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***Heart of Darkness* and Late-Victorian Fascination with the Primitive and the Double**

SAMIR ELBARBARY

A fascination with primordial darkness, the oxymoronic “fascination of the abomination” that Marlow in *Heart of Darkness* offers to his listeners (6), was prevalent in the late nineteenth century, reflecting a belief in man’s animal origins. A perusal of the main periodicals of the period such as *Nineteenth Century*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Cornhill Magazine*, and *Macmillan’s Monthly Magazine* reveals that they aimed to tell the unvarnished truth about the ugly and frightening realities of man’s nature hidden behind an attractive façade. The articles published include those by R. A. Proctor, Henry Rowley, G. J. Romanes, Grant Allen, W. J. Corbett, James Sully, H. G. Wells, and Lionel Johnson.”¹ Essentially, the discourse of primitivism and degeneracy reverses the idea of evolution; it deconstructs the ethos of the improving spirit of the times.

A marked premise of nineteenth-century ideology, generating more colonial rhetoric, is the superiority of the white races in the evolutionary scheme to the “primitive” or “savage.”² Rowley’s essay might well have been written as a critique of this racist vision. It states that all creatures are united in the primitive natural state, and the highest/lowest hierarchy is blurred:

Nothing more astonishes an inexperienced traveler than the discovery that in all men, differ how much so ever they may in outward circumstances or acquired habits, our race still preserves its social character; that there are the same instincts, the same

natural feelings . . . with the most degraded equally with the highest. (684)

Substantially, this suggests Marlow's observation about the connection between himself and the "savages":

No, they were not inhuman. Well, you know, that was the worst of it—this suspicion of their not being inhuman. It would come slowly to one. They howled and leaped, and spun, and made horrid faces; but what thrilled you was just the thought of their humanity—like yours—the thought of your remote kinship with this wild and passionate uproar. (36–37)

Overall, *Heart of Darkness* offers a paradoxical reading of black and white:

It was very curious to see the contrast of expressions of the white men and of the black fellows of our crew, who were as much strangers to that part of the river as we, though their homes were only eight hundred miles away. The whites, of course greatly discomposed, had besides a curious look of being painfully shocked by such an outrageous row. The others had an alert, naturally interested expression; but their faces were essentially quiet. (41)

In this perspective, Edward Tylor argued for the unsettling of rigid hierarchical separation between races, which he ranged on a spectrum of cultural evolution. He observed that

The character and habit of mankind at once display . . . similarity and consistency of phenomena, which led the Italian proverb-maker to declare that 'all the world is one country.' . . . It appears both possible and desirable to eliminate considerations of hereditary varieties or races of man, and to treat mankind as homogeneous in nature, though placed in different grades of civilization. . . . In comparing mental and artistic culture among several peoples, the balance of good and ill is not quite easy to strike. . . . Savagery and Civilization are connected as lower and higher stages of one formation. (I: 6, 7, 28, 37)

The title of his book itself signifies that primitive people, in their communal capacities, are makers of culture—which discounts claims to cultural bias.

Many readers of the 1890s would surely agree with what Sully stated in "The Dream as a Revolution":

Psychology has of late occupied itself much with the curious phenomenon of double or alternating personality. By this is meant the recurrent interruption of the normal state by the intrusion of a secondary state, in which the thought, feelings, and

the whole personality become other than they were. This occasional substitution of a new for the old self is sometimes spontaneous, the result of brain trouble. (361)

Similarly Oscar Wilde, in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, sees a possibility that “we can multiply our personalities,” and hence a human being can appropriate “myriad lives and myriad sensations,” and Dorian tells Basil Hallward, “Each of us has Heaven and Hell in him” (142, 157). This sense of the alliance of good and evil in the psyche is evident in Bram Stoker’s *Dracula*, when Professor Van Helsing remarks, “This evil thing is rooted deep in all good” (231), and also in Marlow’s observation about Kurtz: “The pulsating stream of light, or the deceitful flow from the heart of an impenetrable darkness” (48). Madame Blavatsky is in agreement on this co-existence of contradictory selves working within the same person, as she remarks that “as flitting personalities, to-day one person, to-morrow another—we are” (85).

It is a safe assumption that the outline of this thought lies behind the efflorescence of what may be termed as neo-primitivist novels and short stories, within a few years of each other at the end of the century, by writers as varied as Robert Lewis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, Bram Stoker, H. G. Wells, Grant Allen, Oscar Wilde, and Henry James. Darkness is the controlling metaphor for these narratives which, in their different ways, have as their theme the phenomenon of two consciousnesses—the human “primitive” duality (the idea of the secret sharer is of vital concern for Conrad) and the interconnectedness of genius and insanity. Titles such as *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, “The Mark of the Beast,” *Dracula*, *The Invisible Man*, *The British Barbarians*, “The Beast in the Jungle” would not be in the least out of place in any one of the above-mentioned journals. My approach to *Heart of Darkness* is by way of such texts, as it displays sufficient affinities to them. The “dark” Kurtz, although drawn in much darker colors, is not an uneasy ally of the predatory Moreau, Dracula, and Hyde—all are mad and savage geniuses. Yet it must be said that while *Heart of Darkness* works with well-nigh common materials, it manages to be highly esteemed for its far more rich and complex rendering of the darkness theme, and remains a brilliant work anticipating modernist techniques which appeal to the modern sensibility.

Kurtz is seen in a double focus; genius and nobility of personality and purpose find themselves in easy partnership with insanity and monstrosity: “His intelligence was perfectly clear—concentrated, it is true, upon himself with horrible intensity, yet clear. . . . But his soul was mad” (67–68). Initially he is one in whom “sweetness and light” prevail.

We are provided with examples of the breadth of his considerable talents. He is accorded adulation as “a universal genius” (28). The brickmaker pays tribute with hyperbole to the mind that has equipped itself with human empathy, science, and civilized order: “an emissary of pity, and science, and progress, and devil knows what else” (25). He is verbally gifted too: he has a reputation for an “unbounded power of eloquence” (51). “The point was in his being a gifted creature, and that of all his gifts the one that stood up pre-eminently, that carried with it a sense of real presence, was his ability to talk, his words—the gift of expression” (48). To Marlow, prior to meeting him, “The man presented himself as a voice” (48). Kurtz’s cousin comments, “But Heavens! how that man could talk! He electrified large meetings. . . . He would have been a splendid leader of an extreme party” (74). And his fiancée remarks of his rhetorical skill, “Who was not his friend who had heard him speak once?” (77). That he is “a remarkable man” is kept alive in the reader’s mind through reiteration (62, 72, 76).³ He gives the Russian, his devoted and largely uncritical follower, a sense of linguistic inadequacy whenever he speaks: “You don’t talk with that man—you listen to him” (54). Appropriately, Kurtz’s listeners become corpse-like, they cannot muster words for debate with him.

As befits an artistic genius, Kurtz has a considerable poetic talent (65). His essential creativity and imaginative energy extend to the field of music (“Kurtz had been essentially a great musician” [73]), painting (25), and journalism (73, 74). Kurtz’s oil sketch—a true engagement in the creative, artistic experience—shows that he finds inspiration easy. The Russian says, “Oh, he enlarged my mind!” (65), and “He made me see things” (56). His greatness of mind is also established by his unselfish commitment to the good of the savage people.

Genius tends to promote evil;⁴ the uncommonly gifted individual surrenders to madness. Kurtz is repeatedly described as “mad” (57, 68 [twice]). In a letter to his publisher Conrad perceives the story on one plane as “an anecdote of a man who went mad in the Centre of Africa” (*Collected* 417). Kurtz’s descent into madness begins in the sepulchral city: “‘Ever any madness in your family?’ [the trading company’s doctor] asked, in a matter of fact tone” (11). To be clever and insane is an essential part of the pathology of H. G. Wells’s Moreau: “His curiosity, his mad, aimless investigations, drove him on” (139). Prendick, the narrator, whose knowledge at the end of the novel is far from rudimentary, points to his own real satanic nature: “I, too, was not a reasonable creature, but only an animal tormented with some strange disorder in its brain, that sent it to wander alone, like a sheep stricken

with the gid" (191). This is not alien to the interpretation of warped genius given by Sully in *The Human Mind*—genius is co-extensive with insanity:

The man of great intellect or genius has so frequently been characterized by marked moral failings, weakness of will in control of the passions and so forth that this fact . . . has led certain writers to regard the organic basis of all genius as a neurosis or abnormal deviation from the healthy type of nervous organization. (309)

Further, the psychology of insane genius is developed in "Genius and Insanity"—Sully sees mental imbalance connotated with genius:

The idea that there is an affinity between genius and mental disease seems at first foreign to our modern habits of thought. In the one, we have human intellect rejoicing in titanic strength; in the other, the same intellect disordered and pitiably enfeebled. Yet, as has been hinted, the belief in the connection of the two is an old and persistent one. . . . Among our own writers we have so healthy and serene a spirit as Shakespeare asserting a degree of affinity between poetic creation and madness:

The lunatick, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact . . .

A more serious affirmation of a propinquity is to be found in the well-known lines of Dryden:—

Great wits are sure to madness near allied.

Dracula can be regarded as akin to Jekyll in the confluence of genius and dark qualities. In one passage Stoker depicts him as a distinctly imposing figure,

a most wonderful man. Soldier, statesman, and alchemist—which later was the highest development of the science-knowledge of his time. He had a mighty brain, a learning beyond compare, and a heart that knew no fear and no remorse. He dared even to attend the Scholomance and there was no branch of knowledge of his time that he did not essay. Well, in him the brain powers survived the physical death. (290–91)

Dracula has assembled in his library "a vast number of English books, whole shelves full of them, and bound volumes of magazines and newspapers. . . . The books were of the most varied kind—history, geography, politics, political economy, botany, geology, law," which, in his own words, "have been good friends to me" (19). In Professor Van Helsing's view, "He is clever, oh, so clever!" (303), has a "more subtle brain . . . than any man," (308) and is further "spoken of as the cleverest and the most cunning, as well as the bravest of the sons of the 'land

beyond the forest'” (231). The connection between crime and cleverness has not gone unnoticed by the Professor: “The philosophy of crime . . . is a study of insanity. . . . The criminal . . . is clever and resourceful” (328). Dr. Moreau is a mad and tyrannical man of science-as-evolution. His outrageous expressions of pragmatic intelligence are centered on an expert knowledge of “grafting” (102) in pursuit of his doctrine of beasts as humans-in-becoming, with no thought for scientific ethics. He is plunged into a darkness similar to Kurtz's. The narrator dwells upon the result of the amoral experimenter's dominant passion for research:

He was so irresponsible, so utterly careless. His curiosity, his mad, aimless investigations, drove him on, and the things [animals] were thrown out to live a year or so, to struggle, and blunder, and suffer; at last to die painfully. They were wretched in themselves, the old animal hate moved them to trouble one another, the Law held them back from a brief hot struggle and a decisive end to their natural animosities. (139)

Prendick's statement, “I lost faith in the sanity of the world when I saw it suffering the painful disorder of this island” (139), is premised on his belief in Moreau's terrorist impulses.

In his review of *The Picture of Dorian Gray* Walter Pater argued that

To lose the moral sense therefore, for instance, the sense of sin and righteousness, as Mr. Wilde's heroes are bent on doing as speedily, as completely as they can, is to lose, or lower, organization, to become less complex, to pass from a higher to a lower degree of development. (264)

The same judgment might well apply to *Heart of Darkness*. Kurtz embodies all forms of an urge to be more or less than human. He employs his faculties for aims in the opposite direction from the idealism announced in his self-deconstructing report as a civilizer. His writings designate in Marlow's view an “exotic Immensity ruled by an august Benevolence” and they appeal to “every altruistic sentiment.” His predisposition for benevolent sympathy is clear in the statement “We whites . . . must necessarily appear to them [savages] in the nature of supernatural beings. . . . By the simple exercise of our will we can exert a power for good practically unbounded” (51). The Central Station manager quotes Kurtz, the exemplar: “Each station should be like a beacon on the road towards better things, a centre for trade of course, but also for humanizing, improving, instructing” (33). Kurtz's inexperienced, scientific self in the fiery report is alive with the possibility of the cultivation and conversion of the “sav-

ages." He would have subscribed to Moreau's proposition that "a pig may be educated" (104).

But theory is one thing, practice is another. Idealism, which has a Utopian quality, is inappropriate in a world where corrupt interests abound and where there are many who go on all fours. The last sentence in the report, an added footnote—"Exterminate all the brutes"—refers us to the dark other side of his identity, "the soul satiated with primitive emotions" (69); it shows a descent from high to low, and that his civilizer's concern for the distressed savages has turned to hatred—a Jekyll-to-Hyde turn. Of particular relevance in this respect is the significance of the portrait he has painted, the blindfolded torchbearer against the black background (25), which could be said to suggest, among other things, the simplicity of the ideal and the complexity of reality, the illusion of light and the truth of darkness. The monstrous prevails, and the human and artistic potential miscarries. There is a downward tug in Kurtz's involvement with the wilderness and he descends into a brute existence. He is reduced to madness, and his aggressive impulses take control of him:

The wilderness had patted him on the head, and, behold, it was like a ball—an ivory ball; it had caressed him, and—lo!—he had withered; it had taken him, loved him, embraced him, got into his veins, consumed his flesh, and sealed his soul to its own by the inconceivable ceremonies of some devilish initiation. He was its spoiled and pampered favourite. . . . How many powers of darkness claimed him for their own. . . . The wilderness . . . had whispered to him things about himself which he did not know . . . the whisper had proved irresistibly fascinating. It echoed loudly within him because he was hollow at the core. . . . The heavy, mute spell of the wilderness . . . seemed to draw him to its pitiless breast by the awakening of forgotten and brutal instincts, by the memory of gratified and monstrous passions. (49, 59, 67)

One thinks of Jekyll's statement, "My devil had been long caged, he came out roaring. . . . As the first edge of my penitence wore off, the lower side of me . . . began to growl for license" (90–92). Lucy Westenra, an infectious prey to Dracula's bite, is a close manifestation of the possibility of conversion from goodness and purity to a female vampire:

The sweetness was turned to adamant, heartless cruelty, and the purity to voluptuous wantonness. . . . The lips were crimson with fresh blood. . . . The stream had trickled over her chin and stained the purity of her lawn death-robe. . . . She flung to the ground, callous as a devil, the child that up to now she had

clutched strenuously to her breast, growling over it as a dog growls over a bone. (203)

Kurtz possesses an immense charisma; he displays a mysterious hold on the natives. In the Russian's words, "They adored him. . . . He came to them with thunder and lightning." Although Kurtz harbors murderous thoughts about the Russian, the latter responds with further devotion: "He wanted to shoot me one day. . . . But I didn't clear out. No, no. I couldn't leave him" (57). Appropriately, "He had taken a high seat among the devils of the land" (50). The men-animals treat the dictatorial Moreau on terms not much different; he is deified and his power means mortal terror to others:

'His is the House of Pain.'
 'His is the Hand that makes.'
 'His is the Hand that wounds.'
 'His is the Hand that heals.' (85)

Kurtz's humanity is visible only in expressions of self-disgust. When close to death he reflects, with a sense of loss, on his brutality. His words, "The horror! The horror!" show the Promethean shame that follows pride, and further constitute "a judgment upon the adventures of his soul on this earth" (71). It is both ironic and revealing that Kurtz dies at the moment of self-knowledge.

In the novels under discussion, persons have their echoes—a function of doubling, replication. Dracula is the signifier of insanity, which seems to have infected all male characters—a collective hysteria. It recurs in different degrees in the lunatic Redfield, who is confined to a mental asylum (111, 269), Jonathan Harker (96, 178), Arthur Godalming (199, 221), Dr. Seward (185), and even the learned Professor Van Helsing (187, 327). The helmsman's madness may be juxtaposed to Kurtz's—"He had no restraint, no restraint—just like Kurtz" (52)—and their deaths are somehow linked in our minds (47). Clues make it clear that early experiences that befall Fresleven, Marlow's predecessor, killed because of his insanity and destructiveness, parodically foretell Kurtz's own death. Moreau, like Fresleven, is killed in an agitated flurry of fury. Both are cruel, at a terrible cost to themselves. Montgomery is Moreau's metonymical associate. He is another case of atavistic regression. Prendick is not particularly distinct from these two; he has some of their savage nature. Remarkably enough, he undergoes a change on the island:

I too must have undergone strange changes. My clothes hung about me as yellow rags, through whose rents glowed the tanned skin. My hair grew long, and became matted together. I am told

that even now my eyes have a strange brightness, a swift alertness of movement. (181)

It is not surprising to find him admitting, "I, too, was not a reasonable creature, but only an animal tormented with some strange disorder in its brain" (191). Montgomery acts as an instrument of Moreau's will; his adventures are more or less the duplicate of those of his master. He is a creature of irrational impulse: in a bout of insanity he burns up the boats "to prevent our return to mankind," the narrator points out (161). Marlow's role may be said to correspond with that of Montgomery. Apart from his role in the mediation for the auditors of the truths of Kurtz, he is aligned with Kurtz in the reader's mind from the very beginning. From Kurtz's first mention, he is homesick for him. Marlow is like a mesmerized person; Kurtz has gained ascendancy over him. Dracula's assault on Mina has left her subordinated to his will, "And you . . . are now to me, flesh of my flesh; blood of my blood; kin of my kin" (276).

The confrontation of Marlow's identity with Kurtz is a figuration of the inner conflict between the two selves of Marlow, the self's downward journey into its own unconsciousness: "We penetrated deeper and deeper into the heart of darkness" (35). The journey of Dracula's pursuers upriver in the direction of the Castle is a similar figurative descent into the unconscious mind: "We seem to be drifting into unknown places and unknown ways; into a whole world of dark and dreadful things," remarks Jonathan Harker (344). The conversation that takes place between Marlow and Kurtz seems like a monologic discourse of self-articulation: "I tried to break the spell. . . . If anybody had ever struggled with a soul, I am the man" (67). There are implications that Marlow is placed in the same existential arena as Kurtz: when he pursues the missing Kurtz, he remarks that "I was anxious to deal with this shadow by myself alone—and to this day I don't know why I was so jealous of sharing with any one the peculiar blackness of that experience" (66), and later on he observes, "It is his extremity that I seem to have lived through" (72).

Marlow strikes his aunt as "an emissary of light, something like a lower sort of apostle" (12); so too Kurtz is characterized by the brickmaker as an "emissary of pity, and science, and progress" (25). Marlow taking pleasure in telling a bizarre story is perhaps a mark of insanity; passion can seize him: "I had some difficulty in restraining myself from laughing in their faces" (72–73). Watching the natives dance, he responds with the thought of a "remote kinship with this wild and passionate uproar" (37). Caught in recognition of imminent death,

Marlow stresses his primitive, bestial predisposition, and describes how he is spared destruction. "I was within a hair's breadth of the last opportunity for pronouncement. . . . He had stepped over the edge, while I had been permitted to draw back my hesitating foot" (72). Kurtz's death implies the death of Marlow: Kurtz "was as good as buried. And for a moment it seemed to me as if I also were buried. . . . That next day the pilgrims buried something in a muddy hole. And they very nearly buried me" (63, 71). Kurtz "was very little more than a voice" (48, 49) and so is his double—the frame narrator takes Marlow to be "no more . . . than a voice" (28). We may note, incidentally, that Jekyll recognizes in Hyde his "other self," and also maintains that "he thought of Hyde, for all his energy of life, as of something not only hellish but inorganic. This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices" (95), which in a sense suggests an atmosphere of supernatural dread and the elemental.

Van Helsing and Dracula may also be considered a double, even if not so explicitly confirmed as Jekyll and Hyde. It matters that Van Helsing has an "iron jaw," "bushy eyebrows meeting" (126, 236), and a propensity for madness which recall Dracula's. Both men are old, alien, and threatening; they are related to vampirism—one by pursuing the mastery of vampire lore and influencing the endangered away from evil, and the other by deed—and Van Helsing, in a manner reminiscent of Dracula, tells Lucy, "No trifling with me! I never jest! There is grim purpose in all I do" (126). It is possible to regard Jonathan Harker as a shadow Dracula. Harker looks into the depths of his shaving glass at Castle Dracula expecting to glimpse the count's face reflected in it, "but, there was no sign of a man in it, except myself" (24). The woman whose child was stolen has, in her tragic position, a tacit assumption that Harker is the culprit, never suspecting the count, who is disguised in Jonathan's garb: "Monster, give me my child" (44). In Quincey Morris, too, we find a displaced Dracula. The reader's attention is drawn to him in the scene in which he occupies Dracula's physical position outside the window, and with his gun at hand strikes terror in Van Helsing and all the men, who "jumped to their feet" (232). Marlow remarks that duality has its collective—not merely personal—aspect: "The mind of man is capable of anything—because everything is in it, all the past as well as all the future" (37)—which fits a Jungian perspective. This meaning is recognizable in Van Helsing's words, "All men are mad in some way or the other" (115). Prendick, speaking of the "metamorphosed brutes" (120) on Dr. Moreau's island, notes:

I would see one of the clumsy bovine creatures who worked the launch treading heavily through the undergrowth, and find myself asking, trying hard to recall, how he differed from some really human yokel trudging home from his mechanical labours; or I would meet the Fox-Bear Woman's vulpine, shifty face, strangely human in its speculative cunning, and even imagine I had met it before in some city by-way. (121)

When he returns to London he remarks of Londoners, "I feel as though the animal was surging up through them. . . . I shrink from them . . . they seemed no more my fellow-creatures than dead bodies would be" (190–91). Jekyll learns "to recognise the thorough and primitive duality of man" (82); and suggests that "the terms of this debate [the Jekyll-Hyde duality] are as old and commonplace as man" (89). Such statements perhaps recall, if only distantly, Walter Pater's remark that "the mind of the race, the character of the age, sway him [man] this way or that," and Coleridge's "the infinite I AM" (*Appreciations* 67, *Biographia* 1: 202).

The discourse of primitivism is at the core of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Jekyll admits that the pleasures he "made haste to seek were . . . undignified. . . . But in the hands of Edward Hyde they soon began to turn towards the monstrous" (86). Jekyll attributes the brutality of Hyde to a vehement attachment of self: "His every act and thought centered on self; drinking pleasure with bestial avidity from any degree of torture to another; relentless like a man of stone" (86). Kurtz's "soul [is] satiated with primitive emotions" (69), his primitive dehumanizing egotism—reversing his altruism—fills the self and causes otherness to be obliterated. He relates everything to his inflated self: "'My intended, my ivory, my station, my river, my—' everything belonged to him" (49). "My intended, my station, my career, my ideas—these were the subjects for the occasional utterances of elevated sentiments" (69). Kurtz is a discourse of unrestrained will; we are told that "He had kicked himself loose of the earth" (67), and the Russian tells Marlow of his rapacious greed: "Evidently the appetite for more ivory had got the better of the—what shall I say?—less material aspirations" (57–58). Typical of a thunderer's is Kurtz's belligerent demand for ivory (56), and he succumbs to homicidal mania: "those heads drying on the stakes" which were "only a savage sight" (59) and "showed that Mr. Kurtz lacked restraint in the gratification of his various lusts" (58).

These decapitated heads recall the terrorist Nero's human torches (victims covered with wax and set on fire) that lit his gardens—as Tacitus informs us.⁵ Moreau's demonic manipulation of others

manifests itself with some force in his account of the physical metamorphosis of his subjects: "I made my first man. All the week, night and day, I moulded him" (109). The self-assertive effect of the words is apparent. Jekyll acknowledges, not surprisingly, the absence of restraint to curb brute instinct: "I had voluntarily stripped myself of all those balancing instincts" (90). A link between criminality and selfish impulses characterizes Dracula: "As he is criminal he is selfish . . . his action is based on selfishness, he confines himself to one purpose" (329-30). Like Kurtz, he relates all to himself, grounding vision of others within his own power. He tells Van Helsing and his group, "Your girls that you all love are mine already; and through them you and others shall yet be mine—my creatures, to do my bidding and to be my jackals when I want to feed" (295). One thinks of Sully, who in his article "Self-Esteem and Self-Estimation" saw an affinity between the feeling of self-esteem and primitive consciousness. He argued that "Far down, so to speak, below the surface of distinct consciousness . . . the connections between the idea of self and this emotion of esteem have been slowly woven through long ages of animal development" (164).

The novels have in common the use of animal imagery to signify the "primitive." A simple image brings out Kurtz's status: when left to himself, he becomes a quadruped "crawling on all-fours" back to his station, back to a prehuman state (66). He must have had immense stamina ("ruthless power" 71) required for the performance of his cannibalizing task. There are instances of the man-demon equation: "He looked at least seven feet long" (60), his eyes are described as "fiery" (68), his love as "diabolic," and his hate as "unearthly" (69). He is represented emblematically by his gaping mouth: initially Kurtz appears to Marlow with his mouth open wide—"it gave him a weirdly voracious aspect, as though he had wanted to swallow all the air, all the earth, all the men before him" (61). Moreover, Marlow has "a vision of him on the stretcher, opening his mouth voraciously, as if to devour all the earth with all its mankind" (74). This reference implies a literal element of devouring which brands him as a predator. The anatomical description further suggests animality:

I saw the thin arm extended commandingly, the lower jaw moving, the eyes of that apparition shining darkly far in its bony head that nodded with grotesque jerks. . . . I could see the cage of his ribs all astir, the bones of his arm waving. (60)

Hyde surely would feel at home among animals: he is explicitly described as "the brute" (94) and "ape-like" (47, 96, 97), with his "savagely laugh" (40), and his "quick light way" "like a monkey" (67-68). His

wildness is also signified metonymically by his hand, described as "lean, corded, knuckly, of a dusky pallor, and thickly shaded with a swart growth of hair" (88). Enfield testifies to his degeneracy:

There is something wrong with his appearance;; something displeasing, something downright detestable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why. He must be deformed somewhere; he gives a strong feeling of deformity. (34)

Dr. Lanyon describes Hyde's regressive appearance: "small . . . with the shocking expression of his face, with his remarkable combination of great muscular activity and great apparent debility of constitution" (77). "Particularly small and particularly wicked-looking, is what the maid calls him" (48). To Utterson "Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish . . . hardly human! Something troglodytic" (40). He assaults Carew "with ape-like fury" (47). Poole describes him as "cry[ing] out like a rat" (66). Hyde speaks of "the animal within me licking the chops of memory" (92).

The animal image is equally appropriate in Dracula's case. This is largely suggested by his landing in England in canine form, through his nocturnal incarnation as a wolf, and crawling "face down" like a bat, and his direct description as "a tiger," a "man-eater," and "panther-like in the movement" (33, 188, 228, 230, 308, 294). His "aquiline nose" with "great nostrils" (271), "very massive eyebrows almost meeting over the nose," "bushy hair that seemed to curl in its own profusion," hairy palm, and "pointed" ears (17) suggest the animalistic quality of his features. His "peculiarly sharp white teeth" (17) "like those of a wild beast" (271), "eye-teeth long and pointed" (294), "broad" hand "with squat fingers," "long" nails (17), and "terrible grip" (271) bespeak his vampirism. His "hair growing scantily round the temples but profusely elsewhere" (17) brings him close to Dr. Moreau's "animal-men," who are described as having "scant bristly hair upon their heads" (60).

The animal context is present throughout *The Island of Dr. Moreau*; it controls our reading of the novel. Although the bulk of the "beastly" characters (153) reveal new properties and new capacities, essentially they have "the unmistakable mark of the beast" (61). The awesome figure of Moreau shares to some degree the features of animals. Wells depicts him as "a powerfully built man" with "rather heavy features" "and the fall of his heavy mouth at the corners gave him an expression of pugnacious resolution" (38). His rage, as described by Prendick, is close to that of an animal:

In a moment he had gripped me by the shoulder with a hand that was smeared red, had twisted me off my feet, and flung me

headlong back into my own room. He lifted me as though I was a little child. I fell at full length upon the floor, and the door slammed and shut out the passionate intensity of his face. (73)

Even his "directness in discussion" is described as "brutal" (48). At the end of his beastly career, after the beast-men have turned against him, he turns into a beaten animal: "He lay face downward in a trampled space in a cane brake" (151). There is also Montgomery, who "was in truth half akin to these Beast Folk, unfitted for human kindred" (157).

In conclusion, Kurtz, no less than other neo-primitives, is an evolutionary throwback, the "man-that-was" (*Dracula* 231). He is an exemplification of the duality of human nature, of how darkness is a component of light, and when it prevails, brings anarchy and corruption of others as well as self. Appropriately, he ends up ignominiously: "Suddenly the manager's boy [probably burlesquing the manager] put his insolent black head in the doorway, and said in a tone of scathing contempt: 'Mistah Kurtz—he dead'" (71). Jung's definition of the "experience that furnishes the material for artistic expression" could well apply to *Heart of Darkness* and to each of the other novels: "It is something strange that derives its existence from the hinterland of man's mind, as if it had emerged from the abyss of prehuman ages, or from a superhuman world of contrasting light and darkness. It is a primordial experience which surpasses man's understanding and to which in his weakness he may easily succumb" (90).

NOTES

¹ See "Works Cited." For a discussion of some of the essays see Ed Block, Jr., "Evolutionist Psychology" and "James Sully."

² Lord Macaulay adopts this position; he views the English people as "the greatest and most highly civilized people that ever the world saw" (*Norton Anthology* 2: 632). To him English literature constituted the core of an Indian's apprenticeship to civilization, and he had much confidence in this mode of improvement. Gauri Viswanathan holds that "British administrators discovered an ally in English literature to support them in maintaining control of the natives under the guise of liberal education" (95).

³ The third mention of the word which comes in the conversation that Marlow has with the Intended—"He was a remarkable man: I said unsteadily"—may be considered as carrying some irony. Fraser makes passing mention of the meaning of the phrase (97).

⁴ Of relevance here is Lenin's perception about the relation between terrorism and intellectualism: he defines terrorism as "the violence of intellectuals." See Rubenstein (43).

⁵ "*Ubi defecisset dies in usm nocturni luminis urerentur*" (44).

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