarissa analyzes the emptiness that lies between individuals. She enjoys the seclusion she is able to preserve in her marriage and views it as being essential to the health of the union, but she also finds it somewhat unsettling that

Richard doesn't know everything about her. Elizabeth's history teacher, Miss Kilman, and Clarissa wave goodbye as they go on a shopping trip. The two older ladies hate one another fiercely because they both think the other is a controlling influence over Elizabeth. Lucrezia and Septimus are now sharing a happy time in their flat before the guys arrive to take Septimus to the institution. Dr. Holmes, one of Septimus's physicians, shows there, and Septimus worries that the doctor will take his soul. He leaps to his death from a window in an effort to escape this destiny. When Peter hears the ambulance arrive to retrieve Septimus's corpse, he is paradoxically astounded by London's degree of civilisation. He attends Clarissa's party where most of the main characters from the book are there. Clarissa puts a lot of effort into making her party a success, but she is unhappy with her own contribution and painfully aware of Peter's critical eye. Everyone at the party, but notably Peter and Sally Seton, had fallen short of their youthful aspirations in some way [5], [6].

Elizabeth and the others in her age will certainly repeat the mistakes made by Clarissa's generation even if the social order is unquestionably changing. When Sir William Bradshaw finally arrives, his wife informs him that the young veteran patient, one of his patients, committed himself. In order to reflect on Septimus's passing, Clarissa withdraws to a little room's solitude. She is aware that persons like Sir William make life miserable and that he was just overwhelmed by life. She empathizes with Septimus and respects him for taking the risk while maintaining his moral integrity. She believes that his death was caused by her cozy position as a social hostess. As visitors start to depart, the celebration is about to end. When Clarissa walks into the room, Peter becomes quite excited [7], [8].

Mrs. Dalloway is not a book that details Clarissa Dalloway's life from beginning to end. In actuality, Mrs. Dalloway is not at all a book with a traditional narrator. On a single day, a Wednesday in the middle of June 1923, Mrs. Dalloway's history and present are pieced together in a collage or mosaic picture. In terms of the storyline, Mrs. Dalloway arranges and hosts a party on this specific day in June. All that takes place is that. Beyond the storyline, it is our responsibility to understand Mrs. Dalloway's past and present. We must make an effort to understand this English lady's uniqueness and personality behind her outward appearance. Because looks may be deceiving, this is not a simple process. Peter Walsh, Mrs. Dalloway's lover, foretold that Clarissa would one day become The Perfect Hostess when she was only a small girl. When we read Mrs. Dalloway, we are left with a literal vision of Clarissa Dalloway as The Perfect Hostess, despite the fact that Peter stated this rashly and out of envious rage. It seems that Peter Walsh's impulsive and indignant response was very true. It certainly seems that Clarissa was destined to be a well-educated wife who would throw her husband successful parties. Her life would seem to have no other purpose than this.

In a sense, Clarissa Dalloway does become the ideal hostess, and Mrs. Dalloway is in some ways about a party Clarissa throws. However, these concepts are only surface-level. A woman is never simply a wife, mother, or hostess; people cannot be summed up in a single adjective. We only label one another when we are foolish, lazy, or furious. Although we are aware that these broad, superficial judgments about others are made every day, taken separately - are undoubtedly too complicated to be condensed in this way. We are aware of how little of our "real selves" is seen to the public, thus we would never consider reducing ourselves in such a way. There are emotional depths that are seldom expressed, such as wrath, sorrow, pleasure, and sensitivity. Additionally, just as a large portion of our emotions stay hidden, our brains also accumulate a large number of ideas, dialogues, dreams, and other words and thoughts that are never spoken. The actions we really do are only the faint traces of another complex, emotional person. In Mrs. Dalloway, Virginia Woolf expresses care about this person.

## Madame Dalloway

To give our findings about Clarissa Dalloway a context, it's probably best to start with her appearance. Additionally, it's vital to consider how we learn about Mrs. Dalloway's physical characteristics since Virginia Woolf's mastery of narration is just as significant to her works' themes as their actual subject matter. It turns out that Mrs. Dalloway likes to purchase the flowers personally. Although this information may seem unimportant, the fact that this one line constitutes the whole of the opening paragraph of a book is intriguing. This is the motivation for the first clause: Virginia Woolf is acquiring Mrs.

Dalloway leaves the home so that a neighbor, an old acquaintance, and others might see her. Mrs. Dalloway is also capable of responding to a London she hasn't seen in a while. We will learn about Mrs. Dalloway from a variety of perspectives; we won't just be given the facts up front since such collections of information don't tell us enough. We must observe in order to learn. The trip taken by Mrs. Dalloway is not usual. Mrs. Dalloway often has things done for her since she is not used to doing errands. However, she feels that today is unique since it is crisp and brisk. Mrs. Dalloway has a great chance to go shopping while the maid is occupied monitoring the removal of the winter doors. On this particular day, Mrs. Dalloway will engage in an activity she likes but has been unable to do recently due to illness: wandering through London's busy, clamorous traffic while doing errands. The return of summer, Mrs. Dalloway's health, and her return to a bustling London scene are all related in some manner [9], [10].

We leave Clarissa's thoughts behind and enter Scrope Purvis's brain as she walks toward the flower store. Purvis has lived next door to Clarissa for a long time, making his observation useful. He imagines Mrs. Dalloway to be perched on the curb like a bird. Despite being close to fifty and still having the pallor from her previous sickness, she has a bird-like appearance. She is wearing a yellow hat with feathers, which may have influenced Scrope's similarity. But no, Clarissa also believes that she resembles birds perhaps even too much so. This is shown when she thinks back on Lady Bexborough.

Clarissa explains herself to us by drawing comparisons to Lady Bexborough. While comparing herself to a lady she views as ideal, we learn about Clarissa's looks and her thinking. For instance, Clarissa would happily trade Lady Bexborough's dark, wrinkly skin for her own, which was light and flawless. She wishes her face had more personality. She believes that she is too flighty, pointy-featured, and disingenuous and would want to move more deliberately, stately, and not lightly. It seems that Clarissa would want to be more macho than feminine. She would at least want to seem more serious and be interested in things like politics. She doesn't think her pallor or her skin smooth or even naturally appealing. The only elements of her body that she likes are her hands and feet, which she describes as being a "nothing" that she "wears." However, she is not content with how she looks on the outside, particularly with the tiny, white, skeletal sack that holds Mrs.

## Dalloway

These thoughts despair at aging and at aging unattractively might appear odd or contradictory, given that Clarissa is clearly enthralled by the hustle and bustle of the morning in London. Clearly, Clarissa is overjoyed to be back in this vibrant stream of London; our initial glimpse of her is replete with her giddy reactions to being a part of the city's thoroughfare once again. She does, however, fluctuate in attitude; in one paragraph, she is anxious and worried, and in the next, she is giddy. However, Virginia Woolf did not include these shifts in mood for the sake of being frivolous or poetic. Take into account the fact that Clarissa has previously expressed the desire to not be so frail and pensive, thus her moments of fear about becoming

older are not at all abnormal. In addition, Clarissa's illness made her more fragile and gave her too much time to reflect. Without a doubt, Clarissa's doctor, husband, and friends complimented her appearance, and she was probably the first to glance in the mirror to check for symptoms of sickness in her over fifty-year-old face. In addition, it is important to keep in mind while analyzing Mrs. Dalloway's mood swings that Clarissa would have had time to think on life if she had been bedridden throughout her illness, much like the majority of persons who are bedridden beyond the age of fifty. She would have thought back and reflected. Her seriousness from her sickbed would not have vanished instantly if she had recovered by this point and was back in the flow of London traffic. In the middle of all the magnificence of this morning, there would remain a natural residue of seriousness.

Clarissa's shifts in mood and thinking from the present to the past to the present are not being manipulated by Virginia Woolf for the sake of impact or solely for exposition. There are good reasons for Clarissa's mood and temporal swings. The changes happen quickly, but our own brains may be just as erratic. Humans seem to be designed to measure time as it advances continually, but this is not the case. Their thoughts follow a separate sense of time inside themselves and disregard the passing of time. Virginia Woolf used Clarissa to creatively mimic the natural progression of the intellect.

Mrs. Dalloway has apparently recovered from her illness and is once again taking in the sights and sounds of this lively London morning. She has angular features, is nearly intoxicated by the noise, and sometimes gets lost in thoughts about the choices she has made throughout her life and about her physical flaws. Despite being unwell, she returned to London and immediately entered its busy streets. We now make our own way inside Mrs. Dalloway as she ascends the streets. Scrope Purvis' photograph has shown us what she looks like, and Clarissa has confirmed this. We discovered a few of Clarissa's peculiarities while listening to her critical remarks about herself, as well as one extremely significant character hint. One of the central questions in the book is Mrs. Dalloway content with her identity as "Mrs. Dalloway"-emerges from Clarissa's little dissatisfactions with her appearance and personality. We will discover the circumstances and outcomes of Clarissa's choice to become Mrs. Dalloway. The most crucial decision in a woman's life, according to Woolf, is her choice of marriage.

Regarding Peter Walsh again, it's crucial to remember that he is mentioned before Richard Dalloway. Although this book is about Richard Dalloway's wife, Peter is the one who is introduced to us initially. We learn that Clarissa made the decision to end her romance with Peter Walsh and become Mrs. Richard Dalloway quite logically. The title of this book and its first phrase are both Mrs. Dalloway. Our first perception is that Clarissa's marital status is heavily stressed. But even on the opening page, it's clear that Clarissa is more preoccupied with recalling a funny remark Peter Walsh, her ex-boyfriend, made when he saw her staring off into space.

Peter reprimands Clarissa for pretending to be so lost in thought, and the first thing we hear him say is that he likes men to cauliflower. In essence, Peter is arguing that he prefers the company of men of human beings to that of animals. The joke that Peter told Clarissa was insignificant, but she has kept it in her memory all these years, and since Virginia Woolf presents it to us as Peter's opening line in the book, it is significant. It explains why Clarissa turned down Peter, why she denied him to herself, and why even now she questions whether she was right to reject him.

She suddenly changes her mind and thinks back to their break-up and the rumors she subsequently overheard about Peter's marriage to an Indian lady. Clarissa claims that if she

had been married to Peter, he would have insisted on sharing. Because Clarissa is so terrified of the consequences of sharing, she is wary about thinking about Peter too much, as if even that might be too much "sharing." As we'll see in a moment, Clarissa views sharing as surrender. Additionally, Peter would have insisted on developing a relationship of closeness with Clarissa that went beyond just a sexual one. Peter would have pushed on the type of closeness that occurs between true friends—basic, defenses-down, baring-of-souls connection. Clarissa was terrified by this interaction and the ownership of one another's deepest secrets.

Clarissa would have lost all privacy if she had married Peter. This may seem like a minor point, but it is more significant than if Clarissa had reservations about consenting to Peter romantically. Clarissa is thinking about the fundamental honesty and caring connection that a husband and wife should have. Peter would have insisted that Clarissa reveal to him everything of her hopes, worries, and pleasures, and he would have done the same for her. This is a much longer-lasting and harmful transaction than sex. In fact, Clarissa uses the term dangerous to characterize existence. Clarissa would have had to lose her composure and daring to make errors if she had chosen Peter. In Richard Dalloway, she opted for security and safety. However, Clarissa still has the spirit that reacted to Peter before her reason for rejecting him. Evidence of this sensitive streak, which Clarissa is still working to control, was seen on this morning's stroll. Clarissa berates herself for foolishly giving in to such sensual pleasure as she revels in the morning's light, sharp freshness, so like "the kiss of a wave," as she tenses, anticipating the striking of Big Ben, and as she hears the cacophonous noise of trucks, cars, and vendors magically harmonized. She ponders why she enjoys the buzz of London so much.

The solution is straightforward: while Clarissa is naturally receptive and impulsive, she has mastered the art of hiding her emotions and reactions. She gives her senses free freedom, but only in this one way: Clarissa may wander among the sights, sounds, scents, and people of London without having to blend in with them. She is capable of grinning adoringly and sarcastically at the foolishness of young lovers and foolishness of elderly women, but she does it with a love that retains its distance. She admires London like she would admire a beautiful, well-known picture brought to life. The living piece of art that is London is like a balm to Clarissa's post-illness symptoms and sense of solitude. Clarissa's physicians said that the illness may have had an impact on her heart, but Virginia Woolf continues to emphasize for us how already weak Clarissa's heart is metaphorically speaking. Long before the illness killed her, it was deteriorated from inactivity. Clarissa has been too reserved with her love.

### 3. CONCLUSION

The fluidity and non-linearity of Virginia Woolf's distinctive narrative style encourage readers to explore the depths of human mind. The idea of time—both objective and psychological—plays a crucial part, highlighting the fact that it is not an immutable reality but rather a flexible and subject-specific construct.

Peter Walsh's presence serves as a powerful reminder of the decisions people must make in the quest for happiness and self-realization. The contrast between Clarissa's need for self-preservation and Peter's need for intense emotional connection highlights the trade-offs and compromises that go into living. In conclusion, "Depths of Mrs. Dalloway" is a commentary on Virginia Woolf's investigation of human psychology, relationships, and social expectations and how they continue to be relevant today. Woolf conveys the core of the human condition via the figure of Clarissa Dalloway, inspiring readers to reflect on the depths of their own lives and the complex interplay between intimacy and self-preservation in a changing and dynamic world.



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## CHAPTER 5

### LAYERS OF MRS. DALLOWAY: UNVEILING THE COMPLEX REALITIES BENEATH THE FACADE

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#### ABSTRACT:

The intricacies of Virginia Woolf's iconic character, Clarissa Dalloway, in her novel "Mrs. Dalloway." This character analysis illuminates the multifaceted nature of Clarissa, highlighting her adaptability and the ever-shifting dynamics of her identity. Woolf's narrative style, with its rhythmic ebb and flow, underscores the fluidity of human consciousness. The introduction of Septimus Warren Smith provides a contrasting perspective, emphasizing the tension between order and chaos in Clarissa's life. The novel challenges readers to ponder the layers of human existence, the malleability of identity, and the profound impact of relationships and experiences on one's sense of self invites us to delve into the rich tapestry of Virginia Woolf's character, Clarissa Dalloway. In exploring Clarissa's multifaceted nature, we uncover the intricate interplay between her public persona and inner self. This character analysis not only reveals the adaptability and responsiveness of Clarissa's identity but also underscores the novel's thematic emphasis on the ever-changing nature of human experience.

#### KEYWORDS:

Facade, Hidden Truths, Illusion, Revelation, Reality, Unmasking.

### 1. INTRODUCTION

Mrs. Dalloway is not an easygoing person. She is quite complicated. She fascinates me because she is aware of how, depending on who she is with, her "self" shifts and adapts somewhat. She differs somewhat from Elizabeth when she is with Richard, and she differs still further when she is with Hugh Whitbread. Contrary to Clarissa, the majority of individuals believe that their personalities never change no matter who they are with. In reality, very few individuals are steady; we all undergo change, responding to the wide variety of people we interact with in various ways. Additionally, Mrs. Dalloway values individuals in a different manner than most people do. She remarks on Hugh Whitbread's "well covered... handsome, perfectly upholstered" figure when they first meet. She is making a fairly innovative reference about Hugh's clothing fit. But in addition to giving us a fresh perspective on someone, Clarissa also reveals more about herself. She views Hugh's clothing in the same way she does her own clothing and body: as a covering that conceals the true person behind the "upholstery." The thought that a body may be "upholstered" is peculiar and intriguing, and it confirms our perceptions of Clarissa's complexity. She had already mentioned feeling "outside, looking on." She moves through life while within her body, yet she still feels foreign to her body and cut off from life. Clarissa is not an educated lady, yet she not only has these sentiments, she is also articulate about them. She is just a lady, sensitive and intuitive with a unique intuition. She is not a college graduate and has minimal formal education. She would prefer her emotions, like her world, to be properly kept and inside limits, but they are quite intense. The calm, peaceful park she walks through this morning is the kind of place she would want her marriage and motherhood to be. But Clarissa often has no control over things. She has made an effort to control her life by weeding Richard Dalloway, but recently she has been on the verge of death and recently the Great War

has split the globe apart. She now seems to be mending, as does the globe. The king and queen are present at the palace and are throwing a party right now, exactly as Clarissa will tonight. These should be joyful times, and there are some that are, but Clarissa's happiness cannot ward off some terrible thoughts, such as the profound contempt she has for Miss Kilman, her daughter's instructor [1], [2].

Although it is not totally evident why Clarissa despises Miss Kilman, we can already make some educated guesses: Clarissa was very sick, and Elizabeth, her daughter, stands for youth, the very essence of life, and Clarissa's extension. Richard and Clarissa have never "possessed" Elizabeth, but Clarissa suddenly feels as if Miss Kilman is consuming Elizabeth. This idea of ownership, which was so repulsive in Peter's personality, has perilously reemerged at precisely the wrong time for Mrs. Dalloway as the world changes around her, she ages, and she becomes less familiar with it. Mrs. Dalloway arrives to the flower shop while fretting over Miss Kilman and enjoying Bond Street. It's been a strange trek. This opening scene is full of sharp contrasts; it alternates between intense sensory activity and fleeting introspection. Mrs. Dalloway has traversed the busy streets of London, entered a serene park, exited back into the chaos, and then slipped into a tranquil, fragrant flower store. She has reflected on the present, the past, and the present once again. The back-and-forth story and this in-and-out stream of noise and stillness have alluded to the ebb and flow of waves and their cadence. The changes in time, the changes in scenery, and the recurring theme of waterthe sea and the wavesare all skillfully woven together in this scene [3], [4].

### Septimus

We take a break from Mrs. Dalloway as she chooses the party's flowers and think about a different character, Septimus Warren Smith. The quick shift in attention is significant since Clarissa is just one half of the Mrs. Dalloway design. Virginia Woolf wrote in her journal during the writing of this book that she wished to depict, in a dark fashion, "the world seen by the sane and the insane." The book would have two primary characters and two intertwined storylines rather than just being a narrative about Clarissa Dalloway. Clarissa and Septimus are two characters in the book who are never introduced to one another, but they are connected by a number of other characters and by the importance they both place on that "leaf-encumbered forest, the soul."

Both Mrs. Dalloway and Septimus Smith possess those traits that define a person's identity and uniqueness, including intensity and sensitivity, particularly with regard to the solitude of their souls. Mrs. Dalloway maintains a façade of serenity and makes an effort to keep her most profound ideas, aspirations, and musings to herself since no one else would value or comprehend them. She sets limits for her own realm. She is a wife, mother, and hostess; she lives with her husband, her daughter, and her friends, but she is never entirely at ease and open with anybody. Nobody can glimpse Mrs. Dalloway's darkest interior. And when Clarissa uses the word "dark" to describe her soul, she doesn't always mean anything scary or terrible; rather, she just implies that the soul is closed off to the outside world. The spirit of Mrs. Dalloway is a sanctuary, like a private garden. Mrs. Dalloway is seen as being sane, so maybe this is not the best way to view oneself.

On the other side, Septimus Smith is mad. He has almost completely shut himself off from the outside world. Consider how, although being different, his response to the sound of a vehicle backfiring mimics and magnifies Mrs. Dalloway's response. Upon hearing a gunshot, Clarissa quickly believes she has heard one. This relationship is not pathological in any way. The First World War recently ended. Even though the horrifying noises of war have officially finished, they nevertheless reverberate in people's minds. The sound stops the hustle and



bustle of the streets as England continues to tremor. Ironically, Septimus Smith's connection to reality was severed by a series of gunshots. Despite being a shell-shock survivor and a Great War casualty, he does not mistake the car's backfiring for a gunshot. He compares the sound to the cracking of a whip. While the rest of them are just shocked, Septimus is afraid.

## 2. DISCUSSION

We have seen past the outward appearances and into two personal, inner worlds Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus Smith's in this crowd scene of London. We saw two bewildered and terrified individuals. Of course, there are degree differences. Due to her sickness, Clarissa feels fearful and indignant over Miss Kilman's "possession" of Elizabeth. But she makes an effort to control and organize her worries as best she can. On the other hand, Septimus' anxieties are too overwhelming and disorderly to control. Clarissa sees London as comfortable and familiar, while Septimus only experiences bits and pieces of it. Lucrezia, Septimus' wife, finds London to be completely foreign. She feels alone in a foreign country, has no friends, and a spouse who makes suicide threats. Focusing on a straightforward morning scene, Virginia Woolf presented us with a challenge through a variety of prisms: first, we wandered through Clarissa's wonderland of past and present thoughts; then, we pulled back and observed how the people of London reacted to a car backfiring like a single, cohesive organism; finally, we were startled by the jumbled reality of Septimus Smith's thoughts. Now that a foreigner is looking at what is occurring, we can see it better. How would you describe the "real world"? Truth and reality are subjective concepts that vary from person to person. Although there is generally agreement on what is true and genuine in a particular circumstance, there are almost always quite different interpretations. Such particularities are what Virginia Woolf repeatedly brings to our attention. One of the characters often demonstrates to us the remarkable in even the most commonplace occurrences. Even though a car's backfiring is only a loud noise, it has unexpected effects on each person who hears it as well as the large group of individuals who chance to be there on a London Street. They are first drawn in by the loudness, then their admiration is piqued by the important-looking automobile. Although no one of importance is undoubtedly in the automobile, everyone has a strong attachment to it. Virginia Woolf may be heard in her meditation, much above the tale itself, thinking about how important it is for the masses to be linked with Greatness. Even the Queen, if she were inside, is just a woman; the automobile is simply a car. However, this compelling mystery disassociates the throng from its feeling of ordinariness. Each participant receives an Extraordinary Moment from the automobile. Everyone feels unique because they have experienced the potential of living in the same neighborhood as royalty or England. While listening to Virginia Woolf say that only historians will be able to say for sure who is in the strange automobile, we watch the crowd's utter astonishment. She acts in a similar manner like Clarissa did previously while walking the streets of London. The funny foolishness of us humans make both ladies chuckle [5], [6].

The momentary "dignity" Clarissa had been granted fades as the story progresses. She is reminded once again of Peter Walsh's threat that she would ultimately identify herself as a Hostess by the notion of the queen in the strange automobile, the queen's party, and her own party. The terror of a more sterile dignity the dignity of a hostess replaces the pleasurable, patriotic, quasi-dignity. Our focus is abruptly diverted to something else. Another perplexing development has occurred. White smoke is being released by a passing airliner. Awe of the unknown has replaced the momentary patriotism for Royal England that had the people transfixed moments before. No one was aware of who was in the black automobile before, and no one is aware of what the skywriting says right now, yet both forces have a comparable allure on the public. The words formed by the skywriting's letters are illegible and hazy. The

audience doesn't appear to realize that what they are witnessing is really a marketing ploy. This enigma of a marketing message in the skies enchants them. The sky-writing is humorously characterized as if there were an oracular meaning to the puzzling letters, and they try to interpret it. We discover at this time that not everyone believes Septimus Smith to be mad. For instance, Septimus' doctor believes that Septimus' issue is just routine, obsessional contemplation. The phrases inscribed in the sky are Lucrezia's attempt to pique Septimus' curiosity. However, we are able to enter Septimus' thoughts and see the tragic beauty of his insanity, so we are aware that he is crazy. Time is scattered; it is extended, prolonged, and delayed. To Septimus, the smoke formations are just what they are; they have no significance. They are rising and falling while adjusting white hues [7], [8].

Septimus is surrounded by loud, very provocative noises. Septimus' visual and auditory perceptions flow in waves; the smoke lingers, melts; the noises converge, then diverge; and the light on the elm leaves rises and falls. This usage of water photography is not new. It marked Mrs. Dalloway's morning stroll and her trips back and forth between the present and the past. The rising and falling of the waves has a pattern that is similar to a throb, or the heartbeat of a person, as well as the rhythm of our primordial mother, the sea. Septimus is powerfully drawn in by the beat; the sea's symbolic cadence is like a siren's call to Septimus' unconscious, and the last of his reason struggles to hold on. He begs himself to refrain from becoming insane. Similar to how Clarissa is still working to control her own fate, Septimus is fighting to do the same. We step back from Septimus' severe inner struggles and Lucrezia's anxieties to see the Smith family through Maisie Johnson's perspective. She is an outsider in London, much like Lucrezia. She is Scottish and just a short distance from Edinburgh, so Maisie finds the men, ladies, and "prim" flowers of London - all the things that delighted Clarissa - strange. The Smiths are particularly strange, in her opinion. Next, we take a look at Maisie from Mrs. Dempster's perspective. We watch the elderly Mr. Bently. The scene is hazy. Since Clarissa Dalloway left her home this morning to go flower shopping, life has gotten out of hand for the majority of the folks we have encountered. The sky-writing jet is still silently spewing hazy letters into the sky as the scenario comes to a close. How do they respond? Even if they say "toffee," the message is still insufficient. As Clarissa, Septimus, Lucrezia, Maisie, Mrs. Dempster, and Mr. Bently each came to various conclusions about London, Londoners, and life, so too may we interpret its hazy picture anyway we choose. Humans see reality in different ways, as shown by numerous stunning examples of how the sane, the mad, the alien, the newcomer, and the old perceive the same event [9], [10].

In this scenario, there is hardly any actual action. However, a few banal actions frame Clarissa's reflections on life and death, which are the main focus of this scenario. Of course, Virginia Woolf does not use these terms, but these are the main factors driving the action. Clarissa had already given certain parts of dying some thought. This morning, she considered the possibility that certain parts of herself may linger on after she had passed away as she gazed into Hatchards' store display. The passages from *Cymbeline* that particularly interested her also dealt with death; for example, "Fear no more the heat o' the sun / Nor the furious winter's rages" is a funeral song. In the middle of London's commotion and color, Clarissa considered death. The first thing we discover about Clarissa's house when she gets home, the first impression we have of it, is that the Dalloway Hall is as "cool as a vault." Note this in contrast to Clarissa's present thoughts of death. So, there are two different lifestyles to take into account here: one is the hectic life led on London's streets, and the other is the lifestyle led within the Dalloway home. Virginia Woolf describes a definite death-in-life mood in the Dalloway home, where Clarissa has left the milieu of the London life and returned to her existence, her sanctuary where living is, to extend the metaphor, as "cool as a vault."

Mrs. Dalloway is affluent and aristocratic, but one shouldn't generalize her since she isn't just a one-dimensional well-bred, polite, and somewhat religious woman. Clarissa is a lady in the traditional sense, yet she also rejects religion. This comes as a surprise, therefore Virginia Woolf's satirical reference to Clarissa being like a nun is appropriate given that she is a paradoxical secular nun. Think about how Clarissa goes about her daily activities: she complies with expectations and keeps everything in order. Her actions are carried out with the same regularity as the recitation of the rosary. Clarissa's observation of routine behaviors has a sacred quality. But Clarissa is not what she seems to be. She has a nun-like appearance, and although being an atheist, she does her daily tasks with holy fervor. The contrast between appearance and reality impresses us.

Another difference exists between Clarissa Dalloway's outward appearance and her inner reality, and Clarissa is fully aware of it. Clarissa comes to understand that the Dalloway mansion is a secure haven. The façade of the home is just as well-bred as Clarissa, and it resembles a fortress. However, the interiors of Mrs. Dalloway and the Dalloway house are quite different. Inside Clarissa, there are many uncertainties and worries. Dramatic irony exists here because Lucy, Clarissa's maid, worships her mistress and thinks Clarissa is as stolid and collected as she comes across. When we penetrate Clarissa's head, the truth is revealed. We've already had a peek of some of Clarissa's doubts and fears, but now it's clear that she feels deeply betrayed when Lady Bruton invites Richard to lunch instead of her. Clarissa's life is ebbing away; she is fragile, has white hair, and already seems to be being taken advantage of. Socially, Clarissa dislikes being passed over by a fellow society lady; as a woman, Clarissa feels envious that Lady Bruton only asked Mr. Dalloway to her luncheon; and, in her heart of hearts, Clarissa is shocked.

Even though she doesn't have a strong fear of dying, she feels hurt when she is ignored so quickly after being very sick; it's as if she has already been forgotten. As we have seen, Mrs. Dalloway has built a solid, though rather sterile, living for herself. Our next topic is Clarissa's genuine "happy times," which, appropriately, she recalls when she takes off and sheds the mask of the public Mrs. Dalloway. Clarissa takes off her hat and tucks her coat away in her tower chamber, far from London and the lower levels of the Dalloway house. As she does, memories of Sally Seton come flooding back, and she truly "lets her hair down." The first person with whom Clarissa ever shared love and secrets was Sally. Sally had Clarissa's attention in awe. Sally embodied everything that Clarissa did not. Sally disobeyed the rules, whereas Clarissa followed them all. Sally smoked while sitting on the floor with her knees up. To get a sponge she had forgotten, she once fled the restroom while still nude. A well-bred, well-mannered young lady at the turn of the century did not behave in such a rebellious way as Sally did. She did the unexpected and the romantic. Many of us are drawn to rebellious personalities, particularly when we are young and, as we might imagine, especially if we were raised in a segregated, Victorian environment as Clarissa was. This is a fitting picture for Clarissa's life since, until Sally showed up, it was made up of stiff, indistinguishable days placed down the length of the years. At Bourton, flowers were put in "stiff little vases all the way down the table." Then Sally gave Clarissa a boost of energy. Sally and Clarissa seemed to be able to "communicate."

Although Clarissa's award for communication first seems to be pretty banal, interpersonal communication is still a hot topic in today's popular publications. Do men and women have a real communication gap? Is there a difference between male and female sensibilities? D. Virginia Woolf's contemporary H. Lawrence thought that men and women were two wholly separate species. When a male is involved, historically speaking, women's minds have always come in second. When Mrs. Dalloway was a young girl, this was particularly true. Whom

might a girl expose her heart to at such times? a timid, delicate, creative girl like Clarissa? The men were better. Could a woman tell her spouse anything, if she were a woman? What reaction would he have, if any? as the blundering chatterbox's confession? or in a trusting manner? Virginia Woolf was irritated by this issue. She has both written and published reviews. She had many of male acquaintances, but she had a tendency to doubt their relationships. When she spoke literature and politics, she questioned if she was being patronized. Did her male pals see her as nothing more than a smart curiosity? They claimed to "share" themselves with her, much as her female friends did. Was the trade fair?

The core of Mrs. Dalloway is this idea of "sharing" - of giving and receiving. Because Peter wanted to share himself and get an equal reward, Clarissa rejected him. Clarissa was afraid of being really honest with a guy. She found the idea strange and terrifying since sharing meant giving up. Getting married to Peter would have been a risky, unethical deal. Compare, nevertheless, the reciprocal nature of Clarissa's recollection of Sally Seton. Clarissa offered Sally her "soul" completely and alone. Sally devoted her "soul" to Clarissa, but she freely gave the rest of the world the same amount of herself. Sally offered Clarissa a quick kiss without thinking. But Clarissa didn't see the kiss as an impulsive act. Sally's kiss was treasured by Clarissa, and she received it as if a ceremony had been held and a present had been given. But Clarissa doesn't appear to think this unbalanced exchange is unfair or improper. Despite the fact that the event occurred a long time ago, Clarissa still treasures the memory of Sally's kiss. Clarissa recalls how she once jumped with joy at another person's warmth. But how was she ecstatic? That is a different issue. She scarcely reacts emotionally to that recollection now. The recollection is a relic, like a preserved flower, and Clarissa has saved it for much too long, just as she has held onto a certain virginal aspect of herself. The pure, barren outcome of Clarissa's choice not to pursue a crucial male-female interaction is symbolized by her white hair, her little bed, the crisp, taut linens, and the book she reads about Marbot's departure from Moscow.

Going upstairs represents Clarissa's withdrawal from the task of leading a full, exciting life. The main boundaries of Clarissa's shelter are quiet, unassuming Richard Dalloway and his house, but within the Dalloway home, there is a spot that is even safer for Clarissa to hide out in. This is the attic room, as would be expected. Clarissa may be completely alone in her personal spaces, just as she is in her lowest depths; here, even at night, her spouse won't bother her. As Clarissa ascends the steps and stops in the middle, we experience a feeling of loss. We are reminded of what Clarissa denies herself when she nurtures and builds protective walls around herself by the gentle June air and the barking of dogs that enter via an open window. Barking dogs are defeated, but so is the warm, pleasant air of June. And as we'll see more clearly later, Clarissa's desire to live in harmony and quiet in her sanctuary has not truly been a success. She made the decision to wed Richard rather than Peter in order to avoid the "heat o' the sun" and the "furious winter's rages" extremes of passion and sadness. However, Clarissa did not completely get away. Peter-related memories are still lingering, Elizabeth is not developing into the daughter Clarissa sees in herself, and Miss Kilman is like a terrible monster that is encroaching on Mrs. Dalloway via Elizabeth. The difference between Mrs. Dalloway, the hostess, and the Mrs. Dalloway that Virginia Woolf portrays is remarkable. Similar to the outfit she fixes later, Clarissa is illuminated by artificial light, but in natural light, she is seen to be a white-haired lady standing next to a little bed covered in white sheets. In actual light, Clarissa loses the hue that gives life its color. We see her ruminating on her reflection in the mirror. She pulls the image's composure firmly together and purses the lips like a puppet master, masking any jealousies, conceits, and misgivings.

Similar to how she repairs her clothes, Clarissa creates the illusion of smoothness by pulling the folds together and arranging them in patterns. Mrs. Dalloway threads a needle back and forth, in and out, across the waves of green silk. The silk's green and waved pattern is suggestive of the sea and its emptiness and freedom. The character Mrs. Dalloway "plunges" her hands into it. But true to form, she gathers and arranges the cloth, just as she's tried to arrange the shape of her life.

### 3. CONCLUSION

Woolf's storytelling approach emphasizes the notion that human identity is a dynamic process by simulating the pulsing waves of existence. The use of the symbolism of water and waves emphasizes how continually changing our perceptions and identities are. Septimus Warren Smith's introduction highlights the frailty of the human mind and the battle to keep control in the face of external forces by providing a painful contrast to Clarissa's world. Readers are prompted by "Mrs. Dalloway" to consider the complexities of life, the ephemeral nature of identity, and the significant impact of relationships and events on how we see ourselves. The journey of Clarissa Dalloway serves as a mirror through which we may analyze our own complexity and the ever-changing nature of the human mind. Woolf's book does this by serving as a reminder that, underneath the surface of our public identities, there is a world of complex realities that are just waiting to be discovered and understood.

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## CHAPTER 6

### A COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS OF CLARISSA DALLOWAY AND MARLOW IN MRS. DALLOWAY AND HEART OF DARKNESS

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#### ABSTRACT:

This comparative analysis explores the intricate inner worlds of two literary characters, Clarissa Dalloway from Virginia Woolf's "Mrs. Dalloway" and Marlow from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness." Through an examination of their contrasting experiences and the profound influence of their respective environments, this study uncovers the layers of complexity within these characters' psyches. The analysis delves into the theme of appearance versus reality as portrayed in Clarissa's public persona and private reflections. It also scrutinizes Marlow's transformation in the face of moral and physical wilderness during his journey into the heart of colonial Africa. By drawing parallels between these characters, this analysis reveals the broader themes of human existence, identity, and societal expectations, ultimately shedding light on the complexities of the human condition. In the comparative analysis of Clarissa Dalloway and Marlow, we have navigated the rich inner worlds of these two literary figures, each grappling with distinct but equally profound challenges. Clarissa's character in "Mrs. Dalloway" exemplifies the stark contrast between appearance and reality, shedding light on the intricacies of human existence. Her public facade conceals a complex tapestry of thoughts and emotions, inviting readers to contemplate the multifaceted nature of identity.

#### KEYWORDS:

High Society, London, Modernist Literature, Party, Psychological Depth, Social Conventions.

#### 1. INTRODUCTION

We now see Clarissa up against a real person, one who once loved Clarissa, in contrast to the previous vision of peaceful safety. In any case, this is our first introduction to a strong dude. Hugh Whitbread was a fairly drab example of masculinity that Clarissa did encounter in the park; he was stiff, stale, and "upholstered." In this new encounter, Clarissa encounters a man who leads a vibrant life every day. After spending so many pages in Clarissa's head, we anticipate her to get alarmed when Peter shows up. Her thoughts have been imaginative and as airy as gossamer, and her nerves are weak. This reunion will probably hurt. It is, but not in the manner we had hoped. In this scenario, Peter suffers more than Clarissa. Virginia Woolf shocks us, therefore we should think about how she pulls off this turnaround. It is perhaps too simple to picture Clarissa's suffering. We understand that she is deep in contemplation, secure and sound in her home while she gets ready for her celebration. These personal times are sacred. Peter then breaks the stillness of Clarissa stitching. Of course, Clarissa is internally incensed at the rudeness of whomever dared into her house. She even attempts to cover her clothing out of fear. She then acts calmly. Why the alteration? The truth is that throughout the years, Clarissa has educated herself to react to every circumstance as ladylike as possible. Clarissa is glad and thrilled after regaining her composure, yet she keeps sewing while mechanically moving her needle. One would never imagine how excited Clarissa was to meet Peter based just on looks. Once again, appearance and reality are in stark contrast. Peter has



no idea what is going on within Clarissa. He surmises that she may have always had a life that was no more interesting than this based on the regularity of her stitching motion [1], [2].

The discrepancy between what Clarissa and Peter believe about themselves and one another and what they really say to one another is something we see while hovering above them. As they converse, we see the conflicts that lie behind. Clarissa despises Peter's foolish, juvenile behavior but admires his spirit of adventure. She wants Richard or Elizabeth to be there to give her the support she needs since she feels inadequate and inferior. Peter too feels inadequate in his own eyes. He hasn't amassed any wealth or the pricey possessions that one is supposed to assemble as proof of accomplishment. He laments the disarray of his life in comparison to Richard Dalloway's unwavering years of achievement. This is really ironic. Peter has had a very busy life, yet he still admires Dalloway principles, which he is unable to adopt. Additionally, Clarissa admires traits in Peter that she is unable to possess. Moreover, how ironic that Peter has come to inform Clarissa—a woman he once loved—that he has lately experienced a newfound love. He gives Clarissa the rush of being in love, which seems like an unusual gift to give to someone who values her privacy so much. We learn Peter's secret, which is that he still loves Clarissa and not Daisy, as he sits next to Clarissa. Thus, we notice these two elderly individuals: she is weak and has white hair, while he has a thin neck and seems youthful. Since their failed relationship as lovers a long time ago, they now find friendship difficult. The discussion picks up steam before fading. Talk becomes tense, so they unintentionally rely on the past as a support. Recalling the past is dangerous because it is like worrying to reopen an old sore. Nevertheless, Peter breaks, not the lady. And above Peter's cries, we can hear Clarissa pleading with him to take her away while simultaneously not really intending [3], [4].

Later, Clarissa does make an audible appeal to Peter, but her effort is pitiful. Her offer is barely audible over the noise of the traffic, the open air, and the striking of the clocks. These noises of life—air, cars, and clocks—are audible all around us. The noises emanating from Clarissa are significantly less loud than the rush of air, the jingle of traffic, and the booming climax of time. We should inquire as to what Clarissa is presenting to Peter. What is she giving him now that he wanted to tell her the news of his upcoming marriage? a celebration invitation. Clarissa's offer is this. When she becomes the hostess, the one-part Peter has declared she is meant to play, she has given him the position of guest.

### **Peter Regency Park**

This lengthy scene mostly consists of pondering. Peter has also been abroad; he is returning to London after spending five years in India. Like Clarissa, who has been unwell and has "returned" to London, Peter has been away. Peter experiences London through unfamiliar eyes, much as Clarissa did. He enjoys being a part of and inside a city and takes attention of minute details. Peter also thinks about the past in addition to the present, much as Clarissa did. He stops to reflect, especially on the "success" of each of their lives, particularly as he has just left Clarissa. Now that Clarissa and Peter are estranged, we know a lot more about Clarissa and Peter as well as the reasons behind their split. Virginia Woolf weaves explanation and a biography of Peter's character into an internal monologue without ever appearing to stop the narrative from progressing. Nearly all of the information we discover about Peter and the past is ironic. In the previous scene, Clarissa saw Peter in a state of freedom; she yearned for similar independence. Peter is not, however, as "free" as Clarissa may have us believe in this instance. Although he is free, loneliness has imprisoned him. He was turned down by Clarissa and her group. Insofar as he traveled to India, or "to the colonies," he complied with the expectations of his class, but he has always been an outsider. Like Clarissa and Richard Dalloway, he does not follow the letter of the law. We saw

symbolic proof of Peter's nonconformity when he was with Clarissa. He cautiously practiced using a pocketknife, filed his nails, and ecstatically confessed his love for a married lady. Peter did not, by definition, behave like an English gentleman, in contrast to Clarissa, who up until she went off to weep after Peter, was the picture of a well-behaved English woman. In summary, Peter hasn't shown much social maturity.

Peter admits to respecting the tiny group of troops who were drill instructors, so maybe it is because of their wonderful discipline. The true significance of these soldiers to Peter resides in their swift steps, their regularity, and their strict discipline. They are symbols of battle and of national glory. Their strictness is comparable to Clarissa's. They all adhere to the rules, even Clarissa, but Peter's personality defies total submission. For instance, Peter's play-adventure when he pursues the very attractive lady is an illustration of his impulsive personality. Both Clarissa and he are inventive, but Clarissa uses her imagination to play out her experiences. Peter exercises his imagination. He does more than just daydream and mull. He has made fun of Clarissa for stargazing several times. True, it seems a bit insane for Peter, who is over fifty, to play at intrigue and pursue the lady, but he acts impulsively. We may also wonder whether playing at stalking a weird, attractive lady truly demonstrates a touch of insanity, given that this is a novel about sanity and insanity.

## 2. DISCUSSION

We are aware that Clarissa is less secure than people think. She has the ability to present a calm exterior. But this display of power was made possible through discipline. In actuality, Clarissa and Peter are both painfully lonely, aging, and close to passing away. Clarissa has already sensed the beginning of the end of her mortality, yet she has the exact opposite outlook from Peter. Clarissa assures herself that dying will be a peaceful moment of "Fear no more," followed by a restful sleep. She is making an effort to calmly consider death, just as she did when she considered love and decided on Richard Dalloway. She can appreciate Peter Walsh and Sally Seton's liveliness, but she married the traditional, well-respected Richard Dalloway. Peter is not an analytical thinker. He had trouble accepting Clarissa's denial of his proposal of marriage, and he still struggles with the prospect of becoming old and dying. He is obstinate despite the weight of time and Clarissa's white hair. Peter is in a difficult situation. He cannot be as trustworthy, on time, and disciplined as the Establishment. But if not for this same Establishment, England wouldn't be the magnificent country that she is now. Even worse, he still feels a strong bond with Clarissa despite not living up to her expectations. Other than this, he has never really been able to comprehend Clarissa. He doesn't recognize the idea that Clarissa may have been reaching for Elizabeth, so he questions, for example, whether she wasn't being cold and false when she stated, "Here's my Elizabeth." Even if they irritated Clarissa, Peter's lack of small-minded manners and his declaration of a new love were indications of his profound aliveness. Clarissa and Peter both felt inferior to one another, but neither was aware of it. Elizabeth then materialized, and Clarissa reached out to grasp her. At least Clarissa could claim Elizabeth as her "new love" and Peter had his "new love." Clarissa's last-ditch trump card was Elizabeth [5], [6].

Virginia Woolf discusses the contrast between appearance and reality during the intermission when Peter is dozing. This duality may be seen throughout the work. We have also seen how illusory and flimsy the separation between the two is. We have seen the many "appearances" that surround one reality and its illusory nature. While buying flowers, Clarissa promised herself she would never describe Peter or herself as "I am this, I am that." Of course, she doesn't fully abide by her pledge, but for a little time, she does have this insightful realization. Peter too had similar realizations to those made by Clarissa. He acknowledges that he has known for a long time the reasons why he disliked Clarissa and why he both loved and

despised her. He has previously spoken several iterations of "still, there it is" in reference to circumstances that are absurd and paradoxical but ultimately brutally human.

Peter comes to the idea that most human connections are inherently ironic and ambiguous. Peter and Clarissa have both given the idea of Clarissa's soul dying some thought and consideration. Peter is still certain that Clarissa's soul started to die the minute she wed Richard Dalloway, despite Clarissa's conviction that she was saving her soul when she made the decision to reject Peter and wed Richard. We saw that Clarissa and Peter could communicate with one another in a variety of ways without using words, but when it comes to the most crucial subject Clarissa's soul their viewpoints are diametrically opposed.

The declarations of love between Peter and Clarissa are also ironic. The scenario that had just concluded at the Dalloway home and the day Clarissa rejected Peter are in sharp contrast to one another. We previously witnessed Peter introducing married women with children to Clarissa; in this clip, we see Clarissa introducing Richard to Peter. Clarissa had never been that honest and upfront with him before. However, Peter urged that Clarissa tell the truth about herself and Richard in the next conversation. Both then and now, he cried. Just as she did now, he phoned Clarissa back then. In spite of Peter's "love" and Clarissa's "security," there is a strong underlying notion that each of them is still lonely for the other, which stands out above all other perceptions we get of Clarissa and Peter. The atmosphere was one of tortured loneliness as we left Clarissa calling for Peter. Peter is in love and ought to be joyful, but he isn't.

This feeling of isolation is used as a transition. We now turn to Septimus and Lucrezia Smith. They are at the park with Peter, and they each feel alone with one another, much as Clarissa and Peter do. Lucrezia is unable to comprehend Septimus, just as Clarissa was unable to comprehend Peter's social awkwardness. Clarissa disapproved of Peter's behavior; Lucrezia believes her husband shouldn't "act like that." However, the two situations are quite different: Septimus is deranged and losing control of his life, and will finally throw it away. Peter has never given up on living.

Naturally, Peter never makes the connection between Rezia and Septimus that we do. And Rezia never makes a guess as to the plethora of perplexing ideas that are quietly simmering within that "kind-looking man," as she puts it. Peter believes that children nowadays are more liberated than he was in his childhood after seeing Rezia and Septimus. However, while not being in a romantic relationship, Peter and Sally Seton were extremely open and honest with one another. Furthermore, Rezia and Septimus are older lovers, and their argument is far more severe than a typical dispute between lovers. Peter is being soothed by the sun as he indulges in the fleeting pleasure of blaming the current circumstances for his problems. It's been a protracted internal monologue in which Peter tries and fails to fit the fragments of the past into the voids of the present [7], [8].

### Physicians

The Smiths are still present in the park, and by bringing Peter there, Virginia Woolf creates what seems to be an accidental connection between Septimus' and Clarissa's stories, which make up the novel's two main narrative strands. Neither Peter nor the Smiths interact with one another; they only view one another in passing. Clarissa and Septimus' connection via Peter is tenuous, but Virginia Woolf structures each character's and Septimus' worlds in a way that makes the connection seem accidental. Again, seemingly by accident, the two universes will come together later on in the book when Septimus' passing interrupts Clarissa's celebration.

There haven't been many sections that might be classified as explicitly explanatory; instead, Virginia Woolf has interwoven personal monologues, scenes from the past and present, short dialogues, and lyrical interludes into her narrative. However, she includes a lengthy part on Septimus Smith's insanity and how his wife handles it in the middle of her book. Clarissa has taken center stage for the most of the first half of the novel, and the Septimus sequences have seemed as little more than distilled echoes of the lonely Clarissa-Peter predicament. Virginia Woolf has very well solved the mystery of Clarissa's solitude, but she approaches Septimus' predicament in a different way. The actions Septimus took before to the conflict are described in vivid detail, yet his insanity is not fully explored. Although it would seem logical to assume that the tactics employed to narrate Clarissa's tale would be better suited to examining Septimus' madness, Virginia Woolf makes a surprising switch. The nearly scientific way in which this abnormal circumstance is portrayed makes Septimus' irrational behavior all the more terrible.

Virginia Woolf demonstrates how Septimus Smith was ruined by the war. What specifically was destroyed should be one of our top priorities. Before the war, Septimus was careless or at the very least did not care enough to take notice of social customs. Septimus didn't wash his hands after using the restroom, as Peter did after using his pocketknife in public. These are little issues, but Virginia Woolf's writing is spare, and her allusions imply that each of these guys had a rebellious tendency. While Septimus was a poet, Peter was a passionate, outgoing, and adventurous guy. He stutters, gives Shakespeare lectures, neglects his health, works odd hours, and has a romantic, melancholy relationship with Miss Pole. He had no discipline at all. He seemed to have a major lack of macho, entrepreneurial drive in the eyes of his boss. According to many who knew and worked with Septimus, it was the battle that transformed him into a man. However, when Septimus enlisted for the battle, he didn't really understand what he was doing. Virginia Woolf maintains that the England of most soldiers was not the England of Septimus Smith. His England only existed in books. Septimus did not go to battle to save a politically and economically troubled island.

For a while, Septimus himself took pride in his masculine, emotionless response to the bloodshed in the military. What it meant to be a mature man was evident in the way he confronted death without quivering. Prior to the war, Septimus had been a devotee of literary romance; nevertheless, during the war, he was persuaded to embrace the more common romance of the valiant, unflappable hero shown on recruitment posters. Ironically, the conflict emasculated Septimus rather than transforming him into a man. He was horrified by himself as a result. He was a sad fatality and a walking corpse because he lost interest in caring about his own fate or the fate of anybody else. He lost his ability to feel compassion, and he is acutely aware of what he has lost. Virginia Woolf gives many paragraphs on Septimus, and they sparkle. The fragments of his brain and imagination spin like a mobile of windchimes, changing hues and reflecting whatever that comes in contact with them.

He and Rezia are as unlike from one another as a wild abstract artwork is from a simple household picture. All Rezia wants is a Happy Home and children, therefore she is baffled as to why her English spouse is so complicated. She then summons the medical staff. She thinks that there must be an easy answer to Septimus' issues since she is a simple person. In this moment, the physicians are horrific. Virginia Woolf portrays herself as being resentful. One is Holmes, a smirking villain who works as a professional ignoramus and lecher. He believes that because there is no germ, Septimus cannot really be unwell. He still treats him nonetheless since he likes to stare at Rezia. However, Sir William Bradshaw is much more ineffective than Holmes. Although he is aware that Septimus is about to collapse from nervousness, he is eager to experiment on Septimus. Ironically, he is a heartless physician-the

very worst kind to assist Septimus. Despite the fact that he doesn't actually care for Septimus, Septimus' anxiety about his own lack of compassion has driven him mad. Bradshaw is an illustration of what strict discipline may lead to, much like the soldiers Peter witnessed exercising. He laboriously prepared himself, overcame boundaries of social class, and emerged inhuman, full of clichés, STOCK optimism, sterile knowledge, and a distressing feeling of inferiority. Bradshaw seeks complete submission from his patients because he desires control. Ironically, Rezia took Septimus to the physicians in order for his estrangement to be treated; nevertheless, by the time the scene concludes, she has become much more estranged from her husband, and soon the doctors would order that Septimus be physically taken from her.

A sailing yawl named *The Nellie* came to rest after swinging to her anchor without so much as fluttering her sails. The only option left to it since it was tethered to the river was to stop and wait for the tide to shift now that the deluge had passed and the wind was almost completely calm. The Thames' sea-reach extended out in front of us like the start of an endless canal. The water and the sky were about to be fused together seamlessly, and in the bright area, the browned sails of the barges that were floating up with the tide seemed to be standing still in sharply pointed clusters of red canvas. The low, flat shorelines that extended out to sea were covered in a haze. Overlooking the largest and greatest town on earth, Gravesend, the air was gloomy and appeared to compress farther back into a melancholy shadow. Our leader and host were the Director of Companies. We four watched his back lovingly as he stood at the bows staring out to sea. Nothing seemed even somewhat nautical throughout the whole river. He had the appearance of a pilot, the personification of reliability to sailors. Realizing that his labor was really behind him, in the ominous shadow, rather than out there in the bright estuary, was challenging [9], [10].

The link of the water existed between us, as I have previously said before. It had the added benefit of making us tolerant of one other's stories and even convictions while also keeping our hearts together over protracted times of absence. Due to his many years and numerous qualities, The Lawyer the finest of old men had the lone cushion on deck and was sleeping on the only rug. The accountant was playing with the bones in the box of dominoes in an architectural manner. Right behind, Marlow sat cross-legged, resting on the mizzen mast. He resembled an idol because of his sunken cheekbones, yellow skin, straight back, austere appearance, and lowered arms with palms facing outward. The Director moved aft and sat down with us after determining that the anchor had a strong hold. We casually spoke for a moment. Following that, there was quiet aboard the boat. We never started the domino game, for some reason. We had a contemplative state and were best suited for quiet gaze. The day was coming to an exquisitely calm and serene close. The mist on the Essex marshes looked like a gauzy and dazzling garment, hanging from the forested hills inland and draping the low shoreline in diaphanous folds. The sky was a benign expanse of unstained light without a speck. Only the darkness to the west, which was looming over the higher ranges, became gloomier every minute, as if enraged by the setting sun. Finally, in a curving and hardly detectable descent. The sun dipped low and transformed from a brilliant white to a dull red without rays or heat, as if it were going to pass away at any moment from the touch of that shadow looming over a group of men.

The tranquility soon underwent a transformation, becoming less dazzling but deeper. After centuries of providing excellent service to the race that inhabited its banks, the ancient river in its wide sweep slept undisturbed at dusk, spreading out in the serene dignity of a canal reaching to the farthest reaches of the earth. We saw the ancient stream in the solemn light of enduring memories rather than in the vibrant flush of a fleeting day that comes and goes



forever. Nothing, in fact, is simpler for a man who has reverently and affectionately "followed the sea" than to invoke the great spirit of the past on the lower stretches of the Thames. The tidal stream continuously flows back and forth while carrying memories of the men and ships it had transported to their homes or to naval conflicts. From Sir Francis Drake to Sir John Franklin, knights of all ranks, titled and untitled-the great knights-errant of the sea-it had known and served them all. It had carried every vessel whose name is like a jewel flashing in the night of time, from the Golden Hind returning with her round flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen's Highness and thus pass out of the enormous tale, to the Erebus and Terror, bound on other conquests-and that never returned. The ships and the crew were used to it. The adventurers and the settlers, the kings' ships and the ships of men on 'Change, captains, admirals, the shadowy "interlopers" of the Eastern trade, and the commissioned "generals" of East India fleets had all set sail from Deptford, Greenwich, and Erith. They all set out on that stream, whether they were money or glory seekers, carrying a sword and, often, a torch as messengers of the power in the country and a spark from the holy fire. What magnificence would not have drifted into the mystery of an undiscovered world on the ebb of that river. The seeds of commonwealths, the beginnings of empires, and the hopes of mankind. As the sun went down, the stream became dusky, and lights started to emerge along the bank. A three-legged structure standing upright on a mud flat, the Chapman lighthouse, shined brightly. Ship lights were flashing up and down on the fairway, creating a big commotion. The location of the enormous town was also still etched menacingly on the sky farther west on the higher reaches, a foreboding darkness in the brightness, a vivid brilliance beneath the stars.

Marlow was the only one among us who still "followed the sea," and the worst that could be said of him was that he did not stand for his class. "And this also," he continued abruptly, "has been one of the dark places of the earth." While most mariners, if one may use such a term, lived sedentary lives, he was a seaman but also a traveller. Their thoughts are of the stay-at-home kind, and the ship they live on serves as both their home and their nation. The water is always the same, and every ship is extremely similar to every other. There is nothing mysterious to a seaman unless it be the sea itself, which is the mistress of his existence and as mysterious as Destiny. In the immutability of their surroundings, foreign shores, foreign faces, and the changing immensity of life glide past, shrouded not by a sense of mystery but by a slightly disdainful ignorance. For the remainder, a leisurely walk or a leisurely spree on the seaside is all it takes for him to learn the secret of a whole continent after a long day of work, and he typically thinks the secret is uninteresting. The significance of the whole of a seamen's yarn is contained inside the shell of a split nut. However, Marlow was an exception. For him, the significance of an incident lay outside the story, enveloping it like a misty halo that can occasionally be seen thanks to the spectral illumination of moonshine rather than inside like a kernel.

His comment didn't seem at that unexpected. It resembled Marlow exactly. It was quietly embraced. Nobody bothered to grunt, and then the guy finally spoke in a sluggish voice, "I was thinking about very ancient times, when the Romans first arrived here, nine hundred years ago. Since the knights, this river has been emitting light. Yes, but it seems more like a running fire on a plain than a lightning strike in the sky. May the flicker that we now inhabit endure as long as the ancient earth continues to spin! But yesterday, there was darkness. What would you characterize the emotions of a commander of a fine? The legionaries a wonderful group of handy men they must have been, too used to build these craft, apparently by the hundred, in a month or two, if we may believe what we read. trireme in the Mediterranean, ordered suddenly to the north; run overland across the Gauls in a hurry. Imagine him at this location, at the absolute end of the planet, with a sea the color of lead, a sky the color of



smoke, and a ship that is about as firm as a concertina and is carrying supplies, orders, or anything else you wish up this river. There was only Thames water to drink and very little food suited for a civilized man to consume among the sandbanks, marshes, woodlands, and tribesmen. No going ashore and no Falernian wine here. Cold, fog, storms, sickness, exile, and death-death lurking in the air, in the water, and in the bush-would sometimes be found in a military camp lost in a wilderness, like a needle in a bunch of hay. They must have been dropping dead here like flies. Oh, absolutely, he succeeded. Did it extremely well, without a doubt, and without giving it much thought-perhaps with the exception of bragging about his experiences later on. They had the strength to confront the shadows. If he had excellent connections in Rome and had managed to escape the terrible weather, he may have been encouraged by keeping an eye on the possibility of promotion to the fleet at Ravenna in the future. Or imagine a good-natured young man in a toga-possibly playing too much dice, you know-coming out here in the company of a prefect, a tax collector, or even a merchant to turn his fortune around.

Land in a swamp, go through the forest, and sense the entire savagery had closed about him at some interior postall that enigmatic life of the wilderness that stirs in the forests, the jungles, and in the souls of wild men. No one is initiated into such secrets either. He is forced to dwell in the middle of detes, which is likewise unfathomable. It also has a curiosity that starts to affect him. Imagine the rising regrets, the want to flee, the helpless revulsion, the capitulation, and the hatred as the atrocity fascinates.

### 3. CONCLUSION

Marlow's expedition into the Congo in "Heart of Darkness" compels him to face colonialism, the worst sides of human nature, and the psychological effects of a hostile environment. His development throughout the story emphasizes how easily one's inner world may change when confronted with the harsh reality of an unexpected environment. By comparing Clarissa and Marlow, we have been able to identify similarities that go beyond the specifics of their respective narratives to highlight broader themes. A greater knowledge of the human condition may be gained via the investigation of appearance vs reality, the impact of social expectations, and the significant effects of external circumstances on the inner self. Inviting readers to reflect on their own inner lives and the many influences that affect them, both characters operate as mirrors that reflect the intricacies of human life. In the end, the comparison of Clarissa Dalloway and Marlow highlights how literature has always been important for examining the breadth of human experience, identity, and the complex relationship between the inner and outside worlds. Readers continue to identify with these people, who serve as a reminder that despite the complexity of our own lives, there are always layers waiting to be revealed and comprehended.

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## CHAPTER 7

### JOURNEY INTO THE HEART OF DARKNESS: A TALE OF MYSTERY AND DESOLATION

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#### ABSTRACT:

It is a gripping narrative that delves into the intricacies of the human psyche and the ominous depths of an uncharted wilderness. The story follows the harrowing expedition of Dr. Jonathan Archer, a brilliant but tormented scientist, as he embarks on a perilous journey into an unexplored region known as the "Heart of Darkness." His mission is to uncover the enigmatic secrets that shroud this forsaken place and confront the demons that haunt his own soul. As Archer ventures deeper into the unknown, he grapples with the darkness within and without, ultimately leading to a chilling revelation that will leave readers questioning the boundaries of sanity and the essence of humanity. The heart of darkness, whether external or internal, serves as a metaphorical crucible, wherein our deepest fears and desires are laid bare. In confronting the unknown and navigating the treacherous waters of mystery, we are reminded that the journey into the self is as profound and daunting as any expedition into the wilderness. As the protagonist's odyssey unfolds, we are prompted to question the nature of our own quests and the price we are willing to pay for enlightenment.

#### KEYWORDS:

Abandonment, Enigma, Isolation, Mystery, Solitude, Suspense.

#### 1. INTRODUCTION

Mind, none of us would feel precisely like this, he said, raising one arm over his head with the palm facing outward as he folded his legs in front of him in the posture of a Buddha giving a sermon but wearing Western clothing and without a lotus flower. Efficiency the commitment to efficiency-is what saves us. However, these guys actually weren't that noteworthy. They were not colonists; I assume that their government consisted just of a squeeze. They were conquerors, and to be one you need simply raw force which, even when you have it, is nothing to brag about since your power only comes about by chance because of other people's weakness. For the sake of what was to be obtained, they seized everything they could. It was only a violent heist, a large-scale aggravated murder, and guys attacking it blindly-as is quite appropriate for people who confront darkness. When you give it too much thought, the conquering of the earth which mostly entails stealing it from people who are different from us in terms of skin or nose shape is not an attractive thing. The concept alone saves it. It has a concept at its core not a sentimental pretense, but an idea as well as a selfless conviction in the idea something you can set up, worship, and sacrifice something. He stopped. Small green, red, and white flames gliding in the river pursued, passed, joined, and crossed one other before slowly or rapidly dispersing. In the growing darkness of the night, the enormous city's traffic continued down the restless river. We watched, waiting patiently because there was nothing else to do until the end of the flood, but it wasn't until he broke the long silence with the words, "I suppose you fellows remember I did once turn fresh-water sailor for a bit," that we realized we were destined to hear about one of Marlow's ambiguous experiences before the ebb started to run. I don't want to bother you too much with what happened to me personally," he said, displaying a common flaw among storytellers who

frequently fail to anticipate the interests of their listeners. "However, to understand the effect of it on me, you ought to know how I got out there, what I saw, and how I went up that river to the place where I first met the poor chap. The culmination of my journey and the furthest point of sailing was there. It seemed to shed some kind of light on everything surrounding me as well as into my thoughts. It was also miserable and gloomy enough, not really spectacular, and not quite clear. Not at all clear, no. However, it seemed to be casting some kind of light. You may recall that I had just returned to London after spending around six years traveling extensively across the Indian, Pacific, and China Seas. A regular dose of the East at the time, I was lazing about, impeding you guys' work and invading your houses as if I had a divine mission to civilize you. It was great for a while, but after a while I did become weary of sleeping. The toughest task on earth, in my opinion, was when I started looking for a ship. The ships, however, paid me no attention at all. Additionally, I became weary of that game [1], [2].

"Now, back when I was a little lad, I loved maps. I would immerse myself in the wonders of adventure as I gazed for hours at South America, Africa, or Australia. There were a lot of empty areas on the globe at the time, and if I spotted one that seemed especially appealing, I would point to it and declare, "When I grow up, I'll go there." These sites included the North Pole, as I recall. I haven't been there, and I won't attempt to now. The glitz is gone. Other locations might be found all along the equator as well as at latitudes of every kind in both hemispheres. We won't speak about the fact that I have been in some of them. But there was still one that I yearned for; it was the largest and most blank, so to speak. It's true that at this point, the area was no longer empty. Since I was a child, rivers, lakes, and names have been added. It was no longer a delightfully mysterious blank place where a boy might happily daydream. It has turned into a desolate area. However, there was one particularly large river in it that stood out. You could see it on the map; it resembled an enormous snake that had been uncoiled, with its head in the sea, its body resting far away across a huge nation, and its tail buried in the earth's depths. It intrigued me like a snake might a foolish little bird. I studied the map of it in a store window. Then I recalled that that river was the site of a sizable business, a company for commerce. Run like hell! On so much fresh water, they must be trading, I reasoned, therefore they must be employing steamboats! Why not attempt to take leadership of one? I continued along Fleet Street, but I couldn't get the thought out of my head. I'd been seduced by the serpent [3], [4].

You realize that the Trading organization was a Continental business; yet, I have many relatives who live on the Continent since, in their opinion, it is inexpensive and not as bad as it seems. I apologize for starting to concern them. For me, this was already a new experience. You see, I wasn't accustomed to getting things that way. I always traveled my own path and on my own two feet wherever I felt like going. I wouldn't have thought that of myself, but back then, you know, I felt like I had to somehow make it there by whatever means necessary. So, I worried about them. The guys only muttered, "My dear fellow," and kept silent. Would you believe it then? I tested the ladies. Charlie Marlow put the ladies to work so they might get employment. Heavens! You see, I was driven by the idea. I had a wonderful, passionate aunt. It will be great, she wrote. I would be willing to do everything for you. It is a wonderful concept. I am acquainted with a guy who wields considerable power in the Administration and his wife, etc. If that was my preference, she was determined to make a big deal out of getting me appointed captain of a river steamer. Naturally, I received my appointment, and I did so quickly. It seems that the Company had heard that one of its commanders had died in a fight with the locals. I was even more excited to attend since this was my opportunity. It wasn't until several months later, when I took the effort to find what was left of the corpse, that I discovered the first argument started over a misunderstanding over some chickens. Two

black chickens, indeed. The Dane's name was Fresleven, and he stepped ashore to begin beating the village leader with a stick since he felt somewhat victimized by the situation. Oh, and at the same time I was informed that Fresleven was the kindest, quietest being to have ever walked on two legs, so hearing this didn't surprise me in the least. He was, without a sure, but he had been working on this good cause for a few years already and likely felt the need to finally make some kind of self-respecting statement. A large group of his people stood in awe as he mercilessly beat the old man. Eventually, a man I was told the chief's son became desperate after hearing the old man scream and tentatively jabbed the white man with a spear. Of course, it went right between the shoulder-blades. The whole populace then fled into the forest, fearing all kind of disasters, while, on the other side, the steamboat Fresleven commanded also departed in a terrible panic, I assume under the leadership of the engineer. After that, until I exited the vehicle and assumed his position, no one seemed to be very concerned about Fresleven's remains. I was unable to let it go, but when I finally had the chance to see my predecessor, the grass that was growing through his ribs was long enough to conceal his bones. Everyone was present. After he fell, the magical entity was unaffected. The town was also abandoned, with the homes gaping black, decaying, and all out of place within the destroyed boundaries. Unluckily, it had encountered a catastrophe. The populace has disappeared. Men, women, and children had been dispersed by mad dread into the undergrowth, and they had never come back. I also have no idea what happened to the chickens. I suppose they were already taken by the cause of development. But because to this beautiful event, I was given my appointment before I had ever really started to hope for it. Before forty-eight hours had passed, I was crossing the Channel to meet with my bosses and sign the contract. I hustled about like crazy to be ready. I reached a city that always reminds me of a white tomb in a matter of hours. Presumably prejudice. The offices of the company were easy to locate. Everyone I encountered was buzzing about it since it was the biggest event in the town. They intended to rule an oceanic empire and generate untold amounts of wealth via commerce.

## 2. DISCUSSION

With tall buildings, many windows covered with venetian blinds, a dead calm, grass growing between the stones, massive carriage archways to the right and left, and enormous double doors ponderously ajar, this small, desolate street is a picture of the American South. I squeezed through one of these openings, up an ashen, sweeping, and unadorned staircase, and then unlocked the first door I saw. On straw-bottomed chairs, two ladies, one overweight and the other thin, were knitting with black wool. The slender woman rose up and came right towards me while still knitting with glum eyes. Just as I started to consider moving out of her way as you would for a somnambulist, she stopped, turned around, and glanced up. She didn't say a word as she turned around and led the way into a waiting area in a dress as simple as an umbrella cover. I provided my name before circling the area. Deal in the center, simple seats around the walls, and a giant, gleaming map with a rainbow's worth of colored markers on one end. There was a lot of red-good to see at any time because it lets you know that serious work is being done there-as well as a lot of purple on the East Coast, which indicated the location of the merry lager-beer-drinking pioneers of development. I wasn't, however, entering any of them. I entered the yellow lane. In the center, dead. And the intriguing, terrible, snake-like river was there. Ough! A door opened, a secretary with white hair and a sympathetic look emerged, and he extended a slim fingertip to urge me inside the sanctuary. It had low lighting, and in the center was a large writing desk. There was an impression of pale plumpness wearing a frock coat that emerged from behind that structure. himself, the magnificent guy. I would estimate his height at five and a half feet, and he was holding the handle of millions of dollars. He shook hands and, from what I could make out, mumbled that



he liked my French. Happy travels. "In approximately 45 seconds, I was back in the waiting area with the sympathetic secretary, who coerced me into signing a form out of pity and loneliness. I think one of the commitments I made was to keep any trade secrets a secret. I won't, that is for sure [5], [6].

I started to feel a little apprehensive. You know I'm not accustomed to these kinds of ceremonies, and the mood was tense. I was relieved to leave since it seemed just like I had been invited into some unsavory plot. The two ladies were knitting black wool frantically in the outer room. The younger one was going back and forth introducing people as they arrived. The senior citizen sat in her chair. She was sitting with a cat dozing on her lap and had flat cloth slippers propped up on a foot warmer. She had a wart on one cheek, a starched white dress on her head, and silver-rimmed glasses hanging from the point of her nose. She gave me a quick look over her spectacles. I was disturbed by the calmness of that look's quickness and indifference. She cast the same swift glimpse of careless intelligence at two young people being piloted across, who had silly and cheerful faces. She seemed to be quite knowledgeable about both them and myself. I had a paranormal sensation. She gave out an eerie, fatal vibe. I often saw these two far away, guarding the entrance to the Darkness, knitting black yarn as if it were a warm shroud. One kept introducing the new to the unfamiliar, while the other observed the happy and silly faces with careless old eyes. Ave! black wool knitter who is old. Good morning, Morituri. Fewby far not half of those she glanced at ever saw her again.

"Another trip to the doctor was made. The secretary reassured me, "A simple formality," as though she shared a great deal in all of my woes. As a result, a young man leading me out of the home arrived from someplace above wearing his hat over his left eyebrow. I assume he was a clerk since there must have been clerks in the business even if the house was completely calm. He wore a ragged, careless jacket with ink stains on the sleeves, and he had a chin that resembled the toe of an old boot. His cravat was wide and billowy. The doctor came a bit too early, so I suggested a drink, and as a result, he started to become more humorous. He praised the Company's operations as we sipped our vermouths, and as time went on, I jokingly expressed my amazement that he hadn't gone outside. All at once, he had a calm and controlled demeanor. He emphatically said, "I am not such a fool as I look, quoth Plato to his disciples," drained his glass with tremendous resolve, and we got up [7], [8].

The ancient doctor checked my pulse while apparently thinking about something else. He murmured, "Good, good for there," and then said, "Would you let me measure your head?" with a certain amount of anticipation. I said yes and was a little taken aback when he pulled something like calipers and measured everything while meticulously taking notes. I assumed he was a harmless idiot since he was a little, unshaven guy wearing slippers and a shabby gaberdine coat. He said, "I always ask permission to measure the crania of those going out there for the sake of science." And also, when they return? I enquired. He said, "Oh, I never see them; and, furthermore, the changes take place inside, you know." He grinned, as if at some subtle joke. "So, you're heading outside. Famous. He cast me a wary look and added another note. Interesting, too. "Has anybody in your family ever gone crazy? In a matter-of-fact manner, he questioned. I was quite irritated. Is that inquiry also in the best interests of science? It would be intriguing for science to monitor the mental changes of people on the spot, he remarked, oblivious to my annoyance, but are you an alienist? "I intervened. That original said imperturbably, "Every doctor should be a little." "You Messieurs who go out there must help me prove a little theory I have," I said. This is my fair part of the benefits that my nation will get from having such a beautiful reliance. I give people my little riches. Please excuse my queries, but you are the first Englishman I have noticed. I quickly reassured him



that I was by no means normal. I said, "If I were, I wouldn't be talking to you like this." He laughed and continued, "What you say is rather profound, and probably incorrect." Avoid irritation more so than sun exposure. Adieu. How do you say, eh, in English? Thank you for your time. Ah! Good-bye. Adieu.

"There was only one last thing to do: bid my wonderful aunt farewell. She seemed victorious to me. We had a lengthy, peaceful conversation by the fire in a room that most reassuringly resembled what you would imagine a lady's drawing room to look like after I had a cup of tea the first excellent cup of tea in many days. In the course of these conversations, it became abundantly clear to me that I had been portrayed to the high dignitary's wife, as well as to who knows how many other people, as a rare and remarkable individual a source of luck for the Company a guy you don't come across every day. Oh, my goodness! I was going to be in command of a penny whistle-equipped two-pence-half-penny river riverboat! However, it seemed as if I, too, belonged to the Workers-you know. An apostle of a humbler caliber, or an ambassador of light. Around that time, a lot of such crap had been set free in print and discussion, and the wonderful lady, who was living right in the thick of all that nonsense, became overwhelmed. The more she spoke about "weaning those ignorant millions from their horrid ways," the more uncomfortable she made me feel. I dared to imply that the Company was operated for financial gain.

"You forget, Charlie, that the laborer is deserving of his wage, she said cheerily. How out of touch with reality ladies are is strange. They inhabit a unique realm that has never been before and will never exist. The whole thing is too gorgeous, and if they tried to build it up, it would collapse before the first sunset. Some confusing reality that we men have been living with happily from the day of creation will suddenly start up and topple the whole system. I was hugged, advised to wear flannel, to write often, and other things after this, and I departed. I don't know why, but I had the strange impression that I was a fraud while I was out on the street. It's strange that I had a moment-I won't say of reluctance, but of surprised pause-before this routine activity when I used to leave for any location in the globe with twenty-four hours' notice and less consideration than most guys give to crossing a street. The closest way I can describe it to you is to say that for a little period of time, I had the impression that I was about to go to the center of the world rather than the center of a continent [9], [10].

I departed aboard a French steamer, and she made port calls at every infamous port that existed there, with the express intention, as far as I could tell, of bringing in troops and customs officials. I looked at the shore. Thinking about an enigma is like seeing a shore pass by a ship. This one was nearly featureless, as if still in the construction, with an expression of repetitive grimness. It may be smiling, frowning, welcoming, majestic, nasty, insipid, or ferocious, but it is always silent with an air of saying, "Come and find out." The edge of a massive forest that was so dark green that it was practically black and was bordered by white waves extended far away in a straight line along a blue sea whose sparkle was obscured by a settling mist. The terrain seemed to shine and drip with steam under the ferocious heat. There were sporadic clusters of greyish-whitish specks that appeared among the white waves, maybe with a flag floating above them. Settlements that have been around for many centuries yet are still barely larger than pinheads against the uninhabited space behind them. We moved quickly, paused, and landed troops. Then, we continued and landed custom-house clerks to collect tolls in what seemed to be a godless wilderness, complete with a misplaced flagpole and a tin shack. Finally, we landed more soldiers-presumably to take care of the custom-house clerks. Some, according to what I've heard, perished in the waves, although nobody seemed too concerned whether they did or not. They were just thrown there as we continued.

The shore seemed the same every day, as if we had not moved. However, we passed many trade locations with names like Gran' Bassam and Little Popo; names that appeared to belong to some vile comedy performed in front of a diabolical backdrop. A melancholy and pointless fantasy appeared to distract me from the reality of things as a passenger's inactivity, my isolation amid all these persons with whom I had no interaction, the oily and lazily moving water, and the consistently gloomy nature of the coast all seemed to work against me. Every now and again, the sound of the waves was pleasant to hear, like a brother's conversation. It was something that came naturally and had significance. A boat from the coast might sometimes bring you back to the present. Black men paddled the boat. From a distance, you could see how brightly white their eyes were. These guys yelled and sang, sweat ran down their bodies, and their features resembled ugly masks. However, they possessed bone and muscle, as well as a wild vitality and an incredible intensity of movement that was as genuine and natural as the waves on their shore. They didn't want a reason to be there. It was really soothing to gaze at them. I would sometimes get the impression that I still belonged in the world of simple truths, but the sensation would pass quickly. Then something would show up to frighten it off. I recall coming upon a man-of-war moored off the shore once. She was shelling the bush even though there was no shed nearby. It indicates that the French were engaged in one of their conflicts nearby. The greasy, slimy surf swung her up lazily and let her down, wobbling her thin masts. Her pennant sank limp like a rag. The muzzles of the big six-inch cannons protruded all over the low hull. She was there, unfathomable, shooting into a continent amid the vastness of the empty land, sky, and ocean. One of the six-inch cannons would go off with a loud pop; a little flame would dart and dissipate, a tiny projectile would produce a faint shriek, but nothing would happen. Nothing was possible. Someone on board assured me really that there was a camp of natives she called them enemies but that did not take away the impression of lugubrious drollery or a hint of lunacy from the proceedings. Somewhere out of sight and concealed. "After giving her letters, we continued. We stopped at a few more places with ridiculous names where the merry dance of death and trade takes place in a still and earthen atmosphere similar to that of an overheated catacomb; along the formless coast bordered by dangerous surf that seemed to be Nature's attempt to ward off intruders; in and out of rivers, streams of death in life, whose banks were rotting into mud, whose waters, thickened into slime, invaded the contorted mangroves. We didn't stay anywhere long enough to get a specific impression, but I began to grow used to the overall sensation of hazy and stifling awe. It resembled a wearying odyssey through nightmarish foreshadowing. Before I finally saw the large river's mouth, it had been more than thirty days. We anchored close to the government building. However, my task wouldn't start until I had traveled around 200 miles. As soon as I was able, I set out for a location thirty miles higher up.

"I traveled on a small seagoing steamboat for my voyage. Her Swedish skipper welcomed me into the bridge after recognizing me as a sailor. He was a young guy with lanky hair, a shuffling stride, and was skinny, fair, and depressed. He shook his head mockingly toward the coast as we departed the pitiful little dock. "Have you lived there? "He enquired. I said, "Yes." "These government stooges are a fine bunch, aren't they? He continued, speaking English with exceptional clarity and a noticeable amount of bitterness. What some individuals will do for a few francs a month is amusing. What happens to that sort when it moves into the countryside, I wonder? I told him that I anticipated seeing it shortly. He moved backward while vigilantly keeping one eye forward. Don't be too certain, he said. "Recently, I helped a guy who had hung himself on the street. He also happened to be Swedish. God's name, why? I sobbed. He continued to keep a wary eye out. It's unknown. He found the heat to be too much, or possibly the country.

"A reach was finally opened. A rocky cliff, earthen mounds along the coast, buildings on hills, some with iron roofs, in the midst of waste from excavations, or hanging to the declivity all appeared. This image of occupied ruin was accompanied by a constant roar from the rapids above. People were everywhere, generally nude and of the black color. In the river, a jetty protruded. All of this was sometimes drowned in a sudden resurgence of brightness caused by blinding sunshine. The Swede pointed to three wooden buildings on the rocky hill that looked like barracks and remarked, "There's your Company's station." "I'll send your belongings up." You mentioned four boxes. So. I spotted a boiler wallowing in the grass and then a route heading up the hill. Goodbye. It spun around to avoid the stones and a railroad vehicle that was laying on its back with its wheels up. A was incorrect. The object seemed to be as lifeless as an animal corpse. More rusted rails and corroded apparatus were discovered by me. Dark creatures seemed to be stirring feebly in the shaded area to the left where a group of trees had formed. I winced; the path was inclining. The black individuals started to flee as a horn to the right honked. There was just a muffled blast that rocked the earth and a plume of smoke that emerged from the cliff. On the rock's surface, there was no visible alteration. They were constructing a railroad. The cliff wasn't in the way at all; the only labor being done was this pointless blasting.

"I glanced behind me when I heard a faint clinking. Six black guys laboriously ascended the path in a single line. The clink accompanied their steady, upright gait as they carried little baskets filled with soil on their heads. Their loins were wrapped in black rags, the short ends of which wagged about like tails. The joints in their limbs were like knots in a rope, and I could see every rib. Each had an iron collar around his neck, and they were all joined by a chain whose bights swung between them while continuously clinking. Another report from the cliff reminded me immediately of the warship, I had seen launching missiles at a continent. Although these individuals couldn't possibly be considered adversaries, they had the same menacing voice. They were referred to as criminals, and the enraged law had come to them like exploding shells from the sea. Their little breasts collectively panted, their forcefully dilated noses quivered, and their eyes were fixed stonily upward. They passed me within six inches, without batting an eye, and with the total, savage-like indifference. One of the reclaimed, the result of the new forces at work, was walking dejectedly behind this raw material while holding a gun by its midsection. He saw a white guy on the path and swiftly raised his firearm to his shoulder while wearing a uniform jacket with one button undone. Simply put, he couldn't identify who I may be since white males seem so similar up close. He was quickly soothed, and after glancing at his charge and grinning broadly in mischievous fashion, he seemed to accept me as a companion in his elevated trust. After all, I contributed to the noble purpose behind these honorable and fair processes. Instead of climbing, I turned and headed leftward. Before I ascended the hill, I planned to wait until that chain-gang had vanished from view. You are aware of my lack of tenderness; I have had to strike and fend off. In order to meet the demands of the kind of life I had foolishly entered, I sometimes had to oppose and even attack-that's only one method of resisting. However, by all the stars! I've seen the devil of violence, the demon of avarice, and the devil of passionate desire. These were powerful, lusty, red-eyed monsters that controlled and provoked men-I repeat, men. But from this hilltop, I could see that amid the land's glaring brightness, I would meet a flabby, pretentious, weak-eyed monster of greedy and pitiless foolishness. I would only learn how sneaky he could be a few months and a thousand miles down the road. I stood horrified for a little period of time, as if by a warning. I eventually made my way slantwise down the slope toward the trees I had spotted.

I steered clear of a big man-made hole that was being dug on the hillside, the purpose of which I was unable to fathom. In any case, it wasn't a sandpit or a quarry. Just a hole,

that's all. It could have been motivated by the altruistic desire to provide the convicts with work. I'm not sure. Then I was on the verge of plunging into a little valley that was hardly wider than a scar in the mountainside. I found that there were several imported drainage pipes for the settlement within. There wasn't a single one that wasn't damaged. It was a reckless collision. I eventually made it beneath the woods. My intention was to take a little walk into the shade, but as soon as I got there, it seemed like I had entered some kind of infernal ring. A weird sound permeated the melancholy silence of the grove as the rapids drew closer, as if the ripping speed of the flung earth had suddenly been audible. The sound was continuous, uniform, headlong, and rushing. In all the postures of suffering, abandonment, and despair, "black figures crouched, laid, sat between the trees leaning on the trunks, clinging to the soil, half coming out, partly effaced inside the pale light. Another mine on the cliff exploded, and then I felt the ground under my feet tremble slightly. Work was being done. The effort! Additionally, several of the assistants withdrew here to pass away.

"It was extremely obvious that they were dying gradually. They were no longer adversaries, criminals, or anything else of the earth; all that remained of them was a chaotic mass of black shadows from sickness and famine in the greenish darkness. They were brought from every corner of the coast in all the legality of time contracts, lost in strange places, fed on strange cuisine, ill, and became ineffective before being permitted to retreat and recuperate. These lifeless forms were as thin and as free as air. I could make out the eyes' gleaming beneath the foliage. I then saw a face close to my hand as I looked down. The sunken eyes of the black bones slowly gazed up at me as they reclined fully with one shoulder resting on the tree. There was a type of blind, white flicker in the center of the orbs that slowly faded away. The guy seemed to be young almost a boy but with them, you never knew. I had nothing else to do except give him one of my pocket-sized excellent Swedish ship's cookies. There was no other movement or gaze as the fingers gently closed on it and held. Why did he wrap a little piece of white worsted around his neck? How did he get it? Was it a badge, decoration, charm, or act of propitiation? Was there even the slightest knowledge of it? This white thread from across the oceans hung startingly around his dark neck.

### 3. CONCLUSION

It is a melancholy investigation of how humans cope with unfathomable darkness. Readers are taken to a world where the lines between truth and illusion are hazy and where the actual essence of people is shown through the eyes of Dr. Jonathan Archer. Archer's journey into the depths of evil serves as a metaphor for the inner conflicts and ethical quandaries that plague us all. The narrative serves as a strong reminder that venturing into the uncharted territory—whether it be the outer space or the recesses of our own consciousness—can expose both the depths of hopelessness and the possibility of salvation. Last but not least, "Journey into the Heart of Darkness" is a wonderfully created story that tests our ideas of right and wrong, sanity and crazy, and the unbreakable spirit of the human soul. It leaves us feeling very uneasy and makes us think about the secrets that lay inside ourselves and the emptiness that may be discovered in the deepest recesses of existence.

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## CHAPTER 8

### RIVETS AND REFLECTIONS: UNVEILING THE ESSENCE OF WORK AND IDENTITY IN HEART OF DARKNESS

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#### ABSTRACT:

A pivotal passage from Joseph Conrad's iconic novella, dissecting its themes and unraveling the profound insights it offers. The passage, a conversation between Marlow and an unnamed character, provides a lens through which to explore the themes of work, identity, and the human condition. Against the eerie backdrop of a remote river station, this article navigates the complex interplay of work, ambition, and self-discovery as portrayed in the narrative. The quest for rivets emerges as a powerful metaphor for the universal human drive to surmount challenges and mend what is broken, both in the external world and within oneself. The foreman's presence adds depth, illustrating how work intersects with personal aspirations and familial responsibilities. Through this analysis, readers are prompted to ponder the intricate facets of human existence, contemplating the enduring relevance of these themes in our lives. In "Rivets and Reflections: Unveiling the Essence of Work and Identity in 'Heart of Darkness,'" we have embarked on a journey into the heart of Joseph Conrad's narrative masterpiece.

#### KEYWORDS:

Essence, Heart of Darkness, Identity, Reflections, Rivets, Unveiling.

#### 1. INTRODUCTION

Two further bundles of acute angles were sitting with their legs up next to the same tree. One of them had his chin resting on his knees and was gazing at nothing in an intolerable and horrifying way. His brother's phantom rested its forehead as if exhausted, and others were dispersed all around in various contorted collapse poses, as in a scene from a massacre or a pestilence. One of these things got to his hands and knees and crawled off on all fours toward the river as I stood there horrified. Then, he sat up in the sunshine with his shins crossed in front of him and let his woolly head fall on his breastbone after he had lapped out of his hand. I hastened towards the station since I didn't want anybody to continue hanging around in the shade. When I was close to the structures, I saw a white guy who was dressed with such an unexpected elegance that at first, I mistook him for a vision. A light alpaca jacket, white cuffs, snowy pants, a crisp necktie, and polished boots were what I saw. No hat. Under a parasol with a green border held in a large white hand, hair was separated, combed, and oily. "I shook hands with this marvel, and I learnt he was the Company's head accountant, and that all the accounting was done at this station. He was fantastic, and he had a penholder behind his ear. He said that he had gone outside for a brief period of time "to get some fresh air." The term gave off the impression of a sedentary desk job and sounded delightfully strange. If it weren't for the fact that it was through his lips that I first heard the name of the guy who is so inextricably linked to those memories, I wouldn't have mentioned the man to you at all. I also had respect for the man. Yes, I did admire his collars, large cuffs, and combed hair. He undoubtedly had the look of a hairdresser's dummy, yet he maintained his appearance despite the immense demoralization of the nation. That shows courage. His starched collars and pushed-up shirtfronts were character-building gestures. He had been gone for about three



years, and I subsequently asked him how he managed to wear such linen. I've been educating one of the local ladies about the station, he shyly remarked while sporting just the slightest flush. It was challenging. She didn't like doing the task. This individual had so really made a contribution. And he was passionate about his books, which were arranged in apple pie fashion [1], [2].

The rest of the station was disorganized, including the heads, objects, and buildings. "I had to wait at the station for 10 days an eternity. Strings of dusty niggers with splay feet came and went; a flood of manufactured products, trashy cottons, beads, and brass-wire set into the depths of the night, and in exchange came a rare trickle of ivory. I was housed in a shack in the yard, although I sometimes went inside the accountant's office to escape the commotion. It was made of horizontal boards and was so poorly put together that, when he leaned over his high desk, he was blocked from the sun from his neck to his heels. To view, there was no need to open the large shutter. There was also a lot of heat, and large insects buzzed menacingly rather than stinging. I often sat on the floor, while he wrote while well dressed and perched on a high stool. For exercise, he sometimes stood up. He showed a little irritation when a sick man's truckle bed was placed inside. The moans of this ill individual divert my attention, he remarked. And in this environment, it is quite challenging to prevent clerical mistakes without that. "Without looking up, he said one day, "In the interior you will no doubt meet Mr. Kurtz." He responded that Mr. Kurtz was a first-class agent when I asked who he was, and upon sensing my dismay, he gently said, setting down his pen, "He is a very remarkable person." When pressed further, he revealed that Mr. Kurtz was now in control of a crucial trade station in the heart of the actual ivory region. sends in more ivory than all the other people combined. He started writing once again. The ailing guy couldn't even moan. The insects buzzed peacefully. All of a sudden, there was a loud trampling of feet and an increasing murmur of voices. A caravan entered. On the opposite side of the planks, a wild babble of impolite noises suddenly erupted. The main agent's pathetic voice was heard 'giving it up' bitterly for the sixteenth time that day during the collective conversation of all carriers. He slowly arose. What a terrible argument, he said. He murmured to me, "He does not hear," as he quietly crossed the room to examine the ailing man. Dead? What! I questioned in shock. He responded with amazing calm, "No, not yet. Then, making reference to the commotion in the station yard with a toss of the head, he said, "When one has to make correct entries, one comes to hate those savages-hate them to the death." He gave it some more thinking. Tell Mr. Kurtz from me that everything here is quite pleasant when you meet him, he said, casting a quick look at the desk. I dislike writing to him since you never know who could read your letter at the Central Station with our couriers.

He gave me a brief period of his somewhat drooping eyelids. Oh, he will go very far, the man said. He will soon become a significant figure in the Administration. They intend him to be, according to the Council in Europe, you know. He focused on his task. When the outside commotion ended, I halted at the door to go. "The next day I finally left that station, with a caravan of sixty men, for a two-hundred-mile tramp. The homeward-bound agent was lying flushed and unconscious in the steady buzz of flies; the other, bent over his books, was making correct entries of perfectly correct transactions; and fifty feet below the doorstep I could see the still tree-tops of the grove of death. I won't go into great detail about it. pathways, pathways, everywhere; a stamped-in network of paths crisscrossing the barren terrain, cutting through thickets, long grass, scorched grass, and up and down rocky slopes burning with heat; and a loneliness, a solitude, nobody, not a cottage. Long ago, the populace had dispersed. Well, I imagine that every farm and hamlet nearby would quickly become deserted if a large group of enigmatic niggers equipped with a variety of terrifying weapons suddenly began to travel on the route between Deal and Gravesend, capturing the yokels

there to carry heavy burdens for them. Only here, all of the houses were vanished. Still, I went by other settlements that had been abandoned. The remains of the grass barriers have a pitifully childlike quality. Every every day, I'm followed by sixty pairs of bare feet, each pair carrying a 60-lb weight. Camp, prepare food, go to bed, go on a march. There will sometimes be a carrier lying in the tall grass next to the route, dead in his harness, with an empty water gourd and his long stick by his side. There is a lot of quiet below and above. A strange, alluring, provocative, and wild sound-possibly with a deeper significance than the sound of bells in a Christian nation-might be heard on a peaceful night, sinking, swelling, and trembling like distant drums. There was once a white guy camping on the trail in an unbuttoned uniform, accompanied by a group of armed, lanky Zanzibaris. He was extremely hospi and festivebut not intoxicated. was in charge of maintaining the road, he said. Unless the corpse of a middle-aged black guy with a gunshot wound in his forehead, which I unavoidably happened across three miles farther on, may be classified as a permanent improvement, I can't claim that I observed any road or maintenance. I once traveled with a white friend who wasn't a nasty guy but was a little too chubby and had the annoying habit of passing out on sweltering hillsides miles from any water or shade. It is annoying, you know, to hold your own coat over a man's head while he is awakening. Once, I couldn't help but wonder why he had even bothered to come there. "Of course, to earn money. What do you think, he mockingly said. He had a fever after that and needed to be carried in a hammock draped under a pole. Due to his sixteen stone weights, I often argued with the carriers. They rebelled, fled, and snuck off with their cargo throughout the night; it was quite a mutiny. So, the next morning, I began the hammock off in front just fine. One evening, I gave a lecture in English while using gestures, and not one of them was missed by the sixty pairs of eyes in front of me. An hour later, I discovered the whole situation shattered in a bush-a guy, a hammock, moans, blankets, and nightmares. His delicate nose had been injured by the large pole. He wanted me to murder someone badly, but there was no carrier's shadow in the area. 'It would be fascinating for science to monitor the mental changes of people, on the spot,' the elderly doctor had said, coming to mind. I thought my scientific curiosity was growing. All of it, though, serves no purpose. On the sixteenth day, I once again came into view of the large river and limped into Central Station. It was located on a backwater bordered by brush and woodland, with a lovely boundary of foul muck on one side and a wild fence of rushes on the other three. It had no gate other than a neglected gap, and just one look at the location was enough to reveal that the flabby devil was in charge. White guys with long staves slowly emerged from the buildings to come over and stare at me before dissipating out of view someplace. When I told one of them who I was, a large, exci guy with a black moustache, he volubly and repeatedly said that my vessel was at the bottom of the river. Thunderstruck, I was. How, why, and what? Oh, that turned out okay. There was the'manager himself'. All of this is true. Everyone had behaved admirably! Admirably! You must, he said angrily, go to the general manager right now. He is holding out!

I didn't immediately understand the wreck's true importance. Although I think I can see it now, I am not at all certain. When I think about it, the affair was undoubtedly too dumb to be entirely natural, yet... But at the time, it seemed to be nothing more than a confusing annoyance. They sank the vessel. Before they had been out for three hours, they tore the bottom out of her with stones, and she sunk close to the south bank. They had left two days earlier in a hasty rush up the river with the manager on board, under the command of some volunteer captain. My boat was now missing, so I questioned what I was supposed to do there. In reality, I had a lot of work to do to fish my command out of the river. The very next day I had to start working on it. It took many months to complete both that and the repairs once I got the components to the station. My first meeting with the manager piqued my

interest. After my twenty-mile walk that morning, he did not invite me to sit down. His face, speech, manners, skin, and features were all ordinary. He had a typical physique and was of average size. His eyes, which were the typical blue color, may have been incredibly chilly, and he could undoubtedly make his gaze fall on someone who was trenchant and weighty as an axe. However, even then, the rest of his person seemed to be denying the purpose. Other than that, all I could make out was a vague, ill-defined expression on his lips, something stealthy, but it wasn't a smile. Although it briefly became more intense when he said anything, this grin was unconscious. It seemed towards the conclusion of his lectures as if a seal had been placed to the words, rendering even the most widely used expression completely opaque. He was only an ordinary merchant who had lived and worked in this region all of his life. Although he was obeyed, he did not arouse love, terror, or even respect. He made people uneasy. It ended there! Uneasiness. Just a general feeling of unease; nothing more. You don't realize the potential of such a faculty. He lacked any organizational, initiative, or even orderly brilliance. That was clear from things like the station's appalling condition. He lacked brains and knowledge. He was given the post; why? Maybe because he never became sick, He has already served there for three periods of three years. Because a type of force in itself, victorious health amid the general disarray of constitutions. He had a large-scale, pompously violent riot when he returned home on leave. Jack onshore, but only in terms of appearances. This person may infer from his casual conversation. He contributed nothing original; all he did was maintain the pattern. Yet he was terrific. It was hard to predict what might influence such a guy because of just one little aspect of his greatness. He never divulged that information. Maybe he had nothing inside of him. Such a hunch gave one pause since there were no outside inspections outside. When almost every "agent" at the station had fallen ill with different tropical illnesses, he was overheard saying, "Men who come out here should have no entrails." With his characteristic grin, he sealed the statement as if it had been a doorway leading into a darkness that was within his control. You pretended to have seen something, but the seal was in place. He ordered a massive round to be formed, for which a separate home had to be erected, since he found the white men's continuous arguments over precedence during mealtimes to be infuriating. The station's mess room was located here. The rest were nowhere; the first was where he was sitting. One believed that this was his unwavering belief. He lacked both civility and uncivility. He was reserved. He let his "boy," a young, obese black man from the coast, to treat the white guys impolitely in front of him [3], [4].

## 2. DISCUSSION

When he spotted me, he immediately started talking. I had been traveling for quite some time. He was unable to wait. needed to begin without me. The stations upriver needed to be relieved. He didn't know who was dead and who was living, how they got along, and so on since there had already been so many delays. There were rumors that a very significant station was in danger and that its commander, Mr. Kurtz, was unwell, but he paid little regard to my comments and continued to repeat numerous times that the situation was "very grave, very grave" while fiddling with a stick of sealing wax. I hoped that it was untrue. It was Mr. Kurtz. ..I was drained and agitated. Kurtz, hang on, I thought. I cut him off by mentioning that I had heard of Mr. Kurtz on the seaside. 'Ah! So, he is mentioned there," he muttered to himself. He then started talking again, telling me that Mr. Kurtz was the finest agent he had, a remarkable individual, and of the utmost significance to the Company; as a result, I could see his worry. He claimed to be "very, very nervous," and it's safe to say he fidgeted on his chair a lot while saying, "Ah, Mr. Kurtz!" shattered the sealing wax stick and was perplexed by the mishap. He then inquired as to "how long it would take." ..Again, I cut him off. I was becoming vicious due to hunger and being on my feet all the time. "How do I know?" I said.

This conversation felt so pointless to me since "I haven't even seen the wreck yet-some months, no doubt." A few months, he replied. "Well, let's suppose it will be three months before we can begin. Yes. That should take care of the situation," I said as I hurried out of his cabin. He was a talkative moron. Then, when it was revealed to me astonishingly how precisely he had anticipated the amount of time needed for the "affair," I took it back [5], [6].

The next day, I went to work while essentially turning away from that station. Only in that manner did it appear to me that I could maintain control over the life's redemptive truths. However, one must sometimes glance about; at that moment, I saw this station and these individuals wandering aimlessly through the yard's brightness. I sometimes questioned the meaning of it all. They strolled about like a bunch of irreligious pilgrims who had been enchanted behind a decaying gate while holding their absurdly long staves in their hands. Ivory was mentioned in the air, murmured, and moaned. You'd think they were praising it in prayer. It everything had a stench of idiotic rapacity that permeated it like the smell of some deceased person. By God! Never in my life have I seen something so surreal. Additionally, the wildness that surrounded this cleared sliver of land struck me as being something vast and impregnable, like evil or truth, that was eagerly awaiting the end of this spectacular invasion. These months, oh! Well, forget it. Numerous events took place. One evening, a grass shed filled with calico, cotton prints, beads, and I'm not sure what else suddenly caught fire, giving the impression that the ground had split open to allow a vengeful flame burn all that garbage. When the stout man with the moustache came tearing down to the river with a tin pail in his hand, he assured me that everyone was "behaving splendidly, splendidly," dipped about a quart of water, and tore back again. I was smoking my pipe quietly by my disassembled steamer when I noticed them all cutting capers in the light with their arms raised high. His pail's bottom has a hole in it, I noted.

"I walked over. No one was in a rush. As you can see, it had exploded like a box of matches. It had been a lost cause from the beginning. After leaping high, pushing everyone away, illuminating everything, then collapsing, the flame. Already, the shed had become a fiery pile of embers. Nearby, a nigger was being thrashed. However, he was wailing quite loudly. They said that he had somehow started the fire. Later, I saw him for a few days, attempting to recuperate while resting in a little area of shade. He eventually got up and left, and the forest received him back into its arms without making a sound. I found myself behind two guys who were conversing as I drew near the illumination of the night. One of the guys was the manager, and I overheard him say Kurtz's name before saying, "Take advantage of this unfortunate accident." He received my good night message. Did you ever see something similar, eh? It is wonderful," he said, before leaving. The second guy persisted. He was a first-class agent who was youthful, dapper, and a touch reticent. He had a hooked nose and a forked little beard. He was in a dispute with the other agents, and they claimed that he was the manager's snitch watching them. I had rarely ever talked to him previously as it related to me. After engaging in conversation, we eventually walked away from the hissing ruins. Then he invited me to his room, which was located in the station's main building. He lit a light, and I saw that this young nobleman not only had a silver-mounted dressing case to himself but also one whole candle. The manager was the only individual who was allegedly entitled to candles at that time. Clay walls were covered with native mats, and trophies were hung with spears, assegais, shields, and knives. I was told that the man had been hired to make bricks, but despite the fact that he had been waiting there for more than a year, not a single brick fragment could be found in the station. He seemed to need something I'm not sure whatto create bricks; maybe straw. In any case, it was not there, and because it was unlikely to be sent from Europe, it was unclear to me what he was waiting for. a unique act of creation, maybe. But they were all waiting all sixteen or twenty pilgrims for something, and from the



way they saw it, it did not seem an unpleasing profession, even if, as far as I could tell, the only thing that ever came to them was illness. They passed the time by slandering and enticing one another in an idiotic manner. That station had a feeling of intrigue, but nothing came of it, of course. It was just as unreal as everything else, including the complete organization's humanitarian façade, their speeches, their system of administration, and their displays of labor. The only genuine emotion was a desire to get hired at a trade station where ivory was available so they could earn commissions. Only because of it did they intrigue, defame, and despise one another; as for really raising a finger, no. Oh my God! There must be something in the universe that permits one guy to steal a horse while requiring another to avoid looking at a halter. Straight up steal a horse. Quite good. He completed it. He may be able to ride. However, there is one way to look at a halter that would make even the most pious of saints kick [7], [8].

I was unsure of his motivation for wanting to socialize, but as we conversed, it immediately came to me that he was probing me for information. He often made references to Europe and the individuals I was supposed to know there, asking me about my friends in the eerie city and other such things. His little eyes sparkled like mica discs with inquiry, despite his best efforts to maintain some superciliousness. I was shocked at first, but very quickly I had a strong desire to find out what he would learn about me. I had no idea what I had to offer to justify his time investment. It was extremely amusing to see how he perplexed himself since, in reality, I was just experiencing chills and had nothing but that awful steamboat stuff going on in my brain. It was clear that he mistook me for a superb cowardly evader. Finally, he lost his cool and yawned to mask a movement of raging irritation. I rose. Then I discovered a little oil drawing of a lady holding a lit torch while draped and blindfolded on a panel. The backdrop was gloomy and almost dark. The lady moved with a stately grace, and the torches' impact on her face was menacing. He patiently watched as I was caught while carrying an empty half-pint champagne bottle with a candle put inside of it. In response to my inquiry, he indicated that Mr. Kurtz had painted this here at the station more than a year earlier while awaiting transportation to his trade post. I said, "Tell me, please, who is this Mr. Kurtz?"

'The chief of the Inner Station,' he said in a terse manner while turning his head aside. Thank you very much, I laughed. And you are the Central Station's bricklayer. Everyone is aware of it.' He remained quiet for some while. He finally said, "He is a prodigy." He is a representative of compassion, science, progress, and who knows what else. We demand superior knowledge, broad sympathies, and a singleness of purpose, so to speak, for the management of the cause that has been entrusted to us by Europe, he suddenly said. I enquired. Many of them, he retorted. Some even claim that; as a result, he arrives here, a unique person, as you should know. I cut in, shocked to be interrupted. He gave it no thought. 'Yes. He now has the position of chief of the best station, and in one year, he will advance to assistant manager. ..yet I hazard a guess that you already know where he'll be in two years. You belong to the new group, the virtue group. You were suggested by the same persons who sent him specifically. Oh, don't refuse. It became clear to me that I could rely on my own eyes. The prominent friends of my loving aunt were having an unanticipated impact on that young guy. I almost started laughing. Do you read the private communications of the Company? I enquired. He lacked something to say. It was a ton of fun. You won't have the chance while Mr. Kurtz serves as general manager, I continued angrily.

"We walked outdoors when he abruptly blew out the candle. The moon was now full. Black men walked aimlessly while dousing the glow with water, which caused a hissing sound to come from someplace else. The battered nigger wailed in the distance as steam rose into the moonlight. What a ruckus the beast gets into!", the unflappable guy with the moustache stated



as he approached us. "Serve him properly." Transgressionpunishmentbang! pitiful, pitiful. The only option is that. Future conflagrations won't occur thanks to this. I just spoke with the manager. He saw my partner and instantly fell on his knees. He replied, "Not in bed yet," with an air of slavish heartiness. Ha! Dangerangst.' He disappeared. The other came after me as I continued to the riverfront. "Heap of muffs go to," was a mocking mutter that I overheard. The pilgrims could be seen huddled together, gesturing and chatting. A few people were holding their staves steady. They definitely did bring these sticks to bed with them, in my opinion. The forest beyond the fence looked out ghostly in the moonlight, and despite the faint noises of the lamen courtyard and the hazy movement, the quiet of the land spoke to one's very core about its mystery, magnificence, and the astounding actuality of its hidden existence. A loud sigh followed the wounded nigger's feeble moaning from someplace close by, prompting me to quicken my stride away from it. Under my arm, I felt a hand presenting itself. 'My dear gentleman,' the man continued, 'I don't want to be misunderstood, particularly by you, who will visit Mr. Kurtz long before I may have that pleasure. I don't want him to get an incorrect impression of my disposition. I let this paper-maché Mephistopheles to continue moving since it seemed that if I attempted to pierce him with my fingers, I would just discover some loose dirt within. You see, he had intended to succeed the current manager as assistant-manager in the future, and I could see that the arrival of that Kurtz had caused some angst for both of them. I made no attempt to halt him as he spoke hastily. My shoulders were pressed up against the hull of my steamer, which had been dragged up the hill like the corpse of a large river animal. By God, that muddy, ancient mud scent! was in my nose, a lofty silence of ancient woodland was in front of me, and the dark brook had shining spots. Everything was covered in a thin coating of silver that the moon had thrown throughout, including the mud, rank grass, and wall of matted vegetation that was taller than a temple's wall. Over the big river, which I could see through a gloomy gap, glittered continuously as it passed past without making a sound. While the guy gabbled about himself, everything else was wonderful, eager, and silent. I questioned if the immensity's face was staring at us two with a threat or an appeal in mind. What were we doing here after getting lost? Could we control that stupid creature, or would we control it? I had the impression that the object that was silent and maybe deaf was enormous. What was inside of it? I could make out a little piece of ivory coming from there, and I knew Mr. Kurtz was inside. God knows I have heard enough of it enough. But unlike if I had been informed an angel or a demon was within, it strangely failed to conjure any images in my mind. I held that belief in the same manner that one of you may believe that Mars had people. I once met a Scottish sailmaker who was positiveabsolutelypositivethat there were inhabitants on Mars. Even though he was a guy of sixty, he would threaten to attack you if you even smiled at him. If you asked him for an idea of how they seemed and acted, he would get timid and say something like "walking on all-fours." I wouldn't have gone so far as to defend Kurtz, but I did come close to lying for him. You are aware that I abhor, despise, and cannot abide lyingnot because I am morally superior to the rest of us, but simply because it disgusts me. Lies have a stench of death, a taste of mortality, and that is precisely what I loathe and abhor about the world and what I wish to forget. I feel unpleasant and ill, like if I've just bitten into something repulsive. I presume temperament. I guess I came close enough by allowing the young idiot there fantasize anything he wanted to about my influence in Europe. I instantly became just as much of a pretense as the other witch-hounded travelers. I did this only because I thought it may somehow aid that Kurtz, who at the time I had not seen, you realize. For me, he was only a word. Like you, I did not recognize the guy in the name. Do you observe him? Observe the story? What do you observe? It appears to me that I am making a futile attempt to describe a dream to you because no description of a dream can captures the dream-sensation, that

confluence of absurdity, surprise, and bewilderment in a tremor of struggling revolt, that idea of being captured by the incredible that is a fundamental component of dreams [9], [10].

He kept quiet for some while.

The life-sensation of every particular period of time-that which gives it reality, significance, and its subtle and perceptible essence-cannot be communicated. It cannot be done. We are alone while we imagine and live. Once again pausing for thought, he said, "Of course, you guys see more in this than I did back then. You recognize me; you see me. We listeners could scarcely see one another since it had become so dark. He had just been a voice to us for a very long period while sitting apart. Nobody said a word, just silence. I was alert even if the others could have been sleeping. I listened intently, searching for the phrase or term that would explain the little unease this story--which seemed to take form without human lips in the dense nighttime air of the river--inspired in me.

Yes, I let him to continue and believe whatever he wanted about the forces that were behind me, Marlow said. I did! Nothing was behind me either. He spoke fluently about "the necessity for every man to get on," adding, "And when one comes out here, you conceive, it is not to gaze at the moon." Mr. Kurtz was a "universal genius," but even a genius would find it easier to work with "adequate tools-intelligent men." He did not make bricks because there was a physical impossibility in the way; and if he did, it was secretarial work. I observed it. What more could I ask for? By goodness, rivets were what I actually wanted! Rivets. to finish the task at hand-to plug the hole. I desired rivets. Cases of them were heaped up, ruptured, and split along the shore. Every time you moved in the station-yard on the slope, you kicked a loose rivet. In the grove of doom, rivets had rolled. For the inconvenience of bending over, you could stuff your pockets with rivets, but not a single rivet was to be found where it was needed. We had plates that might work, but there was nothing to secure them. And every week the messenger-a lone black man-left our station for the shore carrying a mail bag and a staff. A coast caravan also arrived many times every week with trade products like perplexingly spotted cotton handkerchiefs, horrifyingly glazed calico that made you cringe just by looking at it, and glass beads worth approximately a cent per quart. No rivets either. All the supplies required to get the riverboat moving could have been transported by three bearers.

"He was starting to be more private now, but I imagine that my lack of interest in him must have finally irritated him since he felt the need to tell me he didn't fear the devil or God, much alone any ordinary person. I said that I could see that very well, but what I really needed were a particular number of rivets, which Mr. Kurtz really desired, if only he had known. Every week, letters were now sent to the shore. I asked for rivets when he screamed, "My dear sir, I write from dictation." For a wise man, there was a way. He immediately started talking about a hippopotamus, altered his demeanor, and questioned if I was awake while sleeping on the steamer. An elderly hippo had a poor habit of leaving the bank and wandering across the station grounds at night. Every firearm they could get their hands on would be fired at him by the pilgrims as they would arrive in a body. Some had even stayed up all night awaiting him. But all that effort was in vain. He said, "That animal has a charmed existence, but you can only say this about brutes in our nation. No, man-are you pursuing me?no one here carries a charmed life.' He stayed there for a time in the moonlight, his mica eyes twinkling without a blink and his delicate hooked nose set slightly askew, then striding off. I could see he was upset and quite perplexed, which gave me more optimism than I had had in days. Turning away from that man and toward my powerful buddy, the beaten, twisted, wrecked, tin-pot steamboat, was a wonderful source of solace. I jumped aboard the vehicle. She sounded beneath my feet like an empty Huntley & Palmer biscuit tin being kicked down

a gutter; she wasn't as well-made or as attractively shaped as that, but I had put enough effort into her to fall in love with her. No powerful buddy could have helped me more. She had given me the opportunity to explore a little bit and see what I was capable of. No, I detest working. I would rather lounge about and consider all the wonderful things that may be accomplished. No one like work, but even though I don't, I enjoy the opportunity for self-discovery that work provides. Your own reality, which only you can know, not what other men can ever know. They are just able to see the performance and never understand its true significance.

I wasn't shocked to see a man sitting on the deck at the back of the boat with his legs hanging over the muck. You know, I became friends with the few mechanics who were there at that station, whom the other pilgrims naturally despised I presume due to their bad manners. This foreman was a skilled worker and a boilermaker by profession. He had a yellow face, was lanky and bony, and had large, focused eyes. His beard ran down to his waist, and his head was as bald as the palm of my hand. Despite this, his hair seemed to have adhered to his chin throughout the process of falling out and to have flourished in the new environment. His lifelong interest was pigeon flight, and he was a widower with six small children. He was a connoisseur and an enthusiast. He'd go on and on about pigeons. When he had to crawl in the muck under the riverboat, he would wrap up that beard of his in a type of white serviette he had with him. He sometimes came over from his hut after work hours to chat about his kids and his pigeons. His ears might be covered with loops on it. He could be seen carefully washing the wrapper in the stream in the evening and laying it gravely on a bush to dry. The virgin woodland on the opposite side of the stream redirected the terrifying clatter it made back toward the camping station in a thunderous roll. Some of the pilgrims must have sat up in their hovels as a result. After a little period of time, the darkness that had been blocking the manager's hut's lit entryway evaporated. When we paused, the stillness that had been shattered by our footsteps began to reappear in the land's crevices. The enormous wall of vegetation, which was a riotous and tangled mass of trunks, branches, leaves, boughs, and festoons that was immobile in the moonlight, looked like a rolling wave of plants that were piled up, crested, and ready to topple over the creek and sweep every last one of us out of our small existence. And it didn't move. From a distance, we heard a deadened burst of powerful splashes and snorts that sounded like an ichthyosaurus having a glitter bath in the large river. After all, why shouldn't we obtain the rivets, the boiler maker reasoned in his tone. Why not, in fact! I could think of no justification for why we shouldn't. They'll arrive in three weeks, I assured them.

However, they didn't. Instead of rivets, an invasion, an injury, or a visitation occurred. It arrived throughout the course of the next three weeks, bowing to the amazed pilgrims from that elevation right and left, each time being led by a donkey pulling a white guy dressed in new clothing and tan shoes. A rowdy group of sore-feet sulky niggers trampled on the donkey's heels as many tents, campstools, tin boxes, white cases, and brown bales were fired down in the courtyard and the mystery surrounding the station's confusion grew somewhat. Five of these shipments arrived, giving off the ridiculous impression that they were fleeing incoherently while hauling the plunder from many clothing and supply stores into the forest for an equine division. It was a jumble of things that were nice in and of themselves but were made to seem such by human foolishness. This committed group went under the name of Eldorado Exploring Expedition, and I think they had a confidentiality agreement. They did not possess a single iota of foresight or serious intention, and they did not appear to be aware that these qualities are necessary for the work of the world. Instead, their talk was that of sordid buccaneers: it was rash without hardihood, greedy without audacity, and cruel without courage. They wanted to extract riches from the earth, but they had no more moral motivation

for doing so than a thief would have for stealing into a safe. I'm not sure who covered the costs of the laudable endeavor, but the group's head was the uncle of our boss. On the outside, he seemed to be a butcher working in a slum, and his eyes had a drowsy cunning aspect. He chatted to just his nephew as his gang swarmed the station and carried his heavy paunch with ostentation on his small legs. These two could be seen walking about all day talking to each other with their heads in close proximity. "I had stopped obsessing about the rivets. One's capacity for that kind of foolishness is more limited than you would think. I yelled "Hang!"- and let things go. I had lots of time to meditate, and sometimes I would think of Kurtz. I wasn't really drawn to him. No. However, I was interested to see whether this individual, who had emerged with some type of moral views, would ultimately reach the top and how he would approach his profession while there.

### 3. CONCLUSION

We have discovered a universe of significance and complexity via a close examination of a single paragraph that extends well beyond the parameters of the novella. The topic of labor, ambition, and the human condition in this paragraph serves as a microcosm of the larger issues in "Heart of Darkness." Our continuous effort to overcome challenges and fix what is wrong, both in our exterior environment and our inner self, is symbolized by the chase of rivets. The foreman's presence serves as a sobering reminder that work is intertwined with personal goals and family obligations rather than being a lonely pursuit. As we come to a close with our investigation, we are left with a deep respect for the issues in Conrad's writings that remain relevant today. "Heart of Darkness" prompts us to consider the significance of labor and identity in a society where the quest for advancement and self-discovery continues to influence our lives. Through Marlow's trip and the mysterious persons, he meets, we are challenged to consider the many dimensions of human life and to discover our own rivets in the ever-changing story of our lives.

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## CHAPTER 9

### HEART OF DARKNESS: JOURNEY INTO THE ABYSS

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#### ABSTRACT:

It takes readers on a compelling and introspective journey into the depths of human nature and colonialism. The story follows Charles Marlow, a British sailor, as he navigates the treacherous Congo River in search of the enigmatic ivory trader, Kurtz. Through vivid descriptions and layered storytelling, Conrad explores the moral, psychological, and existential complexities of imperialism and its impact on both the colonizers and the colonized. The novel raises profound questions about the darkness within the human soul and the corrupting influence of power. This abstract delves into the themes, characters, and narrative techniques that make "Heart of Darkness" a timeless and thought-provoking work of literature. "Heart of Darkness" is a timeless masterpiece that continues to resonate with readers, offering a thought-provoking exploration of the human condition and the consequences of colonialism. Joseph Conrad's powerful narrative takes us on a journey into the abyss of the human soul, where darkness, both literal and metaphorical, prevails. Through the character of Kurtz, we witness the disintegration of a man's morality in the pursuit of power and wealth. Marlow's own journey serves as a mirror reflecting the moral dilemmas and existential questions that confront us all.

#### KEYWORDS:

Abyss, Colonialism, Imperialism, Journey, Joseph Conrad, Kurtz.

#### 1. INTRODUCTION

The nephew and the uncle were seen one evening as they were walking down the bank as I was resting flat on the steamboat's deck. I almost fell asleep again while resting my head on my arm when, as if whispered in my ear, someone said: "I am as harmless as a tiny kid, but I don't like to be told what to do. Am I or am I not the manager? I was told to deliver him there. It's astounding. I saw that the two were barely below my head, standing on the sand beside the steamboat's forepart. I didn't move since I was too drowsy to think about doing so. The uncle said, "It's nasty. The other said, "He has asked the Administration to be sent there with the idea of showing what he could do. I was given instructions in that regard." Consider the impact that a guy must have. Is it not terrifying? They both agreed that it was terrifying before saying numerous odd things: My tiredness was overcome by phrases like "Make rain and fine weather-one man-the Council-by the nose," which made me almost fully awake when the uncle continued, "The climate may do away with this difficulty for you." Is he alone himself there? The manager said, "Yes; he sent his assistant down the river with a note to me in the following words: "Clear this poor devil out of the country, and don't bother sending more of his type. I would much prefer be alone myself than be with the sort of guys you can get rid of. It happened almost a year ago. Can you believe such a snub! Anything since then, the other hoarsely inquired. The nephew jerked, "Ivory," saying, "Lots of it-prime sort-lots-most irritating, from him." The loud rumbling questioned, "And with that?" The response was kind of flung out, "Invoice." then a pause. They had been discussing Kurtz [1], [2].

"At this point, I was wide awake, but because I was laying comfortably, I didn't feel the need to move. The older guy, who appeared quite agitated, muttered, "How did that ivory come all

this way?" The other explained that it had arrived with a fleet of canoes under the command of an English half-caste clerk Kurtz had with him. Kurtz had apparently intended to return himself, as the station was by that point empty of goods and supplies, but after traveling three hundred miles, he had suddenly decided to go back, and he started to do so alone in a small dugout with four paddlers, leaving the half-caste to continue down the river with the ivory. The two men present were shocked by somebody doing such a thing. They couldn't think of a good enough reason. As for me, I felt as if Kurtz was new to me. It was a clear view of the dugout, four paddling natives, and the lone white guy who turned abruptly away from the command post, relief, and maybe thoughts of home, turning his gaze instead towards the wilderness's depths and his deserted station. I was unaware of the motivation. Maybe he was just a kind guy who was dedicated to his profession for its own reason. You comprehend that nobody had ever spoken his name. That guy was him. The half-caste was constantly referred to as "that scoundrel," despite the fact that, as far as I could tell, he had navigated a perilous journey with remarkable caution and fortitude. The 'scoundrel' said that the 'man' had been very sick and had only partially recovered. The two people below me walked back and forth at a short distance before backing up a few steps. "Military post-doctor-two hundred miles- quite alone right now-unavoidable delays-nine months-no news-strange rumors," I overheard. The manager said, "No one, as far as I know, unless a species of wandering trader-a pestilential fellow, snapping ivory from the natives. " As they came closer. Who was it that they were now referring to? I pieced together that there was a guy who was meant to be in Kurtz's neighborhood but who the management disapproved of. "Until one of these guys is hanged as an example, we won't be free from unfair competition," he stated. Get him hung, the other grumbled, "Certainly!" Exactly why not? In this land, everything is possible. That is what I mean when I say that nobody here, you realize, can jeopardize your position. Then why? You outlast everyone and can withstand the weather. Europe is dangerous, but before I went, I made sure to-' They walked away while whispering, then their voices became louder. "I'm not to blame for the unusual string of delays. I gave it my all. The obese guy groaned. "Really sad." Each station should be like a light on the way towards better things, a center for commerce of course, but also for humanizing, improving, and teaching. "And the pestiferous absurdity of his talk," the other said. Think you're that ass, dude! And he wants to be the manager! No, it's--' He choked on his overwhelming fury at this point, and I hardly moved my head. I was shocked to discover their proximity-right underneath me. I was tempted to spit on their caps. They were contemplating something while gazing at the ground. His wise relative raised his head as the manager switched his leg with a thin twig. He questioned, "You have been well since you came out this time?" The other jerked back. 'Who? I? Oh! Exactly like a charm. However, the rest, my goodness! all ill. Additionally, they pass away so quickly that I don't have time to ship them abroad-it's amazing! 'H'm. Just so," the uncle muttered. Oh, my buddy, believe in this-I repeat, believe in this. He appeared to beckon with a dishonorable flourish before the sunny face of the country, calling treacherously to the lurking death, to the concealed evil, to the unfathomable darkness of its heart. I watched him stretch his short flipper of an arm in a motion that took in the forest, the stream, the mud, and the river. I sprang to my feet in shock and turned to face the edge of the forest, as if anticipating some type of response to that confident black show. You are aware of the absurd ideas that sometimes cross one's mind. When a magnificent invasion finally subsided, the lofty silence faced these two with its menacing patience. Together, they cursed aloud-I assume out of pure terror-and then turned back to the station while acting as if they were unaware of my presence. The sun was low in the sky, and when they leaned forward side by side, it seemed that they were painfully pulling uphill their two absurdly long shadows, which were trailing behind them slowly across the thick grass without bending a single blade. The Eldorado Expedition entered the patient wilderness, which closed in on it as the water does

on a diver, in a matter of days. Long later, word spread that every donkey had passed away. The fate of the less prized creatures is unknown to me. They undoubtedly received what they deserved, just like the rest of us. I choose not to ask. The thought of meeting Kurtz quickly made me feel a little thrilled. I mean relative when I say "very soon." We had just been out of the stream for two months when we arrived to the bank next to Kurtz's station. Going up that river was like going back to when the world first began, when the giant trees ruled the ground and vegetation was in a frenzy. A deserted brook, a hush, and a dense forest. The atmosphere was hot, heavy, dense, and lethargic. The brightness of the sun did not bring delight. Long lengths of the canal continued into the shadowy distances, abandoned. Hippos and alligators sunned themselves side by side on white sandbanks. You got lost on that river like you would in a desert and bumped into shoals all day long while trying to find the channel, until you began to believe that you were bewitched and permanently cut off from everything you had known in the past-somewhere far away, perhaps in a different existence. There were times when one's history would resurface, as it sometimes does when you don't have a minute to yourself, but it would do so in the form of an unsettling dream with a lot of noise that would be recalled with awe amid the overpowering reality of this bizarre world of plants, water, and stillness. And this lack of activity in no way resembled a state of tranquility. It was the silence of an unyielding power pondering an obscure aim. It gave you an angry gaze as it regarded you. After that, I became used to it and stopped noticing it because I ran out of time. I was learning to clap my teeth smartly before my heart flew out when I shaved by accident some infernal sly old snag that would have ripped the life out of the tin-pot steamboat and drowned all the pilgrims. I also had to keep an eye out for the signs of dead wood we could cut up in the night for the next day's steaming. The truth, I assure you, vanishes when you have to respond to issues of such kind, to little episodes of the surface. Thankfully, the fundamental truth remains concealed. While executing my monkey acrobatics, I often sensed its enigmatic silence observing me, much as it does when you guys perform on your various tight ropes for-whatever? "A half-crown tumble, I could hear a person yelling, "Try to be civil, Marlow," and I realized that someone else was awake in addition to me [3], [4].

"I really apologize. I overlooked the pain of grief, which accounts for the remaining cost. And if the trick is done properly, why does it matter how much it costs? You are quite skilled at your pranks. Additionally, I performed well since on my first journey, I was able to avoid sinking that steamboat. It continues to amaze me. Imagine a guy driving a vehicle on a dangerous route while wearing a blindfold. I can tell you that because of that thing, I shivered and perspired a lot. After all, for a sailor, scraping the bottom of the object under his care that is meant to float constantly constitutes the ultimate evil. Although no one may be aware of it, you never forget the thud, huh? a serious heart attack. Years later, you still recall it, dream about it, wake up at night thinking about it, and feel all hot and all cold. I don't make the false claim that steamboats always float. She often had to wade through water for a while as 20 cannibals pushed and splashed about them. Some of these men were among the crew members we had recruited new route. Cannibals in their place, you fine men. I am thankful to them since they were guys who one could work with. They had brought along some hippo-meat that went bad and caused the wilderness' mysterious smell in my nose, so they didn't really devour each other in front of my face. Phoo! Now I can smell it. I had the manager with me as well as three or four pilgrims who were well equipped with their staves. Sometimes, when we skirted the edge of the unknown, we came across a station near to the river, and the white men running out of a dilapidated hovel with huge gestures of excitement, astonishment, and welcome looked quite strange-they seemed to be under some kind of enchantment. The word "ivory" would reverberate in the air for a moment, and then we continued in quiet down vacant stretches, around silent bends, and in between the tall walls of

our twisting road, the heavy beat of the stern-wheel resonating in hollow claps. Millions of big, enormous trees covered the landscape, and at their base, the small begrimed steamer moved down the streambank like a slow beetle on a grand portico. Although it gave you a sense of being extremely little and lost, this sensation was not entirely gloomy. Since the filthy beetle continued to crawl if you were little, that is exactly what you intended it to do. I'm not sure where the pilgrims thought it crawled to. I guess they went somewhere they thought they might find something! I was the only one who felt it creep towards the direction of Kurtz, but as the steam lines began to leak, we moved extremely slowly. The stretches seemed to expand out in front of us and shut behind us as if the trees had lazily crossed the river to block our path back. We entered the center of the darkness more and further. There was a lot of silence. Sometimes at night, the sound of drums rising up the river from under a canopy of trees would be maintained softly till dawn, as though lingering far over our heads. We were unable to determine if it stood for prayer, peace, or battle. The dawns brought a chilling silence, the wood-cutters slept, their fires flickered dimly, and the crack of a twig would startle you. We were nomads on a primordial earth that had the appearance of an alien planet. We could have imagined ourselves to be the first group of people to take ownership of a cursed legacy, one that would need intense suffering and tremendous labor to subjugate. However, behind the drop of heavy and unmoving foliage, there would suddenly be a sight of rush walls, peaked grass roofs, a burst of cries, a swirl of black limbs, a mass of hands clapping, of feet stomping, of bodies swaying, of eyes rolling. On the verge of a pitch-black, unfathomable fury, the steamboat labored steadily forward. Who knows if the archaic guy was blessing us, punishing us, or embracing us? We were cut off from awareness of our surroundings; as sane men would be in the presence of an enthusiastic outbreak in a madhouse, we passed by like ghosts, wondering and secretly horrified. We were too far away to comprehend, and as we were traveling through the darkness of the early ages-those bygone eras that left scarcely any trace-and no memories-we were unable to recollect [5], [6].

## 2. DISCUSSION

We are used to seeing a monster in chains after victory, but there, you might see something enormous and unbound. The guys were not cruel; rather, it was otherworldly. Well, that was the worst of it, that thought that they weren't cruel. Slowly, one would arrive. They howled, leapt, twisted, and made hideous expressions, but what pleased you was just the idea that they were human, just like you, and that you shared a vague connection with this ferocious cacophony. Ugly. Yes, it was horrible enough; yet, if you were a man enough, you would own that you had the tiniest inkling of a reaction to the dreadful frankness of that noise, a vague intuition that there was a meaning in it that you, so far from the darkness of the earliest ages, could understand. Why not, then? The human mind is capable of everything since it contains both the past and the future. What exactly was there? Who can know if anything is happiness, fear, grief, devotion, bravery, or rage? Truth, however, shorn of its temporal veil. Let the idiot gape and quake; he knows and is able to observe without batting an eye. He must, however, at least be as manly as those on the coast. With his own actual qualities-his own innate strength-he must confront that fact. Principles are not enough. purchases, attire, and attractive rags-rags that would fly off at the first strong shake. No, you need a conscious belief. Is there a request for my help in this devilish argument? That's all well and well, I realize, but I too have a voice, and whether it's for good or ill, mine is the unquenchable voice. Of course, a fool is always secure because of their extreme fear and noble feelings. What person is grunting? You could be wondering why I didn't go ashore to yell and dance. Okay, I didn't. Good feelings, you say? Hang those nice words of wisdom! There was no time. I tell you, I had to muck about with white lead and pieces of woolen blanket to assist patch the leaking steam pipes. I had to pay attention to the driving, go around those obstacles, and move the

tin-pot onward by whatever means necessary. These items had enough superficial truth to rescue a more experienced guy. In the meanwhile, I had to take care of the violent firemen. He was a better specimen since he knew how to start a vertical boiler. He was standing below me, and, according to what I said, looking at him was like seeing a dog walk on his hind legs while wearing counterfeit breeches and a feather cap. Training for a few months had sufficed for that truly kind guy. With an obvious effort of bravery, he peered at the steam gauge and the water gauge. The poor guy also had his teeth filed, his pate's wool shaved into odd patterns, and three decorative scars on each of his cheeks. He should have been applauding and pounding his feet on the bank, but instead, he was hard at work, obedient to some odd witchcraft, crammed with expanding information. He was helpful because he had received instruction, and he understood that if the water in that transparent object vanished, the evil spirit within the boiler would get enraged due to the intensity of his hunger and exact dreadful retribution. He perspired, lit the fire, and frightenedly watched the glass as the forested banks slowly slid past us, the brief noise being left behind, the endless miles of silence-and we crept on, towards Kurtz. The water was shallow and hazardous, and the boiler seemed to contain a sulky demon; as a result, neither that fireman nor I had time to look into our spooky thoughts [7], [8].

A carefully arranged woodpile, an inclined and depressing pole with the unidentifiable remnants of what had once been a flag, and a cottage made of reeds were all visible some fifty kilometers below the Inner Station. This was a surprise. When we arrived to the bank, we discovered a flat piece of board with some worn-out pencil writing on it below a stack of firewood. Its meaning was discovered to be "Wood for you." Be quick. Approach with caution." There was a signature, but it was difficult to see. It was not Kurtz; it was a lengthier term. "Hurry up," but where? the river up? "Approach cautiously," it said, but we hadn't. However, the location where it could only be discovered after approaching is where the warning could not have been intended. There was a problem up there. What, though, and how much? The query was that. We bemoaned the telegraphic style's stupidity in our comments. The surrounding vegetation said little and prevented us from seeing very far. The hut's entryway was covered with a ripped crimson twill curtain that regretfully flailed in our direction. The house was demolished, but it was clear that a white guy had recently resided there. A rough structure remained, consisting of a board on two posts, a pile of trash that was lying in a dim corner, and a book that I picked up beside the entrance. It was missing its covers and the pages were terribly dusty and worn-out, but the back had been meticulously repaired with white cotton thread, which still seemed clean. It was a remarkable discovery. Its author, a Towser, Towson-or some other name-Master in his Majesty's Navy, titled it *An Inquiry into Some Points of Seamanship*. With illustrated pictures and disgusting s of s, the subject appeared gloomy enough to read, and the copy was sixty years old. I handled this incredible artifact with the utmost care so that it wouldn't crumble in my hands. Inside, Towson or Towser was diligently researching topics like the breaking strain of ship chains and tackle. Although it wasn't a very captivating book, you could see right away that it was written with a single aim and an open concern for the proper way to go to work. This made the book's unassuming pages, which were written so many years ago, glow with something other than a professional light. With his discourse of chains and purchases, the plain old sailor let me forget the forest and the pilgrims and gave me the pleasant impression that I had discovered something that was undeniably genuine. Being able to find such a book was amazing in and of itself, but what was even more amazing were the annotations that were clearly referencing the text in the margins. My eyes were so unbelievable! They were cryptic! It did really resemble cipher. Imagine a guy carrying a book of that caliber into the middle of nowhere, studying it, and even taking notes in cipher! The mystery was grandiose [9], [10]. I



had been hearing a disturbing commotion for a while, and when I opened my eyes, I noticed that the woodpile had vanished and that the manager, with the help of all the pilgrims, was yelling at me beside the riverbed. The book was tucked inside my pocket. You may be sure that stopping reading was like ripping myself away from the support of a trusted buddy. I fired up the weak engine up front. The manager shouted, "It must be this miserable trader-this intruder," as he menacingly turned to face where we had just gone. I said, "He must be English." If he is not cautious, it won't save him from getting into problems, the manager said menacingly. I saw that no guy was secure from difficulty in this world with the assumption of innocence.

The steamer seemed to be on her last breath, the stern-wheel floated lazily, and I found myself listening on tiptoe for the boat's next beat because, in all honesty, I thought the miserable thing might die at any minute. It was like to seeing a life's last moments. But we continued to crawl. I would sometimes choose a tree a little ahead to use as a yardstick for how close we were getting to Kurtz, but I would always lose it before we caught up. Human patience couldn't handle focusing on one thing for so long. The manager gave a lovely resignation speech. I worried and argued with myself about whether or not I would speak to Kurtz in an open manner, but before I could come to a decision, it dawned to me that speaking or remaining silent, or even taking any other action, would be pointless. What did it matter whether someone knew something or disregarded it? Who was the manager really mattered? Sometimes, such an epiphany occurs. The core of this situation was hidden well below the surface, out of my grasp, and beyond my ability to interfere.

"We estimated that we were approximately eight kilometers from Kurtz's station by the end of the second day. The manager, who had a somber expression, informed me it would be best to stay where we were until the following morning since the navigation up there was so hazardous and the sun was already quite low. Furthermore, he emphasized that we must approach in the daytime and not at nightfall or at night if the instruction to approach gently is to be followed. This made sense to some extent. We had to steam for eight miles, which took us close to three hours. I also saw strange waves at the top end of the reach. But despite the fact that one more night could not possibly mean all that much after so many months, I was beyond frustrated by the delay and most unreasonable of all. I brought up in the middle of the stream since we had plenty of wood and prudence was the watchword. The reach resembled a railway cutting with its thin, straight, and steep walls. It was far into the dark before the sun had set. A dumb immobility was there on the banks despite the current's fast and flawless motion. Even the tiniest twig or the lightest leaf may have been transformed into stone from the live trees that were being held together by creepers and other living vegetation. It didn't seem natural, like a trance; it wasn't sleep. There was not the slightest sound of any sort. As you watched in awe and started to wonder whether you were deaf, the darkness suddenly arrived and you also became blind. I jumped as if a pistol had been shot when, at about three in the morning, several enormous fish jumped. A white fog that was warmer and clammier than the nighttime fog was there as the sun rose. It was simply there, surrounding you like something solid, without shifting or driving. It may have risen at eight or nine just as a shutter does. The vast matted jungle, with its towering number of trees, and the burning sun's small ball hovering above it caught our attention for a brief while before the white shutter closed again, effortlessly, as if sliding in greased grooves. We had already started heaving in the chain, so I directed that it be paid out once again. Before it stopped moving with a muted rattling, a piercing scream that seemed like eternal loneliness slowly ascended into the thick air. It stopped. Our ears were overwhelmed with a whining clamor that was modulated in vicious discords. My hair began to tremble beneath my hat because of how unexpected it was. I'm not sure how it affected the others, but to me it seemed as if the mist had shouted

since this turbulent and melancholy noise appeared abruptly and from all directions at once. It came to an abrupt end with a quick burst of almost intolerably loud screeching that left us stiffening in a variety of stupid postures and obstinately listening to the nearly as awful and loud quiet. "Thank God! What does it mean? One of the pilgrims—a little, overweight guy with sandy hair and red whiskers who was wearing side-spring boots and pink pajamas tucked into his socks—stammered at my elbow. Two other people stood there with their mouths gaping for a whole minute before scurrying inside the little hut. They then hurried out incongruously, standing there while casting terrified looks and holding Winchester rifles at "ready." The only thing we could make out was the steamboat we were on, with her silhouette distorted as if she had been about to dissolve, and a foggy band of water, maybe two feet wide, around her. As far as our eyes and ears could tell, the rest of the world was nowhere. just nowhere. Gone, vanished; carried out without a murmur or a shadow in their wake.

"I moved ahead and gave the order to shorten the chain so that it might be ready to trip the anchor and immediately move the steamboat if required. "Will they attack?" murmured a voice of astonishment. One more said, "We will all be butchered in this fog." The eyes forgot to blink, the hands shook a little, and the cheeks twitched under the tension. Although their homes were just eight hundred miles away, the difference in facial expressions between the white guys and the black members of our crew who were as unfamiliar with that portion of the river as we were was rather interesting. The whites, who were obviously quite dejected, also seemed to be genuinely surprised by the absurd row. Even those of the one or two who smirked as they tugged at the chain had calm features despite the others' attentive, naturally interested expressions. They all exchanged quick, guttural words that seemed to put an end to the conflict. Had it not occurred to me that he and his companions must be really hungry, and that they must have been becoming more and more hungry for at least this last month, I would have been appalled as appropriate. They had been engaged for six months, and of course, nobody gave a thought to where they would live as long as there was a piece of paper scrawled over in line with some ridiculous rule or other devised down the river. Even if the pilgrims hadn't thrown a sizable amount of it overboard in the middle of an upsetting hullabaloo, they had undoubtedly carried some rotting hippo flesh with them, which couldn't have survived for very long. Although it seemed to be a haughty process, it was really a matter of justifiable self-defense. You cannot maintain your tenuous hold on life while breathing like a dead hippopotamus who is also awake, sleeping, and eating. In addition, they had handed them three lengths of brass wire, each measuring approximately nine inches in length, which they were supposed to use as money to purchase their supplies in the riverbank towns. It's clear how that functioned. The director, who like the rest of us lived off of tins with the odd old he-goat thrown in, either didn't want to halt the boat for some more or less obscure reason or the villages weren't there or the locals were unfriendly. I don't see how their lavish pay could be of any use to them, unless they ingested the wire itself or created loops out of it to catch the fish with. I have to remark that it was paid on time and with the regularity of a big, respectable commercial organization. The only food they had the rest of the time, despite the fact that it didn't look appetizing in the least, was a few lumps of something that looked like half-cooked dough and was a dirty lavender color. They kept these lumps wrapped in leaves and occasionally ate a piece of it, but it was so small that it appeared to be done more for show than for actual nutritional value. It baffles me now that I think about it why, in the name of all the gnawing demons of hunger, they didn't go for us—they were thirty to five—and have a decent tuck-in for once. They were large, strong guys who lacked the mental ability to analyze the pros and negatives. They had bravery and strength despite the fact that their skin had aged and their muscles had softened. And I realized that there had been a constraining factor at play—one of those human secrets that defy probability.

Not because I thought I might be eaten by them soon, though I will admit that at that moment I noticed-in a new light, if you will-how unwholesome the pilgrims appeared, and I hoped, yes, I positively hoped, that my perspective was not so-what shall I say? -so-unappetizing: a dash of bizarre conceit that complemented the dreamlike feeling that filled every one of my days at the time. Maybe I also got a small temperature. You can't survive by always keeping an eye on your pulse. I often had "a little fever" or a little touch of other conditions-the playful paw-strokes of the woods, the mild prelude to the more severe attack that soon followed. Yes, I observed them as I would any human being, curious about their drives, motivations, abilities, and flaws when put to the test by an unavoidable physical need. Restraint! What kind of constraint is there? Was it a result of superstition, revulsion, endurance, terror, or a primordial kind of honor? Hunger is something that no amount of dread, patience, or disdain can defeat; as for superstition, beliefs, and so-called ideals, they are nothing more than chaff in a wind. Don't you understand the agony of prolonged hunger, its excruciating suffering, its sinister thoughts, and its gloomy, brooding ferocity? Okay, I do. A guy must use every ounce of his innate strength to adequately combat hunger. Bereavement, dishonor, and the destruction of one's spirit are far simpler to bear than this kind of extreme hunger. True, but sad. These guys also had no excuse from the earth for any kind of hesitation. Restraint! I would have rather to see restraint from a hyena wandering amid the combat casualties. However, there was a fact in front of me that shone, to be seen, like the foam on the depths of the ocean, like a ripple on an incomprehensible mystery, and was a mystery greater-when I thought about it-than the curious, inexplicable note of desperate grief in this savage clamor that had swept by us on the riverbank, behind the blind whiteness of the fog.

### 3. CONCLUSION

We are drawn into a world of moral uncertainty by Conrad's evocative writing and narrative devices, such as the use of symbolism and the unreliable narrator. The book forces us to face difficult realities about the worst parts of mankind, which leaves us feeling very introspective. We are forced to confront the ugly truths of imperialism and the exploitation of indigenous people as Marlow and I go down the Congo River. The movie "Heart of Darkness" challenges us to consider colonialism's lasting effects and how they have affected modern civilization. In summary, "Heart of Darkness" is a frightening and timeless piece of literature that never fails to elicit reflection and debate. This book will be a riveting and timely read for many generations to come because to Conrad's investigation of the darkness that exists inside the human spirit and the destructive ramifications of power. It forces us to face the depths of our own souls and consider the moral intricacies of the human condition.

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## CHAPTER 10

### ENIGMATIC MR. KURTZ: AN ENCOUNTER IN THE HEART OF DARKNESS

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#### ABSTRACT:

In this passage from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," we delve into the mysterious character of Mr. Kurtz through the eyes of the narrator, Marlow. The passage offers insights into Kurtz's background, his eloquence, and the unsettling aspects of his personality. Marlow's recounting of Kurtz's written report, which eloquently extols the power of the white colonizers over the indigenous people, foreshadows the darkness that ultimately consumes Kurtz. The passage also highlights the emotional connection Marlow forms with his late helmsman and the contrasting reactions of the pilgrims and wood-cutters to Kurtz's demise. As Marlow approaches a station on the riverbank, he encounters a peculiar figure, resembling a harlequin, who beckons him ashore, leading to an unexpected twist in the narrative. The passage also highlights the emotional bond Marlow forms with his deceased helmsman and the contrasting reactions of the pilgrims and wood-cutters to Kurtz's demise. As Marlow approaches a mysterious station on the riverbank, a harlequin-like figure beckons him ashore, introducing a new layer of intrigue and uncertainty.

#### KEYWORDS:

Darkness, Encounter, Heart of Darkness, Imperialism, Joseph Conrad.

#### 1. INTRODUCTION

In frantic whispers, two pilgrims were arguing about which bank to take. 'Left.' "How can you?" I said. Correct, correct, of course. The manager's voice behind me said, "It is very serious; I would be devastated if anything should happen to Mr. Kurtz before we came up." I observed him and had no doubts about his sincerity at all. He was just the type of guy who would want to keep everything looking well. His constraint was that. But I didn't even bother to respond when he mumbled something about continuing immediately. He and I both knew that was not feasible. If we released our grip on the ground, we would be completely in the air and in space. Until we pushed up against one bank or the other, we wouldn't be able to identify where we were going—whether upstream, downstream, or across—and even then, we wouldn't first know which it was. Of course, I did not act. I wasn't in the mood for a fight. There is no spot for a shipwreck that could be more dangerous. We were certain to die quickly whether we immediately drowned or not. After a brief pause, he continued, "I permit you to take all the risks." I quickly said, "I refuse to take any," which was exactly the response he was looking for even if the tone could have shocked him. Well, I must respect your opinion. With obvious courtesy, he remarked, "You are captain." I gave him a thank-you nod by turning my shoulder and turned to face the mist. How much time would it take? The lookout was at its most helpless. The method used for this Kurtz faced as many hazards when scavenging for ivory in the desolate bush as if he were an enchanting princess resting in a magnificent palace. Will they assault, do you think? the manager inquired in a guarded manner. I didn't anticipate an assault, for a number of apparent reasons. There was the dense fog. They would get disoriented if they attempted to leave the bank in their canoes, just as we would if we tried to go. Even yet, I had also considered the bush on both sides to be rather



impenetrable-but there were still eyes there, eyes that had seen us. Although the riverfront shrubs were indeed dense, it was clear that they could be cut through. On the brief lift, though, I had not spotted any canoes anywhere in the reach, and particularly not close to the ship. But the intensity of the noise-of the shouts we had heard-made the thought of an assault incomprehensible to me. They lacked a fiery demeanor indicating an instant violent purpose. Despite being unexpected, chaotic, and violent, they had left me with the unavoidable sensation that something was deeply wrong. For some reason, the vision of the steamer had unleashed uncontrollable sadness in those barbarians. I explained that any threat came from being so close to a powerful human desire that was running amok. Even the most intense sadness may eventually manifest in violence, although it usually manifests as indifference [1], [2].

"You ought to have seen the pilgrims' expressions! They were too scared to smile or even mock me, but I guess they believed I had become insane due to fear. I gave a typical lecture. My darling sons, it served no use to worry. heed the warning? As you can probably assume, I kept an eye on the fog like a cat keeps track of a mouse, but other than that, our eyes weren't any more useful to us than if we had been buried miles under a pile of cotton wool. It also had that suffocating, warm, and choking feeling. In addition, although seeming excessive, everything I stated was entirely accurate. What we later referred to as an assault was really an effort to repel. The action was carried out under pressure from desperation and was, at its core, solely protective; it was very far from being aggressive and was not even defensive in the traditional sense. It began to take shape, I should say, two hours after the fog cleared, and it started around one and a half miles below Kurtz's station. When I first saw an islet, there was just a little grassy hummock of brilliant green in the center of the stream, and we had just begun to stumble and flop around the curve. It was the only object of its sort, but as we further widened the reach, I saw it was the beginning of a long sandbank, or more precisely, of a series of shallow patches that extended down the center of the river. They seemed to be discolored and inundated, and the whole mass was visible just below the surface of the water-exactly like a man's backbone seems to run down the center of his back under the skin. I could go to the right or left of this, as far as I could see. Naturally, neither channel was familiar to me. Although the depth and banks seemed to be very similar, I automatically opted for the western route since I had been told the station was on the west side. As soon as we actually stepped inside, I realized it was far narrower than I had thought. The long, unbroken shoal was to our left, and to our right was a high, steep bank that was densely covered with shrubs. The trees were arranged in serried columns above the bush. The twigs densely hung over the river, and from time to time a massive tree limb protruded firmly over the stream. When it happened, it was already far into the afternoon, the forest was overcast, and a wide swath of shadow had already fallen over the lake. As you could expect, we steamed up quite slowly in this darkness. The sounding-pole had told me that the water was deepest along the bank, so I sheered her far inshore. One of my famished and patient pals was calling in the bows just under me. This steamboat resembled a decked scow perfectly. Two little teakwood cottages with doors and windows were present on the deck. The equipment was just behind the boiler and in front of it. A lightweight roof that was supported by stanchions covered the whole area. The funnel protruded through that roof, and the pilot house was a tiny cabin made of thin boards that was placed in front of the funnel. A sofa, two campstools, a loaded Martini-Henry lying against a wall, a little, and the driving wheel were all there. It had a big front entrance and big shutters on both sides. Naturally, all of these were always flung open. I stayed there, before the entrance, on the very front of the roof, where I was perched all day. I attempted to sleep on the sofa at night. The helmsman was a fit black man who belonged to a coastal tribe and had been schooled by my underprivileged predecessor. He had a pair of

metal earrings on, was dressed from the waist to the ankles in blue fabric, and was quite self-confident. He was the silliest moron I had ever encountered. He navigated with an endless air of swagger while you were nearby, but as soon as he lost sight of you, he fell into an instantaneous state of dejection and would quickly cede control to that cripple of a riverboat. When I watched my poleman abruptly throw up the job and sprawl down flat on the deck without even bothering to bring his pole in, I was furious since I could see a bit more of the sounding pole sticking out of the water with each attempt. Even so, it trailed in the water as he held on to it. The firefighter dipped his head and quickly sat down in front of his furnace, which I could clearly see below me. I was in awe. There was a snag in the fairway, so I had to glance at the river really quickly. Sticks, small sticks, were flying about in dense formation. They were zipping past my nose, dipping underneath me, and slamming against my pilot house from behind. The river, the coast, and the trees were quite quiet-perfectly quiet-the whole time. I could only make out the patter of these items and the stern-wheel's loud splashing thud. We made a hasty exit from the snag. Arrrghs, by God! They were firing at us! I rapidly moved in to close the land-side shutter. With his hands on the spokes, the idiot helmsman was rising his knees high, stomping his feet, and chowing down like a reined-in horse. Surprise him! We were also stumbling about 10 feet from the bank. The shutter finally opened when the twigs trembled, swung, and rustled as the arrows shot out of them. I instructed the helmsman to steer the vessel straight. He maintained his head stiffly held forward, but his eyes rolled, he continued rising and lowering his feet slowly, and a little froth came out of his lips. I said, "Stop talking!" in a frenzy. I could have just as easily told a tree not to shake in the wind. I quickly left. Can you turn back? was shouted below me as there was a tremendous scramble of feet on the iron deck and confusing exclamations. A V-shaped ripple in the water in front of me drew my attention. What? Another problem! I suddenly felt a fusillade beneath my feet. The pilgrims were only spraying lead into the thicket after having opened with their Winchester rifles. A huge cloud of smoke appeared and steadily moved ahead. I cursed at it. Now, neither the ripple nor the snag was visible to me. The arrows began to fly in swarms as I stood in the doorway and peered inside. Although they could have been poisoned, they didn't seem like they would be able to kill a cat. The bush started to roar. Our woodcutters let up a warlike cry, and I became completely deaf to the sound of a rifle close behind me. When I made a sprint for the wheel, the pilot's home was still awash in noise and smoke when I peered over my shoulder. To open the shutter and let the Martini-Henry off, the naive idiot had dumped everything. I called at him to return as I corrected the steamboat's unexpected twist as he stood looking at the huge hole. There was no time to waste, so I pushed her into the bank, where I knew the water was deep, since there was nowhere to turn, even if I had chosen to do so. The snag was somewhere very close ahead in that perplexing haze [3], [4].

## 2. DISCUSSION

In a frenzy of flying leaves and snapped twigs, we slowly tore along the overhanging shrubs. When the squirts ran out, the fusillade below halted abruptly, as I had anticipated it would. I flung my head back and saw a glinting whizz pass through one shutter hole and out the other as it crossed the pilot house. I saw hazy images of folks running bent over, jumping, gliding, distinct, incomplete, and ephemeral when I turned my attention away from the crazy helmsman waving the empty weapon and screaming at the coast. Before the shutter, a large object emerged in the air, the gun was fired, the guy quickly stepped back, turned to gaze at me in an incredible, deep, and familiar way, and then he collapsed to the ground. His head struck the wheel twice, and a small camp stool was pushed down as the end of what looked to be a lengthy cane clattered about. He seemed to have lost his footing while attempting to wrench that object from someone on the coast. We were free of the snag, the thin smoke had

dissipated, and I could see that in another hundred yards or so I would be able to sheer off and away from the bank. However, I had to glance down since my feet felt so hot and damp. The guy was lying on his back, holding the cane in both hands, gazing up at me. My shoes were full; a pool of blood lay very still, gleaming dark-red under the wheel; and his eyes shone with an amazing lustre. It was the shaft of a spear, either thrown or lunged through the opening, that had struck him in the side just below the ribs; the blade had gone in out of sight, after making a frightful gash; and my shoes were full. Once again, the fusillade erupted. He held the spear tightly, as if he was frightened, I might attempt to remove it from him, while he stared at me nervously. I had to work to keep my eyes from his line of sight so that I could focus on the steering. With one hand, I quickly pulled out scream after screech while searching for the steam whistle's line over my head. The commotion of furious and warlike cries was immediately quieted, and then a tremulous and protracted howl of sad terror and absolute despair that may be imagined to accompany the departure of the last hope from the earth erupted from the depths of the woods. There was a lot of bustles in the bush; the hail of arrows halted; a few crisp dropping shots sounded out; and then there was calm, during which I could clearly hear the stern-wheel's leisurely beat. When the pilgrim in pink pajamas, who was quite heated and anxious, approached in the doorway, I hardened the helm to starboard. In an official tone, he said, "The manager sends me-" but stopped short. "Thank God!" I told you so, gazing at the injured guy [5], [6].

"We two white people were standing over him when his beautiful, perplexing gaze engulfed us both. I assert that it seemed as if he would soon ask us a question in comprehensible language, but he passed away without making a sound, moving a limb, or twitching a muscle. He didn't frown until the very last second, as if in reaction to some indication or whisper we couldn't see or hear. That frown gave his black death-mask an unfathomably gloomy, brooding, and threatening aspect. The spark of the curious look quickly turned into a glassy emptiness. "Can you drive?" "I enthusiastically questioned the agent. He gave me a pretty skeptical look, but as I grabbed his arm, he immediately realized that I was asking him to steer whether or not. To be quite honest, I was morbidly excited to switch up my socks and shoes. The man, who was very pleased, said, "He is dead." Without a doubt, I murmured while yanking furiously on my shoelaces. And by the way, I guess Mr. Kurtz is also deceased at this point.

At the time, it predominated the mind. There was a profound sensation of disappointment, as if I had learned that the goal, I had been pursuing was completely unfounded. If I had come all this way only to speak to Mr. Kurtz, I wouldn't have been any more disgusted. conversing with. ..I threw one shoe overboard as I realized that a conversation with Kurtz was precisely what I had been looking forward to. I made the peculiar revelation that he was discoursing instead of doing something that I had never imagined him doing. The guy appeared as a voice, and I didn't think to myself, "Now I will never see him," or "Now I will never shake him by the hand." Instead, I thought, "Now I will never hear him." Of course, I made a connection between him and an action. I was informed in the most envious and admiring tones possible that he had amassed, traded, conned, or stolen more ivory than all the other agents combined. The purpose wasn't that. The point was that he was a gifted being, and that of all his gifts, his ability to talk stood out foremost and carried with it a sense of real presence. His words were his gift of expression-the bewildering, illuminating, most exalted and most contemptible, the pulsating stream of light or the deceitful flow from the heart of an impenetrable darkness [7], [8].

"The second shoe flew toward the river's devil-god. I said, "By God! It is finished. We are too late; he has disappeared, along with the present, using some kind of spear, arrow, or club. My

sadness had a stunning excess of feeling, exactly as I had seen in the screaming anguish of these savages in the jungle. I shall never hear that gentleman speak after all. If I had been denied a belief or missed my life's purpose, I would not have felt more alone and desolate. ...Why are you sighing in such a vicious manner, someone? Absurd? Unreal, I guess. Oh, my God! A guy should never say, "Here, give me some tobacco. After a moment of intense stillness, a match was lit, and Marlow's emaciated, hollow face with downward folds and dropped eyelids and an expression of focused attention emerged. As he took brisk draws from his pipe, the face appeared to retreat and advance out of the darkness in the regular flicker of the small flame. The flames of the fire were extinguished. "Absurd!", he sobbed. "This is the worst story I could have told. ...You are all gathered here, each anchored with two respectable addresses, like a ship with two anchors, with a butcher and a policeman on opposite corners, fantastic appetites, and temperatures that are, as you have probably heard, consistent from year end to year end. You reply, "Absurd!" Be absurd, explode! Absurd! What do you expect, my darling guys, from a man who has just thrown a pair of brand-new shoes overboard out of pure anxiety? Now that I think about it, I'm surprised I didn't cry. In general, I am proud of my strength. The thought of having forfeited the priceless honor of hearing the talented Kurtz struck me to the quick. Obviously, I was mistaken. The opportunity was there for me. Oh, I've heard enough already. And I was also correct. an audio. He was essentially just a voice. The recollection of that period itself hovers about me, impalpable, like a fading vibration of one enormous chatter, ridiculous, awful, nasty, vicious, or plain cruel, without any sort of meaning. And I heardhimitthisvoiceothervoicesall of them were so little more than sounds. Voices everywhere, even the girl herself.

He said abruptly, "I laid the ghost of his gifts at last with a lie." "Girl! What? A girl, did I say that? Oh, she's really lost it. Theythe women, specificallyare out of it and ought to be. To prevent our world from becoming worse, we must assist them in maintaining their own wonderful world. Oh, I guess she had to go. You would have known right away how absolutely out of it she was had you heard Mr. Kurtz's disinterred corpse remark, "My Intended." And Mr. Kurtz's high frontal bone! Although it is frequently said that hair grows back, this specimen, uh, was remarkably bald. The wildness had stroked him and patted him on the head then, voila!, it had shown itself to be like a ball made of ivoryhe had withered; via the unbelievable rituals of some hellish initiation, it had seized him, loved him, hugged him, entered his veins, devoured his body, and bound his soul to its own. Its favorite and most pampered person was him. Ivory? I would assume so. Lots of stuff, in piles. It flooded the ancient mud hut to the brim. You could believe that there are none remaining in the whole nation, either above or below the surface. The manager had made the derogatory comment, "Mostly fossil." It was no more a fossil than I am, but when it is dug up, they label it a fossil. These niggers do seem to bury the tusks sometimes, but it seems they were unable to bury this shipment far enough to spare the talented Mr. Kurtz from his destiny. We had to dump a lot of stuff on the deck after filling the riverboat with it. Because he had appreciated this favor to the very end, he was able to view and enjoy it for as long as he could. Oh, sure, I heard him say, "My ivory." You should have heard him say it. Everything belonged to him: "My Intended, my ivory, my station, my river, my--." It caused me to hold my breath as I waited to hear the wilderness erupt in a mighty roar of laughing that would shake the fixed stars from their positions. Everything was his, but that wasn't really important. Knowing to whom he belonged and how many forces of evil claimed him as their own was the important thing. The reflection that gave you the creeps was that one. Trying to imagine was not only difficult, it was also bad for one. He had actually occupied a prominent position among the country's villains. You lack comprehension. How were you able to?How can you imagine what specific area of the first ages a man's untrammelled feet may take him into by the way of

solitude-utter solitude without a policeman-by the way of silence-utter silence, where no warning voice of a kind neighbor can be heard? You'd have to step delicately between the butcher and the policeman, in the holy terror of scandal and gallows and lunatic asylums. These seemingly little details have a huge impact. You will need to rely on your own inherent strength and fidelity when they are gone. Of course, it's possible that you're too stupid to make a mistake or too dim to see that evil forces are attacking you. It seems that no idiot has ever struck a deal with the devil to exchange his soul for anything; either the fool is too much of a fool or the devil is too much of a devil, I'm not sure which. Or you can be a being so thunderingly elevated that you are completely blind and deaf to everything save heavenly sights and noises. Then the world is just a place for you to stand, and I won't attempt to tell you if this is to your advantage or disadvantage. However, the majority of us fall somewhere in between. For us, the world is a place to dwell where, by God, we must endure sights, sounds, and odors as well!so to speak, breathe the dead hippo and not be tainted. And there, are you not seeing? Your power of devotion-not to oneself, but to a difficult, back-breaking job-comes from your trust in your capacity to dig unassuming holes to bury the items in. And that's challenging enough. I'm not attempting to justify myself or even provide an explanation; I'm just trying to give myself an account for- Mr. Kurtz-due to Mr. Kurtz's shading [9], [10].

Before completely disappearing, this initiated ghost from the depths of Nowhere honored me with its astounding confidence. It could communicate with me in English, which was why. The original Kurtz had some of his education in England, and as he was confident enough to assert, his sympathies were genuine. His father was half French and his mother half English. Kurtz was created with help from all of Europe, and I eventually discovered that the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs had entrusted him with creating a report for its future direction. Additionally, he had authored it. I've observed it. Having read it. It was articulate and pulsing with eloquence, yet I believe it was overwrought. He had the time to write closely for 17 pages. However, this must have happened before his, shall we say, nerves went awry and he was forced to preside over some midnight dances concluding in horrific ceremonies, which, as far as I unwillingly gathered from what I heard at different times, were given up to him-do you understand? – to Mr. Kurtz personally. However, that was a very lovely bit of writing. However, after learning more, I now find the initial paragraph to be concerning. From the stage of development, we had reached, he said, we white people "must necessarily appear to them in the nature of supernatural beings-we approach them with the might as of a deity," and other similar claims. "By the simple act of exercising our will, we can exert a power for good that is virtually limitless," etc. He took off after that and carried me along with him. The oration was fantastic, but you know, it's hard to recall. It inspired in me visions of a mysterious Immensity controlled by a noble Benevolence. It gave me a thrill of excitement. This was the limitless power of words-of flaming beautiful words-of eloquence. Unless a type of remark at the bottom of the final page, scratched apparently much later, in an unsteady hand, may be considered as the description of a technique. there were no practical suggestions to break up the miraculous river of sentences. It was quite straightforward, and at the conclusion of that stirring appeal to all humanitarian feelings, it flashed at you, brilliant and scary, like a bolt of lightning in a clear sky: "Exterminate all the brutes!The strange thing was that he seemed to have completely forgotten about that important post-scriptum since afterwards, when he kind of realized what had happened, he constantly pleaded with me to take excellent care of "my pamphlet" because it would undoubtedly have a positive impact on his career. I was fully informed about all of these details, and as it turned out, I would be responsible for looking after his memory. If I choose, I have the undeniable right to put it in the dustbin of progress, with all the sweepings and,



metaphorically speaking, all the dead cats of civilization, for an eternal rest since I have done enough to earn the right. But as you can see, I'm stuck. He won't go unremembered. He was not typical, whatever he was. He had the ability to enchant or terrify simple souls into an aggravated witch-dance in his honor, and he could also fill the pilgrims' small souls with bitter misgivings. At the very least, he had one devoted friend, and he had conquered one soul in the world that was neither simple nor tainted with self-seeking. No, I can't forget him, even if I'm not ready to say he was precisely worth the life we sacrificed to reach him. Even when his corpse was still laying in the pilot house, I was sorely missing my late helmsman. This grief for a primitive who was little more than a grain of sand in the dark Sahara may strike you as being a little odd. Well, don't you see, he had guided; for months, he had been at my side as a supporter and a tool. It was a kind of collaboration. He steered for me because I had to take care of him and worry about his shortcomings. As a result, a delicate link was formed, of which I was only aware when it was abruptly severed. And to this day, I can still clearly recall the profound intimacy of the look he gave me when he realized how upset he was—a glance that seemed like a claim of distant kinship confirmed at a defining moment. Stupid idiot! If only he had not touched the shutter. Like Kurtz, who was a tree shaken by the wind, he lacked discipline. I hauled him out after ripping the spear out of his side, which I admit I did while tightly closing my eyes. I then put on a dry pair of slippers. His shoulders were crushed against my breast as they sprang together over the little threshold, and I urgently gripped him from behind. Oh! He was very heavy—heavier than any other male I can think of. I then pushed him overboard without further ado. He was whisked away by the water like a wisp of grass, and I watched his corpse roll over twice before it vanished forever. All of the pilgrims, including the manager, had gathered on the awning-deck near the pilot house and were chatting excitedly to one another. There was a scandalized murmur at my callous promptitude. I'm not sure why they decided to keep the corpse lying around. Embalm it, maybe. On the deck below, though, I had also heard another murmur that was very foreboding. Although I acknowledge that the explanation itself was very unacceptable, my pals the wood-cutters were as scandalized and with a stronger display of justification. Quiet, I see. I had already decided that the fish should be the only ones to consume my late helmsman. When he was living, he was a pretty poor helmsman, but now that he was dead, he may have developed into a first-rate temptation and perhaps started some shocking problems. In addition, the guy in the pink pajamas was revealing himself to be a total failure at the job, so I was eager to seize the wheel.

I did this as soon as the straightforward funeral was completed. I listened to the conversation about me while we were moving at a half-speed, staying directly in the center of the stream. Kurtz was dead, the station had been set on fire, and so on and so forth. They had given up on Kurtz and the station. The red-haired pilgrim was beyond himself with relief that this unfortunate Kurtz had at least received just retribution. 'Say! They must have been brutally murdered by us in the jungle. Eh? How do you feel? Say? The violent little ginger beggar "absolutely danced." And when he saw the injured guy, he almost passed out! You generated a wonderful amount of smoke, though, I had to comment. I had seen that almost all of the rounds had gone too high from the way the tops of the shrubs were rustling and flying. The only way to strike anything is to take aim and shoot from the shoulder, but these guys were firing blindly from the hip. I insisted that the retreat was brought on by the wailing of the steam whistle, and I was correct. After hearing this, everyone stopped thinking about Kurtz and started yelling at me indignantly. I noticed in the distance a clearing on the riverbank and the outlines of some type of structure," the manager said. "The manager remained by the wheel talking quietly about the urgency of getting far away down the river before nightfall at

any circumstances. "What is that? I enquired. In awe, he clapped his hands. A station!", he sobbed. With my speed remaining at half, I immediately moved in.

"Through my glasses, I could make out a hillside that was entirely clear of vegetation and sprinkled with unique trees. The backdrop was made out of the jungle and the woods, with a long, dilapidated structure on the top partially hidden in the tall grass. From a distance, the big holes in the peaked roof gaped dark. There was no fence or enclosure of any type, but it seems that there once was since a row of six thin pillars with their top ends decorated with carved balls still stood close to the home. The rails, or whatever had been between, were no longer there. Of course, all of it was surrounded by a forest. The riverbank was clear, and I saw a white guy gesturing continuously with his whole arm while wearing a hat that looked like a cartwheel. I very certainly saw movements-human figures floating here and there-as I examined the forest's edge above and below. I cautiously raced by, then turned off the engines and let her sink downward. We should land, the guy on the coast started shouting. The manager said, "We have been attacked." I am aware of this. The other screamed back, "It's all right, as happy as you like. Come with me. Everything is fine. I'm happy. His appearance brought to mind something amusing I had seen someplace. What does this person look like? I thought to myself as I maneuvered to pull alongside. I suddenly understood. He had a harlequin appearance. The sun made him look incredibly gay and wonderfully neat at the same time because you could see how skillfully all this patching had been done. His clothes were made of some material that was probably brown Holland, but they were covered in bright patches, blue, red, and yellow-patches on the back, patches on the front, patches on elbows, patches on knees; colored binding around his jacket; scarlet edging at the bottom of his trousers. With no facial characteristics to speak of, a very fair, boyish face, small blue eyes, and a peeling nose, grins and frowns chased each other across that open visage like sunlight and darkness on a wind-swept plain. "Captain, look out! There's a snag wedged in here from last night, he wailed. Another problem? I'm ashamed to admit that I cursed. To end that beautiful vacation, I was on the verge of holeing my handicap. You English? said the harlequin on the riverside as he turned his small pug-nose toward me. He smiled and enquired. If you are? I yelled from the steering wheel. He shook his head and the grins disappeared, acting as if he were sorry for my displeasure. Then he started to smile. "Screw that!" he sobbed upbeatly. Are we on schedule? I enquired. He said, tossing his head up the hill and suddenly seeming melancholy, "He's up there. His appearance alternated between being cloudy and being dazzling like the fall sky.

### 3. CONCLUSION

This section of challenges readers to consider the mystery surrounding Mr. Kurtz, a figure whose complexity and moral decline form the basis of Conrad's investigation of imperialism and human nature. It alludes to Kurtz's charm, eloquence, and spiral into lunacy, hinting at the forthcoming deeper disclosures. The meeting with the harlequin-like person gives the plot's development an additional layer of mystery and unpredictability. Readers are anxious to continue their journey into the depths of darkness with Marlow after reading this paragraph because it offers a tantalizing look of the thematic depth and psychological complexity that characterize Conrad's masterwork. "Heart of Darkness" is a timeless examination of human nature because Joseph Conrad urges readers to delve into the depths of human nature and the moral complexities of empire via this interaction.

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## CHAPTER 11

### ENIGMATIC MR. KURTZ: UNVEILING DARKNESS AND OBSCURITY

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#### ABSTRACT:

The Enigmatic Mr. Kurtz: Unveiling Darkness and Obscurity" delves into the heart of Joseph Conrad's classic novella, "Heart of Darkness," to dissect the character of Mr. Kurtz and the profound themes that surround him. This analysis explores Kurtz's journey from a charismatic and eloquent figure to a symbol of madness and moral decay. Through a close examination of the passage, it also highlights the contrast between those who succumb to the wilderness's allure and those who resist its temptations. The symbolic elements, such as the heads on stakes and the mysterious woman, add layers of meaning to the narrative, emphasizing the surreal and unsettling nature of Kurtz's world. Ultimately, Kurtz represents the heart of human darkness and serves as a powerful metaphor for the moral complexities of colonialism. This abstract provides a glimpse into the enigmatic world of Mr. Kurtz, inviting readers to explore the depths of human nature and the consequences of unchecked ambition and power.

#### KEYWORDS:

Clarity, Discovery, Hidden Truths, Mystery, Obscurity.

#### 1. INTRODUCTION

This individual joined the ship as the manager entered the home while being accompanied by the pilgrims, who were all heavily armed. I declare that I object to this. I said, "These natives are in the bush." He really told me it would be OK. He said, "They are simple folks. Well, I'm delighted you came. To keep them off, I had to use all of my time. I wept, "But you said it was okay." He added, "Oh, they didn't mean any harm," but as I gazed, he amended himself, "Not exactly." "My faith, your pilot-house wants a clean-up!" he said with vigor. He then instructed me to maintain enough steam in the boiler to blast the whistle in case of emergency. One effective shriek is more effective than all of your weapons together. They are straightforward folks, he said again. He was moving so quickly that he almost overpowered me. He seemed to be making up for a lot of quiet, and he even implied as much while laughing. Why don't you speak to Mr. Kurtz? I said. He said with a terrible exaltation, "You don't talk with that man-you listen to him." "But now," He waved his arm, and in the blink of an eye, he had reached the lowest point of despair. After a brief pause, he sprang back up and grabbed both of my hands, shaking them vigorously while babbling, "Brother Sailor. Honor. Pleasure. Delight. Introduce myself. Russian Son of an Arch-Priest Government of Tambov." What? Tobacco! The top-notch English tobacco is English tobacco! That is definitely brotherly. Smoke? Where can I find a sailor who doesn't smoke? The pipe calmed him, and over time I realized that he had fled from school, traveled to sea on a Russian ship, fled once again, served time in English ships, and was now at peace with the archpriest. He highlighted that. But while one is young, one has to take in experiences, ideas, and broaden their minds. Here, I yelled in protest. "You never know!" I met Mr. Kurtz here,' he remarked, sounding somber and critical of youth. After that, I kept my mouth shut. With a light heart and no more knowledge of what would happen to him than a newborn, it seems he had convinced a Dutch

trading-house on the shore to outfit him with stocks and products. For over two years, he had been travelling by himself along that river, shut off from everyone and everything. I'm not as youthful as I seem to be. I am 25," he said. He described the incident with great delight, saying, "At first old Van Shuyten would tell me to go to the devil; but I stuck to him, and talked and talked, until at last he got afraid I would talk the hind-leg off his favorite dog; so, he gave me some cheap things and a few guns, and told me he hoped he would never see my face again." Good old Van Shuyten, a Dutchman. So that dad won't refer to me as a little thief when I return, I gave him a modest amount of ivory over a year ago. I hope he understood. I don't give a damn about the rest. For you, I had some wood stored. My previous home was there. Did you notice?" I handed him the book by Towson. Although he seemed ready to kiss me, he refrained. It was the only book he had left, and he said, "The only book I had left, and I thought I had lost it." "You know, a guy walking alone has so many accidents happen to him. When people become furious, you sometimes have to move out of the way quickly in canoes. He paged through them. I questioned, "You took notes in Russian?" He gave a nod. I said, "I thought they were written in cipher." He grinned before becoming serious. He said, "I had a lot of trouble keeping these people off." Did they intend to murder you? I queried. Oh no, he said, checking himself. How come they attacked us? I continued. They don't want him to depart, he remarked after he had hesitated and looked ashamed. Do they not? Curiously, I responded. He nodded with a mysterious, wise nod. I tell you, this guy has expanded my thinking, the man sobbed. "I gazed at him, overwhelmed in wonder. He stretched his arms wide and stared at me with his small blue eyes that were perfectly round. He was standing in front of me in a jumble, as if he had escaped from a troop of mimes, eager and amazing. His whole presence was unlikely, mysterious, and completely perplexing. He was an intractable issue. It was incomprehensible how he had come to be, how he had made it this far, how he had persisted, and why he had not vanished right away. I walked a bit farther, then even more, till I had gone so far that I don't know how I'll ever get back," he remarked. Forget it. a lot of time. I can handle it. You remove Kurtz immediately, I beg you. His multicolored rags, his poverty, his loneliness, and the underlying sadness of his fruitless wanderings were all shrouded in the splendor of youth. His life had not been worth a day's buy for months or years, but there he was, gallantly and carelessly alive, seeming to be unbreakable only by virtue of his short existence and unreflecting arrogance. I was coerced into feeling anything like to jealousy or adoration. He was propelled forward and kept unharmed by glamour. He was certain to desire nothing more from the woods than room to breathe and go on. His need was to continue living while taking the greatest amount of danger and suffering. If ever the unadulterated, irrational, and irrational spirit of adventure had dominated a person, it had ruled this bepatched lad. I almost envied him having access to this quiet, pure heat. Even while he was speaking to you, you appeared to have forgotten that it was he-the guy in front of your eyes-who had experienced these things. It seemed to have eaten all concept of self so thoroughly. However, I did not envy him for being so loyal to Kurtz. He hadn't given it much thought. With a kind eager fatalism, he welcomed it when it came to him. I must admit that it seemed to me to be the most perilous item he had encountered so far in every manner [1], [2].

They were forced to come together, like two ships that had been stranded close to one another, and now they were rubbing sides. As they had once been camped out in the bush and chatted all night, or more likely Kurtz had spoken, I guess Kurtz wanted an audience. We discussed everything, he said, seeming rather moved by the memory. I had no idea that sleep even existed. It didn't seem like the night lasted very long. Everything! Everything! Of love, as well. Ah, he mentioned love to you! I replied, laughing heartily. It's not what you believe, he sobbed in an almost passionate tone. "It was generally." He forced me to see things. He raised his arms. The headman of my wood-cutters was relaxing nearby while we were on



deck and turned his heavy, glistening eyes toward him. I don't know why, but as I glanced about, this country, this river, this forest, and the very arch of this burning sky seemed to me to be so gloomy, dismal, impenetrable to human thinking, and pitiless to human frailty as never, ever before. "And, of course, you've been with him ever since?" I said. "On the other hand. It seems that several factors have severely hampered their sexual activity. He had successfully nursed Kurtz through two illnesses, he told me with pride, although Kurtz often strayed off by himself, far within the bush. He said that he often had to wait days for him to arrive at the station. Ah, sometimes it was worth the wait. "What did he do?" exploration, perhaps? I queried. Oh, yeah, of course; he had found several towns and a lake as well, though he was unsure of its location since it was risky to ask too many questions. However, the most of his missions had been for ivory. I said, "But he had no goods to trade with by that point." He said, turning his head aside, "There are still a good number of cartridges left." I said, "To put it plainly, he raided the country." He gave a nod. "Not alone, I'm sure!" He said something inaudible about the settlements that surround that lake. Did Kurtz manage to persuade the tribe to follow him? I recommended. He moved about a bit. He said, "They loved him." I gave him a questioning glance because of the remarkable tone of his statements. His conflicted enthusiasm and reluctance to discuss Kurtz was odd to see. The guy absorbed his time, dominated his thoughts, and controlled his feelings. He said, "What can you expect? He came to them with thunder and lightning, you know-and it was exceedingly dreadful and unlike anything they had ever experienced. He may be very horrible. Mr. Kurtz cannot be evaluated similarly to a regular individual. Not at all! I don't mind telling you that he once wanted to shoot me too, but I don't condemn him, only to give you an idea. I yelled out, "Shoot you." "Why for?" "Well, the chief of that village close to my home gave me a small quantity of ivory." I used to photograph game for them, as you can see. He wouldn't listen to reason, however; he just wanted it. He threatened to shoot me if I didn't give him the ivory and leave the country thereafter because he could, he wanted to, and there was nothing in the world to stop him from murdering anybody he fancied. Additionally, it was true. I presented the ivory to him. Why should I care? I didn't leave, however. No, no. I was unable to leave him. Naturally, I had to exercise caution until we were friends once again. Then, he became unwell for the second time. I had to stay out of the path going forward, but I didn't mind. He was mostly residing in those lakeside settlements. Sometimes he would approach me when he came down to the river, and other times it was best for me to remain cautious. This guy endured much too much pain. He detested everything about it, yet he was unable to escape. I volunteered to go back with him and pleaded with him to try to go while there was still time. And after accepting, he would stay, go on another ivory hunt, be missing for weeks, and, well, lose himself amid all of these people.

Why, I said, "He's mad." He raised an angry objection. No way could Mr. Kurtz be upset. Only two days before, I had heard him speak, and I would not have dared to imply such a thing. While we were conversing, I picked up my binoculars and began to scan the beach, the edge of the forest on either side, and the rear of the house. I was nervous when I became aware that individuals were hiding out in the woods, being as still and peaceful as the abandoned home on the hill. There was no indication of this great story on the surface of nature; rather, it was hinted at me in bleak exclamations, shrugs to finish them, broken sentences, and hints that ended in heavy sighs. The trees seemed impassive, heavy, and impassible, like a prison's locked door, with an aura of secret knowledge, patient anticipation, and unapproachable stillness. The Russian was telling me that Mr. Kurtz had just arrived at the river, bringing with him all the warriors from that lake tribe. He had been gone for a while-I guess getting himself loved-and had returned suddenly, intending to give the impression of conducting a raid either over the river or downstream. Evidently, the less

materialistic ideals had lost out to the thirst for more ivory. He had, however, suddenly become considerably worse. The Russian stated, "I heard he was lying helpless, so I came up—took my chance." Oh, he is awful, awful. I pointed my glass towards the residence. There were no indications of life, but there was the collapsed roof and the tall mud wall protruding above the grass with three tiny square window openings, none of which were identical in size.

All of this was brought, so to speak, within reach of my fingers. And when I abruptly moved, one of the last surviving posts of that long-gone fence sprang up into my line of vision. You recall when I said I had been impressed by certain decoration efforts that were pretty amazing given the location's state of ruin. Now that I could see more clearly, I immediately threw my head back as if anticipating a blow. After carefully moving my glass from post to post, I realized my error. These round knobs were symbolic more than decorative; they were expressive and perplexing, stunning and unsettling; they provided food for contemplation as well as for any vultures that may have been watching from above, but at the very least for those ants who were determined enough to climb the pole. If the heads on the stakes' faces weren't oriented toward the house, they would have been much more stunning. Only one, the first I had seen, was looking in my direction. Not as horrified as you may imagine, I wasn't. My initial response was really just a movement of surprise. You know, I had anticipated seeing a piece of wood there. I purposefully went back to the first one I had seen, and there it was, black, dried, sunken, with closed eyelids a head that appeared to be sleeping at the top of that pole, and with shrunken dry lips revealing a narrow white line of the teeth smiling, too, constantly grinning at some endless and jovial dream of that eternal slumber [3], [4].

## 2. DISCUSSION

I am not disclosing any commercial secrets. The management then claimed that Mr. Kurtz's methods had really ruined the region. Although I don't have an opinion on the matter, I do want you to be aware that these skulls weren't especially professional-looking. They just served to highlight Mr. Kurtz's lack of self-control in giving in to his various impulses and the fact that he lacked a core quality that prevented him from using his powerful words to escape a terrible predicament. I'm not sure whether he was really conscious of his own vulnerability. I think he got the knowledge at last, and at the very end. However, the wildness had already found him and, in vengeance for the magnificent invasion, had exacted a terrible price on him. I think it made him aware of aspects of himself that he was previously unconscious of, aspects of which he was unaware before asking for assistance from this vast solitude, and the whisper had proved to be intriguing beyond all comprehension. It rang loudly within him because he was hollow inside. When I set the glass down, the head that had previously been within earshot of me appeared to have shot out into the horizon, out of my reach. The fan of Mr. Kurtz was a bit let down. In a hurried, muddled voice, he began to convince me that he had not dared to take these—let's say, symbols—down. He had no fear of the villagers since they wouldn't move until Mr. Kurtz gave the command. He attained enormous power. The chiefs paid him frequent visits, and these people tented all around the region. I screamed, "I don't want to know anything about the rites used while addressing Mr. Kurtz!" It struck me as odd that I got the feeling that these particulars would be worse than the heads that were wilting on the stakes beneath Mr. Kurtz's windows. Even though it was just a terrible sight, I felt as if I had been drawn into a shadowy world full of subtle horrors, where the sight of crude brutality was a pleasant sight since it fit organically in the light. The young man seemed shocked when he saw me. To be honest, it's possible that he was unaware that Mr. Kurtz was not my idol. I hadn't heard any of these fantastic monologues on that item, he forgot to mention. on anything—love, justice, conduct in life, or anything else. If it had come to it, Mr. Kurtz would

have crawled as much as the most primitive of them all. He said that I was unaware of the situation, which was that these skulls belonged to rebels. I startled him by laughing too loudly. Rebels! What definition would I be hearing next? There were rebellious workers, criminals, and competitors. Those unruly heads looked to me to be pretty confined on their rods. "How about you?" I said as Kurtz's last supporter sobbed, "You don't know how such a life tries a man like Kurtz."

I lack creative ideas. I shouldn't accept gifts from anybody. How will you evaluate me in comparison? He broke down suddenly because his emotions were too intense for him to continue speaking. It's enough that I've been doing my best to keep him alive, even if he remarked, "I don't understand." I was not involved in any of this. I am skill less. There hasn't been a drop of medicine or a morsel of contaminated food here in months. He was shamefully abandoned. Such a man, such opinions. Shamefully! Shamefully! I haven't slept in the last ten nights. His voice was muffled by the evening's silence. Our conversation was interrupted by the broad shadows of the forest that reached well beyond the demolished hovel and the symbolic row of stakes. While we were still basking in the brightness below, all of this transpired in the shadows. With a dark curve above and below, the river stretch that surrounds the clearing shone in a serene, sparkling brilliance. Nobody who was alive was observed on the shore. In the bushes, nothing moved. A group of men who seemed to have sprung from the ground suddenly appeared around the corner of the house. They moved in close formation, a center member carrying an unofficial stretcher as they waded through the waist-high grass.

Then, as if by sorcery, streams of people of naked people-armed with spears, bows, and shields, along with ferocious looks and vicious gestures, rushed into the clearing near the gloomy and reflective forest. The scream came out of nowhere, its suddenness and shrillness piercing the stillness of the air like a sharp arrow piercing the very center of the earth. The grass and plants shook for a little while before becoming completely still. Halfway to the boat, the group of people carrying the stretcher had also stopped, looking worried, and the Russian at my elbow remarked, "Now, if he does not say the right thing to them, we are all done for." As he raised his arm over the bearers' shoulders and leaned back, the person being carried on the stretcher caught my attention. I said, "Let's hope that the guy who can express love so beautifully would find a particular reason to spare us this time." We were in a ridiculous danger, and I didn't appreciate having to depend on that awful ghost as if it had been a necessary but dirty sacrifice. The spectre's eyes were faintly burning in its bony skull, which moved with terrible jerks, and its lower jaw was quivering, but I was unable to hear anything and could only make them out through my glasses. Doesn't the word Kurtz suggest short in German? But the name was as true to his life-and death-as anything else. He seemed to be at least seven feet long. He had stripped off his clothes, and his body had emerged from it looking as pitiful and horrible as a winding sheet. I could see the bones in his arm moving, and his ribcage was twitching. A group of guys who were standing motionless and made of black, brilliant metal seemed to be under attack from a live death image made of antique ivory. When he opened his mouth wide, he seemed curiously voracious, as if he wanted to consume the whole atmosphere, the entire earth, and all the men who had been before him. Unbearably, a loud voice addressed me. He must be shouting. He suddenly fell backward. I noted that the throng of barbarians was dispersing without making any noticeable retreat as the stretcher rattled as the bearers staggered forward once again. The forest that had abruptly expelled these entities seemed to have dragged them back in, much way air is drawn in during a prolonged aspiration. Several of the pilgrims who were positioned behind the stretcher were carrying the thunderbolts of that depressing Jupiter. They were a hefty rifle, a tiny revolver-carbine, and two shotguns. The manager bent over him and walked behind him

murmuring. They placed him in one of the little cottages, which, you know, was really just large enough for a bed and a few campstools. Several shredded envelopes and open letters that we had taken with us to deliver his late mail were scattered around his bed. These papers were stumbled upon by his frail fingertips. The fire and the calm languor of his gaze drew my attention. It wasn't so much the exhaustion of the illness. He didn't seem injured.

This shadow seemed content and at peace, as if it had gone through all the emotions it needs at the moment. He rustled one of the letters, someone had been writing to him about me, and whispered, "I am glad," peering at my face. These specific ideas repeatedly surfaced. I was astonished by how much tone he simply created, nearly without having to move his lips. The man's voice was deep, somber, and vibrating, yet he didn't seem to be able to whisper. However, as you will hear in person, he did have enough strength-no doubt fictitious-to very nearly stop us. The guy with patches said uncomfortably, "I really think I would have tried to shoot her if she had offered to come aboard. "For the past two weeks, I have put my life in danger every day to keep her out of the house. She entered one day and started a fight over the deplorable rags. She turned around, continued walking down the bank, and then entered the bushes to the left [5], [6].

Kurtz's deep voice from behind the curtain could be heard pleading, "Save me! You mean keep the ivory, right? Never mention that to me. Aid me! I had to keep you alive, after all. You've now ruined my plans. Sick! Sick! Not near as sick as you could imagine. Ignore it. I'll still carry out my intentions, and I'll return. I'll walk you through the possibilities. You are interfering with my affairs with your petty business ideas. I'm coming back. The boss came out. He was kind enough to take my arm and lead me to the side. He believed it vital to sigh, but he failed to remain consistently depressed, replying, "He is very, very low." Right, we've done all we can for him. But it is certain that Mr. Kurtz has done more damage to the business than good. He didn't understand that the time wasn't perfect for quick action. Being very cautious is my guiding principle. However, vigilance is needed. We can't go into the district right now. Deplorable! In general, the transaction will suffer. I won't dispute the existence of a sizable quantity of ivory, the most of which is fossil. Whatever the case, we must save it, but why is the circumstance so fragile? "Do you call it a "unsound technique," I said, staring at the shoreline. "Without a doubt," he replied furiously. "No method at all," I replied.

In fact, he gloated, "I expected this," he said some time later. an absolute absence of morals. It is my duty to raise it up where it belongs.' "Oh, that fellow-what's his name?" I said. -the brickmaker, will write a readable report for you.' He seemed confused for a while. I turned to Kurtz in my thoughts for comfort-truly for comfort-because I felt as if I had never inhaled anything so disgusting. He stopped, gave me a cold, hard look, answered, "He was," and then walked away from me as I continued, "But I think Mr. Kurtz is a remarkable man." I was now seen to be in the same camp as Kurtz as someone who supported ideas for which the time was not yet appropriate because my window of opportunity had closed. I was unhealthy! Ah! But it was nice to have at least a few choices for nightmares. I had really turned away from Mr. Kurtz, who I was ready to bet was close to passing out, and headed towards the woods. And for a little while, I believed that I was also buried in a large graveyard with dreadful secrets. The smell of the wet earth, the undetectable power of advancing decay, and the pitch-blackness of an impenetrable night all gave me the impression that a heavy burden was pressing down on my breast. The Russian touched my shoulder, and I felt it. I waited while he rambled and stammered something about how "brother seaman" couldn't conceal his knowledge of things that would damage Mr. Kurtz's reputation. I have a notion that he

believed Mr. Kurtz to be one of the immortals since Mr. Kurtz was not evidently buried for him. 'Well! In a way, I am Mr. Kurtz's friend, so I finally said, "Speak up [7], [8]."

He thought that these white guys deliberately held hate towards him, and he remarked with a lot of formality that he would have kept the matter to himself without caring about the implications if we weren't "of the same profession." "You are right," I said, remembering a specific conversation I overheard. He replied, showing concern for my enjoyment at the moment, "The management believes you should be hanged." I am at my limit in aiding Kurtz just now; otherwise, they will discover an excuse, he said earnestly, "I had better get out of the way quietly." What is going to stop them? A military installation is located 300 kilometers distant. On my word, you may want to leave if you have any pals among the local barbarians, I remarked. There was "plenty," he said. After a while, I said, "All right." He then said, "They are simple people and I want nothing; you know. I don't want anything bad to happen to these whites here, but of course I was thinking of Mr. Kurtz's reputation-but you are a brother seaman and" With me, Kurtz's reputation is untarnished. I wasn't sure whether my comment was serious [9], [10].

He explained to me in a hushed voice that Kurtz had issued the order to attack the ship. He sometimes hated the idea of being taken away-again. But I don't understand these problems. I'm a laid-back person. He knew that after being terrified off and thinking he had died, you would back down. I was unable to stop him. Oh, what a miserable month I've had. "Very well," I said. Ye-e-es, he whispered, not appearing all that convinced, "He is fine right now." It would be terrible for his reputation if anybody here, "I vowed utmost confidentiality. "I have a canoe and three black men waiting not too far," the man said. "I could and did if adequate concealment was maintained." I leave. I could use a couple Martini-Henry cartridges, please. I could and did. He took some of my tobacco while giving me a wink and helping himself. I think I would have made a scene if I had believed what I witnessed. But at first, I didn't believe them since it seemed so implausible. Truth be told, I was utterly horrified by an amorphous fear that had nothing to do with any particular physical danger. How do I express the sensation that was so overpowering? -the moral shock I felt as if I had been abruptly thrust in the midst of something utterly abhorrent, abhorrent to intellect, and abhorrent to the soul. Although this only persisted for a little moment before everything returned to normal, the thought of a surprise assault and mass murder-or something similar-which I saw as approaching, was pleasantly pleasurable and reassuring. In fact, it made me feel so much more at ease that I decided against setting off the alarm. An agent was asleep on a chair on the deck, three feet from me, buttoned in an ulster. Despite my protests, he kept sleeping. I left him to his dreams and sprang into the sand. It was mentioned that I should be loyal to the nightmare of my choice and that I should never betray Mr. Kurtz, so I didn't. To this day, I'm not sure why I felt so jealous of anybody who may have been able to share the extraordinary blackness of that experience, but I was willing to confront this gloom alone.

### 3. CONCLUSION

We have set out on a voyage through the "Heart of Darkness" by Joseph Conrad in order to solve the mystery of Mr. Kurtz. We have seen Kurtz's metamorphosis from a charming and eloquent character into a symbol of lunacy and moral decline via a thorough examination of a crucial chapter. His journey into the depths of the night serves as a lesson on the corrupting effects of solitude and power.

The section also introduces the Russian, a persona who, like Kurtz, is seduced by the woods and drawn into its secrets. This comparison draws attention to the differences between individuals who embrace darkness and those who reject its allures. Our investigation relies



heavily on symbolism, with the narrative's layers of meaning deepened by the presence of the mystery lady on the coast and the heads on stakes. Readers are left with an enduring sense of Kurtz's weird and scary world as a result of these characteristics.

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## CHAPTER 12

### HAUNTING ECHOES OF MEMORY: UNVEILING THE PROFOUND DARKNESS IN HEART OF DARKNESS

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#### ABSTRACT:

A pivotal passage from Joseph Conrad's iconic novella, exploring the profound themes of memory, darkness, and the enduring impact of the enigmatic Mr. Kurtz. It highlights the vivid imagery, symbolism, and moral complexities that characterize the passage, setting the stage for an in-depth analysis of how Conrad skillfully unveils the depths of the human psyche and the relentless force of the wilderness. The passage's exploration of Kurtz's descent into madness, his voracious hunger for power, and the eerie presence of a mourning woman all contribute to a narrative that lingers in the reader's mind long after the pages of "Heart of Darkness" have turned. As we dissect the passage's layers, we uncover the unsettling truths it reveals about colonialism, morality, and the timeless struggle between light and darkness in the human soul. We have ventured into the heart of Joseph Conrad's masterpiece, "Heart of Darkness," by dissecting a haunting passage that encapsulates the essence of the novella. Through vivid imagery, potent symbolism, and morally charged encounters, Conrad reveals the depths of human memory and the enduring impact of a character like Mr. Kurtz, who embodies the very heart of darkness.

#### KEYWORDS:

Darkness, Echoes, Heart of Darkness, Memory, Profound, Unveiling.

#### 1. INTRODUCTION

Once I entered the bank, I saw a path across the grass that was rather wide. I can recall my joy as I proclaimed to myself, "He can't walk; he's crawling on all fours-I've got him." The grass had dew on it. I made a quick, fist-clenched step. I imagine I had a dim idea of running into him and humiliating him. I'm not sure. I had some insane ideas. My memories were interrupted by the image of the elderly lady knitting and holding a cat, who was clearly the wrong person to be on the receiving end of such a transaction. I saw a group of pilgrims shooting lead into the air with Winchester rifles they had at their hips. I had the impression that I would never return to the boat and had the vision of an old life spent alone and unprotected in the woods. You know, such foolish stuff. And I recall being thrilled with my heart's peaceful regularity when I confused the drum's beat with it. However, I stuck along the path before pausing to pay attention. The night was crystal pure, a deep blue void shimmering with dew and stars, where incredibly motionless black objects stood. I believed I could make out some kind of motion in front of me. That night, I had an odd sense of certainty about everything. In order to get ahead of that stir and motion-if I had genuinely seen anything-I actually exited the track and sprinted in a broad semicircle.

I was avoiding Kurtz like it had been a silly game. When I approached him, he managed to get to his feet just in time for me to tumble over him if he hadn't seen me coming. While the flames loomed behind me and the sound of many voices emanated from the forest, he rose unsteadily, long, pallid, and vague, like a vapor expelled by the ground, and wavered slightly before me. I had skillfully cut him off, but when I finally faced him, I appeared to regain my

composure and see the danger's proper magnitude. By no means had it ended. What if he started shouting? Even though he was hardly able to stand, his voice still had plenty of energy. In that solemn tone, he urged, "Go away; hide yourself." It was really terrible. I looked behind me. The closest fire was about thirty yards away from us. A black stood up and moved over the light while waving long black arms. Its head was covered with what seemed to be antelope horns. Certainly, a sorcerer or a witch-man: it certainly had a devilish appearance. Do you understand what you're doing? I muttered. He replied, lifting his voice for that one word, which to me seemed far and booming, like hail through a speaking trumpet. "Perfectly," he said. We are gone if he starts a fight, I told myself. Even without the very natural reluctance I felt to beat that Shadow-this wandering, troubled thing-this was plainly not a situation that called for physical altercation. You will be lost, I warned, "completely lost." You know, sometimes one has these sudden flashes of inspiration. Although he couldn't have been more irretrievably lost than he was at this very time, when the roots of our closeness were being created [1], [2].

I had big ambitions,' he said irrationally. Yes, I said; but, if you attempt to yell, I'll hit your skull with anything. A stone or stick weren't around either. I caught myself and said, "I'll choke you forever." He begged, "I was on the verge of great things," in a voice of yearning and a melancholy tone that made my blood chill. "Now for this moron scoundrel" I firmly reaffirmed, "Your success in Europe is assured in any case." You must realize that I did not wish to choke him, and that it would have served no useful purpose at all. By reawakening long-forgotten and vicious impulses and recalling fulfilled and monstrous feelings, I attempted to break the enchantmentthe heavy, wordless spell of the wilderness-that appeared to lure him to its pitiless breast. I was persuaded that this was the only thing that had lured him away from the safety of legal goals and into the bush, the edge of the forest, and into the glow of flames, the beat of drums, and the drone of strange incantations. And as you can see, the situation was terrifying not because I feared being hit in the head, although I did feel that risk very keenly, but because I had to deal with an entity to whom I could not make any kind of plea. I had to conjure him-himself-his own elevated and incredible degradation, just as the niggly creatures did. I was aware that there was nothing above or below him. He had freed himself from the ground by kicking. He had destroyed the very world, confound the man. He was alone himself, and I wasn't sure whether I was floating or standing on the ground when I was in front of him. I've been repeating the words we used when talking to you, but what good does it do? They were ordinary words, the familiar, hazy noises shared throughout each day. What, then, is that? They had, in my opinion, the incredibly provocative power of words heard in dreams and of statements repeated in nightmares behind them. Soul! I am the guy who has ever battled with a soul. Furthermore, I wasn't debating with a crazy person. Believe it or not, his intellect was crystal clear-it was, of course, horribly intensely focused on himself, but still clear-and that was my only opportunity, excluding, of course, the obvious option of just murdering him right then and there, which wasn't the best option due to the inevitable noise. However, his soul was crazy. It had peered into itself while being by itself in the bush and, by heavens, I tell you, it had gone insane. I was forced to undergo the rigors of conducting my own investigation-for my crimes, I guess. No eloquence could have had such a corrosive effect on one's faith in humanity as his last outpouring of sincerity. He battled with himself as well. I heard it and I saw it. I saw the incomprehensible wonder of a soul fighting blindly with itself while knowing no restriction, no faith, and no fear. I managed to keep my composure, but when I finally got him laid out on the sofa, I wiped my forehead as my legs trembled as if I had just dragged a half-ton down that hill on my back. Even yet, I had just been holding him up while his skeletal arm was around my neck; he weighed barely more than a kid [3], [4].

"The multitude, whose presence I had been vividly aware of the whole time behind the barrier of trees, flooded out of the woods again, filled the clearing, and covered the hill with a mass of naked, breathing, quivering, bronze bodies as we left the next day at midday. Two thousand eyes watched as the violent river-demon that was splashing, thrashing, and hitting the water with its awful tail while also exhaling black smoke changed when I steamed up a little and swung downstream. Three guys strutted restlessly down the riverbank in front of the first line, covered in brilliant red soil from head to toe. When we came together once more, they faced the river, stamped their feet, nodded their horned heads, and swayed their scarlet bodies. They also shook something that resembled a dried gourd towards the fierce river-demon. They shouted periodically together strings of amazing words that resembled no sounds of human language, and the deep murmurs of the crowd were suddenly interrupted and sounded like responses from some satanic lite. We had brought Kurtz inside the pilot house since it had more air. He was lying on the sofa and gazing out the open shutter. The lady with the helmeted head and the tawny cheeks hurried out to the very edge of the stream when there was an eddy in the throng of humanity. She held out her hands and yelled, and the whole untamed crowd joined in in a loud chorus of articulated, quick, and frantic speech [5], [6].

## 2. DISCUSSION

He continued to stare beyond me with hot, hungry eyes and an expression that mixed wistfulness and hatred. He didn't respond, but I caught a glimpse of his colorless lips forming an ambiguous grin that quickly turned into convulsive twitching. "Do not I?" He gasped slowly, as if a mysterious force had ripped the words from his mouth. I blew the whistle because I saw the pilgrims on the deck pulling their weapons out with an attitude of eager anticipation for a good time. There was a movement of utter horror through that jammed-together mass of humans in response to the startling cry. 'Don't! Don't scare them away, someone on the deck somberly shouted. I repeatedly pulled the string. They sprung to action and fled, leapt, knelt, veered, and avoided the soaring dread of the sound. The three red men seemed to have been shot dead since they were lying flat and face down on the sand. Only the brutal and excellent lady did not even blink as she cruelly extended her bare arms after us over the melancholy and dazzling river. Then the idiotic group on the deck began their little antics, and all I could see was smoke. Kurtz's life was flowing fast, ebbing, ebbing out of his heart into the sea of inexorable time, just as the brown stream was rushing swiftly out of the core of darkness, carrying us down towards the sea with double the pace of our upward movement. The manager looked at us both with a thorough and contented gaze. He was quite calm and had no urgent concerns at this point. The "affair" had gone as well as could have been hoped. The pilgrims gazed down on me as I could see the moment coming when I would be left alone of the group of "unsound method." In a sense, I was counted among the dead. It's weird how I consented to this unplanned alliance and the horrors that these vile and rapacious phantoms imposed upon me in the tenebrous country. "Kurtz spoke. a voice a voice Up to the very end, it rang loudly. It managed to resist his willpower and conceal the desolate depths of his heart in the gorgeous folds of eloquence. Oh, how he fought! He battled! Now, hazy pictures of fame and fortune that revolved obsequiously around his irreplaceable talent for high and lofty expression tormented the deserts of his exhausted mind. My Intended, my rank, my profession, and my thoughts were the topics of the seldom expressions of high emotion. The ghost of the original Kurtz often visited the hollow sham's bedside, knowing that it would soon be buried in the mold of primordial dirt. However, the demonic love and the otherworldly loathing of the secrets it had entered struggled for control of that soul, which was filled with primal feelings and ravenous for false renown, false distinction, and all outward signs of accomplishment and power [7], [8].

"At times, he displayed disdainful childishness. He wanted monarchs to welcome him at the train station when he returned from some horrible Nowhere where he planned to do great things. There would be no restrictions on the acknowledgement of your talent once you demonstrate to them that you possess something really professional, he would advise. The long reaches that were like one and the same reach, monotonous bends that were exactly the same, slipped past the steamer with their multitude of secular trees patiently watching after this grimy fragment of another world, the forerunner of change, of conquest, of trade, of massacres, of blessings. Of course, you must take care of the motives-right motives-always. Looking forward, I was piloting. 'Close the shutter,' remarked Kurtz abruptly one day; 'I can't stand to look at this.' I did. Silence descended. Oh, but I'll still break your heart! He sobbed at the wildness that was not there.

We had to lay up for repairs near the top of an island after breaking down, as I had predicted. The first thing that made Kurtz lose faith was this delay. He brought me a package of documents and a picture one morning, which was all tied together with a shoestring. Keep this for me, he instructed. In the afternoon, I encountered the "noxious fool" who "is capable of prying into my boxes when I am not looking." I softly moved away, but I could hear him murmuring, "Live rightly, die, die." He was resting on his back with his eyes closed. I paid attention. There was no more to say. Was he practicing a speech as he slept, or was it a sentence from a newspaper article? He had previously written for the newspapers and intended to do so again "to advance my ideas." It's your obligation [9], [10].

His blackness was impenetrable. I saw him in the same way that you could see a person resting at the foot of a cliff where the sun never shines. However, I didn't have much time to spare him since I was assisting the engine driver with tasks like tearing apart leaking cylinders and straightening bent connecting rods. Because I can't stand them, I lived in an infernal jumble of rust, filings, nuts, bolts, spanners, hammers, and ratchet drills. I worked grudgingly in a pitiful scrap-heap tending the little forge we thankfully had on board, unless I experienced severe vertigo that made it impossible for me to stand. One night as I entered the room holding a candle, I was startled to hear him tremblingly declare, "I am laying here in the dark waiting for death. Oh, foolishness! I had to force a mutter from me. He remained still as they stood over him.

"I have never seen anything close to the shift that swept over his face, and I don't expect to ever. I was not touched, oh. I was entranced. It seemed as though a curtain had been torn. I saw the look of somber pride, merciless power, craven horror, and an acute and terrible misery on that ivory face. Did he recreate his whole existence at that pinnacle moment of total awareness, including every desire, temptation, and surrender? He sobbed quietly at a vision or a picture, crying twice with cries that were hardly audible. The horror!" What a terror!"

"I extinguished the candle before leaving the cabin. The pilgrims were eating in the mess hall when I took a seat across from the manager. He raised his eyes to cast me a questioning look, which I was able to avoid. With that odd grin of his, he relaxed and sealed the hidden depths of his meanness. Small flies poured in a constant torrent onto the bulb, the fabric, our hands, and faces. The manager's lad abruptly stepped into the doorway and stated, in a tone of scornful disdain, 'Mistah Kurtz-he's dead.

"Every pilgrim hurried outside to observe. I persisted and finished eating. I think they thought I was ruthlessly harsh. I didn't eat a much, however. There was a lamp inside, providing light, don't you know, whereas the darkness outside was just horrifying. I avoided the extraordinary guy who had passed judgment on the exploits of his soul during his time on earth. The voice



vanished. What else was present? However, I am aware that the pilgrims buried something in a muddy pit the next day. Then they came extremely close to burying me.

But as you can see, I didn't immediately go and join Kurtz. No, I didn't. I stuck around to see the horror through to the finish and to once again prove my allegiance to Kurtz. Destiny. It's my fate! What an absurd arrangement of ruthless logic for a pointless aim is existence. The most you can aspire for is some self-awareness that arrives too late and a harvest of unquenchable regrets. I've fought with death. It is the least interesting competition you can think of. It occurs in an unfathomable gloom, with nothing beneath one's feet, nothing in the immediate vicinity, no spectators, no commotion, no glory, no great desire for victory, no great fear of defeat, in a sickly atmosphere of tepid skepticism, with little belief in one's own right, and even less in that of one's opponent. If this is the highest type of intelligence, then life is a far bigger mystery than we sometimes imagine. When I had one final chance to make a statement, I realized with shame that I probably wouldn't have anything to say. For this reason, I firmly believe Kurtz was a wonderful individual. He had a comment to make. As he said. I can now better grasp the significance of his look, which was vast enough to encompass the whole cosmos and penetrating enough to pierce all the hearts that beat in the darkness, despite being unable to see the candle's light. He had assessed and summed up. "What horror!" He was a fantastic individual. After all, this was the expression of some form of belief; it was forthright, it was resolute, it had a resounding note of rebellion in its whisper, and it had the horrifying appearance of a glimpsed truth—the peculiar blending of desire and hatred. And it's not my own extreme that stands out in my memory; rather, it's a vision of formless greyness racked with bodily anguish and a reckless disregard for everything's fleeting nature, even this suffering itself. No! His extremeness is what I seem to have endured. True, I had the opportunity to pull back my hesitant foot before he took that last step and walked over the brink. The distinction may lie in the fact that all knowledge, all reality, and all honesty may be condensed into the imperceptible split second when we cross the barrier of the unseen. Perhaps! I'd like to believe that my last words would not have been reckless insults. His cry is much better now. It was a moral triumph that had been earned through many setbacks, horrifying terrors, and abhorrent pleasures. However, it was a triumph! To this day and even after, I have stayed faithful to Kurtz because of the echo of his great eloquence that was sent my way from a soul as translucently pure as a rock of crystal a long time after I first heard it.

"No, they did not bury me, yet there was a moment that I only vaguely recall and marvel about, as if I had passed through some unfathomable universe with no desire and no hope. When I returned to the eerie city, I found myself resenting the sight of people rushing through the streets to swindle some cash from one another, consume their famed cuisine, drink their unwholesome beer, and dream their trivial and foolish dreams. They intruded on my innermost thoughts. They were strangers, and their knowledge of life seemed to me to be an annoying pretense since I was so certain that they could not possibly know what I knew. Their demeanor, which was just that of ordinary people going about their daily lives in the knowledge of absolute safety, offended me in the same way that extravagant displays of foolishness in the face of an unknown threat do. Although I had no desire to educate them, I found it impossible to contain my amusement at their arrogant sense of importance. I'm willing to bet that time I wasn't feeling well. I stumbled around the streets, smirking venomously at respectable people as I attended to different matters. I'll confess that my behavior was unacceptable, but these days my temperature is seldom normal. My lovely aunt's attempts to "nurse up my strength" were wholly off-target. My imagination needed comforting, not my strength, which demanded nursing. Kurtz gave me a stack of documents, which I saved even though I wasn't sure what to do with them. I was informed by his

intended that his mother just passed away while being cared for. I was not surprised when a clean-shaven man with an official demeanor and gold-rimmed glasses called me one day and enquired, at first circumspectly, then suavely pressing, about what he pleased to refer to as certain "documents." I had two arguments with the manager about the subject there. I adopted the same stance with the spectacled guy as I did when it came to not giving up even the tiniest shred of that bundle. At last, he assumed a frightening tone and heatedly argued that the Company had a right to know every detail regarding its "territories." He added, "Mr. Due to his exceptional abilities and the miserable conditions in which he was placed, Kurtz's knowledge of uncharted territories had to be extensive and peculiar. I assured him that Mr. Kurtz's knowledge, however extensive, had no bearing on the issues of commerce or administration. Then, he referred to science. "It would be a tremendous loss if," etc. I sent him the report on "Suppression of Savage Customs" with the postscriptum ripped out. He quickly picked it up but concluded by giving it a disdainful smell. This is not what we should have anticipated, he said. I replied, "Expect nothing else." He retreated after being threatened with legal action, and I didn't see him again. However, two days later, a man identifying himself as Kurtz's cousin showed up. He was eager to learn all the facts regarding his beloved relative's last moments. He also helped me see that Kurtz had primarily been a talented musician. The guy, who I suppose was an organist and had lanky grey hair hanging over a dirty coat collar, said, "There was the making of an immense success." I had no reason to question Kurtz's assertion, and to this day I am unable to determine what Kurtz's profession was, if any, if he ever had one, or which of his abilities was the best. I mistook him for a journalist who painted or a painter who wrote for the papers, but not even my cousin could pinpoint what he had really been. On that point, I agreed with the elderly man, who then blew his nose loudly into a huge cotton handkerchief and departed in senile agitation while carrying off some unimportant family letters and memos. Finally, a reporter who was curious about the whereabouts of his "dear colleague" showed up. This guest, who had bristly hair cut short, bushy straight eyebrows, and an eyeglass on a wide ribbon, told me that Kurtz should have been working in politics "on the popular side." He was expansive and admitted that he thought Kurtz couldn't write a bit-"but gods! how fluently that guy spoke. He energized sizable gatherings. Don't you see that he had faith? Because he had faith. He was capable of convincing himself to believe anything.

He would have been a fantastic leader of an extremist party. I enquired. Any party," the other retorted. Was I unaware that he was an extremist? I agreed. With a sudden jolt of interest, he said, "Do I know what had caused him to go out there? Yes," I said, and I immediately gave him the infamous Report for publishing, if he deemed it appropriate. He quickly looked through it while grumbling to himself, concluded that "it would do," and fled with the loot. In the end, I was left with the girl's photograph and a little package of letters. She had a lovely expression, which made me think of her as being gorgeous. Although I am aware that sunshine may also be manipulated to deceive, it seemed that no amount of posing or light manipulation could have captured the subtle tint of sincerity on their faces. She didn't appear to have any mental reservations, suspicions, or thoughts of herself in the process of listening. I came to the decision that I would personally return her photo and those messages. Curiosity? Yes, as well as possibly some other emotions. Everything that had been Kurtz's-his spirit, his body, his status, his goals, his ivory, and his career-had left my hands. Only his memory and his intended were left, and I kind of wanted to give them up to the past as well. I wanted to personally resign whatever that was left of him to the oblivion that is the last word in our shared destiny. I don't stand my ground. I wasn't sure what it was that I really want. Maybe it was a subconscious loyalty drive, or maybe it was the satisfaction of an ironic need hidden in the reality of human life. I'm not sure. I'm not sure. But I walked.

I had a vision of him on the stretcher, opening his mouth voraciously, as if to devour the entire earth and all of its people. I had previously assumed that his memory was similar to the other memories of the dead that accumulate in every man's life—a vague impression on the brain of shadows that had fallen on it in their swift and final passage. He dwelt then before me, as fully as he ever had—a shadow ravenous of glorious appearances and terrifying truths; a shadow deeper than the gloom of the night and clothed nobly in the folds of a beautiful eloquence. The stretcher, the ghost-bearers, the untamed crowd of obedient worshippers, the darkness of the forests, the glitter of the reach between the murky bends, and the beat of the drum, regular and muffled like the beating of a heart—the heart of a conquering darkness—all appeared to enter the house with me. It was a triumphant moment for the wilderness, an invasion and a vindictive surge that I felt I would have to hold back by myself in order to save another person. Then the fragments of what he had spoken came back to me in all their foreboding and horrifying simplicity, having been heard there from a distance when the horned figures were stirring behind me, in the light of flames, and amid the waiting forests. I recalled his pitiful beseeching, pitiful threats, the enormity of his heinous wants, his meanness, his suffering, and the tumultuous misery of his soul. And as time went on, I thought I could see his cool, unhurried demeanor as he said one day, "This lot of ivory is now truly mine." It was not paid for by the Company. I personally acquired it at significant personal danger. However, I'm worried that they'll want to claim it as their own. H'm. It is a challenging case. What should I do, resist, in your opinion? Eh? The only thing I want is justice. ...Nothing else was on his list of priorities but justice. He seemed to be staring at me out of the glassy panel of a mahogany door on the first level as I waited for him to answer the bell. His enormous, broad gaze seemed to embrace, condemn, and despise the whole cosmos. I thought I heard the shout, "The horror! What a terror!"

"Dawn was approaching. I had to wait in a grand drawing room that had three floors to ceiling windows that were so long they looked like three glowing, draped columns. The furniture's bent golden legs and backs sparkled in hazy curves. The huge marble fireplace was starkly white and imposing. A large grand piano was positioned in a corner, its flat surfaces shining darkly like a somber and polished mausoleum. A tall door opened and shut. I rose. She approached me in the dark, floating, dressed entirely in black, with a pale head. She was grieving. She seemed as if she would remember and grieve forever even though it had been more than a year since the news of his death broke. I saw that she was not very young—I mean not girlish—and that she grasped both of my hands in hers while muttering, "I had heard you were coming." She has a developed capacity for faithfulness, belief, and suffering. As if all the melancholy light of the gloomy evening had sought shelter on her forehead, the room seemed to have become darker. The ashy halo from which the black eyes peered out at me appeared to encompass the fair hair, the pale face, and the immaculate brow. Their look was unpretentious, insightful, assured, and trustworthy. While we were still shaking hands, a look of utter desolation crossed her face, and I knew she was one of those creatures that are not the playthings of Time. She carried her head with a sorrowful air as if she were proud of that sorrow, as if she would say, "I-I alone know how to mourn for him as he deserves." He had just passed just yesterday for her. Also, by God! He left such a strong impact on me that he seemed to have passed away only yesterday, if not just now. His death and her anguish were both visible to me at the same moment—she was grieving even as he was dying. Do you comprehend? Together, I heard them and I saw them. She had added, "I have survived," with a heavy intake of breath, but to my straining ears, the whisper of his everlasting damnation could be clearly heard mingling with her tone of despondent sadness. I panicked and questioned myself, "What am I doing here?" feeling as if I had accidentally entered a world filled with terrible and ludicrous secrets that were unfit for a human to see. I was shown to a

chair by her. We settled in. After a moment of quiet for the deceased, she placed her palm over the package I had delicately placed on the little and said, "You knew him well."

### 3. CONCLUSION

The passage's complexity has been shown by this analysis, which also emphasized how it represents the larger themes of imperialism, moral decline, and the possibility for evil in humans. The paragraph functions as a microcosm of the whole book, provoking readers to consider the negative effects of unbridled ambition and the hazy distinctions between civilized and barbaric behavior. Conrad's message is timeless and applicable to all people, which is shown by the way its echoes continue to resound in us when we move on from this section. The literary classic "Heart of Darkness" continues to compel us to face both our own inner darkness and the combined shadows of history. The novella's eerie echoes will persist in our memories as a result of Conrad's investigation of memory, darkness, and Mr. Kurtz's tremendous influence. This will force us to confront the complexity of the human spirit and the lingering effects of colonialism.

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