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CONRAD AND THE FINE ART OF UNDERSTANDING

WHILE THE GREAT, DARK, CENTRAL NOVELS—*Lord Jim*, *Nostromo*, *The Secret Agent*, and *Under Western Eyes*—were earning him the reputation of having a dangerous soul and a heart of darkness, Conrad paused to write *A Personal Record*. This subtle and beautiful rendering of his first contacts with the sea and with writing was composed with the hope that “from the reading of these pages there may emerge at last the vision of a personality; the man behind the books so fundamentally dissimilar as, for instance, *Almayer's Folly* and *The Secret Agent*, and yet a coherent justifiable personality both in its origin and in its action”.¹ The book is a serious effort of self-justification, designed to clear the critical air by emphasizing what Conrad considered to be the informing principle of his work—indeed, of his whole life. The following discussion is an attempt to define this informing principle, this creative ethic, as it emerges from *A Personal Record* and from the letters, essays, and prefaces.

Another article has emphasized the importance to Conrad of art as a way through (not out of) the darkness of the human predicament.² He considered art not only as a means of self-expression, but also as something to do in the face of meaninglessness and remorse. In *A Personal Record*, however, Conrad plays down the therapeutic aspect of art, insisting that he did not begin to write out of that “famous need for self-expression that artists find in their search for motives” (68). “The necessity which impelled me”, he continues, “was a hidden, obscure necessity, a completely masked and unaccountable phenomenon.” Conrad's purpose here is not to contradict his earlier pronouncements, nor to add to the mountain of speculations concerning the mysteries of the creative process; his real aim is to re-open the question of his own objects and motives as a writer, so as to foster a healthier reading of his fiction. It is not difficult to understand, therefore, why he chose to speak of his initiation into the realm of art in moral or religious rather than in purely psychological terms; such, at least, is the distinction which he is at labour to convey in *A Personal Record*.

"It seems to have had a moral character," Conrad wrote concerning his first attempt to capture in words the elusive shades of Almayer and Nina, "for why should the memory of these beings in their sun-bathed existence, demand to express itself in the shape of a novel, except on the ground of that mysterious fellowship which unites in a community of hopes and fears all the dwellers on this earth" (*PR*, 9). More specifically, Conrad describes this phenomenon in terms which suggest Proust's conception of art as a means of regaining time, of re-establishing one's link with the past; he insists that the artist is making an "unconscious response to the still voice of that inexorable past from which his work of fiction" is "remotely derived" (25). The artist subordinates himself to the task of resurrecting his past in meaningful form, in terms of art. To achieve this task he must virtually cease to exist, in the active or objective sense; his own personality, as Joyce expresses it in the fifth part of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, "refines itself out of existence, impersonalizes itself, so to speak." At this level the artist's experience parallels that of the religious: both partake of the paradox of self-discovery through self-denial. While admitting that an author is not a monk, Conrad nevertheless insisted that "a man who puts forth the secret of his imagination to the world accomplishes, as it were, a religious rite."³ He constantly described his labours with such religious terms as fidelity, renunciation, and piety: "I can honestly say that it is a sentiment akin to piety which prompted me to render in words assembled with conscientious care the memory of things far distant and of men who have lived" (*PR*, 10).

The letters written around the time of the composition of *A Personal Record* abound in references to Conrad's piety before the spectacle of the universe. In a letter to Arthur Symons, for example, whose appreciation of Conrad's work had just been rejected by a publisher, Conrad wrote: "I did not know I had a 'heart of darkness' and an 'unlawful' soul. Mr. Kurtz did, and I have not treated him with the easy nonchalance of an amateur. Believe me, no man paid more for his lines than I have Delightful or not, I have always approached my task in the spirit of love for mankind. And I've taken it rather seriously, an attitude I should say impossible for the Editor of a serious review, perhaps of an august Quarterly . . ." (*LL*, II, 73). The strong bitterness evident in this letter is directed at the critical naïvety which continued to hamper understanding and acceptance of Conrad's work. His uncompromising honesty and fidelity to the truth of his sensations brought him many attackers, as the following lines to his friend, Edward Garnett, suggest: "The fact is that I have approached things human in a spirit of piety foreign

to those lovers of humanity who would make of life a sort of Cook's Personally Directed Tour—from the cradle to the grave There are those who reproach me with the pose of brutality, with the lack of all heart, delicacy, sympathy,—sentiment—idealism. There is even one debased creature who says that I am a neo-platonist. What on earth is that" (*LL*, II, 82-83). The forced humour of the last remark does not cover up the resentment which had put Conrad on the defensive; his resentment was directed, in particular, at those critics who could not see the imaginative sympathy and artistic merit of *The Secret Agent* for the squalor and sordidness of its setting.

Conrad states the case for his own honesty and integrity most suggestively in another letter to Symons:

One thing I am certain of is that I have approached the object of my task, things human, in a spirit of piety. The earth is a temple where there is going on a mystery play, childish and poignant, ridiculous and awful enough, in all conscience. Once in I've tried to behave decently. I have not degraded any quasi-religious sentiment by tears and groans; and if I have been amused or indignant, I've neither grinned nor gnashed my teeth. In other words, I've tried to write with dignity, not out of regard for myself, but for the sake of the spectacle, the play with an obscure beginning and an unfathomable *dénouement*.

I don't think that this has been noticed. It is your penitent beating the floor with his forehead and the ecstatic worshipper at the rails that are obvious to the public eye. The man standing quietly in the shadow of the pillar, if noticed at all, runs the risk of being suspected of sinister designs. Thus I've been called a heartless wretch, a man without ideals and a poseur of brutality. But I will confess to you under seal of secrecy that *I don't believe* I am such as I appear to mediocre minds (*LL*, II, 83-84).

The image of the mystery play captures exceedingly well Conrad's sense of the absurd, while at the same time expressing his awe and wonder before the spectacle of the universe.

The nature of his response to the spectacle may be found in Conrad's admission that a "romantic feeling of reality was in me an inborn faculty" (*Within the Tides*, v). Reality, for Conrad, is not a restrictive term; it includes, to use Susanne Langer's definition, "everything that can be felt, from physical sensation, pain and comfort, excitement and repose, to the most complex emotions, intellectual tensions, or the steady feeling-tone of a conscious human life."⁴ In speaking of his "romantic feeling of reality", Conrad was referring to his own special responsiveness not just to the concrete, visible

world, but rather to the whole complex world of his feelings and sensations. "All my concern," he wrote to Sydney Colvin, "has been with the 'ideal' value of things, events and people. That and nothing else. The humorous, the pathetic, the passionate, the sentimental *aspects* came in of themselves—*mais en vérité c'est les valeurs idéales des faits et des gestes humains qui se sont imposés à mon activité artistique*" (LL, II, 185). Conrad's response to the spectacle was immediate and direct; and his insights, his "ideal values", proceeded not from dispassionate analysis but rather from an impassioned process of *sympathetic imagination*, an intense involvement with some facet of his experience. Sympathetic imagination partakes of eighteenth-century notions of moral sympathy; but what is even more relevant to the present discussion is the resemblance which it bears to the Romantic conception of empathy, "the sympathetic ability of the imagination to identify with its object."⁵ It consists, as W. J. Bate says of Keats's negative capability, in "the ability to negate or lose one's identity in something larger than oneself—a sympathetic openness to the concrete reality without, an imaginative identification, a relishing and understanding of it."⁶ Except for the limiting phrase, "concrete reality", Bate might be describing Conrad's creative ethic, for Conrad was concerned to reach the imaginative truth not merely of the concrete reality of the Romantics, but also of the totality of his experience, physical and mental, actual and imagined. His method did not differ from that of the Romantics; it was merely farther-reaching.

Sympathy and compassion, then, are at the heart of Conrad's creative ethic. As the "man standing quietly in the shadow of the pillar", he is neither penitent nor worshipper; he is something more significant, observer and interpreter, standing respectfully by trying to fathom the enigma. Although motivated by a spirit of inquiry which is apparently philosophical, Conrad is not a philosopher; he found no delight, unlike Dryden and Shaw, in ratiocination for its own sake. When a certain experience captured his imagination, however, Conrad was impelled to pursue it relentlessly, to immerse himself in it until he had penetrated to its essential "truth". Above all, he is the man of imagination committed by his very *nature* to the difficult and perhaps hopeless task of understanding and bringing under imaginative control his experience of reality. "I would not like to be left standing," he confessed, "as a mere spectator on the bank of the great stream carrying on so many lives. I would fain claim for myself the faculty of so much insight as can be expressed in a voice of sympathy and compassion" (PR, xv).

In "The Fine Art", one of the most suggestive sketches to be found in

The Mirror of the Sea, Conrad writes of the decline of the art of seamanship on board sailing yachts, a disturbing fact brought to his attention by a sympathetic article on the subject:

For that was the gist of that article, written evidently by a man who not only knows but *understands*—a thing (let me remark in passing) much rarer than one would suspect, because the sort of understanding I mean is inspired by love; and love, though in a sense it may be admitted to be stronger than death, is by no means so universal and so sure. In fact, love is rare—the love of men, of things, of ideas, the love of perfected skill. For love is the enemy of haste; it takes count of passing days, of men who pass away, of a fine art matured slowly in the course of years and doomed in a short time to pass away, too, and be no more. Love and regret go hand in hand in this world of changes swifter than the shifting clouds reflected in the mirror of the sea (25).

Like so much of *The Mirror of the Sea*, this sketch is also about art; the writing of fiction, like the sailing of yachts, is best achieved by the cultivation of an understanding inspired by love. Haste and gain have no place in the artist who shares with all creators—whether gods, parents, or shipbuilders—a combination of affection, respect, and responsibility for the products of his labour. If he is to render them the highest possible justice, the artist must begin by believing in the creatures of his imagination. As Conrad expressed it in his essay, "Books": "In truth every novelist must begin by creating for himself a world, great or little, in which he can honestly believe" (*Notes on Life and Letters*, 6).

The first of these worlds to reach print, *Almayer's Folly*, held a special place in Conrad's affections. He speculates humorously in *A Personal Record* on the possibility of a confrontation in the Elysian Fields between himself and the shade of Almayer, during which he would be required to justify his artistic treatment of the unfortunate Dutchman. You should remember, he cautioned the Shade,

"that if I had not believed enough in your existence to let you haunt my rooms in Bessborough Gardens you would have been much more lost. You affirm that had I been capable of looking at you with a more perfect detachment and a greater simplicity, I might have perceived better the inward marvellousness which, you insist, attended your career No doubt. But reflect, O complaining Shade! that this was not so much my fault as your crowning misfortune. I believed in you in the only way it was possible for me to believe. It was not worthy of your merits? So be it" (88).

Conrad was to apply his sympathetic imagination to greater persons and subjects, but, he insisted, "if I had not got to know Almayer pretty well it is almost certain that there would never have been a line of mine in print" (*PR*, 87). The importance of this first novel to Conrad, then, lies less in the labours of composition than in the sustained effort of imagination which it required of him. *Almayer's Folly* stands not only as a tribute to the memory of Almayer, whose appeal lay in the fact that he held his theory "with some force of conviction and with an admirable consistency" (88); it testifies to the success of Conrad's own efforts to understand.

Marlow's dilemma in *Heart of Darkness* and *Lord Jim* parallels Conrad's problem as story-teller, as creator of an imaginative world which is both believable and meaningful. In *Heart of Darkness*, for example, Marlow finds that he can only penetrate to the meaning of his experience by submitting himself to it fully, by making his choice of nightmares and identifying with Kurtz. The corrupt pilgrims and managers drive Marlow to make this identification; indirectly they act as agents in Marlow's self-discovery, since he only fathoms the meaning of his experience through immersion in it. On another level as narrator Marlow is very conscious of the difficulties of making his own listeners understand the complex experience which he has undergone and which he himself is struggling to comprehend in all its subtleties and ramifications. "No, it is impossible," he confesses; "it is impossible to convey the life-sensation of any given epoch of one's existence—that which makes its truth, its meaning—its subtle and penetrating essence" (*Heart of Darkness*, 82). Like Conrad, in the Preface to *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"*, Marlow is concerned to find the most effective means of making us "see", of making us understand. In spite of the barriers to communication evident in the novel, it is interesting to note that there is one listener who has hung on Marlow's every word: "I listened, I listened on the watch for the sentence, for the word, that would give me the clue to the faint uneasiness inspired by this narrative that seemed to shape itself without human lips in the heavy night-air of the river" (83). This, of course, is the real narrator of the tale, the one who has fathomed the meaning of Marlow's strange experience through an exceptional effort of his own sympathetic imagination.

In *Lord Jim*, Marlow's task becomes even more difficult and involved. In order to penetrate to the truth of Jim's situation, Marlow must stretch his imagination to encompass all of the facts which come to bear on Jim's action and his response to it. Marlow finds himself involuntarily caught up in Jim's troubles; as though Jim were a part of himself (which of course he is—Jim

is part of us all), Marlow follows Jim's career to its fatal end. Imaginatively, he goes beyond the call of duty to dredge up the facts of Jim's youth, his experiences at sea, and the details of the *Patna* incident. Not only does Marlow identify sympathetically with Jim, he also presents Jim to us through the actions and attitudes of a series of related characters. We see Jim in the light of his fellow officers on board the *Patna*, in the light of Brierly's suicide, in the light of the French lieutenant's passive bravery, and so on. Albert Guerard sees *Lord Jim* as "perhaps the first major novel solidly built on a true intuitive understanding of sympathetic identification as a psychic process and as a process which may operate both consciously and less than consciously".⁷ Coming in at Jim from all angles, we are better equipped, if not to come to a final answer, at least to understand the complexity of his situation. And, after all, is not this as much as Conrad promised from his art in the famous Preface to *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"*?

In this suggestive preface, Conrad declares that the purpose of art is to "arrest, for the space of a breath, the hands busy about the work of the earth, and compel men entranced by the sight of distant goals to glance for a moment at the surrounding vision of form and colour, of sunshine and shadows; to make them pause, for a look, for a sigh, for a smile—" (xii). The artist endeavours to recreate his experience in order to awaken the feeling of solidarity in men; he does this by an act of understanding, an untutored, almost intuitive response to some aspect of the spectacle. Conrad describes the process in rather rustic terms, reminiscent of Wordsworth's "Simon Lee":

Sometimes, stretched at ease in the shade of a roadside tree, we watch the motions of a labourer in a distant field, and after a time, begin to wonder languidly what the fellow may be at. We watch the movements of his body, the waving of his arms, we see him bend down, stand up, hesitate, begin again. It may add to the charm of an idle hour to be told the purpose of his exertions. If we know he is trying to lift a stone, to dig a ditch, to uproot a stump, we look with a more real interest at his efforts; we are disposed to condone that jar of his agitation upon the restfulness of the landscape; and even, if in a brotherly frame of mind, we may bring ourselves to forgive his failure. We *understood his object*, and, after all, the fellow has tried, and perhaps he had not the strength—and perhaps he had not the knowledge. We forgive, go on our way—and forget (*italics mine*, xi).

The aim of Conrad's art, like that of George Eliot, is to awaken sympathy,

to give expression to one's understanding in such a way as to foster understanding in the reader.

In *The Shadow-Line*, the young captain must come to an understanding of the responsibilities of command. When he throws over his job, he is too pessimistic and disenchanted to respond readily to the help which is available to him. The officers whom he is leaving behind offer various sympathetic diagnoses of the young man's problem: the second engineer sees the departure in terms of sex; the first engineer offers a dose of his own liver medicine; and the wise captain wishes the young man luck in finding his desire. Each of these men offers help in accordance with his understanding of the problem. Even Captain Giles, experienced and knowledgeable, goes out of his way to assist the young man by arranging that he receive his first command. Giles has sufficient understanding not to be offended by the young man's aloofness. On board ship, even the sickly, erratic Mr. Burns shows himself to be a man of understanding and sympathy. When the ship is becalmed and the crew devastated by sickness, Burns refuses to let the young captain blame himself for the lack of quinine; he retorts fiercely: "That's very foolish, sir" (95). Ransome, the faithful steward with a diseased heart, is never out of sight so that his very presence acts as a sort of balm, a moral comfort to the distraught captain. In the face of grave personal misgivings and doubts, the young captain expects the scorn of his emaciated and suffering crew: "I would have held them justified in tearing me limb from limb. The silence which followed upon my words was almost harder to bear than the angriest uproar. I was crushed by the infinite depth of its reproach. But, as a matter of fact, I was mistaken. In a voice which I had great difficulty in keeping firm, I went on: 'I suppose, men, you know what it means.'" To his very great surprise, the only answer the captain hears is, "Yes, sir . . . We understand" (96). The sheer simplicity and gentleness of their response almost overwhelms the young captain; he cannot help being impressed by the "temper of their souls or the *sympathy of their imagination*" (italics mine, 100). The ordeal serves its purpose: the young captain comes to an understanding of the nature and responsibilities of his command; he learns to appreciate Burns and Ransome and the crew; he even warms to Captain Giles, although this happens too late and he is required to depart "just as he began to interest me for the first time in our intercourse" (132). The understanding that the young captain achieves is not such as to make an optimist of him; on the contrary, the naked truth of human suffering and isolation and failure is most depressing. What resurrects the whole miserable condition, however, is the understanding

of human solidarity, of fellowship in suffering, which the young man achieves during his first command.

Like the young captain in *The Shadow-Line*, the narrator in "The Secret Sharer" faces the insecurities of a new ship and command. In his awkwardness and inexperience, he dismisses the duty-watch before they have made fast the ship's ladder. As a result of this unprofessional blunder, he provides a means of entrance or approach for the outcast Legatt, who comes swimming in the night like a dream figure. An immediate rapport springs up between the two men: "A mysterious communication was established between us two—in the face of that silent, darkened tropical sea" (*Twixt Land and Sea*, 99). Before Legatt has a chance to explain why he killed a man, the narrator has guessed the reason quite accurately: "Fit of temper" (101). "He appealed to me," the narrator declares, "as if our experience had been as identical as our clothes" (102). Trying to explain their relationship, the narrator admits that there "was something that made comment impossible in his narrative, or perhaps himself; a sort of feeling, a quality, which I can't find a name for" (109). The name of it, of course, is *empathy*. The narrator understands intuitively that he must come to self-knowledge by a process of sympathetic identification with Legatt, his double or secret sharer. When he hears Legatt, it is as though he were hearing his own voice; so intense is their empathy that it virtually eliminates the need for conversation. Legatt offers no profound or complicated explanation for his appearance at the side of the ship: "I don't know—I wanted to be seen, to talk with somebody before I went on" (111). Before they part, however, each to face with renewed assurance his separate destiny, Legatt suggests the secret of their phenomenal relationship: "'As long as I know that you understand', he whispered. 'But of course you do. It's a great satisfaction to have got somebody to understand. You seem to have been there on purpose'" (132). The degree of understanding reached by Legatt and the captain is greater than that achieved by Marlow with either Kurtz or Jim; and that for the reason that the physical and spiritual similarities make possible a more complete identification. For Conrad, all men are brothers, capable of illuminating each other's nature and lot in life; but only with those who are clearly "one of us" is it possible to arrive at a level of *profound* understanding.

Legatt's pleasure at having "got somebody to understand" may be compared with Conrad's own desire, as expressed in the Author's Note to *The Mirror of the Sea*: "when I emerged into another air, as it were, and said to myself: 'Now I must speak of these things or remain unknown to the end of

my day', it was with the ineradicable hope, that accompanies one through solitude as well as through a crowd, of ultimately, some day, at some moment, making myself understood" (vi-vii). This is the hope of the artist who, "laying his soul more or less bare to the world" (*PR*, xvi), anticipates being read with the care and understanding which he has bestowed upon his creations. Conrad was ever grateful to those of his friends and critics who read his works with care and understanding. He expressed this appreciation in a letter to R. B. Cunninghame Graham, one of his most encouraging supporters: "I need not tell you this moral support of belief is the greatest help a writer can receive in those difficult moments . . ." (*LL*, II, 14). "What I am most grateful for," he wrote to Harriet Copes, "is the artistic sympathy and the delicate intelligence of your praise" (*LL*, I, 304). And, in the words of Novalis, which form the epigraph to *Lord Jim*: "It is certain that any conviction gains infinitely the moment another soul will believe in it."

Conrad's belief that a work of art, like *Almayer*, *Kurtz*, and *Jim*, must be approached in a spirit of sympathy if it is to render its deepest secrets, its essential "truth", is a critical commonplace. Fielding, for example, in Book IV, Chapter One of *Tom Jones*, declares that if, as Butler suggests, inspiration may be attributed to ale, then readers should imbibe also, "since every book ought to be read with the same spirit and in the same manner as it is writ." Fielding's statement echoes Pope's declaration in *An Essay on Criticism*: "A perfect judge will read each work of wit / With the same spirit that its author writ." Even Coleridge, in his "Dejection: An Ode", admits: "O Lady! We receive but what we give." Nevertheless, the critical insensitivity with which Conrad's own work had been received suggested to him that the matter could hardly be overemphasized. Notably, Conrad's own criticism of other writers almost invariably contains some reference to the writer's stance before the spectacle. He praises James's artistic scrupulosity, his concern for the "nice discrimination of shades of conduct" (*Notes on Life and Letters*, 17); Daudet's "wonder, his sympathy" (23); Maupassant's "eye of profound pity" (29); Anatole France's "humanity . . . his profound and unalterable compassion" (33). As he observed in "The Life Beyond": "What humanity needs is not the promise of scientific immortality, but compassionate pity in this life and infinite mercy on the Day of Judgment" (*NLL*, 69).

As Conrad would have us believe, the process of sympathetic imagination is cyclical, beginning with the author's experience of reality and continuing through each successive critical reading of his work. In J. O. Perry's words: "Whatever meaning the artist perceives in an object or human life is actually

created in him by an effort of sympathetic imagination. The inner form that is thus 'seen' infusing the visible object must be recreated in language, and then created a third time by the reader's imagination working on the presented material, each reader finding a meaning 'according to your deserts.'"⁸ The famous aim expressed in the Preface to *The Nigger*—"to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you see" (x)—involves more than a one-way process; it implies, in short, that a high order of sympathetic imagination is essential to both the creation and the appreciation of art.

That Conrad should have selected the novel as the means of making us "see"—that is, of making us understand the mysterious spectacle which is our lives—seems in complete accord with his and Ford's and Henry James's belief in the increasing sensitivity of the novel as an art form. "We both agreed", Ford wrote of himself and Conrad, "that the novel is absolutely the only vehicle for the thought of our day. With the novel you can do anything: you can inquire into every department of life, you can explore every department of the world of thought".⁹ Lionel Trilling has suggested that the novel is "the literary form to which the emotions of understanding and forgiveness were indigenous, as if by definition of the form itself".¹⁰ Certainly Conrad's work adds considerable support to Trilling's theory; and he shares this concern for sympathy and understanding with many other novelists. George Eliot advocates a form of fiction infused with "the secret of deep human sympathy"; Graham Greene insists that the novelist's primary concern is to awaken "sympathetic comprehension in our readers"; and Albert Camus, writing most suggestively of the nature of the novel, declares that great novelists

consider the work of art both as an end and as a beginning. It is the outcome of an often unexpressed philosophy, its illustration and its consummation. But it is complete only through the implications of that philosophy. It justifies at last that variant of an old theme that a little thought estranges from life whereas much thought reconciles to life. Incapable of refining the real, thought pauses to mimic it. The novel in question is the instrument of that simultaneously relative and inexhaustible knowledge, so like that of love. Of love, fictional creation has the initial wonder and the fecund rumination.¹¹

Conrad's attitude before the spectacle is no doubt one of love, love compounded of awe and wonder; and his response to it is that of the man of imagination, the "artist in his calling as interpreter" (*NLL*, 14). The man of imagination,

in order to interpret thoroughly, to render the highest possible justice to the spectacle and to awaken that "latent feeling of fellowship with all creation" (*Nigger*, viii), must be "capable of giving tender recognition to men's obscure virtues . . . look with a large forgiveness at men's ideas and prejudices . . . mature the strength of his imagination among the things of this earth" (*NLL*, 10). Conrad is advocating, in short, the informing principle of his life and art, cultivation of the fine art of understanding.

NOTES

1. Joseph Conrad, *A Personal Record*, (London: Dent, 1946-1955), xxi. All further references are to the Dent *Collected Edition of the Works of Joseph Conrad* and will be abbreviated, wherever convenient, within the text.
2. See the writer's "Clearing the Jungle: The Importance of Work in Conrad", *Queen's Quarterly*, Vol. LXXIII, No. 4 (Winter 1966), pp. 559-572.
3. G. Jean Aubry, *Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters*, II (New York: Doubleday, 1927), p. 89. All further references to these volumes will be incorporated into the text and abbreviated as follows: e.g., (*LL*, II, 89).
4. Susanne Langer, *Problems of Art* (New York: Scribners, 1957), p. 15.
5. W. J. Bate, *Criticism: The Major Texts* (New York: Harcourt, 1952), p. 274.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 347.
7. Albert Guerard, *Conrad the Novelist* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1958), p. 147.
8. John Oliver Perry, "Action, Vision, or Voice: The Moral Dilemmas of Conrad's Tale-Telling", *Modern Fiction Studies*, Vol. 10, No. 1 (Spring, 1964), p. 4.
9. Ford Madox Ford, *Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance* (London: Duckworth, 1924), p. 208.
10. Lionel Trilling, *The Liberal Imagination* (New York: The Viking Press, 1951), p. 222.
11. George Eliot, *Adam Bede*, Book II, Ch. XVII, "In Which the Story Pauses a Little"; quoted in Walter Allen, *The English Novel: A Short Critical History* (Middlesex: Pelican Books, 1958), p. 14; Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus* (New York: Vintage Books, 1955), p. 75.