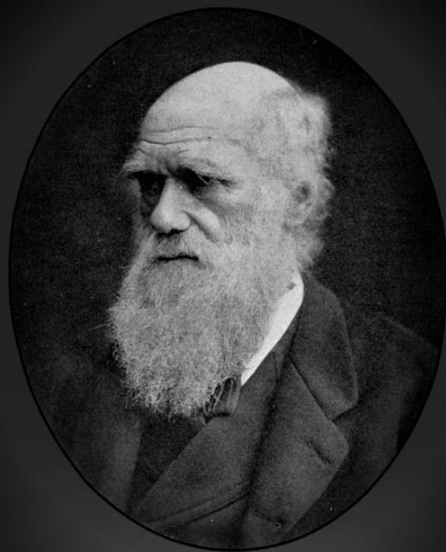


Modernism

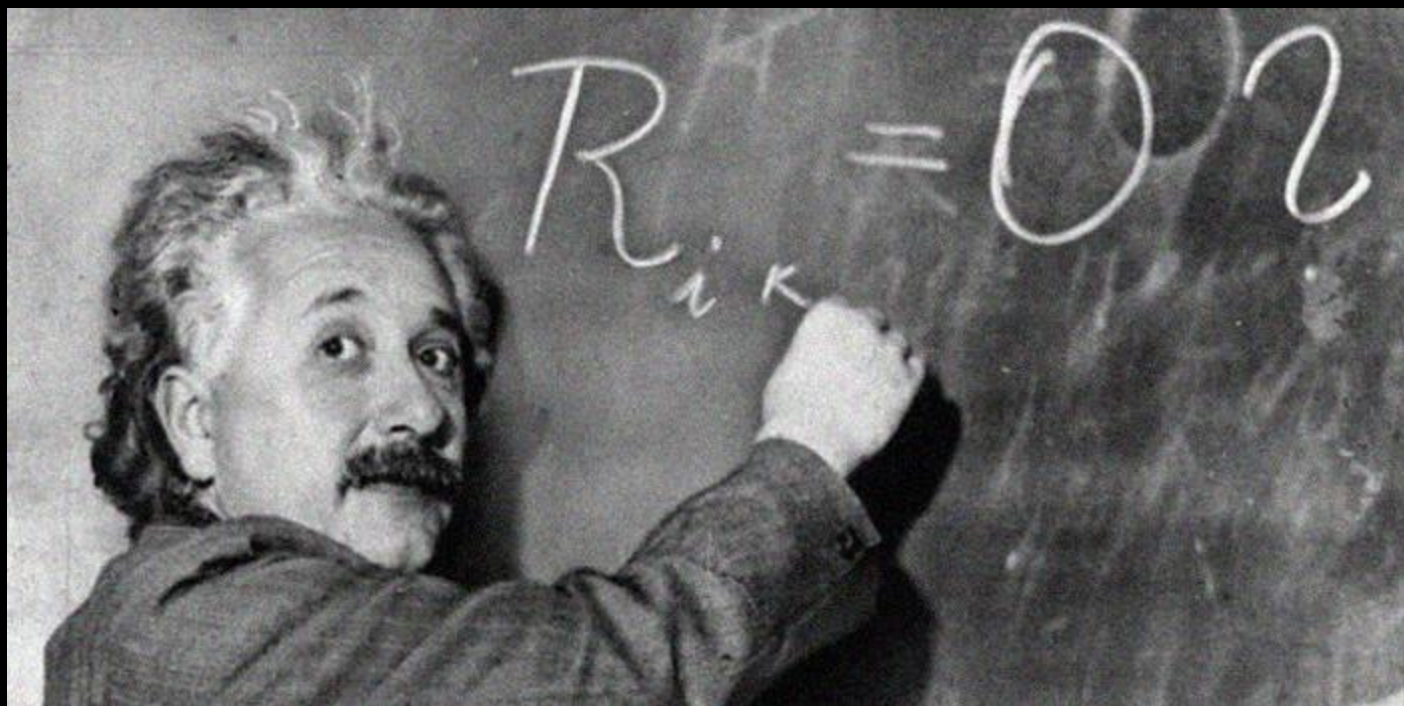
1880s - 1930s

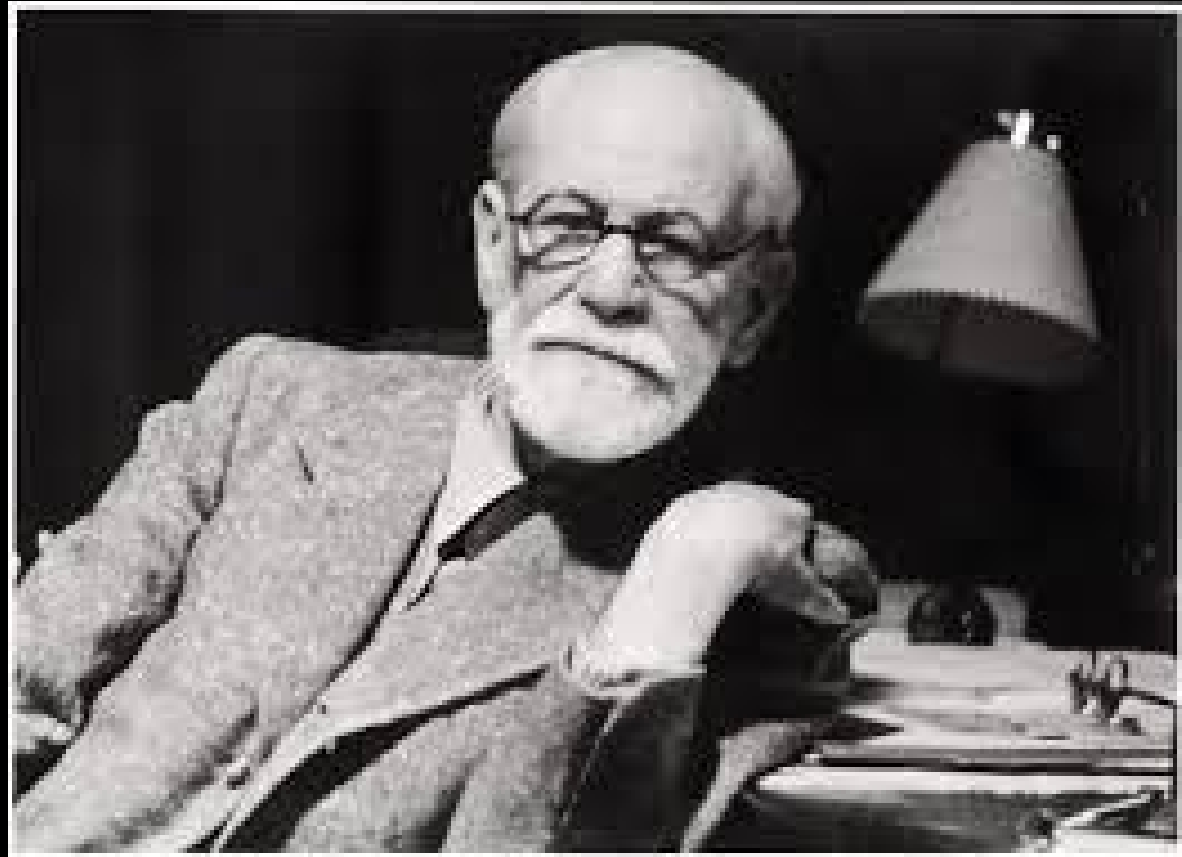




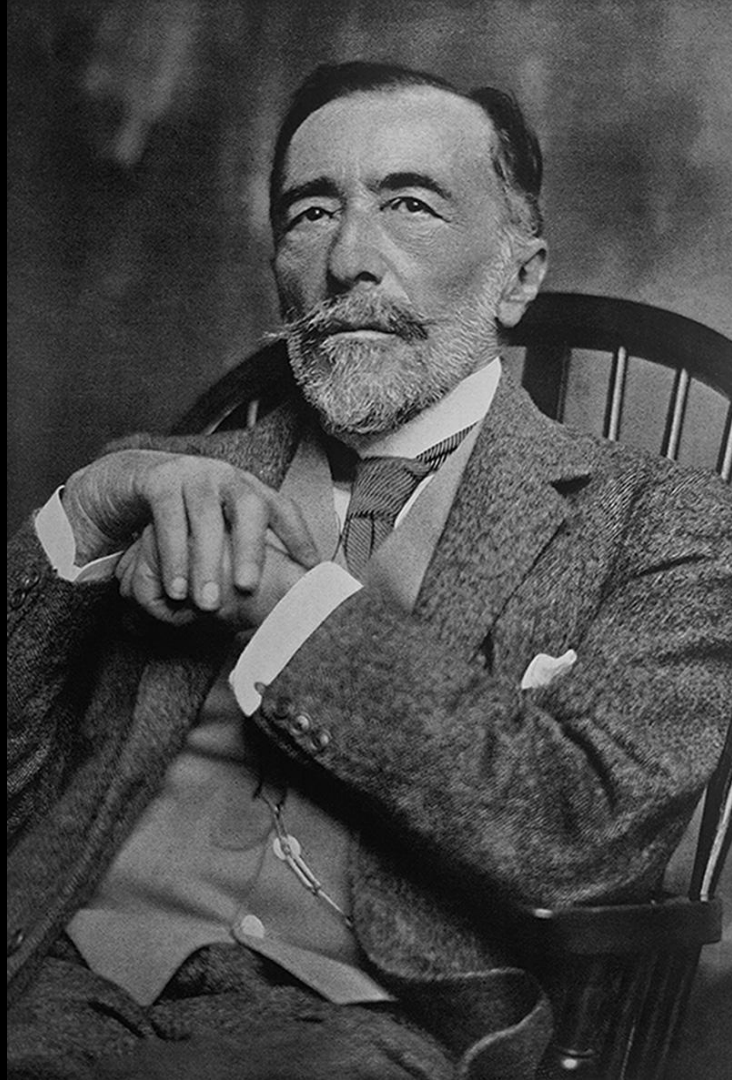
Charles Darwin

1809 - 1882





**skepticism
and
self-consciousness**



**Józef
Teodor
Konrad
Korzeniowski**

literary man & rebel

3 identities

16: Marseille

20: suicide

20: the British navy

imitation of Flaubert

**omniscient narrator &
irony**

**distanced & unfriendly to
characters**

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N^o. M.



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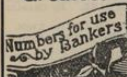
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whistle for the cream. But tak' a dram, Mr De Quinshy, a' the same. I see fine by the blink o's e'e that Mr North has a toast to gie's. Pit awa' thae peels, an' sook the whuskey doon. Mr Tickler an' me'll oxter ye hame gif needs be.

NORTH.

Mr De Quincey, the Shepherd is right. I have a toast in my mind to which I earnestly crave the attention of the whole company. The night goes on apace, and it will soon be time for us to separate.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, Mr Tickler's unco sleepy, an' Mr De Quinshy's aye pittin' his haun' ower the moo' that poors oot sic a winnerfu' blatter o' words.

NORTH.

We must not disperse, gentlemen, without drinking the toast of *Maga*. Her history is a glorious one. Long may she flourish, and may she ever be true to her old traditions!

OMNES.

To *Maga*! *Maga* for ever! No heeltaps! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

[*All drink a bumper. GURNEY steals out from the ear of Dionysius, surreptitiously drinks the toast, and slips back again. Cheers from behind the door, where PICARDY and his tail are dutifully assembled.*

SHEPHERD.

Aweel, a' gude things maun hae an end. We hae had a glorious crack, gentlemen, an' I think the least we can dae is to send this Noctes to the Yeditor, auld Ebony's oe. Gude send he disna pit it intil the Balaam-box! But he'll surely no' daur hanle the likes o' huz wi' sae muckle incivility. Gude nicht to ye, Mr North. Ye'll be for Moray Place? Gude nicht, Mr Tickler; gude nicht, Mr De Quinshy.

OMNES.

Good night! good night! gude nicht!

[*Exeunt omnes, and sic transeunt Noctes.*

THE HEART OF DARKNESS.

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

THE "Nellie," a cruising yawl, swung to her anchor without a flutter of the sails, and was at rest. The flood had made, the wind was nearly calm, and being bound down the river, the only thing for us was to come to and wait for the turn of the tide.

The sea-reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were welded together without a joint, and in the luminous space the tanned sails of the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in red clusters of canvas sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished sprits. A haze rested on the low shores that ran out to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dark above Gravesend, and farther back still seemed condensed into a mournful gloom, brooding motionless over the biggest, and the greatest, town on earth.

The Director of Companies was our captain and our host. We four affectionately watched his back as he stood in the bows looking to seaward. On the whole river there was nothing that looked half so nautical. He resembled a pilot, which to a seaman is trustworthiness personified. It was difficult to realise his work was not out

there in the luminous estuary, but behind him, within the brooding gloom.

Between us there was, as I have already said somewhere, the bond of the sea. Besides holding our hearts together through long periods of separation, it had the effect of making us tolerant of each other's yarns—and even convictions. The Lawyer—the best of old fellows—had, because of his many years and many virtues, the only cushion on deck, and was lying on the only rug. The Accountant had brought out already a box of dominoes, and was toying architecturally with the bones. Marlow sat cross-legged right aft, leaning against the mizzenmast. He had sunken cheeks, a yellow complexion, a straight back, an ascetic aspect, and, with his arms dropped, the palms of hands outwards, resembled an idol. The Director, satisfied the anchor had good hold, made his way aft and sat down amongst us. We exchanged a few words lazily. Afterwards there was silence on board the yacht. For some reason or other we did not begin that game of dominoes. We felt meditative, and fit for nothing but placid staring. The day was ending in a serenity that had a still and exquisite brilliance. The water

Congo: 1890

“Everything here is repellent to me,
men and things but men above all”

“I regret having come here, I regret
it bitterly”

“beastly, the fault of a man who
carried me”

what does “h.o.d” stand for?

Belgian Congo

light of civilisation into Africa

darkness at the heart of the light

Totius Africae tabula, & descriptio uniuersalis, etiam ultra Ptolemæi limites extensa.



A Lusitania ad Calecut Orientis imperium, hoc itinere per mare deuenitur. Per latus occidentale Mauritaniae & Genuae. Noto deuenitur ad Caput australe, dictum olim Esperius, ibi insuntur tres insulae in sole. Inde trāsita Aethiopia apparet caput australe, quod est Caput bonæ spei, exceditq; huiusmodi tropicū nouem gradibus. Mox regio se sinuat, quo ad rursus promontorium peruenit is, quod Ptolemæus terminum posuit australe, ulterioreq; plaga appellatur terra incognita. Inde iter patet ad Trogloditas, ubi est Zaphala aurifodina etia ut terribus cognita. Hinc transitu regno Melinde, per sinū Barbaricum uenitur in Oceanū Indicum, & demū ad urbem Calecut.





AFRICA.

SCALE OF MILES.

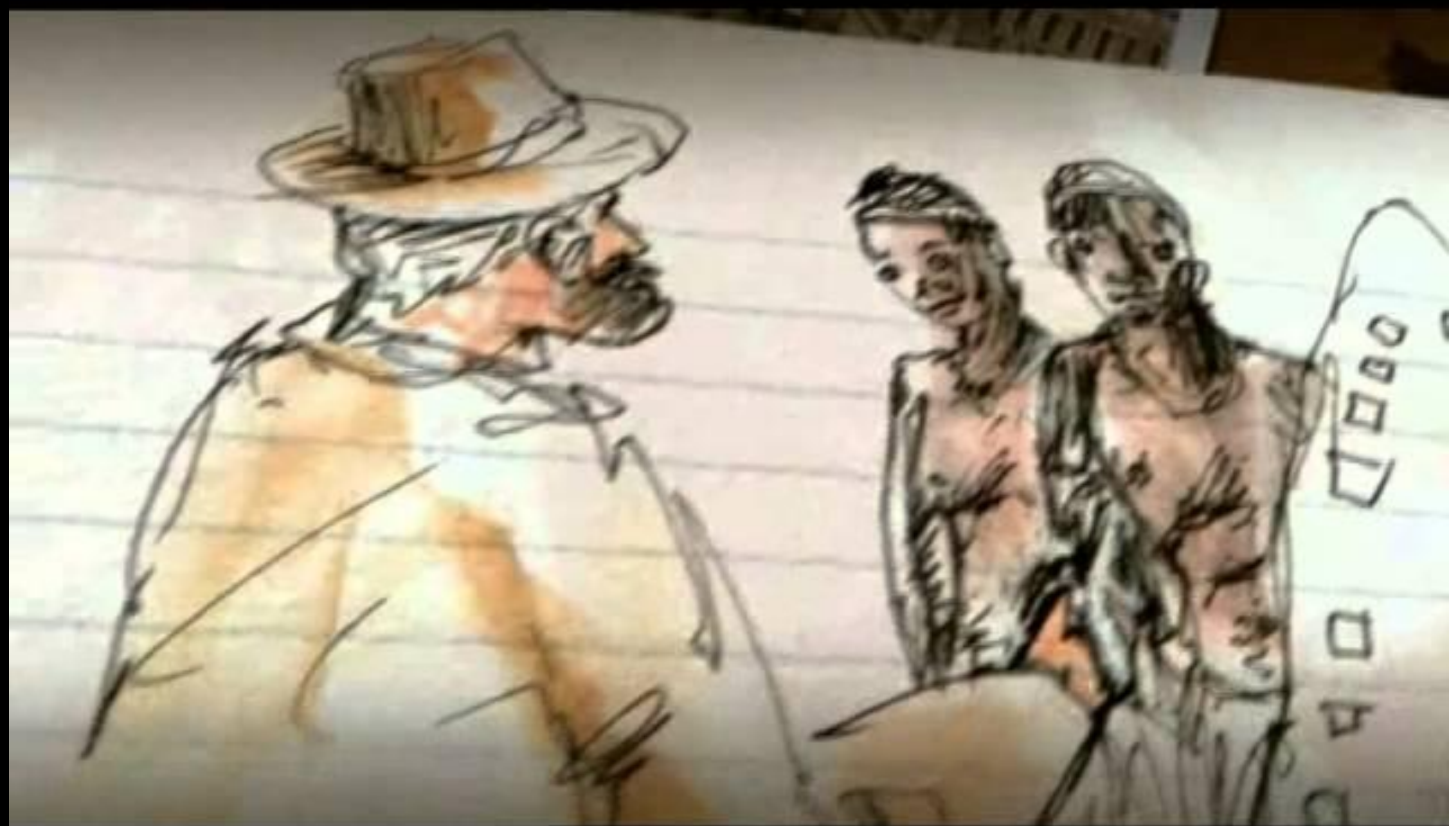
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Africa, 1890

1870: 10 %

1914: 90 %





**skepticism
and
self-consciousness**

crisis in storytelling

what is it?

adventure yarn?

anti-colonialist?

racist?

**writers do not believe that
their language works in the
same way**

“My task is to make you hear, to
make you feel-and above all, to make
you see”

I had a notion it somehow would be of help to that
Kurtz whom at the time I did not see—you understand. He was just
a word for me. I did not see the man in the name any more than
you do. Do you see him? Do you see the story? Do you see anything?
It seems to me I am trying to tell you a dream—making a
vain attempt, because no relation of a dream can convey the
dream-sensation, that commingling of absurdity, surprise, and
bewilderment in a tremor of struggling revolt, that notion of being
captured by the incredible which is the very essence of dreams. . . .

You can't understand. How could you?—with solid pavement under your feet, surrounded by kind neighbours ready to cheer you or to fall on you, . . . —how can you imagine what particular region of the first ages a man's untrammelled feet may take him into by the way of solitude—utter solitude without a policeman—by the way of silence—utter silence, where no warning voice of a kind neighbour can be heard whispering of public opinion? These little things make all the great difference.

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stories alive to readers?

the drama of the telling

pathological postponing

approaches and retreats

HOD: essential text

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